**Mafia Mask 90**

Chapter 90 Claiming His Queen

Ivy's POV

The moment we stepped into Caleb's penthouse fortress, his commanding presence consumed the air around me. His powerful arm wrapped around my waist from behind, pulling me against his muscled chest while his other hand swept my hair aside. His lips found the exact spot on my neck where that bastard Parker had dared to kiss me at The Darkstone, and I shivered as his mouth claimed that patch of skin with the fierce intensity of a territorial predator.

"Listen to me carefully, Ivy," his voice was a low growl against my throat, carrying the dangerous authority that made seasoned capos tremble. "No man will ever touch you like that again. Not Parker, not anyone from his crew. You belong to me, completely and utterly. I don't care if you're still angry about the exile or hurt by what happened with that Rossi bitch, because you're mine. And I'm going to worship every single inch of your body until you forget that casino owner ever laid a finger on you."

His possessive declaration sent heat spiraling through my core, but I wasn't about to let the Don off easily after what he'd put me through. I spun in his arms, my eyes blazing as I met his intense gaze that had intimidated countless soldiers.

"And what about you, Caleb?" My voice shook with anger and desire. "Am I the only woman who gets to have the great Don Thorne? Or are you going to keep crawling into bed with every mafia princess who throws herself at you the moment I'm not watching?"

His jaw clenched, those ice-blue eyes darkening with something primal and deadly. "I'm yours, Ivy. Every damn part of me belongs to you. I don't remember what happened that night with Yara, but we're not discussing that treacherous Rossi whore right now. Right now, I'm going to show you exactly how much I've missed you, how much I need you, and I'm going to brand myself into your very soul."

Before I could respond, his mouth crashed against mine with desperate hunger. The kiss was raw, demanding, filled with prolonged pent-up longing and the kind of violent passion that ran in his bloodline. My back hit the reinforced steel door as Caleb pressed his hard body against mine, his battle-scarred hands roaming everywhere at once.

His fingers found the top of my strapless dress and yanked it down without ceremony, freeing my breasts to his hungry gaze. A moan escaped my lips as his large hands cupped and kneaded the sensitive flesh while his mouth continued its assault on mine. The sensation was overwhelming, electric currents shooting straight to my core like the adrenaline rush of a successful hit.

Caleb’s hands slid down to grip the hem of my short dress, bunching the fabric around my waist with the same ruthless efficiency he used to dismantle rival operations. His mouth left mine to trail down my throat before latching onto my left breast, sucking and nipping like a man who’d been denied his most precious territory.

I felt him shift slightly, then heard the unmistakable sound of fabric tearing. My panties fell to the floor in shreds, and Caleb’s hand immediately found my heated center, his fingers sliding through my wetness with practiced skill.

"You destroyed another pair of my underwear," I gasped between labored breaths, though my complaint lacked any real irritation.

I felt his lips curve into that wicked smile that had sealed the fate of countless enemies. "I fucking love doing that," he murmured against my breast before switching his attention to the right one, his tongue swirling around the peaked nipple with the same focus he brought to interrogations.

His free hand worked frantically at his belt and zipper, never breaking contact with my body. When he finally freed himself, I could feel his thick length pressing against my thigh, hot and demanding like the barrel of a smoking gun. He gripped my left leg and hooked it around his waist, positioning himself at my entrance with military precision.

"God, you’re so wet for me, so perfect," he breathed against my skin, the head of his cock teasing my slick folds. "Tell me what you want, my queen."

Something about his words struck a chord of familiarity deep in my mind, but I was too consumed with need to analyze it. My body was on fire, every nerve ending screaming for the man who ruled the underworld with an iron fist.

"I need you inside me now," I demanded, my voice barely recognizable with desire.

"Then look at me," he commanded with the same tone that made soldiers pledge their lives.

Caleb's stunning eyes locked with mine as he began to push into me slowly, deliberately. I watched his face as he filled me inch by torturous inch, his expression a mixture of reverence and raw lust. The sensation was indescribable, a burning fullness that seemed to touch my very soul. When he was buried completely inside me, he paused, his breathing ragged like after a violent confrontation.

"Now I'm going to move," he warned, his voice rough with the restraint of a predator holding back its true nature.

He withdrew almost completely before slamming back into me with powerful force, his eyes never leaving mine. The intensity was staggering, like reliving the most vivid memory of danger and passion. The familiarity made me want to close my eyes, but Caleb wouldn't let me escape his penetrating stare.

"Keep your eyes open, Ivy. Look at me and see how much I love you. Remember this moment, remember what you see in my eyes when we're connected like this."

