

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

Husband Novel 141

Chapter 141 Brother-in-law +5 Pearls

When Alessandro heard his beloved wife demand a divorce, the ground seemed to shift beneath him, and he watched in despair as his world literally crumbled before his eyes. When he married her, he had been indifferent to the idea of marriage, but he hadn't realized when he fell in love with her. Seeing her made him feel like the luckiest man in the world, someone who possessed something precious and entirely his. But he had taken it for granted, and his possessiveness undermined him. He believed that threatening and intimidating Aria would ensure her loyalty and faithfulness.

He was wrong-so, so wrong. He had witnessed his parents' infidelity and was terrified of suffering the same fate. He never wanted Aria to leave him, even though he believed she didn't love him and was not loyal. He wasn't ready to lose her at any cost, no matter her faults. He had loved her, and only her, in this world, after his mother.

But a divorce meant breaking the marriage and shattering the sacred bond that bound them for eternity. He couldn't imagine living without her; he couldn't survive. The thought struck him like a thousand deaths in that single moment. When he emerged from his trance, he saw Aria walking away from him, and the gates closed between them.

"Over my dead body!" he shouted as he ran toward the gate, ready to break it down and take Aria with him. But a hard punch sent him staggering back.

"Stay away from my sister, you jerk!" the Duke roared, throwing another punch. But this time, Alessandro caught Alexander's fist in his palm and wrenched it away with force. He frowned as he wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth.

"Show's over, Duke!" he mocked with a sneer. "Since my wife isn't here to witness her brother's heroism!" He announced with smugness as he clutched his jaw and tilted his head from side to side before continuing, "You think you can hurt me with those feather-light fists?" He chuckled venomously. "Ha! I've endured more deadly torture than you could ever imagine, Your Majesty," he taunted, emphasizing the Duke's title.

"Get the fuck out of my estate!" the Duke bellowed. But the Italian don only laughed coldly.

"Give me my wife back, and I'll leave," Alessandro responded with a conceited calm.

"In your fucking dreams," Alexander charged at the mafia king in fury, but Alessandro ducked and avoided the blow. Swiftly, he countered with a punch to the Duke's face,

sending him reeling backward. The Duke's guards quickly restrained Alessandro, capturing the Italian don.

Alessandro's people and Matteo watched helplessly, having been instructed to remain back and not intervene. However, Matteo knew that Alessandro was more than capable of handling the situation alone and that the Duke and his army were no match for his strength and speed.

"I'm sure, brother-in-law, you won't go to my wife and complain that her husband hit you," the mafia kin mocked with a taunting smirk, making Alexander clench his jaw. He instructed his guards to release the Italian don, preferring to handle the situation himself and not give the impression that the Duke was abusing his power.

Alexander stalked toward Alessandro slowly, his gaze burning with anger. Alessandro smirked, meeting his gaze with a challenging look as he stood authoritatively

"I don't know under what circumstances my sister had to marry you," the Duke grimaced as he spat out, "But now I am here, as her brother, and I will correct this mistake. You don't deserve her. Leave her, and I'll forget all your crimes." he proposed.

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+5 Pearls

Alessandro shook his head slowly, smiling. "I might not deserve her, but she is married to me and I love her. She is my wife. The mother of my children. Nevertheless, I am determined to spend my whole life proving myself worthy of her if she gives me one last chance," Alessandro replied peacefully. "But under no circumstances is divorce an option while I am alive, he announced authoritatively.

"Then count your days," the Duke snarled, grabbing the Italian don's collar with fury. But Alessandro jerked Alexander's hand away and pushed him back.

"I'm giving you one last warning, Alessandro. Leave her for your own good. Don't make me kill you with my own hands." Alexander clenched his fists at his sides, seething with rage.

"I would like to see you make me leave your sister's heart. She loves me, whether she admits it or not," Alessandro taunted, provoking the Duke.

"If you don't leave within two minutes, I'll put you in the dungeon for barging into my estate illegally and unwelcome," the Duke warned, gritting his teeth. His patience was wearing thin, and he was afraid of doing something in bright daylight that he would regret. "Go ahead," Alessandro shrugged nonchalantly, causing Alexander to frown in confusion. He couldn't decipher the Italian don's expression-what was going through his mind?

"As you wish," Alexander signaled his guards, and they rushed to take the Italian don into their custody.

"Alessandro," Matteo called out worriedly. But Alessandro shook his head.

"Go back home with the others and don't wait for me. I'm going to stay here longer," he announced calmly, causing Matteo to furrow his brow in annoyance.

Was his mafia friend really so foolish as to surrender himself to the Duke, who was thirsting for his blood and seeking revenge? Or was this part of a larger plan?

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Husband Novel 142

Chapter 142 Return Of The Heiress +5 Pearls

"That can't be true!" Henry shouted angrily, hurling the remote across the room. It smashed into the television screen, shattering the glass into a web of cracks.

"But it is true, Father," Oliver snarled, his nostrils flaring in anger. "They've found Adeline," he added, his voice thick with bitterness as his eyes remained fixed on the shattered screen, his hatred simmering just beneath the surface.

"That bitch!" Henry hissed through gritted teeth. "I thought I had gotten rid of her years ago. I thought she must have died that night, but she survived. How?" He slammed his hands on the table in frustration.

"It seems like a miracle, Father," Oliver mumbled with disappointment in his voice.

Twenty-seven years ago, when Duke William Montecarlo's wife, Camille, was pregnant with a girl, the head of the Montecarlo family-William and Henry's father-had already designated the youngest daughter of the Duke as the heiress to the Montecarlo ancestral empire. This left Henry heartbroken, as he received nothing from his father except for one of his business ventures and a mansion.

The title of Duke, along with its accompanying power and wealth, was set to pass to William's elder son, Alexander Montecarlo, leaving Henry with nothing. So, Henry devised a cunning plan with one of William's mistresses, who was in love with William and desperate to win him for herself.

