

## Chapter 11 The Duke Of Monaco

Mia was meeting a client with a very prestigious background, hailing from the royal family. Alexander Montecarlo, the Duke of Monaco, had recently purchased a huge mansion in Paris and desired it to be decorated by the renowned interior designer Mia Peterson herself, rather than one of her assistants.

Hence, he sought assurance and wanted to meet Mia personally. Mia couldn't refuse the request of a member of the royal family and felt obliged to accommodate the meeting in her office, even though it fell outside her usual working hours.

Mia arrived early and ensured all the arrangements were in place. Although she didn't seek recognition, she believed that this business collaboration with the royal family would elevate her firm to new heights. If the Duke himself praised her work, there would be no one to rival her fame and success.

Ever ambitious, Mia was determined not to miss this opportunity. She had worked tirelessly to earn her reputation, and now it was time to prove her worth in the interior design industry. She had endured a lifetime of hardship, growing up as an orphan and then marrying a devil mafia who treated her terribly. But now, her focus was on giving her children the world and proving her worth. She was determined to make her children proud of their mother.

She glanced at her assistant, Emily, who nodded confidently, confirming that everything was ready.

As the clock struck four in the afternoon, the gate swung open, and the Duke's bodyguards entered, followed by Duke Alexander Montecarlo. He strode in, his presence commanding and intimidating, clad in an exceptionally expensive black suit.

"Your Highness!" Mia greeted him with a smile.

"Miss Peterson, it's an honor to finally meet you," the Duke's voice carried a taunting edge, a reminder of Mia's two previous cancellations due to her children's school performances.

"I sincerely apologize for the last two times. It was an urgent matter. Otherwise, who would decline an appointment with the Duke of Monaco?" Mia replied hesitantly.

"Ah, I was just kidding. I was told you had a family commitment that couldn't be postponed. I'm also a family man, Miss Peterson, so I understand," the Duke waved off her apology carelessly as he took a seat and gestured for Mia to sit as well.

The arrangement featured a comfortable, lavish sofa, creating a casual yet professional atmosphere, with a projector and screen on the front wall to add a touch of business formality.

Mia was taken aback by his politeness. She had expected the Duke to be an arrogant, order-barking jerk, but he was different.

"So, can we start with the presentation?" Mia asked hesitantly as tea and snacks were served before the Duke. He nodded, gesturing for her to begin.

"These are some designs," Mia began, "and I will elaborate on their details to transform your newly bought house into a comfortable home, incorporating the latest smart technology." One by one, she explained the details and changed the slides on the screen.

The Duke seemed very intrigued and impressed, listening carefully to everything she described. After the presentation was over, they discussed and decided on the best plan for designing the Duke's new home in Paris.

"By the way, may I ask you a personal question?" Mia asked, her curiosity getting the better of her.

"Yes, Miss Peterson, you may ask anything," Alexander replied in an amused tone.

"I've heard you're traveling around the world and buying houses because you are looking for your long-lost sister. Is that...," Mia hesitated, "umm... true?"

The Duke's demeanor shifted as he took a deep breath.

"That's right. I am looking for my sister. She was abducted shortly after she was born. My mother still cries at the memory of her. She didn't even get to hold her; my father's mistress, consumed by jealousy, took the baby away," the Duke explained.

Mia's eyes widened in shock. How could someone be so cruel as to take revenge using a newborn baby? Her heart ached, wondering how the royal princess had survived and if she was still alive. She couldn't muster the courage to voice her doubts.

"By the way, do you also belong to some royal family, Ms. Peterson?" the Duke asked suddenly, catching Mia off guard.

"No," she replied with a snort. "I am not of royal blood." She shook her head, thinking the Duke must be flirting with her. But she preferred to keep things strictly professional.

"That's strange. You seem quite familiar. Even our vibes match so well," the Duke said, watching Mia's face intently.

Mia felt awkward under his intense gaze and averted her eyes, whispering, "Your Highness, those lines might have worked on most women, but I'd prefer to keep our relationship strictly professional."

"Oh, no! Ms. Peterson, you misunderstood me," Alexander affirmed quickly. "I was just curious because it feels like I've seen you before. Where are you from?" he asked again, his voice tinged with impatience.

Mia didn't want anyone to know she was an orphan because it might reveal her past and expose that she was once married to mafia don Alessandro. She didn't need any more trouble in her life; she was better off without him.

"My family has always lived in Paris, so I belong here," she lied, hoping to prevent the Duke from asking more about her past. To change the subject, she stood up and said, "Your Highness, I will keep you updated on everything, and my assistant will handle all the formalities. Please excuse me, as I have another appointment."

"That's fine. Thank you, Miss Peterson," the Duke replied, rising and extending his hand for a handshake. Mia took his hand and shook it professionally, but she felt something was off by the way the Duke managed to look at her.

She was accustomed to men hitting on her, and as a single woman, she knew she had to endure such advances. However, she was determined not to let anything interfere with her work and success. These were small obstacles, and she was more than capable of overcoming them.