

### Chapter 30 He Is Shameless

Alessandro yawned as he woke up, realizing someone was sleeping in his embrace. He opened his eyes and was mesmerized by the stunning woman sleeping like an adorable child clinging to him. He felt so fresh and rejuvenated, like never before in his life, as he had slept so well for the first time in years.

Slowly, Alessandro lifted his hand and rubbed the dried drool from the corner of Mia's mouth before tucking her hair behind her ears to get a clear view of her beautiful face. His heart wanted nothing more than to just stare at the woman sleeping peacefully on his wounded shoulder.

Then he realized his shoulder had started bleeding again, and his arm was numb from lack of motion. But still, he didn't want to move it from beneath Mia's head and disturb her serene slumber. He kept staring at her to his heart's content, never wanting this moment to end.

As if sensing someone's intense gaze on her, Mia opened her eyes, blinking in astonishment at the most handsome face watching her with longing and desire. She felt like she was still in a dream, in the bed and in the arms of her mafia husband. Before she could distinguish between dream and reality, Alessandro closed the gap and pressed his lips to her parted ones. Her eyes fluttered closed as she sighed, wrapping her arms around his neck.

The Italian don deepened the kiss. His lips moved with urgency and intense hunger. He nibbled and tugged at her lips, while his tongue slid into her sweet mouth, caressing her tongue and not leaving a single corner of Mia's sweet mouth untouched. Mia moaned in ecstasy, and Alessandro lost the last thread of his control. He switched their positions, making her lie beneath him while he hovered over her, his large body pressing down on her soft curves.

Alessandro bit roughly her lower lip, pulling it hard between his teeth, while his arms circled her waist so tightly, pulling her closer to his hard body. His other hand grabbed her nape possessively, not willing to let her move her head away. Mia felt like she would pass out from the extreme sensation her mafia husband was swirling inside her. Another reason was that she felt like she was out of oxygen as Alessandro kissed her so deeply and hard, not letting her gasp for a single breath.

Just as she was about to faint, Alessandro broke the kiss. His hooded eyes, full of lust, watched her with so much desire and hunger while his morning wood pressed hard between her legs. Mia opened her eyes and looked at the dreamy face above her, still feeling her head spinning from the enchanting touch and alluring smell of the man holding her in his arms.

Alessandro's head lowered again, and his eager lips touched Mia's in a fierce kiss. Mia's hands fell to Alessandro's hair, tugging his short, soft curls and massaging his scalp instinctively. Her lips moved on impulse, kissing him back and she felt like she was in heaven. Pure heaven.

Such a beautiful erotic dream it was! she thought, moaning into Alessandro's mouth.

She wanted to never wake up and end this dream. Suddenly, the sound of the door opening jolted her back to reality, and she realized it was not a dream—the mafia king was kissing her for real.

Her frantic eyes blinked at the mafia king as he growled, "Get out!" to whoever was at the door disturbing their intimate morning session.

The person didn't stay a moment longer, not wanting to risk his life, and left immediately, closing the door behind him.

Alessandro Valentino kissed her again!

Feeling very annoyed at the mafia king's audacity, she pushed him angrily, and Alessandro rolled to the left, giving her space to breathe.

"What..." she began to scold him, but he beat her to it.

"You kissed me, Miss Peterson, in my bed. You were sleeping in my arms the whole night, using my body to warm you. You have to take responsibility for this," the Italian don accused shamelessly, making Mia gape at him, dumbfounded.

"But... but..." she tried to fight off.

But again, the mafia king took her off guard. "That's exploitation of a patient who is hurt because of saving you, Miss Peterson. Have some conscience and finish what you started," he said, his expression stern and serious as he took her hand and placed it over his hard bulge.

Mia turned crimson red instantly and tried to pull her hand away, but Alessandro didn't let her.

"Mr. Valentino!" Mia gritted her teeth furiously. "Let me go or I will scream," she threatened.

Alessandro let out a heavy breath before leaving her hand. "That's really unfair, Miss Peterson. My staff had also seen you kissing me. What about my reputation?"

Mia's head was spinning as she sat on the bed clutching her head. This man was really a good businessman, turning every situation in his favor.

"What do you want, Mr. Valentino?" Mia snapped, glaring at him.

But then her eyes fell on the crimson color leaking from the bandage on Alessandro's shoulder and drenching the bed sheet.

"Oh my God!" She gasped, grabbing Alessandro's arm and observing his shoulder. Alessandro winced, feeling the pain shooting from the wound in his shoulder through his hand.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Valentino," Mia murmured, feeling very guilty for not paying attention to his shoulder.

He might have gotten hurt while they slept in the same bed. Then she remembered she was on his shoulder when she woke up. Shit, it was all her fault then.

"I am... Let me call the doctors quickly," she blurted out, panicking. She was about to get up and run for the door, but Alessandro grabbed her wrist, pulling her back. She looked at him in confusion.

"So, how are you going to compensate for it, Miss Peterson?" Alessandro demanded, making her frown with irritation.