Mafia Mask 83

Chapter 83 Tomorrow Night Waits

Parker's POV

Lunch with those women at The Darkstone's private dining room was absolutely intoxicating. Beautiful, sharp, and dangerously captivating in every way imaginable. Watching them effortlessly manipulate my crew was pure theater. The entire afternoon left me completely satisfied, but Ivy dominated every corner of my thoughts. There was something magnetic about her survival instincts that I couldn't shake from my mind.

From the moment Ivy stepped into my casino territory, she had me completely hooked like a man drowning in quicksand. Ruby already delivered the brutal truth about her situation from her inside sources. Don't get too comfortable because Ivy remains head over heels for that psychotic Don Caleb Thorne, even though that blood-soaked maniac keeps destroying everything good between them. Maybe his violent stupidity represents my golden opportunity to finally claim her.

Thorne's reaction when I casually mentioned Ivy's son during our neutral territory meeting was raw territorial fury, like I was threatening to steal his own flesh and blood. The deadly intensity caught me completely off guard because everyone in our circles knows Ivy has been raising that kid solo after the father vanished into the underground. When that bastard started feeding her dessert with his own fork during yesterday's power lunch, every muscle in my body coiled with the urge to put a bullet through his skull right there at the negotiation table. Somehow I managed to keep my gun holstered and my hands steady.

Back at my casino office after lunch, Ivy consumed every dangerous thought racing through my mind. I needed to engineer more opportunities to cross paths with her, create moments where she might actually see me as more than just her temporary employer in exile. I fired off an encrypted message to our crew's group chat.

"How do you feel about asking the ladies to join us tomorrow night for some entertainment?"

The responses flooded my secure phone instantly, each soldier practically jumping through their screens with enthusiasm. We all had our sights locked on someone from that tight-knit group of survivors. I switched to texting my sister Ruby directly.

"The crew wants to take the women out tomorrow night, including Nora and Gemma from the inner circle. You interested in setting something up?"

Her reply came back lightning fast through our encrypted channel. "What exactly are we talking about here, boss?"

I realized I hadn't thought past getting them to agree to spend time in our territory. After bouncing ideas around with my men, Silas pitched something he swore would appeal to their refined but dangerous tastes. I relayed the plan back.

"We're thinking dinner at The Bistro followed by that private karaoke club with the bulletproof glass. The one where we can actually speak freely without surveillance. Sound appealing?"

Some tense time crawled by before her response appeared on my encrypted screen.

"Deal struck. I'm in, and the women will meet us at the restaurant at eight sharp. Handle the reservations, boss. That karaoke place turns into a war zone on Friday nights with all the rival crews."

"We can provide armored transport for everyone," I offered, knowing the streets weren't safe after dark.

"They'll meet us there under their own security," came the firm reply that killed any further negotiation attempts.

Perfect. My pulse quickened with predatory anticipation just thinking about seeing Ivy again in my controlled environment. I secured our private booth at the karaoke venue while Silas handled The Bistro's most exclusive reservation.

I initiated a video conference call with my crew to share the tactical update.

"Everything's locked down tight, reservations confirmed with full security protocols. They're meeting us at the restaurant tomorrow at eight." Cheers erupted from every screen in my network. "But Silas, I

have to ask directly. You're targeting Nora, but she's married to one of our allies. Are you planning to start a territorial war over another man's wife?"

"Hell no, I don't operate that way, boss. But I'm interested in arrangements that involve power sharing, and you know my particular appetites run toward the unconventional," Silas explained carefully. His tastes leaned toward situations where dominance was shared between multiple parties, claiming it created an intensity that drove everyone to complete submission. "You should experience that level of control sometime. The rush is absolutely unbelievable."

"Not happening, brother. I'm too possessive for those games," I said, dark laughter escaping as I thought about my territorial nature.

"Look, I won't lie to any of you. If that dangerous beauty Zoe demanded that her soldier boyfriend and I both serve her desires, I'd be on my knees in seconds," Brenda declared boldly, sending us all into fits of laughter.

"Man, it kills me. Anyone who sees your intimidating build and reputation for violence would assume you're the type who takes what he wants by force, but you live to be controlled by women," Hunter fired back with amusement.

"Brother, nothing beats the thrill of a woman who knows exactly what she wants and has the power to take it," Brenda concluded with a satisfied exhale.

"Listen up, they haven't even agreed to a second meeting, and you're all here laying out your twisted appetites. And Beckett, fair warning about my territory. Don't try corrupting anyone with whatever games you're planning. If you pursue any of these women, you better be ready for something that requires actual commitment," I said, my voice carrying the weight of absolute authority.

"Boss, even you don't believe your sister is traditional, much less innocent. Get realistic here. Ruby's survived in our world long enough to explore whatever she chooses," Beckett countered, triggering another round of dark laughter from the group.

"Sebastian, back me up here," I demanded, but he just shook his head with amusement.

"Sorry, Parker. Beckett's got a point. Your sister's not some sheltered princess anymore," Sebastian replied, adding fuel to Beckett's argument.

"Enough discussion. I don't want to hear another word about tactics. Focus on tomorrow night and remember we're building alliances here, not just hunting," I commanded firmly.

We continued strategizing for another hour, each man revealing more about his particular interests and territorial ambitions. We planned every detail of tomorrow night with military precision before ending the secure call.

Anticipation for the following evening consumed me entirely like a slow-burning addiction. The chance to be near Ivy again, to maybe break through whatever walls she had built around her heart while surviving in exile. Now came the exquisite torture of waiting until I could see her again. Time had never moved so slowly in my carefully controlled domain.