

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

Husband Novel 131

Chapter 131 Retribution +5 Pearls

Maria was anxious about what they would do without Alessandro and how they would explain it to the Italian Mafia that the Mafia king was dead. She didn't want to leave behind her luxurious lifestyle and be forced to run their business herself, especially since her son was a useless idiot.

Maria's voice hardened as she gritted out, "You've made a grave mistake, Enzo. Alessandro was the reason we thrived. Without him, we could lose everything. You don't understand that," she scolded. Alessandro was no threat to them, as he had stepped down from his inheritance and given up everything for Enzo to have and rule. She hated him, but she was selfish enough to let him live.

"That's the reason, Madre," Enzo grimaced. "That's the exact reason I never liked him, Madre. You always compared me to him and wanted me to be better than him. Now, without him in the picture, there won't be anyone to make me feel like a failure," Enzo spat out bitterly.

At that moment, his wife, Vittoria, emerged from the hallway with their son, Lorenzo, holding his hand. She had overheard the last part of the conversation and understood well how her husband resented his stepbrother.

"Is that true?" Vittoria's eyes gleamed with wicked pleasure.

Enzo smirked. "That's true, my love."

"I knew it," Vittoria chimed. "I knew that one day you would rule this entire empire on your own, and the day has come." She encouraged him, and Enzo responded with a kiss. "I know that with you by my side; we can achieve anything." Vittoria, the daughter of a mafia gang member, was well aware of the underworld's operations. She understood the business and was determined to see her husband take full control, no longer living in the shadows.

"See, Madre?" Enzo said triumphantly. "Vittoria is also happy, and you should be too. You hated Alessandro and were never able to kill him. I did it for you." He declared with a conceited expression, reveling in his accomplishment.

"I'm happy for you, my son. What mother wouldn't be pleased to see her son happy?" Maria said, overwhelmed by her maternal affection for him. "But it's not the right time to celebrate, Enzo. We need to pretend to grieve so no one suspects anything," she

suggested. "Oh, Madre, no more pretending," Enzo announced loudly, drawing everyone's attention. "I'm the one who makes the rules now, and everyone has to follow them."

He glanced firmly at the staff who had overheard him. Back to work, you useless idiots," he ordered rudely, causing the staff to immediately resume their tasks.

"Now, your boss is me, and what I say goes," Enzo declared, but his words faltered as the main door was flung open. An authoritative figure walked in, causing Enzo's face to drain of color. He began trembling with fear. Maria and Vittoria shared the same reaction of shock and dread.

"What's the matter, everyone?" Alessandro mocked menacingly. "You all look at me as if you've seen a ghost."

"You... you're alive?!" Enzo stammered, his voice filled with disbelief as he stared at Alessandro in a daze,

a cold amused smile

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+5 Pearls

"Did you expect me to be dead, brother?" He stressed the word 'brother' with a disdainful tone. Enzo swallowed hard, unable to form another word under Alessandro's piercing gaze.

"No, it should be your enemies who are dead, my son," Maria interjected, trying to save the situation and protect her son. "I pray day and night for your safety."

"Really, Mother?" Alessandro's voice carried a taunt that made Maria's heart sink with fear.

She knew Alessandro was merciless, but she trusted her ability to manipulate him. She pressed on, "Yes, Alessandro. But we didn't expect you to arrive suddenly at this late hour, which is why we were a bit surprised."

"Do I need anyone's permission to come to my own home?" Alessandro scowled, his anger fully reflected in his eyes.

"No, I mean..." Maria began, trying to distract Alessandro to give Enzo a chance to escape, but Alessandro ignored her and stalked toward Enzo with menacing intent.

"So, stepbrother, why are you so afraid to see me?" Alessandro asked, his voice laced with a challenging tone, daring Enzo to confess his crime. Enzo's whole being trembled with fear. He looked around and saw that Alessandro's men had surrounded him and the entire mansion. There was no escape.

"Alessandro, I'm not afraid of you. I'm happy that you're alive, brother," Enzo declared, though Maria could see that her foolish son was sealing his fate to die miserably by the hand of the Mafia king.

"What's going on? Someone, please tell me," Maria demanded, stepping between Alessandro and Enzo, trying to diffuse the tension. But Alessandro ignored her, stepping past her to stand face-to-face with Enzo.

"Your henchman is dead, the one you sent to kill me. Now it's my turn to kill you, and I don't need henchmen for this small task," Alessandro declared, his voice cold and menacing as he glared at the man who had betrayed him. Enzo's eyes widened in shock, his heart pounding in his chest as the fear of death took hold of him.

"What are you saying, Alessandro?" Maria demanded, her voice rising in panic.

"That your son tried to kill me, mother. Now, what should I do to him?" Alessandro drawled dangerously, pulling out his revolver.

"No, that can't be true. Enzo would never harm his brother," Maria murmured with an expression of disbelief on her face. She was desperately pretending it wasn't true, hoping Alessandro would believe

act.

"I have his confession and a recording of the phone call where your son gave the order," Alessandro announced, turning to Maria with cold, indifferent eyes. He had once considered them his family, but they had tried to kill first his pregnant wife and then him.

"Not only did he try to kill me, but he also attempted to kill Aria while she was pregnant," Alessandro growled, his anger simmering just beneath the surface. "He tried to kill my wife, and I won't forgive that bastard for this. He will suffer a death worse than anyone could imagine," Alessandro declared menacingly, his voice dripping with hatred.

Maria's heart sank. He knew everything. There was nothing she could do to save Enzo now.

"If that's true, he should suffer for his crime. This isn't just a crime; it is a sin, and I'll punish him for his

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Chapter 131 Retribution

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sins myself." Maria declared, her voice icy as she took the revolver from Alessandro's hand.

Before Enzo could comprehend what was happening, a bullet pierced his heart, and he collapsed to the floor, dead in an instant.

