

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

Husband Novel 161

et Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 161 Picture Perfect Finished

The days passed in the blink of an eye, and Alessandro was discharged from the hospital and taken home. Mia and Alessandro had planned extensively about how to tell the kids that Alessandro was their biological father.

Mia was worried about how the children would react, but to her surprise, Gia and Maximo took the news easily, as if they had always known that Alessandro was their father. Gia was, in fact, over the moon to learn that she was Alessandro Valentino's real daughter. She couldn't help but gush about it.

Maximo was also happy by the news, and neither of the children asked their parents about what had happened in the past. Both kids were smart enough to know that when the time was right, their parents would tell them. Slowly, Mia's arm also healed, but until Mia and Alessandro were fully recovered, Alexander insisted they stay in Monaco at his manor. He wanted to make sure his sister was fine before she

went to her marital home.

However, Mia was over the moon because, here, Alessandro couldn't go to the office and could spend all his time with her. However, he still worked on his phone and laptop when something urgent came up, or sometimes his staff and assistant would come to discuss matters with him and get him to sign some documents. But Mia was relishing, for the first time, having her husband's company and all his time to herself. Alessandro was at her beck and call, unable to deny her even a single request as if agreeing to whatever his wife said was his top priority. Alexander had arranged home-schooling for the children so they wouldn't fall behind in their studies. Everything was going perfectly. Mia smiled as she looked at her family gathered at the breakfast table with Camille and Alexander. Alexander was about to head to the office and then attend to estate matters and his duties as a duke. The children's teacher was also due to arrive soon for their lessons, so they had to prepare for their studies. Alessandro had a conference call scheduled for the morning after breakfast, but he had promised Mia that they would go out for a lunch date. Alessandro was trying to make up for all the years when he had been foolish, not giving his precious wife the time and attention she had always deserved. Now, he was doing everything in his power to give her all the happiness in the world.

Mia suddenly stopped eating, the spoon halfway to her mouth, as she felt her stomach churn. An intense wave of nausea hit her, and she felt the urgent need to vomit. Quickly covering her mouth, she bolted toward the bathroom. Alessandro frowned as he watched Mia leave the breakfast table abruptly and rush

to their room.

'Aria!' he called out, but she didn't stop.

He and Alexander exchanged worried glances before getting up and running after her. Camille instructed the nanny to look after the children and reassured them that their mother was fine before heading to her daughter's room to check on her. When Camille reached Mia and Alessandro's room, she found that Mia had locked herself in the bathroom, and Alessandro and Alexander were anxiously waiting outside.

"What happened? How is she?" Camille asked, worry evident in her voice.

Alexander and Alessandro both shook their heads, looking equally clueless. The furrow on her forehead deepened, especially since Mia's arm was not fully healed. After a few minutes, Mia opened the bathroom door and found her mother, brother, and husband waiting anxiously for her.

"What's wrong, amore mio?" Alessandro was quickly by her side, gently caressing her head and cheek, checking her temperature and his intense gaze searching her face for any sign of discomfort.

"I'm fine, hubby. I think I've been eating too much lately, and my stomach couldn't handle it, so I vomited." she replied innocently, shrugging her shoulders.

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Chapter 161 Picture Perfect

Alexander and Camille let out a breath of relief.

"I'll take you to the hospital for a check-up, Mia," Alexander said with concern.

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Mia felt somewhat helpless as everyone had their own preferred name for her. Her mother called her Adeline, her brother called her Mia, and her husband called her Aria. Others used names for her, depending on their familiarity, whether Mia, Aria, or Adeline. "There's no need, Alexander. I'm fine," Mia said, shaking her head and smiling softly.

"Are you sure, dear?" her mother asked, wanting to check her daughter herself. However, Mia's protective mafia husband kept her close, his arms wrapped around her

shoulders, not allowing even her mother to examine her properly. "Yes, Mother," Mia sighed with a smile, happy to see her family's concern for her.

"No, you're not okay, and we're going to the hospital. Now!" Alessandro declared authoritatively, leaving no room for further argument.

"Tyrant!" Mia murmured sullenly, making Alessandro chuckle softly

"I'll come too," Alexander proposed.

"It's fine. You go and attend to your duties, and I'll update you after I've had her thoroughly checked." Alessandro suggested.

"Alright, Alexander agreed, gently caressing his sister's head.

As Alexander and Camille made their way out of Mia and Alessandro's room, they barely had time to step out when they heard Alessandro shouting. "ARIA!!!"

Camille and Alexander turned swiftly to find Alessandro holding Mia in his arms, her body limp as she had fainted.

Husband Novel 162

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Chapter 162 Good News

Everyone's faces turned pale at this unexpected turn of events, and the whole manor erupted into chaos and panic. Alexander shouted for the driver to get the car ready, while Alessandro, despite Alexander's insistence that he should carry Mia, refused to leave his wife's side. Camille stayed home with the children, as their teacher was about to arrive. No one could understand what had suddenly happened to their precious Mia and why she had fainted so abruptly

Alessandro and Alexander hurriedly took Mia to the hospital, where the doctors rushed to check her. The waiting was agonizing as they stood outside the room, anxiety gnawing at them while the doctors examined Mia. After a while, Mia regained consciousness, and the doctors conducted further tests on her.

The doctor called Alessandro into the office.

"Mr. Valentino, please have a seat," the doctor said, reviewing the test reports.

"Mrs. Valentino is stable, but she has low blood pressure and signs of weakness, which caused her to faint. You'll need to take extra care of her, especially since this is the first trimester of her pregnancy."

Alessandro's lips parted in surprise, his eyes widening as he blinked at the doctor in disbelief.

"What... what did you say, Doctor?" Alessandro asked, furrowing his brow in confusion.

The doctor looked at him with a hint of surprise. "Oh, you didn't know? Your wife is six weeks pregnant." "Pregnant?" Alessandro repeated, stunned.

"Yes, and congratulations. Mr. Valentino," the doctor said, handing him the test reports.

