## Mafia Mask 30

Chapter 30 Executive Decisions and Stolen Kisses

Caleb’s POV

I leaned back in my leather chair and hit the speakerphone button, immediately greeted by Rossi’s outraged voice cutting through the air like a blade.

"Caleb, what the hell is this renovation bullshit on the finance floor? You had no right to make that decision without consulting me first."

My jaw clenched at his tone. Nobody talked to me like that in my own territory—especially not a subordinate who was already on thin ice.

"Watch your fucking mouth, Rossi. I’m not one of your lackeys you can bark orders at. I’m your Don, and I don’t need permission from anyone to make decisions about my operations."

"This is completely unprofessional. I was barely out of the parking garage when Heidi sent that ridiculous message about relocating finance to the sixteenth floor with marketing. Finance doesn’t share space with other departments, especially not marketing. I tried to get back upstairs, but the elevator access is blocked. What kind of power play are you running?"

"No game, Rossi. Just following through on what I told you. The finance floor needs major renovations, starting immediately. You and your team report to the sixteenth floor Monday morning. Finance and marketing will coexist temporarily since we don’t have another available floor."

"That’s not how our hierarchy works, Caleb. Since when does an entire floor need sudden renovation work?"

"Since I walked through that floor yesterday and saw the security risks you’ve been ignoring. Faulty systems, outdated protocols, structural vulnerabilities that could become liability problems. As the head of this organization, I made an executive decision to fix it properly."

I could practically hear his blood pressure rising through the phone, which only made me more satisfied. Making Rossi squirm was one of my favorite pastimes, especially when he deserved it.

"If finance has to relocate temporarily, it should be to the executive level. We handle confidential financial data that requires maximum security protocols. You need to reconsider this arrangement immediately."

"And destroy my peace and quiet upstairs? Absolutely not. I'm not subjecting myself to your constant complaining and micromanaging. The decision is final."

"Don't treat me like some entry-level soldier, Caleb."

"Then stop acting like a petulant child throwing a tantrum. Is there anything else you need to whine about, Rossi?"

"My team needs access to retrieve our files and equipment. Have security unlock the elevator access so we can handle the transition properly."

"Already taken care of. Heidi is coordinating the entire move this weekend. Your files, computers, everything will be transferred and set up before Monday. No disruption to operations."

"Absolutely not, Caleb. There are sensitive documents and proprietary information that can't be handled by just anyone."

The desperation creeping into his voice caught my attention. His panic seemed disproportionate to a simple office relocation—unless he had something to hide.

"Which is exactly why Heidi is personally overseeing everything. She has my complete trust and authority. You and your entire team are banned from the building until Monday morning. Security has orders to refuse entry to all finance personnel to prevent any interference with the transition process. Anything else to discuss, Rossi? I thought not."

I slammed the receiver down with enough force to crack the desk. Rossi's attitude always pushed my buttons, but something about his reaction felt suspicious—like a man with secrets he didn't want exposed.

I immediately dialed security.

"Fisher, implement a complete building lockdown until Monday. No employees allowed inside, including underbosses and lieutenants. Only people with explicit authorization from me, Heidi, or Xavier get access."

After hanging up, my attention shifted to Ivy sitting gracefully on the office couch. The sight of her instantly dissolved my irritation, replacing it with a different kind of heat entirely.

She had regained her composure, sitting with perfect posture and crossed legs, projecting professional confidence. But I could see through her facade. The sexual tension between us was still crackling in the air like live electricity.

I started moving toward her, drawn by an irresistible pull, when aggressive knocking interrupted the moment.

"Caleb, open this damn door right now, or I'm going to assume you're fucking your gorgeous assistant on that couch."

Ivy's face flushed crimson with embarrassment. I shot her a reassuring smile before opening the door to find Xavier grinning like an idiot.

"What, no time for proper foreplay?"

When he spotted Ivy sitting composed on the couch, his cocky expression crumbled into mortification.

"Sebastian Isaac, Ivy, I'm so sorry. I was just giving Caleb a hard time. Please don't take that seriously."

"Relax, Xavier. When your boss finally gets me into bed, it won't be on this office couch with you pounding on the door like a barbarian."

Xavier's jaw dropped. I couldn't help but laugh at Ivy's boldness and confidence. She never failed to surprise me with her steel wrapped in silk.

I walked over to her, placed a gentle kiss on her cheek, and looked directly into those mesmerizing green eyes.

"You're absolutely right. When it happens, it'll be in a proper bed where I can worship every inch of you without any interruptions from idiotic friends."

The desire that flashed in her eyes made my pulse race with predatory satisfaction. I noticed her breathing had quickened, and the outline of her hardened nipples against her blouse nearly destroyed my self-control.

Unable to resist any longer, I placed one knee on the couch beside her and captured her lips in a deep, hungry kiss, holding her face between my hands like she was something precious. She responded with equal passion, her lips moving against mine with desperate need that matched my own.

When we finally broke apart, she was breathless and flushed. Xavier cleared his throat loudly behind us, reminding me we had an audience. My body was already responding, blood rushing south with violent intensity.

"We'll pick up where we left off later, beautiful. Unfortunately, my brother here has terrible timing."

"I think he's secretly jealous of what you have," she said with a playful smile that could start wars. "If you two don't need anything important, I should head home to relieve my security detail."

"Stay a little longer. I can drive you home," I offered, not ready to let her leave my territory yet.

"Thanks, but I really need to get back to my son. I'll see you in the morning."

I helped her stand and stole one more quick kiss before she gathered her things. As she passed Xavier on her way out, she patted his shoulder with mock sympathy.

"Right now, I’m seriously considering strangling you with my bare hands."

I burst out laughing as the door closed behind her. There was no denying it anymore. I was completely and utterly obsessed with this woman, and there was no going back now.

The only question was whether she felt the same dangerous pull—and what I’d do if she tried to run from it.