Mafia Mask 15

Chapter 15: Dangerous Late Night Games

Caleb's POV

The tension from the office followed me home like a predator stalking its prey. Xavier, ever the perceptive bastard, seized the opportunity to push my buttons over dinner at my penthouse.

"So Caleb, what do you think about Ivy having a boyfriend? Because the way Heidi was talking, it sounded pretty fucking serious."

I dragged both hands down my face, feeling the weight of murderous jealousy. "What does it matter, Xavier? I already warned you to keep your hands off her."

"Hey, I'm not the one obsessed with her. But her Don seems completely captivated. And from what I witnessed today, he already made his claim."

My head snapped up with lethal focus. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Xavier leaned back with that knowing smirk that made me want to put my fist through his face. "Come on, man. I know you better than your own conscience. You were completely focused on Ivy today like she was the only person in the room. I watched you pull her against you and refuse to let go like you were marking territory. Then you shut that office door and kept her inside your domain. When I came back, the sexual tension between you two could have cut steel. And don't think I missed how your eyes devoured her when she walked away. So are you going to tell me what happened behind that closed door, or should I assume you bent your assistant over your desk and claimed her properly?"

"You're a sick bastard." But I couldn't stop the predatory grin that spread across my face as images of Ivy spread across my desk flashed through my mind. Get it together, Thorne. You've never lost control like this before.

I couldn't hide anything from Xavier anyway. We'd shed blood together. "What if I told you that just catching her when she stumbled got me so hard I could barely think straight?"

His eyebrows shot up with dangerous amusement. I found myself confessing everything, every detail of how she felt in my arms, how her scent drove me insane, how her body molded against mine like she was made for me.

"Caleb, my brother, you're in deep shit. Because Ivy clearly isn't like those disposable women who throw themselves at your feet begging for your attention."

"No, she's not. She's incredibly intelligent too. I want her in my organization long-term, but I can't deny it. She ignites something savage inside me that makes rational thought impossible."

We spent the entire dinner dissecting my violent reaction to my remarkable assistant. After Xavier left, I paced my apartment like a caged beast, unable to sleep, tormented by thoughts of who Ivy might be sharing her evening with. I tried working to distract myself from murderous thoughts of my employee with another man.

It was well past midnight when I picked up my phone. Why the fuck not? I had already crossed every professional line by touching her, claiming her in front of witnesses. Maybe I could ruin her evening if her lover was still there. A wicked smile curved my lips as I typed:

"Did you mention to your dinner companion that your boss left you with soaked panties?"

I knew exactly what effect I had on her. I had seen her skin flush with desire, heard that sharp intake of breath, felt how difficult it was for her to pull away from my touch. I knew she was as affected by this magnetic pull as I was. I had always been direct about what I wanted, never hiding behind false civility. So I decided to make it crystal clear that I recognized this intense attraction flowing between us like electric current.

I stared at my phone with dark amusement, confident my message would leave her speechless and trembling. I expected she wouldn't have the balls to respond. She was always so composed and professional, so carefully controlled. Then my phone buzzed:

"Yes, I told him. Have you managed to get your cock under control yet?"

Well, fuck me. This woman actually caught me off guard. Very few people could do that and live to tell about it. A predatory smile spread across my face. Oh sweetheart, you're playing a very dangerous game. Don't think that sharp tongue of yours can challenge me without paying the price.

"Yes, I got it under control, after stroking myself while thinking about your perfect ass."

I knew she must be seething now. And I knew I had obliterated every professional boundary I had always maintained with employees, but there was no turning back. This woman awakened something raw and primal in me that demanded satisfaction. She didn't retreat like a good girl and fired back another message. She was too quick and clever, which both entertained and captivated me:

"If you keep fantasizing about my ass, you'll never get any sleep."

She couldn't have been more fucking accurate. Sleep was impossible because I couldn't stop thinking about her. Not just her ass, but every dangerous curve of that incredible body and that intoxicating scent that made me want to bury my face in her neck and mark her as mine. She would pay for this boldness. I would make sure she stayed awake too, thinking about me. I already knew exactly how I would handle my beautiful assistant, how I would punish her for this insolence. My fingers moved with lethal precision:

"What a smart mouth you have. You shouldn't speak to your Don that way. Since I won't be sleeping anyway, I expect you in the office an hour early to complete the presentation for Thursday's territory meeting. Don't be late."

I sent the message and immediately knew I needed to leave her without words, so I added:

"Choose your next words very carefully. One more smart comment and I'll order you back to the office right fucking now."

Finally, I could go to bed and dream about my assistant bent over my desk, begging for mercy.

The game had officially begun.