Mafia Mask 56

Chapter 56 Blood Red Revelation

Ivy’s POV

"How are my two favorite ladies doing today?" Gemma called out with genuine warmth as we approached her exclusive boutique in the protected district. The storefront bore no obvious signs, but everyone in our circles knew this was where the wives and daughters of powerful families came for their most important occasions. "Ivy, you absolutely must come inside. We just received something that was practically designed for you. Please, you have to see it."

"Well, now I’m definitely curious," Zoe declared, practically pulling me through the reinforced glass doors before I could voice any protests.

Gemma disappeared into the back room and returned carrying a garment bag that seemed to shimmer with dangerous promise. When she carefully unzipped it, my breath caught in my throat. The evening dress was a stunning blood-red silk, dangerously short with delicate straps forming a plunging neckline that would leave little to imagination. The back was completely exposed, designed to cascade down to the base of the spine. It was pure temptation crafted in fabric, and I found myself mesmerized despite my instinctive caution.

"Fitting room, immediately," Zoe commanded with the authority of someone accustomed to being obeyed in dangerous situations.

"Zoe, seriously, when would I ever need something like this?" I protested, though my fingers were already reaching toward the silky material. "My evenings are spent at home with takeout and security briefings."

"Finn returns from his business trip today, and I’m going to convince him to take us to that new underground club this weekend. No arguments." My friend had clearly entered her unstoppable mode, and I knew resistance was completely futile.

"Since you’re obviously planning something spectacular, let me find you something equally devastating, Zoe," Gemma announced with practiced enthusiasm, and Zoe actually clapped her hands together like a delighted child.

I reluctantly entered the fitting room and slipped into what could generously be called a dress, though it contained significantly less fabric than most of my casual shirts. The hemline barely grazed my upper thighs, and I was genuinely shocked by how exposed the garment left me feeling. Yet when I studied my reflection in the mirror, I barely recognized the woman staring back at me. The dress transformed me into someone powerful, confident, and undeniably dangerous.

I stepped out of the fitting room, and both women froze with their mouths hanging open in obvious amazement.

"Do a complete turn, Ivy. We need to see the full transformation," Zoe instructed, making a circular motion with her finger.

I slowly pivoted, feeling surprisingly graceful despite the unfamiliar garment. When I completed the turn and faced them again, I discovered a pair of distinctly masculine eyes drinking in every detail of my appearance, accompanied by an absolutely shameless grin that I recognized immediately. I wanted to disappear into the floor.

"Well, Ivy, now I completely understand why our boss is so desperately obsessed with winning you back. You look absolutely incredible in that dress," Dominic Frost announced without a trace of embarrassment.

Dominic stood directly behind Zoe and Gemma, his calculating gaze fixed on me with obvious appreciation and that trademark mischievous smile that had charmed half the women in our territory. Zoe turned around, clearly amused by his typically outrageous behavior. She had grown completely accustomed to Dominic’s habit of speaking exactly what crossed his dangerous mind.

"And she hasn’t even added the heels yet. Wait until you see her with the perfect pair of stilettos," Gemma said, hurrying away to retrieve them.

"And what about you, Zoe? Aren’t you going to model yours?" Dominic asked with obvious interest. "Come on, ladies, give me a proper fashion show. Since I can’t have either of you beautiful and deadly women, at least allow me to admire the view." His shameless flirtation knew absolutely no bounds.

Gemma returned carrying the most exquisite pair of stiletto sandals I had ever seen, while simultaneously handing another pair to Zoe, who seemed perfectly willing to participate in Dominic's impromptu fashion exhibition. I noticed Dominic's eyes following Gemma's every movement with the focused interest of a predator.

"Absolutely, I'll try mine on. I want to be called incredible too," Zoe laughed as she disappeared into the fitting room.

I slipped into the crimson sandals, marveling at their sky-high heels and delicate straps that wound around my feet like blooming roses. They were absolute perfection for a world where appearances could mean the difference between respect and vulnerability.

Zoe emerged from the fitting room looking like a goddess of vengeance in a midnight blue dress that seemed to capture starlight in its shimmering fabric, paired with silver stilettos that wrapped elegantly across her feet. She looked absolutely breathtaking and appropriately dangerous.

