

Chapter 27 Bon Appétit

Mia was so shocked. This man looked so weak and sick that even the doctors and his people were worried about his well-being.

But in this moment, he was holding her so tightly and kissing her with so much hunger and desire that he seemed perfectly healthy and very strong.

The moment his tempting lips started moving against hers and his tongue began coaxing her lips to part and let it enter, Mia felt her whole world begin to fade around her, and she lost the ability to think or do anything but give in to his seduction. Her eyes fluttered closed as her hands touched his hard and chiseled bare chest. His skin felt so soft and alluring that she ran her hands along his torso and wanted to keep doing it. Her mind wanted to protest, but as if under some strong spell, it gave in and let desire take over her every sense.

The spell broke when Alessandro felt she was out of breath, and he pulled away.

“You're really here!” he announced, still looking at her with a dazzling gaze.

“I told you, Mr. Valentino. Now will you let me go?” Mia spat out, breathing heavily, still catching her breath after being thoroughly kissed.

Alessandro sighed before releasing her. Mia quickly straightened up, taking a step away from his bed.

“What are you doing here, Miss Peterson?” Alessandro asked, narrowing his eyes at her, trying to read her face.

Mia wiped her lips with the back of her hand. Her lips were still stinging from the mafia king’s rough kiss.

“Why are you not taking your medicines?” Mia shot back, asking a question in response.

“Do you care?” Alessandro lifted a dark, thick eyebrow in question.

“I... I...” Mia was speechless for a moment before she fought back, “Of course not. But you were shot because of me. So it’s on me if anything happens to you,” she kept a plain, flat expression as she uttered.

"Huh! Don't worry. It's not about you. I am responsible for my own life." Alessandro dismissed her indifferently, turning on his back and looking up at the ceiling.

Mia was frustrated by his stubborn response and his careless attitude toward his own life. She took the soup and sat on his bed, holding a spoonful of it.

"Have it," she demanded.

Alessandro shifted his head slightly to gaze at the beautiful woman sitting next to him, holding the soup bowl and looking at him with so much concern, which she miserably failed to conceal from her eyes.

But Alessandro silently turned his head away, making Mia more furious.

"What do you want, Mr. Valentino?" she scowled.

"I don't want anything," he replied coldly.

His voice was so weak and dull that it made Mia's eyes glisten with worry.

"You have to finish the whole bowl of soup, and then you will take your medicine," she ordered authoritatively in her sweet voice.

Alessandro was amused to hear her. No one had ever ordered him around in his entire life.

When he didn't respond, Mia added with irritation in her voice, "I don't have the entire night to bear your tantrums. So finish it quickly," she commanded harshly.

“I don’t like this soup,” Alessandro muttered sullenly.

“Huh!” Mia blinked in confusion.

“They make the worst soup in the world. I don’t want to eat it. I like steak soup with vegetables of my choice in it,” he reasoned.

Mia rolled her eyes in frustration. Of course, she knew how fussy he could be about his food. She had been cooking for him for her entire life and knew exactly how he liked his soup.

She didn’t say anything but left the room swiftly. Alessandro was surprised by her sudden departure and was disappointed as well. He closed his eyes again and tried to sleep.

Matteo was shocked to see Mia leaving Alessandro’s room in a hurry.

“What’s the matter? Is everything alright?” Matteo asked, furrowing in confusion.

“Where is the kitchen?” Mia asked instead of replying to him.

“Kitchen?” Matteo was taken aback by the unexpected response.

“Yes, show me quickly,” Mia demanded urgently.

Nodding, Matteo swiftly led her to the kitchen. Mia asked for some ingredients and utensils. The staff quickly obeyed and helped her prepare the steak soup Alessandro liked.

After Mia cooked the soup, she poured it into a big bowl and set aside some extra for later. She took the soup to Alessandro’s room, and as she opened the door, Alessandro’s eyes snapped open, looking at Mia. He had been trying to sleep but couldn’t after Mia left without saying anything.

Mia placed the soup on the bedside table and set a food tray on the bed.

“Get up and sit straight,” she instructed. Alessandro slowly got up, his eyes never leaving Mia. Mia took the tray and placed it before Alessandro, then placed the soup bowl in it.

“Eat up,” she gestured.

“Feed me!” Alessandro demanded in return.

"What?" Mia gasped in surprise at his unexpected response.

“Feed me,” Alessandro repeated. “or I won’t eat it.”

Arrogant prick!

Mia cursed in her mind, but she took the soup spoon and began feeding the Italian don.

As Alessandro took the first spoonful of soup into his mouth, his senses came alive. It tasted exactly as he used to eat in his life. This was the taste he was missing, and he involuntarily moaned, closing his eyes and savoring the taste.

Mia blushed when he asked, “Who made it?”

“Umm... I tried to prepare it. I hope it didn’t disappoint you,” Mia murmured, biting her lip.

Suddenly, Alessandro grabbed her hands and brought them to his lips, kissing both her palms and letting his lips linger on her soft skin longer than necessary.

“What... What are you doing, Mr. Valentino?” Mia protested, feeling tingles erupt where his lips touched and spreading all over her hands, her arms, and creeping through her body. She resisted the urge to squirm so badly.

“Your hands are so precious, Miss Peterson. They have the magic to make me want to eat again. Otherwise, I would have lost my appetite years ago,” Alessandro confessed, looking into Mia’s eyes hopelessly.