

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

## Husband Novel 171

Chapter 171 Test Report

96%

Finished

Mia's fingers trembled, and the letter was about to slip from her hand as she continued reading. Her heart sank, and her mouth went dry. She swallowed hard, her eyes memorizing every word. She was so shocked by the revelation and truth-the letter was from Teresa her last words before she fled her marital home. She had written it for her son, hoping that one day he would find it and learn the truth.

The truth was harsh and cruel, something that could change everything. For a moment, Mia's resolve wavered, but she knew Alessandro needed to know. He needed to stop hating his mother, for she was nothing like she had been portrayed.

With determination, Mia folded the letter and clenched it in her fist as she set out to find her husband. He wasn't home yet, so she dialed his number.

"Missing me already?" Alessandro's teasing voice came through the phone as the call connected.

But her mind was too preoccupied to entertain his flirting. "Alessandro, when are you coming home?" she asked, urgency lacing her voice.

He quickly picked up on her tone and became serious. "I'll be home soon, amore mio, but what's wrong? You sound anxious." "I have something urgent to tell you, but not over the phone. I'll talk to you when you're home," Mia replied in a hushed voice. "Alright, I'll be home soon, la mia regina," Alessandro said firmly before hanging up, determined to finish his work faster.

Mia waited for him to come home. The children had come back from school earlier, but they had left for their art class with the bodyguards. Now, Mia was alone. Today was also the day the DNA test results were due. Mia waited eagerly, ready to show them to Maria and wipe that smug smile off her face.

She was waiting in her room when a maid came to inform her that someone had arrived and insisted he would only deliver the document to Mrs. Aria Valentino. The man was there to deliver the report and had been strictly instructed to hand it over only to Aria

Valentino, Mia was aware of this and quickly went to collect the report herself. He handed her a sealed envelope and took her signature before leaving.

Maria and Vittoria also came into the hallway as the news reached their ears.

"So, the results have arrived," Maria smirked arrogantly as if she already knew what was inside the envelope.

Mia didn't waste her breath replying to them. She waited for Alessandro to arrive, and, to her relief, he arrived just in time.

"What's going on?" Alessandro asked, frowning as he sensed something was amiss. His eyes eagerly tried to read every face as he noticed all the women in the house gathered in the hall.

The results are here," Mia announced, handing him the envelope.

Alessandro glanced at Mia, curiosity in his eyes. As he took the envelope, his eyes glinted with hope, and his fingers swiftly moved to tear it open. Though he was certain that Gia and Maximo were his, this would finally validate the truth in the eyes of the world. PPIAA

The ha vand the cancer hir ur famed and

1/2

08:40 Mon, Oct

Chapter 171 Test Report

96%

## Husband Novel 172

Chapter 172 Revelation

Maria and Vittoria's faces twisted with irritation as they stared at Mia.

#Finished

"If it's not important. I'd like to go to my room. I'm very tired after the long day," Maria said, shifting her gaze to Alessandro,

"Yes, I should also go check on Lorenzo, Vittoria added, making an excuse.

"What's the rush?" Mia asked with a skeptical smile. "This won't take much of your time," she insisted.

"What is it, dolcezza?" Alessandro asked softly, though his expression was serious.

Mia didn't speak but handed Alessandro the letter she had found in his mother's room.

Alessandro's expression became quizzical as he locked eyes with his wife, trying to read her emotions while he took the letter.

Mia nodded toward the letter, signaling Alessandro to read it. With a deep breath, he unfolded the paper. his eyes narrowing as he scanned the words. The room seemed to hold its breath as Alessandro's expression shifted from disbelief to cold, simmering rage. Maria and Vittoria exchanged uneasy glances, confusion clouding their faces as they watched the change in Alessandro. They could feel the tension mounting with every passing second. His eyes darkened, his jaw clenched tighter, and veins began to pulse on his forehead.

"What's in that letter?" Maria finally blurted out, her voice cracking with a mix of curiosity and growing dread. But as Alessandro's gaze snapped up to meet hers, the fury and hatred blazing in his eyes made her shiver with terror.

"It's my mother's letter," he hissed dangerously, his tone low and menacing-

"Wh what?" Maria stammered, her face turning pale. She lunged toward Alessandro, desperately reaching out to snatch the letter from his hand. But he jerked it away, holding it out of her reach.

"That's impossible! It must be a misunderstanding! Let me see, son," she pleaded, her voice trembling as she tried to mask her panic.

"Don't call me son!" Alessandro roared, his voice thundering through the room like a storm breaking.

Maria and Vittoria flinched as if struck, fear flashing across their faces. Even Mia, who had seen Alessandro.

before, felt a shiver run down her spine at the sheer intensity of his rage.

angry

"It's all this woman's doing! She orchestrated all this and presented a fake letter, claiming it's from your late mother. But how could that be possible? Teresa died twenty

years ago, for heaven's sake!" Maria's voice was desperate, her eyes wide as she tried to convince Alessandro that she was right and Mia was wrong.

"I found it in your mother's locked room," Mia clarified, her voice steady. "When I was inspecting her room, this letter fell out from behind a painting

"Who gave you permission to go to Teresa's room?" Maria shouted, her face contorting with anger as she stormed toward Mia.

"Don't be disrespectful to my wife!" Alessandro warned stepping between Maria and Mia, his tone low and

1/2

08:40 Mon, Oct 7 B

Chapter 172 Revelation

¥:96%

#Finished

Maria halted abruptly, taken aback by the sudden shift in dynamics. Her breath hitched as she processed Alessandro's fierce defense of Mia. For a moment, she stood frozen, her eyes wide with shock, as if the ground beneath her had shifted. Alessandro had never raised his voice at her before; he had always been respectful.

