

## **Mafia God 369**

### Chapter 369: You Are Fucked

There would be no going back. Marco saw all of that in her face before he even reached her.

"I'm not even going to ask if you're sure," he said. "Because after that stunt tonight, girl..." His voice dropped lower. "You are fucked."

Valentina's breath caught. When he finally reached her, he caught her at the waist and lifted her onto the bed so she stood above him, the mattress sinking slightly under her feet. It changed the angle between them, put her higher, gave her just enough height to look down at him while he stood close between her knees.

Marco tilted his head back and saw the mischievous glint in her eyes like she had been waiting for this version of him.

Expecting it, craving it. Like some wild part of her had called his name and was pleased to find he had answered.

Marco understood it then — with devastating, crystalline clarity — that he stood absolutely no chance against this woman he loved. This beautiful, laughing, nerve-wracking maniac who had dismantled every defence he'd carefully constructed without even trying.

He pressed a single kiss to her stomach. "Close your eyes, sweetie." His voice dropped to a murmur against her skin. "Some adult shit is about to go down."

Val laughed — genuinely, freely — and he felt the tension leave her body in one long exhale, her muscles unknitting beneath his lips.

He reached under her dress and found the waistband of her underwear and began to draw it down. Slowly. Painfully, intentionally slowly — his fingers trailing the descent, lips following, pressing open kisses to the inside of her thighs as the fabric made its unhurried journey downward. He kissed one side, then the other, taking his time like they had all night.

When it finally pooled at her feet he left it there, straightening only enough to lift her leg and draw it up over his shoulder.

She was completely exposed to him now. Open and entirely yearning to be his. He settled into position, breathing her in, and when his eyes finally found her opening, he couldn't look away. Didn't want to. Felt no particular urgency to look at anything else ever again.

His hands found her thighs, steadying. "Hang on to me," he whispered. His gaze fixed on her with an intensity that left no room for doubt about exactly what came next.

Val's hands flew to his shoulders the moment his lips made contact. "Oh God—" Her head dropped back, neck arching. "Marco—"

His grip on her ass tightened — fingers pressing in deep, pulling her harder against his mouth like she might try to escape and he had already decided she wouldn't. He ate her with focused, devastating intent, tongue working her with a thoroughness that suggested he had nowhere else to be and nothing else to accomplish.

"Wait—" She gasped. "Marco — wait — fuck—" She wasn't really asking him to stop. They both knew that. Her hips were already moving, riding his tongue with shameless, helpless rhythm even as the words tumbled out of her.

Revenge. She thought as she delivered another curse and a moan. This was payback for what she'd done to him under the table at dinner.

He scooped her up completely — both legs hauled up onto his shoulders, her weight entirely in his hands — and carried her the few steps to the wall beside the bed.

Pressed her back against it and didn't stop.

"I'm fucked!"

The words rolled out of her as her eyes went backward, surrendering completely to what was happening to her. There was no other description for it.

She was absolutely, thoroughly, gloriously fucked. He was giving her exactly what she'd asked for — what her body had been demanding since the moment she'd decided to play games with him at dinner — and somewhere beneath the waves of sensation crashing through her, she was interrogating her entire life. Every decision that had led to now. Every wasted opportunity.

Why had they never done this before? Why had they held back since the very moment they'd met, when this had apparently been waiting — inevitable, catastrophic, perfect?

She didn't have time to answer herself. His fingers joined his mouth. Two of them, curving upward, finding that spot inside her that made rational thought impossible — pressing into it, stroking it, working it in devastating coordination with his tongue until her vision went white at the edges.

The position didn't help. Perched on his shoulders, her bump pressing against him, her movements were completely restricted. She couldn't rock into him, couldn't control the angle, couldn't moderate a single thing he was doing to her. She was pinned. Splayed open. Entirely at his mercy with nowhere to retreat.

She was completely and deliciously trapped. When the orgasm hit, it arrived all at once, without warning, with a force so staggering and so total that she genuinely, sincerely wondered in the half-second before she shattered completely if she was about to push the baby out.

She cried out loudly and unashamedly. Her whole body convulsed around his fingers as he worked her through every trembling, helpless second of it. "You're crazy!" The words spilled out between spasms, broken and breathless. "You're crazy, Marco — God — fuck—"

She writhed against him, clenching and shuddering, her body refusing to stop even as her mind scrambled desperately to reassemble itself. Wave after wave, dragging her under, wringing her out completely.

He sucked her through all of it. Then, when the best — had passed, he shifted her weight against him with ease and moved her to the bed, laying her back against it.

Val stared at the ceiling, still cursing softly, still twitching, riding the long tail of it down as Marco straightened and began removing the rest of his clothing. She turned her head to look at him.

The man she knew — composed, controlled, carefully constructed Marco — was nowhere in this room. The version of him she'd filed neatly away in her mind, the one she'd convinced herself she understood completely, had been replaced by someone else entirely.