Mafia Mask 66

Chapter 66 Unforgettable Night Begins

Ivy's POV

I couldn't stop laughing as Xavier practically manhandled Ruby away while she kept shooting bewildered glances back at us over her shoulder. The entire scene was too entertaining until Caleb suddenly grabbed my hand and started pulling me in the opposite direction, which only made the other famiglia members around us burst into more laughter.

"You're coming with me, Tesoro," Caleb said, his arm sliding around my waist with the practiced ease of a man accustomed to taking what he wanted. "Carmen's staying at Max's safehouse tonight?"

"Yes, she is, but that doesn't mean I'm going anywhere with you, Caleb."

"Actually, you are. You promised we'd have an unforgettable night together. Since it's nowhere near finished, we're continuing this at my penthouse." He pulled me against his solid chest and captured my lips in a kiss that effectively silenced any protest I might have voiced, then guided me toward his armored black car.

"Caleb, I absolutely refuse to sleep with you," I snapped, my irritation flaring even as my body betrayed me.

"Who said anything about sleeping?" He responded smoothly as he settled me into the leather passenger seat, then moved around to the driver's side. Leaning across me, he pulled the seatbelt over my body and secured it with a satisfying click, stealing another kiss in the process. "We have so much lost time to make up for, and tomorrow you can resume being furious with me while I continue groveling for your forgiveness."

My mind went completely blank. Words failed me entirely. The drive began in relative silence through the darkened streets of our territory, but he apparently decided quiet wasn't entertaining enough for him. I caught him stealing glances at me from his peripheral vision as his hand found my thigh. He began tracing slow, deliberate patterns up and down my leg, his calloused fingers burning through the fabric and setting every nerve ending in my body ablaze.

"This little red number is absolutely sinful, sweetheart, but I have to confess you look absolutely mouthwatering in it. Red has always been your signature color."

Caleb continued his commentary while his hand gradually moved higher between my legs, gently coaxing them apart until his fingers brushed against the delicate lace of my underwear. I inhaled sharply and pressed myself back against the leather seat, completely losing control of my reactions. My body betrayed me by offering zero resistance to his advances. The dress, which had been short to begin with, had now ridden up dangerously high on my hips. Caleb traced featherlight circles over the thin fabric covering my most sensitive area, his fingers creating an intoxicating rhythm that made my breath catch in my throat.

"Christ, Ivy, you're burning up and your panties are absolutely soaked." He slipped his hand beneath the lace barrier and continued his exquisite torture, his fingers gliding between my folds and finding that bundle of nerves that made me arch against the seat like a woman possessed.

The more he tormented me with those skillful caresses, the more desperate I became for him. When he slid one finger deep inside me, I couldn't suppress the moan that escaped my lips and found myself moving shamelessly against his hand, all thoughts of dignity and resistance completely abandoned.

"That's perfect, my gorgeous queen, stop fighting it. We've always been explosive together. Let me remind you exactly how good this feels," Caleb murmured against my ear while we waited at a red light, his other hand slipping inside my neckline to cup my breast through the thin fabric.

When the light shifted to green, he reluctantly withdrew his hand from my chest and I immediately mourned the loss of his touch, but his other hand maintained its steady rhythm between my thighs. He had worked a second finger inside me and was driving me wild with those calculated movements. I moved without shame against his hand, soft moans spilling from my lips as he expertly played my body like an instrument he had mastered long ago.

I could feel the pressure building low in my belly, my skin hypersensitive and tingling everywhere his fingers touched. I squeezed my eyes shut as my inner muscles began to flutter around his fingers. He increased the pace of his movements, curling his fingers just right, and I came apart completely in a wave of pure ecstasy, feeling myself pulse rhythmically around his buried fingers.

Caleb watched me with a triumphant smile, slowly withdrawing his fingers, and while keeping one eye on the road ahead, he brought both glistening fingers to his mouth, groaning with satisfaction as he tasted what he had drawn from my body.

"God, Ivy, you're the most incredible thing I've ever tasted. You have absolutely no idea how much I've craved this, how many nights I've dreamed of having you like this again."

He released his fingers from his mouth and steered us into the underground garage of his luxury high-rise, the concrete walls lined with security cameras and armed guards who nodded respectfully as we passed. I was still struggling to regulate my breathing when he pulled into his designated parking space and reached over to unfasten my seatbelt, his hand deliberately grazing my breasts and making me ache for more of his attention there.

The garage was dimly lit and filled with other expensive vehicles belonging to his inner circle, a clear reminder of the dangerous world we inhabited and the power Caleb wielded as the head of the Thorne famiglia.