The night, when Adeline Montecarlo was born, was a stormy night filled with misfortunes. Henry stole the newborn child shortly after her birth. He bribed the nurse, who handed over the baby without giving the mother a chance to see her. As Henry was making his escape with Adeline, William arrived unexpectedly, and they engaged in a fierce struggle. Henry killed William in the ensuing fight and took Adeline with him.

He handed the baby Adeline to Lucy, William's mistress, who was unaware of William's death at that time. According to their plan, Lucy was supposed to kill the infant. When Lucy saw the news of William's death, she lost her mind and rushed to see him one last time. In her frantic state, she didn't realize where she had

left the newborn girl.

When she returned and confessed that she had abducted Adeline, Henry was terrified she would implicate him. To prevent this, he had her killed in the castle prison before the trial could take place.

Henry believed that Lucy would have killed baby Adeline before returning to the estate, which was why she couldn't reveal the baby's location. He had been waiting for the period to elapse so he could claim the wealth and inheritance. However, Adeline's unexpected return had thwarted Henry's plans and jeopardized his hope of acquiring the wealth and properties.

His business was faltering, and he was deeply in debt, with all his properties mortgaged. He had been living off the money Camille was providing him under the pretense of searching for her daughter. Now, even that source of support was at risk of ending. Henry's entire future appeared bleak, with no prospects for himself, his son, or his grandchildren. Faced with such despair, he knew he had to act just as he had twenty-seven years ago. Determined, he lifted his head, took a deep breath, and formulated a new, comprehensive plan.

"Where is she?" Henry asked Oliver, his voice steely with resolve. "Let's go and meet the new heiress, after all," he smirked darkly. Oliver, sensing the dangerous glint in his father's eyes, knew that something significant was brewing in Henry's mind. "There's a press conference happening in Monaco, quite far from the Duke's estate. The Duke and Lady Camille are announcing the return of the heiress" Oliver informed him.

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Chapter 142 Return Of The Heiress

+5 Pearls

"Perfect. It's the best time to meet our heiress," Henry remarked sarcastically, a cunning smile shared between father and son.

Alexander, Camille, and Mia were at a lavish press conference hosted in a luxurious seven-star hotel, where Mia was being formally introduced as Adeline Montecarlo, the heiress of the Montecarlo empire. The event proceeded flawlessly, with media and press brimming with anticipation as the announcement captured headlines and became the latest sensation.

Matteo watched the unfolding spectacle on the television in his Monaco hotel room. He and his team had remained in the city, awaiting further instructions from Alessandro, while Alessandro remained imprisoned in the castle by the Duke. He was confined in the castle's dungeons, and Mia had not come to see him. Alessandro waited, hoping that his wife's heart might soften and lead her to visit him.

Suddenly, the Duke's phone began ringing. He answered it, and his expression immediately darkened. He quickly approached his mother and sister.

"What's wrong?" Lady Camille asked, noticing the furrow on her son's face.

"Mother, our factory in the east," Alexander sighed. "There is a fire break out, and the workers are trapped. Firefighters are on their way."

"Oh, God, please help them," Camille prayed instantly, closing her eyes. "Alexander, you must go and check on them. Make sure they receive treatment and that everyone is saved," she insisted, her voice filled with deep concern. "Alright, Mother. You and Mia should go straight home after the conference is over," he instructed, nodding.

"Don't worry, Alexander. You go; I'll take care of Mother," Mia assured her brother.

With a determined look, Alexander left with his bodyguard, while other bodyguards and guards stayed behind to protect Lady Camille and Mia.

Barely thirty minutes had passed when the hall where the conference was being held was suddenly filled with the deafening sound of gunshots. One by one, the bodyguards fell to the ground, and thick smoke quickly engulfed the area. The air was filled with the chaotic sounds of screaming, shouting, and coughing, but the thick smoke made it impossible to see anything.

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Husband Novel 143

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 143 Little Saviors 57%1

+5 Pearls

Gia and Maximo sat quietly in their room, their small Hands clasped under their chins as they stared into the empty space before them. This calm was merely the quiet before the storm.

"Where have they kept Daddy?" Gia mumbled thoughtfully, her voice filled with concern.

"I overheard Mom talking to Uncle Alexander about it, but he didn't say anything," Maximo murmured, his brow furrowed in frustration.

"Hmm, they think they can keep our father prisoner?!" Gia frowned, a flash of anger crossing her innocent face. "If we'd known sooner, Daddy wouldn't have had to suffer in that dirty place for so long," she huffed in frustration. "They can't keep our daddy here. He's too smart for them," Maximo mused, a hint of pride in his voice.

"Then why did Daddy let them capture him?" Gia asked, turning to face her twin brother, her innocent blue eyes blinking with curiosity.

Maximo also turned to face his sister, his expression mirroring her confusion.

"I'm thinking the same," he admitted, exhaling a breath of frustration. "But it's not a crime to date our mom, and Daddy shouldn't be punished for loving us," he declared with a frown.

"I used to like Uncle Alexander, but now I don't like him anymore after what he did to Daddy," little Gia said with a scowl.

"Are we just going to sit here and do nothing to free Daddy?" she asked with determination in her voice.

"No! We can't let Daddy stay locked in that dirty place. He has to be with us, here!" Maximo announced firmly. "I already have a plan."

He quickly pulled out his laptop and began typing furiously. Within moments, encrypted codes flashed across the screen, and suddenly, all the CCTV camera feeds from the manor appeared on his laptop, displaying every corner of the estate. Maximo's observant eyes quickly scanned through the screens on his laptop until he found the live CCTV footage of the dungeon. He scrolled frantically, and when Alessandro's face appeared on the screen, he froze, his cursor hovering over the image. "There he is!" he squealed, prompting Gia to lean in closer to the laptop.

Her little face fell as she took in the sight of their father. Her handsome daddy looked sad and hurt. His face was covered in bruises, and his expensive, fine clothes were dirty and torn. Anger welled up in Gia' innocent heart, and she felt a fierce desire to teach a lesson to whoever had hurt her father.

"Maximo, hurry up! Let our father out of there. I need him to be okay," Gia demanded, her lips trembling with worry.

