

Chapter 12 My Heart Is Restless

Mia hurried out of her office, her heels clicking against the polished marble floor, while Emily followed closely behind, clutching a notepad.

“Ma'am, Miss Vanessa is insisting on having an appointment,” Emily informed her, a note of urgency in her voice.

Mia winced at the mention of the supermodel. The news of Alessandro getting engaged to Vanessa had been all over the tabloids. But she couldn't help but laugh mockingly at her destiny when she saw the news. Mia knew Alessandro had only wanted Aria to vanish from his life so he could be with the love of his life.

Yet, when Alessandro bought a new apartment in Paris for Vanessa, Vanessa had insisted it be designed by the renowned Mia Peterson. However, Mia knew better than to work for the fiancée of her cruel husband and reveal her identity. She had been making excuses to avoid working for Vanessa, but Vanessa was persistent, determined to have Mia at any cost.

"Tell her we are fully booked and not taking any bookings for the next two years," Mia said, hoping this would deter Vanessa from wanting her services.

"I told her, ma'am, but Miss Vanessa wasn't ready to listen and insisted on meeting you," Emily hesitated before continuing. "Actually, I've just been informed that she's come to our office and is heading to meet you despite the security guards' attempts to stop her."

"Shit!" Mia cursed under her breath.

This was bad. Really bad. The last thing Mia wanted was to meet Vanessa. Though no one in Alessandro's circle had ever seen or recognized her—since Alessandro had never made Aria's public appearance—she still feared her identity could be revealed by some other means. The last thing she wanted was trouble in her comfortable life.

"Tell her I'm not here. Tell her I'm out of town." Mia mumbled as she hurried towards the elevator. "No, tell her I'm out of the country and won't return for an unknown period." She kept mumbling, striding through her crowded office.

It was a busy day, and all her staff and designers were working diligently. Mia continued to give instructions to her assistant who was trailing behind her. She had been looking over her shoulder and didn't realize the elevator doors had opened. Alessandro stepped out of it, his bodyguards flanking him, with Vanessa clinging to his side.

Alessandro stood there indifferently, his cold blue eyes fixed ahead. He exuded an aura of complete dominance and intimidation, demanding attention. All heads turned towards him, looking at him with awe. Vanessa clung closer as they walked directly to the reception desk.

Meanwhile, Mia and Alessandro approached from opposite directions, their paths unknowingly converging. Time seemed to slow as they passed each other, separated only by a few staff members.

Mia was in such a rush that she hurried into the elevator just before it descended again, while Alessandro stopped at the reception desk. Standing inside the elevator, Mia swiftly pressed the button for the first floor. Just then, one of Alessandro's bodyguards shifted slightly, and Mia caught a glimpse of Alessandro's back, which she intriguingly found very familiar.

As the doors of the elevator began to close, Alessandro felt an intense gaze on him and suddenly turned his head. But the elevator doors had already shut, leaving him staring at cold, unyielding steel. His restless eyes scanned the surroundings, searching for anything that might have captured his interest. Finding nothing, he dismissed it as a trick of his mind and turned to face the receptionist, fixing her with an intimidating stare that demanded immediate answers.

"Sir, ma'am, I'm telling you honestly. Miss Peterson has been out of the country due to work, and we don't have information on when she'll be back," the receptionist answered nervously, swallowing hard.

Despite his alluring personality and charming appearance, the cold aura and dominating presence of Alessandro were terrifying. He was called the cruelest and most ruthless mafia king for a reason.

"Bullshit!" Vanessa scowled. "One of my friends said she saw her at a recent event."

"She... she might have attended a business party. But we weren't informed," the receptionist tried to cover confidently but failed, stammering under Alessandro's angry glare.

"Listen to me, and listen very carefully. Tell your boss that no one has ever refused Alessandro Valentino. If she's so arrogant, she needs to understand there are severe consequences for messing with me. So, I'm giving her one last chance to correct her mistakes and offer an apology before I'm forced to have my way," he growled so lowly that a chill ran through the spine of everyone standing near him.

The receptionist's eyes widened with fear and her throat felt dry as she struggled to find words, managing only a nod in agreement.

"Let's go, Vanessa!" Alessandro's intimidating command cut through the air.

"But..." Vanessa's whine trailed off when she saw Alessandro glaring at her with frustration.

She had hoped Alessandro would display more cruelty, which was why she had pestered him to accompany her. But she was disappointed that Alessandro let them go with only a threat.

However, as she caught sight of Alessandro's sour mood and angry stare, she knew better than to provoke him further. She understood that her schemes could backfire if she pushed him too far.

As Alessandro left Mia's office, a strange restlessness crept over him as if something crucial was missing, and the unease in his heart only intensified. It all started with encountering those adorable twins at the mall; the boy bore an uncanny resemblance to him. He tried to brush it off as mere coincidence, but now, in the interior designer's office, he felt as though he might find answers to his questions here only. Though he couldn't quite understand how.

Taking a deep breath, he cast another observant gaze over the staff and surroundings but found nothing. He concluded that he was simply overwhelmed and in need of a break, but deep down, he knew that throwing himself into work was the only thing keeping him from unraveling completely since Aria's departure. Without it, he didn't dare to imagine where he might be.