

Mafia God 423

Chapter 423: You Feel So Good

Vee had absolutely no idea what was chasing him. She loved it unreservedly. She braced her palms flat against the table, redistributing her weight, finding the angle he was driving toward and holding it — that specific, particular angle that did things to her central nervous system she lacked the vocabulary to adequately describe. All she knew was it made her question the structural integrity of her knees.

His cock and his hand working simultaneously was a form of sensory overload she was wholly unprepared for. It turned her inside out. Unspooled her. Took everything organised and coherent inside her and scattered it cheerfully.

Her cries came out broken, spilling into the quiet of the room, and the relentless and rhythmic sound of skin against skin filled the space. It gave her a glorious, heady, spinning feeling. "Keep going—" She pressed back against him, chasing the rhythm. "Keep going!"

Luca had not entertained a single thought about slowing down. The suggestion would have been offensive.

Her wetness was extraordinary — coating him completely with every stroke, pulling sounds from him he had no interest in moderating. The slapping sounds bypassed every civilised layer he possessed and went directly to the part of him that was purely, unapologetically animal.

He couldn't help himself. His hand left her breast and came down on her ass again and again. Each one punctuating the rhythm, each one drawing a fresh sound from her that made time too catastrophically short.

Every sharp slap clenched her around him devastatingly.

"Fuck—" "You keep doing that, I'm going to lose my shit."

Vee pressed her palms harder into the table, head dropping forward, hair falling around her face. When she spoke her voice was wrecked and entirely unbothered about it. "You feel so good." A moan folded into the middle of it. "I love you inside me."

What followed was a dialogue conducted in broken fragments and pure sensation, stripped of any pretense of composure. She moaned his name and told him what he was doing to her in clear, vivid terms. He told her exactly how she felt around him, what her pussy did to his ability to function, how he was fairly certain she had permanently damaged him.

The room filled with the sound of them. Skin. Breath. The rhythmic protest of the table.

"Luca—" Her voice changed register entirely. "Luca, I'm cumming—"

Which they both understood as a separate, more pressing communication: hold me, I am about to completely vacate my legs and I will need somewhere to be.

His hands left her hips and seized her waist, locking her in place as she cried out, her whole body shuddering forward. He didn't break rhythm. Didn't miss a single beat, kept her at the angle, kept moving while she fell apart around him with extraordinary thoroughness.

Then she squeezed.

"Fuck—"

Her walls clamped around him with a grip that short-circuited his entire system — every coherent plan he'd had about how this ended evaporating instantly, replaced by pure, overwhelming urgency.

He lifted her. Her back colliding with his chest, her feet leaving the floor, his arms locking around her as he buried himself as deep as her body would allow.

Grunt after grunt ripped out of him, as he came — his cock pulsing inside her, warmth flooding through them both, his face pressed hard into the curve of her neck.

Vee's hand dropped to his thigh, fingers pressing in — holding him there, keeping him inside, unwilling to surrender the feeling even as the last tremors moved through them both.

He just felt so good. She wasn't ready to let that go yet. Neither was he. Luca's breath had left him for a minute before it came back in a rush. "My God," he gasped and looked down at her and immediately wanted more.

Again. And again.

He snuck another peek at the time, even though he already knew the truth. There wasn't any more.

Maybe a miracle could happen. God had done it before, right? Water into wine. Dead men rising. Surely, surely, He could extend three minutes into thirty.

The clock disagreed. Disappointingly, they had barely three minutes to be presentable. Luca cursed under his breath, then eased away from her. He adjusted her clothes first, pulling her jeans back up and smoothing his palms over her hips.

He leaned in and kissed the corner of her mouth, then drew back with a rough breath. "It's going to be difficult going through tonight knowing you have my cum inside you, sliding down your legs."

Her brows drew together. "What's happening tonight?"

"You'll see."

"I hate when you say that."

He dressed himself quickly, fastening buttons, zipping and buckling his pants. A knock came at the front door.

Three firm knocks. Vee stiffened immediately. Her eyes flicked toward the hallway, then to the clock.

"It's midnight."

Luca stepped closer and placed a kiss on her forehead. "I'll be right back."

"Luca, no!" Vee grabbed his arm, pulling him back before he could leave the kitchen. "We don't know who is there. Let me get your guns."

For all her fire, he could see the fear sitting behind her eyes. The awareness his world had forced into her.

"It's alright, love," he said. "They're friends."

"How can you be sure?"

Luca paused fully in front of her, turning so she had no choice but to look at him. "When I am with you," he said quietly, "you should never be afraid. And even when I am not," he continued, "Keep calm and know that I will bring down hell on whoever dares to touch you. Trust me."

Slowly, she nodded and let him go. She didn't correct him that she was afraid for herself, God no. She feared for him because she didn't have the strength in her to lose anyone else. Luca brushed his knuckles lightly over her cheek before turning away.

He left the kitchen. Vee stood there, listening as his footsteps moved down the hall. The front door opened. Low voices followed, too muffled for her to make out. She crossed her arms, uncrossed them, then looked around the kitchen.

Trust was one thing. Common sense was another.