"Don't worry, Gia. I'm already on it," Maximo replied, his face set with determination. His small eyes were locked on the screen as his fingers flew across the laptop keyboard.

After running a few more encryptions, a smile appeared on his face. With a final breath of certainty, he pressed the enter key firmly.

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Chapter 143 Little Saviors

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+5 Pearls

"It's done!" he announced. The CCTV feed from the room where Alessandro was imprisoned was cut out, and the screen went blank. The live video surveillance from that specific location was disabled. As a result, the camera stopped transmitting footage, and the screen displaying the live feed went blank. But before it disappeared, they heard the faint click of the passcode-protected prison door unlocking.

Alessandro lay on the cold, hard floor of the dungeon, his posture relaxed despite the grim surroundings. He tucked his hands beneath his head, one leg bent with the knee raised, while the other leg was stretched out and draped over the bent one.

It had been three days, and Mia had not come to see him. Despite the pain and isolation, he did not lose hope. He remained steadfast, willing to endure whatever it took to show her that he loved her and only her. He was prepared to suffer in this grim place as long as it took to convince her.

However, Alessandro Valentino was not just any man. As a mafia king, he had been trained to endure extreme torture. His enemies called him a monster for a reason. To him, this ill-treatment was nothing. Though he lived in luxury, he was indifferent to comfort, accustomed to navigating a life fraught with death threats and danger. Raised amidst gunfire, bloodshed, and trauma, he had been exposed to violence and suffering from a young age.

But today, he felt different. His heart was restless, and he couldn't understand why. His instincts told him he had to leave this place immediately. A sense of unease made him tense, and he sprang up abruptly when he heard a faint click. His sharp gaze darted to the prison door and noticed it was ajar. Then he saw the CCTV camera, its red recording light now extinguished. A knowing smile spread across his lips. He realized who must be behind this-his own blood and flesh, his children, who shared his intelligence and cleverness. In fact, they were even more astute than their father.

Feeling a surge of pride for his children, Alessandro quickly assessed his surroundings. He spotted a guard patrolling near his cell. As the guard approached, Alessandro seized the moment. He pushed the cell door open, landing a swift punch to the guard's face before the rifle could be aimed at him. With agile movements, he kicked the second guard, who was about to fire, and knocked him unconscious with a single punch.

Surveying the area, Alessandro saw that the path was clear. He stealthily made his way out of the dungeon, carefully avoiding the gaze of the security personnel. Though his escape was successful, a nagging sense of unease lingered. Climbing over the fence, he jumped down onto the manor's periphery. He spotted a car parked nearby, with Lucas seated inside. Alessandro quickly got into the car and noticed the anxious expression on Lucas's face. "What's the matter?" Alessandro asked.

"Look at this, Boss!" Lucas said urgently, handing Alessandro his phone.

Alessandro snatched the phone from Lucas's hand, and his curious eyes snapped to the screen. His face darkened as he watched the news footage unfolding before him.

The broadcast showed scenes of gunfire and thick smoke enveloping the press conference venue. The smoke gradually cleared to reveal that one person was missing from the scene. 746

Husband Novel 144

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 144 The Cruel Unveiling

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+5 Pearls

Mia slowly opened her eyes, her head still spinning. She squeezed them shut, frowning, then blinked a few times before her surroundings came into focus. The room was dimly

lit, resembling a storage area filled with old, unused items, and a strange, musty odor made her cringe. How did she end up here? Her foggy mind struggled to piece together the events leading up to her losing consciousness.

She had been at a press conference when Alexander abruptly left due to an emergency at one of his factories. Shortly after, gunshots rang out from outside, and masked men, their faces covered, stormed into the hall where the press conference was being held. Mia instinctively moved closer to her mother, holding her hand protectively, but before she could do anything, she watched in horror as the bodyguards were shot down, their bodies collapsing into pools of blood on the floor. Suddenly, a burst of smoke filled the hall, and the sound of coughing mixed with the terrified screams of the crowd. Mia and her mother began coughing as well, trying to cover their faces, but the smoke quickly overwhelmed them. Everything went black before Mia could do anything or understand who the attackers

were.

As the terrifying memory resurfaced, Mia panicked and tried to get up, but she quickly realized her hands and legs were bound, and she was tied to a chair. Desperately, she struggled to free herself, but it was futile.

"Help! Help!" she shouted into the dimly lit room. "Is someone there? Please, help!" she screamed frantically. Suddenly, the door creaked open, and a man in a black suit entered, followed by two others dressed in dark clothing.

"It's good to see you're finally awake," the man said calmly, his tone sending a chill down Mia's spine.

"Who are you, and why am I being held here, tied like this?" she demanded, her voice filled with both fear and defiance.

"Ah, my dearest niece, you hurt me," he said, making Mia frown. "You don't recognize me? I'm your uncle," he added with a sly grin.

Uncle?! Mia furrowed as her confusion deepened. She genuinely didn't recognize him. Although her mother had mentioned some distant relatives, she had never met them. Alexander had insisted on keeping her identity a secret until the press conference, where she would be officially announced as the long-lost heiress, Adeline Montecarlo. "Who are you?" she demanded. "I have never seen you before."

"I am Henry Montecarlo, your father's brother and your real uncle," the man introduced himself with a smug smirk.

Mia examined the man before her intently. She hadn't seen her father, but she did know he had a brother, as her mother had mentioned. However, the confusion deepened—why would her own uncle abduct her and keep her captive?

"If you are truly my uncle, then free me," she challenged with a poker face. "Why have you tied me up like a captive and not treated me as your niece?" she snapped.

The man laughed cunningly.

"I apologize for not making my intentions clear in meeting you like this, especially since this is our first time meeting," he smirked wickedly, causing Mia to sense something very fishy. "Oh, sorry, I mean the second time" he corrected with a mocking tone making Mia flinch inwardly. However on the outside she

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Chapter 144 The Cruel Unveiling

maintained an indifferent and brave face.

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"Would you kindly remind me, Uncle," she addressed him in a taunting tone, "when we met for the first time?"

