Mafia Mask 19

Chapter 19 Sweet Surrender and Strategic Retreat

Caleb's POV

Ivy accepted the bag from my hands, her expression a dangerous mixture of curiosity and wariness. I seized the moment to cut a generous piece of chocolate cake, holding the fork toward her lips. Before she could protest, I slipped it into her mouth, my grin widening as she automatically closed her lips around the silver.

I took my own bite while watching her chew slowly, her eyes never leaving mine in what felt like a silent declaration of war. When she finally opened the bag and extracted the small box, placing it carefully on her lap, I could barely contain my predatory amusement. The lid came off, revealing the delicate lace panties inside.

Her jaw went slack. The shock on her face was absolutely priceless.

I immediately offered her another forkful of cake, effectively silencing whatever deadly retort was forming on that sharp tongue. Her eyes blazed with a combination of outrage and something else entirely—something that made my pulse quicken with dangerous anticipation.

This was better than I had imagined. I continued eating, savoring both the rich chocolate and the entertainment unfolding before me. Ivy lifted the panties from their tissue paper nest, examining the intricate lacework with obvious appreciation despite her indignation.

Then she did something that nearly made me choke on my cake.

Standing gracefully, she positioned herself directly in front of me on the coffee table. My breath caught as I realized her lethal intention. This incredible woman was actually going to put them on right here, right now, in front of me like some kind of deadly show.

Every movement was deliberate, calculated to drive me past the point of sanity. She rose to her feet, her hands gathering the hem of her dress, lifting it slowly until it bunched around her waist. The sight of

her long legs, the dangerous curve of her hips, the way she stepped into the delicate fabric with such poise made my mouth go dry and my blood burn.

I was completely mesmerized, my body responding instantly for the third time today. The afternoon was far from over, and I was already losing my fucking mind.

When she finished, she looked at me with unmistakable triumph, as if she had somehow gained the upper hand in our dangerous game. I would not allow that.

As she moved to lower her dress, I held up my hand, stopping her mid-motion like I was commanding a weapon.

"Now Ivy, that would be terribly rude of you. I just gave you a thoughtful gift. Don’t you think you should show me how it fits? Tell me whether you like it?"

She exhaled slowly, her eyes shooting daggers in my direction that could have killed a lesser man, but her voice was honey-sweet poison when she replied, "Of course, Mr. Thorne."

She began to turn in a slow circle, and I thought my heart might actually stop. This woman was going to be the death of me. As she completed her rotation, she made sure to brush against me, her body tantalizingly close like a weapon barely sheathed. When she faced me again, her voice was pure temptation wrapped in silk.

"What do you think, Mr. Thorne?"

My control snapped completely. I pushed the cake aside and pulled her directly onto my lap. She gasped, falling forward with her legs naturally spreading to accommodate my position. Her thighs wrapped around my hips perfectly, and the contact sent liquid fire through my veins.

I shifted beneath her, and she trembled in response like prey recognizing a predator.

"Ivy, what exactly are you trying to do to me?" I murmured against her ear, then moved lower, my nose brushing against her nipple through the thin fabric of her dress. The peak was already hard, practically begging for my attention.

I could feel my own arousal pressing against her, and there was no denying she was just as affected as I was—her body responding to mine like we were made for this.

I bit gently through the fabric, earning a soft moan that went straight to my core. The sound was intoxicating. I moved again, finding her other nipple and giving it the same treatment. Another moan, another tremor in my arms.

This woman was going to destroy me completely. She was provocative, sexy, and affected me in ways that shattered every defense I had built over years of survival.

With her still straddling my lap, I leaned back into the couch, keeping one arm around her waist while my other hand slipped beneath the lace I had just bought her. I needed to know if I affected her the same way she affected me.

She was soaked, burning hot, and perfectly tight around my finger. I groaned at the discovery, then withdrew my hand and brought it to my lips, tasting her essence.

"Ivy, you are definitely sweeter than chocolate cake."

Her eyes widened in shock, but I was already pulling her closer, crushing my mouth to hers with pure need. When she responded, opening for me, I lost all semblance of control. I sucked on her tongue, bit her lower lip, then returned to kissing her with desperate hunger that bordered on violence.

The more I kissed her, the tighter I held her against me, my hips moving beneath her in a rhythm that was driving us both toward the edge of madness. I was close to losing myself completely, and from the way she was responding, she was not far behind.

Breaking the kiss left us both breathless. I reached for the cake again, feeding her slowly while taking bites myself. Our eyes remained locked throughout the intimate ritual, creating a connection that went far beyond physical attraction—something deeper and infinitely more dangerous.

When the cake was gone, I noticed a small smudge of chocolate on her lips. Without hesitation, I leaned forward and licked it away, cleaning her mouth with thorough attention. Her lips were swollen from our kissing, and I finished with a gentle kiss at the corner of her mouth.

She was completely undone, surrendering to the moment. But I had to maintain some control before I took her right here on this couch.

I helped her stand, smoothing her dress back into place before rising to face her. Leaning close to her ear, I whispered, "You taste much better than chocolate cake, Ivy."

I stepped back and walked to my desk, unable to hide my satisfied smile. This woman wanted me desperately, and I had left her beautifully confused and frustrated. But as Xavier had pointed out, this was inevitable. I was not going to give her release until she begged for it, and she had not begged yet.

"Ivy, please distribute our meeting notes to Jude and schedule a secure conference with only Jude, Xavier, Heidi and myself present. Make sure they understand this is strictly classified. That will be all for now."

I settled into my chair and watched her storm toward the door, slamming it behind her with satisfying force that rattled the reinforced glass. I had won this round, but I was left with a serious problem that required immediate attention. I had not needed to take care of myself this frequently since I was a fucking teenager.

Thirty minutes later, Xavier was sitting across from my desk, shaking his head in disbelief.

"What did you do to Ivy? When I walked past her desk, she was attacking that filing cabinet like it had personally murdered her family."

I could not help laughing at the image.

"She probably wanted to use my head instead of that cabinet, Xavier."

I told him everything that had happened, and his expression grew increasingly incredulous.

"Caleb, that is extreme even by your standards. You were absolutely ruthless. But I am warning you as your brother, the fury I saw in that woman’s eyes means she is planning revenge that will make your life hell."

"I know, Xavier. That is why I am going to barricade myself in this office for the rest of the day and avoid her completely."

Xavier laughed at my obvious cowardice, but I did not care. I was absolutely going to hide from Ivy for the remainder of the day like the tactical retreat it was.

The war was far from over.