

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband (Aria and Alessandro)

Husband Novel 101

Chapter 101 Secret Admirer

"Louis Moreau needs to pay for what he did to you," Mi gri

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her teeth, her eyes fixed on a distant point. as she tried to contain her anger. Then she shifted her gaze towards Adam and said, "We need to file a complaint against Louis Moreau."

"Yes, and I will do it first thing in the morning." Adam declared with determination, his voice firm despite his weakened state. Mia nodded, understanding that Adam needed rest to recover from his injuries. "Alright, I'm staying here with you tonight," Mia offered, her tone gentle yet resolute.

"No need, Mia. Gia and Maximo will be alone and needing you," Adam said with a weak smile. He had always cared for the twins from the beginning. Even though heknew Mia wasn't going to marry him, he still couldn't force himself to let go of the love and care he had developed for them over the years.

"Emily is with them, so don't worry." Mia reassured him. "I'm staying, and that's final, she insisted, her voice leaving no room for argument.

Adam chuckled softly at her determination, feeling a warmth in his heart "Okay, ma'am," he said. touching his forehead in a playful salute.

Mia returned his smile and reached to smooth his cover. "Now sleep for a while. We'll talk later," she ordered gently, and Adam relented without arguing, his exhaustion taking over.

As Adam closed his eyes, Mia took out her phone and called Emily. In her hurry and panic, she had forgotten to inform her about Adam. Emily answered quickly, her voice filled with concern.

"Emily, it's me. I wanted to let you know that Adam has been found," Mia said in a hushed voice, not wanting to disturb Adam's sleep.

"Oh, thank God," Emily breathed, relief evident in her tone. "Is he alright?"

"He's safe now, but he's injured. He needs some rest, Mia explained, glancing at Adam who was trying to sleep.

"Oh, Mia. Thank you for letting me know. I was so worried, Emily breathed out as the tension in her voice eased.

Mia nodded, even though Emily couldn't see her.

"Emily, I'll be staying with him tonight. but I'll check in on Gia and Maximo first thing in the morning. Are they okay?" She bit her lip, waiting for her best friend's reply.

"They're fine. We're reading a bedtime story right now. Don't worry about them, Mia. Just take care of Adam, Emily reassured her.

"Thank you, Emily," Mia said, feeling a weight lift off her shoulders.

"Of course. Take care," Emily responded before hanging up.

Mia put her phone away and looked at Adam, who was already drifting into sleep. She settled into the chair beside his bed. After a while, scrolling through her phone to check messages and emails, and then reading some news, she didn't realize when she fell asleep. In her sleep, she felt someone gently lift her and carry her to a soft bed, covering her with a blanket. She thought she was dreaming.

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Chapter 103 Secret Aamper Emished

When she woke up, she found herself lying on a bed placed in a corner of Adam's hospital room. She yawned, stretching her hands above her head, and then heard some noise. Concern for Adam's health surged in her mind, and she hurried toward him, finding nurses and the doctor checking his vitals.

"How are you feeling now?" Mia asked Adam, her forehead creased with deep concern.

"I'm feeling better," Adam replied, offering her a reassuring smile.

"Good morning, Miss Peterson," the doctor greeted her warmly.

"Oh, sorry, good morning, Doctor," Mia mumbled, embarrassed by her earlier lapse in manners. "How is Adam now?" she asked eagerly.

"Mr. Whitmore is doing well," the doctor said with a nod. "He can go home tomorrow, but I want him to be under observation for today."

Mia felt a wave of relief wash over her. "That's great news. Thank you, Doctor."

"But I want to stay here longer," Adam insisted, pouting slightly.

"What? Why? You can rest at home and hire a nurse to look after you," Mia frowned at his unusual request.

"But then you won't be there for me. Here, I love your attention and care, Mia," Adam smirked, his voice deep with a teasing tone.

The doctor cleared his throat, and Mia and Adam both looked at his serious face. "Let me finish my job," the doctor demanded with a stern expression.

Mia and Adam exchanged amused glances but didn't say anything and chose to stay silent.

The doctor finished his examination and gave Adam a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "Just take it easy today, Mr. Whitmore. Rest is the best medicine right now."

Adam nodded. "I will, thank you"

Mia sat back down in the chair beside Adam's bed, her heart feeling lighter. She watched as the nurses finished their routine checks and left the room, leaving her alone with Adam once more.

"You know you're impossible sometimes," Mia said, shaking her head with a smile.

Adam chuckled softly. "Maybe, but I meant what I said. Your presence here makes a difference."

Mia laughed, shaking her head at Adam's usual teasing

""He wouldn't change, she thought.

Then she remembered something-the dream from last night. She looked at Adam seriously. He couldn't have carried her in his condition, but she decided to ask him anyway. "Adam, did you carry me to the bed while I was sleeping?" she asked, curiosity furrowing her brow

"No, babe. I mean, I would love to," Mia rolled her eyes at his flirtatious remark. "But with my shoulder hurt and my arm bleeding, I couldn't do it," he said, his expression regretful.

"Then how did I end up in bed? I remember the last time-I was in the chair beside your bed when I fell

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Chapter 101 Secret Admirer

asleep," she mumbled, confusion evident in her voice.

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Adam shrugged, looking clueless. However, his smile hinted otherwise, a hint Mia couldn't quite read. He did know who had carried her to the bed last night, someone who couldn't stand to see her sleeping uncomfortably in the chair. He had seen the person sneak in silently and leave without making a sound.

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Husband Novel 102

Chapter 102 The Italian Don

Adam and Mia were engaged in conversation when a s moments later. Adam winced in pain.

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Knock sounded at the door, and Emily entered

"Adam!" Emily gasped, her concerned eyes falling on han as she rushed to his side. She hugged him out of nerves, causing him to cry out, "Ouch!"

