**Mafia Mask 411**

Chapter 411: Taking Her Home

Daniel's POV

I left Lila's apartment, but she remained embedded in every corner of my mind. The night stretched endlessly as I tossed in my penthouse bed, haunted by images of her radiant smile, that melodic laugh, the way her amber eyes blazed with passion when she spoke about justice and law. When exhaustion finally claimed me, my dreams were consumed by her—visions where she belonged entirely to me, bearing my family name and under my complete protection.

The hours we spent together at Caleb and Ivy's wedding had only intensified my obsession with her. Lila wasn't just breathtakingly beautiful; she possessed a razor-sharp intellect, quick wit, and astute observations about our world that constantly surprised me. She made me laugh effortlessly—a rarity in my dangerous profession—and in her presence, the perpetual tension that came with straddling both sides of the law seemed to dissolve completely. That initial magnetic pull I felt upon first glimpsing her at Thorne Corporation had evolved into something far more consuming, more possessive.

Then I kissed her, and my fate was irreversibly sealed. Her lips, tentative at first, melded with mine in such exquisite harmony that it felt as though we were crafted specifically for each other. Our first kiss began awkwardly, charged with nervous energy, but quickly transformed into something extraordinary as our mouths found their perfect rhythm. Lila tasted intoxicatingly sweet, addictively so, and I found myself obsessing over nothing but claiming those lips again.

When we arrived at her building and I pressed her against my armored sedan, my body instinctively caging hers, the fit was absolute perfection. Her petite frame molded against mine as though we were two halves of a whole finally reunited. Every curve, every delicate contour seemed designed specifically to complement my larger form. Christ, this woman was driving me to the brink of madness.

I woke this morning with my head spinning and a gnawing terror that Lila might decide she wanted nothing to do with a man from my world. For the first time in my career of calculated moves and strategic planning, I felt utterly lost about how to proceed. The anticipation of her decision was slowly killing me—I desperately needed to hear her say she wanted me with the same fierce intensity that consumed my every waking moment. Instead, I had condemned myself to this torturous limbo that threatened what remained of my sanity.

Desperate for distraction, I called Finn, who had mentioned his downtown apartment was available for rent. We met to inspect the property, and he proved every bit the refined gentleman his household was known to be in Greenleaf—polished and diplomatic, as befitted someone from his distinguished family. The apartment was exactly what I needed for my operations, and I agreed to take it immediately. We arranged to handle the paperwork through the week.

Since the place came fully furnished with high-end security features, I could move in right away. My tactical mind immediately began formulating a plan to draw Lila in and end this agonizing waiting period. Giving her an open-ended timeframe to deliberate had been foolish strategy. If she didn't contact me today, I would invite her to dinner tomorrow night.

She didn't call. The waiting was driving me to distraction. I channeled my restless energy into preparing the perfect dinner for the next evening—procuring the finest ingredients, ensuring the apartment's security systems were optimized. My cover story would be showing her my new place, and if necessary, I'd play on her emotions by saying I wanted to celebrate my recent promotion with someone who mattered. Everything was meticulously prepared, but I faced another interminable night without her.

The next day, opportunity presented itself perfectly. Adler and I needed to visit Thorne Corporation to take Ivy's official statement regarding recent family business. My pulse quickened when the elevator doors opened, revealing Lila at her reception desk, completely absorbed in legal documents—just like that first time I'd seen her. I drew a steadying breath, trying to regain my composure.

"Get yourself together, Martinez," I muttered under my breath. "You're not some lovesick rookie."

Jude intercepted us as we exited the elevator, strategically holding Adler back while shooting me a knowing look. Seizing the moment, I approached Lila's workstation.

She addressed me formally as "Inspector Martinez," which I quickly corrected to just "Daniel." I noticed how she became visibly nervous in my presence, her words stumbling over each other as a beautiful blush colored her cheeks when I took her delicate hand. I seized the opening and extended my dinner invitation.

"I can't tonight," she responded, deflating my hopes instantly. "I'm meeting with the girls."

"Ah, the sisterhood, as Caleb calls your little circle," I remarked, fighting every instinct to kiss her right there in the corporate lobby. I reached out to tuck a wayward strand of hair behind her ear, allowing my fingers to linger against her soft skin. "But weren't these gatherings usually on Tuesdays? Today's Monday."

She explained they'd rescheduled their meeting, so I immediately suggested the following evening. When she mentioned having law classes, I smoothly countered that I'd pick her up afterward. She couldn't evade me this time, especially when Adler approached at that precise moment. Perfect timing—I'd established a clear deadline for her decision.

Leaving Thorne Corporation, I felt considerably more confident after the guys mentioned Lila seemed eager to discuss something with her friends, which explained the schedule change. This development seemed promising for my cause.

But by late afternoon, the situation escalated dramatically—Ivy received a direct threat, suggesting all the women in their circle might be targets of some unhinged individual threatening Caleb's wife. I absolutely refused to leave Lila alone and vulnerable in her apartment. Despite Caleb offering sanctuary at the Thorne family compound, I wanted her under my personal protection. I would bring her to my place, and her inevitable protests wouldn't change my mind.

That evening at the Social Union, while the women held their emergency meeting somewhere in the building, I shared my concerns and strategies with the other men. When the night finally concluded, I waited for Lila at the main reception area.

"Hello, beautiful," I greeted her, kissing her cheek and tucking that rebellious strand of hair behind her ear again—I'd noticed earlier how she responded to that particular touch. "Ready to go home?"

She nodded and waved farewell to her friends, but as we walked toward my vehicle, she turned to me with predictable objections.

"Daniel, you really don't need to trouble yourself with hosting me. This seems like an overreaction."

"Little one, it's decided," I stated firmly, using the tone that ended all arguments in my professional life. "You're not staying alone with some lunatic making threats against one of your friends."

"Daniel, it’s really unnecessary—" she began to protest, but I silenced her with my most authoritative look.

"You know what?" I simply bent down, lifted her over my shoulder in one fluid motion, and continued walking toward my car. "We’re going home."

Chapter 412: She Chooses Me

Daniel’s POV

I couldn’t have cared less about appearing like some street enforcer when the little one started protesting my protective instincts—I simply lifted her over my shoulder and started walking toward my penthouse. There was no way I’d leave her vulnerable in that Thorne building, and I certainly wouldn’t miss this chance to have her in my sanctuary. I was killing two birds with one stone, and she wasn’t going to dampen my satisfaction.

As we approached the secured entrance to my high-rise, I could feel Lila growing increasingly tense against me. Was she planning to refuse me? I hadn’t prepared myself for that scenario.

Once inside my fortified apartment, I gave Lila the grand tour. In the master bedroom, I placed her belongings in the walk-in closet, showing her the space I’d already cleared for her. Only then did she break her prolonged silence.

"There are three bedrooms in this place," Lila observed, pointing out the obvious while I stared at her in confusion.

"What’s your point?" I asked, genuinely puzzled. I watched her exhale deeply and return to the bedroom, wringing her hands nervously. I followed and settled on the king-sized bed, waiting for her to elaborate.

"I don’t need to sleep in your room. I don’t want to be a burden." Could she possibly think she was just some temporary houseguest, meant to occupy the spare room? Or was this her way of pushing me away?

It was unthinkable that this little one would reject me. My mind raced through countless arguments to convince her that staying together would benefit us both, but I couldn’t organize them into coherent thoughts. I clung to the hope that she simply assumed she’d be treated like a regular visitor.

