

Chapter 26 Pervert

Mia didn't know why she agreed to come to Alessandro’s apartment in the first place. But when Matteo pleaded and said Alessandro Valentino was in this situation because of saving her, she couldn't deny him the help.

As Mia arrived at Alessandro’s apartment, she found doctors and nurses standing outside the mafia king’s room.

“What’s going on?” she asked in a hushed voice to Matteo, who led her to Alessandro’s room.

“No one dares to go inside his room unless they have a death wish,” Matteo replied grumpily, still annoyed at his stubborn friend.

Mia swallowed hard. “When no one is willing to enter his room, you want me to go into the lion’s den?!” Her eyes widened with realization.

“No! No!” Matteo held up his hand. “Alessandro won't do anything to you,” he asserted.

"Why?!" Mia frowned, not believing the cunning lawyer.

Lawyers are always liars and not trustworthy.

Matteo wanted to give her the actual reason. He wanted to tell her that she looked like Alessandro’s wife, whom the Italian don loved more than his life. But he was afraid that she would get scared and run for her life, so he thought it was better to keep his mouth shut.

"He saved your life, remember?!" Matteo smiled awkwardly. "So he won't kill you; otherwise, who will complete his house?" he reasoned, making Mia nod.

"It makes sense."

"Doctor!" Matteo called out, and the doctor rushed toward them.

"This is Miss Peterson. Describe everything to her, and I'm sure she can handle it alone," Matteo said with so much confidence, making Mia even more nervous.

She didn't know whether she was ready to do it or not. But standing here and seeing everyone's confidence in her, she couldn't refuse the task.

The doctor briefed Mia about the medications, emphasizing that it was crucial for Alessandro to eat meals at regular intervals to regain his strength and recover soon. He explained how to take the mafia king's vitals and then gave Mia some medicines with detailed instructions.

Taking a deep breath, she slowly placed her hand on the doorknob and twisted it, her heart racing at rocket speed. She glanced back at Matteo, who gave her a thumbs up and an encouraging smile before gesturing for her to go ahead.

Mia pushed the door open, and her frantic eyes immediately fell on the huge bed in the center, where the formidable don was lying with his eyes closed. She was so nervous that she couldn't look anywhere else, missing how lavishly his room was designed with ivory and grey furnishings.

She stepped inside and glanced over her shoulder when she heard the door close behind her. They had trapped her inside.

Although Alessandro was sleeping, his huge, bulky form was very intimidating. All the bad memories of his cruelty resurfaced in Mia’s mind when she was Aria, his wife. The only instinct she had at that moment was to run away, but then her eyes fell on his face. He looked very weak and sick. The dark circles under his eyes were very prominent. His appearance was disheveled, and when she took a closer look, her heart ached for the mafia king. He had lost a lot of weight and looked pale from losing blood after being shot in the shoulder.

He wasn’t wearing a shirt, and the bandage on his shoulder was drenched in blood. It meant he hadn’t let anyone help him with his daily chores or even change his dressing. In this way, he would get an infection and die very soon. Her heart skipped a beat at this thought, and she hurried over, placing the medicines the doctors had given her on the bedside table.

She recalled the instructions the doctors had given her and touched Alessandro’s head to check his temperature. He was slightly warm but didn't seem to have a fever. Her eyes roamed over his beautiful features. Even in this condition, there was no doubt he was the most attractive man she had ever seen. She tenderly caressed his stubbled cheeks and wiped the hair away from his forehead.

Suddenly, Alessandro’s eyes snapped open, shooting daggers at the person who disturbed his sleep. Mia gasped in fear as he clutched her soft hand so tightly she thought he would crush it.

But as soon as Alessandro’s eyes fell on the most beautiful face he thought he would never see again, his head spun not from weakness but from longing. He thought he was dreaming; how could it be possible she was in his room, near his bed?

“You’re not real, are you?” he murmured in a haze, looking at Mia with dazed eyes.

“I am real!” Mia protested, her voice almost inaudible from fear.

Before she could understand what was happening, the mafia king pulled her closer, making her hover over him. His breath fanned Mia’s face, making her feel intoxicated by his proximity. God, even in this condition, so weak and wounded, he was so powerful and intimidating. Mia swallowed, trying to free herself from his grip.

Seeing her up close and inhaling her sweet scent, Alessandro realized she was actually in his room. But his heart wanted more, and he couldn’t stop himself as he grabbed her nape and pulled her face closer.

Mia’s eyes widened in surprise when his full red lips slammed onto hers hard. Even though he was not in his right mental and physical state, he kissed her. Again. He was such a...

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