Mafia Mask 20

Chapter 20 Revenge Served Sweet and Deadly

Ivy's POV

I stumbled out of Caleb's office on unsteady legs, my body still trembling from what had just happened. That bastard had brought me to the edge again and left me hanging, desperate and aching. He was playing with fire, and now it was my turn to burn him alive.

This war between us had escalated far beyond professional boundaries, and I was done being his prey. If he wanted to toy with me like some disposable plaything, then I would give him a taste of his own lethal medicine. After today, I would hand in my resignation and return to my previous life where things were simple and safe—where dangerous men with ice-blue eyes couldn't destroy my sanity.

Anger and frustration coursed through my veins like molten steel as I tried to focus on the stack of classified files on my desk. When Xavier walked into my office, he took one look at my flushed face and tense posture, wisely choosing to keep his mouth shut as he headed straight to Caleb's fortress.

The moment Monica mentioned she was stepping out for a quick errand, inspiration struck like lightning. A wicked, dangerous idea formed in my mind, and I knew exactly how to get my revenge on the bastard who thought he could control me.

"Monica, could you do me a favor and stop by the bakery across the street? I'm craving that chocolate cake they make, the one with the milk chocolate shavings and cherry garnish."

"Of course, Ivy. No problem at all. I should be back within twenty minutes, is that timing okay?"

"That's perfect," I replied, pressing cash into her palm. "Thank you so much."

I knew Caleb had a crucial secure video conference scheduled with his overseas partners this afternoon. He would conduct the meeting from his office rather than the conference room, with Xavier joining from his own space. The timing couldn't be more perfect. I would make him squirm during that important call, and he wouldn't be able to react or retaliate without exposing himself to dangerous allies. He would learn not to fuck with me.

When Monica returned with my cake, I carefully arranged everything on a serving tray like I was preparing weapons for battle. The chocolate cake sat elegantly on a small porcelain plate beside a steaming cup of chamomile tea. I grabbed my phone and waited for the meeting to begin like a predator waiting to strike.

The moment I heard Caleb's professional voice through his office door, I made my move. I entered without knocking and deliberately locked the door behind me with decisive precision. His eyes flicked toward me briefly, confusion flickering across his features as he continued speaking to his international business partners.

I approached his massive desk with calculated grace, setting down the tray with deliberate care. As I placed the teacup within his reach, I purposely dropped the napkin, recreating this morning's provocative scene. His gaze immediately locked onto me as he shifted restlessly in his leather chair, his voice catching slightly as he responded to a question from the screen.

After retrieving the napkin and positioning it beside his cup, I picked up the slice of cake and settled into the chair directly across from him. I took a slow, sensual bite, closing my eyes and letting out a soft sigh of pleasure as if tasting something divine.

Caleb's attention was completely captured now, though he maintained his professional facade for the camera. I could see him struggling to follow the conversation while his eyes remained fixed on my lips like a man hypnotized.

I placed the plate on his desk and pulled out my phone, typing a message that would push him further over the edge.

"Are you absolutely certain I taste better than this chocolate cake?"

His phone screen illuminated, and I watched him read my words. He pressed his finger against his lips to conceal a smile, his eyebrows rising in challenge. His response came quickly.

"Without question, Ivy. You're infinitely more delicious than any dessert. I know exactly what game you're playing, and this amateur hour won't work on me. Save half that cake for later."

His cocky reply only fueled my determination. If he thought this was child's play, he was about to discover just how wrong he could be. I was furious and ready to match his boldness with something that would leave him completely undone.

I took another deliberate bite of cake, then let my inner seductress take complete control. Slowly, I lifted each leg and placed them on the armrests of the chair, spreading myself wide open and giving him an unobstructed view of what was about to unfold.

My right hand moved to the thin fabric of my panties—his panties—stroking gently while my left hand cupped and squeezed my breast through my dress. The entire day of sexual tension had left me incredibly sensitive, and even this light touch sent waves of pleasure through my body.

Caleb's eyes went wide with shock and deadly desire. He was clearly struggling to maintain his composure during the video call, shifting uncomfortably as his breathing became labored. When I pulled his gift aside and began circling my clit with my fingertips, I was already dripping wet from hours of arousal.

The knowledge that he was watching every movement, completely helpless to intervene, made the sensation even more intense. I could hear his sharp intake of breath, see him gripping the edge of his desk as he fought to appear normal on camera while his world crumbled.

When I slipped one finger inside myself, moving with torturous slowness, a low growl escaped his throat that sounded like a predator being tortured. He was no longer paying any attention to the meeting, his eyes completely focused on the intimate show I was performing just feet away from his business partners on screen.

The building pressure became overwhelming, and I felt myself approaching the peak I'd been denied all day. I closed my eyes and bit down on my lower lip to muffle the moan that threatened to escape as the orgasm crashed over me like a tsunami, finally releasing all the pent-up tension and frustration.

I brought my wet finger to my lips, sucking it clean while maintaining eye contact with Caleb. He was visibly sweating now, completely lost and having no idea what his partners were discussing, yet trapped in the meeting he couldn't abandon without consequences.

After slowly adjusting my panties and smoothing down my dress, I picked up my phone for one final message.

"You were absolutely right. I am much tastier than chocolate cake."

While he read those words, I stood and placed the remaining cake beside his tea cup, gathering the tray in my hands. But I wasn't finished with him yet. One last blow was needed to complete my victory.

"Boss, you look incredibly tense right now. You should drink that chamomile tea to help you relax."

His eyes shot daggers at me as he read the message, but I was already moving toward the door like a ghost vanishing into shadows. Tomorrow I would submit my resignation, but tonight, I had won this dangerous game we'd been playing.

The war was over, and I was walking away the victor.

Or so I thought.