"Are you serious, Lila? Do I need to spell out that I want to share my bed with you? Are you telling me you haven’t thought about it?" That was all I could manage to articulate; I refused to entertain the possibility that she didn’t want me.

I watched as she gazed at me with those mesmerizing caramel eyes, taking a deep breath as if gathering courage for some dangerous mission. Suddenly, she shocked me by jumping onto my lap and wrapping her arms around my neck, looking directly into my eyes with a determination that filled me with hope. I circled her delicate waist with my arms and smiled, convinced she would be mine.

But she had another revelation waiting.

"Listen, big guy, I’m completely inexperienced—I’ve never been with anyone, and before you, I’d never even kissed anyone, so yes, I know nothing about any of this, but I want to kiss you again," she confessed in one breathless rush, and my brain completely shut down—shocked by her admission of virginity yet thrilled to know she wanted to kiss me again—I simply froze. "I knew it!"

Lila began struggling to escape my grip, but I snapped back to reality and held her securely. She fought to get off my lap, tears forming in her eyes, unable to meet my gaze, but I wouldn’t let her go. I turned, laying her back on the bed and positioning myself above her, trapping her legs between mine and securing her wrists above her head—careful not to hurt her but ensuring she stayed still to hear what I needed to say. I had dozens of questions but needed to proceed carefully.

Damn! She was untouched, and I’d said all those crude things to her that night at the club. But now, with her beneath me in my arms, all my previous beliefs about lacking patience for inexperienced women, not wanting to teach, and preferring partners who knew the game—all of it evaporated. I only knew I wanted this little one, young and innocent, who had captured my heart the moment I saw her in that Thorne office. No point denying it anymore; I’d been struck by something I’d never believed in before.

"Was I the first to claim these beautiful lips, little one?" I asked, trying to soften my voice and control my excitement. She nodded confirmation, but tears were streaming down her face, which I couldn’t stand. I gently brushed away her tears. "Don’t cry, little one."

"I know you don’t want anything to do with me now because I’m inexperienced, so just let me go. I’ll call Zo to pick me up." She spoke with her eyes closed, seemingly overwhelmed with embarrassment. Did she truly believe I would reject her? Hadn’t this little one realized I was completely obsessed with her?

"And give up these sweet lips again? But I want them so desperately!" I spoke softly, running my thumb across her lower lip. "You—you do?" She opened her eyes to look at me.

Oh, how much I wanted to! Without wasting time on words, I cradled her face as if it were made of precious crystal, pressing my lips to hers. I kissed her gently, tenderly, but craving more, I ran my tongue along her lips and nibbled them softly. She sighed with contentment, and my tongue slipped into her mouth, eager and demanding. I savored her sweet lips and coaxed her tongue to dance with mine. I claimed her as mine, making it clear those beautiful lips belonged only to me and that I wanted her desperately.

I moved one hand to her waist and pulled her against me, careful not to let my weight crush her small frame. Lila timidly ran her delicate hands across my chest, up to my shoulders, and wrapped them around my neck. Every place she touched, even through my shirt, tingled and burned with desire. She began to relax, allowing herself—allowing me—to kiss her, touch her, feel her.

Kissing her was incredible! Her mouth awakened thousands of sensations, all deliciously igniting my body and desire. I couldn’t control myself anymore; I ached for her, aroused, with a painful hardness, needing more contact. My body pressed against hers on the bed, and I was consumed with want, not wanting to stop kissing her, wanting to strip away our clothes and satisfy the urgent need to be inside her. But I couldn’t forget she was innocent; I couldn’t be reckless. I needed patience.

I should stop kissing her before losing all restraint. Reluctantly, I separated our mouths and gently bit her chin, trailing kisses down her neck. But I wanted to feel more of her, so much more. I let my hands slide up her body and touched her breasts through the thin fabric of her dress. The little one tensed, her body going rigid.

"Relax, little one. I’m just exploring you. Don’t you like when I touch you here?" I gently teased her nipples while kissing her neck. "Answer me."

"I do like it," she whispered. I smiled and placed my mouth over the fabric of her dress, kissing her breast and feeling her body tremble as she moaned softly.

She was too delicious and responsive. I couldn’t let her go. I returned to kissing her mouth and slid my hand down her body to the hem of her dress, which I lifted to her waist. Delighting in touching her, I squeezed her ass, pulling her against my erection and grinding against her. The little one moaned; her skin was covered in goosebumps like mine. She wanted this as much as I did.

While kissing her, I let my hand wander over her hip and down her thigh, then back up, subtly touching her intimacy through the thin fabric of her panties, which were damp—proof of her desire. My touch made her moan into my mouth, and I couldn’t hide my satisfaction. She wanted me and was incredibly sensitive. I would lose myself in this delicious body. I couldn’t resist touching her intimacy once more, and she moaned; her panties were completely soaked, delighting me with her reaction.

Clinging to what little control I had left, I nibbled her swollen lips and moved away, lying beside her. I looked at her on my bed—beautiful, breathless, with messy hair, disheveled, dress hiked up, and bright eyes that wouldn’t meet mine.

"Tiny one? Look at me," I requested, almost in a whisper. When she looked at me, my heart raced. "Was that kiss good for you?" She nodded. "Good enough to make you want to kiss me again?" She nodded again. "Good enough to make you want to sleep in my bed?" Once more, she nodded. "Good enough to make you want to stay with me?" Her eyes sparkled as she nodded yes. "Then we need to talk."

I stood up because I couldn’t have this conversation with her lying disheveled in my bed—I’d end up taking her instead of talking. I pulled her into my arms, and there was no more resistance or fear from her. She had chosen me.

## Chapter 413: Surrender to Desire

Lila’s POV

Since Inspector Daniel Martinez walked out of my apartment on Saturday, his parting words echoed relentlessly through my mind. Was I ready for a man like him? The question haunted me through sleepless nights, my thoughts spiraling around the impossible chasm between us. He was devastatingly handsome, dangerously powerful, a senior police inspector who commanded respect from both sides of the law, while I remained young and hopelessly inexperienced in the treacherous waters he navigated daily.

It was strange that I hadn’t noticed him during that chaotic day when the office became ground zero for the rescue operation. How could anyone miss such a commanding presence? My first real glimpse of

him came later at one of the family's legitimate front businesses, where I secretly admired him from afar, convinced a man wielding that kind of authority would never spare me a second glance. That night, he invaded my dreams with visions of protective strength and forbidden danger. When our paths crossed again at the spectacular wedding ceremony, complete with traditional mafia protocol and ancient family rituals, my heart nearly stopped. I expected professional indifference, but instead received gentleness, attentiveness, and something that felt like genuine affection cutting through his carefully maintained inspector facade.

There was an undeniable connection between us, something electric and inevitable that transcended the careful boundaries between legitimate law enforcement and the underground families that shaped our world.

His kiss had fundamentally transformed me. Before that moment, even the smallest gestures during the wedding reception—his strong hand holding mine as we navigated conversations with various family representatives, his whispered warnings about which guests to avoid—sent waves of longing through my body, a yearning for protection and passion I couldn't fully comprehend.

When his lips finally claimed mine in the shadowed alcove of the family estate, I felt weightless in his arms, craving more of whatever dangerous magic he possessed. But then came our conversation in my modest apartment, where he practically confirmed I wasn't his usual type of sophisticated woman who understood the complexities of his dual existence, yet somehow he wanted me anyway. His words planted seeds of doubt that grew into forests of crushing insecurity.

