

Chapter 13 My Wife

As the elevator descended to the first floor of her office building, Mia stepped out and rushed toward the parking lot. Sliding into her car, she finally took a deep breath of relief before driving home.

She parked her car and ascended the building's elevator to her luxurious apartment on the highest floor of the skyscraper, the 50th floor, offering breathtaking views of the city skyline. A genuine smile spread across her face in eager anticipation of seeing her children. They were her rock, her reason for everything, and the thought of embracing them after a long day filled her heart with genuine happiness.

Unbeknownst to her, another discussion was unfolding at her home. Adam and the twins had already arrived, setting the dining table with takeout and waiting for Mia to join them for dinner.

"That man looked exactly like Maximo," Gia mused while placing the plates on the table.

"Don't compare me with that bad guy," Maximo groaned.

"But he wasn't bad; he bought us the gown and saved me from falling," Gia defended, clearly smitten by the handsome stranger she met at the mall.

"But it's weird how he resembles Maximo so much," Adam thought aloud. Just then, they heard the main door open.

"It seems Mom's home," Maximo grinned, darting up to see her.

"Wait, Maximo, Gia! Don't tell your mom what happened today at the mall. She'll worry," Adam instructed. In reality, he feared Mia would lose trust in him with her kids and never allow them to go out with him again if she knew what had happened.

Gia and Maximo nodded in agreement before they all headed towards the entrance, where they found Mia setting her keys and bag on the counter adjacent to the corridor connecting the entrance to the hallway.

“Mom!” The twins ran to embrace her as Mia grinned, squatting on the ground to hug her precious children.

“Had fun with your favorite movie star, huh?” Mia teased as she kissed her children's cheeks.

“We had lots of fun. We watched a movie and had lunch in a Michelin-starred restaurant,” Maximo began to recount, and Mia was intrigued to listen more when she noticed Adam looking at them with an amused smile that seemed purely content and happy.

He walked toward her and kissed her forehead.

“Welcome home,” he whispered, not wanting to interrupt Maximo and Gia, who were recounting their outing with enthusiasm.

Mia's heart warmed. She had always wished for a happy family like this, but when she thought about her marriage, her nightmares seemed to return, making her take a step away from Adam.

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"Alessandro, I just found out that that fucking interior designer lied about not being in the country. She's here, in town, and one of my sources confirmed it," Vanessa gritted her teeth, standing before Alessandro in his office. He was still working, seemingly disinterested in her words.

Vanessa's fury simmered. How dare someone offend her like this? After all, she was Alessandro Valentino's fiancée, the wealthiest man in the country, and the formidable Mafia boss. She was accustomed to having everyone cater to her every whim.

But to her disappointment, Alessandro's response was dismissive.

"Leave that designer, Vanessa. I don't have time for your petty games. Find another designer and get the job done," he spoke coldly.

Vanessa refused to relent.

"No, I want it done by Mia Peterson. It's about my reputation, Alessandro. I've already boasted to my friends that Mia Peterson will personally design our home. You promised it would be our wedding gift," she insisted, her voice laced with sensuality as she wrapped her slender arms around Alessandro's neck. However, he frowned and immediately removed her arms.

"Do whatever you want, but don't expect me to accompany you again. My time is very precious," Alessandro mumbled indifferently, his attention still fixed on the document before him.

Vanessa's frustration boiled over at the thought of the arrogant interior designer and her voice tinged with bitterness. "That's fine. I'll take your people with me to teach that woman a lesson for messing with me. Then she'll have no choice but to work for us."

Alessandro remained silent, his focus unwavering on the document in front of him. He didn't care about Vanessa's plans. He simply wanted her to leave him alone and let him work in peace.

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The next day, Mia left home for her office, but she never made it there. She was abducted by Alessandro's associates, acting on Vanessa's instructions.

They whisked her away to the dungeon of the mafia headquarters, where they subjected her to a brutal beating until her cries turned into sobs. Drenched in blood, Mia lay on the cold floor, struggling to catch her breath and keep her eyes open.

Vanessa, with a wicked sneer on her heavily made-up face, looked down at Mia. "Now, you'll learn not to defy an influential client and think twice before refusing someone like me," she taunted, delivering a hard slap that made Mia's lips bleed. But Mia refused to lower her burning gaze.

"Do whatever you want, but you'll never make me work against my will," Mia declared defiantly.

Her hands were tied, as were her feet. She felt the cowardice of those powerful goons assaulting her while her limbs remained restrained.

"You arrogant bitch! How dare you talk back to me?" Vanessa slapped Mia again, sending her sprawling sideways.

"Beat her until she agrees to work for me," she instructed the henchmen, who immediately obeyed Vanessa's command.

Alessandro had learned that Vanessa had taken the designer to the dungeon. So, he headed directly there. He entered the damp, dimly lit, stinky room where traitors or members of rival gangs were tortured.

His eyes fell onto the petite form lying helplessly on the floor, and his heart skipped a beat. Restlessness took over every fiber of his body and he swiftly closed the distance. His gaze caught a glance of that beautiful face and his hand instinctively found his handgun in the holster on his chest.

He didn't think twice before firing, his steps quickening as he ran toward Mia. Within seconds, all the goons who were assaulting her lay dead on the floor.

"Alessandro, what the hell did you do?" Vanessa's voice pierced through the chaos, filled with disbelief. But her shock escalated when she heard Alessandro's cry.

"My wife!"

He wasted no time, dropping to his knees before Mia, enveloping her in his protective embrace. Before Mia could fully comprehend what was happening, Alessandro pressed his lips against hers, kissing her with an urgency that spoke of his desperate need for her, as if his life depended on it.