Mafia Mask 98

Chapter 98 Power and Possession

Ivy's POV

I awakened to the sensation of being completely enveloped by warmth and the distinctive scent of gunpowder that always clung to Caleb's skin. His chest rose and fell beneath my cheek, our bodies tangled together in the most intimate way possible. His muscled arms formed a protective barrier around me, skin against skin, exactly as the most feared Don in North America had insisted the night before when he refused to let me reach for my nightgown.

"Good morning, my angel." His voice rumbled through his chest as his lips pressed against the crown of my head, the sound carrying that dangerous edge that reminded everyone why he ruled the underground with an iron fist.

I lifted my gaze to meet his, marveling at how devastatingly attractive he looked even in these first moments of consciousness, those ice-blue eyes that struck terror into his enemies now soft with affection. "How is it possible that you look this incredible when you first wake up?"

His mouth curved into that smile that had charmed senators and terrified rival families as he drew me up for a tender kiss. "Good morning, my love."

"Say that again," he murmured against my lips, his eyes dancing with the same intensity he brought to territorial negotiations.

"What, that you look incredible? Because you're absolutely the most dangerous and gorgeous man I've ever laid eyes on." I couldn't help but grin at his obvious fishing for compliments.

"I enjoy hearing that too, but I meant the other part," he persisted, his voice taking on that commanding tone that made hardened soldiers tremble.

"Good morning?" I pretended confusion, enjoying this playful side that only I ever witnessed.

"Are you being deliberately obtuse with me, angel?"

"Maybe just a tiny bit. My love."

The moment those words left my lips, his entire face transformed with pure joy. In one fluid movement that showcased the lethal grace that made him legendary in hand-to-hand combat, he rolled me beneath him, bracing himself on his forearms as he gazed down into my eyes with an intensity that made my breath catch.

"You have absolutely no comprehension of the happiness you bring me, how perfect it feels to wake up with you in my arms, how completely I adore you. You are everything to me, Ivy. I want this every single day for the rest of our lives."

His mouth claimed mine with a passion that started gentle but quickly intensified into the possessive hunger of a man who had fought wars to claim what was his. His tongue swept past my lips, and I melted into him completely, addicted to the unique taste that was purely Caleb Thorne. I could feel his arousal pressing against me, hard and insistent, making me gasp with sudden need.

His lips blazed a trail down my throat, leaving marks of possession in their wake. When he reached my breast, taking my nipple into his mouth with the same focused attention he brought to strategic planning, I had to bite back a cry of pleasure.

"You need to be quiet, beautiful. Max is sleeping just down the hall," he whispered, his breath hot against my skin.

My heart swelled hearing him refer to my son with such natural protectiveness, as if Max had always been under his protection.

He lavished attention on my other breast while his fingers continued their expert torture on the first. Every touch sent electricity through my veins, and I struggled to remain silent as he worshipped my body with the devotion of a man who controlled empires but knelt only for me.

His mouth began a slow descent, pressing heated kisses across my stomach. When he settled between my thighs, his lips found the sensitive skin there, and his groan of appreciation made heat flood through me.

"You smell incredible, angel. You taste even better. So beautiful, so perfect, so responsive. It drives me absolutely wild to touch you like this."

When his tongue finally found me, I nearly came apart immediately. He used his mouth with the same strategic precision he applied to dismantling enemy operations, alternating between gentle and demanding, building my pleasure with methodical intensity. One finger joined his mouth, then another, and I found myself moving against him desperately, my hands fisted in his hair.

The climax hit me like a shock wave, and he captured my cry with his palm, letting me ride out every pulse of pleasure while he continued his ministrations.

He kissed his way back up my body, every touch making my oversensitive skin sing. When he reached my mouth, I could taste myself on his lips, and the intimacy of it made me dizzy with want.

I felt him positioned at my entrance, teasing me with shallow movements that made me ache for more. His kisses grew more passionate as he held himself back, clearly enjoying my growing desperation.