"Oh. I'm sorry. Adam." Emily mumbled, her voice filled with regret.

Adam chuckled. "No worries. I'm fine. It's just that some of the wounds are deep and painful when touched. Otherwise, I'm tough as a rock," he boasted, making both Mia and Emily smile. "How are Gia and Maximo?" Mia asked.

"They're good. I sent them to school before coming here," Emily replied. "I brought some clothes and food for you, Mia. If you want to stay here for the day. I can manage things at the office. Mia smiled with gratitude. "Thank you, Emily. However, I have to still

stay with Adam as we need to file a complaint against Louise Moreau," she mumbled, her voice tinged with determination. "Louise Moreau?!" Emily asked, confusion and shock evident in her expression.

"Yes, he's the one behind Adam's kidnapping." Mia informed her.

Emily gasped. "He's a big shot with connections to even the governor. Filing a complaint against him will be very difficult. However, since it's about Adam Whitmore, the police might take an interest in the case. Still, catching Louise Moreau seems almost impossible. Emily said, shaking her head with disappointment.

"Don't worry, I won't sit back until justice is served. Louise will be behind bars," Mia declared with unwavering determination.

"I'm with you, Mia," Emily said with a supportive smile. "No matter what, we're in this together and will fight for justice." SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Adam smiled softly, touched by the strength and solidarity of the two women fighting for him. Though he had connections of his own and could potentially take action against Louise, he chose to remain silent and appreciate their support.

Suddenly, Emily's phone erupted with a barrage of notifications as more people began sharing breaking news on social media. Frustrated, she pulled her phone from the pocket of her formal pants, her work suit still crisp and professional despite the hospital setting. She had planned to head to the office after visiting Adam. She glanced at the screen, intending to silence it, but her eyes widened in horror as she caught a glimpse of the headlines. Quickly, she unlocked her phone and opened the news app. "Mia, you need to see this," Emily said, her voice trembling with both fear and urgency. "It's everywhere."

Mia, sensing the gravity of the situation, moved closer to Emily. "What is it?"

Emily's fingers shook as she scrolled through the headlines. "It's about Adam's kidnapping. The news is everywhere. It's gone viral on social media too. I can't believe it."

With a confused and curious frown, Adam grabbed the remote from the table beside his bed and turned

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Chapter 102 The Italian Don

everyone in the room. Finished

The anchor's voice echoed with a gravity that filled the room. "Yes, it's true. Louise Moreau has committed suicide after confessing to his crimes in a self-recorded video. We have that video for you, and it's shocking for all of us," the anchor said. The screen changed to show Louise Moreau, looking disheveled and resigned. He began speaking with a somber tone.

"I have kidnapped Adam Whitmore and attempted to kill him. Fearing exposure, I am choosing to end my life rather than face the prospect of spending the rest of my years in prison, enduring the embarrassment and shame. I also attempted to frame Mia Peterson on multiple occasions, trying to harm her both professionally and physically. To Mia Peterson and Adam Whitmore, I owe an apology. This is my atonement for all my sins."

The screen shifted back to the news anchor. "When we discovered this video, Louise Moreau was already deceased. Police have confirmed it was a suicide. Stay with us for more updates as this story develops," the anchor said before the screen faded to an advertisement.

Mia and Adam watched in stunned silence as the news unfolded. The gravity of Louise Moreau's confession and subsequent suicide hung heavy in the room, difficult to believe.

"How...?" Emily's voice faltered, her throat dry from the shock. "I mean, I can't believe he chose life."

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Adam shook his head slowly, his expression reflecting the disbelief Mia felt.

"Yeah, given his reputation and the number of scandals he was involved in, it seems so out of character. He was known for being shameless, almost invincible. This... this is unusual."

Mia, however, remained silent, her mind racing with unsettling realizations. The image of one person loomed in her thoughts, a figure known for his ruthlessness and absolute power: Alessandro Valentino, the Italian don.

Alessandro had a reputation for being merciless, never leaving an enemy alive. Yet, despite the fearsome tales about him, Mia found herself conflicted. Alessandro had taken action, making Louise pay for his crimes, something the legal system could not have achieved due to lack of evidence. In Alessandro's world, he was the ultimate authority, the court and the judge.

The thought should have terrified her, knowing that her devil mafia husband was a man of such power and brutality. Instead of feeling fear, Mia experienced a growing intrigue and an unexpected attraction toward Alessandro. Despite the dark, ruthless nature of his world, she found herself increasingly drawn to him.

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Husband Novel 103

Let Me Go, My Malia Husband

Chapter 103 Setting The Trap

Alessandro sat in his office, his fingers drumming lightly on

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polished mahogany desk. The soft glow of his laptop screen cast a harsh light on his stern features, highlighting the tension etched across his face. Matteo sat opposite him, his posture rigid and eyes lilled with concern. Lucas was seated beside Matteo, his body language mirroring the palpable stress that filled the room.

"Did

you find out who was behind planting the bomb in your car? Matteo's voice broke the silence, his

tone edged with urgency.

"The person who planted the bomb was caught, but he wasn't the main culprit, Alessandro replied, pinching the bridge of his nose in frustration.

"Then who is the main culprit?" Matteo pressed, leaning forward.

"That's still a mystery, Lucas interjected before Alessandro could respond. "But we have a clue that it's someone close to Boss,"

Matteo's eyebrows shot up at the revelation. "That's a very serious matter, bro and we can't take any chances. In this scenario, your life is in danger until the main culprit is caught."

Alessandro's expression remained stern and unreadable, his jaw clenched as he spoke. "Don't worry, nothing will happen to me. However, I'm not worried about myself, but the people close to me. They're in danger because of me, he gritted out coldly. Matteo understood whom he was talking about: Mia and the children.