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Let Me Go My Mafia Husband

Husband Novel 132

Chapter 132 The Facade

"No!" Vittoria screamed, quickly covering her son's eyes. +5 Pearls

"What have you done, Mom?" she cried. "He... he was your son, your your own blood!" She sobbed, wanting to run to her husband's lifeless body lying on the floor, surrounded by a pool of his own blood, but Alessandro's men held her back at his command. "Leave me! You got my husband killed-now let me see him one last time!" she bellowed at Alessandro.

"Vittoria, take Lorenzo to your room," Maria instructed, her voice firm. Vittoria glared at her mother-in-law in disbelief and disgust.

"Go to your room, Vittoria!" Maria's voice rose, her tone so cold it made Vittoria flinch. Breathing heavily with anger and hatred, Vittoria stared at Maria with tearful eyes filled with loathing before finally retreating to her room, taking Lorenzo with her.

"What have you done?" Alessandro bellowed, snatching the revolver back from Maria. He didn't want him to die so quickly and easily. Alessandro had planned to make him confess his sins and crimes, to reveal who else had betrayed the Mafia king while pretending to be his well-wishers. But Maria had ruined all of

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He deserved it," Maria's voice faltered, though her expression remained cold. "And I deserve this punishment for giving birth to such a son. What could be a more cruel redemption for me than to kill my own child with my own hands?" Maria said icily, her eyes fixed on nothing.

Alessandro was momentarily shocked to hear Maria. He didn't expect this from his stepmother. However he hadn't wanted Lorenzo to witness his father's death just as he had been forced to watch his mother die when he was very young. But most of all, he hadn't expected Maria to kill her own son. He was both confused and impressed, believing that Maria chose to side with justice and him.

"But you didn't have to do it. I didn't want you to go through this, Mother, Alessandro furrowed his brow, his voice filled with concern.

"Don't worry, son. I'm alright. I only lost one useless son and my other son is still alive," Maria replied with a weak smile as she gently caressed Alessandro's arm "You are the one who deserves to live." She lowered her eyes before continuing, her voice trembling with emotion. "I regret that I couldn't save Aria and your child back then," Maria murmured, tears welling up as she began to sob, her pain and remorse pouring out in the form of tears.

Alessandro wrapped his arm around her shoulder to comfort her.

"Don't blame yourself, Alessandro said softly as he guided her to the nearest sofa, motioning for his men to clear Enzo's body from the floor.

Maria nodded, sniffing, as Alessandro handed her a glass of water. The incident was still difficult for him To process. His hand itched with the urge to punish the bastard for what he had done to his wife. His vengeance felt incomplete. "Alessandro, can I ask one thing from you? Maria whispered, looking up at the Italian don through her wet eyelashes

"Of course, Alessandro replied, his brow furrowing slightly in concern.

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Chapter 132 The Facade.

her voice trembling. "He was a bad man, but he was my son after all," she whispered as more tears streamed down her face. She looked at Alessandro with hope in her weary eyes.

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Alessandro sighed, utterly conflicted about what to say. He was strict with his rules and had never shown mercy to anyone who betrayed him. But after his mother's death, Maria was the one he looked up to as a mother figure. He cared for her deeply. Though he was cold-hearted, he couldn't bring himself to hurt someone he cared about. Even if he was the one who had established the rule, he had the authority, and he could change it.

"As you say, mother," he agreed in his signature indifferent tone.

Maria smiled through her tear-filled eyes, holding Alessandro's hand tightly as she urged, "I have one more request, Alessandro."

"Tell me, mother," he replied, straightening his back while fixing Maria with an intense gaze.

"I don't want the world to know how Enzo deceived his brother. I want him to go in peace and with respect," Maria demanded insistently.

"Mother, I can't promise you that," Alessandro refused curtly. "Everyone should know how he died and why he had to die," he declared fiercely, his tone leaving no room for compromise.

"Please, Alessandro," Maria pleaded, her voice trembling with desperation. "He already got what he deserved for deceiving you. He had to die by his own mother's hand. But I don't want Vittoria and Lorenzo to suffer for his sins. They are innocent, and they will have to live with the tag of a traitor's wife and son if this information gets out." She implored, clutching the mafia king's hand desperately. Alessandro looked over at Lucas, who was watching him with an unreadable expression. Their eyes met, and a silent understanding passed between them.

"Alright. Just for you, Mother," Alessandro agreed reluctantly, his voice carrying the weight of his decision.

"Thank you, son," Maria whispered, her lips trembling as she smiled and pulled Alessandro into a tight hug, burying her face in his chest. Alessandro sighed, embracing his stepmother and feeling her body tremble as she wept. But what he couldn't see was the vengeful expression that surfaced on Maria's face. No one saw it. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Husband Novel 133

Chapter 133 Fair Or Unfair +5 Pearls

The whole mansion was eerily silent, but a storm was brewing inside Maria's heart. She got up abruptly from her bed and strode directly toward Vittoria's room. Standing before the door, she hesitated for a moment, then knocked and waited. A few seconds later she heard

the soft click of the door unlocking, and Vittoria appeared, pulling the door open.

Vittoria glared at Maria with swollen, red eyes. Maria said nothing, simply walking past her and entering the room. Vittoria closed the door behind her, watching as Maria approached the bed where Lorenzo was sleeping. Maria's heart ached as she gazed at her grandson's innocent face—a replica of her late son. Her eyes welled up with tears. She had never expected this. It wasn't part of her plan. She had committed countless sins to give her son the best life possible, and now, look at what had happened. She had to kill him?! for one fucking stupid mistake.

"Why, Mom?!" Vittoria's voice cracked as she demanded in an accusing tone. "Why did you kill your own son over that fucking bastard Alessandro Valentino?"

