

Chapter 18 A Man In Love

"Here is all the information about Mia Peterson, as you requested," Matteo said as he handed the file to Alessandro.

"You people are very quick to get all the information so soon," Alessandro remarked sarcastically.

But the truth was, Matteo was also very curious to know who Mia Peterson really was.

"I have the most efficient people," Matteo shrugged arrogantly.

He was one of the top lawyers and had the best team working under him. Working with the mafia king of western Italy and handling his businesses had made him even more risk-taking and fearless.

"However, I haven't read it yet. As soon as I got it, I rushed to you," Matteo muttered as he opened one of the files and started reading intently.

"So, she started as an assistant to the famous interior designer Élise Laurent and then launched her own interior design business. Her rapid success made her a target for many people who envied her," Matteo began, giving Alessandro a brief summary. The mafia king was also holding a copy of the report in his hand, reading it attentively.

Aria had no knowledge of interior design. She had never worked in her life. When she married Alessandro, she was still studying but dropped out of school as Alessandro demanded she become a full-time housewife. As Alessandro dug deeper into the file, he found more differences between Aria and Mia, which made his heart sink with an uneasy feeling.

"It says Mia Peterson is the secret girlfriend of movie star Adam Whitmore. They have been dating for a long time and have twins together," Matteo added, murmuring as he continued to read the information eagerly.

The photo attached to the report left Alessandro momentarily dumbfounded. He stared at the kids in the picture; they were the same ones he had met while shopping with Vanessa at the mall.

He sighed deeply, then shifted his gaze to Adam and Mia, who were looking at each other while holding hands with the children, resembling a happy family.

"Oh my God!" Matteo gasped, his eyes wide with shock as he too looked at the photo without blinking. "This is unbelievable! Those kids bear such a strong resemblance to you. And the boy!" He paused, lifting his eyes to Alessandro, whose face remained impassive. "He looks exactly like you, as if he's your son, not Adam's," Matteo mumbled, still struck by the likeness between the boy and the mafia king. "There's no doubt—the woman in the photo is your wife," he asserted with a firm nod.

"No, Matteo, she is not my wife," the mafia king refused.

"Come on, Alessandro. I'm not blind. Not only me, but anyone can see the similarity between your wife and this woman. Only identical twins can look so alike," Matteo reasoned with an irritated sigh.

Unexpectedly, Alessandro remained indifferent as he said in his cold voice, "Look at the woman in this photo. She looks so happy, her smile so bright," his eyes fixed on the woman in the photo as he continued. "She can't be my wife. I've never seen Aria this happy with me. No one ever has seen her smile. Leave her and her family alone. She is a different woman, Mia Peterson, not my wife."

Alessandro then tore up the file containing Mia's information and threw it in the garbage bin. Matteo gaped at his friend in confusion. This was not the reaction he had expected from Alessandro.

"You can't be serious, right?!" Matteo furrowed his brow.

"Matteo, I am always serious when I decide something," Alessandro replied in his authoritative tone.

"Then why did you ask for the report on her?" Matteo shot back, wanting an acceptable reaction from the mafia king.

"To clear doubts," Alessandro said calmly.

Matteo shook his head. "Let me inquire more about her," he insisted, exhaling sharply.

"No need. I know she is not the woman I was looking for," Alessandro dismissed him firmly.

"But Alessandro—"

"That's it, Matteo," Alessandro interrupted in an intimidating voice. "I have more important work than chasing a woman. End this discussion," he ordered, busying himself with reading the documents on his table before signing them.

Matteo sat there staring at the mafia king in disbelief.

This was not the friend Matteo had known all his life. The man he had known was obsessive and would fight for what was rightfully his. But the man sitting before Matteo right now had changed.

This man was in love—madly, deeply, and truly in love.

Matteo had seen how his friend had suffered for six long years in the agony of losing his wife. Alessandro had been completely shattered, a broken man. Now that he had found the remedy for his broken heart, the woman he had loved all his life, he was ready to let her go so easily? Without a fight?

Had he truly believed that this woman wasn't Aria? But Alessandro had never failed to judge a person by their face.

This realization made Matteo more confused. He closed the file in his hand and slumped it on the desk before him in exasperation. Matteo was so confused he felt like he didn't know the man sitting before him at all. This couldn't be his friend Alessandro, the heartless, ruthless Mafia king.