"But whoever the culprit is, they can't remain in the shadows forever. I've set a trap, and we'll catch them very soon," Alessandro continued, his eyes gleaming with cunning conspiracy.

Whoever had planned this against him seemed to be overconfident or didn't know how merciless Alessandro Valentino could be. The person was only a breath away from death once Alessandro found him. The thought made Alessandro's handsome features even scarier at that moment, a sight that could make the culprit confess their crime out of sheer fear.

Suddenly, Alessandro's phone chimed, pulling him out of his dangerous planning. He glanced briefly at the phone, and his expression softened. The screen flashed a notification about a text from Mia. He sighed. as he opened the message.

Mia had been insisting that he come over to his mansion, where she was working on the interior design, as she needed some insight from him. But Alessandro kept making excuses about being busy and having extra workload, so she could carry on with the designing alone.

In reality, he didn't trust himself around her and was afraid he would let his guard down if she came in front of him. He preferred to keep his distance and be rude to her and the children so that they could forget him, considering him the heartless monster his reputation suggested.

His heart thumped a different rhythm as he read a text from his beloved wife

"Are you coming today, Mr. Valentino? I have been waiting for you for days to confirm the final design"

He could feel the frustration behind her words, but he intentionally had to make her more upset.

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Chapter 193 Getting The Trap

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his determination to protect her. With a deep breath, he typed a quick response, keeping his tone cold and

distant

I trust your choice. Carry on working and fish the house on as possible. You will be free after the work is done, handle it yourself I'm busy

He hit send and set the phone down, the fleeting softness in his eyes replaced by hardened resolve

He put the phone aside on the table and shifted his attention back to the intense conversation he had left in the middle.

"Boss, I've made the arrangements and spread the word as you instructed," Lucas said. Lucas was his most trusted man, having been with him since he joined the mafia after his father's sudden death in a gang war. "Good. Let's see if our bait lures the rat out," Alessandro murmured, his expression dark and focused.

Lucas left, and only Matteo and Alessandro remained in the office.

"Alright, I'll take my leave too, Matteo said as he got up, "I have to go and see my mother today," he murmured testily.

"What's wrong?" Alessandro frowned at Matteo's troubled expression.

"Ah, my family is the problem. My cousins are fighting to acquire the family business, and my mother wants me to get married so I can claim my right as the legal heir of the family business and wealth," Matteo sighed. "And what do you want?" Alessandro raised one of his thick brows as he observed his best friend's face.

Im not ready to get married. Hell, I never want to get married. I'm good on my own. Besides, I don't need my

ternal family's wealth and business. My law firm is very successful, one of the top firms. I earn more than the family business does, Matteo shrugged casually, making Alessandro chuckle. It felt like he was listening to his own life story.

To Alessandro, it seemed every wealthy family was always after more wealth and power. There was time he also craved power and wealth, but after losing Aria, he had

lost interest in anything material. He had learned that the only thing necessary to live was having someone who loved you unconditionally; everything else was immaterial.

Alessandro leaned back in his chair, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "Alright then, I won't stop you. By the way, all the best," he couldn't help but tease his lawyer friend.

"Huh! Thanks," Matteo replied with a wry smile as he headed towards the door, his steps echoing in the quiet office.

Alessandro continued to watch his friend until the door closed behind him, leaving him alone in his office. His gaze shifted back to his phone, noting the lack of a reply from Mia after his last text. There was no confirmation or refusal. The silence from her side stirred a conflict within him. He picked up the phone and checked the text again, sighing deeply as he pondered his next move.

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Husband Novel 104

Chapter 104 Heartbreaker

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Alessandro's conscience had scolded him countless times for being reckless in making decisions. But

ultimately, he found himself standing in front of his newly acquired mansion where Mia was working on the interiors. Though he had refused to come and had ordered her to make the final decisions on her own, he couldn't stop himself from going there when Mia's silence made him restless.

He entered the mansion and found it strangely silent, no one working there. Glancing around, he walked further inside, the emptiness echoing his every step. He searched every room but found no one. Finally, he opened the master bedroom designated for him and his wife. There, he found Mia engrossed in her work, a notebook in hand as she scribbled something on it.

When the door opened, Mia's gaze swiftly moved towards it. Her eyes sparkled with surprise at the sight of the man who had captured all her thoughts lately. Alessandro, you came?!" she mumbled, looking at him in a daze.

Alessandro was tempted by the beautiful woman before him. He hadn't realized how much he had missed her until he saw her again after almost a week. His breath caught in his throat, momentarily forgetting to breathe. But the next moment, he straightened his composure, trying to mask the emotions swirling within him.

"Hmmm!" He cleared his throat. "Tell me why you wanted to see me," he asked briefly, his cold, husky making Mia's heart race with longing.

"Yeah, she nodded, unable to tear her eyes away from his gorgeous face.

God, was it even legal for a man to be so hot and still be such a heartbreaker?

She shook her head to clear her thoughts.

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"My work is almost finished, and I want you to inspect the mansion to see if there's anything else you want me to add," she said in a single breath, trying to mask her true desires behind a professional excuse.

She desperately wanted to see him, but her cold, distant mafia husband avoided her, always making excuses. So she created this pretense, hoping that work might draw him in, giving her a chance to talk to him.

Alessandro scowled and flipped his wrist, glancing at his expensive, limited-edition watch with a cold attitude.

Alessandro scowled and flipped his wrist, glancing at his expensive, limited-edition watch with an icy attitude. with trivial

"Miss Peterson, my time is very valuable. I've told you before, and I'll repeat it: don't bother me matters unless they're urgent. Talk to my assistant about this," he said in a curt tone, his cold gaze fixed on her. He noticed Mia's innocent hazel eyes starting to glisten with hurt.

He had intentionally said those words to hurt her so much that she wouldn't call him after that, but seeing her eyes well up with tears made him want to take them back and fall to his knees, begging for her forgiveness.

