## Mafia Mask 88

Chapter 88 Dangerous Game Rules

Ivy’s POV

The private gaming suite within Xavier’s fortress-like estate resembled a high-stakes casino reserved for the most dangerous players in the underground world. Crystal chandeliers cast brilliant light across professional poker tables, while vintage roulette wheels sat alongside imported slot machines, creating an atmosphere of lethal elegance rather than humble entertainment.

"Welcome to my modest recreational facility," Xavier announced with theatrical grandeur, gesturing broadly across his domain.

"Drop the performance, Xavier. Nothing about this compound screams modesty. This setup is excessive even for a capo," Gemma retorted, her eyes rolling at his transparent display.

"I simply appreciate providing quality hospitality for my family associates," Xavier replied smoothly. "The bar contains premium selections, everyone should feel at ease here. I’ve arranged various delicacies for tonight’s gathering. Let’s get comfortable and create some memorable moments."

"Shall we continue our blackjack competition?" Brenda suggested, earning enthusiastic agreement from the assembled group.

Xavier efficiently distributed poker chips and fresh card decks while preparing the main gaming table. Everyone retrieved their preferred drinks before settling around the green felt surface. The mood remained relaxed and enjoyable until Ruby’s encrypted phone vibrated with an incoming message.

"Now the real entertainment begins."

"Everyone listen up, these standard wagers are getting predictable. How about we make this significantly more interesting?" Ruby proposed with a dangerous glint sparkling in her green eyes.

"What scheme are you hatching now, troublemaker?" Beckett questioned as suspicious looks circulated around the table.

"I'm absolutely ready for this. Everything here is painfully boring, nobody cares about actually winning," Zoe added with enthusiasm.

"This remains a card game, Zoe. Caring isn't necessary. Success depends purely on luck," Caleb stated matter-of-factly, though his tone suggested he sensed approaching complications.

"Caleb, even you're obviously bored senseless," I observed, resting my hand against his muscled thigh.

"So what ingenious plan are you ladies developing?" Dominic inquired, his eyes narrowing with cautious wariness.

"Something guaranteed to elevate your heart rate," Nora responded with a wicked grin.

"Please tell me this doesn't involve removing clothing," Jude groaned, burying his face while everyone burst into laughter.

"Definitely not," Ruby assured them, causing visible relief. "However, we could establish this rule: each round's winner gets to kiss whoever they choose."

Every male face displayed shock and complete disbelief, making it nearly impossible to contain my amusement at their horrified expressions.

"What type of suggestion is that, Ruby?" Finn whispered hoarsely.

"I played this version once before and it was incredibly thrilling," Ruby explained enthusiastically. "The winner selects their target, but the kiss duration matches their card total. Twenty-one points means a passionate, movie-style kiss. Twenty points equals an extended moment of lip contact. Eighteen or nineteen points gets a quick peck. Lower scores allow the winner to choose between cheek, neck, or ear kisses."

"You've completely lost your sanity, Ruby! No other man will be placing his lips anywhere near my woman!" Caleb's face flushed deep red with territorial rage.

"What's the matter, Caleb? Concerned you might lose Ivy to someone else's mouth? Because I'm definitely planning to dominate this game," Parker taunted with obvious pleasure.

"If you remember correctly, I won last time," Caleb reminded him with icy coldness.

"Well, if you're genuinely confident, then accept this challenge. Let's discover what happens," Parker pressed further.

"Just so we're clear, I don't belong to you," I informed Caleb directly, reminding him that forgiveness hadn't been granted yet. His expression darkened with obvious displeasure.

"I find this concept absolutely exciting," Gemma declared, with all the women voicing support while staring down the men challengingly. This represented our terms or no game at all.

"Damn you all!" Hunter exclaimed in frustration. "You're like dangerous sirens toying with our minds!"

"I have to completely agree with that evaluation," Dominic added grimly.

"But are we restricted to kissing only one person per victory?" Nora asked innocently, causing everyone to stare at her in amazement. "What? If I win and want to kiss two people simultaneously, why should I be limited? As the victor, shouldn't I possess that privilege?"

We dissolved into hysterical laughter watching the men's faces register pure horror and disbelief.

"Fine, winners can choose to kiss either one or two people," Ruby amended the rules. "Do you gentlemen accept these conditions?"

This would be absolutely entertaining! How far would these proud mafia soldiers stretch their comfort zones?

"You’re pushing limits way too far," Caleb protested through clenched teeth. "But if this is truly what you desire... Are you completely certain about this decision, Ivy?" he asked, searching my eyes intensely.

"Simply don’t lose then, Caleb," I replied, meeting his piercing gaze steadily, watching his eyes ignite with competitive fire.

"I’m accepting this challenge!" Caleb announced firmly.

One by one, the remaining players voiced their reluctant agreement, sending us women into victorious celebration. Inside my chest, tremendous anxiety began building steadily. What would happen if Parker emerged victorious? Everyone present understood exactly who harbored feelings for whom, transforming this group game into a series of personal battles between coupled pairs.

The atmosphere in Xavier’s gaming suite had shifted from casual entertainment to something far more dangerous. In our world, where territory and possession meant everything, this seemingly innocent game had become a test of loyalty, desire, and control that could reshape alliances within our inner circle.