

Exposed to the CEO Behind the Mafia Mask

Chapter 11: Chapter 11 Marking Territory

Caleb's POV

The moment that venomous snake Yara Rossi witnessed our compromising position, her shrill voice sliced through the tension like a blade:

"What the hell do you think you're doing, you pathetic little opportunist? Get your filthy hands off Caleb immediately!"

I kept my arm locked possessively around my assistant's waist, my lips barely grazing her ear as I commanded in a voice that could cut steel:

"Don't move." She could undoubtedly feel the evidence of my desire pressing against her, but that was between us. My gaze turned murderous as I focused on Yara. "Watch your fucking mouth, Yara, and apologize to Miss Brooks. Now."

"Are you insane, Caleb? I'm simply putting this nobody in her place. Look at her practically throwing herself at you like some desperate whore. She had the nerve to block my entrance, demanding I needed clearance. Since when do I require permission to see you? Fire this insolent bitch immediately." Yara's eyes blazed with jealous fury.

"Apologize to Miss Brooks now, Yara, or I'll have you removed by force," I said with lethal calm, my patience evaporating like smoke.

Yara stared at me with theatrical wounded pride, though I could see the rage burning beneath her manufactured facade. She would gladly spill blood given the opportunity. To push her past breaking point, I pulled my assistant closer against me and declared:

"No apology? Perfect. Xavier, escort Miss Rossi to the street and make sure she understands she's no longer welcome here."

I stepped backward into my office with Ivy, deliberately ignoring Xavier's knowing look. He lived for opportunities like this—Yara had made the fatal mistake of treating him like dirt one too many times, her entitled racism making my blood boil.

Xavier's expression lit up with predatory satisfaction. "Absolutely, Don. I'll personally ensure dear Yara finds her way to the gutter where she belongs," he said with mock courtesy before gesturing toward the hallway like a gentleman escorting trash to the curb.

I slammed my office door and turned the deadbolt with decisive force. Drawing a ragged breath, I fought desperately to regain control over both my murderous thoughts and my

body's violent response to having Ivy pressed so intimately against me. Her intoxicating scent was obliterating what remained of my sanity.

My arms remained locked around Ivy, and every predatory instinct screamed at me not to release my prize. I buried my face in her hair for several more stolen seconds, breathing in her addictive fragrance before forcing myself to let her go. She lingered against my chest momentarily, and I realized the dangerous current between us was affecting her just as powerfully. I nearly dragged her back into my arms, but she stepped away, putting professional distance between us before meeting my eyes with practiced composure.

"Mr. Thorne, I apologize, but my instructions were clear that no visitors should enter your office without authorization, excluding Mr. Black. This woman bypassed all security protocols and attempted to force entry." Her voice remained steady despite the chaos that had just erupted, making me desperate to claim those perfectly glossed lips.

"You handled the situation flawlessly, Miss Brooks, and I expect you to maintain these standards. I don't care if the fucking Pope shows up unannounced. Only you, Xavier, and Heidi have unrestricted access to my office." I walked to my desk, fighting for control while reaching for the phone to contact building security.

"Fisher, effective immediately, Yara Rossi is permanently banned from this building. I don't care what threats her father makes or what sob story she spins. If that psychotic bitch sets foot in here again, you'll be joining her on the street within the hour." The security chief's nervous acknowledgment came through clearly before I disconnected.

I decided to handle Roman directly. The man was a useful lieutenant, but his constant attempts to force his unhinged daughter on me had reached their limit. His loyalty to my father earned him tolerance, but that patience was wearing thin.

"Roman, I'm calling to inform you that your daughter is permanently barred from entering this building. I will not tolerate any more of her theatrical performances. This is a business operation, not her personal playground, and I refuse to let her continue disrespecting my people." Roman's pathetic attempts to defend his spawn grated against my nerves. "I don't want to hear it, Roman. Your daughter has no place here and never will. Consider this your only warning." I slammed the phone down and turned my attention back to Ivy.

She stood before my desk with perfect posture, radiating lethal competence. Did anything ever shake this woman? A psychotic princess had just created a public scene, hurling threats and accusations, I had held her with shocking intimacy, and she had maintained her composure throughout the entire ordeal. Only when I pressed her against my body and she felt my obvious arousal did her mask slip for the briefest moment.

I allowed my gaze to travel slowly over her devastating figure before settling on her face, memorizing every detail and losing myself in those mesmerizing emerald eyes. She was

dangerously beautiful, the kind of woman who could make a man forget his own name. Testing her limits was going to be irresistible.

"Sit down, Miss Brooks." She settled gracefully into the chair across from me as I continued, "I apologize for subjecting you to that unpleasant scene. Yara Rossi is... unstable."

"No apology necessary, sir. Dealing with dangerous personalities comes with the territory, and I understand not every encounter will be civilized. I'm perfectly capable of handling such situations."

"Excellent. Your ability to remain unshakeable under pressure is invaluable in this organization. It will serve us both well. Should I also apologize for the way I held you and my body's obvious reaction to your proximity?"

Her eyes widened in shock, a delicious blush spreading across her cheeks. I had successfully cracked her professional armor, and my smile turned predatory as I caught her gaze lingering on my mouth. Fascinating. Apparently, the attraction wasn't entirely one-sided. She shook her head as if clearing dangerous thoughts before responding:

"Sir, I'm not sure what you're referring to, but I assure you no apology is necessary. I should be thanking you for preventing my fall."

Her intelligence and discretion impressed me, but I had already detected the weakness in her defenses. I cleared my throat and forced myself back to business matters, though every instinct screamed at me to drag her back into my arms.

"How are things progressing with Heidi?"

"Exceptionally well, sir. Heidi has transferred all critical intelligence, and now it's simply a matter of establishing our working dynamic, which I anticipate will be seamless."

"I hope you're right. Where is Heidi currently?"

"She's handling matters in the accounting department."

"Good. When she returns, I'll brief you both regarding my upcoming territory visit. Though she's transitioning to our Boston operations, this information will be crucial. You may return to your desk."

"Yes, sir." I watched her rise and glide toward the door with fluid grace, noting how the dress hugged her curves with each step. The moment she disappeared, I dropped my head onto my desk with a frustrated growl.

I was completely fucked. Maintaining professional boundaries with this woman was going to be torture. The last thing I needed was complications in my organization, but she was absolutely devastating and dangerously sensual without even trying.

And those eyes... there was something hauntingly familiar about those eyes that I couldn't shake.

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