He'd made it crystal clear—inexperienced women weren't his preference, especially not naive law students who couldn't navigate the intricate dance between legitimate business and family loyalty. If he discovered I had absolutely zero experience with men who operated in his world, he'd surely disappear from my life to protect both of us from potential complications. The problem was, I didn't want him to vanish. I was already tumbling headlong into feelings for him that terrified and exhilarated me in equal measure, even knowing the dangers of loving someone who straddled the line between law enforcement and the powerful families that controlled our city's hidden economy.

Sunday dragged by as I picked up my phone countless times, fingers hovering over his contact, never finding words adequate for the complexity of our situation. My friends were all wrapped up in their own relationships, leaving me to face Monday without advice or guidance about how to handle falling for someone whose very profession should make him my enemy. I needed to see them, to ask for help navigating these unfamiliar waters where personal desire collided with family expectations and professional boundaries.

Yet when I finally found myself in Daniel's secure high-rise apartment, surrounded by the subtle signs of his careful existence—reinforced windows, sophisticated security systems, and expensive furnishings that spoke of both legitimate success and underground connections—I still felt utterly unprepared. Then he confessed his desire to sleep with me, and suddenly there was nowhere to hide from the intensity crackling between us. The moment had arrived—would I keep suppressing these feelings burning inside me, or finally surrender to the desires this magnificent, dangerous man awakened?

Zoe's advice rang in my ears from our hurried conversation earlier that week. The attraction I felt for Daniel was overwhelming—I craved his kisses, his protective touch, the heat that bloomed across my skin wherever his fingers traced paths of possession and promise. Following her guidance about embracing what I wanted instead of overthinking the consequences, I gathered my courage and launched myself into his lap, confessing everything about my inexperience and my desperate desire for him.

Panic followed my confession. I braced for rejection, for him to show me the door rather than risk complications with someone from my family background. Instead, he surprised me with kisses more intense than before, his touch on that bed more devastating than anything I'd ever imagined. Any lingering doubts evaporated—I would be his completely, consequences be damned. Despite hearing my friends' stories about intimacy, nothing prepared me for how it would actually feel with someone like Daniel, someone whose very presence commanded both respect and desire.

When he carried me from the bedroom to the living room, positioning me on his lap facing him with the city's glittering lights spread out below us like a kingdom, our bodies aligned perfectly. Even with this closeness, I wanted more. His warmth radiated through my clothes, and his distinctive cologne—woody and expensive with hints of danger—intoxicated my senses, making me want to stay in this embrace forever. I couldn't stop staring at his handsome face, my hands resting on his broad shoulders itching to explore the muscular chest hidden beneath his perfectly tailored shirt.

"What is it, little one?" His voice was gentle, curious, but I heard the underlying steel that made him so effective in his dangerous profession.

"What?" I replied, still lost in my admiration of this complex man who'd chosen to protect me.

"You're looking at me in a certain way..." He caught me red-handed in my desire, his knowing smile both reassuring and predatory.

"It’s just that you’re so handsome, that..." Heat rushed to my cheeks—what was I about to confess to this powerful man?

"Tell me, little one. For this to work between us, you need to talk to me," Daniel encouraged with infinite patience in his tone. Gathering what courage I had left, I met his intense gaze directly.

"I was just thinking about how handsome you are, and I wanted to touch you." Too embarrassed by my boldness, I looked away from those penetrating eyes.

"Look at me." Reluctantly, I met his gaze and found him smiling with genuine warmth. "I’m eager for your touch."

He took my trembling hands in his strong ones, pressed gentle kisses to my fingertips, and placed them on his chest. I ran my palms over the firm muscles beneath his expensive shirt, savoring the simple pleasure of finally touching this man who’d become my obsession.

"You know, if you unbuttoned my shirt, it would be even better," he suggested casually, his eyes holding mine with an intensity that made my pulse race.

My mind whirled chaotically. His intense gaze made my temperature rise and scattered my thoughts like leaves in a storm. Looking at him—this dangerous, powerful, impossibly attractive man who somehow wanted me—I made a decision to stop fighting my desires. As they say, "in for a penny, in for a pound." Whatever happened next in this world of shadows and secrets, I would embrace it completely.

Chapter 414: Hearts Beat Together

Lila’s POV

My fingers worked deliberately down the front of Daniel’s tailored dress shirt, each button releasing under my touch with practiced precision. The expensive fabric felt smooth beneath my fingertips as I parted it wide, revealing the powerful chest beneath. His body was a masterpiece of controlled strength—the kind that came from years of commanding respect in both the precinct and the shadowy underworld he navigated daily.

My palm pressed hesitantly against his warm skin, trailing downward over the defined muscles of his chest to the sculpted planes of his abdomen. Every ridge and curve spoke of disciplined training, the kind necessary for a man who lived perpetually balanced between two dangerous worlds.

Daniel’s breathing grew heavier as I explored the landscape of his torso. When my hand returned to rest over his heart, he captured it with his own, pressing my palm firmly against the steady rhythm beneath.

"Can you feel that, little one? Can you feel how my heart beats for you?" His voice carried that familiar edge of authority softened by genuine tenderness, dark eyes boring into mine with an intensity that made my breath catch.

I nodded wordlessly, overwhelmed by the connection pulsing between us. Without breaking our locked gazes, I guided his other hand to rest against my own racing heartbeat.

"Your heart pounds just like mine does for you," I whispered, watching his expression brighten and that rare genuine smile spread across his features—so different from the calculated expressions he wore during his professional dealings.

"Kiss me, little one," he requested, his commanding voice reduced to barely a whisper.

I couldn’t refuse him anything. Leaning forward, I pressed my lips to his while our hands remained positioned over each other’s hearts. The kiss began gently, unhurried, until he released our joined hands to pull me closer against his powerful frame. My body molded perfectly to his as the kiss deepened, leaving me dizzy with want and desperate to discover more of his magnificent form. When we finally separated, we were both breathing heavily.

"Tiny one, I want you so desperately. Can you feel what you do to me?" He gripped my waist with those strong hands that had both protected me and eliminated threats, shifting his hips upward so I could feel his hardness pressing against me through the expensive fabric. The sensation made me close my eyes and shiver with pure desire.

"Do that again?" I requested before my rational mind could intervene.

A low chuckle rumbled from his chest as he repeated the motion several times, drawing involuntary moans from my lips. The delicious pressure sent waves of heat through my entire body, making me wet with anticipation for what was to come.

"Oh, little one, I'm exercising tremendous restraint here not to take you right now, but if you make another sound like that, I won't be held responsible for my actions," Daniel whispered against my ear, his warm breath causing goosebumps to erupt across my skin. "But we need to discuss something important first."

The strain in his voice was unmistakable. He gently repositioned me to face him properly, but with his shirt hanging open and his chest exposed like an invitation, focusing on conversation became nearly impossible. My fingers returned to tracing patterns across his skin, eliciting that satisfied smile I loved.

"Tiny one, a woman's first time carries significance—it cannot happen carelessly," he said while his hands caressed my thighs, leaving trails of fire wherever he touched.

"And what exactly do you mean by that?" I asked distractedly, still mesmerized by the sight of his bare chest.

He tilted my chin up with one finger, forcing me to meet his penetrating gaze. "I think I've unleashed a little temptress. You're devouring me with those beautiful eyes, little one," he laughed.

"Well, that's what happens when you look like this," I confessed without thinking, making his laughter deepen.

"I'm gratified to meet your exacting standards," he teased playfully.

"Damn it, Daniel! You said I could touch, and if I can touch, I can certainly look, so don't ruin my enjoyment," I replied with mock indignation.

His rich laughter filled the secure penthouse around us. "You can do whatever you desire, my little one. But I need to tell you something serious—pay attention to me."