Alessandro took the papers and read them carefully, his eyes locking onto the words "Pregnancy: 6 weeks." His heart fluttered with joy and disbelief, a warmth spreading through his chest.

Thank you. Doctor, he replied, a bright grin spreading across his face as the reality of the news sank in.

Mia and him were going to be parents again. Nothing could be more fantastic news than this. All that happiness came into his life altogether. His loving wife returned, he had two adorable children and another bundle of joy was going to add to their family. He couldn't ask for more. In that moment he felt like he had everything in this world and was the luckiest man alive.

"Can I see her?" Alessandro asked, licking his lips. His voice grew thick with emotion.

The doctor nodded. "Yes, you can take her home. I've prescribed some medication for her," he replied. "Also, her orthopedic surgeon stopped by to check on her. He said she's recovering well and might be able to have her cast removed next week," he added. Alessandro sighed in relief, feeling like everything was finally falling into place. He stood up, eager to see his wife without waiting a moment longer.

As he stepped out of the doctor's office, Alexander was waiting for him outside. "What did the doctor say?" he asked, concernwritten all over his face.

Alessandro's face lit up with a smile. "I'm going to be a father again."

Alexander's eyes widened, sparkling with excitement.

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Chapter 162 Good News

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happazing news! Congratulations!" He pulled Alessandro into a warm hug. Alessandro, filled with

hugged his brother-in-law back.

For the first time after a long rivalry, the Duke and the Italian Don embraced each other, both connected. by their love and concern for Mia.

When they pulled back, the initial awkwardness returned, but both men chuckled and quickly brushed it aside.

"What else did the doctor say?" Alexander asked.

"He said Aria is weak but otherwise fine, and we can take her home. However her surgeon had suggested she could get rid of her cast next week," Alessandro replied. Alexander nodded in acknowledgment.

"I'm going to see her." Alessandro announced, his voice filled with eagerness and impatience.

Alexander smiled in understanding and responded, "Alright, I'll take care of the discharge paperwork in the meantime."

"Wait, let me pay the bill," Alessandro insisted, handing Alexander his card.

Alexander held up a hand and pushed Alessandro's card back toward him. "Let me handle it while you're

Te. I'm her big brother, after all," he insisted softly.

Surprisingly, Alessandro didn't argue. He was too happy to let anything spoil his mood, and more importantly, he didn't want to upset Aria by engaging in a dispute with her brother. He didn't want her to experience even moment of stress, especially since she was pregnant with his child, which brought him immense joy.

Alessandro went to see Aria, while Alexander took care of the paperwork so they could take her home as soon as possible. In the meantime, he informed his mother about the

good news. She had been worried and anxiously calling nonstop for every update on her daughter's health.

After a long time, both families had a reason to celebrate. The Duke noted to himself that a big celebration. was definitely in order.

794

Husband Novel 163

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 163 Critical Decision Finished

Alessandro slowly pushed open the door to the hospital suite and found his wife lying comfortably in bed. When Min saw her husband, she smiled, and the rosy hue on her cheeks suggested she already knew about the pregnancy. The doctor had mentioned it to her while discussing her health during the examination.

"You scared me half to death, amore mio," Alessandro breathed out, his voice a mix of relief and affection as he approached his wife. His eyes stayed locked on her beautiful face, filled with love.

"Umm... Sorry, hubby." Mia replied shyly, biting her lip

Alessandro chuckled, shaking his head. "Did you hear the good news?" he asked, stopping beside the hospital bed.

"Yes," Mia nodded nervously. "Are you not happy?" Her eyes reflected uncertainty.

"Happy?!" Alessandro exclaimed, his voice brimming with excitement. "I'm over the moon, la mia regina," he declared, leaning in to kiss her gently. "I missed so many moments when you delivered Gia and Maximo on your own," he whispered as his eyes reflected the regret in his heart. "But I don't want to miss anything this time. I'll be by your side like your shadow." He kissed her nose tenderly. "Now you need to take extra care of yourself and our baby," he whispered, his hand resting gently on Mia's stomach. around

I love you, honey. You have completed me," Mia murmured, circling her uninjured arm Alessandro's neck and not letting him pull away. "Thank you for giving me the beautiful family I've always craved. Promise me that no one will ever separate us," she demanded. The fear and insecurity in her eyes. made Alessandro realize a harsh truth.

His expression hardened with determination as he vowed, "You have completed me too, baby, and I promise, amore mio, no one and nothing will ever separate us."

Mia's heart fluttered at the sight of his handsome face. She still couldn't believe that this incredibly attractive man was so deeply in love with her and never missed a chance to show it.

"Ready to go home?" Alessandro asked with a smile.

"Always!" Mia replied, biting her lip.

Alessandro groaned playfully, "God, amore mio! You do this intentionally to provoke me and make me want to take you right here."

Mia's eyes widened in shock.

"What?! No!!!" she started to say, but her words were muffled as Alessandro pressed his lips to hers, kissing her deeply.

His hands gently caressed the sides of her curves.

"I can't wait to get you home and celebrate this joyous news in our bed," he whispered mischievously, making Mia blush a deep crimson from shyness.

A sound of throat clearing came from the doorway, interrupting Mia and Alessandro, who hadn't noticed the door had opened. Hesitantly, Mia pulled away from her husband, who was reluctant to break their kiss, even for the presence of an onlooker. Alessandro cursed the intruder silently and turned to see Alexander standing in the doorway, looking away and waiting patiently for the affectionate moment to end.

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14:05 Sun, Oct 6

Chapter 163 Critical Decision

"You can come in now," Alessandro said gruffly.

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Alexander looked up and smiled at the couple. "Congratulations on expecting another addition to your family," he said warmly as he walked over to his sister's side and gave her a side hug.

"Thank you, brother," Mia replied, still blushing.

"You know, it's wonderful news, and everyone's eager for you to come home. Mother has prepared everything for you and the baby; she's personally going to take care of your food and rest. And I'll make sure you're comfortable," Alexander said, listing out the plans. Mia couldn't help but feel deeply loved as she realized how excited and supportive her family was about her pregnancy.

