

Chapter 28 Please Stay!

Alessandro finished the last spoonful of soup and then took his medicines.

“Mr. Valentino, you're set for the night. I need to leave now, but I’ve made extra soup for when you get hungry,” Mia said as she rose, placing the food tray on the coffee table.

“No, stay.” Alessandro demanded, his hand darting out to grasp Mia’s wrist.

Mia was taken aback, her eyes widening as she looked at the mafia king’s large hand clutching her thin wrist possessively.

“Mr. Valentino!” she swallowed hard under his intense gaze. “I have to get home. My children are waiting for me.”

Alessandro's expression softened slightly at the mention of her children.

“I’ll arrange for them to come here and live comfortably,” he offered without hesitation.

“No!” Mia gasped, her voice trembling.

She didn't want him to meet her children. Hell, she was more worried about her genius twins. They were smarter than anyone could imagine and would sense something was amiss immediately. Explaining everything to them would be impossible. She couldn't lie to her children, but the truth would be too painful for their young minds.

“They can't come here,” she blurted out impulsively.

“Why?!” Alessandro frowned, his grip tightening.

“Why would we live here with you, Mr. Valentino?” Mia shot back, twisting her wrist in a futile attempt to free herself from the Italian don’s iron grip.

“I would love for you all to live here. The apartment is very spacious,” Alessandro reasoned calmly.

“No, thanks. We have our own big house and are happy where we are. So if you’ll let me go, I’ll take my leave,” Mia glared at him, annoyance flashing in her eyes.

“Please, Miss Peterson. I still don’t feel well. What if you leave and something happens to me?” Alessandro's voice dripped with emotional blackmail, making Mia roll her eyes.

“After all, I got hurt because of you,” he added with a pout.

Mia's head spun—did she really see the big bad mafia king pouting at her? It felt like witnessing the eighth wonder of the world, a breaking news story in itself. The deadly, ruthless Alessandro Valentino could be so cute—who would have thought? Hell, no one would believe her if she told them.

“You’re overreacting, Mr. Valentino. The doctors are here, your whole staff is here. It doesn’t matter if I’m not here,” Mia retorted in frustration.

“Stay!” Alessandro demanded, ignoring her reasoning.

His intense blue eyes seemed unable to look away from her for even a minute. He wanted nothing more than to gaze at her the entire night without even blinking.

Mia stared at him, irritation flashing in her eyes, while Alessandro’s gaze softened. They locked eyes for what felt like an eternity, until Mia realized he wasn’t going to let her go.

Sighing, she sat on the edge of the bed, thinking she would leave once he fell asleep. Alessandro kept a firm grip on her hand, as if fearing she would disappear if he let go. After a few minutes, Alessandro’s eyes closed, and he tried to sleep. When he opened them a moment later, he heard soft snoring. To his surprise, Mia had fallen asleep, her head resting against the bed's backrest.

He was amused by how peacefully and carelessly she slept. Clearly, she was exhausted after a long day. Carefully, he lifted himself up and gently tucked his arm under her knees, pulling her onto the bed and tucking her under the covers.

Mia snuggled closer into his warmth as if it was the most natural thing for her. Alessandro's heart fluttered with excitement and joy he hadn't felt in years. He let her rest on his shoulder, the one that was actually hurt, forgetting about his pain as this beautiful woman sought comfort in his embrace.

Carefully, he reached for his phone on the bedside table and composed a text for Matteo. He instructed him to go to Mia’s place and inform her family that she would be staying the night. He also reminded his best friend to tell the bodyguards to be extra vigilant. After the attack, he had assigned them to keep a close watch on Mia and her family, ensuring their safety at all times.

Matteo's reply came quickly, assuring the mafia king that he would personally convey the message and check on the children.

Matteo quickly left and bought some ice cream on the way for the children. Standing before Mia’s luxury apartment, he straightened his suit before ringing the bell. The guard had already informed Emily about Matteo’s arrival, and only after her approval could he come up to the door.

Emily opened the door, and Matteo was momentarily dazed by the beauty before him. When he heard about Mia’s assistant, he expected a plain, boring woman who also looked after the interior designer’s children in her spare time. Instead, he was surprised to find that Emily Yang was a very attractive and sexy woman. Matteo felt a stir in his pants and cursed under his breath. He was not here to get laid but to convey the mafia king’s message. However, the way his mouth went dry as Emily looked at him with her chocolate-brown eyes made him feel a sudden, urgent need he wasn’t expecting.

“Good evening, Miss Yang. I’m Matteo Vinci, Mr. Valentino's lawyer,” he introduced himself, trying to maintain his composure.

“Good evening, Mr. Vinci. Tell me, what do you need?” Emily responded with a furrow. She was confused as to why this handsome lawyer was here at this hour of the night.

“You!” Matteo blurted out, taking Emily off guard.