I obeyed, drowning in the depths of his gaze as he began to move with increasing urgency. Every thrust sent shockwaves of pleasure through my body, and I wrapped my other leg around his waist, meeting his rhythm shamelessly. Our eyes remained locked in an intimate connection that went beyond the physical, binding us together in a way that felt as eternal as the blood oaths that governed our world.

Nothing else existed in that moment. The entire Thorne empire could have crumbled around us and I wouldn't have cared. I surrendered completely to him, to us, letting him mark every cell of my body as his own just as he'd promised.

I felt him pulsing inside me as my climax built, my inner walls clenching around his thickness. When the wave finally crashed over me, it was devastating in its intensity. White-hot pleasure exploded through every nerve, my vision blurring as I cried out his name like a prayer to a dark god. Caleb followed me over the edge, his own release tearing through him as he buried himself deep one final time.

We stayed locked together, breathing heavily as we came down from our high. Caleb remained inside me, holding me against the door as I melted in his strong arms that had strangled the life from countless enemies.

"You’re absolutely incredible," he whispered, slowly withdrawing from my sensitized body with agonizing care that made me want him all over again.

He lowered my legs gently before sweeping me up in his arms like a conquering warlord claiming his prize. "We’re going to bed now, because I meant what I said about kissing every inch of you."

True to his word, Caleb spent considerable time mapping my body with his mouth and hands, claiming me with the same thoroughness he used to secure new territory. We made love repeatedly, each time more intense than the last, until we finally collapsed in an exhausted tangle of limbs. I fell asleep with my head on his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of the heartbeat that had survived countless assassination attempts.

The next morning, I woke to Caleb’s lips trailing across my skin, reigniting the fire that had barely dimmed. He moved inside me with lazy, deep strokes until I was writhing beneath him like a woman possessed. Then he rolled us over, settling me on top of him with a satisfied grin that held promises of future domination.

I rode him with abandon, reveling in the power I felt watching the most feared man in North America lose control beneath me. His hands gripped my breasts, then my waist, helping guide my movements as we chased our release together. When he finally shattered, the sight of his ecstasy triggered my own climax, and I collapsed against his chest with a satisfied smile.

Even our shower together turned into another passionate encounter, with Caleb pressing me against the marble wall as he took me from behind, driving me to yet another mind-blowing orgasm that left me trembling and gasping his name.

Later, as we sat down for breakfast in his private dining room, Caleb pulled out my chair like a perfect gentleman despite the blood under his manicured nails from last night’s business. "How about we pick up Max after this and take him for a walk in Central Park?"

I sighed, trying to gather my scattered thoughts. "Caleb, we need to talk without you constantly seducing me away from serious conversation."

His grin was absolutely sinful, carrying traces of the violence that made him legendary. "Why? Don’t you enjoy it when I’m loving you instead of torturing our enemies?"

"That’s exactly the problem," I admitted, earning an even wider smile. "I love it too much. But I’m still hurt by what you did. You doubted me and then you let that Rossi princess climb all over you."

His expression grew serious, the same deadly focus he used in family meetings. "I know I screwed up badly, and I’ll spend forever making it up to you. But about Yara, I honestly don’t remember anything. I was completely wasted and woke up on my couch with her draped over me. I kicked her out immediately. Ivy, I was so drunk I probably couldn’t have performed even if you’d been there. I don’t even know if what she claimed actually happened."

"Why did you drink so much?"

"Because I was going crazy thinking I’d lost you forever. The thought of you out there in rival territory, vulnerable to every enemy who wants to hurt me through you, it was killing me slowly. Please, Ivy, forgive me. Let’s start fresh."

I struggled with conflicting emotions, remembering the brutal way he’d cast me out. "I don’t know what to think, Caleb. The way she acted so familiar with you at the family gathering, like she belonged in your world, it really hurt."

"And how do you think I felt watching Parker touch you yesterday? Seeing him kiss your neck in his casino made me want to declare war on his entire operation. Let’s put an end to this before we destroy each other completely."

His phone rang, interrupting our conversation with the distinctive ringtone reserved for family business. When he didn’t immediately answer, I rolled my eyes. "Let me guess, your consigliere again with another crisis?"

Caleb laughed and picked up the call. Xavier was inviting us to spend the day at his fortified compound’s pool area, which actually sounded perfect given the heat and the need to stay within protected territory. After breakfast, we headed to my apartment to collect Max, who practically vibrated with excitement in Caleb’s arms. Caleb invited Carmen to join us, offering to have his security detail watch Max so she could relax, but she graciously declined, saying she had plans to visit a friend in Little Italy.