"What else could I have done?" Maria snapped, her voice trembling with a mix of anger and regret. "That foolish son of mine made a grave mistake, and his end was inevitable." She paused, her emotions flaring as she continued. "If I hadn't killed him, Alessandro would have given him a death so brutal that neither you nor I could have borne to see it. He is a fucking monster. I gave my son a peaceful death and chose a good life for you and Lorenzo, Vittoria," she added, slumping her hands to her sides in defeat.

"But it's unfair, Mom!" Vittoria cried, her voice trembling with anger and grief. "It should be that bloody Alessandro who had to die, not my husband!"

Maria studied Vittoria's tear-streaked face before pulling her daughter-in-law into a tight embrace, her hand gently stroking Vittoria's hair.

"He will die," Maria whispered with venomous certainty. "Trust me, I will give him a death so painful that he could never even imagine." Vittoria pulled away, her face flushed with confusion and anger.

"But how, Mom?" she challenged, her voice rising in desperation. "He's the fucking invincible Alessandro Valentino! Haven't you seen what happened when Enzo tried to kill him? No one can kill him, no one! He can't be killed!" she sobbed, her voice breaking under the weight of her misery.

Maria's eyes narrowed, a cold fire igniting within them. She gripped Vittoria's shoulders, forcing her to look into her steely gaze.

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"Don't you dare think like that," Maria hissed, her voice a venomous whisper. "No man is invincible, 1. even Alessandro Valentino. He may be powerful, but power can crumble, and strength can wither. I have seen more than you can imagine." "Impossible!" muttering, Vittoria shook her head as her tears flowed freely. She had lost all hope after witnessing a mother kill her own son because of that bloody mafia king. He wasn't someone who could be defeated easily.

Maria's expression hardened, her eyes turning as cold as ice. "Just wait for the right time," she said, her voice a low, dangerous murmur. "Do as I say, and you and Lorenzo will keep everything Enzo inherited. Alessandro has no right to claim Enzo's inheritance; he's still childless. But I will make sure he loses everything he has and dies in utter misery. I'll make him look like the murderer of his own stepbrother for power and wealth. He'll be thrown out of the Italian Mafia for breaking the very rule he created: no bloodshed for power among family. you will be cast out."

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Chapter 133 Fair Or Unfair

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Vittoria's eyes widened in disbelief. "Can we really do that alone?" she asked, her voice tinged with doubt.

Maria's lips curled into a wicked smile, her eyes gleaming with malevolent intent. "I've done more than that alone and come this far," she said, her voice dripping with dark

pride. "But now, we're not alone. We have your family and people who are still loyal to me. Even Alessandro is on our side," she confessed with a sly grin. "He doesn't know he's on the side of his own death," Maria sneered. "He's unknowingly supporting my plans to end his life. And when the time comes, he'll realize too late that he was the architect of his own downfall." She smirked, her eyes shining with the promise of a revenge so deep and twisted that it would destroy everything Alessandro held dear.

After a week, Enzo's funeral was held. With the threat finally resolved, Alessandro was determined to bring his wife back. He considered calling her many times, holding his phone with his finger hovering over her name in his contacts- Vita Mia.

But he decided against it, knowing she might be furious with him for avoiding her for so many days. She would likely be very upset about his failure to return her calls and might not even listen to him or give him a chance to apologize for all the mistakes he'd made in his life. So, he resolved to meet her in person, to explain everything and confess his immense love for her.

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Husband Novel 134

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 134 Another Rival

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However, after Enzo's death, Alessandro became preoccupied with family matters and explaining the situation to the Italian Mafia Council, a board of retired mafia bosses who govern and coordinate various mafia organizations in Italy. In his focus, he didn't realize that a week had passed in the blink of an eye. He presented all the evidence regarding Enzo's betrayal and the attempts on his and his wife's lives, orchestrated by his stepbrother.

He convinced the Italian Mafia Council to keep the matter confidential. Although he promised Maria that the information would remain hidden and he wouldn't make it public, he did not promise to withhold the information from the Italian Mafia Council. Every year the council selects a new leader, and Alessandro had been the reigning leader, with no one ever defeating him.

He didn't want to go to Enzo's funeral, but he had to be there for Maria's sake. She insisted he should attend, otherwise, people might suspect something about Enzo's death. Alessandro only stayed for a minute, making a quick excuse about work to Maria before leaving. As he walked away, his phone buzzed with a notification about Adam's marriage. Matteo, still in Paris handling Alessandro's business matters, had sent him a text after seeing the news update. The message informed him that Adam Whitmore was getting married to another woman named Claire Simon, making it clear that there was nothing between Adam and Mia.

Alessandro felt a wave of relief wash over him. Though he had misunderstood the situation, he was never one to step back from a fight-especially not when it came to love. But now, he realized he never had to fight for Mia. She had always been his. The thought made him smile.

Impatience gnawed at Alessandro as he couldn't wait for the drama in Florence to end. His thoughts were consumed with one goal: rushing to Paris to see his wife and children. Eager anticipation filled him, his mood lifting as he scrolled through his phone, unlocking the photo folder where he kept the secret snapshots of Mia and the children. Each image brought a rare, warm smile to his face, the sight of their innocent expressions softening his hardened heart. But his happiness was short-lived.

Suddenly, Alessandro received a message from the chief of the bodyguards assigned to follow Mia and the children. The message was alarming: Mia had suddenly left Adam's wedding, taking the kids with her, and had gone with Duke Alexander Montecarlo. "What the fuck!" Alessandro cursed loudly, his heart racing as he quickly dialed the chief bodyguard's

number.

"Are you still following her, right?" he demanded fiercely the moment the call connected.

"Sir, we tried, but the Duke's guards realized we were keeping an eye on Miss Peterson, and they stopped us," the chief bodyguard responded, his voice tense with concern.

"Do I pay you to follow others' instructions?" Alessandro bellowed over the phone, his anger barely contained.