"It's not your fault, Adeline. You can't recall our first meeting," Henry said, his expression turning dark, "because you were not even a day old and had just been born when I handed you over to that slut to have you killed discreetly."

"You were the one who..." she couldn't complete the sentence as Henry stepped forward and said, "Yes. And I never knew that bitch would fail to kill you, and I'd have to see you again in front of me. If I had known, I would have killed you myself twenty-seven years ago, just like I killed your father," Henry admitted venomously.

Mia gasped. He killed her father-his own brother. What kind of demon was he?!

"Why?" she shouted angrily, her eyes burning with tears of betrayal. "Why did you kill my father? And why did you want to kill me, a newborn baby who meant no harm to you?"

"You still don't get it?!" he clicked his tongue in mockery. "It all started with the will you inherited. If my father hadn't made you the heiress, you wouldn't have to live like this, and my brother wouldn't have had to lose his life," he smiled slyly.

She stared at him helplessly. All this sin was for a mere materialistic thing-wealth?!

"You're a monster!" she shouted angrily. "You killed your brother and now want to kill your niece. You are not human!" Tears of anger and pain spilled from her eyes.

Henry's face twisted with rage, and his hand flew, landing on Mia's face. Her head jerked to the side as she squealed in pain. She breathed heavily, struggling to blow the strands of hair stuck to her sweaty, tear-streaked face, trying to clear her vision. "Don't shout at me," he bellowed. "Save your energy, Adeline! You'll need it to sign these papers." He extended his hand to the side, and the man standing behind him handed him a stack of papers.

"What... what are these?" Mia murmured, glaring at the papers covered in black ink.

"These papers are a power of attorney, relinquishing your inheritance and transferring all your properties and wealth to me," Henry said with a casual shrug, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Mia's face contorted with rage as she spat out with hatred and determination, "I will never sign!"

She glared at him, panting and heaving with fury, watching as Henry's expression darkened into something truly menacing.

"You wretch!" Henry slapped her hard, causing her chair to tip backward. Mia cried out in pain as her elbow struck the floor, the sharp agony telling her that her forearm was likely broken.

"Oh, damn it!" he cursed as he noticed her arm was broken. "You've made me so angry, Adeline. Now sign these papers before I kill you," he snarled, grabbing Mia by the hair and yanking her up along with the chair. Mia screamed in unbearable hurt as she felt her hair being pulled from its roots, her entire scalp throbbing with pain.

"Then kill me, you bloody monster. I will never sign those papers," Mia spat defiantly in his face. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Chapter 144 The Cruel Unveiling

+5 Pearls

Henry wiped the spit from his face, grimacing, before slapping Mia repeatedly. She cried and cried and cried until her voice faltered and her throat went dry.

Henry was furious. Killing Mia would mean fighting for the inheritance himself, which was why he wanted her to sign the papers and transfer everything to his name easily. But it seemed he had only one option left: he would have to kill her.

Henry pulled out his gun and pointed it at Mia.

"Very well then," he lifted his chin with determination. This is the last time I'm asking. Will you sign, or, should I pull the trigger?" he threatened.

Mia remained silent, glaring at him with hatred and anger. Her face was swollen from the beatings and wet with tears, her left arm broken and still tied to the chair.

"Answer me, you fucking bitch! Sign the papers or die!" Henry shouted, hitting her on the head with the back of the metal gun.

Mia whimpered in pain but refused to back down. She shook her head, her voice firm despite its weakness. "I won't sign!"

"Then goodbye, Adeline Montecarlo. Get ready to die," taking a step back, Henry sneered as he pulled the trigger.

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Husband Novel 145

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 145 Sacrifice +5 Pearls

Mia held her breath and maintained a brave face as she stared down the barrel of the gun pointed at her head. Henry's finger began to press on the trigger. She closed her eyes, saying a silent prayer as memories flooded her mind-moments spent with her family, her children, and... her husband. In that instant, her only regret was not telling them one last time how much she loved them.

But before Henry could pull the trigger, a deafening crash echoed through the room, followed by a barrage of gunfire. The thunderous sound seemed to come from the front door being violently broken down, and the ensuing chaos-screams, shouts, and the heavy thud of many footsteps-suggested that a large group had stormed in.

Henry was startled and he forgot to pull the trigger as he whipped his head around toward the men

behind him.

"What's happening?" he asked, his voice laced with anxiety.

"It seems we've been attacked!" one of the men replied in a panic.

"Fuck!" Henry cursed as fear and anxiety etched across his face. "Take this bitch and provide me cover while I escape," he ordered, his voice laced with desperation. One of the goons roughly untied Mia, who hissed in pain as he yanked her up violently. Her broken arm dangled helplessly, the fractured bone piercing through her skin, making her cry out in agony.

Clutching her injured arm with her other hand, Mia was dragged mercilessly by the goons. She fought to stay conscious, battling the waves of pain threatening to overwhelm her. Her legs wobbled, on the verge of giving out, but she forced herself to keep moving as the monsters shouted at her, dragging her along by her uninjured arm. She gritted her teeth, trying to prevent the broken bone from cutting deeper into her flesh.

They headed toward what seemed to be a secret back exit. Henry quickly unlocked it, but as he swung the door open, he was forced to step back when an intimidating, tall, and muscular figure entered, followed by a group of men clad in black.

Mia's vision was blurred by tears and pain, but she managed to blink. Standing before her was her mafia husband.

For a moment, she thought she might be hallucinating—there was no way he could have come to save her. But then she heard his deep, authoritative voice, cold and commanding.

"Leave my wife, you scoundrel."

It was him!

Alessandro. Her mafia husband.

He had come to save her.

Her eyes widened with realization as she stared at her husband in astonishment. Alessandro's pained eyes met hers, filled with a mix of helplessness and anger.

Then, Mia felt the gun barrel pressed against her head and heard Henry's filthy voice cutting through the tension.

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Chapter 145 Sacrifice

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+5 Pearls

Alessandro glared at Henry but, reluctantly, signaled his men to step aside. They moved into position, creating a path for Henry and his goons.