I dramatically pulled his shirt closed over his chest and focused intently on his face, which only provoked more laughter from him.

"Alright, I'm listening now. Go ahead," I said primly, though every fiber of my being wanted to continue exploring his magnificent body.

"Tiny one," he began, controlling his amusement, "I want your first time to be extraordinary. I want to create something truly special for you."

"What does that entail?" I asked impatiently.

"Does everything require explicit explanation with you, no subtlety whatsoever?" he asked, amusement dancing in those dark eyes.

"Preferably, yes," I replied flatly, which provoked more laughter from him.

"Very well. What I mean is that I'm going to arrange something genuinely special for our first time together."

"And how long will this preparation require?"

"Not long—I'll have everything ready tomorrow, unless you need more time. Remember we have dinner reservations?"

"Still tomorrow? But I'm here right now." He burst into laughter at my obvious disappointment.

"Easy there, eager one. Yes, you're here, but we already have our dinner planned for tomorrow, so tomorrow it shall be." His hands rested comfortably on my thighs, those dark eyes fixed on me. "But that doesn't mean you can't continue touching me." My eyes brightened instantly.

"Is there anything else you need to discuss?" I asked impatiently.

"Actually, yes—one question." His expression grew serious. "I'm assuming you're not using any birth control, correct?"

"Actually, that assumption is wrong. I have polycystic ovary syndrome and I'm on hormone therapy, so I do use birth control. You know what that is, don't you, Mr. Experienced?" I challenged.

His eyes sparkled with amusement. "Yes, Miss Impatient, I'm well aware. But because of that, I have another question."

"You talk excessively," I huffed, making him laugh again.

"Are you in some kind of rush?"

"Yes, I want to be kissed properly," I stated matter-of-factly.

"Alright, just one final question then. Since you're on birth control, can we forgo protection? I get regular medical examinations and I can provide you with the results if you want verification, plus I always use protection and..."

I pressed my finger against his lips to silence him. "You talk too much! If you always use protection, why are you asking this question?"

"May I speak?" His eyes danced with humor as I granted permission. Then his expression transformed, becoming intensely serious as he held my gaze.

"Because you're different from anyone else, don't ask me to explain why, but you're special and I want to feel all of you, want every sensation of my skin against yours. I want to be completely connected with you, no barriers, nothing between us."

"Protection dismissed," I declared, leaning toward him. "Can I be kissed now?"

Chapter 415: First Touch

Daniel's POV

The conversation with Lila unfolded more smoothly than I had anticipated. What I expected to be a delicate negotiation turned into something surprisingly natural and playful. The real challenge was maintaining my restraint—I nearly lost all control. Her responsiveness to my touch was intoxicating; every subtle reaction from her body sent waves of desire coursing through mine. This woman was systematically dismantling the iron discipline that had kept me alive in both the precinct and the underworld.

When she expressed her desire to touch me, I felt deeply honored—I had been craving her hands on me since our first kiss. I suggested she unbutton my shirt, and she eagerly complied, her trembling fingers sending electricity across my skin. My heart hammered against my ribs like gunfire, and I guided her palm there so she could feel its thunderous rhythm. She mirrored my gesture, placing my hand over her own racing pulse. In that moment, I understood she was offering herself to me completely, trusting me with a vulnerability that few in our world ever experienced.

I made a silent vow to craft something extraordinary for her, ensuring our first intimate encounter would be burned into her memory forever. I wanted to be etched into her soul the way she had carved herself into mine. When she dismissed my mention of protection and asked me to kiss her instead, all rational thoughts evaporated—I would gladly spend eternity kissing those perfect lips.

I pulled her against me, capturing her mouth in an intense kiss filled with unrestrained passion, holding her tight until we both gasped for air. As we separated momentarily, I ran my hands from her narrow waist upward until they found her breasts. I watched her carefully, cataloging every reaction like evidence in a case file. When my palms cupped her soft flesh, her body tensed briefly before melting into my touch. I kept my hands there, gently teasing her hardened nipples between my fingers, drawing a sharp gasp from her throat before claiming her mouth once more.

After worshipping her breasts with my hands, I traced a path down to her thighs, sliding beneath her dress and brushing lightly against the delicate fabric of her panties. The wetness I discovered there drove me wild with the need to feel her completely. Unable to resist any longer, I slipped a finger beneath the lace and touched her intimately for the first time.

She gasped in surprise at the initial contact, then moaned softly as I glided my finger along her silken length. Her caramel eyes gleamed with desire; she was so aroused and ready that I knew she could easily take me. Never before had I encountered a woman so naturally responsive, so wet and inflamed with passion. In a world where everyone wore masks and played dangerous games, her honest desire

was like finding a rare treasure. I craved more contact, yearned to witness her complete surrender to pleasure.

I guided my fingertip to her most sensitive spot, and she nearly choked on the moan she tried to suppress.

"Don’t hold back your sounds, little one. I love hearing your sweet moans," I encouraged her. Something about her seemed constrained, as though she feared expressing her desires fully—perhaps a lingering effect of growing up under Claire’s iron control.

"Daniel, this is... aaah!" My circular motions on her sensitive flesh were dissolving her inhibitions like acid through steel.

"Does that feel good?" I asked, though her body was already giving me the answer.

"It’s so much more than good!" she admitted between breathless moans.

Her response filled me with deep satisfaction, and I couldn’t hold back any longer. I tugged down the neckline of her dress with my free hand, exposing one perfect breast which I immediately captured with my mouth. While my fingers continued their intimate massage below, I sucked and teased her nipple with my tongue, savoring the taste of her skin.

Lila responded wildly, her moans growing louder as she embraced every sensation I offered her. She reached her climax with an uninhibited cry that echoed through my secure apartment, her wetness increasing beneath my touch. Breathless and trembling, she leaned against me for support. I traced my finger along her sensitive flesh once more, feeling her shudder in the aftermath. Withdrawing my hand, I brought my finger to my lips, needing to taste her essence. It was divine, intoxicating—better than the finest whiskey I had ever stolen from my father’s private collection. I savored the taste while she watched me with curious, satisfied eyes.

"You’re incredible," I murmured, pulling her tightly against my chest as she continued catching her breath. "Let me guess—that was your first orgasm."

"Yes, and it was... incredible!" she confirmed, her breathing gradually steadying. "Will it be this good tomorrow?"

"Oh, little one, you amaze me and you're all mine! Tomorrow will be even better." My smile widened at having been responsible for the first climax of her life. I had never particularly cared about virginity before—in our circles, innocence was rare and often manufactured. Yet I felt an unexpected satisfaction knowing I was experiencing something with her that no one else had touched, that I was her first in this intimate dance.

"I want tomorrow to come quickly," she admitted, making me laugh at her eager honesty. But I shared her impatience completely.

"I want that too," I confessed truthfully. "But I also want to kiss you more before letting you sleep."

"I love being kissed!" She nestled her head against my chest as I smiled with deep contentment.

After extensive kissing and exploration on the leather couch, I felt transported back to my teenage years—desperately wanting more but limited to heated embraces in a living room. With Lila, however, this experience transcended mere nostalgia. There was something profoundly satisfying about simply kissing her and discovering her body with my hands, about taking our time in a world that often demanded everything happen at gunpoint speed.

When night had fully descended over the city, painting my windows black, we prepared for bed. I remained in the living room briefly so she could change in comfort and privacy. Upon entering the bedroom, I found her emerging from the walk-in closet wearing charming, modest pajamas and smelling absolutely divine. I couldn't resist pulling her in for another lingering kiss.

