

Chapter 25 Ruthless Mafia King

Jack swallowed nervously before he pulled Marco forward and pleaded, “He's the one who made the mistake of firing at you, Don Valentino. Please forgive him or punish him as you see fit.”

“There is only one punishment in our field for attempting to kill a supremo!” Lucas snarled, his voice laced with venom, as he pointed his gun at Jack, ensuring Alessandro could shift his target.

Holding the rifle in his left hand, while his right shoulder bled, drenching his white shirt and turning it crimson red, the Italian mafia Don appeared as a ruthlessly determined and brutal figure on a mission. If looks could kill, Marco was as good as dead, trembling like hell and praying fervently for his life.

“Don Valentino, I wasn't thinking straight, I...I...was so nervous, I didn't realize when the bullet left my gun and hit you. I beg you to forgive me,” Marco cried desperately, but before he could finish, a bullet fired from Alessandro’s rifle, and Marco collapsed to the floor, lifeless. Alessandro might have forgiven Marco for attacking him, but trying to kill Mia despite Alessandro's warning was unforgivable. Marco had to pay with his life.

“Let's go!” Alessandro ordered his army, turning to leave. Jack was relieved to be alive, vowing never to cross paths with the Italian Don again.

As Alessandro and his army departed the headquarters, leaving behind a scene of carnage with bodies strewn everywhere, they headed for the parking lot. Suddenly, the earth seemed to spin around Alessandro, and his head began to feel dizzy. Before anyone could react, he collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

As Alessandro’s people rushed him to the hospital, panic gripped them at the sight of the mafia king losing consciousness. They had never witnessed their invincible boss, the mighty Alessandro Valentino, in such a weakened state. However, the truth lay in the fact that the doctor had advised him to rest for a week, a recommendation he hadn’t adhered to for even a single day. It seemed inevitable.

Matteo dashed to the hospital upon hearing the news, his initial empathy swiftly transforming into anger as he witnessed Alessandro's stubbornness. Refusing medication and sustenance, Alessandro displayed a reckless disregard for his own well-being.

“What the hell do you think you're doing, Alessandro?” Matteo's voice thundered with frustration, his concern overshadowed by his rage.

He wasn't afraid of the Italian Don's potential retaliation for his outburst; his only concern was for his friend's well-being, a bond strong enough for Matteo to risk his own life.

“If you can't see properly, I'll pay for your damn eye checkup!” Alessandro retorted disdainfully as he dressed himself, indifferent to the fact that his wound continued to bleed.

The doctors had reluctantly accepted defeat, realizing that this dangerous Don would heed no one's advice.

"Alessandro, you're only leading yourself to an early grave this way," Matteo pleaded, shaking his head in despair. "It's suicide. Pure suicide."

"I'm not so weak that I'll keel over if I don't rest," Alessandro declared indifferently.

Matteo snorted dryly. "You'll die if you don't eat and take your medicine."

"Bullshit!" Alessandro dismissed as he exited the hospital and stepped into his car. His movements were slow and faltering, betraying the weakness he refused to acknowledge.

The hospital bill was settled by Lucas, who also urged his boss to rest and recover in the hospital. But Alessandro remained stubbornly defiant, unwilling to heed anyone's advice.

When the car arrived at the apartment building, they all waited anxiously for the mafia king to emerge. A sudden stillness enveloped them as they held their breath. Even after a while, there was no sign of movement from Alessandro. Eventually, Lucas approached the car door with concern. He carefully opened it, only to reveal that the mafia king had passed out once again.

"Mr. Vinci, I'm very worried about the boss," Lucas expressed his concern. "Please, do something. I can't bear to see him slowly killing himself like this. It's torture."

Matteo sighed heavily as he observed the guards carefully carrying the hefty and imposing mafia king inside the apartment.

"We may not be able to do much, but I know someone who can certainly do something," Matteo declared, nodding to Lucas to take care of Alessandro in his absence.

With determination in his eyes, Matteo departed, resolved to execute the plan forming in his mind.

Mia returned from the work and was enjoying dinner with Emily and her kids when the doorbell rang. Reluctantly, she set aside her food and went to answer the door, leaving her meal half-finished on the plate. Her first reaction was one of immense shock upon finding Matteo Vinci standing on her doorstep, but she quickly composed herself.

"Yes, how may I help you?" she asked, her tone polite but guarded, masking any hint of her inner turmoil.

“Only you can help me,” Matteo replied, desperation evident in his voice.

“What do you mean?” Mia asked, offended by his cryptic statement. Inside, many questions swirled in her mind, but she remained calm.

"I mean you have to come with me," Matteo insisted sternly.

He was not in a good mood, his heart heavy with anxiety after witnessing Alessandro's state. He knew he had to do something for his friend, and Mia was his last hope.

"Excuse me? I think you're mistaken, mister," Mia scowled, beginning to close the door. However, Matteo stopped her from shutting it, pressing a hand against the doorframe.

"Please, Miss Peterson, come with me. Alessandro is dying, and only you can save him," Matteo pleaded, his voice tinged with desperation as he set aside his pride.

"How...how can I save him? I'm not a doctor," Mia stammered nervously, her heart racing at the mention of the infamous mafia king.

"The fact is, even the doctor can't save him, but you can," Matteo declared, leaving Mia even more confused.