Henry smirked triumphantly as he advanced toward the door and stepped out into the darkness. It was only then that Mia realized it was night. The goons began to drag her along, following their boss, Henry. She glanced over her shoulder, not seeing Alessandro coming after them. Had he given up on her so easily? Her heart sank with disappointment.

But the next moment, a deafening gunshot cracked through the air, and the goon pressing the gun to Mia's head crumpled to the floor, blood pooling around him. It was clear that he had been struck by a fatal bullet.

In a frenzy, Henry began firing his gun indiscriminately, while the second goon also opened fire, sending erratic shots in all directions. Mia was jolted by the sudden chaos, her heart pounding as the world spun around her.

Mia slowly edged to the side, her eyes darting toward where Henry and the goon were firing. Through the chaos, she saw Alessandro and Alexander emerging together amidst the hail of bullets.

Henry clenched his jaw as he saw the two men joining forces to save Adeline. Realizing he couldn't defeat them, he was determined not to let them win either.

"You bitch," he snarled, his voice dripping with hatred. "It's all happening because you're alive. You should die!" he shouted with venom as he aimed his gun at Mia.

Mia's eyes widened with horror as she saw Henry's gun pointed directly at her.

"You should die!" he yelled again as he pulled the trigger.

Mia closed her eyes in fear, but the bullet never reached her. When she dared to open them, she was stunned to see Alessandro's towering and imposing body standing between her and the gunfire. He pulled her in his arms, and turning backward, he fired the gun in his hand. Then, amidst the deafening roar of gunfire, Mia heard Henry's pained whimpers as bullets tore through him. In the blink of an eye, his bleeding body collapsed to the ground. She didn't know when he took his last breath.

She didn't have time to process what was happening before a scream escaped her lips. She watched in horror as Alessandro's arms went limp and his grip on her faltered, leaving her free. His once handsome face contorted with pain as he collapsed in front of her, his eyes slowly closing. Blood poured relentlessly from a grievous wound in his stomach, staining the ground beneath him.

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Husband Novel 146

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 146 The Love Test +5 Pearls

Mia collapsed to her knees beside Alessandro, her heart shattering as tears streamed down her face. Her entire body trembled with anguish, her breath catching in her throat as she took in the sight of her husband. The pain in her broken hand was insignificant compared to the fear gripping her heart. Ignoring her injury, she reached out with her uninjured hand, desperately pressing on Alessandro's wound to stem the flow of blood.

"Help!" she cried, her voice initially faint, but then she gathered every ounce of strength and screamed, "Help! Somebody, please help!"

Her frantic eyes darted around as men rushed toward them, some still firing and providing cover. The entire place was engulfed in chaos.

"A...Aria," she heard Alessandro's weak voice and instantly turned her head toward him. His eyes, half-open and filled with pain, were locked on her, his face contorted in agony. "Alessandro!" H

"A...Aria," she heard Alessandro's weak voice and instantly turned her head toward him. His eyes, half-open and filled with pain, were locked on her, his face contorted in agony. "Alessandro!" Hope surged in her heart. "Stay with me." She pressed harder on his wound, desperately trying to stop the bleeding.

The Mafia king took a shuddering breath, coughing as he struggled to speak. "A..Aria, Mia, o...or Adeline," he whispered, his voice barely audible. He paused, taking another strained breath, while Mia watched him through her tears, trying to grasp what he was about to say. "What...ever y... your na....me is, I...I love you, and on...only you, amore m...mio."

Mia's lips parted as a whimpering gasp escaped her, more tears streaming down her cheeks and falling onto Alessandro's face.

"I...I h...have al...ways....loved yo...u, an...and to....today I've ful...fulfilled my promise to...to love you un...til my last bre... breath," he rasped, gasping for air as the pain threatened to pull him under.

He loved her. He truly loved her. It meant that all those times when he confessed his love, it was real. It meant her heart hadn't betrayed her for feeling this way.

Her cold-hearted, ruthless mafia husband had loved her all along. He loved her so much that he didn't even care for his own life, taking the bullets meant for her without a second thought. Who would do that for anyone? Who could die so that the other might live? Only a man truly in love.

"Don't you dare talk like that, Alessandro Valentino," Mia scolded her mafia husband, her voice shaking with sobs. "This is not the end, and you still have to love me until the end of this world, okay?!" she whispered, but Alessandro's eyes had closed again, and she didn't know if he could hear her. "You're not going anywhere. Don't you dare die on me," she murmured, her teary gaze fixed on his serene face.

"Alessandro Valentino," she breathed out as her voice turned hopeless and the moment seemed to freeze in that instant, "I love you, and I will die if you leave me alone this time." It was the first time Mia had confessed her love to her husband, but she wasn't sure if he was conscious enough to hear her.

"Mia!" She snapped back to reality when she heard Alexander's voice.

He had removed his shirt and was carefully tying it around her neck as a sling to support her broken hand.

"No! First, attend to Alessandro," she protested, desperately trying to draw her brother's attention by

nodding toward her unconscious husband

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Chapter 146 The Love Test

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+5 Pearls

"Don't move, Mia!" Alexander scolded, frustration lacing his voice. He was deeply worried, seeing his baby sister with a broken hand and wounds all over her body. But all she cared about was her husband.

"We're taking Alessandro to the hospital," Alexander reassured his sister, as Lucas and two more men quickly lifted Alessandro. Being a bulky and tall figure, Alessandro couldn't be lifted alone. Alexander tied his suit jacket around Alessandro's midsection to help stop the bleeding.

Then he supported Mia, guiding her carefully out of the area to where the car was waiting.

"I will be in the car with Alessandro," Mia insisted stubbornly when she saw Alexander leading her toward another vehicle.

"Mia, he needs to lie down comfortably. We're all going to the hospital. Calm down; you need medical attention too," Alexander emphasized authoritatively.

"No, Alessandro has to be alright. He has to be alright," Mia kept mumbling, causing Alexander to sigh. He understood that the situation was both delicate and emotional and needed to be handled with care.