"But sir, you said we needed to follow her discreetly and ensure no one found out. I was only following protocol," the chief bodyguard shot back, trying to explain.

"If anything happens to Mia and the children, you won't live to see another day. Do you understand?" Alessandro warned, his voice cold and lethal.

The chief bodyguard took a deep breath, knowing how dangerous and short-tempered his boss could be. "Don't worry sir I have one of my men following them secretly. He informed me that Miss Peterson and

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Chapter 134 Another Rival

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the children are fine and safe in Monaco," he reported, trying to reassure Alessandro.

"Monaco?!" Alessandro mumbled in disbelief. "The Duke took them to his estate?"

"Yes, sir. My man is sending updates on Miss Peterson and the children," the chief bodyguard assured him, hoping to calm his furious boss.

"Alright. Keep a tight watch on them and update me every minute," Alessandro instructed before abruptly disconnecting the call.

"Monaco..." he muttered under his breath, reaching for his phone to make another call. But before he could dial, the screen lit up with Matteo's picture and name, his phone already ringing.

"Alessandro," Matteo's panicked voice came through the phone speakers. "I just realized Mia was missing from Adam's wedding, and when I tried to find out, I learned she's in Monaco with Duke Alexander Montecarlo."

"I know," Alessandro replied coldly, pinching the bridge of his nose as frustration welled up.

"You know?!" Matteo was shocked.

"Yes, I have my men following her. By the way, I'm leaving for Monaco right now. Are you coming?" Alessandro informed him, his voice steady but tense.

"Of course, I'm coming," Matteo replied firmly before Alessandro ended the call.

Alessandro's fury simmered just beneath the surface, fueling his predatory instinct. The urge to kill surged within him, a dark need to eliminate anyone who dared stand between him and his family. He had thought his final task was to convince his wife to return, and he knew exactly how to do that.

They could have lived peacefully together in their home, finally free from the chaos. But now, a new rival had emerged-first Adam, and now Alexander?! What the hell was wrong with these men? Could they not find any other woman but his wife? The thought of it made the Italian don seethe with rage. He was so pissed off that he could barely contain the urge to kill every last one of those bloody assholes who dared to threaten his dream of being with his Aria again.

The annoyance boiled over, and Alessandro knew he was on the brink. This time, he wouldn't stop himself from shedding blood if anyone tried to keep him from his wife and children. Whoever dared to shatter his dream of finally being with them would pay with their life. It didn't matter if they were a movie star or a Duke!

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Husband Novel 135

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 135 Getting Back What's His

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The entire journey from Florence to Monaco was a battle against his own rage. Alessandro's hands clenched and unclenched, his jaw tight as he tried to keep his fury in check. The hours dragged on, each minute heightening his anxiety. By the time his jet touched down in Nice, he was barely holding it together.

As soon as the plane's door opened, Alessandro stormed down the steps, his eyes blazing with a cold fire. Matteo was already waiting near the car, leaning against the sleek black vehicle with a look of tense anticipation. He straightened as Alessandro approached, his expression mirroring the intensity in his friend's eyes.

"Alessandro, I've gathered all the information I could," Matteo said, more as a statement than a greeting, opening the car door for Alessandro.

"Good! Let's go then," Alessandro replied curtly, sliding into the passenger seat with a sharp breath.

Matteo climbed into the driver's seat, his fingers gripping the steering wheel as the engine roared to life. The car sped out of the airport, the tension between them

palpable. After a few moments of silence, Matteo glanced at Alessandro, his tone laced with concern. "So, what are you going to do?"

Alessandro frowned, his gaze shifting from the passing scenery to Matteo. "What do you mean, what am I going to do?"

"I mean, do you have a plan? Or are you just going to show up and ask Mia to come back?" Matteo's voice was edged with frustration as he challenged his friend's approach. Alessandro's jaw tightened, a mix of anger and anxiety bubbling beneath the surface.

"I don't need a plan to get my family to return home with me, okay?" he shot back, his tone harsh. The doubt in Matteo's voice only served to heighten his frustration.

"Alessandro, he's the Duke of Monaco, and you're about to invade his estate. It's going to be a war if we don't handle this properly," Matteo warned, his voice laced with concern. He was not only the Italian don's best friend but also his lawyer, fully aware of the trouble Alessandro would likely plunge himself into if he acted on impulse.

Alessandro's eyes were like steel as he turned to Matteo. "I don't give a damn who he is. I only waited and didn't claim what was mine because I didn't want my family to be in danger. But now that all the threats are gone and the main culprit, Enzo, is dead, I'm determined to bring them home. No one is going to stand in my way this time."

Nodding in the understanding of his friend's emotions, Matteo kept his eyes on the road but didn't let them go. "But what about Mia, man? Alessandro, this isn't some business deal you can muscle your way through. We're talking about your wife and children. You can't just go barging in without thinking it through."

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Alessandro's hands balled into fists, his patience wearing thin. "I've thought about nothing else since I found out where they are. But I don't need a damn plan. I just need to bring them back where they belong -with me."

Matteo sighed, trying to temper his own frustration. "And what if it's not that simple? What if Mia doesn't want to come back? What if Alexander-"

"I don't care what that bastard wants!" Alessandro interrupted his voice rising. Alexander Montecarlo

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Chapter 135 Getting Back What's His +5 Pearls

might be a powerful figure, a duke with elite connections, and an army of bodyguards, but nothing and no one could stop Alessandro from taking his family back. "Mia is my wife. Gia and Maximo are my children. I'm not leaving Monaco without them, no matter what it takes."

Matteo glanced with concern at him briefly before returning his gaze to the road. "You're walking into dangerous territory, Alessandro," Matteo warned, his tone serious. "This isn't just about taking back what's yours. You have to think about Mia-what she's been through, how she feels. If you force her into something she's not ready for, you could lose her again. And this time, it might be for good."