"I... I was only trying to remind her, son." Maria stuttered still in shock.

"This is my home, and I have every right to go anywhere and unlock any room. I don't need anyone's permission," Mia declared firmly, lifting her head with pride and holding her ground.

My home?! Maria clenched her teeth at Mia's declaration, her eyes narrowing as a surge of jealousy burned within her.

"That doesn't prove it's Teresa's letter," Maria insisted, still refusing to believe it.

"I don't need proof to recognize my own mother's handwriting." Alessandro growled, glaring at his stepmother with bloodshot eyes.

"But why are you so angry with Mom after reading the letter? What exactly is written in it? Vittoria interjected, her voice laced with confusion as she tried to understand Alessandro's outburst.

"My mother left this letter for me," Alessandro gritted out, his eyes snapping toward Vittoria before locking back onto Maria with a stare filled with rage and contempt. "She wrote that she had to leave home because her life was in danger. and that Maria wanted to kill her."

1.3K

## Husband Novel 173

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 173 Heart-Wrenching Deceit #Finished

"You killed my mother!" Alessandro's whole body trembled with fury as his shout echoed through the room like a clap of thunder, and Maria's eyes widened. She instinctively closed them and turned her head away, unable to withstand the fierce, burning anger in

Alessandro's gaze.

The letter fluttered in his hand, caught by a gust of wind, drawing his gaze back to it. Alessandro's eyes softened, turning from fury to a helpless, haunted look as he stared at his mother's handwriting-the only piece of her he had left. "She wanted me to know," he began, his voice suddenly thick with emotion, "that she loved me and wanted me to be safe. So, she chose to disappear from my life, to protect me."

His voice trembled with the weight of his words, and his eyes brimmed with pain and remorse. He had spent so many years misunderstanding, even hating, his mother. Now, the truth of her sacrifice tore at him, an unbearable revelation. "Because Maria threatened her, he snarled, his voice hardening with each word. "to leave Father and me alone and disappear from our lives if she wanted us to stay alive."

Alessandro's jaw tightened as a deadly glint flashed in his eyes. His fists clenched around the letter, crumpling it in his grip as his rage boiled over. The room seemed to darken with the force of his fury, and it was clear that someone would face the full weight of his wrath today. There would be blood, and there would be no mercy.

"That's... that's not true!" Maria cried, her eyes brimming with tears as she stared at Alessandro. She could see her own death before her in the form of a raging son, ready to avenge his mother's blood..

"Someone is trying to frame me, son. You know me how I sacrificed everything for you and your father's happiness." Maria pleaded, her voice trembling with desperation. "How could I do something like this?"

A conflict stirred in Alessandro's heart. He had never found anything suspicious about Maria before; she had always seemed loyal and devoted. But how could his mother's handwritten letter be false?

"Your mother ran away with her lover and left this letter behind to plant a seed of hatred in your heart," Maria explained in a voice drenched with helplessness and pain. "I am glad you didn't find it back then, or you would have believed her lies."

She poured every ounce of her acting skills into her words, desperately trying to convince Alessandro that she was right and his mother was the one who had wronged him

"How can you blame Mom?" Vittoria stepped in, siding with Maria. "She even killed her own son to save you," she reminded Alessandro in a voice laced with bitterness.

Alessandro scowled, his face clouded with even more conflict. He couldn't decide whom to believe-the woman who had raised him or his gut feeling, which whispered that his mother had been a victim all along. His heart wavered between the present accusations and the unsettling truth of his mother's letter.

But Mia grew frustrated with Maria's deceit, and she knew she had to do something to expose her true colors to Alessandro.

"Really, Maria?!" Mia challenged, her glare sharp with anger. "Then how do you explain that ring- Alessandro's mother's ring-being in your possession?"

"What are you talking about?" Maria feigned ignorance, her eyes darting nervously.

Mia snorted, shaking her head. "The ring with the big ruby stone and unique design. Alessandro?!" Mia reminded her husband, and Alessandro's eyes sparked with sudden recollection. "I've seen that ring in Maria's room many times I'm sure if we searched her belongings we'd find it with her" she merested

1/2

08:40 Mon, Oct 7 G.

Chapter 173 Heart-Wrenching Deceit

Alessandro's gaze turned toward Maria, now filled with a new suspicion.

Finished

"Stop it, Aria!" Maria scolded in a flat, deflated voice. "I know you have a grudge against me because Alessandro is closer to me than to you, but for heaven's sake, stop lying!" She sobbed, her hand covering her mouth as she lowered her eyes, trying to appear innocent and victimized by circumstance.

Mia was revolted by Maria's vile acting, deceit, and wicked lies. But before Mia could respond, Alessandro interrupted.

"No! Aria is telling the truth," Alessandro declared with disgust. "I've seen that ring in photographs from various events published in tabloids. You really do love to flaunt your possessions, Maria."

"That ring was given to me by your father after your mother died," Maria fibbed, but Alessandro's glare remained unconvinced.

"I was there when... Alessandro's voice faltered as his throat tightened, the memory of that tragic day choking him. "When my father killed my mother because of your scheming and the misunderstandings you orchestrated between them. I was there until she was cremated. My father despised her so much that he buried her just like that, without even taking any of the jewelry she wore at the time." His voice was heavy with pain.

"It makes sense now." Alessandro continued, his voice cold and accusing, "that you kidnapped my mother and took her ring before my father could discover her and have her killed."

"How dare you do this, Maria?" he roared, trembling with rage.

1.3K

2

## Husband Novel 174

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 174 One Last Job Finished

With a grim determination, Alessandro moved toward Maria, his anger making him seem almost inhuman. He seized her by the throat with a grip of iron, his eyes blazing with fury as he lifted her off the ground. Maria's feet dangled helplessly as she kicked frantically, trying to find the floor beneath her.

