

Chapter 7 Unexpected News

“What nonsense are you talking about, Alessandro?” Matteo scowled.

Only he could talk to the mafia king of West Italy like this and no one else.

He was Alessandro’s best friend and the only person Alessandro could share his secrets with. Matteo knew how Alessandro had treated his wife and had listened to every fight and conflict they had. Whenever Alessandro needed to vent his anger, he would tell Matteo that he felt his wife had cheated on him. But Matteo had never believed Alessandro’s accusations about Aria.

He had met Aria on one or two occasions, and she appeared to be anything but the cheater and unfaithful woman Alessandro described. However, Matteo also knew how much Alessandro hated women. So it was a futile attempt to make him understand that not all women were unfaithful. But Matteo didn't know Aria would lose this battle so soon and would decide to leave Alessandro.

"That's true, and I was right about her. She is a gold digger who wants nothing but all my money," Alessandro spat out with hatred and anger.

“Are you serious?” Matteo scowled at his friend. “Can't you see her belongings are still here? She hasn't taken anything.” Matteo pointed to the cupboard. “How can you accuse her of being something she's not?”

He opened the next drawer to reveal all the jewelry Alessandro had bought for his wife from all over the world. These alone were worth a billion, not to mention the cards with unlimited limits that Alessandro had given Aria.

“If she were a gold digger, she would have taken all those valuable assets with her while running away,” he continued.

“What else would be the cause?” Alessandro snapped.

“Come on, Alessandro! How can you be so blinded by your own hatred that you can't see what made her take this step?” Matteo threw his hands up in frustration and switched on the television.

The viral news of Vanessa kissing Alessandro was playing on the television, but they showed it as if Alessandro had kissed Vanessa.

“No woman can bear infidelity,” Matteo uttered with a frustrated huff.

“But...” Alessandro blinked in disbelief, looking at the television. “But... I never cheated on her.”

“That’s a fact only you and I know. But to her, all the news and pictures made her believe you were a Casanova who had a new woman every night. What did you expect from her? That she would bear all this humiliation and still be by your side, playing the happy wife without complaining?” Matteo shot back with disgust.

For the first time in his life, Matteo was against Alessandro. He had never left Alessandro’s side, even when Alessandro was wrong many times. He was his loyal friend. But for this woman, his heart wept, and he wanted to show his friend his fault.

“That's...” Alessandro swallowed as the reality dawned on him. “That's not true. She didn't care about anything. About me.”

“Come on, Alessandro, you still don't get it, do you?” Matteo sighed in resignation. “She ran away because she loved you, not your money. She couldn't bear to share you with other women. If she had only loved your money, she would have stayed and let you do what you wanted. But that woman, your wife, couldn't bear you being with other women. She cared for you. Hell, she loved you, dammit.”

The truth hit Alessandro like a striking realization, and he slumped on the bed, suddenly feeling so tired and disappointed in himself. Everything he did to Aria in those three years of their marriage began flashing before his eyes like a movie. He deeply regretted everything he had done to her, thinking she was a gold digger and didn’t love him. But right now, he wanted her to return so he could correct all his mistakes and give her the world she truly deserved—what Alessandro Valentino's wife deserved.

"What have I done?" Alessandro muttered unconsciously in a dull and sad voice, remorse dripping from each word.

Matteo looked at his friend's downcast face, realizing he was finally recognizing his mistakes. He walked over to Alessandro and placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"What's done is done. Now focus on finding her and bringing her back. I'm worried for her safety. You have so many enemies. God forbid if anyone finds out she is your wife..." Matteo trailed off, swallowing hard.

"No, nothing can happen to her," Alessandro abruptly stood to his feet, determination shining in his eyes. "That's why I never took her to parties or outdoor celebrations with me. To keep her away from the world's eyes and to keep her safe," he announced.

Matteo knew how much his friend loved his wife, but Alessandro had always been too arrogant and stubborn to admit it.

Suddenly, the news on the television changed to a report of a plane crash.

“Another plane crash happened. God knows what's going on,” Matteo murmured with sorrow.

Just then, Alessandro’s phone began ringing. It was one of his associates, part of the team he had sent to look for his wife.

“Boss, we found Mrs. Valentino. She boarded a flight to New York,” the associate reported, providing the flight number.

The earth beneath Alessandro's feet seemed to slip away as he stared blankly at the television screen. It was the same flight that had crashed, and the news confirmed that no one had survived.

"No! No!" he murmured unconsciously before shouting loudly, "NO! THAT'S NOT TRUE. SHE CAN'T DIE!"

He began running like a madman, and Matteo followed his friend, running to match his speed, shouting his name. But Alessandro did not stop. He only halted when he reached the airport. Tears were flowing down uncontrollably; he looked like a heartbroken man in love. His associates, Enzo, Maria, and everyone around were shocked to see him like this.

When his mother was killed, he didn't cry.

When his father was killed in a gang war, he didn't cry.

But when everyone thought he never loved his wife and that her death wouldn't affect him, the news of her death broke him like nothing else in this world ever had.

While, he did not know when Aria was waiting for her flight to New York at the airport in Turin, an elderly couple had approached her, and begged her to exchange tickets with them

The couple’s faces etched with desperation and urgency. They said they needed to see their newborn great-granddaughter in New York urgently, but their flight was routed via Paris instead of being direct. They had only one direct ticket available and were willing to pay any price for it.

Aria, with her kind heart, had agreed to exchange her direct ticket for theirs and requested the counter to change it to the name of the elderly couple.

However, Alessandro's people had discovered Aria's boarding information and failed to check the details after the plane took off.