

Chapter 6 Gold Digger

Enzo was enjoying the party, holding an expensive scotch in his hand, watching the drama unfold before him while Maria stood beside him.

As Vanessa kissed Alessandro, all the paparazzi began clicking pictures, and quickly this went viral on social media and television. However, no one bothered to capture what happened afterward. Alessandro instantly stepped back, gently pushing Vanessa away from him.

He warned her in a low and dangerous voice, "Don't do that again. I am a married man."

Vanessa murmured an apology in a remorseful voice, but no one heard it. Alessandro also did not bother to correct anyone. He did not care about his Casanova image as it served well for his plan to save his wife.

He used to bring another woman with him to every party rather than his own wife, so everyone would say that he didn't care about her. No one would target his wife to indirectly harm Alessandro Valentino, as he had many rivals looking for an opportunity to take him down. Everyone knew she meant nothing to him and he didn't love her.

But even Alessandro didn't himself realize how much he cared about his arranged bride. The mere thought of someone hurting her was unbearable and made him want to burn the whole world. But he didn't want to feel anything—hell, he despised any emotions his arranged bride stirring in his cold heart. Yet, somehow, his gold-digger, unfaithful wife had managed to break through the rock wall around his heart with her seemingly innocent face and spell-casting hazel eyes. Whenever this unexpected thought filled him with a fear that chilled him to the bone, he masked his feelings with cruelty toward her, breaking her heart in the most ruthless way.

Suddenly, Enzo's phone began to ring, and he excused himself, moving to a far secluded corner to answer the call.

"Is the work done?" he asked the person calling him.

It was Enzo who had sent goons to kill Aria on her mother’s instructions. They knew the house would be empty; her mother had sent all the servants out for the whole day and given the guards the day off. Aria was always regarded as lower than the servants, so no one bothered to care that she was alone in the mansion. Their plan to kill her without arousing suspicion seemed foolproof.

"Boss, we went to kill that bitch, but she escaped, taking advantage of the darkness. We are still searching for her and will find her soon," the goon informed him in a terrified and disappointed voice.

“Fuck... you morons are fucking useless!” Enzo’s anger flared as he shouted into the phone, but then he realized he was still at the party and lowered his voice. “Do you know that there is no chance for you to fail in this job, or the mafia king will kill you for this grave mistake?”

"We'll make sure she won't return home. We'll kill her and bury her in a shit hole," his henchmen assured him.

"Good. Now quickly leave the mansion and clear every piece of evidence of you being there. Make sure no one knows what happened at the mansion," Enzo instructed before hanging up the phone. Taking a frustrated breath, he strode toward his mother.

Enzo cautiously whispered everything into his mother's ear. Maria’s expression changed as Enzo proceeded, telling her all the details. By the time Enzo finished, Maria gritted her teeth with frustration. Now she needed to concoct another story.

"Alessandro, I need to have a word with you," Maria said, approaching Alessandro who was engaged in conversation with some business delegates. Ignoring his frown, she desperately dragged him to a corner, wanting him to believe she was truly panicking with worry.

"What's wrong?" Alessandro growled, glaring down at his stepmother.

"I just got a call from a maid from the house that Aria hasn't returned home. She went for groceries hours ago. I'm worried; she's never been out this long," Maria fabricated the false story.

But she didn't know that Alessandro's heart stopped with panic the moment he heard her false story. What could have happened to his wife? Did she again flirt with another man and sneak away for some clandestine rendezvous? Jealousy and fury boiled within him, his fists clenching tightly at his sides. Without informing anyone, he stormed out of the party. His associates followed closely behind, hot on his heels.

Alessandro was impatient, counting every minute until he reached home. He called Aria's number non-stop, but she wasn't replying to voicemails or picking up the calls. When he arrived home, he found Aria's phone on the kitchen counter, but she was nowhere to be seen. Questioning the servants about his wife's whereabouts, they informed him she hadn't been home all day and hadn't returned even though it was late at night. It was a fabricated answer Maria instructed the servant to tell Alessandro.

Gritting his teeth with frustration, Alessandro quickly darted toward his bedroom. Opening the cupboards, he found her belongings untouched, exactly as they were placed inside. Just then, Alessandro’s best friend, Matteo Vinci, entered the room. Matteo was not only his best friend but also his personal lawyer, handling all his business affairs worldwide.

"What's wrong, Alessandro?” Matteo asked with worry, noting the distress in his friend's demeanor, something he had never seen before, not even in life-and-death situations. Alessandro always remained cold and calm, indifferent to every trouble standing in front of him.

"Aria is missing," Alessandro replied briefly, running a tired hand over his gloomy face.

"She should have gone shopping and will come back soon. You know how women are when it comes to shopping,” Matteo comforted his anxious friend with a calm shrug. But Alessandro didn't seem convinced.

"I don't know...” Alessandro raked a frustrated hand through his dark hair. “Her belongings are here. Her credit card and bank card are also lying in the drawer. I think she..." Alessandro swallowed hard as his heart pained. “She ran away,” his voice trembled as he admitted his worst fear.