Mafia Mask 38

Chapter 38 Claiming His Queen

Ivy’s POV

I glanced at my phone and spotted Caleb’s message letting me know his bulletproof sedan was waiting downstairs. I grabbed my purse and practically floated down the stairs, my heart hammering with dangerous anticipation despite the ever-present threat that surrounded our world.

"Morning, gorgeous. Sleep well in that fortress of mine?" Caleb’s voice was warm honey as he pulled me against his chest, his lips finding mine for a kiss that made my knees weak. His bodyguards discretely looked away, accustomed to their Don’s displays of possession.

"Like a queen, dreaming about this ridiculously dangerous man I’m falling for," I murmured against his mouth, unable to wipe the grin off my face despite knowing how risky this liaison was.

"Smart woman," he chuckled, that devastating smile making my stomach flip. "Where’s your little prince? I thought we were dropping him at that private academy."

The fact that he asked about Max with such genuine interest, even offering to upgrade my son’s security detail, made my chest tighten with emotion.

"Zoe beat us to it. She’s practically obsessed with being the perfect godmother. Plus she knows which routes are safest."

"She’s going to have competition because that kid and I are forming our own alliance. He did approve of me, right?" The uncertainty in his voice was adorable, especially coming from a man who commanded absolute fear from his enemies.

"He adored you," I assured him, stealing another quick kiss. My happiness felt almost too dangerous for this world we inhabited.

By the time we reached Thorne Group's underground parking garage, my nerves had kicked into overdrive. Caleb refusing to hide our relationship meant facing the scrutiny of the entire organization, and despite his reassurances during the armored drive, my anxiety was winning. In the mafia world, the Don's personal affairs could shift power dynamics overnight.

He stepped out and circled the car to open my door, extending his hand like the perfect gentleman he pretended to be in public. In the elevator, several employees nodded respectfully while their eyes locked onto our joined hands. Nobody dared ask questions directly, but I could practically hear the rumor mill churning through the family's network.

The executive floor greeted us with Monica's wide-eyed stare as she took in our intertwined fingers. When Caleb kissed me before heading to his corner office, I knew the interrogation was coming.

Sure enough, Monica appeared in my doorway within minutes.

"Ivy, you better not hold out on me. What exactly is happening between you and the Don? You two walked in here like you own half of New York, and I saw that kiss," she pressed, practically vibrating with curiosity that seemed too intense for mere office gossip.

"We're seeing each other, Monica. That's the extent of it," I replied, keeping my tone light but firm. In this business, information was currency, and I wasn't about to make myself vulnerable.

"That's it? Oh no, you're giving me every detail. I'm getting espresso and we're having a proper conversation." Her pushiness was already grating on my nerves, especially knowing how quickly personal details could become ammunition in the wrong hands.

"I can't right now, Monica. I'm buried in these money transfer audits. Maybe later," I said, trying to stay pleasant while protecting sensitive financial information.

"Come on, you're practically the queen of this organization now. Spreadsheets can wait," her comment hit me like a slap. I knew she thrived on drama, but that crossed every professional boundary we maintained as cover.

"Monica, I'm still the same employee I was yesterday. Nothing's changed about my responsibilities to the family. So yes, I need to work. We'll catch up when I have time, okay?" My smile felt forced as I tried to shut down the conversation that was becoming increasingly dangerous.

Her persistence was making my skin crawl in ways I couldn't quite explain. Just as Monica opened her mouth to argue, Xavier, Jude, and Heidi walked in, saving me from further interrogation.

"Morning, Ivy. How are you adjusting to all the attention?" Xavier's timing was perfect, his knowing look suggesting he understood the delicate position I was in.

"I'm managing just fine, thanks. How's everyone handling the transition?" I replied, relief flooding through me as the conversation shifted to safer ground.

My secure line rang before anyone could answer. Caleb's voice came through the encrypted speaker, asking me to bring the inner circle in for a family meeting. I stood and gestured toward his office, leaving a still-curious Monica behind to wonder what business required such secrecy.

"Alright, brother, we're here. What's this announcement you mentioned?" Xavier asked as soon as we were seated in Caleb's soundproof office.

Caleb rose from his chair and crossed to me, taking my hand and pressing a soft but possessive kiss to my cheek before turning to face the room with the authority of absolute power.

"You're my chosen family, so I wanted you to hear this directly from me. I'm claiming the most incredible woman I've ever met."

The room erupted in congratulations and excitement. Everyone seemed genuinely thrilled, commenting on how perfectly matched we appeared, though I caught the subtle relief in their expressions. A stable Don meant a stable organization.

"This definitely calls for champagne. Jude, book us a private room at Serene for lunch. All five of us," Xavier announced, already pulling out his encrypted phone.

We spent several more minutes discussing security arrangements before everyone returned to their posts. The morning flew by in a blur of laundering audits and territory reports, leaving no time for stolen moments with Caleb.

Lunch at Serene was absolutely perfect. Being with these four always felt like the dangerous family I'd never expected to find, and Caleb's protective attention throughout the meal made me feel cherished despite the armed guards stationed at every exit.

Back at Thorne Group, he pulled me into his office and pressed me against the reinforced door, his mouth claiming mine with an intensity that stole my breath. His kisses were demanding, hungry, setting every nerve ending on fire with the kind of passion that could start wars.

His hand slid down to my thigh, bunching my skirt as he lifted my leg to wrap around his waist. I could feel every inch of his desire pressed against me as his fingers traced dangerous paths along my skin, moving higher until he reached the edge of my panties, which were already soaked from his touch.

Just as his finger slipped beneath the fabric, his secure line rang. The curse that left his lips made me smile despite my frustration. He stepped back reluctantly, pulling the encrypted device from his jacket pocket.

After a quick but intense kiss, he moved to his desk to take the call, his expression growing deadly serious as he listened to whoever was reporting from the field.

I straightened my clothes and returned to my office. Moments later, he rushed past my desk, dropping a hurried but possessive kiss on my lips and promising he'd handle whatever crisis had emerged before disappearing toward the armored elevators.

I settled back into my work, losing myself in financial records and territorial reports as the afternoon stretched on, my body still humming from his touch while my mind wondered what new threat required the Don's immediate attention.