Mafia Mask 29

Chapter 29 Chocolate and Dangerous Desires

Caleb's POV

After everyone cleared out of my office, I seized the moment to handle some lingering calls and tackle paperwork that had been piling up like evidence of a crime. Time slipped away faster than I expected, and before I knew it, Xavier appeared at my door, practically dragging me out for our lunch appointment with potential new allies.

On our way back, I made an impromptu decision to swing by the little bakery down the street. Ivy had seemed particularly stressed lately, and I figured a small gesture might help ease some of that tension. My curiosity about her son's father was eating at me like acid, but I knew better than to push when she was already wound so tight.

When I returned to find her hunched over her desk, fingers flying across the keyboard with lethal precision, I couldn't help but smile. She looked up when I asked about her boy, and her entire face lit up as she told me he was doing wonderfully and chattering away as usual. That smile of hers could power half the city—or bring it to its knees.

As the afternoon wore on and the office began to empty, I found myself watching the clock like a predator timing his strike. Near closing time, I stepped out of my office and called her name. When she approached, I locked the door behind her, noting how her eyes widened at the sound of the lock clicking into place with finality.

I gestured toward the leather couch in the corner. She hesitated for just a moment before settling herself down, crossing those long legs that had been driving me to distraction all day. I had a dozen questions burning on my tongue, but I'd already decided to save them for tomorrow when we could talk at my compound, somewhere less formal and more private.

I retrieved the small plate holding our slice of chocolate cake and offered it to her. Her lips curved into that shy smile that made my chest tighten in the most dangerous way.

"I thought I'd add a little sweetness to your day," I said, letting my gaze linger on her face like a caress.

"Our cake?" she asked, and I caught that playful note in her voice that made my pulse quicken with anticipation.

"Absolutely. Half belongs to me, as always. Unless you're planning to offer me something even better."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief that could start wars. "Caleb, are you flirting with me again?"

"I never stopped."

She shot me a look that could have melted steel and taken a delicate bite of the cake, her eyes drifting closed as she savored it. The soft sound that escaped her lips sent heat shooting straight through me like molten metal, and I had to grip the edge of my desk to keep from reaching for her immediately.

"Aren't you going to share any of that with me, Ivy?"

"Sorry," she said, taking another bite in a way that was absolutely deliberate in its sensuality. "It's just too good to share."

I moved closer, close enough to catch the subtle scent of her perfume mixed with something uniquely her—something that made my blood sing with possession. My hand found her thigh, and I let my fingers trace a slow path upward while she continued to eat that cake like it was the most erotic thing I'd ever witnessed.

When my fingers reached the junction of her thighs, I could feel the heat radiating through the thin fabric of her panties. She was already wet, and when I brushed my fingertip against her through the damp silk, she let out another sound that definitely had nothing to do with chocolate.

"You know," I whispered against her ear, "there's something even sweeter than that cake."

I pressed my lips to the curve of her neck while sliding her panties to one side. She was slick with arousal, and when I found her most sensitive spot with my thumb, she set the plate down with shaking hands and whispered my name like a prayer to a dark god.

That was all the encouragement I needed. I eased her back against the couch cushions, pushing her dress up around her waist and removing those delicate lilac panties that had been taunting me all afternoon.

I kissed my way up her inner thighs, taking my time, savoring every inch of her skin like I was claiming territory until I reached the place where she needed me most. When I ran my tongue along her folds and circled her sensitive bud, her back arched off the couch in the most beautiful surrender I'd ever witnessed.

I lost myself in her taste, in the way she responded to every touch of my tongue, every gentle suction. Her hands tangled in my hair, and she moaned my name in a way that made me feel like I could conquer empires.

I lifted my head just long enough to take a bite of the forgotten cake, chewing slowly while holding her gaze. "You know, Ivy, this chocolate is incredible, but you taste even better. I'm wondering what the combination might be like."

I took another piece of cake, letting the flavor melt on my tongue before capturing her lips in a kiss that was part sweetness, part raw hunger. She pulled at my hair and moaned into my mouth, and I could taste both the chocolate and something infinitely more intoxicating.

I kissed my way back down her body, returning to the place where she was glistening with need. With each stroke of my tongue, she grew more desperate, her hips moving against my mouth in a rhythm that drove me wild with want.

"This combination," I murmured against her heated flesh, "is definitely my new favorite addiction."

I explored every inch of her with my tongue, feeling her grip tighten in my hair as if she wanted to pull me deeper into her darkness. She was trembling beneath me, completely lost in the sensations I was giving her.

"Caleb," she gasped, her voice breaking. "Please don't stop. I'm so close."

I had no intention of stopping. I lavished attention on her most sensitive spot while my fingers joined my tongue, and within moments she was crying out my name as waves of pleasure crashed over her like a tsunami.

The sight and sound of her climax pushed me over the edge. I quickly freed myself from my pants and found my own release, marking her stomach as mine with possessive satisfaction.

I kissed her slowly, thoroughly, letting us both come down from the high together. After cleaning her up with a warm towel from my private bathroom, I adjusted her dress and pressed gentle kisses to her thighs.

I fed us both pieces of the remaining cake, alternating bites while we stared into each other's eyes. Those green eyes of hers seemed to see straight through to my soul, stripping away every defense I'd ever built.

When the last crumb was gone, I pulled her close for another kiss, one that started soft but quickly ignited into something deeper and more demanding. I was just pulling her onto my lap when my phone began ringing insistently from across the room.

The timing couldn't have been worse. I settled her back on the couch with a quick kiss and reluctantly went to answer the call, already planning how I would make whoever was interrupting us pay for their poor timing.