"That's not going to happen, Matteo," Alessandro replied, his voice firm and unwavering. "I lost her once, and I'm not letting that happen again. I don't care if I have to go beyond reason or logic-I'll do whatever it takes to bring her home with me."

Matteo sighed, sensing the difficulty in getting through to his friend. "Just remember, Alessandro, you shut her out without a word last time. She deserves more than just your anger or force."

Alessandro exhaled sharply, his anger momentarily giving way to a deeper anxiety. "I get it. I know I've screwed up. But this isn't about anyone else now. It's about getting my family back where they belong, and I won't let anyone, not even that Duke, keep me from doing that."

The car sped down the highway, the tension inside thickening with every mile. Matteo knew his friend was driven by love and desperation, but he also understood that this situation required more than sheer determination. He wasn't going to leave his friend's side, fully aware of the trouble that was about to come.

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Husband Novel 136

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 136 Starting A War +5 Pearls

The car screeched to a halt as they reached Alexander's manor, and Alessandro yanked the door open, storming toward the massive metallic gate, only to be stopped by the guards. His men, who had been trailing him in other cars, quickly arrived, ready to back him up. "Let me the fuck in! My wife and children are in there! Alessandro shouted, his voice thick with rage.

"Sorry, sir, we can't let you enter without the Duke's permission," one of the security guards responded sternly.

"Do you even fucking know who I am?" Alessandro roared, his anger boiling over.

"Whoever you are, sir, we can't let you in," the guard shot back, matching Alessandro's intensity. Infuriated, Alessandro drew his gun and aimed it at the guard's head. "Do you want to fucking die?"

He was beyond furious. There was no way he could think calmly, not with the thought of his wife and children trapped inside that mansion. What if the Duke had already taken them captive? What if he had twisted Mia's mind to leave Alessandro and stay with him? No, he couldn't just stand here and let that bastard win. He had to get inside and talk to his wife.

As Alessandro approached the gate, the guards raised their rifles, aiming directly at him. In response, Alessandro's men drew their guns, pointing them right back at the guards. The guard at the gate had already radioed for backup, and more guards and soldiers were on their way.

Matteo, who had rushed over after parking the car, stepped in between them, trying to defuse the situation.

"Put the gun down, Alessandro," he insisted, grabbing his friend's arm in an attempt to lower the weapon.

Alessandro glared at Matteo, anger flashing in his eyes. "What the hell do you think this is?" he snapped, annoyed at Matteo's interference.

"Let me handle this, okay?" Matteo murmured reassuringly. He knew his friend, who was madly in love with his wife, was in deep trouble and that things would only get worse if gunshots were fired. The fallout could expose Alessandro's secrets and ruin his image. "Trust me," he pressed, seeing the frustration in Alessandro's eyes.

With a huff of irritation, Alessandro reluctantly lowered his gun and gestured for his men to do the same.

"Let's talk this out calmly," Matteo proposed to the guards, who cautiously lowered their weapons in

response.

"Alright, we'll wait here. Inform the Duke and Miss Peterson that we're here," Matteo instructed, his tone firm but measured.

But Alexander had already arrived, having been informed about the chaos at his manor gate.

"What's going on here?" he frowned, taking in the scene of armed men gathered outside his home.

The guards straightened up and saluted.

"Sir, this man is causing trouble. He demanded to enter without your permission," one of the guards

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Chapter 136 Starting A War

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The Duke's eyes narrowed as he recognized the mafia king. He knew Alessandro Valentino and his family all too well. The animosity between them was not new-it had begun twenty-seven years ago with the murder of Alexander's father and his sister's mysterious disappearance. When they investigated, the name Antonio Valentino, Alessandro's father and the mafia boss of western Italy at the time, had surfaced. Antonio had been the one who aided the traitor intent on wiping out the Montecarlo family in a single day. But with no concrete evidence, they had been unable to take action, and the true identity of the traitor remained a mystery to this day.

"What the fuck are you doing here, Alessandro Valentino?" Alexander demanded, stepping toward him, the sight of Alessandro igniting all the painful memories and rage he had tried to bury. In that moment, he forgot all about etiquette and manners.

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"I'm here to take my wife and children back," Alessandro replied, stepping forward until they stood inches apart, the hatred and disgust in their eyes unmistakable.

"Wife and children?!" Alexander scoffed, confused.

"Yes, Lord Alexander. Mia is my wife, and Gia and Maximo are my children," Alessandro declared.

Alexander's mind raced as he processed the revelation. Now it made sense why Maximo had looked so familiar-he was the spitting image of the Italian don. It meant

only one thing Alessandro was telling the truth and Gia and Maximo were his children. But why hadn't Mia ever mentioned this?

He needed to hear it from Mia herself before jumping to conclusions. After all, he would trust his sister over a lying, murderous mafia boss.

"Why should I believe you?" Alexander snapped. "Do you have any proof that you're the twins' father?"

"I don't fucking need to give you proof. Give my wife and children back, or there will be a war," Alessandro bellowed.

"Really? Then let it be war," Alexander snarled, his nostrils flaring with anger.

"Wait, both of you!" Matteo intervened once again. "There's no need to start another fight." He turned to the Duke. "If you don't believe us, why don't you call Mia and ask her?" Matteo suggested.

"No. You won't see her until I'm sure she's safe from any threat you pose," Alexander shot a glare at Alessandro, making it clear whom his comment was directed at.

"If you think you can marry her, it's not going to happen while I'm alive, you bloody fucker!" Alessandro roared, lunging at the Duke and grabbing his collar. But Matteo quickly intervened, grabbing Alessandro's hand before things could escalate further.

"What the hell did you just say? Marry my own sister?! Gross! Are you insane?" Alexander scowled, his expression a mix of shock and disgust.