"Mom!" Vittoria gasped in horror, her hand flying to her mouth as she witnessed the scene unfold.

"You destroyed my family! You ruined my childhood!" he bellowed, shaking with fury.

"We gave you love and respect, and all you did was the worst. You killed my mother and snatched my father away. Why?!" His voice was a thunderous shout, his grip tightening around her neck. Maria's hands clawed at Alessandro's as she struggled for breath, gasping as her airway was constricted.

"Why did you do this? Why?" Alessandro's voice echoed with a mix of despair and fury. Maria's eyes bulged as she struggled to free herself from Alessandro's death grip. His voice boomed like thunder as his fury was unrelenting.

"Why did you have to kill my mother? Why? Why? Why?!" Alessandro's rage was so consuming that he didn't notice Vittoria and Mia pleading with him to let go of Maria.

Mia was terrified to see Alessandro in such a rage, but she knew she had to stop him from doing -something unforgivable. She rushed to his side and placed a gentle hand on his back, desperately trying to

bring him back to reality. "Alessandro, calm down, please!" she begged, her voice trembling. "Let her go. She'll die!" Mia almost screamed, seeing that Alessandro seemed lost in another world.

over.

Alessandro turned his face toward Mia, his expression so fierce and terrifying that she instinctively took a step back. The murderous rage in his eyes and the bloodlust on his face were overwhelming, making it clear that his need for vengeance had completely taken over. She knew he would never hurt her, but the dangerous aura radiating from him was so overwhelming that she couldn't help but feel nervous. Still, she finally gathered all her strength to speak to him.

"Let her go, hubby," she said in a sweet and comforting tone, trying to pull him back to her world of love. "We'll hand her over to the police with all the evidence. The law and justice will take care of her and give her the punishment she deserves for orchestrating your mother's murder," she explained, her voice pleading, her eyes filled with honesty and trust.

Suddenly, Alessandro released Maria, letting her fall to the floor as his hands slipped away from her throat. He was taken aback when he saw the terror in his wife's eyes. He realized he didn't want Maria to see this monstrous side of him.

"Get out of my house," Alessandro barked at Maria, his voice filled with rage. "And I never want to see your face again."



Maria crawled across the floor, desperate to get away from Alessandro, still coughing and clutching her throat, trying to soothe the pain. She nodded frantically and scrambled to her feet, running toward the door. In her panic, she grabbed her car keys from the chest in the hallway. She didn't even think about Vittoria as she fled, saving only herself, while Vittoria stood there, stunned by this selfish side of her mother-in-law.

Vittoria swallowed hard as she realized she was left alone with the devil himself. Alessandro continued to glare at Maria, his breathing heavy, jaw clenched, and fists tight, until she finally left the mansion. Then, he

turned to face Vittoria.

1/2

08:40 Mon, Oct / B

96%

Chapter 174 One Last Job Finished

"Take your son and leave my property. You are no longer allowed to enter any of my estates, and all the wealth and properties of the Valentino inheritance will be taken back from your possession, as they rightfully belong to me," he roared, causing Vittoria to tremble like a dry leaf.

"Y-yes, Mr. Valentino," Vittoria muttered, stuttering as she ran to her room. She quickly packed her belongings and her son's, leaving the mansion in a hurry. She was terrified Alessandro might not let her leave alive, knowing that both Enzo and Maria had betrayed him and that she had supported them.

Alessandro glanced at Mia but didn't say anything. He stormed off to his home office, his strides filled with anger. Mia sighed, knowing he needed some time and space and she didn't follow him.

As soon as the door to his home office closed, Alessandro took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Lucas!" he said as the call connected. "I need you to do one last job for me," he demanded in a dreadfully

serious tone.

1.3K

## Husband Novel 175

### Chapter 175 Payback #Finished

Mia stood outside Alessandro's home office, feeling conflicted. It had been an hour, and he still hadn't come out of the room. Vittoria had just left, and Mia thought about telling Alessandro. The children had returned home, and she had asked them to stay in their room. Seeing their mother's tense expression, Gia and Maximo understood something serious was happening, so they didn't ask any questions and agreed to obey their mother. Mia instructed the head maid to send some refreshments-juices, and snacks-for the children.

As she stood there, contemplating her next move, Mia hesitated for a long time before finally deciding to knock on the door and talk to Alessandro. Just as she raised her hand to knock, her phone vibrated in her hand. It was on silent mode, and Mia lifted it to see who was calling. It was Emily.

She sighed and decided to answer the call before talking to Alessandro.

"Emily! Hi, how are you?" Mia said, trying to keep her voice soft, steady, and smooth in contrast to the stress she was feeling at that moment.

"Mia! I've sent some designs to you. Have you checked them?" Emily asked with urgency in her tone.

Mia hissed under her breath-she had completely forgotten to check them with everything happening around her.

"I'm sorry, Emily," she said, rubbing her forehead. "Can I check them tomorrow and get back to you?" she asked, biting her lip in hesitation.

Emily was handling all the business in Paris alone while Mia was managing things in Italy. Mia had been thinking about offering Emily a partnership rather than having her work as Mia's assistant.

"Oh no, Mia, it's urgent. I need your approval right now; I have a meeting with a potential client in an hour," Emily said anxiously.

Mia swallowed, trying to think of a solution. She couldn't share what was happening in her family; it was a private matter.

"Emily, go for it. I trust your decisions," she said with confidence in her best friend.

"Are you sure?" Emily's hesitant voice reflected her nervousness.

"Of course! You've been working with me for so long and know me well. I know you can close this deal Mia encouraged Emily, and she heard a loud exhale from Emily's side. "Don't worry, you'll nail it," Mia reassured Emily further.

