Mafia Mask 33

Chapter 33 Interrupted Passion

Ivy's POV

Throughout our afternoon of reviewing the family's legitimate business operations, I seized every opportunity to provoke Caleb with deliberate touches. Each time I handed him ledgers documenting our money laundering networks, my fingers lingered against his. When I crossed my legs, I let my skirt inch higher up my thighs. These calculated provocations sent heat flashing through his ice-blue eyes, like silent warnings that he might lose control at any moment.

At one point, reaching for files detailing our offshore accounts on the far shelf, I deliberately pressed my chest against his shoulder in what appeared to be an innocent accident. Caleb's sharp intake of breath and the warning glare he shot me only encouraged my boldness.

With the document containing our Swiss bank records in hand, I remained standing beside his leather chair and leaned forward more than necessary. The neckline of my dress dipped dangerously low as I whispered near his ear.

"Don Thorne, something seems off about these numbers from our casino operations."

In one swift motion, he swept his arm across the mahogany desk, sending papers documenting our various criminal enterprises cascading to the floor. His hands found my waist, lifting me onto the cleared surface. He rose from his chair, positioning himself between my parted thighs, his hardness pressing against me with unmistakable intent.

"Miss Brooks, if you continue this little game you have been playing all afternoon while we handle family business, I will take you right here on this desk without mercy until you cannot walk straight." His voice was rough with desire, carrying the dangerous edge that marked him as the most feared Don in the city.

I met his burning gaze with a wicked smile, unafraid of the lethal predator before me.

"Those are quite bold promises, Don Thorne."

His eyes darkened with predatory hunger as a dangerous smile curved his lips, the same expression he wore when ordering executions.

"You doubt my ability to deliver? I never make empty promises, Ivy. Not in business, and certainly not with you."

His mouth crashed against mine with desperate hunger, as if he had been starving for this moment between handling territorial disputes and managing our smuggling operations. Without breaking our kiss, he lowered me back onto the cool desktop, his hands exploring every curve of my body with possessive intensity.

His palms found my breasts, kneading and teasing until waves of pleasure coursed through me. I was completely at his mercy, intoxicated by his touch and the dangerous power that radiated from him. His hands traced a burning path down my stomach, along my legs to my ankles, then back up, pushing my dress to my waist as his fingers gripped my thighs with the same commanding force he used to control his criminal empire.

Breaking our kiss, he lowered his head to my chest, his teeth grazing my sensitive peaks through the thin fabric. The sound of tearing silk filled the air as he held up my ruined underwear with a devilish grin before settling into his chair, looking every inch the ruthless mob boss who took whatever he wanted.

With my legs spread wide before him, he looked up at me with pure hunger, his ice-blue eyes reflecting the same intensity he brought to eliminating enemies.

"Ivy, I am going to worship every inch of you like the queen you are meant to be."

His mouth descended on me with devastating skill, his tongue and lips driving me to the edge of sanity. When he slid two fingers inside me while his teeth gently captured my most sensitive spot, pleasure exploded through my core like lightning, more intense than any adrenaline rush from our dangerous lifestyle.

His fingers worked in perfect rhythm as his mouth continued its relentless assault, taking me to heights I never knew existed. My moans echoed through the office that served as command center for his criminal operations, my body trembling on the precipice of release.

When the orgasm crashed over me, my entire body convulsed around his fingers. But instead of satisfaction, it only intensified my craving for the man who ruled the underworld with an iron fist. I was completely lost in need.

"Caleb, take me on this desk, hard and without mercy," I gasped, throwing his own words back at him.

His low chuckle vibrated against my skin as he stood quickly, looking like the dangerous predator he was.

"Ivy, that is exactly what I intend to do." He guided my hand to feel his impressive hardness straining against his pants. "Feel what you do to me. You drive me absolutely wild, more than any territory war or power play ever could."

He stripped off his shirt, revealing the sculpted perfection of his chest and abs, marked with tattoos that told the story of his rise through the criminal hierarchy. The man was pure masculine beauty and lethal danger combined. His phone began ringing somewhere in the chaos, but he ignored it completely, pulling me up to capture my lips again while my hands explored every defined muscle of his torso.

Just as I reached for his belt, the persistent ringing started again. This time I recognized Xavier's distinctive ringtone.

"Damn interruptions," he growled against my mouth. "I should probably take this call from my consigliere."

After one more searing kiss, he reluctantly pulled away to locate his phone, answering on speaker.

"This better be critically important, Xavier. You just interrupted something incredible."

Xavier's laughter boomed through the speaker, making my cheeks burn with embarrassment.

"Christ, Caleb! You two have been alone for hours reviewing our operations and you still have not sealed the deal?" Xavier was clearly enjoying himself.

"Go to hell, Xavier!"

"Not happening. But I will make this quick so you can get back to Ivy." Xavier said, making my face flame even redder.

"Then speak fast, because I have a beautiful woman waiting." Caleb's eyes never left mine, that wicked smile still playing on his lips.

"Right, down to business. Scott thinks Roman's people already know we are onto their scheme. He says crucial documents have gone missing from what he can tell about our money laundering investigation." Xavier's tone turned serious, and I watched Caleb's expression shift completely to his Don persona.

He moved away and sat down heavily. I slid off the desk, smoothed my dress, and began collecting the scattered papers detailing our various criminal enterprises from the floor. The romantic atmosphere had completely evaporated, replaced by the cold reality of our dangerous world. While I gathered documents, Caleb continued the speakerphone conversation.

"How could they possibly know about our investigation? That seems impossible!" Caleb's frustration was evident in his voice, the controlled anger of a man who crushed those who crossed his family.

"No clue, but I told the cybersecurity expert Scott brought in to do a complete sweep of all our computers and phones used for family business. If someone used them to leak information to Roman's faction, we will know who soon."

"Understood, Xavier. Anything else pressing?" Caleb sounded like the exhausted leader of a criminal empire.

"Nothing else for now. But this team Scott assembled is exceptional, Caleb. These people really know how to handle our kind of security issues."

"Excellent news. We will discuss this further later."

"Later, brother. Now get back to what you were doing," Xavier signed off with another laugh.

Caleb ended the call and sighed deeply, the weight of running a crime family settling back on his shoulders.

"I could help you collect those papers documenting our operations, but the view of you bent over like that is absolutely magnificent."

"What will be magnificent is the amount of work it will take to reorganize all these documents about our various business ventures," I replied without turning around, deliberately arching my back a bit more to give him an even better view.