He could bear a bullet in his chest, but not the tears in this woman's eyes, whom he loved more than his life. Before his resolve weakened, he turned on his heel and started out of the room, rushing his steps. He was determined to leave the mansion as soon as possible. It was very dangerous for his self-control to be alone with this beautiful remutation in this his house when all he wanted was no fuck her in every corner

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Chapter 104 Heartbreaker.

of his mansion, marking the walls with her screams of ecstasy,

But as he reached the main door and grabbed the handle, it wouldn't budge. He tried with all his might, but it remained locked.

"What the fuck is going on?" he growled, turning abruptly with annoyance. To his surprise, he found Mia standing a few feet away, glaring at him with a mixture of frustration and fury.

Alessandro waited for Mia to respond, his face etched with a frightening frown. Mia, however, simply crossed her arms over her chest and met his glare with unwavering defiance.

"Are you going to tell me why the hell the door isn't opening?" Alessandro demanded, his low, threatening tone cutting through the silence. But Mia remained unfazed, which only amused him. It intrigued him that this fragile woman was not terrified of him. "The door won't open until I want it to," Mia replied calmly, though her anger was evident beneath her controlled tone. She held up her phone, and Alessandro quickly understood. Mia had changed the passcode and locked the door using an app. "I'm not in the mood for games, Mia!" Alessandro glared at her, frustration evident in his voice.

Mia rolled her eyes. "Neither am I, Alessandro."

"What do you want?" he asked, exasperated.

"I want you to talk to me," she replied, her voice tinged with a deep frown. "I want to know why you've suddenly started avoiding me."

"I'm not avoiding you," Alessandro lied, averting his gaze, looking away from her.

"Really?" Mia's voice trembled. Then why haven't you been responding to my texts and calls? And why... Her throat tightened with emotion, choking her words, "Why are you behaving so coldly with me?"

"That's just the way I am," Alessandro snapped, his tone stern. "I can't change myself for anyone."

It was a lie. He would have changed every single part of himself if it would have made Mia happy, but the circumstances were not in his favor.

Mia, however, wasn't about to back down. She narrowed her eyes and said firmly, "Then the door stays locked."

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Husband Novel 105

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 105 Seducing Him

Alessandro's expression darkened. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me." Mia replied, lifting her chin defiantly.

"I don't have time for this nonsense," Alessandro said curtly, his eyes narrowing.

"You don't have a choice," Mia shrugged, her eyes challenging him.

"Mia, if you play with fire, you'll get burned. You know that, right?" Alessandro's voice dropped to a dangerous growl as his brooding eyes fixed on her.

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The warning in his glare made Mia swallow nervously, but she stood her ground. Alessandro took a step toward her, his movements deliberate and intimidating, like a wolf approaching its prey. Mia's heart raced as his aura felt both overwhelming and perilous. Choosing to ignore the threat, Mia confronted him directly.

"So, why are you avoiding me?" She pressed on with her question.

"I'm not avoiding you," Alessandro snapped as his tone grew impatient.

"Then prove it," Mia whispered sensually, taking a step closer and closing the distance before Alessandro could react. She wrapped her arms around his neck, standing on her tiptoes, and pressed her lips to his.

Alessandro was taken aback for a split second, not expecting Mia to be so bold. But as soon as her soft, rose-petal lips touched his, his self-control shattered completely. Without a second thought, he grabbed her slim waist and lifted her off the ground, his grip fierce and possessive.

He slammed her against the nearest wall, pinning her with his solid, imposing body. His lips crashed onto hers, kissing her with an insatiable hunger. Every kiss was rough and demanding, driven by a raw, primal need. His body pressed hard against hers, leaving no space between them as he claimed her with an unrelenting intensity,

Mia's lips moved with the same fierce energy as Alessandro's rough touches, and he groaned into her mouth when her soft, wickedly sweet tongue invaded him. When did his sweet Mia turn into such a damn seductress? Her lips worked him over, sucking and biting his bottom lip with a fierce passion that made him want her to never stop. Her teeth dug in, pulling and biting his lips as if she couldn't get enough of

him.

Alessandro's free hand grabbed her soft thigh, his fingers digging into her smooth skin as he savored the feeling of her shivering under his touch. He slid his hand up her inner thigh, pushing her dress higher, and found her cunt drenched only by kissing him. He cupped her pussy roughly, making her breath catch and her eyes darken with more need.

He slammed his mouth onto hers, their kiss becoming a brutal, primal connection. The harsh, wet sounds of their kissing echoed in the room, every move driven by an unrestrained hunger that filled the space around them. He forced her legs apart and pressed his thick thigh between them. Holding her still off the floor, he made her grind against his thigh, and Mia cried against his lips, the pleasure building uncontrollably.

She wanted more. She wanted him. Her hands roamed over his covered torso, her fingers trembling with impatience as she unbuttoned his shirt and pushed his suit jacket off his broad shoulders.

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Chapter 105 Seducing Him

"God, honey, I missed you so much!" she murmured, her eyes hooded with lust locked on his.

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Alessandro felt intoxicated as if he had consumed ten bottles of whiskey. His mind was hazy, overwhelmed. by the longing for this woman.

"Show me how much you missed me," he growled, stepping back slightly.

His breathing quickened, eyes wide with lust as Mia smiled shyly, licking her lips before pulling her bottom lip between her teeth. She gripped the hem of her knee-length red dress and yanked it over her head.

Alessandro exhaled sharply, his eyes devouring the sight of her enticing body. Her full, round breasts were barely concealed by a red lace bra. Her swollen nipples pressing through the sheer fabric, while the tiny red thong did nothing to cover her plump ass. Fuck, his hands lched to spank her soft, rounded buttocks. His lips parted, and he didn't even notice he was drooling over his wife's provocative figure. As Mia took a step toward him, her eyes filled with longing. Alessandro shook his head slowly, taking a step back. "I want you naked!" he commanded authoritatively, his breathing heavy with desire.