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's go home," Alessandro said impatiently, his mood upbeat. Mia was surprised to see him so joyful; it was rare for him to openly express his feelings, and it seemed he had no intention of stopping today.

After a while, the remaining formalities were completed, and Mia was taken home. Gia and Maximo were thrilled when Mia and Alessandro shared the news with them. They decided not to keep it a secret, knowing their children were perceptive enough to sense something if they tried to hide it.

Mia received a lot of instructions from her mother, and she had no choice but to follow them. The first time she was pregnant with Gia and Maximo, she had endured the suffering and hardships alone, weeping, at night and trying to stay strong in front of the world. But this time, she could allow herself to be vulnerable, knowing she had her family to pamper her during her second pregnancy, and more importantly, her husband was there for her, willing to lay the whole world at her feet.

As everyone was engaged in a lively conversation around the dinner table, Alessandro received a call from Florence. He glanced at the screen and saw it was from Lucas. He excused himself and stepped into a private corner before answering the call.

"Boss, we have a big problem. The Vincetti and the Rinaldi gangs are at each other's throats, and they're not listening to anyone's advice to end it. It looks like a gang war could break out any moment. We need you here-only you can control this situation," Lucas sounded nervous and desperate.

Alessandro clenched his jaw, exhaling sharply before replying, "Lucas, request aid from the center and inform the council that I'm stepping down from the mafia."

His face hardened with determination as he abruptly ended the call, leaving Lucas stunned and disbelieving.

794

Husband Novel 164

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 164 Turning Point.

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It was a lovely evening

, and the setting sun cast a warm golden hue over the sky. Birds were chirping as they returned to their nests, and the first stars had begun to twinkle in the deepening blue. Alessandro and Mia

t in the garden of Alessandro's manor, enjoying their evening tea while Gia and Maximo played a board game on a mat nearby.

In the manor's garden, richly upholstered velvet chairs with dark mahogany frames were arranged in a semi-circle on the manicured lawn, complemented by low wooden tables adorned with delicate porcelain teacups and fresh floral arrangements. The lush greenery of the plants and finely trimmed bushes, along with the vibrant colors of the Mediterranean flowers, enhanced the garden's beauty.

Mia watched their children with adoration in her eyes, leaning on Alessandro's shoulder as he kept her close, his arm wrapped securely around her.

Alexander had not yet returned home, and Camille had gone to her elite ladies' social gathering.

Mia sighed. "What a beautiful life this is"

Alessandro lowered his head to gaze at his wife, noticing her head still resting on his shoulder, her eyes fixed on their children as they played and occasionally bickered.

He kissed Mia's forehead and whispered, his eyes fixed on the love of his life-his wife, "It is indeed very

beautiful

Mia raised her head and found her husband looking at her with a warm smile on his gorgeous face. His eyes were filled with all the love in his heart. She couldn't thank God enough for bringing this man into her life. No matter how difficult their beginning was, it had only brought them closer and strengthened their bond, helping them to understand each other better and see both their good and bad sides. This only deepened their love and faith in each other.

"I love you," Mia murmured, her voice vibrating with emotion, her eyes reflecting all the love she had for her husband in her heart.

"I love you more, amore mio," Alessandro declared, giving her a soft peck on the lips.

"Children are here!" Mia whined, playfully pushing Alessandro away.

"Don't worry, Mom, we didn't see anything," Gia and Maximo chimed in, covering their eyes with their palms.

"Sec, our children are very smart. They know their daddy loves their mom so much, but their mom. doesn't understand it," Alessandro complained with a smile, flicking Mia's cute nose with his finger and making her roll her eyes.

She couldn't believe she had carried those kids for nine months and raised them alone for six years, yet they were on their father's side. She caressed her belly, thinking, "This one will be on my side.

But no matter whose side they were on, they were all on the family's side. She giggled at the thought.

Interrupting their intimate family moment, a guard approached them.

*Sir, Madam, you have guests who wish to see you," he announced. Matteo and Lucas entered shortly after. The guards, having seen them before and knowing they worked closely with Alessandro, readily admitted them

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14:05 Sun, Oct 6

Chapter 164 Turning Point.

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Matteo and Lucas exchanged warm greetings with Mia and offered friendly smiles to Gia and Maximo. Mia rose from her seat and said, "I'll arrange some tea for everyone. Please make yourselves comfortable." Alessandro nodded, recognizing that he needed some time alone with Matteo and Lucas. Mia took the kids inside the manor, understanding that if Matteo and Lucas had traveled all the way from Florence to meet with Alessandro, it must be something serious. Her intuition proved correct. As soon as Mia and the children went inside, the expressions on Matteo and Lucas's faces grew very serious.

"Matteo, Lucas, please have a seat," Alessandro said, his expression neutral.

Matteo took a deep breath, bracing himself for the conversation with the mafia king.

"Alessandro, are you out of your mind?" Matteo demanded, his voice tense, causing Alessandro to narrow his eyes at him. Matteo glanced at Lucas from the corner of his eye, recognizing the gravity of the situation.

Lucas was offended as his expression turned dark; as a loyal assistant, he couldn't bear to see anyone speak to his boss so harshly. However, he understood that Matteo was Alessandro's trusted lawyer and close friend. Otherwise, Matteo would have been dead the moment he tried to intimidate his boss.

"What do you mean, Matteo?" Alessandro leaned back in his chair and asked calmly, though he already had an inkling of what his lawyer friend was referring to.

"Alessandro, you know exactly what I'm talking about. Announcing your retirement was a colossal mistake. Many of your rivals were waiting for this opportunity. The Italian mafia won't let you step down so easily. Once you're in this dark world, there's no turning back, and you know that," Matteo reminded his friend with deep concern. The danger looming over Alessandro was real and deadly this time.

"What happened?" Alessandro asked, remaining calm and composed.

