

Mafia God 464

Chapter 464: I Want You Inside Me

He stared for exactly one moment.

I'm a dead man, he said to himself.

He lowered his mouth and kissed her. Vee arched off the bed like a current had moved through her spine, her hips rolling upward, chasing him before he'd even properly started. His tongue moved up and down her slit in long, slow strokes and her fingers dug into his hair immediately.

Come on, he thought at himself or rather at his cock. Look at her.

He looked. She had one arm thrown back above her head, lips parted, hips moving in slow rolling waves toward his tongue, completely lost in it. This had started as logistics for her but the moment his hands had touched her it, she was entirely in her body now, chasing nothing but the feeling.

He was the only one with the problem. She gave a long, moanful sigh and bent forward, propping herself up on one elbow to look at him between her legs. Her hair fell forward. Her eyes were dark and heavy-lidded and entirely focused on him.

"Luca..." she whispered. "More."

His regina had spoken. He obeyed. He slid two fingers inside her, feeling the way she clenched immediately around him — and curled them forward. His mouth stayed on her at the same time, kissing her slit, dragging his tongue across her clit, fingers and lips working together.

Vee fell back against the bed. Her hips rolled upward, chasing his hand, and her fingers moved to her own breasts — running over them, squeezing, her body seeking sensation everywhere it could find it. She was entirely unself-conscious in her pleasure, had been since the beginning, and it had always undone him.

Except currently nothing was being undone because he was in the middle of a personal crisis.

"Luca—" Her voice was breaking at the edges. "Luca, I need you. Now. Please." Her fingers reached for him blindly, finding his shoulders, gripping. Her hips were moving with real urgency now, riding his hand, chasing the peak. "I want you inside me."

I know, tesoro, he thought. I'm working on it.

He pressed deeper, curled harder, his mouth closing around her clit until he felt the moment her body made the decision for her — the clench, the sharp intake of breath, the way her thighs pressed against his shoulders and her fingers nearly tore the sheets.

She came apart completely. Long and rolling and loud, her hips bucking against his mouth, her whole body shuddering with it, thighs trembling either side of his head as she spilled over the edge and rode it all the way down.

When the trembling slowed and her grip loosened and her breathing began its ragged, beautiful descent, he raised his head and looked at her and reached for his cock with one hand.

Okay, he thought. She's come. Everything is fine.

He gave himself a moment of private encouragement, working his palm quickly around the flaccid mutherfucker.

It became painfully, unambiguously, categorically obvious. It was not rising to the occasion tonight.

Not even slightly.

I'm genuinely a dead man.

"Come on, Luca..." Vee looked at him, her hands resting on him, drawing him closer, urging him over her.

His body leaned toward hers, his eyes dark. Luca wanted her. That much was obvious. Which was why the next words made no sense. "Maybe not tonight..."

"What?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "Just been a bit stressed."

"Oh..." Vee sat back slowly. "Okay..." Her brows knitted together, confusion slipping in. This had never happened before. Not once. Luca Genovese had many flaws but desiring her had never been one of the problems.

It was strange. Shocking, even. And because her mind was a traitorous little bitch, it went exactly where it should not have gone.

She looked down at herself. Was she not enough anymore? Luca's face tightened.

"I'm sorry, babe..." he murmured. He leaned in and kissed her lightly on the cheek. He dropped beside her on the bed, lying on his back, one arm bent over his stomach, staring up at the ceiling.

Both of them were feeling weird in completely different ways, and yet, somehow, the same way. Both feeling inadequate.

Vee because she felt unwanted. Luca because he felt like he had failed at something he had always been arrogant enough to believe was impossible for him to fail at. She laid back beside him, carefully keeping a little space between them because suddenly she did not know where her body was supposed to go.

"You should have dinner," she said.

It was a stupid thing to say.

"Yeah," Luca replied. "I'll go down in a bit." He turned his head toward her. His hand lifted, reaching for her, then stopped. It hovered in the air between them, uncertain.

Now even his hand seemed unsure of its welcome.

"I really am sorry, Bambola."

Vee forced a small smile. "It's okay. Happens, right?"

"Not to me."

Marco was staring once again at all the reports the tech team had given him on Tony. Staring, not reading.

There was a difference. Reading required a brain that functioned. Staring required only eyes, and even those were beginning to feel like borrowed equipment. His office was quiet except for the low hum of the computer, the occasional shuffle of papers, and the faint sound of someone moving somewhere beyond the closed door.

The desk in front of him looked like a crime scene made entirely of paperwork. Printed reports. Bank statements. Phone records. Old employee files. Surveillance screenshots. Cross-referenced timelines. Names circled in red. Dates underlined. Notes scribbled in margins. All of it connected to Tony.

Luca had assured Marco there was something there. Something they were missing. Something that connected Tony to their world.

Marco leaned back in his chair and rubbed his eyes with the heels of his palms. He already had a headache.

A small construction crew inside his skull, apparently renovating. He had not slept much in days. Matteo, his beautiful, precious, perfect son, had turned out to be a night owl. During the day, the baby slept like an angel. At night, he woke up furious, hungry, offended by silence.