"Alright," Emily said with determination. "I'll try my best not to disappoint you," she added playfully.

"You better, Mia chuckled in a hushed tone.

"I'll call you later. I have a lot of work to do before the meeting." Emily said and was about to hang up when Mia's voice stopped her, "Emily!"

"Yes?" Emily replied in a tone reflecting her confusion.

"All the best, and don't stress yourself. It's just a deal," Mia smiled, trying to comfort her friend.

1/2

Mon,

Chapter 175 Payback

Finished Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Emily sighed in relaxation, her relief sounded through the phone. "Thanks, babe. I needed you here so badly," she said. "I miss you."

"I miss you too!" Mia murmured as mixed emotions touched her heart.

Emily had been more than a friend; she was like a sister who had stood by her through every difficult situation. Once everything settled down, Mia planned to call Emily to Florence and consider what to do about her business in Paris-perhaps hiring someone capable to take over.

"Bye, boss. Gotta go!" Emily's voice was hurried as she hung up.

Mia shook her head and glanced again at Alessandro's closed office door. She was about to knock and just as her hand reached the door, it flung open. It was as if Alessandro had read her mind; he appeared on the other side. His face remained serious and unreadable, without any expression.

"I got a call from the police," Alessandro's tone was very cold, making Mia even more worried as she waited for him to continue. "Maria's car was in an accident, and she was found dead at the scene."

Mia gasped, covering her mouth. "Oh God!"

"I'm going to confirm the body's identity. You should have dinner and stay safe at home with the kids," he said as if it were just another ordinary day, then left without looking back.

But Mia understood what he was hiding behind his cold facade. She could sense the turmoil beneath his stoic expression and the storm flickering in his eyes. She knew it wasn't an accident. The thought made her swallow hard. But Maria had brought this upon herself. After all, she was responsible for turning a child into an avenging monster by forcing him to witness his mother's merciless murder at the hands of his own father.

She took a deep breath as she watched Alessandro's back. He just walked away nonchalantly. She wanted to run to him and hug him tightly, offering comfort. However, her heart sank at the thought of whether her love would be enough to heal him. Would he ever be able to recover and return to his normal life?

1.3K

1

96%

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

## Husband Novel 176

Chapter 176 Playboy Attorney Finished

Emily had a meeting with a client who requested to meet her at a five-star hotel in the evening. Although it was after regular working hours, Emily was accustomed to meeting special clients in the hope of securing prominent business deals and building a good reputation for the company. She had seen Mia do the same, often disregarding working hours, as it was ultimately the business that mattered. Sometimes, important clients traveled from across the country and could only meet at night due to their schedules, so this wasn't unusual. Emily prepared all her talking points for the meeting and headed to the hotel.

When she arrived at the hotel, Emily took out her phone from her purse and texted the person to confirm the location. He texted back, saying he was waiting by the bar. Emily put her phone in her purse again and headed straight toward the bar. While walking and observing her surroundings, her attention was caught by a familiar figure- Matteo Vinci!

Sitting in a dimly lit private corner, the infamous attorney was accompanied by a hot, attractive woman clinging to his arm. The woman's dress was provocative, barely covering her curves. Her cleavage was on full display, and her round butt cheeks were spilling out of the short hem of her glittery dress. It seemed Matteo Vinci was enjoying it thoroughly. Emily rolled her eyes as she noticed the attorney's hands all over the woman's butt, his hungry gaze fixed on her exposed cleavage. She shook her head, ignoring him and choosing to mind her own business as she scanned the room to spot her client.

"Miss Yang!" A deep, husky voice caught her attention, and she sighed under her breath before forcing a polite, fake smile onto her face. She turned to face the playboy attorney.

"Mr. Vinci!" she said with a tone of mockery, deliberately glancing between the woman and the attorney. Matteo merely smirked and made no move to remove the girl from his lap. "What are you doing here at this hour?" he asked with an amused tone, his gaze sweeping over her from head to toe.

Emily felt a wave of self-consciousness as she adjusted her outfit for the business meeting. She wore a crisp white button-up shirt tucked neatly into tailored black business pants, opting for a patterned silk scarf loosely draped around her neck instead of a tie. Her polished black leather shoes and matching leather briefcase, holding all her papers and files, completed the professional look. Still, she couldn't help but feel a bit awkward, especially in contrast to the sexy woman sitting effortlessly on Matteo's lap.

"Come join us," he offered after a long, deliberate look at Emily, clearly more captivated by her than the gorgeous woman draped across his lap.

"Babe?!" The woman on Matteo's lap whined, her voice dripping with annoyance at his invitation to Emily. However, Matteo seemed unfazed by her irritation, his gaze remaining firmly fixed on Emily.

"Thanks, Mr. Vinci. But I am fine," Emily snorted, waving her hand dismissively. "You seem pretty busy with your date, and I'm here for an official meeting," she added with a smile.

3

"Oh, that's so sad," Matteo sighed with an exaggerated expression of sadness, making Emily shake her head in frustration at his terrible acting.

"See you later, Mr. Vinci," she muttered, walking away.

"See you later, Miss Yang, Matteo murmured, disappointment creeping into his voice and just like that his interest in the hot chick on his lap quickly faded.

Emily walked straight to the bar, searching for her client. She texted him again, unable to locate him after scanning the area carefully. Immersion surged within her as she checked her wristwatch.

1/2

08.40

Chapter 176 Playboy Attorney

Finished

"Emily!" A familiar, dreaded voice called from behind, sending a chill down her spine. She recognized that voice all too well- it belonged to the person who had been her worst nightmare. The same person was responsible for the downfall of both her career and life. Composing herself, she quickly turned on her heel to face her ex-husband, Tomas Bradford, the wealthy and renowned doctor.

"Finally! You are here!" Tomas smirked cunningly.