Matteo and Lucas exchanged glances before Lucas cleared his throat nervously and said, "Boss, the Center wants you to return and take charge like before. They've issued it as an immediate order."

794

Husband Novel 165

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 165 One-way Path BK 75% Finished

Lucas presented an envelope marked 'Confidential' and placed it before Alessandro on the small wooden table. Without even opening it, Alessandro knew what was inside.

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He stared at it for a moment before saying, "Tell the Centre that Alessandro Valentino has made mind-he is not coming back. I've cut my ties with the Mafia, but I will never be a threat to them. They have my word."

Everyone in the Mafia world knew the weight of Alessandro's word; once a leader, always a leader, whether he was officially in power or not.

The Centre was the singular organization overseeing all mafia leaders, maintaining a fragile peace through strict and unforgiving rules. Meanwhile, each territory had its own

council, an organization responsible for managing and operating the mafia's activities within its domain. The councils reported to the Centre, ensuring that all factions adhered to the established code.

If someone wanted to rebel and go against the Centre, they faced brutal consequences. The punishments were severe, and there was no mercy for rebels or traitors. The Centre maintained its authority through fear, ensuring that any defiance was met with harsh and unyielding retribution.

There was no way Alessandro could get rid of them so easily or without facing consequences. It was a one-way path-once someone entered, there was no leaving alive.

"Boss, I don't understand why you are leaving us. We are nothing without you," Lucas said, his voice filled with uncharacteristic emotion.

Known as a merciless killer and the most brutal in Alessandro's gang, Lucas had never imagined a world where Alessandro would abandon them. To him, Alessandro was a God-mighty and invincible, who had never been defeated and always emerged untouched by death, no matter how dangerous the situation. Alessandro had always looked out for his gang members and their families, even risking his life to save the lowest-ranked member if they were loyal to him. The news of Alessandro leaving the Mafia hit Lucas hard, and he couldn't easily accept it.

"Lucas, be strong," Alessandro scolded, noticing the glistening in Lucas's eyes. "I've always chosen power over everything and enjoyed the taste of it. But now, I choose my family over power, and for them, I have to make this decision," he explained in a stern voice. "Go and convey my message to the Centre: they can do whatever they want, but there is no way I'm returning." Alessandro declared as he stood up.

Matteo and Lucas also rose after him. "So, you've made up your mind?" Matteo asked.

Alessandro nodded firmly.

"Have you planned to settle here in your brother-in-law's house?" Matteo inquired, raising one of his dark, thick eyebrows.

"Hell, no!" Alessandro grimaced. He would stay until Aria was fully recovered. Her cast had been removed, and after a few days of physiotherapy, she would be fine.

"I'll return home and take care of my business," he added.

Matteo nodded. "But be cautious. The path you've chosen now is fraught with danger and difficult

challenge" he warned & laceraden

Chapter 165 One-way Path

"Don't worry. I'm not afraid." Alessandro replied with a smile.

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Matteo's pride grew as he saw the confidence in his friend's eyes. He knew that whether he was a don or not, Alessandro Valentino was incredibly powerful and capable of handling his rivals. No one could touch him; he was a force to be reckoned with. However, Matteo was concerned for his family. Alone, Alessandro was invincible because he had no weaknesses, but now he had three-soon to be four-potential vulnerabilities.

"There's something you need to know, Alessandro, Malco said urgently, drawing Alessandro's full attention. "Maria has filed a claim, stating that she doesn't believe Gia and Maximo are your children and that the inheritance should remain with Enzo's family. Alessandro frowned but kept his reaction controlled.

"It's fine. I have no interest in that inheritance. It only caused me to neglect Aria and fail to give her the love and care she deserved in the past. I won't make the same mistake again," he said with determination. "Let them have it. I don't need it. I only want my family, and I'll build a greater fortune than what that inheritance could ever offer me."

Matteo understood that for Alessandro, his family was far more valuable than any wealth, and he saw that Alessandro had now realized the cost of his past mistakes and greed for power.

"You're right, and I'm glad you now see what your real treasure is," Matteo said. "I'll handle the legal matters for you and will be waiting for your return." Alessandro nodded in agreement. "By the way, when are you coming back?" Matteo asked eagerly.

"Next week," Alessandro announced, making both Lucas and Matteo smile warmly.

He couldn't wait to take his family home, but he knew more difficulties might await him there. However, he was determined to provide a comfortable and secure life for his family, no matter what it took.

Husband Novel 166

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 166 Starting Anew

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"Why are you leaving so soon?" Alexander protested when Mia told him they were going back to Florence.

Her arm had healed, and Alessandro had recovered much earlier. Now that her physiotherapy sessions were complete, Alessandro suggested it was time to return home.

"Alexander, we've been here for over two months, and now it's time to go back, Mia explained gently. "Plus, Alessandro's business is suffering because he doesn't want to leave us. He's managed things from here, but he needs to be there in person."

"Mia, we found you after almost twenty-seven years, Alexander said, holding her hand firmly. "Do you really think two months is enough?"

Mia's eyes glistened with emotion. "No, it will never be enough. But I promise I'll keep coming back to see you and Mother regularly."

"No, I won't let you go there. It's not safe, Alexander said, averting his eyes as the fear in his heart surfaced. He knew Alessandro was an Italian mafia boss with many enemies. After nearly losing his sister in that violent attack, his heart still couldn't forget the incident, and he wanted to keep her safe and sound, right before his eyes. "If he wants to be with you, tell him to move his business here, but you're not going there," he insisted, glaring at Alessandro, who was silently listening to the conversation with a deep frown. It seemed the Duke had forgotten Alessandro was in the room, speaking about him so rudely.

Camille was listening to their conversation as well. She was a mother but also a woman, and she understood how tough it was for her daughter to balance her family on both sides. However, Camille knew that Adeline's first priority was her husband-her soulmate and life partner. So, she decided to step in and support her daughter.

