

Chapter 5 His Girlfriend

"In your words, wife," he ordered, a cold smirk playing on his lips, his tone dripping with menace.

"N..no!" Aria managed to stammer out the words, her voice trembling with fear.

"That's right, and that's the only answer I expect from you," Alessandro drawled, his gaze piercing.

Then, Maria, with a look of disdain flickering across her face, muttered, "Then whose child is this?" She quickly masked her expression with false concern. "I... I didn't mean to say that."

But those words were enough to ignite a storm of anger, jealousy, and hatred in Alessandro's mind. Swiftly, he grabbed his wife's face between his fingers and thumb, exerting so much pressure that Aria feared her face might crack in two. His eyes bore into hers, a silent warning hanging in the air.

"If I find out you're carrying another man's child," he whispered dangerously, his voice a venomous hiss, "I won't hesitate to kill you and that bastard baby."

Aria's heart plummeted into the pit of her stomach. No matter what she said, she knew her husband wouldn't believe her. So, she remained silent, the weight of her secret pressing down on her. Alessandro grew weary of staring at her terrified face and glistening eyes. With a slight push, he turned away, grabbing his suit jacket and briefcase. He left for work without stopping at the breakfast table.

As the door clicked shut behind him, Aria's shoulders sagged in relief, but only momentarily. The looming dread returned as she realized she could only exhale freely until Alessandro discovered her pregnancy. She prayed for a miracle or a helping hand to make him see the truth, to realize that the life growing inside her was his own flesh and blood.

In the dimming evening light, Aria wearily completed her household chores, her mind already drifting towards the impending task of preparing dinner. As she bustled about the kitchen, her movements slow with fatigue, Maria sauntered over, a sneer playing on her lips as she observed Aria's tired form, knowing full well the secret that lay hidden beneath her weary facade.

Aria's pregnancy, concealed with careful lies, had not escaped Maria's notice. She had stumbled upon the telltale pregnancy test stick in the refuse bin, a revelation that had ignited a simmering fury within her. Yet, outwardly, Maria maintained a facade of composure.

"Aria, dear," Maria began, her voice laced with false sympathy, "We're all heading out to the party soon. I hate to leave you alone like this, but you know how moody Alessandro can be. He'll be terribly upset if we don't obey his command to attend." Maria's words were laced with pity, though her true emotions lay elsewhere.

"And you won't believe the reason for this party," Maria continued, her voice laced with bitterness. "It's all for Vanessa, Alessandro's precious girlfriend, returning after three years . She's been away, pursuing her dreams of acting and modeling."

Aria's throat tightened at the mention of Alessandro's beloved.

"Take care," Maria said, squeezing Aria's hand in empathy before departing.

Left alone in the vast mansion, Aria's appetite waned at the thought of Alessandro celebrating his girlfriend's return. She set aside dinner for the servants before retreating to her room, seeking solace in early rest. As she settled, her phone chimed with a notification. Opening it, she was greeted by a viral news article featuring a picture of Alessandro and Vanessa locked in a passionate kiss. They appeared so happy, so perfect together, and Aria's heart shattered into countless pieces. Tears welled in her eyes as her hands circled around her stomach instinctively, thinking about her unborn baby. It became painfully clear that Alessandro's acceptance of her baby was uncertain. With Vanessa's return, Aria's last hope for a happy married life with Alessandro evaporated. She resigned herself to the reality that she could never be the woman Alessandro would truly love.

Suddenly, the electricity went out, plunging the entire mansion into darkness. Aria quickly lit up her phone, its dim light casting eerie shadows around her. She walked down the hall and tried calling the servants and guards, but no one responded. Panic began to rise within her when she heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps—many footsteps—entering the house. Flashing her phone's light toward the noise, she caught sight of several masked figures in black clothing, armed with knives and guns, clearly up to no good.

Her heart pounded in her chest as she quickly turned off her phone's light and began to run, relying on her intimate knowledge of the mansion. Having lived and worked there for so long, she knew every corner by heart. She silently navigated through the dark, hiding behind the kitchen counter, and waited, her breath shallow and quiet.

The intruders scattered through the house, their voices echoing ominously.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are," one of them taunted, their tone chilling.

Suddenly, she heard one of them speak with urgency, "We have to find that bitch and kill her right now, or the Boss will kill us."

Boss!

The name clicked in her mind. There was no denying it; she knew who it had to be. Who else could be the boss but Alessandro Valentino? The realization hit her like a punch to the gut. Her own husband wanted her dead.

The weight of the betrayal was almost unbearable, but she knew she had to survive—for her baby.

With a renewed sense of determination, Aria decided to stay hidden inside a kitchen cabinet, holding her breath as she listened to the intruders search the mansion. They were rummaging through rooms, their voices growing more frustrated with each passing moment. She waited, heart pounding, until she sensed they had moved further away.

Seizing the opportunity, Aria quietly opened the cabinet door and slipped out of the kitchen. She moved stealthily through the darkened halls, her knowledge of the mansion guiding her steps. When she reached the front door, she peeked outside, ensuring the coast was clear.

As she stepped out of the house, a chilling realization struck her, confirming her doubts: Alessandro had orchestrated this so well. He had instructed the servants and guards to leave her alone in the mansion, making it easy for his men to intrude into the mansion and kill her. Tears streamed down her face, but she wiped them away, focusing on her escape. For the first time in her life, it seemed that fate wanted her to live.

Determined and resolute, Aria left everything behind—the house, her husband, her old life. Aria sold her wedding ring, a symbol of her broken marriage, which was worth ten million dollars. With the money, she bought a plane ticket to New York, planning to start a new life where no one could find her or her baby.

"Don't worry, baby. Your dad doesn't want you and me, but I will always love you and protect you," Aria said, caressing her belly as she talked to the baby inside. Tears of betrayal and heartbreak rolled down her cheeks, but she quickly wiped them away with firm determination.

As she boarded the flight, she took a final look behind her.

"Goodbye, Alessandro Valentino," she whispered to herself. "Now you are free to live as you want."