

CHAPTER-4: New owner

****SEVEN YEARS LATER****

The room was thick with tension. The scent of smoke and expensive liquor hung in the air of the hotel's cabin which Evan Conan Hemsworth came to take over.

His cold blue eyes stared at the owner of the hotel frostily. “My time is precious, Carmine. Your Hotel caught my eye and It became Hemsworth property. The price I am offering you is good and fair,” He stated authoritatively, leaning back in the chair comfortably.

“But...But I don’t want to sell my Hotel, Mr Hemsworth,” Carmine stuttered, this Hotel was his bread and butter and he had no plans of selling it anytime soon. But he was also scared for his life, the man sitting in front of him was not only a billionaire businessman. No, He holds another identity. There were dark rumours about him, rumours that everyone in their world knew were facts.

Under the expensive tailor-made suit hides the brutal lethal Mafia head who ruled the crime world of Italy with authority. The man who had risen from the streets was now the owner of a multi-billion empire both legal and illegal.

Who could deny such a man anything? But Carmine still tried to beg for his hotel, it was after all built with his hard work. “I can pay you twice the protection money I am paying now, Mr Hemsworth.”

Evan tapped his finger on the polished mahogany table twice. He was running thin on his patience. Met him with a pointed stare under the hard intensity of his cold eyes. “This hotel became mine the moment I decided to have it. Now, it’s up to you whether you sell it to me willingly and take the money I am offering with dignity like a good business deal or,” Evan tilted his head to the left, his voice dropped to the level of coldness that shivers ran down the spines of every occupant of the room.

“I snatch it from you with you begging me to spare your life,” He once again leaned back against the thick leather chair and relaxed. “The choice is solely yours whether you want to beg for your hotel or your life.”

Richard, Evan’s right-hand man moved and placed the thick leather folder on the desk in front of Carmine who knew better than to beg for his club again. He took the pen from the holder to sign the papers with a heavy heart. His life was more important than this hotel.

Evan let out a tiring sigh and got to his feet, buttoning his suit. He turned his eyes to Reece, another one of his trusted men. “Get familiar with the management of the hotel,” He ordered and strode towards the door to leave when it softly opened and Evan halted his steps. And the familiar face Evan tried hard to forget appeared in front of his eyes once again after seven long years.

The gorgeous face rewarded him with a beautiful smile and his legs froze to the seeing her standing in front him alive. His signorina was standing in front of him wearing a waitress dress with a food trolley of different snacks and beverages.

Evan took a deep breath when his cold blue eyes landed on the little mole on the left side of her upper lip. He still remembered her even after all these years. The girl was still as beautiful as he remembered her. The time has only beautied her into a mature woman. But what was she doing here?

“Good morning, sir,” Helena greeted him with a professional smile, seeing the man standing in front of her, unaware of the situation. Evan blinked with admiration, that voice still rang in his dreams.

Helena could feel a thickness in the atmosphere as she looked at all the men presented there. Saint, the manager of the hotel, warned her about the rich and powerful man who came to meet Carmine. So being that, Saint was her arranged to serve them today. But seeing at disturbed features of her boss, Carmine, Helena frowned.

“Sir...” She reluctantly called him.

Evan twitched his eyes seeing her divided attention on another man, so letting out a deep breath He gestured at his right-hand man Richard to take Carmine out of the office with a sharp nod with his chin.

Richard didn’t need to be told twice. He lightly pushed Carmine towards the door who silently walked out giving Helena an apologetic look.

Shock zipped Helena’s heart as she watched her boss walking out of the door with head down leaving her alone with the blue-eyed man.

Helena’s breathing quickened in anxiety but she forced herself to act professionally. Was she supposed to serve this man only?

With nervousness and reluctance, she held the glass with red wine and offered it to him.

“Your drink, sir,” She said, holding it for Evan who squinted his eyes and moved near her with confident steps.

“What’s your name?” Evan asked, standing in front of her and looking straight into her beautiful black orbs. Helena didn’t want to talk to him, she just wanted to get out of that office after serving him but again she couldn’t act rude by not replying to him.

“Helena Perez, Sir,” She answered with a shaky breath as she took a step behind not bearing with his intimidating form.

Helena Perez! The name washed over Evan like century-old wine. But didn’t she have a different surname then? He was sure she was the same girl but according to his sources she died in a car accident the same day. He wanted to know if she remembered him like he remembered her.

Helena thinned her lips seeing him simply staring at her, not accepting the drink. She prayed that the man was not one of those predators in suits.

“Seven years ago in Florence, an incident happened near the tower, do you know something about that?” Evan asked her and It took her a minute to absorb his words onto her mind before her heart raced in panic. She recalled that horrible night and anxiety took over her rationale.

Helena’s stomach sank recalling that horrible day. After that night, her life took a drastic change. She moved to Milan and changed her identity to live peacefully away from all those horrible people who snatched everything from her, and almost killed her. She never thought her past would come face to face with her like this. But who this man was!

Was He related to the Rossi family? The panic went full-blown with the thought.

Evan was calculating her features carefully, the fear and tension was evident on her face. Finding her getting lost in thoughts, He touched her arm but the action made Helena jump in horror. The glass in her hand fell before splashing the wine all onto his shirt.

Helena gasped, her eyes widened seeing what she just did. “I...I am so sorry, sir. I didn’t mean to...” she stuttered, pulling out a few napkins from the trolley. With shaking hands, she tried to wipe his shirt but all she did was to mess it further.

Evan’s lips twitched seeing her condition, was she the same brave and courageous girl who saved his life? But now she looked scared and timid. He grabbed her hands to stop her and pulled her to him. Helena froze when she felt his hot breath on her face and nally she looked up into his blue-eyes. Only then did she realise how attractive that man was. But those blue eyes, which she personally hates in men for a reason, was a turn-off for her.

“I asked you a question, Miss Perez. Do you remember the incident that happened seven years ago in Florence?”

Helena shook her head. “No. I have never been to Florence, sir,” she lied through her teeth looking straight into his eyes.

Evan’s brows pulled together. He knew she was lying. “Is that so, Ms Perez?” He asked.

Helena nodded. “Yes. Now please leave me, Sir. I need to get back to my work.” Evan stared at her face for a long time before giving her a curt nod and leaving her arms. “Sure,” He took a step back.

Helena swallowed her saliva and without wasting a single second she turned around and walked out of the office with a wildly racing heart.

Evan watched Helena retreat, his gaze before looking at the abandoned Trolley near him, a chuckle left his mouth. “At least you told me your name this time, Signorina.” Evan muttered to himself before pulling out his cell phone and calling Richard who picked up his call. “Boss.”

“Richard, I need a background on a woman, the one who was announced dead seven years ago under the name Helena Gelati.”