With the significant amount of blood lost from the Italian don's body, saving him was going to be challenging. Alexander's heart sank at the sight of his sister's anguish and deep love for her husband. How could he possibly console her if things took a turn for the worse? 746

Husband Novel 147

Chapter 147 Her Superhero +5 Pearls

Both cars sped down the road at breakneck speed, with Mia's car trailing closely behind the one carrying Alessandro. Her eyes were fixed on the vehicle ahead as if her gaze alone could reach her husband and infuse him with her strength. She had forgotten about her broken arm, and her focus was entirely on Alessandro. But Alexander stayed continuously by her side, holding her protectively. Yet time seemed to crawl for her impatient and fearful heart, and the road ahead stretched endlessly, far longer than it would on any ordinary day.

As soon as they arrived at the hospital, Lucas and the other men sprang into action. Alexander quickly got out of the car as well. When Mia rushed forward, he looked at her with concern.

"Mia, if you want me to go with Alessandro and ensure he gets the best medical care, you need to be careful and not hurt yourself more," Alexander warned. He signaled to his assistant, who stepped forward. "Take my sister to the emergency room and have her checked and treated for her fractured arm," he instructed.

Turning to Mia, he added, "Will you listen to me this time?"

Mia hesitated but nodded reluctantly. She wanted to be with Alessandro, but she knew her arm needed proper treatment so she could recover quickly and take care of her husband. With that in mind, she agreed to go with Alexander's assistant.

Throughout the entire time, Mia's mind was fixated on Alessandro, making it difficult for her to concentrate on what the attending doctor was saying. Finally, she received sutures for the lacerations on her arm, which was fractured. A temporary fiberglass splint was applied to immobilize the bone. Once her immediate needs were addressed, she rushed to the operating room where Alessandro's surgery was underway.

Upon arrival, she found Matteo and her mother, Camille, already there. Matteo was speaking with Lucas, and when he spotted Mia, he gave her an empathetic glance. To Matteo, Alessandro was more than just a friend and boss—he was like a brother.

Upon hearing about the Italian don's situation, Matteo had rushed to the hospital. Lucas briefed him on everything that had transpired. Alessandro's men had managed the situation at the site where the gunfire and casualties occurred, while Matteo had taken charge of handling the police.

Camille rushed to her daughter as soon as she saw her.

"Adeline, how are you feeling?" Camille asked, taking a good look at her daughter. Seeing her condition made Camille's heart ache, and tears brimmed in her eyes.

Mia shook her head. Her eyes also began to glisten. She hugged her mother tightly, and the dam of her control broke; she sobbed, embracing Camille with all her strength as if she were her anchor.

"How are you, Mom?" Mia whispered, still holding her mother. She blamed herself for everything that had happened, feeling responsible for Henry's actions and the harm he had caused to so many people.

"I'm fine, sweetie. Don't worry," Camille murmured as she pulled away and wiped Mia's cheeks, though fresh tears again rolled down Mia's cheeks.

Camille looked at her daughter helplessly and felt she needed to know what had happened.

She began to explain, "As soon as the attackers left, the hotel staff came to our rescue, and Alexander arrived soon after. Everyone was quickly brought to the hospital and fortunately no one was critically

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Chapter 147 Her Superhero

harmed." Her words made Mia sigh with a bit less guilt

+5 Pearls

"But then we realized you were missing, and the search began. It would have taken a lot of time to find you if Alessandro hadn't come forward with the information," Camille added.

"Alessandro?!" Mia gasped, recalling how he had appeared like a superhero and saved her.

"Yeah, Alessandro. I know he was in the dungeon, but somehow he managed to escape and then contacted Alexander, saying he knew where you were taken after the kidnapping. One of his men was following the attackers and led him to where Henry had kept you captive." Camille paused and led Mia to a nearby chair. "I never knew Henry had such dangerous intentions," Camille murmured unconsciously. She still couldn't believe that her husband's own brother had wanted to kill her daughter.

Mia's face turned cold as she recalled Henry's confession of his crimes.

Alexander also approached them, and Mia's eyes lifted to her brother with hope.

Sensing Mia's unspoken concern, Alexander spoke before she could ask, "The operation is still ongoing. Let's wait until the surgery is successfully completed."

Mia nodded, looking at her brother with hope. Alexander's heart fluttered with fear as he saw his sister gazing up at him as if he could fix everything and ensure her husband's recovery. But the truth was, having witnessed so much bloodshed and death in his life, Alexander knew that given Alessandro's critical condition, the chances of survival were very slim.

"I have to tell you something," Mia said, addressing her mother and brother. Both Camille and Alexander's attentive gazes were fixed on her.

"Henry confessed that he was the one who orchestrated my kidnapping twenty-seven years ago and killed Father when he caught him red-handed."

Camille gasped loudly upon hearing this shocking revelation. She couldn't believe she had been supporting the man who was responsible for her family's downfall.

"Motherfucker!" Alexander cursed, clenching his teeth. "I regret that he died such an easy and simple death. I wish I could bring him back just to give him a death so gruesome that his soul would fear even reincarnation. He left this earth without paying for his sins," he spat out as his voice dripped with disgust and fury.

Just then, the door to the operating room opened, and the surgeon stepped out, looking frantic. Mia's heart sank at the sight of the doctor's cold, expressionless face.

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 148 Surgery

+5 Pearls

Mia refused to let any negative thoughts creep into her mind and held onto the glimmer of hope in her heart. She instantly got up and walked over to the doctor.

"How is my husband, Doctor?" she asked, her voice laced with worry.

The doctor hesitated before replying, "Don't worry. Keep faith; he'll be alright."

"Wh...what do you mean?" she asked, her voice trembling with fear.

"Calm down, Ms. Montecarlo," the doctor coaxed gently

"It's Mrs. Valentino to you, Doctor," she corrected him with pride, choosing her husband's surname over her maiden name. She belonged to him, and he belonged to her. They were still married, and no power could separate them now.

"Now tell me..." she stared intimidatingly. "How is my husband? Where is he? I need to see him!" Mia insisted, her voice growing furious as she tried to make her way to the operating room.

"Mrs. Valentino, please calm down. You can't see him right now," the doctor urged, trying to stop her, but she stubbornly ignored him.