Dominic studied us both with obvious appreciation while Gemma applauded with genuine enthusiasm.

"You are both absolutely stunning and terrifying women. And you look incredibly lethal too, Zoe," Dominic declared with his most shameless expression before taking Gemma's hand. "Beautiful lady, you clearly have exceptional taste in fashion, making my family's women look even more gorgeous and intimidating than usual. What's your name?" His voice dropped to that seductive tone he used when hunting new territory.

"I'm Gemma," she introduced herself, and he immediately lifted her hand to his lips, kissing it while his smile widened dangerously. Zoe and I exchanged knowing eye rolls at his predictable behavior.

Dominic was undeniably handsome and devastatingly charming by design. His blonde hair fell across his face in that perfectly calculated way that required him to sweep it back with gestures that seemed designed to make women forget their better judgment. He was tall with broad shoulders, striking green eyes, and that perpetually mischievous smile. He shared the same age as Caleb and Xavier, but unlike them, he was an unrepentant womanizer who never wasted a single opportunity for conquest.

"Well, Gemma, you have absolutely exquisite taste," he said, allowing his eyes to travel appreciatively from her head to her toes. She was genuinely stunning with her long curly dark hair, almond-shaped

eyes, and a figure that could stop traffic in our dangerous neighborhoods. She smiled and narrowed her eyes at him with obvious interest and caution.

"Are you shopping for your girlfriend?" she asked with feigned innocence and practiced wariness.

"I don’t have a girlfriend, darling. But I would love to find something special for a very dear friend," Dominic replied with that devastating smile that had probably launched a thousand dangerous liaisons.

Gemma disappeared to fetch another dress while we continued our conversation in the secure environment of her boutique.

"So, lieutenant, is this your new strategy for meeting women at protected shopping centers?" Zoe asked with typical directness.

"Of course not, but I certainly wouldn’t mind getting to know Gemma better," Dominic admitted confidentially. "I came to meet my nephew. Teenagers love these places. I was walking by, spotted you two, and couldn’t resist stopping to say hello and gather some intelligence."

Gemma returned carrying a gold sequined dress that was even more daring than mine. It was incredibly short with a wrap-style skirt, plunging neckline, impossibly thin straps, and a crisscrossed back design. It was pure seduction weaponized as clothing. She also displayed a pair of gold sandals adorned with crystal straps that sparkled like captured lightning.

"Could you try it on so I can see how it might look on my friend?" Dominic asked with transparent ulterior motives and absolutely no shame.

"I’m sorry, sir, but that’s not possible. However, if she’s approximately my size, it will look absolutely perfect. I can guarantee it," Gemma responded sweetly with practiced professionalism. Smart woman who understood dangerous men.

"Perfect, I’ll take it," Dominic decided immediately. "And I’m purchasing these dresses and shoes for you two as well. Before either of you even thinks about protesting, I’m the lieutenant. This is simply a gesture of appreciation because you’re both exceptional assets to our family, and Ivy just secured that spectacular Thorne alliance for us." He handed his black card to Gemma, effectively ending any

discussion. "We should definitely plan an evening out so you can properly debut these gorgeous and intimidating outfits."

We changed back into our regular clothes while Gemma carefully wrapped everything with obvious excitement and professional discretion.

"I absolutely love having customers like you. Please promise you'll come back soon and bring more family business."

"We absolutely will," Zoe and I responded simultaneously, embracing her warmly with genuine gratitude.

"Darling, would you mind sharing your business card?" Dominic asked with his most charming smile and calculated interest.

She handed him her card, and the three of us left the boutique carrying multiple shopping bags filled with weapons-grade fashion.

"What an absolutely beautiful and intriguing woman that Gemma is. I'll definitely have to ask her out properly," Dominic mused aloud with obvious plans for conquest. "Zoe, as my trusted associate, please take my bags to my secure apartment and bring them to the office Monday morning. I don't want my teenage nephew asking uncomfortable questions about mysterious packages. See you Monday, beautiful and deadly ladies."

Dominic handed over his bags, kissed each of us on the cheek with practiced charm, and walked away with that confident swagger that marked him as dangerous territory. We stood there completely stunned by his incredible audacity and shameless manipulation. We looked at each other and burst into uncontrollable laughter at his predictable yet effective performance.