

Mafia God 389

Chapter 389: I Can't See A Thing

She reached the waistband of her pants and paused, glancing at him once before undoing the button. Then the zip followed.

Luca swallowed hard. Her hand slipped inside, disappearing from view as her fingers moved lower, exploring herself. At the same time, her other hand returned to her chest, rolling a nipple between her fingers again. "I can't see a thing," Luca muttered, frustration creeping into his voice.

"Use your imagination," Vee replied smoothly.

"That's just unfair."

She shifted slightly, just enough to keep him guessing, to keep him straining for more than she was willing to show. Then, she let her body respond to her own touch, her breath catching softly as she leaned back into the seat.

Luca's eyes stayed locked on her, hungry, searching, trying to piece together what he couldn't fully see.

Every small reaction, every soft gasp, every shift of her body fed into his imagination, giving him just enough to understand—

but never enough to satisfy. And that, she knew, was the real torture.

Luca caught the faint, unmistakable wet sound of her fingers inside her pussy. The sound alone was enough to push him closer to the edge, enough to make his thoughts turn territorial.

Christ. He dragged a hand through his hair, exhaling slowly. The fact that he had even held out this long felt like a miracle.

No one should be touching her. Not even herself.

He leaned forward, voice rough. "Okay, you had your fun. Get over here."

Vee shook her head, a quiet no, and kept going. Her hips rolled slowly, her breath catching in soft intervals. "You're going to watch me cum by myself," she said.

Luca stared at her, disbelief flashing across his face. "The fuck would I do that for?" he growled. He reached for her again, done pretending he could just sit there and take it—

—but she stopped him. Again. Her legs lifted, blocking him effortlessly, keeping that maddening distance between them exactly where she wanted it.

His reaction only fueled her.

"Stay," she ordered.

Luca shot her an exasperated look. Every second stretched thin as he watched her, as she lost herself in the pleasure of her fingers.

The moment her eyes fluttered shut, chasing that edge— Luca shoved her leg out of the way, closing the distance in a heartbeat, climbing over her before she could react. His hand caught her wrist, yanking her fingers away from inside her jeans.

"Luca!" she snapped, breathless, startled.

"You made your point," he said. "You have me whipped." His grip tightened slightly as he pinned her beneath him, his gaze locking onto hers. "Now you're mine." Luca dragged the lace of her bra down further. He buried his face against her chest, his mouth finding her nipples with a hunger that made his breath come heavier, driven by the frustration she had built in him.

Vee arched into him immediately, her body answering. A soft moan slipped from her lips as her hands found his ass, gripping, pulling him closer. She met the movement of his hips with hers, her body chasing that edge she had been circling moments before. She clung to him, urging him closer, using the heat and pressure between them to push herself higher.

"Fuck..." she breathed.

Luca groaned in response. His fingers tangled into her hair, holding her in place as his mouth worked relentlessly. He was at his limit. His cock needed freedom. His pants felt too tight, he felt too hard. He dragged his mouth away from her chest reluctantly, then surged upward to her lips. "You fucking drive me crazy," he breathed before crashing into her in a bruising kiss, all heat and impatience and need. His hand came up to cradle her face.

"I love you."

"Fuck me... fuck me..." Vee begged against his mouth, her body already chasing him, already desperate for more than the friction, more than the teasing.

Luca pulled back just enough to move, his hands working quickly, clumsily now, undoing his shirt. His fingers dropped to his belt, his pants.

Vee shifted beneath him, pushing, wriggling free, one leg kicking out of her jeans and underwear, making space, making it easier, faster.

He came back to her, cock in hand, hard and pulsing, pulling her close as their bodies finally met the way they had both been craving. Luca pressed his forehead against hers before capturing her lips again, the kiss swallowing every sound she made.

Vee clung to his ass inside his pants, her hands gripping onto him, pulling him closer. The couch beneath them creaked in protest. "God!" she gasped, breaking from his lips, her head tipping back as she tried to catch her breath.

With her mouth free, he trailed his lips along her skin instead—her jaw, her cheek, the curve of her neck.

His breathing grew heavier, matching hers as they moved together, chasing the same rising edge.

"Oh God..." Vee breathed, her voice breaking.

"You wanna cum, babe?" he murmured against her skin, his voice strained with desire.

"Yeah... yeah..." Her fingers dug into him as she buried her face against his shoulder, overwhelmed by the rush of feeling crashing through her all at once.

Luca let out a low groan, moving faster and holding her firmly as the tension between them finally snapped. He stilled as he emptied his balls inside her.

Then he collapsed gently against her, exhausted laughter escaping him as he buried his face into the curve of her neck.

"Oh God," Luca sighed, his voice muffled against her neck. "You are a big distraction."

"I aim to please."

"You aim to ruin me."

"That too."

"My business is being ripped apart by a vengeful cop and I am here fucking my wife."

"I'm not your wife yet."

His eyes found hers immediately. "Minor detail."

"I am right now a booty call."

"What an amazing booty call," he said solemnly.

Vee turned her head toward the glass, the humour in her face softening into concern. "Really, you should go get Voss out of here or he is never going to leave."