"Tell me exactly what you want, beautiful," he commanded in that authoritative voice that brooked no defiance.

"I want all of you. Now."

"As you wish."

He filled me in one powerful thrust that left me gasping and complete. For a moment, we simply stayed connected, adjusting to the perfection of being joined. Then he began to move with slow, deliberate strokes that built friction so exquisite I could barely think.

"More, Caleb. Please, I need more."

He responded by increasing his rhythm, each thrust deeper and more demanding than the last. I could feel every inch of him, the stretch and fullness exactly what my body craved. I tightened around him instinctively, drawing a groan from his throat.

"So eager for me, angel. So perfect," he breathed against my ear.

When my second climax approached, he sealed his mouth over mine, swallowing every sound as my body contracted around him in waves of pure bliss. The sensation pushed him over the edge, and he buried himself deep as he found his own release.

We remained connected, breathing hard and trembling from the intensity. Eventually, he withdrew carefully and pulled me against his chest, his fingers tracing gentle patterns on my back.

"I love you beyond measure, Ivy. Promise me you won’t disappear from my life again."

"I love you too, Caleb. So very much."

After lingering in each other’s arms, we shared a shower that involved more touching than actual cleaning, then made our way to check on Max.

In the kitchen, Zoe and Finn were already settled with their morning coffee, Finn’s shoulder holster visible beneath his jacket as always.

"There’s my precious godson!" Zoe immediately scooped Max into her arms, showering him with affection while keeping her movements careful around the concealed weapon at her hip.

"Godmommy, Caleb is driving me to school today!" Max announced with pure excitement.

"This man is playing dirty," Finn complained with mock offense, adjusting his tactical vest. "We hadn’t finished negotiating custody arrangements."

"Too late. I’m taking my boy this morning," Caleb declared with a triumphant smile, casually commandeering my coffee mug as if he owned everything in sight.

"Don’t get too comfortable, Don Thorne. We’re handling pickup duty and taking him to the compound afterward. Then we’ll see who wins," Zoe shot back with a challenging grin, her familiarity with his title showing just how integrated she had become into our dangerous world.

"Dear God, you’re all going to completely spoil my child with this constant competition for his attention," I said, pressing my palm to my forehead as all three of them smiled without a trace of shame, clearly planning exactly that outcome.

After dropping Max at the private school protected by Thorne family security, Caleb brought up a topic I should have anticipated.

"Tesoro, I’ll wait while you speak with Dominic before we head to the compound."

"Speak to Dominic about what?" I asked, though something in his tone made me suspicious.

"About your resignation so you can return to work with me in the family business," he said as if this were already a settled matter.

"Since when did I agree to work for Thorne Syndicate again?" I stared at him in disbelief.

"The moment you came back to me. It’s a package deal, Ivy. I refuse to spend entire days separated from you, especially when there are still threats out there."

"Caleb, I am not returning to work at the compound. I’m perfectly content at Zenith."

"This is going to happen, one way or another. You might as well make it simple for both of us."

"You honestly believe I would go back to that office after everything I endured there? Every time I walked into your office and saw that couch, I would remember finding you with that informant. Absolutely not, Caleb. Things are fine the way they are."

The painful memories of betrayal and bloodshed that I had worked so hard to process would come flooding back if I returned to Thorne headquarters. I couldn't subject myself to that.

"Tesoro, I cannot function properly when we're apart. I need you as my right hand. You're absolutely perfect for managing the family's interests, and you belong at my side. Please?" He gave me such an adorable pleading expression that I almost wavered.

"I love you, but I will not be returning to work for Thorne Syndicate," I said with finality.

"We shall see about that, Ivy. We shall see," he replied as he parked outside the Zenith building, his tone carrying the quiet certainty of a man accustomed to getting his way through any means necessary.

We exchanged goodbye kisses, and I headed inside, knowing this conversation was far from over and that arguing with the most powerful Don in North America rarely ended in anyone else's favor.