

Chapter 20 First Time

Alessandro's face was gloomy and cold as he watched Mia drop Adam Whitmore at the airport. They hugged before Adam left, and Mia got into the car and headed to her office.

Dangerous emotions swirled in Alessandro's heart as he watched them together. He instructed his driver to follow her car. He watched her go to her office before heading to his own office to work. After a few hours and attending two meetings, he felt unwell and left for home, instructing his assistant to reschedule his meetings for tomorrow.

"I was expecting you home earlier, Alessandro," Matteo's sarcastic tone greeted him as Alessandro entered the apartment where he was staying in Paris while his mansion was being prepared. Alessandro scowled at him.

“What are you doing here, Matteo? Don’t you have work?” Alessandro grumbled.

Matteo remained silent for a long minute, glancing at his friend who looked weak and haggard from not eating properly for days. Alessandro had almost lost his appetite and sleep, the dark circles under his blue eyes proof of his struggles. He had lost a lot of weight and no longer cared about his appearance, his overgrown stubble and hair a testament to his neglect. Who would believe this was the dangerous and cruel mafia king feared by everyone? This time, he looked like a man in desperate need of help.

And Matteo was not going to leave him alone when he knew his friend needed him. He had seen Alessandro go through this stage six years ago, and it had taken a long time for him to recover from the shock. But this time was different, and Matteo couldn't let the mafia king torture himself like this again. He decided to stay, delegating all his important work to his assistant, just to be with his best friend.

“I was going to ask you the same question, Alessandro,” Matteo shot back. “I thought you had work here for only two days. Now it's been more than a week and you're still here.”

“My work requires me to stay longer,” Alessandro replied indifferently as he headed to his room, with Matteo following closely behind.

“Come on, Alessandro. Look at yourself. What happened to the ruthless mafia king? You look like shit,” Matteo said, wincing as Alessandro glared at him murderously through the mirror while taking off his tie.

“Look, I'm worried about you. You haven’t eaten anything in a week, and you haven’t even taken a bath,” Matteo sighed, holding up his hands in surrender before the mafia king could pull out his gun and shoot him dead. “How long are you going to keep going like this, huh?” he asked, his tone laced with frustration.

“I am fine, Matteo. Leave me alone. I don’t need anyone,” Alessandro growled as he went to his walk-in closet to change into comfortable sweatpants and a shirt.

When he came out, he went downstairs, leaving the food on the dining table untouched, without even glancing at it. He headed straight to the bar and poured himself a drink. Matteo helplessly watched his friend destroy his life as if punishing himself for something. His heart ached for the mafia king. Alessandro had done many bad things, but he had also suffered immensely, perhaps enough to be forgiven for his sins.

The thought made Matteo's stomach churn with fear. If Alessandro had truly lost the will to live, then no one could save him from himself.

With determination bubbling in his head, Matteo strode toward his friend with anger and snatched the glass of scotch from his hands. “I won’t let you do this to yourself, even if you kill me,” he announced firmly.

“What’s your fucking problem?” Alessandro snarled, making Matteo tremble slightly, but he held his ground.

“You. You are my problem, and I can’t see you like this,” Matteo told him, his eyes filled with concern and emotion.

Alessandro didn’t have anyone other than Matteo who truly cared about him. Everyone else was there for his wealth or out of fear.

“Then fucking go away,” Alessandro groaned as he poured himself another glass and gulped it down in one go.

Matteo knew his efforts were futile, but he couldn't accept defeat. However, making Alessandro do something was an impossible task. Feeling frustrated, Matteo slammed the glass on the bar counter and stormed out of the apartment.

Alessandro let out a heavy breath as he poured himself another drink, planning to drink until he passed out because he couldn't sleep without it. But even after consuming many drinks, which he lost count of, he couldn't forget about the reality and the pain and emptiness in his heart. He quickly grabbed his jacket, throwing it over his shoulder, and instructed his driver to bring the car around as he descended to the parking lot of his apartment building.

After a while, he found himself standing before Mia Peterson’s apartment building, staring hopelessly at her window. Her room was dark, and it seemed she would be asleep at this late hour of the night.

Suddenly, Mia’s room illuminated as if the heavens had heard Alessandro’s unspoken prayer.

Mia was overworked and was trying to sleep, but something was bothering her, making her heart restless. On impulse, she went to open her window to get some fresh air and stared at the dark sky, adorned with stars and the moon.

Alessandro watched only her as she sat on the window ledge, making invisible designs in the air and wiping them away with a huff. He unconsciously smiled at her cute actions. His dull eyes brightened, never leaving her for even a moment, as his lips curled up into a smile so alluring it was almost blinding. The bodyguards and driver were stunned, unable to believe their eyes as their formidable boss smiled. No one had ever seen him smile before.

Then, they looked at the woman whom Alessandro was watching with eyes full of love and longing. Curiosity grew about her because this woman couldn't be ordinary; she was someone very special, who had made an impossible act possible for the first time in history.