Mafia Mask 67

Chapter 67 Underground Desires

Ivy's POV

The underground parking garage of Thorne Tower cast long shadows across Caleb's sharp features as I decided to turn the tables on his dangerous games. If the Don of the most feared crime family thought he could toy with me, he was about to learn that two could play at power.

My fingers worked deliberately at his belt, watching how his breathing shifted with every calculated touch. Caleb's ice-blue eyes darkened with primal hunger as I positioned myself beside him on the leather seat of his armored luxury car, the confined space suddenly feeling more intimate than threatening.

He was magnificent in his arousal, and I took my time savoring every inch of this man who commanded absolute fear and respect from the entire underworld. My tongue traced patterns that made him grip the steering wheel until his scarred knuckles turned white. I started with gentle exploration, tasting the salt of his skin, feeling how his battle-hardened body responded to each movement.

The sounds Caleb made were intoxicating. Deep groans that seemed to emerge from somewhere primitive within the ruthless crime lord. His legendary control was cracking, and I reveled in the power I held over this man who ruled through violence and intimidation.

My hand found the heavy weight below while I continued my ministrations, feeling how his entire muscular frame tensed with pleasure. He was losing himself to the sensations, his usual commanding composure completely shattered.

"Ivy," he breathed, his voice rough with desperate need. His fingers tangled in my dark hair, not forcing but guiding, and I could sense how close he was to the edge. "You're going to drive me completely insane, tesoro. Do you want to taste all of me?"

I hummed my agreement without stopping, the vibration making him curse in Italian under his breath. I wanted everything he could give me, wanted to push this dangerous man past the point of rational thought.

His movements became more urgent, his hips rising to meet me as his iron control finally snapped completely. When Caleb finally let go, his entire body shuddered with the force of his release, and I took everything he offered, not wanting to waste a single drop.

When I finally looked up at him, his predatory eyes were blazing with an intensity that made heat pool between my thighs. He pulled me up to him immediately, his mouth crashing against mine in a kiss that tasted of desperation and possession.

His powerful arms wrapped around my waist, lifting me effortlessly onto his lap until I was straddling him. Even in his post-climax state, I could feel him hardening again beneath me, proof of his insatiable hunger for me.

"You're incredible, tesoro," he whispered against my neck, his lips trailing fire across my sensitive skin. "You take me to places I never knew existed. I can't get enough of you, Ivy. You own me completely."

His hands found the hem of my dress, pushing the expensive fabric up until it bunched around my waist. When his gaze fell on the red lace covering my most intimate area, his eyes lit up with pure masculine appreciation.

"Red definitely suits my queen." With one swift motion, he tore the delicate fabric away, bringing it to his face and inhaling deeply. "God, you smell like paradise itself."

The ruined panties were tossed aside carelessly as he positioned me above him. His hands gripped my hips possessively as he slowly lowered me onto his renewed hardness, both of us gasping at the exquisite sensation of becoming one.

"Every inch of me belongs to you, Ivy," he murmured, his voice thick with raw emotion. "Only you can make my body respond like this. You own the monster completely."

He filled me so perfectly, stretching me in the most delicious way imaginable. When he was seated fully inside me, we locked eyes, and I felt electricity shoot through every nerve ending. My body clenched around him instinctively, trying to pull him even deeper.

"Damn, tesoro," he groaned, throwing his head back against the headrest. "Your body is so greedy for me. You're squeezing me so tight, it's driving me wild."

I felt powerful and desired as I began to move against him, setting a rhythm that had both of us moaning with pleasure. The feeling of being in control, of watching this lethal crime boss come undone beneath me, was intoxicating beyond measure.

Caleb's hands found the straps of my dress, pulling them down to expose my breasts to his hungry gaze. His mouth immediately claimed one peak while his fingers teased the other, alternating his attention until I was writhing above him with desperate need.

The pace of our coupling intensified as we chased our shared climax. I could feel the familiar tension building low in my belly, coiling tighter with each desperate movement.

"If you keep moving like that, I won't be able to hold back much longer," Caleb warned, his voice strained with the effort of maintaining some semblance of control.

"Then don't hold back," I gasped, moving faster against him. "I want to feel you lose control inside me."

My words seemed to snap the last of his restraint. His hands gripped my hips tighter as he thrust up into me with renewed urgency. The combination of his powerful movements and the friction against my most sensitive spot sent me spiraling over the edge, my climax crashing through me just as I felt him pulse inside me, filling me with his heat.

I collapsed against his broad chest, both of us breathing hard as we came down from our shared high. His hands traced lazy patterns on my back, the gentle touch making my skin tingle with aftershocks.

After a while of comfortable silence, he tilted my chin up and kissed me with surprising tenderness, a stark contrast to the raw passion we'd just shared.

"My insatiable little queen," he murmured with a wicked smile that promised more to come.

He carefully adjusted my dress, pressing gentle kisses to each breast before covering them, then helped me back into the passenger seat. I pouted at the loss of his warmth.

"Patience, tesoro," he said, smoothing my hair and straightening my appearance. "The night is still young, and I have so many more ways I want to make you scream my name."

Without another word, he got out of the armored vehicle and came around to my side, scooping me into his arms like I weighed nothing. As he carried me toward his private elevator, I knew this was only the beginning.