My shirt hung open, and Lila placed her small hands on my exposed chest, her delicate touch sending tingles across my skin like electric current. I needed a cold shower to calm my persistent arousal; though I could have proceeded much further tonight, I wanted to respect the timeline we had established.

"Off to bed, little one. It's late," I released her reluctantly, and she pouted with adorable disappointment.

"It was so nice," she protested, her honesty amusing me as always.

"Indeed it was, but you have an early morning tomorrow, and I want you well-rested because tomorrow night, I won't let you sleep." I lifted her into my arms, surprising her with the sudden movement. "I'm putting you to bed properly."

"Aren't you joining me?" she asked after I placed her gently on the mattress and stole another kiss from her sweet lips.

"I need to shower first. I won't be long."

I showered quickly and returned wearing only black boxers, forsaking my usual habit of sleeping naked—just for tonight, I didn't want to overwhelm my little one. I chuckled at this thought, realizing I would likely be the one lying awake all night with want.

The bedside lamp cast warm golden light as she watched me with those mesmerizing caramel eyes that sparkled in the dim illumination. I noticed her gaze traveling over my body, taking in the scars from old fights and the tattoos that marked my family allegiance, her cheeks flushing pink with obvious appreciation. Sliding under the Egyptian cotton sheets, I pulled her into my arms, craving the sensation of her soft skin against mine. She nestled closer and inhaled deeply.

"You smell wonderful," she murmured, her hand resting over my heart.

"It's just soap," I laughed softly.

"The soap is nice, but your skin has its own scent that's different." Her eyes were already closing as she explained this intimate observation.

"Oh? You enjoy my smell?" She nodded sleepily, lightly brushing her nose against my chest as she inhaled again.

"If you continue teasing me like this, waiting until tomorrow might become impossible," I warned as desire stirred within me once more.

"Maybe I should keep teasing you then," she replied with a contented smile that I couldn't help but mirror.

"How naughty you are! I've planned something special, and you're trying to ruin my surprise."

I don't recall exactly when sleep finally claimed me, but I woke to find this beautiful woman curled against my chest, sleeping peacefully in my arms. My heart skipped a beat as unexpected serenity washed over me—a sense of comfort and belonging I had never experienced before, as though I had finally discovered where I truly belonged in this dangerous world. What was this enchanting creature doing to me?

Chapter 416: Exclusively Mine

Lila's POV

I stirred awake to the intoxicating sensation of Daniel's lips pressed against mine. His morning kisses had become my most dangerous addiction—tender yet commanding, impossible to resist, like everything about the Martinez heir who had claimed my heart.

"Good morning, little one," he whispered, his voice rough with sleep as he pulled back slightly, those dark eyes studying my face with an intensity that made my pulse quicken.

"Good morning, big guy," I replied with a smile that quickly faded as I self-consciously covered my mouth. "Wait, I haven't brushed my teeth yet. God, I must look terrible—messy hair, puffy face, and morning breath included. I should have woken before you to make myself presentable."

Daniel's deep laugh rumbled through his chest as he gently captured my wrists, pulling my hands away from my face with the same careful control he used when handling his service weapon.

"Tiny one, you could never look anything less than perfect. Yes, your hair is wild, but it's beautiful. And trust me, your breath is fine," he assured me, his thumb tracing my lower lip with reverence. "Better get used to this—I plan on waking you with kisses every single day for the rest of our lives."

With that declaration, he positioned himself over me, supporting his weight on his forearms while claiming my lips again. The warmth of his bare chest against mine sent electricity coursing through my veins. My hands seemed to move of their own accord, traveling up his powerful arms, across his broad shoulders scarred from years of dangerous work, and down the muscled expanse of his back. Every inch of him felt like perfection under my fingertips—this man who straddled two worlds with lethal grace.

"Tiny one," he murmured between kisses, "your touch feels incredible. I love when you put your hands on me."

We continued kissing for several more minutes, making me seriously consider calling in sick to Thorne Group. Eventually, responsibility won out. Daniel, ever the protective gentleman, insisted I shower first while he checked his encrypted messages from the precinct. When I returned to the bedroom fully dressed—just shoes in hand—I found him lounging against the headboard, arms folded behind his head like some dangerous god surveying his domain. The intensity in his gaze as he watched me could have melted the reinforced steel of his apartment's security doors.

"Come here," he commanded softly, extending his hand toward me. I approached the bed and immediately found myself pulled into his embrace for another soul-stealing kiss.

"Tiny one, are you absolutely certain about us?" he asked, his voice carrying the weight of a man who knew the darkness his world could bring.

"Completely certain," I replied without hesitation, meeting his searching gaze.

"I want you to know we can continue with just kisses for as long as you need. There's no rush."

I looked directly into his eyes, seeing both the dangerous Inspector and the tender man who held my heart. "I want more than kisses, Daniel. I'm looking forward to tonight. I want you to be my first, and I want it to be today. I've never been more sure about anything in my life."

His smile was devastating. "I'm honored and privileged, little one. But understand this—you're not obligated to anything. We can stop at any moment if you want. Just say the word. Understood?"

"Understood."

He studied my face with the thoroughness of an investigator. "And you need to tell me immediately if something doesn't feel right or makes you uncomfortable. Communication is everything between us. I need to know what you're feeling. Understood?"

"Understood. Anything else?" I asked, eager to return to kissing this infuriating, protective man.

His expression turned serious, taking on the commanding presence that made hardened criminals confess their sins. "Yes, just one more thing." I waited as he continued, "From now on, little one, you're mine. Exclusively mine. In this world, that means something. Understand?"

Instead of answering with words, I leaned in and pressed my lips to his, showing him my complete surrender. I was already addicted to his kisses—the shivers they sent across my skin, the butterflies they released in my stomach, the warmth they spread through my chest. The sensation was intoxicating, and I'd become dependent on it faster than I could have imagined.

"Hmm, taking initiative—I like that. Do it whenever you want," he encouraged before capturing my lips again, his hands tangling in my hair.

I floated into Thorne Group's executive offices that morning, sighing dreamily every few minutes as I organized legal documents. Tonight couldn't come soon enough, though I still had to endure work and law school classes before then.

The girls and I had planned to meet for coffee to share details about our evenings. Before the others arrived, I seized the opportunity to chat with Gemma alone. Gemma had always been my confidante for advice; her worldliness had helped transform me from a painfully shy legal secretary who missed opportunities to someone who could confidently navigate both the legitimate and shadier aspects of Thorne Group's operations.

Though sometimes her candid advice made me blush furiously—like today when she suggested I take initiative and clearly communicate my desires. Despite my embarrassment, she made a point that resonated with something Daniel had already mentioned: playing hard-to-get only creates dangerous confusion in their world. I decided then that I would be straightforward and decisive rather than coy. Still, I trembled with fear that Daniel might not enjoy being with me, especially as I recognized I was already falling completely under his spell.

As the day progressed, another concern emerged that only one person could help me with—Zoe Miller, my self-proclaimed "creator." Since she had overhauled my appearance, transforming me from invisible wallflower to confident woman capable of holding her own in Thorne Group's sophisticated circles, she jokingly referred to me as her most successful project.

Zoe had been instrumental in my metamorphosis—changing my hairstyle, convincing me to switch from fixed braces to removable ones, teaching me to wear contact lenses instead of glasses, and completely revamping my wardrobe to fit Thorne Group's upscale image. I had loved every moment of the transformation.

Now, I needed her expertise once more to prepare me for what awaited tonight with the most dangerous and captivating man I'd ever known. With nervous fingers, I picked up my phone and dialed her number.