But his declaration stunned both Matteo and Alessandro into silence.

Husband Novel 137

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 137 Unexpected Declaration

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Matteo looked at Alessandro, and Alessandro's gaze shifted to his lawyer friend. Both stared at each other, dumbfounded. Alessandro knew Mia was an orphan with no family except him. When had this brother appeared? "Sister?!" Matteo and Alessandro both mumbled in bewilderment.

With a scowl, Alexander shrugged his shirt while adjusting his collar and replied, "Yes, Mia is my long-lost sister, Adeline."

"How's that possible?" Alessandro mumbled, trying to process the revelation. He couldn't decide whether to be relieved or shocked. If Mia was the Duke's sister, it meant the Duke didn't want her romantically.

"That's true, and your father was responsible for her abduction, just as he was responsible for my father's murder," Alexander declared coldly, his jaw tightening, a muscle in his face twitching as he struggled to control his anger.

"What did you say, Alexander?" A soft, feminine voice interrupted them, and they all turned to see Mia standing there, watching her brother with a look of shock. When she heard there was trouble at the main gate, she couldn't stop herself from coming to check.

"Was Antonio Valentino the one who abducted me and killed our father?" she murmured, her voice tight

with pain and disbelief.

Alexander pursed his lips, realizing the hurtful information wasn't meant to be revealed to Mia in this manner.

"Mia, go inside while I handle this," Alexander instructed his sister firmly.

"No, first tell me what's going on and what you were talking about," Mia insisted stubbornly.

"Baby, it's not what it looks like," Alessandro interjected, desperate to defuse the situation. He knew about his father's involvement in the tragedy that struck the Montecarlo family twenty-seven years ago, but he never imagined Mia was a part of it. Now, he couldn't afford to lose her after coming so far, all because of his father's mistakes.

"Look, I'm here, cuore mio. I am here to take you, Gia, and Maximo home," Alessandro urged, his voice tinged with desperation.

Mia glanced at her mafia husband intently, surprised to see him here after days of avoiding her without any solid reason. Just when she had begun to forget him again and was happy with her family, he reappeared, stirring everything up again.

"Here to take me home?!" Mia snapped, her voice sharp with anger. "I am home, Mr. Valentino, and I never want to see your face again after learning what your father did to me and my family." Her words dripped with disdain as memories of the torture inflicted by her cold husband resurfaced. She had thought he'd changed over the years, but she

was wrong-he had ghosted her again after playing with her heart, just like he did six years ago.

Now that she knew his father had also wronged her family, she felt an even deeper resolve. She never wanted to go back to Alessandro or rekindle their relationship. The pain of the past was too great, and the Detrayal too deep. How could she ever trust him again, knowing the blood that ran through his veins was the same as the man who had destroyed her family?

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Chapter 137 Unexpected Declaration

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"That's unfair, amore mio," Alessandro pleaded. "You can't punish me for what my father did. I'm not like him, and I will never hurt you," he insisted, his desperation clear.

Mia snorted, recalling how he was exactly like his father. He had never truly believed in her and had treated her like a possession. Now, he wanted her to believe he had changed. But how could she trust him after everything he'd put her through again? "I have nothing to do with you, Mr. Valentino. We had a business deal, and I've finished my work. We are no longer related," Mia said curtly, turning to leave.

Alexander watched the interaction intently, noting that Mia showed no interest in going back with Alessandro. She didn't even acknowledge him as her husband or the father of her children. He had many questions for her but decided to hold off until they were alone. He needed to hear her side of things before making any decisions.

"Wait, Aria!" Alessandro called out, his voice desperate. Mia froze at the sound of her old name but quickly realized her mistake in responding to it. She swallowed hard and, without turning back, pretended she hadn't heard him as she continued toward the manor. "You can't run away from me again, mia moglie," Alessandro called out authoritatively, making Mia turn to face him.

"What are you talking about?" Mia shot back fiercely. "I am not your wife, and I've told you that many times," she glared at him.

Alexander noticed the look on his sister's face and stepped beside her. "What's going on, Mia?" he whispered in a low tone, seeking clarity. Mia didn't respond, her gaze locked on Alessandro as he strolled confidently toward her.

"Amore mio, you can refuse it as many times as you want, but it doesn't change the fact that you are my wife, and Gia and Maximo are our children," Alessandro declared with utter confidence, his tone reflecting deep sincerity and honesty. Mia opened her mouth to refuse him again, but Alessandro beat her as he added further.

"I knew from the moment I saw you that you were my Aria. My eyes may deceive me, but my heart can never be betrayed by its feelings-it beats only for you, vita mia," he continued, his voice growing heavy with emotion and his eyes showing a hint

Husband Novel 138

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 138 She Is My Wife

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Mia was stunned. It all made sense now... He had always known. He never believed her denials, never doubted that she was his wife. Every time he called her that in those intimate moments, it wasn't by chance. He did it on purpose because he knew exactly who she was-Aria, his wife.

Her head spun, and she felt herself teetering on the edge of collapse. Alessandro noticed instantly. He lunged forward, catching her just in time as her knees buckled.

"Are you okay, baby?" he asked, his voice laced with impatience and concern.

But before she could respond, Alexander rushed over, fury in his eyes.

"Let go of her, you jerk," he snapped, pulling Mia from Alessandro's grasp.

"She is my wife, dammit," Alessandro snarled through clenched teeth, his fury barely contained.

"Wife?!" Mia's frustration boiled over as she steadied herself on her feet, shrugging off her brother's hands. to stand face-to-face with her mafia husband. "Do you think a wife is some toy you can play with when it suits you, and then just toss aside when you're bored? Not even bothering to tell her that you don't want her anymore?" she shouted, her voice filled with anger, making Alessandro curse under his breath

"That's not true, baby. I didn't respond to your calls and messages because I was deliberately avoiding you," Alessandro explained, his tone strained.

