

Chapter 21 Special Guests

"Miss Peterson, I think you need to rest," Emily said as she entered Mia’s office.

All the staff of the M.P. Interiors had left, but Mia was still working.

"I can't, Emily. I need to finish the design of one of the bedrooms today so I can start work on the mansion tomorrow," Mia sighed as she resumed sketching the design on the laptop. She was so tired she had almost lost sleep over the two projects she was handling. Both clients demanded that she personally design their homes with Mia Peterson's signature style.

"Oh, come on, Mia," Emily huffed in irritation. Now that she was off duty, she could call her by name. "I can't let you drown in work. You haven't come this far through hard work just to tire yourself out day and night. Give yourself a break and forget about those clients," she grumbled.

Mia laughed amusingly.

"I wanted to refuse one of them or tell one to wait until I get time, but to my doom, both our clients are very powerful and dangerous personalities, and I can't refuse them," Mia sighed, shrugging helplessly.

"Yeah, yeah. One is the dangerous and ruthless businessman Alessandro Valentino, and the other is the Duke of Monaco," Emily rolled her eyes.

"But I must admit, your both clients are kind of hot," Emily smirked mischievously.

"Shut up, Emily," Mia shook her head. "We don't get involved with clients. It affects our work and reputation," she reasoned while working on designing the room.

"But it doesn't mean you have to work overtime and kill yourself with sleepless nights," Emily protested. "Now leave it and come with me," she tugged Mia's arm, forcing her to save her work files and get up.

"Where?" Mia gasped as Emily swiftly pulled her out of her office and towards the parking lot.

"We're going out clubbing for a girls' night out," she winked with a naughty smile, causing Mia to shake her head.

"But Gia and Maximo will be waiting for me," Mia protested.

"Oh, your kids are smarter than you, Mia Peterson. Actually, it was their idea to take you out for some relaxation and fun." Mia shook her head at Emily's remark. It wasn't new to hear about her kids planning something for her; they indeed loved her so much that they wanted their mom to be happy. "By the way, I've talked to their nanny, and she will stay overtime until we return home," Emily informed.

Emily was divorced by her cheating husband and lived with Mia and her family. When she was in need of money and a job, Mia supported her, and they had been together like soul sisters ever since.

“But how can I go clubbing in work clothing?” Mia tried to refuse again. She needed to finish work and get Alessandro Valentino out of her life forever and permanently.

“You are the Mia Peterson. You exude style effortlessly; you don't need fancy clothes to look hot and go anywhere,” Emily boasted, making Mia snort at her friend's overconfidence.

“Now, if you're convinced, can we proceed and have some fun tonight?” Emily pleaded, knowing how much of a workaholic her boss and friend was.

“Do I have a choice?” Mia batted her eyelashes dramatically.

“No!” Emily grinned as they both got into the car, and Emily drove them to the most happening club in Paris.

“Wow!” Emily breathed out, watching the crowd and the ambiance of the club. “Now we have to wait in line,” she groaned as they took their place in the long queue. It seemed never-ending as it was the weekend, and the entire city seemed to be heading to this club tonight.

“I was telling you to come quickly. Now see, we won't get to enter,” Emily whined, her face crestfallen.

"I'm sorry, Emily," Mia said, feeling bad for her. "Let's wait a little longer; maybe we'll get a chance to enter," she suggested.

Before Emily could reply, a deep voice startled them from behind.

“Any problem, ladies?!”

Mia and Emily turned abruptly to find the Duke of Monaco standing there, with his bodyguard following closely behind. This time, he wasn't in a formal business suit but wore a casual t-shirt, denim jeans, and an expensive black leather jacket.

“No problem, Lord Alexander,” Mia smiled. “We're just waiting our turn to enter the club.”

Lord Alexander gazed at Mia intently with his dark eyes filled with something Mia couldn't fathom.

“Miss Peterson, you don't have to wait to get entry into my club. Come with me,” he instructed, striding purposefully forward. The bouncers at the entrance swiftly lifted the barrier, allowing him to pass.

“Oh, God, he owns the most happening club in town,” Emily murmured, as Mia and Emily followed the Duke inside.

Mia subtly signaled to her friend to contain her excitement as both were stunned by Lord Alexander’s unexpected kindness and generosity.

"The drinks and food are on me," Lord Alexander said as he gestured for someone to come over. The manager rushed over, visibly trembling with nervousness and unable to meet Lord Alexander's gaze.

"Remember these two lovely faces and ensure they never wait," Lord Alexander instructed the manager firmly, who frantically nodded in response. "They are my special guests."

"I understand, Your Highness," the manager replied before turning to Mia and Emily. "What would you ladies like?"

Mia and Emily placed their orders, and the manager personally attended to their requests.

"Lord Alexander, you seem to have a myriad of hidden ventures," Mia teased, eliciting a hearty laugh from him.

"Please, call me Alexander, Miss Peterson," he insisted courteously.

Mia nodded, adding, "Only if you call me Mia."

"Mia!" Alexander repeated her name with some emotions in his voice.

However, Mia couldn't understand whether Lord Alexander was kind to everyone or if she was a special case. She had heard about him being very fearsome, to the extent that people didn't even dare to look at his face for fear of being executed. But the smile the Duke of Monaco was giving her seemed quite the opposite of his reputation.