"What are you doing here?" Emily hissed with annoyance.

"Ah, sweetheart, you still haven't figured it out?" he said mockingly. "I'm the client you're here to see, baby," he whispered seductively.

Emily's mouth dropped open in shock. "You... you tricked me with a fake name and business proposal?!" she gasped, panting with rage as anger and frustration coursed through her veins.

"You're still so naive," he chuckled, stepping closer and extending his hand to touch her cheek.

Emily slapped his hand away. "What do you want from me now?" she asked, staring him down with a stern voice.

"Take the case down from the court that you've filed recently. It's hurting me, Emily. I was your husband; you loved me. How can you ruin my career? They're threatening to take away my practice license." Tomas gritted out with a venomous tone. "That's what you deserve for killing my parents. I won't sit back until I make you pay for your sins, you asshole!" she spat out with bitterness.

"You bitch!" Tomas yelled in fury, flinging his hand to slap Emily hard across the face. But his hand was halted in mid-air by a stronger hand gripping his wrist tightly.

1.3K

## Husband Novel 177

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 177 One Condition Finished

"If I were you, I wouldn't even think about doing this," a low growl sent a shiver down Tomas' spine, but he masked his fear, glaring at the man with irritation. The stranger's grip on his hand was so tight, it felt like it might break.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, interfering in our private matter?" Tomas snapped.

In an instant, Tomas was shoved aside with surprising force, as strong, muscular arms wrapped protectively around Emily's shoulders. She stood stunned, her heart racing as Matteo Vinci appeared out of nowhere like a knight in shining armor. Emily blinked, struggling to grasp the situation-was this really happening? Where was his date, the gorgeous woman draped across his lap just moments ago?

"Private matter?!" Matteo scoffed, then declared firmly. She's my girlfriend, so anyone messing with her will have to go through me!

Emily gaped at Matteo in disbelief as he introduced her as his girlfriend. Still, she felt grateful for his intervention, protecting her from someone as cruel as her ex-husband.

Tomas blinked in confusion, glancing between Emily and Matteo, who pulled her closer while sending a death glare his way.

Girlfriend?!" Tomas snorted. "Who are you? Some lowlife?!" He mocked, glaring down at Matteo.

Matteo smirked sarcastically, his calm demeanor more menacing than any warning. "Matteo Vinci, the attorney," he replied coolly.

Tomas gasped in surprise, instinctively taking a step back. Of course, he had heard of Matteo Vinci-the ruthless attorney known for his relentless approach in the courtroom. Mercy was not his trait, and quick retribution was his calling card.

"Now, before I send you a legal notice for harassing my girlfriend, get the fuck out of here," Matteo snapped, his voice low and dangerous, the threat gritted through clenched teeth. The menace in his tone left no room for argument.

"This is not over, Emily," Tomas spat, his voice full of venom before he hurried off as if a ghost were chasing him.

"Don't you ever dare threaten MY WOMAN again!" Matteo shouted after him, his voice echoing down the hallway. Tomas stumbled in his steps with fear, his confidence visibly shaken.

Emily giggled softly, enjoying the sight of Tomas-who had always terrified her-now tasting his own medicine. It felt oddly satisfying.

Thanks, Emily murmured, her smile genuine as she looked up at Matteo, grateful for his intervention. Slowly, she slipped out of his embrace, her heart racing with a mix of unfamiliar feelings. Matteo. reluctantly let his arm fall to his side, suddenly feeling a wave of coldness and emptiness in the absence of her warmth.

"You're welcome, gorgeous," Matteo murmured, sighing as he looked at her with a hopeless smile. His tone was light, but there was something deeper in his gaze. "By the way, who was he, and why was he trying to hurt you?" His frown returned as his eyes drifted to the exit where Tomas had just disappeared. Matteo's Raze then shifted back to Emily, waiting for her answer,

"He now - Emily hecitated

her

muse chiftine musu "Mu pr-huchand Tomas Bradford"

1/3

5.96%£1

Chapter 177 One Condition:

Finished

Matteo raised one of his thick brows at the revelation. Now it made sense-why Emily had divorced him. Tomas was nothing less than a monster, and Emily was better off without him.

"Why did you come to meet him here?" Matteo asked, the question gnawing at him. Was she here to reconcile with Tomas?

"I didn't meet him," Emily choked, her voice trembling He tricked me. He sent a business deal under a fake name and asked for a meeting." she explained, looking at Matteo with her beautiful, helpless cyes.

Matteo's jaw tightened, a wave of anger surging toward Tomas. Why had he tricked her into meeting hirp alone? If it was just business, he could have requested a formal meeting. Something didn't add up. and Matteo couldn't hold back his concern. "Why did



he approach you in such a deceitful way? What does he want?" he asked, his voice laced with suspicion.

"It's..." Emily raked a hand through her long, wavy curls, "it's a long story."

"Okay! We have the whole night," Matteo nodded. "Let's go somewhere cozy, he suggested, taking Emily's hand and leading her toward the hotel exit.

"Wait, what about your date?" Emily squeaked, her confusion evident.

Matteo, as if suddenly remembering his date, glanced around and shrugged. "I don't know." Without another word, he continued guiding Emily out of the hotel, still holding her hand.

He helped her into the passenger seat of his car, then settled into the driver's seat and drove down a familiar road. "So, tell me now-what's the story?" Matteo asked as the car sped through the evening

traffic.

Emily took a deep breath. "I was in college, studying law, when I met Tomas at a common friend's house party. He was trying to get into medical school. It was love at first sight," she began, her voice soft as she recalled the past. "We began dating and moved in together shortly after, and when I found out he was struggling to pay his tuition, I dropped out of my studies and took on multiple jobs to help him. Even my dad agreed to release my trust fund early so I could help Tomas get into the college he wanted."