"Alexander, don't be so selfish. It's her family-her husband and children-and she should decide what's best for them. Besides, I trust Alessandro with my daughter,' she said, smiling as she glanced at her son-in-law with pride. She had seen how dedicated Alessandro was to his wife, never leaving her side. She had witnessed how deeply he

loved her daughter, even risking his life to protect her. In her opinion, no man could be better for her daughter than Alessandro Valentino.

Alessandro's hard expression softened at his mother-in-law's words of appreciation. He was relieved to know that at least someone was on his side in his in-laws home.

Alexander huffed in defeat. "Fine, but make sure to visit us more often, okay?" he said, kissing his sister's forehead and pulling her into a bear hug

"I will, big brother," Mia replied with a smile, though her voice trembled with emotion.

"And Alessandro," Alexander then turned to his brother-in-law, "if I ever hear that you give my sister a hard time, remember I'll be coming for you," he threatened through gritted teeth, glaring at Alessandro.

But Alessandro wasn't intimidated or annoyed; instead, he was amused. He smiled and said, "Don't worry. That day will never come."

Suddenly, Mia handed a file to Alexander.

"Brother, take this," she said, her voice reflecting her hesitation.

She had prepared the papers for the property transfer with Alessandro's help, without telling Alexander.

She knew he might not like it being done this way but he had to take care of it before leaving for her

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14:05 Sun, Oct 6

Chapter 166 Starting Anew

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"What's this?" Alexander frowned as he took the file and flipped it open. As he read through the papers, the furrow between his eyebrows deepened.

"What the hell is this? When did you prepare it, and how did you get this done?" Alexander's voice was accusatory and irritated as his eyes shifted to Alessandro. He knew immediately who had assisted his sister in doing this. "Brother, please don't be angry with me," Mia said, hugging her brother to calm him down.

"I'm not angry with you, Mia, but this is not right. The ancestral property and wealth were yours even before you were born-the will was made by our grandparents. I can't take it. It's yours, always has been. and always will be." Alexander said firmly, though his voice softened a little.

"No, brother, you've always taken care of this wealth and property, so only you have the right to it. Besides, I have my interior design business running well, and I've also planned to expand it to Italy once we get settled there. So don't worry about me; I'm all set, Mia insisted lovingly, giving him a reassuring smile.

But it struck Alexander. Settled in Italy, huh!

"It's your husband who put this idea in your head, isn't it? That fucking misogynist wants you to become dependent on him again?!" Alexander growled, making Alessandro scowl as his patience quickly wore thin. He was silent out of respect for his wife; otherwise, he wouldn't have tolerated this nonsense-duke or not.

"No, you've got it all wrong," Mia interjected quickly before the situation could escalate further. "Alessandro had no say in this. It was completely my decision. In fact, I wanted to do it from the beginning, but then all these bad things happened, and I had to wait until things settled down again," she said softly, her eyes pleading with her brother to understand. But Alexander still seemed unconvinced.

"Please, brother. I don't need it. To me, you and Mother are the real wealth," Mia said, shrugging helplessly. "I couldn't handle so many things on my plate. I need to give time to my family as well," she added shyly, indirectly mentioning the new addition to their lives and her pregnancy. "I can't afford more stress and working so hard, you know?!"

Alexander sighed. "Alright, I'll take care of the businesses and properties for you. But," he added with a firm tone, "it will always be yours, whether you want it or no. When your children grow up, they will inherit everything on your behalf, okay?!"

Mia shook her head with a smile, knowing her brother was as stubborn as she was. But she didn't want to argue, especially not when she was leaving for her husband's home.

After a few emotional conversations with Camille and Alexander, Mia and Alessandro, along with their children, left for Florence in Alessandro's private jet, ready to begin the next chapter of their lives.

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband. Chapter 167 The Claim

"Daddy, is this our home?" Maximo and Gia chirped, their cute faces beaming with happiness. After their private jet landed in Florence, Alessandro's right-hand man, Lucas, was waiting for them outside the airport. Though Alessandro had decided to step down from the Mafia, Lucas was reluctant to leave his side. To him, Alessandro was still his boss, and he remained fiercely loyal.

The entire Valentino family scudded into the luxury car, making their way to the grand mansion. As Maximo and Gia stepped out of the car and saw the imposing structure before them, they couldn't help but ask their father their eager question. Alessandro bent down and picked both of his children up in his arms, one on each side. "Yes, my little stars, this is our home." He kissed their cheeks, making them giggle with pure joy.

"We want to see the whole mansion!" Gia and Maximo both insisted eagerly.

"Later, kids," Mia interrupted gently. "After such a long flight, you must be tired. Rest for a while and eat something first," she suggested, but both children looked unhappy with their mother's instructions and turned to their father for help.

"It's okay, amore mio," Alessandro cut in with a soft smile. "They can explore a little while you prepare their favorite food," he said, winking at the kids, whose smiles widened with joy.

Mia sighed, rolling her eyes, knowing her attempts were in vain with the father and children on the same

team

"Fine!" she conceded.

"Mrs. Carlotta, please take Gia and Maximo for a tour of the mansion," Alessandro asked, addressing the head maid of the house.

Mrs. Carlotta was an elderly woman of short height, dressed in a maid's uniform with a name badge identifying her as the head maid. Her graying hair was neatly tied up in a bun at the top of her head.

"Yes, Mr. Valentino," she replied with a warm smile. "This way, young Master and Miss," she gestured to Gia

and Maximo.

Both kids happily followed her, hopping and jogging along, their squeals and giggles echoing through the mansion, a clear sign of their excitement and joy.

Alessandro wrapped a protective arm around Mia's shoulders as he guided her inside. "Why did you move to Florence from Turin?" Mia asked curiously. In Turin, Alessandro had established his business and built a modern mansion, while this mansion in Florence was ancestral and still had an old-fashioned charm.

"After you went missing from my life," Alessandro sighed, his eyes reflecting the pain he had suffered in the

past when he had to live without his wife, "I couldn't stay in that mansion. Your memories were haunting me and driving me mad day by day. Matteo suggested moving to Florence, so I decided to shift my business and everything here. But it seems it was a good decision because, after I moved here, my good stars returned, and I found you again, amore mio he said, kissing her forehead.

