

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 1 My Mafia Husband

The clock showed it was past midnight, and Aria was fast asleep, completely oblivious to everything around her. Exhausted from a busy day, all she longed for was a peaceful rest.

Suddenly, she felt a heavy weight on her, crushing her petite form and pushing her deeper into the mattress. Panicking, she opened her eyes, looking desperately through the darkness of the room, and found those intense bright blue eyes staring back at her with unknown emotions.

She didn't need to switch on the light to know that the person touching her was her husband. She knew him very well—his touch, his smell, his eyes, and his breath.

"Why are you wearing panties? Did you forget that I told you you shouldn't wear panties and to always be ready for me in our bed?" he growled in her ear dangerously, making Aria shiver with fear.

Aria didn't want to enrage her husband, but she forgot all about it when she lay on the bed and fell asleep instantly. She hadn't been feeling well lately, and today she was so tired and sick that she couldn't think about anything except resting. However, this excuse was not going to work on her husband, Alessandro Valentino, the Mafia lord of Western Italy. Although he was a very rich and handsome man, he was even more dangerous whom no one wanted to upset because the only response that person got in return was a bullet to the head. Aria was also very afraid of her husband. Their marriage was not a normal one but a traditional, arranged union.

Alessandro had married Aria because his grandfather insisted on it. Aria was an orphan who had saved Alessandro's grandfather's life, and the grandfather believed Aria was the perfect bride for his grandson. When Alessandro refused, his grandfather threatened to disown him and strip him of his inheritance, including the Mafia empire and Valentino Enterprises, if he did not marry the girl of his grandfather's choice. His grandfather was a formidable figure in the Mafia world, and no one dared to defy him.

Alessandro's grandfather had chosen Aria as his granddaughter-in-law because of her simplicity and kind nature. However, Alessandro cared little for her and deemed her a gold digger. He never missed an opportunity to remind her of his disdain.

Alessandro's burning eyes bore into her. He was naked and warm, lying above her, and her body reacted involuntarily to his touch. She was startled and shrieked when her husband tore her panties swiftly and entered her without warning, causing Aria to cry out in pain. She had not been prepared, and the last thing on her mind was engaging in sex tonight.

"Fuck, you're so dry," Alessandro grunted with disgust. "And how many times have I told you to take a bath and change your clothes before going to sleep? You smell so bad, all sweat and spices as if you have been surrounded by them the whole day," he said with a scowl.

This was nothing new to her; in the three years of her marriage, she had accepted long ago that he didn't love her. But the constant insults were slowly killing her, bit by bit. Despite it all, she still clung to hope in her heart that one day he would fall in love with her. One day.

Aria averted her eyes and pursed her lips, unable to handle any more humiliation from his piercing gaze and cutting words. But in the next moment, he dipped his head into her neck, inhaling deeply as if relishing her scent, in contrast to his degrading words.

Her breath hitched as she felt his fingers brush against her clit, moving in slow, deliberate circles. His wet and warm tongue traced along the silky skin of her throat, and she bit her lip to stifle any moans that threatened to escape. But the sensation was too intense, causing her to inadvertently utter a name.

"Ah, Alessandro!"

Suddenly, he stopped, lifting his head and fixing her with an intimidating glare.

"What did you just say?" he whispered, his voice slow and dangerously quiet, causing Aria to swallow hard.

"I... I'm sorry, Mr. Valentino," she stammered, the words tumbling out of her trembling lips.

She was not allowed to call him by his first name. Alessandro had forbidden her from doing so, stating that only his family and friends could address him by his first name. She couldn't.

"That's right. I'm only Mr. Valentino to you," he asserted coldly, his tone cutting like ice.

"Fuck, you taste so bad," he taunted, licking his finger drenched with her wetness, his gaze was icy as he looked at her. But his words didn't match his actions as he licked his finger clean as if it tasted so good.

Aria's heart sank as she felt the weight of his humiliation, her eyes glistening with the sting of his insults. He thought he could arouse her by making her feel undesirable, but all it did was fuel her anger.

She wanted to push him away, to scream at him and demand why he couldn't leave her alone and go and fuck those women he used to have in his arms during those high society parties. But she knew better than to challenge the devil himself.

She stared back into his eyes, expecting to see a grimace or hatred, but to her surprise, they remained unreadable, glaring at her without blinking, as if she were the most beautiful thing in the world.

His fingers resumed flicking her clit, and he thrust his hips fiercely, entering her once more, her slickness enveloping him easily. His lips found hers, kissing her with such hunger as if they had been apart for years. Yet, the reality was far from that; he had sex with her every night, regardless of her exhaustion or the disgust he always felt toward her.

Aria couldn't fathom why he harbored such animosity toward her, yet couldn't go a night without her. If she didn't know him so well, she might have mistaken his actions for those of a man in love. But he was Alessandro Valentino, the most ruthless and cruel man in the world. He lacked the capacity to feel anything; his heart was as cold as ice.

Alessandro was never gentle, always a rough and merciless lover between the sheets. Aria was accustomed to his roughness and aggression in bed, but today she feared getting hurt as Alessandro increased his pace.

"Wait, Mr. Valentino!" she blurted out, her voice tinged with panic.

"Why? What's wrong?" he asked, his tone laced with irritation.

"Please, be gentle tonight," she whispered, her voice pleading.

"What's so special tonight?" Alessandro chuckled dryly.

"I... I'm not feeling well," Aria murmured, lowering her eyes. But Alessandro grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him.

Aria thought she saw concern in his cold blue eyes, but the next moment, it vanished, leaving her to believe it was just her imagination.

"What is this? A new trick of yours?" He narrowed his eyes on her.

Aria remained silent, refusing to respond. Growing impatient and determined to elicit a reaction from her, Alessandro threw her legs over his shoulder, entering deep and slowly rocked his hips, causing her to gasp.

"I enjoy seeing you in pain beneath me," he admitted with a wicked smile, and that was precisely what Aria feared.

But it seemed he was not in the mood to listen to her. So she lay there like a lifeless body, letting him have his way with her. Surprisingly, Alessandro was gentle tonight, trying everything to make her climax, despite Aria's refusal to respond. Yet her traitorous body succumbed to her husband's seduction, and she hated it. After nearly ravishing her for two hours and cumming inside her three times, Alessandro collapsed on top of her, exhausted and sleepy.

She gently touched his shoulder and rolled him to his side on the bed as he was too heavy for her to handle.

But another worry weighed heavily on her mind. For days, she had been feeling sick and nauseous, her body betraying her in ways she couldn't ignore. And when she missed her periods, she knew she had to face the truth.

She had taken a test this morning, the little white stick confirming her fears: she was pregnant.

A mixture of emotions flooded her—joy, fear, uncertainty. But foremost was the daunting task of telling Alessandro. He had made it abundantly clear from the very beginning that he didn't want a child with her, and the thought of his reaction sent shivers down her spine. She couldn't recall when she forgot to take her pill and this miracle had happened.

But deep down, beneath the fear and uncertainty, a glimmer of hope flickered—the hope that maybe, just maybe, Alessandro would surprise her with understanding and acceptance and this could be a new beginning for them as well, with a new life coming to their family.