Mafia Mask 36

Chapter 36 Until Sunrise

Ivy's POV

The taste of Caleb still lingered on my lips as I gazed up at him, watching satisfaction wash over his scarred features. His icy blue eyes held a dreamy quality that made my heart race faster. The way he looked at me in this moment felt reverent, almost worshipful, a stark contrast to the ruthless mafia don who commanded fear throughout the underworld.

His calloused thumb traced along my cheekbone with tender precision before he drew me against his chest. The warmth of his breath tickled my ear as he spoke in that deep, commanding voice that never failed to send shivers through me - the same voice that had sentenced countless enemies to their deaths.

"You are absolutely incredible, Ivy. So eager, so perfect for me." His muscled arms tightened around me possessively, like a predator claiming his most precious prize. "But now I need you beneath me on these silk sheets."

Before I could respond, he lifted me effortlessly with the same strength he used to break bones, placing me gently on the luxurious Italian silk bedding. His battle-scarred hands roamed over my skin with reverent touches, as if he were mapping every curve and valley of my body. The intensity in his gaze made me feel like some ancient goddess being worshipped at her altar by the most dangerous man in North America.

When he settled above me, his mouth found mine in a kiss that spoke of barely restrained hunger. His hands continued their exploration, leaving trails of fire across my sensitized skin. The scent of gunpowder and expensive cologne clung to him, a reminder of the violent world we inhabited. When his fingers found my most intimate place, I gasped against his lips.

One finger slipped inside me, moving with deliberate slowness that had me arching beneath him. When he added a second finger, stretching me gently, I could barely contain the soft moan that escaped. His touch was surprisingly gentle for hands that had pulled triggers without hesitation.

"God, Ivy, you feel incredible. So ready for me." His eyes sparkled with barely contained desire, and I could feel his renewed arousal pressing against my thigh. "I want to take you completely, with nothing between us. Will you let me claim you as mine?"

The vulnerability in his question, despite the fire burning in his eyes, made my chest tighten with emotion. Trust had never come easily to me in this dangerous world, but with Caleb, it felt as natural as breathing. This man who ruled the Thorne crime family with an iron fist was asking for my permission.

"Yes," I whispered, my voice barely audible in the opulent bedroom that had witnessed countless mafia dealings. "I trust you completely. And I am protected."

His smile was radiant as he kissed me again, positioning himself between my thighs. When he began to enter me, the sensation was exquisite torture. Every inch he claimed sent waves of pleasure radiating through my core, making me forget about the dangerous world beyond these walls.

The deliberate pace he set had me writhing beneath him, desperate for more. His eyes never left mine as he moved with agonizing slowness, watching every expression that crossed my face with the same intensity he used to study his enemies.

"This feels like heaven," he murmured, his voice rough with emotion. "You fit me perfectly, like you were created just for me. Tell me how you feel, beautiful."

The concern in his voice, the way he searched my face for any sign of discomfort, only made me want him more. This powerful don, so careful with me, so attentive to my needs despite his reputation for ruthless violence.

"Caleb, I feel amazing, but please," I gasped, my hands clutching at his broad shoulders that bore the weight of an entire criminal empire. "I need you to move. I need more of you."

His answering smile was pure sin as he began to withdraw slowly. When he thrust back into me with sudden force, I cried out, my body clenching around him instinctively. The sound echoed through his private quarters, mixing with the distant sounds of his soldiers patrolling the compound.

"You drive me wild, Ivy. Your body responds to me like nothing I have ever experienced."

He established a rhythm that had us both gasping, powerful thrusts that created the most delicious friction between us. When he lifted himself up and positioned my legs over his shoulders, the new angle had me seeing stars. The Thorne family crest tattooed across his chest seemed to pulse with each movement.

The depth he achieved in this position was overwhelming, and I could not hold back the desperate sounds escaping my throat. My inhibitions crumbled completely as I begged him for more, harder, deeper. Some primal part of me had been unleashed, and from the fire in his eyes, he loved every second of it.

His movements became more intense, more passionate, his body moving with a rhythm that spoke of barely leashed control. Every thrust sent shockwaves through me, building toward something explosive. The dangerous man who commanded respect through fear was completely mine in this moment.

When he leaned forward, folding me nearly in half while maintaining that incredible depth, I lost myself completely in those blazing ice-blue eyes. The intensity there matched the storm building inside me.

My climax hit like lightning, my entire body contracting around him as waves of pleasure crashed over me. Through the haze of my release, I heard his broken groan as my body pulsed around him.

"Ivy, I cannot hold back," he gasped, and with more powerful thrusts, he found his own release, filling me with his warmth.

We remained connected, both physically and in some deeper way that I could not quite name. Our breathing slowly returned to normal as we stared into each other's eyes, neither wanting to break the spell that had transformed the feared mafia leader into my devoted lover.

When he finally withdrew and gathered me against his chest, I felt a strange sense of completion, as if this moment had been inevitable from the day I walked into his world.

His fingers traced lazy patterns along my spine as he looked down at me with wonder in his eyes.

"You truly were made for me, Ivy."

I smiled up at him, feeling the absolute truth of those words in my bones. My heart thundered against my ribs as he suddenly pulled me on top of him, his eyes already darkening with renewed desire.

"I want more," he declared, his voice thick with promise. "So much more." That wicked smile spread across his lips as he continued, "I plan to make love to you until sunrise, and even then it will not be enough. You have the don of the Thorne family completely under your spell."

His lips claimed mine again, and I knew he would keep that promise. The night stretched before us, full of infinite possibilities and the sweet torture of his touch.