Mia's cheeks flushed crimson as she complied. Her fingers moved to the clasp of her bra, and she began to undo it. The bra loosened, sliding down her slender, milky shoulders and arms before being removed completely. Her large, round breasts bounced free, spilling out of the discarded fabric. Alessandro inhaled sharply at the erotic sight, his fists clenched at his sides as he fought the urge to touch her. "Completely naked," he growled, his voice rough and throaty, sounding almost foreign to him.

Mia's hands wandered slowly over her hips, teasing him as her eyes held his dark and hungry gaze. Hooking a finger in the elastic of her thong, she slowly pulled the fabric down her legs, her movements deliberate and torturous. Alessandro's eyes were riveted to the sight, his breath caught in his throat as she dragged the scrap of cloth past her ankles and lifted it off, one leg at a time. Next, she let the thong fall near her feet and stood before him, completely bare and waiting.

Alessandro's mind was consumed by lust and an insatiable craving for this little vixen. Fuck the reasons. Fuck the consequences. All that mattered was her, only her.

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Husband Novel 106

Let Me Go, My Malia Husband Chapter 106 Blindfolded Finished

Taking a long, impatient step. Alessandro closed the distance and grabbed Mia's nape roughly. He bent her over his arm. His other hand possessively seizing her breasts. His

mouth descended hungrily, clamping over her aching swollen nipple. Mia cried out his name in ecstasy, "Oh God, Alessandro

Her hands, which had been clutching his shoulders for support, tangled in his dark, thick hair, pressing his head harder against her breast, seeking more sensation and relief from the aching heat in her core.

Mia's breathing hitched as she felt Alessandro's teeth graze her sensitive nub roughly before he bit down. making her scream. He instantly soothed her with his warm, thick tongue, giving her a moment of relief. All the functions of her brain ceased, overtaken completely by the sweet, pain-filled pleasure her devilish mafia husband elicited.

"Fuck, baby, you are so sexy. I can't control myself around you," he growled, frustration lacing his voice. He was furious with himself for being so weak, for succumbing to her seduction. "Now be ready to bear the consequences of awakening a demon," he warned before attacking her other nipple, assaulting it even more harshly.

Mia smiled, overjoyed by the power she wielded over this formidable mafia man. She made him so weak that he even forgot why he had been cold and avoiding her.

But her joy was only momentary because the next moment, Alessandro picked her up and threw her over his shoulder. Then he began striding towards the staircase. "Where are you going?" Mia gasped, her head hanging down, eyes at the level of his back, savoring the view of his tight ass.

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She got a rough response.

"You know your tongue can get you into trouble, piccola tentatrice?!" Alessandro grunted, spanking her bare ass hard while maintaining his pace toward the bedroom upstairs. "But... but what did I do?" Mia asked innocently, biting her lips.

SMAK!!!

Another slap landed on her ass, making her yelp before Alessandro growled huskily, "You should have thought before you called me here and provoked me. You need to remember not to play with fire."

As much as Mia wanted to tease him more with her provocative remarks, she didn't get a chance to retort.

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Alessandro's hand came down hard on her red butt, his fingerprints already visible on her skin. He didn't stop making her plum red until they reached the bedroom.

With a forceful push, he tossed her onto the bed. Mia's heart raced as she looked up at him, her body tingling with anticipation, and her ass burning with pain from his harsh, rough spans.

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Chapter 106 Blindfolded

with nervousness, watching him like a rabbit watches its predator.

"Come here," he commanded, and Mia obeyed, crawling towards him.

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Alessandro's hungry gaze roamed over her naked body as he grabbed her chin, lifting her face to make her eyes meet his.

"Good girl," he muttered, roughly sliding his tie off his neck. He gathered her hands in his, leaning over to take them behind her, tying them with his silk tie.

Mia was dumbfounded, panic flaring at the thought of Alessandro actually wanting to punish her.

"Alessandro, what's..." but she couldn't complete her sentence as he placed a finger on her lips.

"Shhh!!!" he whispered in her ear, "I warned you not to play with fire. Are you afraid now?" His tone was low and teasing. "Do you now regret calling me here?"

Mia's breathing became labored as she thought about the consequences. Could she really trust him with her heart and body, being completely at his mercy? The answer came from her heart: yes, she could.

"I am not afraid of you, Alessandro," she breathed out, seductively biting her lips and Alessandro cursed under his breath.

"Then tell me, cuore mio, what do you want?" he asked, his voice challenging, waiting for her yes before he began his punishment.

"I want you," she whispered, her voice filled with need.

"Good," he growled. "Now, you'll get what you asked for He took out a handkerchief from his breast pocket, folded it, and placed it over Mia's eyes, securing it carefully behind her head.

Mia's heartbeat increased with a mix of fear and excitement as he pushed her back onto the bed. She couldn't see him, but her hearing became more acute. Her body shivered as she felt him climbing onto the bed, his manly, spicy, and intoxicating scent overwhelming her, driving her desire wild. His warm breath erupted tingles on her hot skin as he ran his hands over her soft body, touching everywhere with feather- light strokes, not leaving a single inch untouched and awakening goosebumps in his wake.

She licked her lips, waiting for his next move. Then she felt his wet tongue licking up the length of her throat before nibbling her chin. Her lips parted as his tongue traced the curve of her mouth, teasing and tasting her soft pink lips before his mouth claimed hers in a frenzy of desire, Tongues intertwined, teeth clashed, and lips fused in a hot and passionate kiss.