"It actually seemed like a good omen because I didn't feel the insecurity here that I used to feel back in that house in Turin," Mia muttered, her voice tinged with pain.

"I won't let you feel that pain again, baby. I promise," Alessandro vowed solemnly.

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apter 16

The Claim

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"Wait!" Mia and Alessandro's moment was abruptly interrupted by a harsh voice. They looked up to find Maria standing before them, her face twisted with anger and her eyes red with fury. "You can't be serious, Alessandro, bringing that woman into your home just like that?!" she spat..

"What do you mean, that woman, Mother?" Alessandro's voice was laced with danger. "She is my wife!" he declared loudly.

"And what proof does she have that she is Aria and not Mia Peterson?" Maria accused, crossing her arms over her chest.

Mia was taken aback by Maria's accusation. The whole world had accepted her true identity, and Alessandro had always affirmed that he believed from the beginning she was Aria Valentino. Maria's refusal to accept her left Mia in shock. She had always thought Maria cared for Alessandro, and Alessandro had always treated Maria as his mother, not just a stepmother. But now, Mia was seeing a different side of Maria, one that made her believe something was deeply wrong. Her instincts told her that Maria was not as she appeared. Moreover, Mia had heard from Alessandro that Maria had shot her own son, and she struggled to reconcile this with any justification.

"I don't need any proof to know that she is the woman love," Alessandro said firmly on Mia's behalf. "My heart knows who she is to me," he confessed, gazing deeply into Mia's eyes with all the love in his heart.

"You're being an emotional fool, Alessandro. She's trying to pass her children off as your own. She's an imposter here with some ulterior motive." Maria shot back, glaring at Mia with fierce accusation.

"Don't worry about me. I'm fine as long as I have her by my side. We don't need to prove anything to anyone. She is my wife, and Gia and Maximo are my children-that's all that matters," Alessandro roared, his voice echoing through the mansion and making the walls vibrate with its intensity.

"Alright, do whatever you want," Maria said with a dismissive wave. "But you can't claim the inheritance that has already passed to Enzo. After him, it belongs to his widow and children."

"I don't want anything, Mother," Alessandro said through gritted teeth. "Let Vittoria keep everything, but stay away from my family," he demanded angrily.

Maria struggled to suppress a smile of victory, but her joy was evident, causing Mia to frown in concern.

"As you wish," Maria murmured, turning to leave.

"Wait!" Mia interjected firmly, stepping forward. "That inheritance rightfully belongs to Alessandro and our children. I'm claiming it."

794

Husband Novel 168

Let Me Go, My Malia Husband Chapter 168 Home Sweet Home

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"That inheritance rightfully belongs to Alessandro and our children. I'm claiming it because Alessandro had children before he turned thirty. Gia and Maximo are five years old and they are his children," Mia declared, meeting Maria's glare with a challenging gaze.

Maria clenched her teeth in annoyance as envy burned in her chest. However, she kept her voice firm and nonchalant. "Do you think you can simply claim that your children are Alessandro's, and we will believe you?!" she taunted. "No way! My son may fall for your lies, but not me. And I won't let him be fooled by your enchanting deceit. Maria declared as she stepped forward, placing herself between Mia and Alessandro

Mia was dumbfounded by the fake concern her stepmother-in-law was feigning. This was the same woman who had killed her own son, and now she seemed more worried about Alessandro, who was merely her stepson. Mia wasn't buying it. She stared at Alessandro, who quickly stepped aside from Maria and came to stand beside her.

"What kind of proof do you want?" Mia challenged in an amused voice. "Anyone with eyes can see that Alessandro is their father. My children's appearance clearly shows the resemblance."

Maria scoffed. "Looks can be deceiving. The law doesn't recognize appearances as proof of blood relations. We need more than just a resemblance.

"Then a paternity test should be enough proof to claim the inheritance, right?" Mia lifted her chin, her gaze unwavering and firm.

For a split second, hesitation and bewilderment flashed across Maria's face. She clearly hadn't expected. Aria to be so outspoken and bold-the old Aria was always shy and nervous. She couldn't believe it was truly that nervous and innocent Aria standing before her with a confident smile.

"Yes, that would be appropriate," Maria replied, quickly masking her surprise with a feigned nonchalant. expression. "It would be best to have it confirmed scientifically."

"No need!" Alessandro interrupted, his face tight with irritation, his voice edged with frustration and boredom. "I've already said I don't need any evidence to know they are my kids. And for the record, I'm not interested in that inheritance," he declared.

That cursed inheritance! He corrected in his mind. It was that wealth and money that had caused him to give his wife so much pain when all she deserved was to be worshiped and cherished.

"Hubby, you've sacrificed so much and gone to great lengths to keep your ancestral inheritance intact. If you don't claim what's rightfully yours, your grandfather will be very upset in heaven," Mia reminded her husband meaningfully. "Your grandfather left it to you, and no one else should have what belongs to your family for generations," she insisted.

Mia held a deep respect for Alessandro's grandfather. The old man had always treated her kindly, understanding she was an orphan with no family of her own. He had cared for her like she was his own. and that was why he wanted her to marry his grandson,

Alessandro, to ensure she had a good life. Unfortunately, due to his age and declining health, he passed away shortly after their wedding. In the end, his wishes proved true- no one could have been a better match for her than Alessandro. He was truly the one meant for her.

Maria glared at Mia, her eyes blazing with anger as if shooting daggers. But Mia ignored her, choosing not to let Maria spoil her mood. She had just returned to her husband's home and was determined to set things right this time. No longer the innocent *voeu vir* she once was. Mia had seen the harsh realities of

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Chapter 168 Home Sweet Home.

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the world, traveling widely and dealing with unscrupulous individuals while managing business and raising children on her own. "Let's go to our room, honey," Mia said, touching Alessandro's arm to get his attention. "I'm feeling tired," she murmured softly. Alessandro's eyes filled with concern as a deep furrow appeared on his forehead.

