Mafia Mask 65

Chapter 65 Dangerous Digits

Xavier's POV

I refused to let anyone interrupt this moment. My fingers closed around Ruby's delicate hand, pulling her toward my black Maserati with deliberate authority. The underground garage seemed to fade around us as I opened the passenger door of the bulletproof vehicle, watching her slide into the Italian leather seat with feline grace. That emerald dress clung to her curves, the hem creeping higher up her thighs as she settled against the custom interior.

I circled to the driver's side, my pulse hammering beneath my silk shirt. The weight of my concealed Glock pressed against my ribs, a constant reminder of the dangerous world we inhabited.

"So tell me, Red, are you really ready to call it a night? Wouldn't you rather watch the sunrise from my penthouse instead?"

Her laughter bubbled up, rich and teasing, as her palm found my shoulder. The contact sent electricity shooting through the expensive fabric of my jacket.

"Easy there, boss man. Since you're being so insistent, just drive me home like the gentleman I know you're not."

"Come on, Red. Don't torture me like this."

"Poor little crime prince! Looks like you'll be greeting that sunrise all by yourself!"

She was enjoying every second of my predicament, and somehow that made her even more irresistible. This woman had me completely under her spell, which was dangerous territory for someone in my position.

"Go ahead and put your address in the GPS, but pick the scenic route through the harbor district. I need every extra moment I can steal with you," I said, flashing her my most charming grin as the engine purred to life with a throaty roar.

Ruby possessed this magnetic energy that filled every corner of the armored car. She was quick-witted, bold, and had this infectious laugh that made the drive through Thorne family territory feel like it lasted mere moments instead of the eternity I craved. I found myself constantly torn between watching for potential threats on the darkened streets and drinking in every detail of her presence.

Those incredible legs were driving me to distraction. Her dress was a masterpiece of temptation, that deep green fabric molding to her body and creating a neckline that made my mouth go dry. Her porcelain skin was dusted with the most enchanting constellation of freckles across her face, throat, and the swell of her chest. My imagination ran wild wondering where else those adorable marks might lead. The contrast between us would be stunning, my olive complexion against her creamy skin decorated with those copper kisses. The growing heat in my groin was becoming impossible to ignore.

Ruby defied every conventional standard of beauty that populated the social circles of organized crime families, and that rebellion made her absolutely devastating. Her curves were generous and perfectly proportioned, from those strong thighs to the swell of her hips, that heart-stopping backside, and breasts that made my hands ache to explore them. Her face held an almost innocent sweetness that contrasted beautifully with those full crimson lips, emerald eyes that sparkled with mischief, and that cascade of flame-colored hair that caught the streetlights like burnished copper.

When I finally pulled up to her brownstone in neutral territory, panic shot through me. I wasn't ready to let this firecracker slip away into the night. My mind raced for any excuse to extend our time together or secure another opportunity to see her outside the dangerous politics of family business.

"Red, you're absolutely stunning. I have to be honest with you – I'm dying to taste those lips."

"Oh honey, the world is full of things we want but can't have. Especially in our line of work."

"Are you telling me I haven't managed to charm you even a little? That I haven't earned the right to kiss you after tonight?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying. You haven't convinced me you've earned anything yet, Thorne."

My confidence crumbled as rejection stared me in the face. The use of my family name sent a thrill down my spine, reminding me of the power and danger that came with my position.

This little temptress actually smiled at my deflated expression. I turned toward her, shoulders sagging in defeat. Then she leaned closer, rising slightly from her seat to bring her lips to my ear. That dangerous neckline hovered inches from my face, and my body responded instantly with a surge of pure want that had nothing to do with business and everything to do with the woman beside me.

"I never said you weren't charming, sweetheart. You're magnetic, gorgeous, and powerful enough to make grown men tremble. But I'm not some easy conquest looking to climb the family ladder. If you really want me, you'll have to prove it. Get my number and show me you're serious enough to call, despite all the complications that come with getting involved with someone like me."

This woman was absolutely incredible. Joy exploded across my face like I'd just secured the most profitable territory deal in family history. As she pulled back to study my reaction, I couldn't contain the grin that threatened to split my face in half. She took one look at my expression and burst into delighted laughter.

"I'm guessing you want those digits pretty badly, huh?"

I nodded enthusiastically, probably looking like an overeager teenager instead of a hardened member of one of the most feared crime families on the East Coast. My face hurt from smiling so hard.

I thrust my encrypted phone toward her with trembling fingers. She took her time entering her information, her movements deliberate and graceful. When she handed it back, our fingers brushed, sending another jolt through my system that had nothing to do with the weapons concealed on my person.

"Thanks for playing chauffeur tonight, dangerous."

Her lips pressed against the corner of my mouth, soft and warm and gone too quickly. She slipped out of the car with fluid elegance, and I sat transfixed as she walked toward her front steps, her hips swaying in a rhythm that hypnotized me completely.

I was absolutely ruined. This redheaded goddess had turned me inside out in the span of a single evening, making me forget about territories, rivals, and family obligations. For the first time, I understood what Caleb had been trying to explain about finding that one woman who changes everything, even in our world of blood and bullets.

I peeled away from the curb with my foot heavy on the accelerator, desperate to get back to the safe house before this aching need consumed me entirely.