

## Mafia God 388

### Chapter 388: I Feel You Tense

"I feel you tense," she continued softly. "And your muscles lock into place." Her fingers slipped lower, brushing along his abdomen, never quite settling anywhere for long. Just enough contact to promise something more.

Just enough to make him wait for it. Her touch lingered at his lower belly, dangerous in how little it gave while suggesting everything it could take.

"You want to take over," Vee murmured. "You crave it. It's like every nerve in your body is set alight." Her eyes stayed locked on his, watching every flicker, every shift in breath. "You cannot wait to fuck me," she continued. "To pull me apart, to ram into me in that way that makes you lose your head a little...makes you reckless."

"And even before I touch you," she whispered, her lips hovering just a breath away from his, "you're already hard." Her hand moved to his cock to make her point.

He couldn't deny it, didn't even bother trying. Evidence was right there in her hand, heavy charged, waiting to snap.

"Case in point," she breathed against his lips. "It's killing you right now...is it not?"

"No," he groaned, the word sounded strained.

Vee smiled faintly, unconvinced. "You don't have to pretend," she murmured. "You like to take charge. I like it when you take charge... but you really don't want to be tortured. Admit it."

Luca let out a quiet breath. "You are torturing me already."

"Am I?" she asked, tilting her head, her eyes searching his face, testing just how far he could hold out. Her fingers slid up and down his cock, teasing, never quite giving him what he wanted. "I haven't even pushed you enough."

"How low can you go?" Luca asked, a smug edge creeping into his voice.

Vee's lips curved slowly. "Oh, baby... very low." She shifted away from him.

Then her fingers moved to her shirt. The first button slipped open. Luca exhaled sharply.

The second followed, slower, she was dragging the moment out on purpose. A faint glimpse of skin appeared beneath the fabric, soft and inviting, and that was all it took.

"Jesus..." he muttered under his breath.

Her focus stayed on the buttons, one after the other. Luca shifted slightly, his hand tightening.

Yup. She was right. He had absolutely no self-control around her. Two buttons in and he already wanted to grab her, pull her back into him, forget whatever game she thought she was playing.

But that was the point. To let her push. To let her win—at least for now. So he stayed still, jaw tight, breath measured, watching as she continued unbuttoning her shirt, each second stretching thinner than the last as the rest of the buttons came off.

Quickly, Luca reached beneath the small coffee table and flicked on the discreet do not disturb switch built into the booth. A soft click followed.

A slow smile spread across her lips, his attention locked entirely onto her. His blue eyes dropped to her chest, settling on the navy blue lace hugging her skin.

"I know how badly you want to reach for me," she said softly. "You'd prefer to do this yourself, don't you?"

"I'm still alive," he replied dryly. "When I'm near death, I'll let you know."

She lifted her hand slowly, letting her fingers wander across the exposed skin at the top of her chest. The touch was light, absentminded but impossible to ignore. Her fingertips traced soft, lazy patterns before drifting lower, grazing over the lace.

Luca's gaze darkened. She toyed with the fabric, brushing over her nipples through the thin material, just enough pressure to make her breath hitch slightly.

"You want to tell me what to do," she murmured, her eyes finally lifting to meet his again. "And how to do it."

Her fingers lingered there, teasing, slow, never quite giving in fully, daring him to break.

"Maybe I do that because you suck at it," Luca said sharply.

It wasn't true. Not even close. If anything, she was dismantling him piece by piece, proving her point with every slow movement. He could feel his patience thinning.

He was completely done for. Luca shifted on the sofa, unable to sit still anymore. The space between them suddenly felt like punishment, like something he needed to fix immediately. He leaned forward slightly, instinct pulling him closer—

—but Vee lifted her leg smoothly, placing it between them. A quiet, effortless barrier. He stilled.

Her heel rested lightly against the seat, her gaze steady on his, daring him to try again. The distance remained exactly as she wanted it. Exactly as she needed it.

Luca exhaled slowly, forcing himself back. "Just need a better view," he muttered, his tone defensive.

"You do, uhn?" She reached up and slowly pulled the lace of her bra down just enough to expose more skin, the fabric resting low against her chest. Her fingers moved next, light and teasing as she played along the sensitive peaks of her chest, rolling them between her fingertips. She watched him the entire time, tracking every shift in his expression.

"Pinch them, Bambola," Luca said. "I want to see them get harder."

"You don't tell me what to do."

And just like that, she stopped. Her fingers slipped away from her chest entirely, abandoning what he wanted, what he had asked for.

Instead, she brought one finger to her lips. Her eyes stayed locked on his as she slid it into her mouth, her tongue circling it as if she were savoring his cock.

"You're a witch," Luca surrendered.

"Hmmm..." she moaned softly instead, letting her finger slip from her lips with a faint pop.

He shifted again, unable to ignore the way his cock bobbed. His hand dropped briefly, gripping it through his trousers, forcing it to behave, willing himself to stay still, to endure, to not give her the satisfaction of breaking too soon.

Patience had never felt this fucking impossible. Slowly, her fingers trailed down the length of her torso, tracing over skin and fabric in a lazy descent.