She exhaled loudly, gazing out of the window, lost in the painful memories of her past. "He finished his course, then had his internship, and we got married that same year. After his internship, he became a resident doctor, and not long after, I found out I was pregnant. I was over the moon that day," she whispered, her voice cracking with emotion. Matteo tore his gaze from the road for a moment to glance at her, sensing the weight of her words. "And then?" he asked gently, his tone encouraging, but dreading what was to come.

"When I told Tomas I was pregnant, he was so happy to hear the good news. Everything felt so perfect... I had the life I wanted, building a family with the man I loved," Emily's voice trembled as tears welled up in her eyes. "Until one day... I went to see him at the hospital and found him... fucking a colleague in his office." She gasped, the tears she had been holding back finally spilling over. "I was heartbroken, completely shattered. I had been so foolishly blind, so in love that I never noticed the signs he was cheating. When I confronted him, he beat me... so brutally that I had a miscarriage and lost the baby," Her voice broke as she finished the sentence, the pain of the memory etched in every word.

Matteo's grip on the steering wheel tightened, his knuckles turning white with barely controlled rage. Emily sobbed quietly, wiping her eyes as she continued. The doctors told me my uterus was so damaged

2/3

08:40 Mon, Oct 7 B.

▲)

Chapter 177 One Condition

Finished

from the ult that I'd never be able to conceive again. But he didn't stop there..." Her voice grew dull, laden with the weight of her pain, as she recounted the horrors of her failed marriage.

With every word Emily spoke, Matteo's breathing grew heavier, the rage inside him growing more intense.

"He... he gave my parents drug-induced cardiac arrests, she said, her voice cracking. "He killed them. mercilessly, but not before making them sign over all of their property and wealth to his name." Matteo's jaw clenched so tightly that his teeth ground together, his voice a low, dangerous murmur, "Motherfucker."

"When I fought back and filed for divorce, he refused to return any of my parents' property. He mocked me with his mistress and threw the divorce papers in my face, Emily continued, her voice hardening with resolve. "But I won't sit back. I'll make him pay for all his sins, for my parents' untimely murders." Emily's face turned stern, her tears now gone as she wiped them away. I've gathered proof and filed the case again. That's why he came here today-to threaten me, to scare me into dropping the case. He warned me he'd do something worse if I didn't back down."

"He can't do anything to you," Matteo declared in a harsh tone, his voice firm with conviction. "And I'll take your case and get you the justice you deserve," he added, his tone softening as he looked at her.

Emily's brow furrowed in confusion. "May I ask what's in it for you, Mr. Vinci?" she asked, her skeptical eyes fixed on him as he kept his focus on the road ahead. They both knew she could never afford a high-

you stand to gain from this?" profile attorney like Matteo Vinci. "What do

Matteo chuckled amusingly, causing Emily to frown. "You're right, I want something from you, sweetheart," he said, his teasing smirk deepening. "And I'll do it-on one condition."

1.3K

## Husband Novel 178

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 178 No Payment

#Finished

"Condition?!" Emily was perplexed. She knew nothing in this world came for free, but the thought of what Matteo Vinci might want terrified her.

His connections were powerful. He was best friends with Alessandro Valentino, one of the most dangerous men around, and he worked for him too. Although Emily didn't know Alessandro's true identity, she had her suspicions. Men like him didn't just kill without consequences unless they had serious power-either the police or the mafia.

She nervously licked her lips, her heart pounding so loudly. "What do you want, Mr. Vinci?" she asked, trying to steady her voice.

Matteo's smile softened as he looked at her, his eyes lingering.

"A date with you," he whispered seductively, making Emily wonder if she was hearing things.

"What did you just say?" she asked in disbelief.

"I said I want you to go on a date with me. Time and place-your choice," Matteo rephrased his proposition.

"A date?" she repeated, still in disbelief.

"Yes," Matteo confirmed.

"That's... all?" she asked, furrowing skeptically.

"Yeah, a date is all I want. In exchange, I'll take your case and represent you in court, until you win against your evil ex-husband. No payment," Matteo said calmly as if this arrangement were the most ordinary thing in the world.

Emily shook her head, still struggling to process how simple and easy this seemed. She glanced at Matteo from the corner of her eye, searching for any sign of mockery or deception, but he remained calm and serious.

Sighing, Emily turned her head to gaze out the car window. She did need help, and if someone as skilled and successful as Matteo Vinci were to take her case, she knew her parents would finally get justice, and their murderer would be punished. Otherwise, she had tried countless times before. With the money and power her ex-husband wielded, he had either forced her attorneys to drop the case or had them killed. She didn't want to reveal this to Matteo just yet. What if he got scared and abandoned her case too? Still, a date with the notorious playboy attorney didn't seem like a bad idea. She could do this, at least for her late parents. They deserved peace, and she wouldn't rest until their murderer was behind bars, facing a death sentence. Nothing less would satisfy her when it came to that monster of an ex-husband.

After a while, the car came to a stop in front of a tall building, pulling her out of her thoughts.

"Where are we?" Emily asked, her curiosity rising as she looked up at the imposing structure.

"It's where I live," Matteo replied before opened the door for her.

Out of the car. He walked around to the passenger side and

Emily unbuckled her seatbelt and took Matteo's extended hand as he helped her out of the car. She felt both stunned and nervous, knowing that an apartment in this building was incredibly expensive.

1/3

90%

Chapter 178 No Payment.

"Wow, it's a dream building. I've always wanted to live here, Emily murmured absentmindedly.

Finished

Matteo looked at her with an emotion she couldn't quite place. "That's not a problem. I can get you an apartment here, and you could move in as soon as tomorrow," he said casually.