"I have to see him!" she kept mumbling.

"Mia! Mia!" Alexander called out as he gently intervened, pulling his sister into his firm embrace. He was careful not to hurt her fractured hand in her frantic state.

"No! Leave me. I have to see him," she yelled furiously at her brother, even hitting him with her uninjured hand. But Alexander remained steadfast, enduring her blows until Mia grew tired of struggling, her shoulders slumping helplessly as her breathing turned heavy and labored. "Mia, trust me. Everything will be alright. Let me talk to the doctor, okay?" he pleaded gently.

"He is fine, right?!" she asked, her voice filled with desperate hope. Alexander's gaze shifted to the doctor, searching for any hint of reassurance, but the doctor's expression remained cold. Sighing, Alexander said, "He'll be fine, Mia. Let me talk to the doctor and check on Alessandro's recovery. Please, calm down and don't panic, okay?" He comforted his frightened sister.

"Mia, you should go home," Alexander said, slowly releasing her when he was sure she wouldn't try to run toward the operating room.

"No, I won't leave until I see my husband," she stubbornly shook her head.

"Mia, it'll take some time for him to regain consciousness after the surgery," Alexander reasoned gently. "And if you fall sick, who will he see when he wakes up?" he challenged in a tender tone. "So get some rest and take your medicine. Go home with Mother. Gia and Maximo are worried too; one of their parents should be with them," he added, playing the emotional card, knowing how much she loved her children.

Sighing reluctantly, Mia nodded. "Okay, but inform me as soon as Alessandro wakes up."

Alexander swallowed with hesitation. He didn't know how Alessandro's condition was; he was just trying to comfort his sister. He smiled softly and nodded, hoping it would be true, it had to be-for his sister's sake.

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Chapter 148 Surgery

health of a man he once wanted to see destroyed and dead.

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+5 Pearls

Alexander looked at his mother and nodded. Camille shared a knowing glance with her son before wrapping her arm around Mia's shoulders, guiding her to the elevator that would take them to the lobby, from where they would head to the exit and then the parking lot. Some bodyguards followed them, and this time Lucas ensured that the mafia bodyguards stayed close to Camille and Mia, making sure that the woman his boss loved so deeply would be safe and secure. Alexander didn't object this time.

"Yes, Doctor. Tell me now, how is Alessandro?" Alexander asked, turning his attention to the doctor after he finally saw Mia boarding the elevator with Camille.

"Lord Alexander, please come to my office," the doctor instructed.

"I'll come too," Matteo quickly interrupted, drawing Alexander frowning gaze toward him. The Duke stared at the lawyer for a moment before nodding in agreement.

Both quietly followed the doctor to his office and entered after him.

"Please take a seat," the doctor offered, before taking his own and opening a file.

Alexander and Matteo waited in tense silence until the doctor finally turned the file toward Alexander. The Duke's eyes darted to the file as he scanned the medical terms and conditions listed.

"Mr. Valentino's condition is very critical. Though we managed to stop the bleeding and the surgery was successful, his brain is not responding properly," the doctor began to explain. "What do you mean, Doctor?" Matteo asked anxiously.

The doctor shifted his gaze to the lawyer, taking a deep breath before replying. "Mr. Vinci, it means if Mr. Valentino doesn't wake up within twenty-four hours, the chances are he will slip into a coma." At the doctor's announcement, both the Duke and the lawyer's faces turned pale, rendered speechless by the shock.

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Husband Novel 149

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 149 The Hope

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+5 Pearls

"Do something, Doctor," Alexander commanded in a tone that brooked no argument. As the Duke, his authority was absolute in his territory, and no one dared defy his orders.

"We've done everything we can. He's receiving the best possible treatment and medication. All we can do now is wait and hope for the next twenty-four hours," the doctor replied with a look of helplessness on his face. "Excuse me, I need to attend to my rounds," he added as he stood up and left the room.

Matteo and Alexander remained seated, still unable to process the grim news. There was nothing left to do but wait for twenty-four hours and hope that the Italian Don would regain consciousness before the deadline passed.

"What are we going to do now?" Matteo mumbled, lost in thought.

"We'll figure it out. First, we have to wait for Alessandro to wake up—we only have twenty-four hours," Alexander replied, his tone cold and indifferent, masking the fear in his heart. He was terrified of what he would tell his sister if anything happened to Alessandro. "He has to wake up," Matteo said, his voice growing more confident and optimistic.

Alexander turned to face Matteo, surprised by the determination and hope on his friend's face as if he were certain Alessandro would wake up at any moment

"Yes, he has to," Alexander nodded firmly, agreeing with the lawyer. The Italian don had to wake up soon, with so many prayers and hopes sent to God for him.

They both got to their feet and began to leave the doctor's office. Matteo headed to the operating room to be with his friend as they were now transferring Alessandro to the ICU. Alexander went to the billing desk to handle his sister's discharge formalities. Just then, his phone rang, and he pulled it out of his breast pocket. His assistant had arranged new clothes for him, and the Duke had changed at the hospital since he didn't have time to go home. He frowned when he saw the caller ID—it was Chloe, his girlfriend.

"Why is she calling right now?!" he muttered, clenching his eyes shut and furrowing his brow. His mood was too sour to talk to anyone. But thinking it might be urgent, he reluctantly decided to answer.

"What's the matter, Chloe?" he asked, his voice edged with impatience.

"Alexander!" Chloe's voice sounded distressed, instantly making the Duke uneasy.

"Where are you, Chloe? Are you alright?" he asked, his tone shifting to concern.

"I'm fine," she assured. "I rushed to the hospital as soon as I heard that you and your family were attacked and admitted," she murmured, her voice laced with worry.

Of course, the news channels! He thought, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"But there's a woman here in the hospital causing trouble for me," Chloe complained, making Alexander frown.

"Where are you?" he asked, clenching his teeth. The thought of someone daring to mess with his woman fueled his annoyance.

"I'm in front of the oncology department," she replied. Alexander didn't wait to hear more.

