

Chapter 24 Man On Mission

Alessandro groaned, pain and dizziness overwhelming him as he forced his heavy eyes open. The incessant buzzing and beeping of machines greeted him, each sound amplifying his discomfort.

He blinked several times, gradually taking in his sterile surroundings. The white walls were stark and uninviting, and the small bed he lay on was surrounded by a maze of machines. Nearby, a few nurses and doctors engaged in hushed conversations with Matteo. This made Alessandro's brow furrow, betraying his annoyance at the constant murmurs.

"Where the hell am I?" Alessandro muttered, his voice rough and strained.

He instinctively yanked at the tubes and needles embedded in his arms, ignoring the sharp pangs as he disconnected himself from the intravenous lines supplying medicine, saline, and supplements.

"Alessandro! Thank God you're awake..." Matteo's voice broke with relief, but his expression quickly shifted to alarm as he realized what Alessandro was doing. "Wait, what are you doing?" Matteo's tone turned sharp, scolding his stubborn friend as nurses and doctors rushed to Alessandro's side.

"Stay down, sir, you need to rest," one of the nurses urged, gently but firmly pressing Alessandro back onto the bed. Despite their efforts, Alessandro's instincts to rise and reclaim control overpowered his weakened state.

“Don't fucking touch me!” Alessandro growled, making the nurse tremble with fear and stumble away from his bed.

“Mr. Valentino, please don’t get up. You have lost a lot of blood and need to rest,” the doctor suggested, placing a hand on Alessandro’s shoulder. Alessandro yanked his hand away sternly, glaring at him, causing the doctor to take a step back from the mafia king.

“How’s Mia?” Alessandro asked suddenly, his gaze directed at his friend.

Matteo shook his head slightly. Even in this critical condition, his friend could only think about that woman who didn’t care a bit about the mafia king.

“She is safe and at home,” Matteo reassured him.

Alessandro took a deep breath before exhaling as if he had been holding out for this piece of news.

“Did you find out who did it?” Alessandro asked in a cold, deadly tone.

Matteo glanced at the doctor, who immediately understood and left the room to give them privacy.

“Yes, our people have found out,” Matteo informed him as soon as the door closed behind the doctor.

“Good, let's go then,” Alessandro instructed, making Matteo frown.

“Wait, you can’t go anywhere. The doctor has prescribed that you stay in bed for a week. You are very weak and have lost a lot of blood, Alessandro,” Matteo protested.

But it seemed the mafia king was not in the mood to heed his friend's advice. He got up and motioned to a man nearby. The man rushed to hand him his shirt and trousers. Alessandro had been shot in the right shoulder, with the bullet narrowly missing his heart.

But Alessandro didn't care about his pain. He had to ensure the person who tried to kill Mia would be dead.

He slowly dressed and strode out of the hospital. No one dared to stop him. His aura was that dangerously intimidating. Matteo and Alessandro’s army of guards followed closely behind.

Jack Miller, the Corsican Mafia boss, was terrified as he sat in his headquarters. His right-hand man, Marco, had made the biggest mistake of his life. He had shot the Italian mafia king, Alessandro Valentino, a man with a reputation deadlier than the devil himself.

Now, Jack was certain that nothing could save Marco from Alessandro's wrath. When Marco, in a fit of nervousness, had blindly fired a shot and bullet struck Alessandro in the shoulder, his men had fled in terror, fearing for their lives.

Jack had been hiding in his headquarters ever since, surrounded by his guards and praying desperately for Alessandro's death in the hospital. But to his dismay, Alessandro had survived and was now coming for him.

Jack's body shook as he suddenly heard the sound of gunfire. As a mafia boss, gunfire was nothing new to him, but the screaming and shouting accompanying the shots were evidence that his men were being brutally slaughtered by the Italian mafia. The realization made him tremble to his core, and he knew his death was imminent, walking through the door at any moment.

Just as Jack closed his eyes to pray, the door to his room was broken down, and the god of death itself seemed to walk through it.

Alessandro and his army barged in, quickly overpowering Jack's henchmen and forcing them to kneel in surrender.

“Don Valentino!” Jack got to his feet, his voice trembling with fear.

“Don Miller!” Alessandro gritted his teeth, pointing his rifle at the Corsican Mafia boss. “Who assigned you to kill Mia Peterson?”

“I am sorry, Don Valentino, I didn’t know she was your woman, or I would have never taken this task in hand,” Jack begged.

“That is not the answer to my question,” Alessandro growled, making Jack tremble and curse under his breath.

“Reginald Fairfax Wentworth!” Jack blurted out as Alessandro lifted his rifle to Jack’s head.

“Reginald Fairfax Wentworth? As in the famous interior designer Reginald Fairfax Wentworth?” Alessandro furrowed his brow, incredulous.

“Y... Yes,” Jack nodded solemnly. “He wanted Mia Peterson dead to eliminate his competition for upcoming major projects as Mia's company always secures the big contracts.”

“Then he won't have to worry about it because he won't be alive to see another contract. He chose to mess with the wrong person, and now he'll pay for it,” Alessandro declared, his voice dripping with menace.

He turned to his assistant, Lucas, who nodded in understanding.

“He'll be in front of you, boss, before the moon rises,” Lucas promised.

“Now!” Alessandro took a threatening step toward Jack. “Tell me, Don Miller, what should I do with you?”