"Amore mio, are you feeling discomfort?" he asked, softly caressing her recently healed arm and glancing at her still-flat stomach, where their baby was growing. "I'm going to call the doctor," he announced urgently.

"Ah...huh, no need, hubby," Mia sighed, shaking her head slowly. "I just want to rest for a while." She said this with a hint of mischief in her eyes, making Alessandro shake his head, already knowing what was going on in his wife's naughty mind. "And I'm curious to see our room and how you've kept it," she teased in a low voice as Alessandro placed a gentle hand on her lower back and led her toward their room.

"I'm sure you'll be disappointed since I wasn't very interested in decorating the room without you," he chuckled awkwardly. "But now that the famous interior designer is here," he added with pride in his eyes, "why don't you renovate the whole mansion, including our room and the kids' rooms, as you wish?" His suggestion made Mia's face light up with a bright grin.

"Oh yes!" she chimed, her eyes lighting up. "I've always wanted to do it," she sighed hopelessly, confessing her secret wish.

"Do as you please," Alessandro whispered, leaning closer and gazing deeply into her bright, beautiful. that used to light up his world. Then, with a sudden, tender move, he scooped her up into his arms.

"What?" Mia squealed, wrapping her arms instinctively around his neck.

I eyes

"You just said you were tired, dolcezza," Alessandro winked as he carried her toward their room. Mia couldn't help but lean into his muscular, firm chest, relishing her husband pampering her with his love and possessiveness. However, someone was watching this intimate moment with growing jealousy and anger.

"Mom, what's going on in our home?" Vittoria asked as she walked toward Maria, who was still glaring at Mia and Alessandro as they headed toward their room. "Are we going to lose everything we have after sacrificing so much?" Her voice was heavy with worry; she had already lost her husband and couldn't bear the thought of losing the wealth and properties worth billions.

"No! It's not going to happen as long as I'm alive," Maria said, her jaw set with evil determination. She lifted her phone and dialed a number.

"Hello, I need you to do something urgent for me," she said as the call connected.

794

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Husband Novel 169

Chapter 169 Clash Of Powers.

After moving to Florence, Mia planned to open multiple branches across Italy and quickly became engrossed in her work. The kids started their new school and were busy adjusting to their new environment and people.

Alessandro was overjoyed to finally feel his home had become truly home with his wife and children living there. However, the biggest challenge was convincing the Centre to allow him to step down as the don. It seemed they were not willing to let him go. He arranged a meeting with the heads of the Centre: the three retired dons, Salvatore, Giuseppe, and Luigi. Though they had passed their positions to deserving successors, they still held significant influence over the mafia.

"Don Alessandro, we cannot accept this kind of rebellion within our system," Luigi said in his harsh, cold voice. "If news of this gets out, many of our people will start to rebel and conspire against us. There is no way we can grant your exit from the mafia."

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"I have my own reasons. Sir Luigi, and you have to allow me to leave," Alessandro replied firmly. "I assure you it won't cause chaos in the mafia world if I leave peacefully." Despite his assurances, the three old men remained unconvinced.

"The only way to leave the mafia is through death, Don Alessandro," Salvatore threatened, his tone severe. But Alessandro remained indifferent with a calm demeanor.

"Do you really think it's possible to kill Alessandro Valentino just like that?" he challenged, standing in their headquarters. His aura was so strong, and his confidence so intimidating, that a chill ran down the spines of the three heads of the Centre. "That's your overconfidence speaking, Don Alessandro, Giuseppe mocked, his tone dripping with disdain. "Without your position as don, you're just another target, easily eliminated by even a street thug

But Alessandro only chuckled. "I'd love to see you try, Sir Giuseppe," he said with a smirk, his challenge clear.

The three old men exchanged glances, taking deep breaths. They knew all too well why Alessandro was feared as a merciless devil and had become the most successful mafia king in such a short time. His strength was unmatched, and they understood better than to provoke him further.

"We don't want a feud and certainly don't want to lose a good leader like you," they tried to manipulate him when threats failed. "We would like you to reconsider your decision," Luigi said in a calm voice.

"There is no need for further discussion," Alessandro said firmly. "I've made my decision. It's best if you stay away from my personal life and leave me and my family alone. I would appreciate it if you don't call me here again." With a final hint of command in his tone, Alessandro turned and left immediately, making his verdict clear.

The Centre was deeply unsettled by Alessandro's attitude. However, they knew that a powerful don, blessed with such invincible strength, was unlikely to relinquish his commanding presence even after stepping down from his position. But, they could not allow this to happen. Allowing someone to defy the Centre meant encouraging rebellion, which could lead to the downfall of the Italian mafia.

Though news of Alessandro's departure from the mafia had spread throughout his gang and territory, many of his loyal followers vowed to remain by his side and protect him at any cost, even if it meant working under a different leader after he stepped down. In their world of crime, where no laws applied, loyalty was valued above all else and so their commitment to Alessandro was unwavering.

Chapter 169 Clash Of Powers

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This is why Alessandro emerged from the Centre's building untouched and unharmed, intact in

every

sense.

But the Centre was not going to let this go easily. They contacted the mafia council of Western Italy, uniting their forces to deliver a lethal blow to the seemingly invincible Alessandro Valentino. This time, they were determined to ensure that Alessandro would not survive. Mia had managed to persuade Alessandro to send the DNA samples for testing, despite his reluctance. He

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had repeatedly insisted that he had no in reclaiming his inheritance.

"I don't care about the money," he had said. "I just want to focus on our family."

But Mia wasn't ready to let Alessandro's stepmother win so easily. She wanted to uncover Maria's true intentions, as she still couldn't believe that the woman who had once shown her kindness could now be so callous.

"But I want to do this to silence those who raised accusations against our children," Mia insisted.

"Alright!" Alessandro agreed, a smile spreading across his face. Mia's grin widened, and she rewarded him with a deep, passionate kiss.

