

Chapter 16 Let Me Go!

“I don’t know why you’re mistaking me for your wife. Does she look like me? It’s not my fault if I have some resemblance to your wife, but I am not her. I am Mia Peterson, and you have to accept it.” Mia stared at him.

Alessandro looked dumbfounded at the woman before him; she looked exactly like his wife. However, Alessandro didn't believe a word she said.

He wasn't ready to accept that she wasn't his Aria but some interior designer, Mia Peterson. Maybe his eyes were deceiving him, but his heart? It couldn't be wrong in recognizing the woman he had loved his whole life.

His heart had felt her heartbeat synchronized with his when he kissed her. His eyes caught the emotions in her hazel orbs when he begged her. His body, which had been cold and unable to feel anything in those six years, reacted to her touch, and he was rock hard in his pants within a second of having her in his arms. All signs were screaming only one thing: How could it be possible that she was not his wife?

"Aria, don't be so cruel to your husband," he whispered, grabbing her wrist and pulling her into his arms.

Mia wiggled and writhed, struggling hard to free herself, but her husband seemed determined to hold her for eternity.

“Please, Mr. Valentino, let me go, please. My family would be waiting for me,” Mia pleaded desperately.

Family?!

It surprised Alessandro once again. His Aria was an orphan and had no one to call her family other than him. Did it mean this woman was actually not his Aria, but someone else?

His heart filled with disappointment as his eyes turned cold and menacing again.

However, Mia was only worried about her children. Everyone would have known by now that she was missing, and they would be searching for her. She was worried they would reach out to the police for help, which would be another problem. If they inquired further, it was possible her identity would be revealed.

Suddenly, Alessandro released her and took a step back. "I will let you go on one condition,"

“What is that?” Mia asked swiftly, her voice laced with desperation for her freedom.

“You personally have to decorate my new house in Paris,” Alessandro proposed.

Mia took a few moments before replying. It was very risky to work for Alessandro, but she had no choice. Maybe if she kept refusing to work for him, it could make him suspicious again. So she agreed.

"Okay, Mr. Valentino. I will design your new home in Paris," she said, nodding slowly.

"Good," Alessandro's cold reply came in a clipped tone. "Let's go then. I will drop you home."

“No need,” Mia suddenly shook her head and refused firmly. She did not want him to find out about the twins. She still could not trust her devil husband. “I can manage, and thank you so much for taking me to the hospital. I will pay you back all the money you spent on my hospital bills.”

"No need. Consider it as compensation for my people causing trouble to you," he responded, looking intently at her.

Mia felt like she would melt under his hot gaze if she didn't leave immediately. She nodded and, turning on her heels, hurried to exit the hospital. This time, he did not attempt to stop her.

Just as Mia was about to leave the hospital, Matteo entered and was extremely shocked to see her alive. He froze in his place and stared at Mia without blinking his eyes, as if he had seen a ghost. Mia was also startled to see him there, but she didn't show it. She knew Matteo was Alessandro's best friend, but she remained indifferent as if she had never met him. Quickly, she called a cab and left for home.

“Alessandro, she... she was Aria. She is alive, Alessandro!” Matteo gasped in disbelief as he rushed toward Alessandro and practically ran into the Mafia king, who was still looking at Mia’s back as she hurried away from him.

“No!” Alessandro exhaled heavily. “She is not Aria,” he declared, turning his back and heading toward the parking lot.

Matteo promptly followed the Mafia King.

“No, she is Aria. My eyes can't be deceiving me. She is alive, Alessandro,” Matteo murmured urgently.

Alessandro turned abruptly to face his friend, causing Matteo to stop on impulse to avoid colliding with the Mafia king.

“She is Mia Peterson, the interior designer, and she is not my wife,” Alessandro announced sternly. His face remained expressionless as he raised his hands and put on his sunglasses to hide his stormy eyes behind them.

Matteo shook his head, unable to grasp how two people could look so similar.

“What brings you here searching for me?” Alessandro asked, breaking Matteo’s conflicted thoughts.

“Ah, right,” he suddenly remembered the purpose of coming here. “Maria called me and said you ordered to punish Vanessa?” Matteo asked, his confusion evident. “I was trying to reach you on the phone, but you didn't pick up. So I found out from your bodyguards that you brought a woman to the hospital and I came here to deliver your stepmother’s message.”

Vanessa was Alessandro's fiancée, and Matteo didn't understand why his best friend wanted his people to take her to the dungeon and torture her. What could she have done so bad?

“What does she want?” Alessandro asked back, frustration creeping into his voice.

“She wants you to release Vanessa because if anything happens to her, what will she answer her sister?” Matteo relayed Maria's exact words to Alessandro.

“Alright. Instruct our people to release Vanessa,” Alessandro commanded indifferently without glancing at his friend.

Matteo nodded, looking at the Mafia king with more confusion. But he knew better than to question Alessandro Valentino’s decision. So he quickly took out his phone to instruct their people to release Vanessa and ensure her safety.

Matteo remained puzzled, his gaze fixed on Alessandro's inscrutable expression, it’s hard to believe that the woman he saw at the hospital wasn't Alessandro's wife.

But the Mafia king strode confidently toward the car, paying no heed to the admiring glances from the ladies.

"I want all the information on Mia Peterson." After Alessandro sat in the car, he ordered.