His lips left hers only to travel down. Though she couldn't see or touch him, her every other sense was heightened and precise in this vulnerable condition. She cried and moaned as his wicked mouth and wet tongue kissed every inch of her curves. She felt him going lower before his rough hands parted her thighs. She screamed as his mouth began devouring her pussy so roughly her back arched off the mattress. Her legs flung wildly, but Alessandro grabbed and held her thighs under his muscular legs, his thick fingers parting her wet folds. She squealed with ecstasy as his thick, callused digit penetrated her slick hole. All this was ten times more overwhelming and arousing as her body became more sensitive with the restraints on her hands and eyes.

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Husband Novel 107

Chapter 107 Rough Punishment 61%-

Finished

"Fuck, baby, you're so wet!" Alessandro groaned, his voice rough with lust as he continued to fingerfuck her with relentless intensity.

Mia couldn't utter a coherent response; her whole body felt like it was on fire, every nerve ending ignited by Alessandro's skilled touch. As his hot mouth joined his fingers, nibbling and sucking on her clit, she felt like she was about to burst into flames. "Oh, God! Alessandro!!!" she cried out, her voice breaking as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Her body convulsed with the force of it, screaming Alessandro's name. Her tongue felt dry and hoarse, but she couldn't stop the moans spilling from her lips. "Honey, I want you," she begged desperately, tugging against the restraints on her hands tied securely behind her. She was desperate to free her hands and touch this

sexy man who was driving her body to crave him so badly. Alessandro's sexy chuckle echoed through the room.

"Baby, I want you more than you want me. But your punishment isn't over yet," he declared, his tone taunting. He licked up the length of her super-sensitive wet folds, making her jerk violently off the mattress. His large, heavy hand pressed down on her stomach, holding her in place.

"No, please!" Mia cried out, writhing and thrashing on the bed.

"You've been a bad girl, Mia," he murmured, his voice rough. "And bad girls need to be punished."

Next, he thrust three thick fingers into her wetness without warning while his mouth attacked her folds, biting and tugging hard between his teeth.

"No, no! Please, honey, don't tease me like this. I need you to fuck me! Now! Please!!!" Mia cried desperately, her voice a mix of frustration and yearning as she begged him to fuck her.

"Have patience, amore mio," Alessandro teased mercilessly, his voice low and taunting.

"No, let me go!" Mia groaned in frustration as he continued his relentless assault. But Alessandro ignored her protest. His fingers continued to pump in and out of her, his mouth sucking and biting her swollen, red clitoris.

It wasn't long before Mia came again, squirting all over Alessandro's face. She thought he might finally let her go, but he wasn't finished. He kept tormenting her pussy with his mouth, tongue, and fingers until she was utterly exhausted. Lying limp on the bed, she was completely spent, with no strength left to move even a finger after cumming countless times.

Her eyes were wet from tears, dampening the handkerchief tied around her head, and her wrists were red and chafed from the constant tugging against the silk tie binding them. Her pussy was sore and slick, still filled with her cruel mafia husband's fingers. She winced as he finally withdrew his fingers, leaving her feeling empty and spent.

She sighed in relief, realizing her punishment was over, but her relief was short-lived as he nibbled at her sore nipples, twisting the other one between his fingers and thumb.

"Oh God!" she moaned weakly, her breathing heavy and ragged from the intensity of the moments before. -Ulasra slanca olence "-ke horned mindlalu note...

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Chapter 107 Rough Punishment

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Just

"Now you'll think twice before teasing me, piccola, Alessandro growled, his voice rough and menacing. "I was very gentle with you today, but I won't be next time. If you pull any more of these stunts, the punishment will be twice as harsh."

Mia swallowed hard and was very terrified. Oh God, if this was his gentle punishment, what would his harsher side be like? The thought made her shiver uncontrollably.

Her thoughts were interrupted as she felt Alessandro positioning himself between her legs, his warm, naked body pressing against hers. He leaned down, capturing her lips in a searing, passionate kiss. The sensation was overwhelming, and in her lustful daze, she didn't even realize when he had removed his clothes. "You're mine, Mia," he whispered against her kiss swollen lips, his voice rough with need. "And you're going to learn what that means."

Mia spread her thighs wider eagerly, feeling him align his hard, thick length with her wet opening. Without Warning, he thrust into her, hard and deep. Mia's back arched off the bed, a scream of pleasure. tearing from her throat.

Alessandro set a brutal pace, each thrust driving her closer to the edge. Her hands, tied behind her back, prevented her from clutching onto him, making her feel even more vulnerable and at his mercy,

"Do you feel that, Mia?" he growled "This is what happens when you provoke me."

"Yes... oh God, yes," she panted, her body trembling with need.

"Good girl," he muttered, his pace never faltering. "Take it all, Mia. Take everything I give you."

He pounded into her relentlessly, their bodies crashing together with each thrust. Mia's cries of pleasure filled the room, mingling with Alessandro's grunts of exertion. The air was thick with the smell of sex, and the only sounds were the relentless slapping of skin and their heavy, ragged breathing.

The tension in her core coiled tighter and tighter until it snapped, sending her spiraling into a mind-shattering orgasm, even more intense than the previous ones. Alessandro followed soon after, his release tearing through him as he emptied himself inside her, filling her pussy with his seeds to the brink

Husband Novel 108

Chapter 108 Belong To Him.

Panting heavily. Alessandro collapsed beside her, pulling her into his arms. He untied the silk from her wrists and removed the cloth from her eyes. As Mia's wet eye met his, she saw raw emotions and love reflected back at her. Overwhelmed by her senses and with her heart brimming with mixed emotions, she cupped his beautiful face in her hands, pulling him closer to press her lips to his. She poured all her love and feelings into that single, fervent kiss.

When they pulled away, Alessandro's fingers brushed against her flushed cheeks, wiping the remnants of the tears from her eyes and cheeks. "Are you okay, baby doll?" he asked with concern, taking Mia's wrists in his hands and wincing when he saw the marks of his punishment on them.