Chapter 417: Evening Preparations

Lila's POV

Zoe picked up immediately with her characteristic enthusiasm.

"My little protégé! I was just counting down the minutes until you'd call!"

"How did you know I would?" I asked with a laugh.

"Lila, I have a sixth sense about these things. Now tell me straight - when is that gorgeous inspector finally going to claim you completely?"

"You don't beat around the bush, do you?" Her laughter echoed through the phone. "Actually, he's picking me up after my evening law seminar and—" But Zoe cut me off before I could finish.

"Evening seminar? Forget that! I'm collecting you shortly. We have serious preparations to make for tonight. Tell that handsome detective I'll deliver you to his penthouse at eight."

"Zoe, I can’t just—" It was pointless arguing when Zoe set her mind to something.

"Be at the Thorne building entrance soon, Lila! Got to run!" And with that, she hung up.

"But I’ll still be handling contracts when you arrive. It’s still early in the afternoon," I muttered to my silent phone.

I was still reeling from Hurricane Zoe when Ivy materialized at my desk in the Thorne Group legal department.

"Lila! Today’s the big day, huh?" Ivy’s eyes twinkled knowingly. "Pack up your case files and go meet Zoe. You’re officially off for the rest of the day. Have you told Daniel about skipping your law seminar?"

"Not yet..." I stared at her, puzzled. "How are you involved in this?"

"Zoe called me to make sure you’d follow orders," she explained with a conspiratorial smile.

"But Ivy, I can’t just walk out on work," I protested.

"Actually, you can." Caleb’s voice drifted over as he passed my desk heading toward Xavier’s office. "It’s all arranged."

"You told him?" I whispered to Ivy, feeling my face flush crimson.

"He’s my husband and Daniel’s closest ally," she whispered back like we were sharing family secrets.

"Just kill me now," I groaned, dropping my head onto my desk as Ivy laughed.

I called Daniel to explain I’d be skipping my evening seminar and that Zoe would drop me off at his penthouse by eight. Of course, he couldn’t leave it at that.

"Is everything okay, little one?" His concern was evident even through the secure line.

"Everything's fine, she's just helping me with something," I replied, trying to stay vague.

"What something?" he pressed with that authoritative tone that made my pulse quicken.

"Can't you just be happy I'll be there earlier?" I attempted to redirect the conversation, unsure how to explain Zoe's mysterious pre-evening preparations.

"Of course I'm happy, very happy. But I'm curious. You were determined not to miss your constitutional law seminar today."

"I know," I sighed. "Look, apparently I need to prepare for tonight."

"Ah, now I understand!" Daniel's chuckle was warm and knowing. "Tiny one, I can't wait."

"Me neither," I admitted, smiling at his confession.

Soon after, Zoe was waiting at the Thorne building entrance, looking determined enough to orchestrate a hostile takeover.

"Ready, Lila? First stop is the exclusive boutiques, then the private spa. By tonight, that inspector won't know what hit him." Mischief danced in her eyes.

"Zoe, I just wanted advice on what to do, how to act... You didn't need to leave your intelligence work early for this."

"Oh, Lila! You need a complete transformation to devastate him tonight. That's why I'm here. I'm going to make you absolutely irresistible." She laughed. "As for what to do, just relax, follow your instincts, and enjoy. If he does anything you don't like, tell him to stop. Simple enough?"

"Not really," I sank deeper into the leather car seat.

"What's confusing? Even being inexperienced, you understand the basic mechanics, right?" She used colorful metaphors that made me burst out laughing.

"I can't believe you just said that!" I gasped between fits of laughter.

"I was trying to be playful to save you from embarrassment, Lila," she explained, laughing alongside me.

"Zoe, I understand the biology. What I want to know is how I should behave, what I should do."

"Oh," Zoe looked puzzled. "What do you mean exactly?"

"I'm terrified he'll think I'm terrible and lose interest. I asked my roommate Gemma about it, and she told me to relax, that it doesn't work like that, but I can't stop worrying."

"I see. Lila, intimacy is incredible when you're with someone who truly cares for you. It's not like following a tactical manual—every couple is different. Just relax, keep an open mind, and let him guide you. Over time, you'll discover what you both enjoy or don't enjoy. The key is communication—tell him if something doesn't feel right, and let him know when something feels amazing. Make sense?"

"Yes, he already told me to speak up if I don't like something or want to stop."

"Points for the inspector! That's excellent—he's building trust between you. You hit the jackpot, Lila! A gorgeous, experienced man like that from one of the most powerful families... You might become addicted."

"I think I already am," I confessed with a smile. She squeezed my hand reassuringly.

"That's wonderful, because from the way he looks at you, he's completely captivated. That man would move heaven and earth to protect you." Her words conveyed absolute confidence.

"But I want to know what I can do to please him." I pushed further.

"You want to know how to drive him wild?"

"Yes," I admitted, feeling my cheeks warm.

"Now I understand! Let me explain a few things..." Zoe's face lit up with excitement as she launched into detailed advice that made even me—a grown woman from a mafia family—blush to the roots of my hair.

Chapter 418: Transformed Seduction

Lila's POV

When Zoe dropped me at the entrance of Daniel's fortified high-rise building, I felt transformed. The spa treatments had left my skin glowing, my hair falling in elegant waves, and beneath the designer pink dress, I wore delicate lace lingerie that made me feel both vulnerable and empowered. The heels Zoe had insisted upon added height and a confidence to my stride that felt both foreign and intoxicating.

Standing before the reinforced door of his penthouse, I gathered my nerve. Even in this secure building where Thorne Group maintained several safe houses, I could feel the weight of our world pressing down on me.

"This is it, Lila," I whispered to myself. "You're not just some frightened girl from the Sullivan family anymore. Tonight, you're a woman who belongs in Daniel's dangerous world. Push that scared part of yourself into the shadows where she belongs."

Drawing a steadying breath, I pressed the doorbell, my pulse hammering against my throat.

When Daniel opened the door, every rehearsed greeting vanished from my mind. He stood before me in perfectly tailored black dress pants and a midnight blue shirt with the collar open, revealing the strong column of his throat and a glimpse of his chest. The expensive fabric hugged his powerful shoulders, and his dark eyes grew intense as they swept over me with unmistakable hunger.

He reached for my hand, drawing me inside with that gentle authority that marked him as both protector and predator. Before I could properly speak, he had me pressed against the armored door, his arms creating a cage around me as he leaned close.

"Tiny one," he murmured, his voice rough with desire. "What magic have you worked on yourself tonight?"

Panic fluttered through me. "Nothing terrible, I hope? Did Zoe push the makeover too far?"

Daniel's hands found my waist, pulling me against the solid warmth of his body until I could feel the controlled strength beneath his civilized exterior. Those familiar butterflies took flight in my stomach, my body already anticipating his touch.

"Nothing terrible at all," he said, his gaze traveling over my features with reverent appreciation. "You've somehow become even more exquisite, which I thought impossible for someone already perfect."

My heart expanded at his words, and when his mouth claimed mine in a slow, thorough kiss, I melted against the man who had become my anchor in the turbulent world of underground nobility.

"Do you truly like it?" I asked when we separated, unable to completely silence my insecurities.

"I'm completely captivated," he confirmed, his lips finding the sensitive curve of my neck. His breath sent shivers through me as he whispered against my ear, "We might keep these shoes on throughout the entire evening."

A delicious tremor ran through my body at his suggestion, goosebumps rising across my skin. Daniel watched my reaction with predatory satisfaction, as if cataloging every response for future reference.

