

Chapter 23 Her Knight In Shining Armour

The goons trembled and instinctively took a step away from Mia, but they quickly recovered their menacing composure.

One of them, the tallest and bulkiest who seemed to be their leader, barked, “Who the fuck has a death wish to come here and threaten Marco’s gang?”

They all turned around to look at the source of the intimidating voice. Mia, still reeling from the shock, felt as if she were in a dream. Seeing him in front of her seemed like an illusion. Why on earth would Alessandro come to save her from his own goons?

But she didn't have to wait long for an answer as Alessandro growled the next instant, “Who sent you to harm Mia Peterson?”

“None of your business, Don Valentino,” the goon, who seemed to be Marco, sneered.

Oh, so they knew Alessandro, Mia thought. Of course, they would know him. He was the mafia king of western Italy.

“This is not your territory, and no one is going to listen to you. It’s better you leave peacefully,” Marco threatened, but the tremble in his voice was evident.

Mia was still confused. If they weren’t Alessandro’s people, then who sent them? And why was Alessandro here to save her?

Alessandro’s face remained cold and unreadable as he took out his handgun. His bodyguard was with him, backing him up.

“Last chance,” Alessandro said icily, aiming the gun at Marco. “Who sent you to harm Mia Peterson?”

“I am not scared of you, Don Valentino,” Marco laughed dryly, expecting his men to follow his lead and mock the mafia king.

But it seemed they were smarter than to follow their leader to their deaths at the hands of the mafia king.

“Alright, I’m giving you one last warning. Leave the lady alone and get out of here in two seconds, or I won’t be responsible for the consequences,” Alessandro warned, his tone calm and low but extremely dangerous.

Marco suddenly grabbed Mia’s arm, pulling her in front of him and holding a gun to her head.

Alessandro moved swiftly, but Marco shouted, “Don’t come closer, or I’ll shoot this bitch.”

Mia's terrified gaze met Alessandro’s cold eyes, and she saw him clenching his teeth before he aimed his gun at Marco.

“Drop the gun, Marco!” Alessandro commanded, his voice deadly serious.

All of Marco's gang members pointed their guns at Alessandro, and Mia’s heart jumped into her throat. What was he doing? She was confused by his reckless behavior.

“Want to see who fires first?” Marco snarled, but Alessandro’s steely gaze made his legs tremble slightly.

“If you don’t want to get yourself in trouble, leave the lady, and I will go peacefully,” Alessandro offered.

“The guts you have to make an offer with me.” Marco snorted a weak laugh. “You’re alone and can’t do anything, while I can kill you and this whore in a snap of my fingers.”

“I dare you to try and see what a painful death I’ll give you,” Alessandro growled with disdain.

“You fucking Italian mafia!” Marco yelled in rage, releasing Mia and pointing the gun at Alessandro.

Alessandro was looking for a moment like this. So, seizing the opportunity, he shot at the gun in Marco’s hand, causing it to drop as Marco groaned, clutching his bleeding hand.

“Louis, cover them!” Alessandro shouted, nodding at Mia. Then, his gaze locked onto Mia's, his expression commanding. “Run!”

As if it were a well-planned move, his bodyguard, Louis, quickly covered for Mia and Emily, guiding them to the corner of the road while firing back at Marco’s gang.

The echo of gunfire filled the air, mingling with shouts and the sound of running footsteps in the silence of the dark night.

Mia turned back to look at Alessandro and caught a glimpse of him dropping to the ground as Marco’s gang scattered in panic.

“Fuck, they’ve shot the boss!” Louis screamed before turning to Mia. “Miss Peterson, get inside the car. The driver will take you home safely.” He gestured to a car parked a few feet away and then ran toward Alessandro.

Mia halted in her tracks, her heart skipping a beat as she watched Alessandro lying on the road. She felt an urgent need to go back and check on him, but Emily tugged her hand, pulling her away.

“Mia, what are you doing?” Emily asked urgently.

“He… he’s been shot!” Mia gasped, panic evident in her eyes.

“Mia, we have to leave immediately before they find you again,” Emily suggested, ignoring Mia’s protest and pulling her forcefully towards the car.

Mia was safe inside the car, heading home, but the restlessness in her heart grew with every passing second. She couldn’t shake the thought of Alessandro lying unconscious on the ground. Despite her hatred for him, the unexpected worry made her feel otherwise.

Lost in her anxious thoughts, Mia didn't even realize the car had come to a stop until the driver opened the door for them.

As soon as Mia saw the driver, she blurted out desperately, "Um, what about your boss?"

The driver looked at her in confusion.

“Is Mr. Valentino alright?” she asked again.

“Boss has been taken to the hospital and is fine,” he replied briefly before rounding the car and taking his seat behind the wheel.

As the car drove off, Mia watched it with relief, reassured by the news that Alessandro had received medical help and wasn’t seriously hurt. An unusual sense of relief washed over her, which she couldn't again understand.