"I'm fine." Mia smiled, cupping his face in her small palms and making him shift his gaze from her reddened and bruised wrists to her face.

"You sometimes really push my limits," he said, bringing her wrists to his lips and kissing them tenderly. Mia smiled blushing.

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"Umm... by the way, there are some more places that are hurting," she whispered in a teasing tone, Alessandro narrow his eyes into thin lines.

"Now you will remember not to provoke me, piccola tentatrice," he warned darkly, his hand sliding down to grab Mia's achingly burning red ass cheek, still marked with his fingerprints. Mia gasped loudly in pain,

her eyes widening as Alessandro pressed her against his semi-hard cock.

"I am true to my words, baby doll. I will punish you twice as hard next time, and I won't be gentle," he repeated in a cold tone, making Mia swallow hard and rendering her speechless. She couldn't decide if she wanted to provoke him again or not because a part of her loved seeing him go savage on her.

Despite his harsh words, she knew the truth. Though he sounded like he was punishing her, his main focus was always on bringing her to her climax and pleasuring her, as if it was his utmost duty. His touch, though rough, was always calculated and driven by a deep desire to satisfy her.

Alessandro's eyes bore into hers, a mixture of dominance and tenderness. His grip on her ass roughened slightly as he kneaded it, making her moan softly. Mia closed her eyes as the pleasure mixed with pain. shot through her, making her core throb and wetness seep through her already sore pussy.

He leaned in, capturing her lips in another searing kiss. Mia felt his cock rising to full hardness and thickness as Alessandro's mouth moved against hers in a possessive way, claiming her as his.

Her body responded instantly, melting against him as the remnants of pain mingled with a renewed wave of desire. She wanted him again. Alessandro's hand moved to her hip, guiding her to straddle him. His cock, now fully hard, pressed insistently against her slick folds. "What are you, dolcezza, a witch or an enchantress?" he growled, his voice low and dangerous. "Why can't I control myself around you?"

Mia bit her lip shyly as she looked into the Italian don's dark and cold eyes.

"I just had you, and now I want to be inside your sweet cunt again. Hell! I fucking want to keep my dick buried in your wicked cunt and fuck you the whole day and night, don't even want to stop for a moment," he growled, clenching his teeth as his grip tightened on her hip.

Mia's breath hitched as she felt the tip of his cock pressing against her entrance. Without warning, he thrust into her hard and deep making her go out in a mix of pleasure and pain

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Chapter 108 Belong To Him

"Oh. Alessandro. Harder! Please!"

Alessandro's eyes flared with disbelief and desire.

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Finished

"As you wish, piccola," he groaned, increasing his pace and thrusting harder and deeper.

Mia bounced on his cock faster, taking every inch of his insanely huge dick deeper in her cunt. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she rode the intense wave of sensations, her body arching to meet his every

movement

Alessandro's hands gripped her hips tightly, controlling her pace as he drove into her relentlessly. The room was filled with the sounds of their bodies slamming together, their breaths mingling in a symphony of raw, unrestrained passion.

"Fuck, baby," he groaned, his voice strained with the effort of holding back his own release. "You drive me insane."

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Mia moaned mindlessly, her thoughts consumed by the pleasure this filthy, hot mafia man was eliciting in her.

Her moans grew louder, more desperate, as she neared her peak once again. Alessandro's fingers found her clit, rubbing it with expert precision, pushing her over the edge. She screamed his name, her body convulsing in ecstasy as she came hard around his cock. But Alessandro didn't stop, continuing to ram her pussy, the slickness from her sweet honey making it easier to slide in and out. He increased his pace, pumping faster and rougher.

After a few more hard thrusts, Alessandro followed, his release tearing through him as he emptied himself inside her, his seed filling her womb to the brink. They collapsed together, a tangle of limbs and sweat, both of them panting heavily. Mia lay on top of him, their bodies still intimately connected. Alessandro's dick remained inside her, neither willing to break this connection.

Alessandro's heart was overwhelmed with love and desire. He knew that no matter how grave the danger was, he wanted her with him. He wanted his wife and children by his side because he knew he couldn't live without them another day. He would do anything to protect them, but they needed to be with him. They belonged to him. In that moment, he made an instant and firm decision to tell her the truth-that he knew she was his wife, Aria, and that he wanted her to come back.

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Husband Novel 109

Chapter 109 He Is Incomprehensible Finished

Mia, caught in the emotional moment,

"Baby..." he cupped her face in his hands, about to tell her, leaned in and kissed her as if she couldn't get enough of her husband.

He chuckled against her lips, amused, but she didn't care. All she wanted was to kiss him and for him to kiss her for eternity.

"Amore mio. I wanted to tell you something." Alessandro whispered against her lips, smiling as Mia groaned in frustration, unwilling to break the kiss.

But suddenly, Mia's phone rang, interrupting the intimate moment. She broke the kiss abruptly, her eyes frantically searching for the source of the sound. She spotted her phone lying on the floor, having fallen during their passionate love making.

Reluctantly, Mia got up, severing their intimate connection. Alessandro felt a pang of irritation and jealousy toward the caller who had diverted his wife's attention. He frowned, his gaze darkening with frustration as his semi-erect cock slipped out of her slick pulsating cunt. He watched her scramble to pick up the phone, his mood soured by the interruption.

Alessandro got up from the bed and stood behind Mia as she bent over to grab her phone from the floor. the screen down. As she straightened, she brushed her hair aside, which had fallen over her face. She was still naked, but she didn't feel the need to hide her body from him; in fact, she was eager to reveal more, hoping it would keep him close and make him less distant.