"But first, dinner," he said, stepping back and taking my hand with the same care he used when handling evidence in his most dangerous cases. "I've prepared something extraordinary for you."

Only then did I notice how he had transformed his living space. Soft jazz played in the background, the lighting dimmed to create an intimate atmosphere, and the dining table was set with fine china and flickering candles that cast dancing shadows on the walls. He guided me to my chair with the old-world courtesy that seemed bred into men from families like ours, pouring deep red wine into crystal glasses that probably cost more than most people's monthly salary.

"In wine, truth reveals itself, little one," he said with that dangerous smile that reminded me he was both gentleman and enforcer.

I raised the glass to my lips, tasting the expensive vintage. "Are you interrogating me tonight, Inspector? Or simply trying to lower my defenses?"

"Perhaps both," he admitted with a low laugh, pouring his own glass and settling into the chair beside me rather than across the table. "I want you relaxed tonight, not intoxicated. I want to hear your thoughts without the careful filters you've learned to use in our world. That's what I've always wanted from you, but tonight seemed like the perfect time for a little liquid courage."

"How calculating of you," I replied, narrowing my eyes playfully as he flashed that devastating smile that had probably intimidated countless criminals.

Dinner was exquisite, and conversation flowed between us like fine wine. We discussed the complexities of his position straddling the line between law enforcement and family loyalty, my studies in law and dreams of using legal expertise to navigate our treacherous world, the challenges of living independently from the Sullivan family estate, and the intricate politics of our respective backgrounds. I found myself amazed at how natural it felt to share these intimate parts of myself with him, as if we had been partners for years instead of weeks.

After clearing our plates despite my protests that I should help, Daniel took my hand and led me to the living area. He wrapped his arms around my waist and began moving to the music, his lips brushing against my neck and ear, his nose tracing patterns on my skin that sent electricity coursing through my veins like a drug.

When he settled onto the leather couch and pulled me onto his lap, my fitted dress rode up, revealing the garter belts that Zoe had sworn would drive any man to distraction. Based on the way his eyes darkened with unmistakable hunger, her prediction had been accurate.

"Garter belts?" His fingers traced the delicate straps against my thighs with reverent care. "How beautifully provocative. You're absolutely stunning, little one. Completely irresistible in this dress."

His passionate kiss ignited something fierce within me, and as he pulled me closer, I felt his arousal pressing against me through the expensive fabric of his pants. Instinctively, I moved against him, seeking more of that exquisite pressure, and was rewarded with a deep groan against my mouth.

"Oh, little one," he breathed roughly. "Do that again."

Emboldened by wine and the intoxicating sense of power, I rolled my hips deliberately, grinding against his hardness. The friction against my most sensitive areas was divine, and when I repeated the motion, his hands tightened on my waist, his breathing becoming labored.

"God, Lila," he groaned. "You're destroying my control. I need to feel you doing that with nothing between us."

Heat flooded my cheeks at his raw words, but I refused to retreat into shyness. He appreciated my boldness, and I was discovering how much I enjoyed this newfound confidence.

His hands returned to my thighs as he kissed my neck, his thumb grazing over my dampened underwear. "You're driving me wild," he whispered against my skin. "Already so ready for me."

When his thumb found that sensitive spot, I couldn't contain my moan of pleasure. He pushed my panties aside and began a deliberate rhythm that made my head spin with sensation.

"Look at me," he commanded softly. When our eyes met, he smiled with dangerous satisfaction. "That's it, let me see and hear everything."

Under his skilled ministrations, I felt tension building rapidly throughout my body. I lost all control over my responses, moaning without shame as waves of pleasure crashed over me. His name fell from my lips as I climaxed, begging incoherently for more.

Daniel captured my cries with a deep kiss that stole what remained of my breath. My arms wrapped around his neck, desperate to eliminate any space between us. In one fluid movement, he stood, lifting me with hands firmly gripping my thighs.

"I want you in my bed. Now," he growled between fervent kisses as he carried me toward the bedroom that would become our sanctuary.

Chapter 419: Sweet Surrender

Lila’s POV

In the dimly lit master suite of Daniel’s secured penthouse, he guided me upright and stepped back just enough to study my face with those penetrating dark eyes, as if memorizing every detail before any uncertainty could creep in. Those obsidian irises blazed with an intensity that could melt steel before he captured my mouth again, kissing me with such desperate hunger I thought he might devour my very soul.

The bedroom was illuminated by flickering candles housed in bulletproof glass containers scattered strategically around the space, their sandalwood fragrance masking any trace of surveillance equipment. A careful arrangement of pale pink lisianthus adorned the nightstand, while soft jazz filtered through the apartment’s sophisticated sound system. These thoughtful touches he had prepared exclusively for me made my heart swell with emotion, despite the dangerous world we both inhabited.

"You cannot fathom how deeply I crave you," Daniel whispered, his forehead pressed against mine while his calloused fingers gently tucked a rebellious strand of hair behind my ear—a tender gesture I was rapidly becoming dependent upon. "The restless nights I’ve endured, the endless hours I’ve spent imagining this moment..."

"Then stop imagining," I challenged, drawing upon every fragment of courage I possessed. "Because I’ve spent today aching for your touch."

"Are you completely certain this is what you desire, Lila?" he asked, offering me one last opportunity to escape.

"I’m more certain about surrendering myself to you than I am about my next heartbeat," I declared with unwavering conviction. His eyes darkened at my confession, reflecting my own desperate need to be claimed by this powerful man who straddled both sides of the law.

His mouth descended upon mine once more as he pulled me flush against his muscular frame, seemingly determined to eliminate every molecule of air between us. His skilled hands located the concealed zipper of my designer dress and deliberately drew it downward. Within moments, the expensive fabric cascaded to the marble floor, leaving me exposed in only my meticulously selected lingerie—a blush pink lace corset with silk garters and matching panties, champagne-colored stockings, and black designer heels that added several inches to my petite frame.

Instead of vulnerability, I felt only electric anticipation surging through my veins. I yearned to witness his reaction when he beheld all of me, to observe the expression that would cross his features when he took in the intimate apparel I had chosen with careful consideration but with the singular goal of appearing irresistible to him. I needed to be breathtaking in his estimation, wanted him to find me so captivating that he would never question being with someone as sheltered as myself.

"Cristo," he breathed in his native tongue, staring as though transfixed. "You are absolutely magnificent." His eyes reflected genuine reverence, as if witnessing something so exquisite it rendered him speechless.

He eliminated the space between us, his mouth claiming mine with possessive intensity. His powerful hands gripped my waist decisively, drawing our bodies together with such force it felt as though he sought to merge us into a single entity while the kiss grew increasingly unrestrained. Against my abdomen, I could sense his substantial arousal straining against the Italian wool of his trousers. Something deep within my core pulsed in response, and I burned to see him completely bare before me.

I feared this might simply be an elaborate dream, terrified I would suddenly awaken to find him vanished like smoke. My desire to explore every inch of his body was overwhelming, my fingertips practically vibrating with the need to feel his skin beneath my palms.

His lips journeyed from my mouth to my jawline, then traced a path down my throat, lingering at the sensitive spot behind my ear before continuing to my chest. When his mouth reached the delicate lace edge of my corset, his tongue traced the intricate pattern, causing me to arch instinctively, offering him unrestricted access to my fevered skin.

While his lips worshipped me, his experienced fingers deftly released the garter clasps, his fingertips creating trails of fire along my thighs during the process. He then unfastened the corset with surprising gentleness, sliding the straps down my arms until it pooled with my dress on the cold marble.

