Mafia Mask 26

Chapter 26 Interrupted Desires

Ivy's POV

I heard Caleb calling my name and spun around, expecting another dangerous assignment to land on my desk.

"Yes, Mr. Thorne?"

"Close the door and come here."

I shut the door behind me and walked back to where he sat on that same leather couch that had witnessed our most heated battles. My pulse quickened just looking at it, remembering what we'd done there.

Caleb sat hunched forward, elbows pressed against his knees, head hanging low like a man carrying the weight of an empire. Something was eating at him. The urge to smooth my fingers through his dark hair and whisper reassurances nearly overwhelmed me, but I held back.

Every time this man touched me, rational thought abandoned me completely. The simplest brush of his fingers against my skin set me ablaze, left my body aching for more of him. What he did to me defied all logic and every survival instinct I possessed.

He rose and pulled me against him by the waist. This embrace felt different from our usual encounters—tender, almost vulnerable. Yet it stirred something familiar and warm deep in my chest, something dangerous.

His lips found my shoulder, pressing a heated kiss there before his breath tickled my ear with promises.

"I don't know where this is leading us."

Thinking he meant the investigation situation, I circled my arms around his neck, threading my fingers through his hair.

"Don’t worry, Caleb. Everything will work out."

He exhaled slowly and began trailing kisses across my shoulders, working his way up the column of my neck like he was mapping territory. When he reached my ear, he caught the lobe between his teeth, sucking gently before releasing it with another kiss. His mouth continued its journey until he captured my lips.

What began as a soft, closed-mouth kiss quickly turned hungry when he claimed my mouth completely, his tongue sweeping inside to meet mine. I couldn’t help but match his intensity, our tongues dancing together in perfect rhythm. A sigh escaped me, making him tighten his hold as he turned us around and lowered me onto the couch, his weight settling over me like a predator claiming his prey.

His hardness pressed against me where I was already slick with want, my body responding instinctively to his touch. Caleb’s hands mapped the curves of my body slowly, traveling upward to cup my breasts that were practically begging for his attention.

He felt my nipples strain against the fabric, hardened by the desire he awakened in me. Lifting his head with a wicked smile, he said:

"I think it’s time I see what I haven’t seen yet, before these buttons give up completely."

He kissed me again, increasing the delicious friction between our bodies as his mouth explored my neck with wet, open-mouthed kisses, stopping at the first button of my blouse.

In one swift movement, he repositioned us so he sat on the couch with me straddling his lap, pulling me down as if trying to merge our bodies together. His hardness rubbed against me through our clothes, making me close my eyes and moan while he moved beneath me.

"Fuck, Ivy, you’re driving me completely insane."

He returned to kissing the sensitive spot at the base of my neck while his fingers worked the first button of my shirt free, placing a kiss on the newly exposed skin. He repeated this ritual with each button, kissing every inch he revealed. My shirt hung open, my hair tousled, my hands gripping his shoulders for support.

He kissed me deeply again and slid his hands around to my back, unclasping my bra and freeing my breasts. His eyes blazed as he looked at me, that predatory smile playing on his lips before he took my left breast into his mouth while his hand caressed the right one. He sucked, licked, kissed my breast, then gave my nipple a gentle bite.

I moaned again, feeling electricity shoot straight between my legs as my arousal intensified. He moved to my other breast, lavishing it with the same attention as if he were savoring the sweetest delicacy. I tangled my fingers in his hair and pressed myself closer to him, silently begging for more as he licked one nipple while pinching the other between his fingers.

Lost completely in sensation, I felt him pull me against his chest and quickly throw his suit jacket over my back just as Xavier's voice cut through the air:

"Caleb, let's grab dinner at... Holy fuck! I'm out, I'm out!"

The door slammed shut and I froze in complete mortification while Caleb burst into laughter. I stared at him in disbelief—had he lost his mind, laughing at this humiliating situation? He noticed my distress and stroked my cheek.

"Sweetheart, it's not like Xavier doesn't know what's happening between us. Relax, he didn't see anything—I covered you the second I heard the door."

He gave me another quick kiss and helped me sit properly on the couch. I was drowning in embarrassment. Xavier had seen far more than he should have.

"I'll go see what my brother needs," he said, standing and heading toward the door, completely unbothered by the obvious bulge straining against his expensive pants.

He left the office, closing the door behind him, and I seized the opportunity to quickly get dressed and gather my things. When I reached my desk, my phone buzzed with a message from the babysitter:

"Ivy, when I picked Max up from daycare, I noticed he had a fever. I've given him medicine and he's sleeping now—looks like he might be getting sick. Thought you should know."

I quickly typed back that I would be home soon. I organized my things, shut down my computer, and grabbed my purse just as Caleb walked back in.

When he saw me preparing to leave, his smile disappeared and he asked with dangerous authority:

"Where exactly do you think you're going? We have something to finish."

"Caleb, I'm sorry, but I have to leave. There's an emergency at home."

Seeing the worry in my eyes, his expression immediately shifted to concern.

"Hold on, I'll drive you. You'll get there much faster."

He disappeared into his office and returned wearing his suit jacket.

"Come on, Ivy."

The protective tone in his voice made my heart skip, even in the midst of panic about Max.