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Chapter 149 The Hope

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+5 Pearls

He sprinted toward the oncology department, his urgency palpable. Stopping a passing hospital staff member, he quickly learned it was on the second floor. Without wasting a second, he took the elevator up.

As soon as the doors opened, he searched frantically for Chloe. Finally, he spotted her, locked in a heated argument with a girl whose face was hidden from him, her back turned. The girl wore a white top paired with a long, flared navy blue skirt, her long blonde hair swaying as she firmly shook her head in disagreement. "What's going on?" he asked in an authoritative tone as he stopped beside Chloe, wrapping his arm around her waist.

"Thank God you're here," Chloe sighed in relief, leaning into his embrace. "Look at this woman," she complained, pointing at the girl standing before them. She is fighting with me for nothing and doesn't let me go from here."

Alexander's intense and annoyed eyes shifted from Chloe to the girl. His dark gaze locked onto her amber eyes, and for some reason, he couldn't look away. The girl squinted, challenging him, and the Duke realized he was staring.

He cleared his throat, breaking the tension. "What's your name, miss?"

"It doesn't matter," the girl replied defiantly. "But your girlfriend definitely needs some manners," she added, huffing as she placed her hands on her hips.

Alexander's eyes darted to the badge on her shirt. It read 'Hazel.'

The name sounded familiar!

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 150 First Meeting +5 Pearls

She wasn't wearing a hospital staff uniform, and she didn't look like a doctor either. The badge didn't seem to belong to the hospital. Who was she, and what was she doing here? Alexander was so lost in his thoughts that he did not realize his gaze had lingered on the girl's chest longer than necessary.

"Eyes up here, mister!" she snapped, waving her fingers in front of his face, clearly irritated. She had misunderstood his intent.

Alexander narrowed his eyes, his anger rising as his face turned red.

"You are very audacious!" he scowled. No one in his territory spoke to him like that.

"Huh! Shouldn't I be the one saying that?" Hazel grimaced and her tone was sharp.

Exhaling loudly, Alexander chose to ignore her and turned to Chloe. "You tell me, Chloe, what's going on here?" he demanded.

"I was looking for you and ended up on the wrong floor. When I was inquiring about you, this lady appeared and started scolding me arrogantly, telling me I was disturbing the peace and should leave immediately. She was so rude, Alexander. She humiliated me," Chloe complained, her voice laced with frustration.

Alexander! Hazel frowned. The name sounded familiar, but she was too irritated by Chloe's lies to think about it further.

"Come on, why don't you tell him the truth?" Hazel demanded, her tone cutting.

"I AM telling the truth, you bitch!" Chloe snapped, her voice laced with annoyance.

"Chloe!" Alexander scolded her as he was clearly taken aback by her swearing in public.

His circle and family were already having a hard time accepting her as his bride, and now she was tarnishing her image even more, creating additional trouble for him to convince everyone she was the perfect match for him. But despite her flaws, he loved her and had no intention of leaving her.

"What's the whole truth, then?" Alexander asked Hazel, making Chloe furrow her brow in disbelief. Was he seriously going to believe another woman over her? That was absurd.

"Alexander, I'm telling you the truth," Chloe insisted, batting her doe eyes at him. But Alexander's expression remained indifferent. As an authoritative figure and a Duke, he was accustomed to serving justice by hearing both sides of the story, not letting emotions sway him. "Let her speak, Chloe," he said, cutting her off. Chloe huffed in frustration, glaring at Hazel.

Despite her initial impression of him as a pervert and arrogant, Hazel found herself reluctantly impressed by Alexander's impartiality.

"I accept that your girlfriend might have come here by mistake," Hazel began, her tone steady, "but then she collided with a kid who's been here for six months, undergoing cancer treatment. Instead of comforting him and helping him up after he fell, she slapped him hard, scolding him for dirtying her dress. Not only that, she created chaos in a ward where many cancer patients need rest and peace."

Hazel paused, watching the Duke's expression, which remained unreadable.

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Chapter 150 First Meeting

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+5 Pearls

"When I intervened and tried to stop her, she shouted at me and even attempted to hit me. She failed to assault me, though, because she's full of pretense and can only pick on those who are weaker," Hazel grimaced with disgust, her eyes narrowing at Chloe. "Now, I expect an apology from her to the kid and the entire ward for disturbing them and disrespecting their dignity," she demanded firmly. "I won't let her go until then."

Without a second thought, Alexander turned to Chloe.

"Apologize immediately," he ordered, his tone leaving no room for argument. Chloe's jaw dropped in disbelief.

"Are you seriously going to believe her over me?" Chloe's eyes widened in shock as she accused him.

"Chloe, it's just an apology. There's no need to make a fuss. Just do it," Alexander replied coldly.

Taking a deep breath, Chloe turned to Hazel, knowing how stubborn the Duke could be. His words were final.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled in a low tone, though her face remained unapologetic.

"Not to me, but to the kid and to the whole ward," Hazel said, folding her arms over her chest.

"Fine!" Chloe huffed and turned to the kid, who stood behind Hazel, still looking scared with tears in his eyes. "I'm sorry, kiddo," she said coldly. Then, raising her voice, she added, "I'm sorry, okay!" She said it with an air of arrogance before walking away with frustrated strides, leaving Alexander behind.

Alexander sighed and rubbed his forehead, knowing Chloe's temper well. He realized he would need to coax her later, as she was likely angry with him now.

"Now that it's done, can we leave?" Alexander asked Hazel.

"Okay," Hazel replied in a soft voice. "But teach your girlfriend some manners," she advised.

screens.

The Duke was amused by her comment. Did she really not recognize him? He found it hard to believe, as every woman in town knew him and most people recognized him. He was featured in every newspaper, tabloid, and occasionally displayed on television news. Shaking his head, he murmured, "Thanks, Miss," and turned on his heel, leaving with his imposing stride.

Hazel couldn't help but stare at his back as he walked away, still intrigued by the handsome but arrogant man who seemed familiar. She couldn't quite place where she had heard his name before. She tilted her head slightly as she watched him disappear into the elevator. Who was he?!

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