Emily laughed awkwardly. "No, no! I was just blabbering. It was just a thought. It's..." She gestured to the building with an awkward shrug. "It's way too expensive for me to even consider," she said, shaking her head at the idea of spending all her money on a flat. Besides, she had Mia's home, where she'd been living comfortably for the past five years. "That's still not an issue. You don't have to pay for the apartment," Matteo said. "Consider it a gift from

me

"Haha! You're talking as if you own the whole building" Emily said, rolling her eyes. She knew Matteo was teasing her.

But Matteo smiled warmly. "Well, I do own the whole building, and I can give you any apartment you like. If you prefer one that's currently occupied, I can have the residents vacate it," he shrugged.

"You're not serious," Emily gasped, her eyes widening in shock. "Are you?"

Matteo just smiled and shrugged.

"Huh! Who are you, Matteo Vinci? What else do you do besides practicing law?" she asked, narrowing her eyes at him with suspicion.

Matteo chuckled as he led her to a private elevator.

"You'll learn more about me in time. All you have to do is spend more time with me," he said, his voice dropping to a sensual whisper as he leaned closer.

Emily blushed; she wasn't used to the attention and flirting from someone as hot and successful as Matteo. She considered herself too dull for dating and flirting. Men these days seemed to go for hot chicks, just like the ones Matteo had been seen with recently at the hotel. She didn't respond, remaining silent. Matteo scanned his apartment key card for elevator access, and the doors slid open. With a gentle hand on the small of her back, he ushered her inside before stepping in himself. He then scanned his fingerprint and the floor where he lived illuminated on the call board.

As the elevator began to ascend, Matteo stood close to Emily, his eyes locked on her. Emily felt her thoughts suddenly go blank. In the confined space of the elevator, the manly scent of the gorgeous man tinged with a hint of spice and wood-overwhelmed her senses. She felt breathless just from being near this dangerously charming man. His intense gaze alone was enough to affect her, making her cheeks flush with heat. She was sure she looked both flushed and flustered.

open

Feeling awkward, she bit her lip and turned her eyes to the elevator indicator, wishing for the doors to

so she could create some distance. To her relief, the elevator stopped, and the doors began to open. She didn't wait for them to fully open and hurried out, mentally cringing as she heard Matteo Vinci chuckle behind her.

"This way, Matteo gestured for her to walk ahead. Emily noticed there was only one apartment on this floor. Matteo scanned his fingerprint on the passcode panel, and the light blinked, confirming access.

"After you," he said with a smile, opening the door and stepping aside.

5/3

08:41 Mon, Oct

Chapter 178 No Payment

996%

Finished

Emily blushed, smiling shyly, and slowly stepped inside, but a loud gasp escaped her lips as she took in the scene before her.

A naked woman was lying on the couch in the living room, striking a very seductive pose.

1.3K

## Husband Novel 179

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 179 No Funny Business Finished

Matteo couldn't help but enjoy the surprise on Emily's face when she found out where he lived. He was amused by his own reaction, unsure why he felt so compelled to impress this captivating woman. He even left his date alone in the hotel, that hot girl he had planned to have a wild night with, just to be with Emily knowing full well she

wouldn't fall for his charm or jump into bed with him at the first chance. Yet here he was, ready to offer his help. As he noticed the blend of shock and horror on Emily's face, instinctively, his gaze followed hers to see what had caused it.

He saw one of his previous secretaries sprawled out on the sofa. She didn't even have a single piece of clothing

"Fuck!" he cursed in frustration, frowning with embarrassment, "Emily, I can explain," he tried, but she didn't give him a chance. Hurt and anger were written all over her face as she bolted toward the elevator, leaving him in the mess he'd created. "What the fuck are you doing here?" Matteo growled in fury.

The naked woman trembled in fear. Matteo made a mental note never to bring clingy girls into his home again. Hotels were a safer option. She must have gotten access because she had been here the last time.

L

"I... I thought... you'd want to have some fun tonight," the girl stammered as she looked extremely terrified.

"I don't want to see your face again. Don't you get it?" he snapped, teeth clenched. "Wait, how the fuck did you even get inside my house?" His eyes narrowed, glaring at her suspiciously.

"I... I told your security guard I'm your girlfriend, and he let me in," she muttered, her voice shaking.

Damn it. He needed to fire that guard too. But it was his fault. He had brought her over so many times, letting her spend the night. After seeing how close they'd been, the guard probably believed her lie.

"I missed you," she pouted, slowly getting up from the sofa and walking toward him like a model on the runway, every step deliberate and seductive.

Matteo swallowed at the sight, feeling the temptation creep in. But then Emily's hurt face flashed in his mind, and he pushed it away. There was no way he was giving in to this naked woman

"Just get the fuck out of my house and never show your face again!" he yelled, fury dripping from his

voice.

The girl stumbled, taking a quick step back. She hurriedly started picking up her clothes, but Matteo didn't stick around. His mind was only on Emily.

He shot a quick text to his bodyguard to make sure the woman left his house, then rushed to find Emily. But she was nowhere to be found in the elevator lobby-she had already taken the elevator down, trying to leave the building. Matteo jabbed the call button, waiting impatiently for the elevator. As soon as the doors slid open, he stepped in and pressed the button for the ground floor.

When the elevator reached its destination

he darted out as soon as the doors opened. He just stopped enough to turn to the security guards and demanded, "Where did the woman who came with me go?"

"Sir, she just left," the guard said urgently.