"Bellissima," he murmured reverently. "These tan lines are driving me to madness—they're intoxicating. They nearly destroyed my composure at that wedding."

I smiled, gratified by his admission. While he gazed at me as though studying a priceless work of art, he began unfastening his custom shirt, removing it and discarding it without ceremony. When his hands moved to his belt, I held my breath in anticipation—the moment I had been craving had finally arrived.

He removed his trousers and underwear in one fluid motion, standing completely exposed before me. He was magnificent, like a renaissance sculpture brought to life, every muscle defined and powerful—the embodiment of masculine perfection. Everything about him was proportioned flawlessly, creating an intimidating yet beautiful whole. His dark eyes combined with his jet-black hair gave him an aura of danger and unparalleled magnetism that spoke to his dual nature as both protector and predator.

He approached with desire blazing in his gaze, lifted me effortlessly, and placed me with infinite care upon the silk sheets. With reverent movements, he removed my panties, allowing his fingers to map every inch of newly exposed territory.

"Perhaps we should save experimenting with these exquisite shoes for another evening," he murmured, carefully removing my heels and setting them aside.

Finally, he drew my stockings down my legs with agonizing slowness, leaving a trail of kisses, gentle nips, and feather-light caresses where the silk had been. He paused to admire me once more, his lips curving into a smile that radiated pure masculine satisfaction.

He positioned himself over me, claiming my mouth again, and I could feel the heat radiating from his powerful frame. My skin erupted in tremors as anticipation transformed into molten desire in my core, everything pulsing with need as I waited for him to make me irrevocably his.

## Chapter 420: Complete Surrender

Lila's POV

Daniel’s kiss conveyed everything his carefully controlled words as a police inspector never could. The dangerous intensity that made him feared in both the underworld and law enforcement now focused entirely on me, his mouth claiming mine with an urgency that spoke of suppressed desires finally unleashed. The commanding pressure of his lips against mine ignited something primal within me, a hunger that had been building since that first night he brought me to his fortified penthouse.

His mouth began its descent, leaving a trail of heated kisses down my throat. When his tongue circled each breast before drawing one sensitive peak between his lips, I gasped at the exquisite sensation. The way he sucked with such focused attention while his skilled fingers teased my other nipple sent shockwaves through my entire body. I couldn’t stop myself from moaning his name, my voice echoing in the secure confines of his bedroom, my mind clouded with pleasure from these overwhelming new experiences. His hand moved lower with practiced confidence, finding that most intimate part of me, beginning those expertly calculated movements that were rapidly becoming both familiar and desperately needed.

"Daniel," I breathed his name like a sacred confession, watching as his eyes darkened with the same intensity he brought to interrogations, except now that focus was entirely devoted to my pleasure.

He lifted his gaze to meet mine, those penetrating eyes that could break hardened criminals now soft with desire while his hand continued its intimate exploration. The raw want I saw there made my breath catch in my throat. Then his lips resumed their journey across my skin, trailing kisses down my stomach, moving steadily lower until he positioned himself between my thighs, his strong hands gently coaxing them apart.

"Beautiful," he murmured with genuine appreciation, his voice carrying that same authoritative tone that commanded respect in the precinct, before lowering his mouth to my most sensitive place.

The first touch of his tongue against me completely shattered what little control I had left. I called out his name with each deliberate stroke, my fingers gripping the expensive silk sheets beneath me with desperate intensity. The pleasure was beyond anything I had ever imagined possible, and I found myself shamelessly begging for more, all pretense abandoned in the face of such overwhelming sensation. When he concentrated his attention on that bundle of hypersensitive nerves, alternating between gentle suction and the skilled movement of his tongue, waves of ecstasy crashed over me. My body trembled uncontrollably as I reached that incredible peak, crying out his name while my heart hammered against my ribs like a trapped bird.

I had never conceived that such powerful, all-encompassing pleasure could exist in this world. Daniel watched me with satisfied eyes as I slowly returned to earth, his expression holding the same quiet confidence he displayed after successfully closing a difficult case. The mattress dipped as he moved over me, carefully supporting his weight so as not to overwhelm my smaller frame. His lips found mine again, and I could taste myself on them, the intimacy of it both shocking and deeply arousing.

He knelt between my legs, rising to his full imposing height, allowing me to see him completely unguarded and fully aroused for the first time. My eyes widened as I took in the impressive sight of his erection, and I wondered with a mixture of anticipation and nervousness how something so substantial could possibly fit inside me.

Positioning himself at my entrance, Daniel lowered himself over me once more, his powerful frame creating a protective cage around me.

"Relax, little one," he whispered with the same gentle patience he showed when coaxing frightened witnesses to trust him. "There will be some discomfort initially, but then it will be incredible, I give you my word. We'll take this slowly until you adjust." He pressed a reassuring kiss to my lips, his eyes never leaving mine. "Look at me. Let me see those beautiful eyes, let me know what you're feeling."

He began entering me with excruciating slowness, every muscle in his body taut with the effort of maintaining such rigid control. I was so aroused from his earlier ministrations that he slid in easily at first, the mild discomfort quickly giving way to anticipation as I yearned to take all of him inside me.

"God, little one, so incredibly tight and wet," he groaned as he pressed deeper, his voice rough with barely restrained passion. "It's taking everything I have not to lose control completely."

He withdrew slightly before thrusting forward in a single decisive motion. I felt a sharp pinch followed by a burning sensation that made me gasp. My surprised cry wasn't entirely from pain, more from the unexpected feeling of being stretched and completely filled by him. He remained perfectly motionless inside me, giving my body time to adjust to his substantial invasion.

"Easy, sweetheart, the difficult part is behind us now," he whispered against my ear, his breath warm on my skin. "Are you alright?"

"Yes," I answered truthfully, marveling at the incredible sensation of being so thoroughly filled and possessed by the only man who had ever awakened this primal hunger within me.

"May I continue?" he asked, his voice gentle despite the obvious strain of holding back. I nodded my permission.

He began establishing a slow rhythm of withdrawal and penetration that quickly transformed any lingering discomfort into pure pleasure. Our mouths met in a desperate kiss as he continued filling me completely, creating a perfect cadence that left me aching with need. Instinctively, I began moving my hips to match his movements, increasing the delicious friction between our joined bodies.

"That's it, little one!" he panted above me, his control finally beginning to fray. "You're absolutely perfect. You're everything I've ever wanted!" His words came out in a rush of passion and possession that sent shivers through me.

I felt my inner muscles contracting around him as another climax began building within me, this one more intense and overwhelming than the first. Soon I was experiencing the most earth-shattering orgasm of my life, my heart racing frantically as my body clenched around him. The sensation was transcendent, like being torn apart and rebuilt in the same glorious moment, and I called out his name once more.

Above me, Daniel's entire body tensed and with a final, powerful thrust, he found his own release. His frame shuddered as he let out a deep, guttural groan, spilling himself inside me, marking me irrevocably as his. In that perfect moment, I knew with absolute certainty there would never be another man for me. I belonged to him completely, now and always.

He rested his forehead against mine, both of us breathing heavily while he remained buried inside me. I didn't want him to withdraw, savoring this incredible feeling of connection and completeness. When his breathing finally steadied and he opened his eyes, I saw something profound in his gaze, a mixture of tenderness and satisfaction that took my breath away. He smiled with devastating warmth, capturing my lips in another tender kiss before carefully withdrawing and rolling us over so that I lay sprawled across his chest.

Until this moment, I hadn't fully understood how precious and life-changing this first intimate experience would be. It couldn't have been more perfect.