She smiled, biting her lips shyly, as she stole a glance over her shoulder and saw Alessandro's gaze hungrily scanning her exposed curves. Feeling her cheeks flush with heat, she flipped the phone over, revealing the caller ID with Adam's name flashing on the screen. The phone continued to ring, and Mia hesitated, her thoughts caught between the decision to answer the call or not. Ultimately, she decided to call Adam back later and silenced her phone.

However, She couldn't see the storm brewing on Alessandro's face as he saw Adam's name. The earlier feelings of jealousy and obsession surged back, sharper than before. He remembered all too well how Mia had fought for Adam, accusing him of kidnapping without a shred of evidence.

The realization made him grimace that Adam was more significant to her than Alessandro. His expression hardened as he grappled with the bitter truth that maybe Mia was safer and happier with the movie star.

He didn't wait to see Mia silence the call; instead, he swiftly turned and began picking up his scattered clothes from the floor. Mia's brow furrowed in confusion as she watched Alessandro get dressed, wondering what had caused the sudden change. Just moments ago, he had wanted to make love to her all day and night-what had changed so abruptly?

"What's wrong?" she asked softly, concern threading her voice.

"Huh! You didn't answer the call?" Alessandro snorted as his tone was mocking.

"No. I'll call him later," Mia replied calmly, still looking at her mafia husband with perplexity.

"There's no need to pretend, Mia. Go to your little boyfriend," Alessandro said with a dismissive scoff.

"He's not my boyfriend," Mia shot back defensively.

Alessandro, now fully dressed, turned to face her as his eyes burned with frustration and anger. His glare was intense so he leveled an indirect scowl at her.

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Husband Novel 110

Let Me Go My Mafia Husband

Chapter 110 The Dirty Scandal

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Adam was reading a script for his next shooting schedule, lost in deep thought. He had recovered from the last incident and was feeling as fit and healthy as ever.

"Adam, look at this," his PR manager, Claire Simon, squealed in frustration.

Adam lifted his head and scowled at the nerdy PR manager. He didn't care about her simple appearance despite her handling the PR of a very popular Hollywood star. What

irritated him more was her tone and attitude whenever she talked to him and ordered him around. Whenever there was some scandal or controversy, she never hesitated to scold him. He didn't like her at all. After all, he was a famous celebrity, her boss, and moreover, her senior in age. "What did I do this time?" Adam asked coldly.

Claire narrowed her baby-blue eyes at her boss and slumped down on the sofa with a huff.

"Have you ever thought about consulting me before going public with your marriage proposal to Miss. Peterson?" she shouted, her voice dripping with frustration.

Claire, I still don't get it. What's wrong!" Adam asked, glaring at his PR manager and trying to keep his temper in check.

"How would you know, Adam Whitmore? You live in your own fancy world and don't give a damn about real people or the world outside, do you?" Claire snorted with mockery.

Her anger was palpable. Her arrogant boss had always been a challenge, ignoring her advice. It was her responsibility to manage his public image, and if she failed, his reputation-and potentially her job- would suffer.

"You proposed to Miss Peterson, but now you're not going to marry her. She's been seen without wearing your ring by the media. Then the kidnapping incident happened. People are starting to think you're unreliable, and I've just received calls from investors wanting to pull their money from your movies," she explained, her voice laced with anger.

"Your director and producers are under immense stress. The situation has worsened, and your rivals are using this as an opportunity to tarnish your image and end your career," she said, letting out a frustrated sigh and taking a deep breath to calm herself. She looked at Adam, who was staring at her, still dumbfounded.

"Oh, God, Adam! The situation is really bad. How can you sit so calmly?" Claire grumbled.

"Listen, Miss Tension, calm down," he replied. He had given her the nickname "Tension" because she only appeared in moments of crisis, never otherwise. "I'm Adam Whitmore. These small controversies can't affect me." He lazily smirked and sprawled over the seat, stretching and resting his arms on the backrest.

Claire rolled her eyes and was about to counter when Adam's assistant, Sammy, barged in with an anxious expression.

Sir! Sir!" he panted, holding out his iPad.

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Chapter 110 The Duty Scandal

Finished

today? Everyone is panicking," he mumbled, glancing between Claire and Sammy as Claire held out a glass

of water to Sammy.

"Thanks" Sammy muttered, quickly snatching the glass and gulping down the water. He then placed it with a loud thud on the glass-top table before him.

Yes, Sammy, tell me now," Adam said, placing and crossing his legs on the table in front of him.

"Sir, the news is very bad." Sammy uttered with fear, his eyes revealing his internal turmoil. "The producers want you out of your future projects, and your current roles in the movies are going to be cut, short," he spat out in one breath. "What!" Adam stood up abruptly in disbelief. "That's... That's not possible!"

"Yes, sir. I'm telling you the truth, Sammy said in a sorrowful voice, showing Adam the iPad.

"What the fuck!" Adam bellowed with fury as he read the emails from different representatives. "How can they do this to me? I am Adam Whitmore. No one can replace me!"

"Now you realize what I was warning you about," Claire, who had been watching Adam intently, let out a heavy sigh.

She knew Adam Whitmore's net worth and worked hard to maintain and even increase it. She was his PR manager, but she was also a fan, an admirer of his acting and good looks. The whole world admired Adam Whitmore's movies. When Mia declined his marriage proposal and Adam was heartbroken, Claire hated Mia and laughed at her stupidity for rejecting a man like Adam Whitmore. Women all over the world would do anything to marry the superstar.

"Claire Simon, you're my PR. Do something to fix this. After all, that's what I pay you for," Adam rebuked her arrogantly.

"Right," Claire winced and mumbled. "I have checked all the solutions and found one that is foolproof," she suggested.

Tell me quickly, then," Adam demanded impatiently.

"You have to marry as soon as possible," she offered, presenting the best solution to clear the mess the movie star had created with his one stupid move.