Mia scoffed, "See! I was right."

She threw one last disgusted glance at him before turning to leave again, but Alessandro grabbed her wrist, stopping her in her tracks.

"No, don't go! Let me finish before you jump to conclusions," he urged, his voice desperate.

"What else is there to explain, Alessandro, when you've admitted you were intentionally avoiding me?" Mia snapped back. "I still don't get why you're here." Then a thought flashed through her mind.

"Are you here for Gia and Maximo?" she snapped, glaring at her mafia husband. "Listen very carefully. They are my children, and you have nothing to do with them."

Mia was so enraged that she didn't realize she was threatening the most dangerous man in Italy. She glared at him, finger pointing and waving in a warning. The Italian don might be ruthless and cold-hearted to the world, but this woman-his wife-had him wrapped around her little finger, and she didn't even know it. Only she had the power to threaten him like this, because the mafia king feared no one but his wife.

"First of all, I'm here for you, cuore mio," Alessandro said in a tender tone that left everyone present in shock. It was hard to believe that the bloodthirsty merciless don could speak so sweetly. He lifted his hand to touch Mia's cheek, but she pulled back, turning her face away to avoid his touch.

Alessandro sighed, subtly shaking his head. "Secondly, Gia and Maximo are my children, and no amount of denial will change that," he challenged his stubborn wife.

Fury made Mia's eyes burn with unshed tears, and the pain caused her lips to tremble as she fired back. "Now you want to claim them as your children?!" she shouted, her voice heavy and shaking with anger and the weight of painful memories. "Where was this father when you sent those goons to kill me while I was pregnant with your children?! Let me remind you," her tone mocked. "You were partying with those sultry

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Chapter 138 She Is My Wife

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killers you sent to murder me," she sobbed, her patience finally breaking as she crumbled in that moment.

Alessandro's heart filled with remorse as he watched his wife cry, blaming him for that terrible night six years ago. The mere thought of it still sent shivers down his spine-if Aria hadn't been so smart and strong, he would have lost her and their children forever. Enzo had crafted a foolproof plan to kill Alessandro's family in one brutal stroke.

Alessandro moved swiftly, intending to take Aria in his arms and tell her the truth, to finally coax her into understanding. But before he could touch her, a heavy punch landed on his face.

"You tried to kill my sister and her children?!" Alexander shouted, throwing another punch at Alessandro, then another and another. Alessandro's men rushed to intervene, but he raised a hand, stopping them. He wanted Alexander to hit him. He deserved it-for failing to protect his wife and unborn children, for putting their lives in danger because of his stupid ego and selfishness. Perhaps if he took the beating he deserved, Aria could find it in her heart to forgive him.

"I'll kill you, you bloody asshole!" Alexander roared, relentlessly beating the Italian don with his fists and feet.

Mia gasped in horror, covering her mouth as she watched blood oozing from Alessandro's mouth, his face battered and cut in multiple places. He lay on the ground in a miserable state, but Alexander didn't stop. In his mind, Alessandro deserved to die.

Mia tried to steel her heart, but as the next kick landed on Alessandro's stomach and he spat blood, her resolve shattered. She rushed forward, grabbing Alexander to hold him back before he could truly kill her mafia husband.

"Stop, Alexander! He'll die!" she screamed.

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"Why do you care for the murderer, Mia? He deserves to die! He tried to kill you and your children. Why does he need pity?" Alexander bawled in frustration.

Mia felt her throat tighten; she couldn't reply. She had no answer for why she couldn't bear to see Alessandro in pain. Without a word, she grabbed Alexander's hand and began to lead him back toward the

manor.

Alessandro struggled to get up from the ground, and Matteo rushed to help him, but Alessandro again stopped his friend, shaking his head. Matteo couldn't understand why Alessandro was torturing himself like this. He had paid for his mistakes more than enough; there was no need for more remorse.

"Aria," Alessandro called out again, his voice filled with pain. Alexander turned his head and glared at him, but Mia shook her head and kept walking toward the manor.

"I might be a big asshole and have made many mistakes, but I could never think of killing you-not even in my dreams, Aria!" Alessandro shouted after her. "I've never attempted to harm you. Never."

His words made Mia stop. She took a deep breath, trying to swallow the anger that was rising inside her once again.

-But she couldn't stop herself from turning on her heels and glaring at her cold-hearted mafia husband with rage. Her feet began moving toward Alessandro on their own. But Alexander grabbed her hand, trying to stop her.

However, she pulled away, muttering, "Let's finish this."

She started toward Alessandro again, and this time, Alexander didn't stop her, remaining rooted in place, watching his sister carefully.

Mia marched toward Alessandro with a scowl on her beautiful face. She stopped just in front of him. Though her heart ached to see him bleeding and in such a miserable state, she was determined not to back down and was ready to fight back.

"Alessandro Valentino!" Mia roared, her voice filled with anger. "You think everything you did was right? You never trusted me, and you tortured me-punished me for things I never did," she yelled in his face, making him bite his bleeding lip and close his eyes tightly. "You said I shouldn't be pregnant with your child and believed that I must be carrying another man's child. When you learned about my pregnancy, you sent those

killers to get rid of both me and the babies," she murmured, her breath heavy and panting with anger. "Did you forget what you said, Alessandro Valentino?!" she screamed, her voice dripping with hatred.

"Aria, I admit I was a fool to doubt your faithfulness to our marriage, and I'm deeply ashamed of it," Alessandro pleaded desperately. "But trust me, even though I thought you were unfaithful, I never wanted you to leave me. I was so fucking in love with you that no matter what, I could never let you go. My anger and coldness were just a facade, meant to force you to stay with me and not leave for another man."

Mía snorted, her disbelief clear. She wouldn't be convinced by his excuses.

