

Chapter 22 Alessandro Again

Mia took a slow sip of her drink, savoring the taste. "I'm working on your apartment, and it will be finished soon," she told Lord Alexander, her eyes twinkling with confidence.

Lord Alexander swirled the ice in his scotch glass lazily, his gaze fixed on the amber liquid. "Take your time, Mia. I'm in no hurry," he replied, his voice calm and unhurried.

"My reputation is to deliver projects on time, Alexander," Mia said, smiling.

Lord Alexander chuckled, nodding. "You are very hardworking and talented, Mia, I must admit."

"That's why you want me to design your home, Alexander," Mia shrugged, feeling at ease.

Talking with the Duke felt as natural as chatting with family. She had known him for always, it seemed. Lord Alexander felt the same. It was this connection that made him different with her, softening his usual cold and serious demeanor. It made others wonder if this truly was the same ruthless Lord Alexander Montecarlo they knew.

Suddenly, Lord Alexander's phone began ringing, and he took a look at the caller ID.

"Excuse me, ladies," he said, getting up and finishing his drink in one large gulp. "I have to leave. But you enjoy the evening and feel free to call me if you need anything."

"Thank you, Lord Alexander," Emily said, bowing slightly and smiling as she curtsied.

"You're more than welcome, Miss Yang," Lord Alexander nodded. Turning to Mia, he added, "See you later..." He paused, his observing eyes fixed on Mia's face before he continued, "...Mia."

"Sure!" Mia replied, getting up to her feet and waiting for Lord Alexander to turn and leave.

As soon as the Duke was out of sight, Emily and Mia both slumped onto the sofa and let out a breath of relief.

"God, Lord Alexander has such an intimidating aura. I couldn't enjoy my drink the whole time he was here," Emily admitted with a loud exhale, finishing her drink and motioning to the waitress for another one.

"No!" Mia protested, narrowing her eyes. "He is not that intimidating. I found him very cool."

"Oh, oh! Ma'am! Do you like him?" Emily bumped Mia's shoulder with hers, a mischievous grin spreading across her face. "Should I tell Adam to be ready for more competition from the Duke of Monaco?"

"Shut up!" Mia shook her head, giggling. "I don't feel attracted to him romantically, but still, he seems nice... like family," she murmured unconsciously.

"Mia?!" Emily leaned closer, peering into Mia's eyes as if trying to read her thoughts.

"Yes, Emily?" Mia squinted, staring back at her.

"You're drunk!" Emily declared, cocking her head to the side, making Mia huff out a laugh.

"Then let's go home," Mia suggested, making Emily wince in protest.

"Not so soon. My boss is very cruel and doesn't let us rest, not even herself, so tonight is all I get until my boss demands me to work my ass off until I pass out," Emily ranted in one breath, making Mia snicker. Of course, she was Emily's boss.

Before Mia could respond, Emily grabbed her hand and dragged her to the dance floor. Both women danced their hearts out and enjoyed their evening. After a while, when both were drenched in sweat and tired, they decided to call it a night and return home.

"God, Emily, we are drunk and can't drive, and no cabs are available at this time," Mia groaned as yet another cab booking was canceled and no availability showed up on Uber.

"Why don't you call Lord Alexander? I'm sure he would be happy to help," Emily winked impishly.

"No, he is our prestigious client, and we already owe him favors. I can't bother him at this hour of the night," Mia shook her head as they started to march out onto the almost deserted road, in search of a taxi.

"I guess we have to walk home tonight then," Emily pouted sullenly. "Because my boss has high moral values."

"If we are lucky we will get a ride," Mia mumbled again checking the app on her phone in the hope of getting a taxi available.

But before they could find a taxi, four SUVs appeared out of nowhere and surrounded them, blocking their way. Sensing something was wrong, Mia grabbed Emily's hand and pulled her behind her.

Menacing men dressed all in black stepped out of the cars. It felt like déjà vu, a chilling reminder of six years ago when Alessandro had sent his goons to kill Aria.

"Get out of our way and let us go!" Mia shouted, trying to push past them. One of the goons shoved her back and barked, "Mia Peterson, you have to come with us."

"You dare give me orders, you asshole!" Mia yelled, hoping someone would hear and come to help.

"Shouting is useless; no one's coming to save you, Mia Peterson," one of the goons sneered.

"What do you want?" Mia demanded, glaring at them.

"Your death!" the goon laughed menacingly.

Mia swallowed hard as they brandished their guns. She was afraid that Emily would also get hurt in this. But the question gnawed at her insides: who the hell wanted her dead?

Was it Alessandro again? Of course, it was him. It had to be him. Who else could have such murderous assassins other than the mafia king himself?

Mia's heart filled with hatred and regret as she thought of the day she met her devil husband again.

"Wait! If you want, I can give you more money. Just leave us alone and tell me who sent you," Mia offered desperately.

The goons looked at each other before one of them stepped forward again.

"We never leave any task incomplete. Ready to die!" he said, pointing the gun at Mia's head.

Emily shook terribly with fear. "No, please, leave her. Please don't kill us," she cried, but it didn't faze the goons.

However, it only made them laugh shamelessly.

"Nice try, but that was really bad," one of them mocked.

Mia knew they were heartless killers and that nothing would work on them. She closed her eyes as her children's faces came into her mind. Her only worry at the moment was what would happen to them after her.

"Put your bloody gun down and take your fucking step back," came a deep, authoritative but icy voice, so dangerous that it was enough to make anyone shake with fear right at that moment.