

## **Mafia God 370**

### Chapter 370: I'm Not Punishing You

Marco had always been a wall. Quiet by nature, disciplined by design — a man so thoroughly trained in the art of containment that he moved through the world without a single visible crack. Emotions filed away. Reactions managed. Everything kept behind glass where it couldn't reach anyone.

She had accepted that version of him. She understood now that she'd been wrong. The man standing before her had no walls left. What remained was a relentless lover with dark eyes and absolutely no intention of showing her mercy. A man quite deliberately, quite consciously intent on dooming her.

And doing a thorough job of it.

When his pants dropped she forgot how to arrange her face. Her eyes went wide. God. He was honed to an unreasonable degree — every muscle carved, his body the physical evidence of a discipline she was currently very grateful for. Not an inch of him was accidental.

And his cock— Thick. Fully hard. Veins tracing its length with an arrogant visibility. Standing at attention like it, too, had been waiting long enough.

"I think this would be a good moment to apologise." Val moved quickly, scrambling to her knees, putting herself at eye level with the evidence of exactly how much trouble she was in. "For what happened at dinner."

Marco's lips curved. "Really?" The smile reached his eyes. "Why?"

"I know it was the wrong time..."

"I'm not punishing you, love."

"Then what the hell is this?" She gestured vaguely at the wreckage of herself, at everything that had happened since he walked in the room.

"I'm playing catch up."

It explained everything. He reached for her once more, lifting her effortlessly from the bed and back to her feet.

"You do realise I'm not a ragdoll." Val protested, even as her body betrayed the complaint entirely.

"No. Just a hot doll." He turned her and bent her over. His hands found her hips and then, he pushed inside her.

Val screamed from the overwhelming, sudden fullness of him, from the stretch of it, from the sheer size of what she'd seen and somehow still hadn't fully prepared herself for. Her head dropped forward onto the bed, cheek pressing into the sheets as her legs went completely unreliable beneath her.

Her muscles simply — left. Abandoned the situation entirely. Clocked out without notice.

Marco spread her legs wider, pressing them further apart until she was completely open to him, until there was nothing between them but heat and the devastating reality of how tightly she fit.

"Oh fuck..." she gave a long, ruined and grateful sigh.

Marco was gentle in force but hard in depth, each stroke purposeful, his cock angled acutely inside her, finding angles that made her gasp with every push.

Sweat traced lines down Marco's body, the effort of restraint costing him more than he let show. His fist gathered the fabric of her dress, pulling it taut, drawing her back until her spine curved into a perfect arch — geometric, architectural, and devastatingly effective.

The position drove him deeper. Further. Her walls stretched around him, gripping, trying instinctively to close against the intrusion and failing beautifully, yielding to him inch by inch.

He felt everything. Everything. And somewhere between one stroke and the next, Marco came completely undone. The careful, measured lover dissolved entirely, replaced by a man running purely on want, on need, on the overwhelming certainty that he would never, could never get enough of her.

He pulled her back harder. The dress didn't survive it. The fabric gave with a decisive tear — splitting cleanly beneath his fist.

"Damnit! Carol gave me that —"

The words died violently in her throat as he drove into her — hard, deep, pulling her upright against him until her back was flush against his chest, his arm locked around her, his mouth at her ear.

The dress was the least of her concerns. Carol would understand. Carol would absolutely understand.

"I'm marrying you." His voice was wrecked — barely held together, ground out between thrusts, hot against the shell of her ear. "As soon as we get back to New York."

He didn't stop moving, didn't pause to let the words land or give her space to process them. They came out the same way everything else was coming out of him right now — raw and unfiltered and completely beyond his control. "I'm fucking marrying you."

Val's head fell back against his shoulder. Her eyes fluttered. "Hmmm..."

He laid her down again to her former position, her face pressing into the mattress, her ass propped against him at an angle that dismantled whatever remained of her vocabulary.

She had no words left. Didn't bother looking for them. His hands moved over her — long, slow sweeps across the curves of her ass, appreciating her with his palms. She was round and warm and perfect beneath his hands and he took his time acknowledging that fact.

Val felt the next orgasm coming inevitably, pressure building, gathering. She didn't have the energy to chase it. Couldn't have if she'd tried. Her body had long since stopped taking instructions.

So she simply let it come. Let it roll through her slowly, rising on its own timeline, and when it crested she didn't cry out — just shuddered, her walls clamping around him involuntarily, gripping him with a thoroughness her conscious mind had nothing to do with.

Marco groaned. He didn't want to stop. The thought of stopping was offensive — abstract and impossible and completely beside the point. He wanted this all night. Wanted to stay inside her indefinitely, wanted to make a permanent residence of her warmth and never receive a single piece of mail anywhere else.

But her body was dismantling him. Every clench. Every involuntary shudder. Every soft sound she made with her face pressed into his sheets.

Pulling him apart with terrifying efficiency.

He was running out of time and he knew it. "Oh baby—Oh—oh—Val—fuck—"

Every muscle in his body seized simultaneously — locking, tensing, his cock convulsing deep inside her as he came apart with a completeness that left no part of him untouched. His jaw clenched. His vision narrowed.