

Chapter 15 His Seduction

Alessandro approached his car, carrying Mia in his arms. Everyone around them was stunned, gawking at him. He had never shown this kind of care and affection to anyone before. One of his bodyguards standing near the car quickly opened the door, glancing briefly at the lady in his boss’s arms.

Alessandro very carefully placed Mia on the back seat as if she were made of glass, and stepped inside the car, sitting beside her. Mia shifted to make some space between them, but her attempt went in vain as the next moment Alessandro picked her up and made her sit on his lap.

“Put me down, you pervert,” Mia shouted, and the driver and the bodyguard swallowed hard because no one had ever dared to talk to Alessandro like this.

This woman would be doomed for insulting their boss. But to their surprise, Alessandro was not angry at all; he looked amused by the furious little beauty sitting in his lap.

Though his worry was evident as Mia’s face bore cuts from the beating, her arms and legs bleeding, and her clothes torn, she remained the most beautiful woman to him.

“Baby, let me tend to your wounds until we reach the hospital,” Alessandro said softly, retrieving the first aid kit from his car and gently cleaning her wounds with disinfectant swabs.

Mia’s heart skipped a beat. She didn't know what she was feeling at that moment, but she was overwhelmed by her husband's gesture. Alessandro had never paid attention to her pain and wounds before. Hell, he had never paid attention to her in those years. So this change of heart was difficult for Mia to believe.

Throughout the ride to the hospital, Alessandro had Mia sit on his lap despite her arguments and attempts to get away. He couldn't tear his eyes away from his wife. He still couldn't believe it was really happening—that his beloved wife was safe and alive, sitting on his lap and in his arms. Unable to resist the overwhelming surge of emotions coursing through him after finding her, he lowered his head and kissed her again.

Mia punched his chest hard and pushed him away forcefully. Alessandro frowned, pulling back slightly and looking at his wife in confusion.

“Stop kissing me, you shameless prick,” Mia scolded.

“I can't help it, my wife. I need to kiss you, to feel you,” he whispered in her ear as he pulled her closer, and she gasped, feeling his hard and huge length pressing against her butt. “You are mine. My Aria!”

“I am not...” Mia began to protest, but her objection dissolved in his kiss as his lips fervently slammed on hers.

"Keep denying and rolling your eyes, and I'll keep kissing you," Alessandro whispered between kisses.

His strong, muscular arm circled her slim waist tightly as if he feared she would disappear if he loosened his grip. After a few protests, Mia's senses became overwhelmed by her husband's seductive kisses. She felt her head spinning, her body succumbing to his allure, lost in his embrace.

She only regained her senses when the car door opened, and Alessandro broke their kiss. She turned crimson with embarrassment, realizing that the bodyguard and driver had witnessed their intimate moment.

However, Alessandro remained unaffected, appearing calm and relaxed as he trailed his thumb over Mia’s lips, wiping his saliva from her kiss-swollen lips before draping his suit jacket over her shoulders and helping her into it. Then, stepping out of the car, he carried her in his arms and walked towards the hospital entrance.

“No, I can walk...” Mia began to protest again, but her words were muffled by her husband's warm lips as he kissed her publicly.

Her eyes widened at her husband's shamelessness. Who was this man? He couldn't be her heartless husband, Alessandro Valentino. Her husband had never shown this kind of PDA in the three years of their marriage. Then why now?

"Protest more if you want me to kiss you again, baby,” Alessandro threatened sweetly, making Mia gape at him in shock.

Freaking blackmailing jerk!

She cursed him in her mind as Alessandro walked authoritatively while carrying her in his arms as if she weighed nothing.

Alessandro didn't even leave her side, despite the doctor warning him multiple times to stay out of the treatment room.

"Is she alright?" Alessandro asked as the doctor finished treating Mia's wound and prescribed some painkillers.

“She seems fine. No internal injuries are detected. You can take her home,” the doctor said calmly, but Alessandro wasn't convinced.

He gestured for the doctor to speak with him in private. The doctor huffed before following the mafia king to a corner.

“I think you need to run a thorough check-up on my wife as she is behaving strangely. It might be because of the shock of the incident,” Alessandro insisted in his authoritative tone.

“Don't worry, Mr. Valentino. Mrs. Valentino is perfectly fine mentally. I have already checked. But giving her some rest and keeping her away from stress will help her recover faster,” the doctor advised, causing Alessandro to frown.

“You are useless. I will take my wife to the best doctor,” the mafia king grumbled, scowling, making the doctor sigh in frustration.

“Let’s go, love. I’ll take you to see another doctor,” Alessandro said as he approached Mia.

“I'm feeling better, Mr. Valentino,” she said, and Alessandro felt a sense of déjà vu. Aria used to call him Mr. Valentino. Hearing it in her sweet voice again was like a breath of fresh air.

“Besides, I’m not your wife. I’m Mia Peterson,” she pressed, crossing her arms around her chest.

The doctor chuckled under his breath upon hearing her. He thought it was Alessandro who was acting strangely, calling a woman his wife who wasn’t actually his wife. So he needed consultation instead. But a death glare from Alessandro made the doctor realize his mistake, and he swiftly left the room, giving them privacy.

“Baby, if you’re still upset, I understand. I’m ready to do anything, but please come home,” Alessandro sighed, stepping closer and stretching his arms, taking his wife again into his embrace.

The more Mia struggled, the tighter Alessandro held her, as if to melt her into his body and never part.

Alessandro bowed his head to kiss Mia's delicate lips, perhaps five years ago, his wife dared not defy him, but now with a little aggressive, let him more obsessed.

Alessandro lifted his hand to Mia's head and continued to deepen the kiss, his other hand moving uncontrollably toward the softness of Mia's breast, which he had not tasted for so long of his dear wife.

Mia's body reacted to his touch uncontrollably.

"Fuck, you're so wet, your body is more honest than you, my dear wife..." Alessandro loosened Mia's red, swollen lips and whispered hoarsely in her ear.

"I... I'm not your wife, let me go, ah..." Mia tried to resist, but a moan escaped from her mouth.

She arched her body when his hand went down to the side of her butt. She could still feel his warm palm against her clothing.

Once she sensed his action, Mia somehow mustered up the force to shove and slap him away.

"Get away from me, asshole!" Mia said with irritation.