"Wow, Mrs. Valentino, that was quite generous of you," Alessandro teased, his voice playful.

As she pulled away with an annoyed huff, he drew her back in for another kiss, this one longer and more

intense.

Alessandro reluctantly sent the samples, and they waited anxiously for the results. Meanwhile, Mia had begun redecorating the mansion, which still had an outdated appearance. She aimed to give it a subtle, modern touch using her design expertise. After preparing her design, Mia presented it to Alessandro.

"What do you think?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Alessandro reviewed the plans and smiled. "It's excellent, amore mio," he said with genuine admiration. "I trust your judgment completely. This is your home, baby, and you should decide how it looks. Just make sure you don't overexert yourself. We have another life growing inside you."

Mia smiled warmly at his concern. "I'll be careful, Alessandro. I promise."

The mansion was enormous, even larger than the one in Turin, and Mia had yet to explore all its floors. and closed rooms. As she made her way through the mansion, taking notes and planning her redesign, she reached the top floor. There, she discovered a room that appeared to have been locked for ages.

She called the head maid, an elderly woman who had witnessed many events over the years. "Whose room is this?" Mia inquired and frowned when she noticed the head maid's face turn pale at the mention of that

room.

794

Husband Novel 170

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 170 The Locked Room Finished

The head maid hesitated, clearly conflicted. She swallowed hard, her eyes fixed on the room's locked door, widening with terror as if she had witnessed the story hidden behind those walls. She had indeed. experienced it all, being the oldest of all the stall. "What happened?" Mia frowned, noticing the head maid's silence. "I want to see this room. Where is the key?"

"Mrs. Valentino, this room belonged to Mr. Valentino's late mother-your mother-in-law," the head maid replied in a hushed tone, causing Mia to gasp in surprise.

"Oh!" Mia said, her curiosity piqued as she glanced at the room with renewed interest. "Open it!"

"But, madam," the head maid cautioned, "Mr. Valenting gave strict orders never to open this room."

"I am telling you to open it," Mia insisted, leaving the head maid with no choice. Reluctantly, the head maid retrieved the key from her key ring, which held many keys to the mansion's rooms, and unlocked the door.

Mia pushed the door open and immediately coughed as a gust of dust swirled around her. She instinctively waved her hand in front of her face, trying to clear the dirt from the air before it could further enter her nose and mouth.

She stepped inside and flipped the light switch on. Suddenly, the dark room flooded with brightness, revealing its long-neglected state. The room seemed to have been sealed for ages, with cobwebs draped over the furniture and a thick layer of dust blanketing every surface.

She glanced around, taking in the forgotten space, her eyes scanning the remnants of the past. Then her gaze settled on a small picture frame sitting on the bedside table. Slowly, she walked toward it and picked it up, cradling it carefully in her hands.

Mia used the cuff of her long silk gown to wipe the dirt off the glass, and her eyes widened in awe. She had, never seen a picture of Alessandro's mother before as there wasn't a single one displayed in the entire mansion. But as she looked at the woman in the photo frame, she instantly knew it was Alessandro's mother. The resemblance between mother and son was undeniable.

Then, something caught her eye. A large ruby ring with a unique design on Alessandro's mother's finger. Suddenly, it struck her-she had seen that ring before. But where? She frowned and closed her eyes, and at glimpse of that beautiful ring sparkled behind her closed eyelids. Her eyes flew open as the memory. clicked. She now knew where she had seen that ring, and it made no sense for the person who had it to possess Alessandro's mother's ring.

When Mia was forced to live as a housemaid despite being the mistress of the house in her past life, she had seen the ring in Maria's room several times while cleaning her room. Maria always kept it very carefully, almost like a prized possession. Mia had always assumed the ring belonged to Maria, but now she realized it had actually belonged to Alessandro's mother. How did it end up in Maria's hands?

As far as Mia knew, Alessandro's mother, Teresa, had run away with her lover and was executed by her husband, Antonio, the mafia don at that time, who had found his wife with her lover and killed them on the spot. It didn't make sense to Mia that Antonio, who despised Teresa, would have taken her ring and given it to his second wife, Maria. Moreover, Mia had never seen Maria wearing the ring, but Maria had always been very possessive of it.

This raised a troubling question: how had Maria come into possession of Teresa's ring? Was there more to

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Chapter 170 The Locked Room

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Teresa's death than anyone had realized? With suspicion igniting in Mia's mind, Maria became the prime suspect on her list. Mia felt that something was amiss and was determined to uncover the truth.

She sent the head maid back to her duties and shut the door behind her. Glancing around the room, Mia felt an intense urge to search every corner, as if something was guiding her to do so. Her movements were frantic and swift as she rummaged through the room, desperately hoping to find something related to the truth. She dug through the wardrobes, looked under the bed, rilled through the drawers, and even lifted the mattresses, but to her disappointment, she found nothing.

Only Teresa's belongings-her clothes and personal items-were still there, as if untouched since her demise. The room had been sealed immediately after killing her and her things had never been removed. Did her husband hate her so much? Mia shivered at the thought. She slumped onto the bed with exhaustion, her gaze scanning the room once more with hopeful eyes. Suddenly, her attention was drawn to a painting hanging on the wall. It depicted a beautiful woman holding a baby in her arms. However, something seemed off about the painting, as if the woman in it were truly watching her.

Feeling a sense of unease, Mia rose from the bed and approached the painting cautiously. As she drew closer, she noticed that the painting was slightly tilted from its place on the wall. So, that was the strangeness she had sensed.

Mia sighed in relief and reached to straighten the painting, slowly aligning it on the wall. Suddenly, she was startled by a faint yelp as something fell from behind the frame. Her eyes dropped to see a folded paper on the floor.

Curiosity piqued, Mia bent down and picked it up. The paper looked old and dirty, covered in layers of dust and cobwebs. She brushed off the grime and carefully unfolded it. Her eyes widened as she read through the letter, realizing it wasn't just any paper- it was a letter. 794

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