"Oh skid" Mattan, mimrad and tank off minnina in that

1/2

96%E1

Chapter 179 No Funny Business

Finished

Emily was furious and hurt. That perverted attorney had taken her to his place when he already had plans for the night, and the naked woman in his apartment was proof of it. She made a mental note to keep things strictly professional from now on. She needed his help, but she would never go anywhere with him again. He was completely untrustworthy. She was storming out, lost in her thoughts and frustration, when she suddenly heard a voice from behind, "EMILY"

She turned and saw Matteo running toward her, shouting her name and waving his hand for her to stop. She glared at him with disgust, huffed, and turned back around, determined to walk away without giving him another second of her time.

"Emily, wait!" he pleaded again, and within seconds, Matteo was right behind her, grabbing her elbow to stop her.

"Don't touch me!" she snapped, yanking her arm away from him.

Matteo, panting from running and shouting after her, raised his hands and bowed his head slightly. "Okay, I'm sorry," he said firmly. "But please, give me a chance to explain."

in



"What is there to explain when you've already humiliated me like this?" she shot back, her voice rising frustration as she flung her hands to her sides. "You had a hot night planned," she mocked as her expression turned bitter. "Why didn't you just invite me to your place?" she asked, her tone dripping with

accusation.

"I didn't know she'd be there, I swear. Please, believe me," Matteo replied desperately.

Emily snorted, rolling her eyes. "Yeah, right."

"Yes, I'm telling you the truth. I've chased her away, and she won't be bothering us anymore," Matteo explained.

"There is no us!" Emily snapped.

Matteo sighed, nodding in defeat. "I apologize for all of this. Will you please come back to my place so we can discuss your case?" he asked, looking at her with hope in his eyes, nervously biting his lip.

Emily softened at the mention of her case. She was desperate to win against Tomas, and she needed Matteo's help for that.

"Alright," she said, swallowing her pride and keeping aside their differences. "But no funny business," she added, narrowing her eyes in warning-

A small smile crept onto Matteo's face, one he tried hard to hide. "Okay, as long as you can keep your hands to yourself."

1.3K

1

## Husband Novel 180

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 180 Unspoken Worry

9%96% Finished

At Matteo's insistence. Emily reluctantly agreed to return to his apartment. When they arrived, the woman who had been there was gone-no trace of her remained. Emily felt a wave of relief, but a gnawing sense of skepticism lingered. Why was Matteo Vinci, a

powerful attorney, so eager to help her? Could it really be that he wanted nothing in return?

Stealing a glance through her eyelashes, Emily studied him. The notorious playboy attorney sat across from her, absorbed in reading through case files on his laptop. She remained tense on the sofa, her mind running in circles, wondering what his real intentions were. To her surprise, Matteo made no move on her. He didn't try to take advantage of the situation or exploit her vulnerability. Instead, he remained completely respectful, his demeanor calm and professional the entire time they were alone in his apartment. In fact, Matteo was so deeply engrossed in reading the case files and searching for information about Tomas that he almost forgot Emily was sitting there across from him. Emily watched intently, intrigued by the subtle changes in his expression as he delved deeper into the details.

After a while, Matteo lifted his head and found Emily's eager, impatient gaze fixed on him, her big doe eyes silently asking numerous questions. However, he didn't want to stoke her curiosity further. The case was more complex than it initially appeared, and Tomas was proving to be more challenging than his simple demeanor suggested. Taking a deep breath, Matteo prepared to speak

"Okay, I've reviewed your case briefly, and I'll start working on it tomorrow," Matteo said, finally lifting his head. His voice was cold, his expression sharp and focused.

"I've gathered some evidence through my sources. I'll hand it over to you," Emily replied.

"What evidence do you have?" Matteo asked, leaning forward with interest, resting his elbows on his knees. and clasping his hands together.

"I have his written prescriptions showing that he administered those drugs

to my parents. It was difficult to obtain, but I got it somehow," Emily explained, her eyes reflecting her helplessness. Seeing her like this made Matteo clench his jaw.

"Don't worry. I'll make sure Tomas gets the punishment he deserves under the law," he assured her, his tone firm as he gave a single, resolute nod.

"Thank you," Emily replied softly, rising from her seat. I guess I should be going now," she murmured, her fingers fidgeting nervously.

Matteo's gaze flickered to her hands for a brief moment. His sharp eyes caught every subtle movement- an instinct ingrained by years of practice. It was second nature to him now, reading people's body language as easily as reading their words. When Matteo noticed her fidgeting fingers and how she avoided meeting his eyes, he didn't press her to stay. He could sense her nervousness about being alone with him.

"Alright, I'll have my chauffeur take you home," he offered calmly.

"There's no need." Emily quickly replied. "I'll head back to the hotel and pick up my car from there." She remembered she had left it in the hotel parking lot when she had come to Matteo's place in his car.

ir niekad un from the hazel and delivered to your olage" he esid his unden

1/2

08.4

Chapter 180 Unspoken Worry

90%

\*Finished

firm but gentle. Extending his hand, palm facing up, he silently asked for her car keys, his eyes steady on

hers.

you go

Emily sighed, wanting to refuse his help, but before she could speak, Matteo, as if reading her mind, gently pressed, "Please, I insist." He paused, his gaze steady and serious as he added, "And I won't let you home or to the hotel alone-it's quite late."

She looked into his eyes, searching for any hint of formality or insincerity, but he seemed genuine. Reluctantly, she reached into her bag, pulling out her keys, and handed them to him.

Matteo escorted her to the parking lot, instructing his driver to take her home safely. Just as the chauffeur moved to open the car door, Matteo stopped him and did it himself. Emily blushed, a shy smile playing on her lips as she muttered, "Thank you," before sliding into the car. Matteo closed the door gently and stood there, watching as the car pulled away, not moving until it disappeared from his sight.

Then something dark flickered in Matteo's eyes as he reached into his pocket, pulling out his phone. The warmth in his expression vanished, replaced by a cold intensity. As the call connected, his voice

sharpened, "I need you to do something for me."

1.3K

Mon,