"Trust me, for God's sake. I'm still so in love with you that I never stopped. I've loved you all these years, even when you weren't with me," he said, lifting his hand to show her his wedding ring.

Mia's line narted in realization The conflict within her tirmed again Who was this man and how could he

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be so contradictory to his own behavior?

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"Earlier I thought you were going to leave me for Adam, but I wasn't going to back down and let him marry you. Never. I was coming to fight for you, baby," he continued, and without giving her a chance to protest, he took her hand.

This time, Mia let him hold her hand. Lost in the turmoil of her feelings, she didn't mind anything else but focused on his face and the emotions conveyed through his eyes.

"Then... then why did you leave me like that and stop taking my calls or replying to my texts?" Mia countered, her eyes glistening with tears and her voice faltering. Alessandro felt a surge of relief that she was at least giving him a chance to explain and was listening to him.

He took a step closer and looked deeply into her mesmerizing, innocent eyes.

"Baby, when the bomb exploded in my car, I was terrified. I couldn't bear the thought of what if you and our children had been in that car? What if my enemies had targeted you? I was so afraid of anything happening to you and our children. So, I deliberately distanced myself to make it seem like you weren't important to me. During the investigation, I discovered that the culprit was the same person who had tried to kill you six years ago," he revealed.

"Trust me, I didn't know you were attacked that night, or I would have investigated it long ago. But when you disappeared and then the flight you were on crashed, I was devastated. I couldn't see anything suspicious about it. I wasn't myself for years until Mother and Matteo pushed me to see a doctor and get help so I could start a normal life again. I'm glad I listened to them; otherwise, I might never have found you," Alessandro said, a slow smile spreading across his face as he gently caressed Mia's cheek.

Mia narrowed her eyes, watching closely her ruthless mafia husband. He was a liar. A monster. A murderer. Why should she believe him?

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Chapter 140 Let's Go Home

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Mia wanted to look away from the truth and honesty in his eyes. But his gaze remained unwavering, fixed on her as if he wanted her to see the depth of his heart through them. His voice was steady and strong, never faltering. Was he really telling the truth? She asked her heart, and the answer came-yes.

She inwardly whimpered at her traitorous heart, which once again sided with her cold-hearted mafia husband. It believed him and everything he said, while her mind remained conflicted, urging her to think it through one more time. She had given him many chances. Did he deserve another? Could she take the risk? There were so many questions that still needed to be answered.

But curiosity took over her thoughts in that moment, and she found herself asking, "Who was the person who wanted me dead?" Her voice trembled with fear as her heart raced at the thought of discovering the culprit's identity. "Enzo," Alessandro replied.

"Enzo?!" Mia frowned, realizing she should have known. He was the black sheep who had tried to assault her multiple times. She wondered what Alessandro would do when she told him about his stepbrother's attempt to rape his wife.

"Don't worry, he can't do anything now because he's dead," Alessandro announced coldly, noticing how pale she grew at the mention of his stepbrother. Beads of perspiration appeared on Mia's face, and fear clouded her eyes as she became lost in the terrifying memories of the past.

"Dead?" Mia gasped, her eyes widening with shock and disbelief. "H...How?!"

"I'll tell you everything, amore mio," Alessandro said softly. "Let's go home. Our home is waiting for you," he proposed, and Mia felt even more conflicted by his request.

She glanced at her brother before turning her gaze to the mafia king. With a sharp tug, she snatched her hand from her husband's grasp and took a step back. Alessandro frowned, his expression darkening with confusion.

"I have given you enough chances, Alessandro, and you made me regret it every single time!" she asserted vehemently. "But this time, I am not going to repeat my mistake because I am not alone-my family's life and reputation are at stake with me," she declared with an indifferent expression.

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"Mia, I'm truly sorry for hurting you, and I regret every single moment I was ever rude to you. If only I could go back in time and undo my mistakes. I'm willing to do anything you ask-just please, give me another chance, and I'll prove that I love you and have only ever loved you," Alessandro pleaded.

Mia's heart fluttered, and her resolve wavered as she looked into her husband's beautiful, pleading eyes. There was a time when she prayed every single day to hear him say that he loved her, but he never did he never showed it. Now, when those words no longer mattered to her, when she no longer cared, he never missed a chance to declare his love for her. After so much struggle and betrayal, how could she believe that he wasn't just trying to trick her into coming back to him?

She had loved him deeply, and for so long, she had hoped that he wasn't the man people said he was. But all she received in return were lies, betrayals, and a life of being treated like a plaything, with secrets kept from her. She was exhausted by this relationship and knew she needed to leave the painful past behind- for her children, for her mother, and for her brother.

"It's over between us, Alessandro Valentino. You've squandered every chance you were given, and now I'm done with you" she declared in a cold tone her determination steely as she turned to head back to the

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Chapter 140 Let's Go Home

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"It's not over, Aria Alessandro Valentino!" her husband's voice roared behind her, freezing her in her tracks. She bit her lip, refusing to turn back and look at him.

"You're still my wife, and we are still married," Alessandro announced loudly.

She was shocked and forced to consider why he was so determined. Alessandro Valentino was not the kind of man to plead for anything. He wasn't one to remain calm and collected after being rejected so many times, even by his wife.

Was it... was it for their children? Her heart stopped with fear at the thought. He wanted their children. So, it was all an act for the sake of his children. He had known from the beginning that Gia and Maximo were his, and that she was Aria. He had pretended to be a gentleman and changed his demeanor because he wanted them, not her. She was merely a means to be close to his children.

But she wouldn't let him take them away from her. She wouldn't let her children grow up in that life or become monsters like Alessandro Valentino. No, she wouldn't allow it.

"Then let's get a divorce," Mia responded coldly, not even glancing over her shoulder as she walked into the manor, not pausing for a single moment. The manor gates closed behind her as she heard her mafia husband shouting,

"Over my dead body!"

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