Mafia Mask 75

Chapter 75 Betrayal Unveiled

Caleb’s POV

A while later, I stood in Xavier’s private study, fury coursing through my veins like molten steel. The rage wasn’t just directed at the traitors who had infiltrated my family. No, I was equally furious with myself for allowing this web of deception to grow so tangled that it had torn Ivy away from me. The thought of leaving her tonight, when we desperately needed to rebuild what had been shattered by lies and manipulation, made my jaw clench with frustration.

"I apologize for disrupting your evening, Caleb, but time isn’t on our side," Scott said as he approached, his expression grim. "We need to make critical decisions about our next move against the Rossi faction, and we need to make them now."

I ran a hand through my hair, feeling the weight of exhaustion settling on my shoulders. "Don’t worry about it, Scott. I just want this nightmare to end so I can throw these backstabbing parasites out of my family and win Ivy back." My voice carried the weariness of a man pushed to his limits. "But what’s so damn urgent that it couldn’t wait until morning?"

Scott’s eyes darkened with something that looked like anticipation mixed with dread. "You remember Sasha, our undercover operative?"

"Of course. She’s been working in the family compound kitchens, playing the role of domestic staff alongside Katelyn." A cold dread began forming in my stomach. "Please tell me Katelyn isn’t mixed up in this conspiracy."

"No, Caleb, thank God for that," Scott said quickly, relief evident in his voice. "Everyone else with access to the family quarters has been thoroughly vetted and cleared. But here’s the thing – Sasha and Katelyn have developed quite a friendship. As we suspected, Katelyn has witnessed and overheard far more than she ever realized was significant."

At that moment, Xavier’s bodyguard appeared in the doorway, gently escorting Katelyn into the room. The elderly woman’s face was pale, her hands trembling slightly as she clutched her rosary. Fear radiated from her small frame, and my heart immediately went out to her.

"Don Caleb, I had no idea any of this betrayal was happening under our own roof," she said, her voice quavering as she stood before me like a child confessing to breaking something precious.

I immediately took her weathered hands in mine, feeling how cold they were, and guided her to the comfortable armchair beside the fireplace. "Katelyn, breathe. Whatever brought you here tonight, I know you're loyal to this family through and through." I kept my voice gentle, trying to ease the anxiety written across her features.

Sasha stepped forward, her professional demeanor softening as she looked at Katelyn with genuine concern. "I spoke with Katelyn earlier today, Don Thorne, and explained how crucial it was for her to share everything she's observed about certain family members, no matter how trivial it might seem." She paused, glancing between Katelyn and me. "During our conversation, she told me something that could be the key to everything."

I knelt beside Katelyn's chair, meeting her eyes directly. "Whatever you've seen or heard, Katelyn, it could help us stop the people who framed Ivy and tore our family apart. And I know how much you care about her."

Katelyn's face crumbled at the mention of Ivy's name. "Oh, that sweet girl doesn't deserve what she's been put through by these vipers. But I never imagined that snake Monica would stoop so low. I mean, she's always been poison wrapped in silk, putting on that loyal act for your father and you, but underneath she's pure evil."

Xavier appeared with a steaming cup of espresso, setting it gently on the side table within Katelyn's reach. The gesture seemed to steady her somewhat.

Sasha interjected softly, "After Katelyn began sharing details about Monica's behavior, I explained that we'd discovered Monica was behind the setup that destroyed Ivy's reputation within the family. That's when Katelyn realized how important her observations really were."

Katelyn wrapped her fingers around the warm cup, drawing strength from its heat. "That woman thought she had secured her position as your most trusted confidante after Heidi retired from family duties. But when Heidi chose Ivy as your personal assistant instead, Madonna mia." Katelyn's voice grew stronger with indignation. "She stormed into the kitchen like a hurricane, hurled her coffee cup against

the wall, and demanded I clean up the mess because that's all I was good for, according to her. She treats everyone beneath her like dirt."

My hands clenched into fists as Katelyn continued, her words painting a picture of calculated cruelty.

"When Ivy started working in the family compound, Monica put on this fake sisterly act, but I caught her multiple times in the storage rooms having these vicious conversations on encrypted phones. Talking about how much she despised Ivy and how she was going to find a way to get rid of her. Nasty, hateful things that made my skin crawl."

The pieces of a sinister puzzle began clicking into place in my mind, each revelation more damning than the last.

"The day you returned from the territory negotiations, I happened to overhear her making a call to that devil Yara Rossi, telling her you were back and suggesting she show up at the compound." Katelyn's voice grew harder. "She's constantly calling the Clairemonts, reporting your every movement like some kind of spy. Where you're going, which capos you're meeting with, which safe houses you visit – she tracks everything and reports it all."

The blood in my veins turned to ice as the full scope of the surveillance became clear. No wonder Yara Rossi seemed to appear everywhere I went. She wasn't coincidentally crossing my path – she was being fed my schedule like clockwork by my own trusted lieutenant.

Katelyn took a sip of her espresso before continuing, her disgust evident. "Monica thought you'd explode at Ivy when Yara showed up at the compound uninvited, because she knew Ivy would never let that pest through the security gates. Heidi had already briefed Ivy about keeping unwanted visitors away from family business. But when you didn't take the bait and turn against Ivy, Monica was furious."

"And don't think for a second that Monica actually respects the Rossi princess," Katelyn added with a bitter laugh. "Behind her back, she calls Yara an imbecile, a spoiled brat who couldn't survive a day on the streets, completely useless in family operations – which, if I'm being honest, isn't far from the truth."

As Katelyn's words sank in, I felt like the world's biggest fool. The elaborate manipulation had been happening right under my nose within my own family compound, and I'd been too blind to see it. Every

surprise encounter with Yara Rossi, every perfectly timed interruption, every moment of manufactured chaos – it had all been orchestrated by someone I'd trusted with family secrets.

The rage building inside me was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. These people hadn't just betrayed the family code – they'd weaponized my own trust against the woman I loved, using my protection as ammunition to destroy Ivy's standing and drive a wedge between us.

Katelyn set down her cup with shaking hands, looking up at me with eyes full of regret and determination. "I should have spoken up sooner, Don Caleb. I should have realized what that woman was doing to tear apart our family. But I never imagined anyone could be so calculating, so deliberately cruel to one of our own."

The room fell silent except for the crackling of the fire, each of us processing the weight of Katelyn's revelations. The scope of Monica's betrayal was staggering, and the realization that I'd been played like a violin by my own lieutenant made my stomach turn with self-directed fury.