Mafia Mask 35

Chapter 35 Willing Surrender

Ivy's POV

When we reached his private quarters in the Thorne mansion, Caleb set me gently on the marble floor and drew me close, his mouth finding mine in a kiss that stole my breath. Electric currents raced through my body as our lips moved together with desperate hunger. His tongue swept into my mouth with the confident dominance of a man who commanded an empire, carrying the rich taste of the espresso we had shared after our clandestine dinner meeting about the latest shipment routes. Every nerve ending came alive under his touch.

His powerful hands settled on my waist, creating a protective circle around me that made me feel both treasured and claimed by the most dangerous man in North America. When he finally pulled back, Caleb pressed his forehead against mine, his eyes closing as he spoke in a voice rough with the weight of leading the most feared crime family on the East Coast.

"Beautiful Ivy, I cannot begin to explain what has been happening to me since the moment you walked into my office with those financial reports. There is this burning inside me that refuses to be extinguished, this desperate need to have you near me every single moment. In my world, I take what I want without hesitation, but with you, I find myself wanting your surrender willingly given. I want you, Ivy. I want you with an intensity that would make my enemies tremble if they knew how completely you have compromised the Don of the Thorne family. Tell me what you need from me."

His eyes opened then, revealing that mesmerizing ice-blue gaze that had captured me from our first meeting in the conference room where million-dollar deals were negotiated and death sentences were quietly handed down. Those eyes seemed to see straight through to my soul, leaving me defenseless before this man who could order executions with the same ease as ordering dinner.

"Caleb, every part of me belongs to you already. Your eyes enslaved me from that very first glance across the negotiation table, and your touch made me surrender completely to the most powerful Don in the syndicate. All I want is to be here in your arms and feel you make me completely yours."

"Ivy, you are going to be the death of me. I have faced down rival families and federal investigations, but I have no defenses left when it comes to you."

His voice wrapped around me like silk from the finest Italian imports, sending waves of heat through my entire body.

He began trailing kisses along the sensitive skin of my neck, then slowly turned me around with the same careful precision he used when handling his most valuable acquisitions. His fingers found the zipper of my dress, pulling it down with deliberate slowness that made my skin tingle in anticipation of what the most dangerous man in organized crime was about to do to me. He eased the straps from my shoulders, and the silk fabric pooled at my feet like spilled wine. Only my bra remained, since he had already destroyed my underwear hours earlier in his office during our passionate encounter after reviewing the latest protection racket reports. His skilled fingers unhooked the delicate lace, sliding it away while his lips continued their worship of my neck, murmuring praise about how perfect I was in both English and the Italian phrases he reserved for his most private moments.

Fire raced through my veins. He turned me slowly to face him again, and I watched his breath catch as his gaze traveled over every curve and line of my exposed body with the same intensity he used when studying territorial maps of his empire.

"At last, I can see all of you. You are absolutely magnificent, Ivy. More beautiful than any treasure in my family’s collection."

His smile was pure male appreciation mixed with the predatory satisfaction of a Don who had claimed his most prized possession. He cupped my face in his hands and claimed my mouth once more. When we broke apart, I gave him a smile filled with feminine power that had learned to navigate the dangerous waters of mafia politics.

"My turn now."

He returned my smile with one of his own, spreading his arms wide in invitation while maintaining the regal bearing that commanded respect from every capo in his organization.

"I am entirely at your mercy, Tesoro. Do with me whatever you desire."

He looked devastating in that navy dress shirt that had been tailored by the same clothier who outfitted heads of state, with the sleeves pushed up his muscled forearms that bore the subtle tattoos marking

his rank in the family hierarchy. His dark jeans hugged his body perfectly, reminding me that beneath the sophisticated exterior of a legitimate businessman lay the lethal physique of a man who had fought his way to the top of the most ruthless organization in North America. Meeting his heated gaze, I began working the buttons of his shirt with torturous slowness, letting my fingertips graze his chest with each one I freed, feeling the raised scars that told the story of his rise to power.

"You have been driving me to madness with these innocent touches all evening during our strategy meeting," he said as I reached the button near his waistband.

I smiled wickedly and pressed a soft kiss to his firm abdomen, tasting the salt of his skin and the faint trace of the expensive cologne that had become as familiar to me as the sound of his voice giving orders to his lieutenants. After freeing the last button, I pushed the shirt from his broad shoulders, my hands exploring the sculpted muscle beneath warm skin marked with the evidence of his violent ascension to Don. I walked slowly around him, taking my time to appreciate every magnificent inch of this man who had turned my world upside down and made me complicit in an empire built on fear and absolute loyalty.

Stopping behind him, I wrapped my arms around his torso, running my palms across the hard planes of his chest before sliding them down to the waistband of his jeans. His breathing became uneven, and I felt his skin respond to my touch with delicious sensitivity. The knowledge that I could affect the most powerful crime lord on the Eastern seaboard so completely filled me with intoxicating confidence.

I unfastened his jeans and pushed them down his hips, then knelt before him to remove his Italian leather shoes and the denim that pooled around his ankles. Rising slowly, I hooked my fingers in the waistband of his boxer briefs and pulled them down while maintaining eye contact, freeing his impressive arousal that stood proud and ready for me. The sight made my mouth water with anticipation.

"You have already had your taste of me in your office," I said, my voice husky with desire and the thrill of wielding power over a man who controlled life and death. "Now I want mine."

I leaned forward and touched my tongue to the drop of moisture at his tip, earning a deep groan that sent satisfaction racing through me at having brought the untouchable Don of the Thorne family to his knees.