

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

## Husband Novel 191

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 191 No Time To Waste

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"What's wrong?" Mia asked as her voice brimmed with worry. She couldn't understand what had made Alessandro's expression shift to pure terror. She had never seen him panic before-not in any worse situation. Her heart sank with fear even before Alessandro responded.

"Get in the car, Mia," he ordered sharply, opening the door for her. Without argument, Mia slipped inside, sensing the urgency in his tone. Alessandro quickly rounded the car and slid into the driver's seat, starting the engine with swift precision. "Which restaurant are the kids at?" he asked urgently, his eyes fixed on the road.

"Alessio told me he took them to La Piazza, Mia answered, still confused and anxious.

"Call him. Check on the kids," Alessandro instructed, his voice tight with concern.

Mia nodded and quickly dialed Alessio's number. But when he didn't answer, her panic set in. "He... he's not picking up."

"Damn it!" Alessandro cursed, slamming the gas pedal and ignoring the traffic lights.

Within minutes, they pulled up in front of La Piazza. The sight made Mia's panic intensify. Police were swarming around, people were crying, and an ambulance had just arrived. Paramedics rushed out, sprinting toward the restaurant.

"Stay here," Alessandro ordered, yanking off his seatbelt in frustration and throwing open the car door.

"I want to come with you- Mia started, but couldn't finish as Alessandro's bloodshot eyes fixed on her with a commanding glare.

"No," he snapped, making Mia flinch. "Stay. Here." His tone left no room for argument.

Alessandro bolted out of the car, sprinting toward the restaurant. From her seat, Mia watched as a few police officers tried to stop him, but after he said something to them, they let him through.

Inside, Alessandro frantically searched for his kids, his head whipping back and forth as he scanned every corner. The place looked like a war zone-tables and chairs were overturned, and several security guards were either injured, being treated by paramedics, or worse. Some were already being loaded onto gurneys, severely wounded, while others lay still.

His heart pounded heavily as his feared eyes darted around, searching desperately. Then, he saw Alessio's body, lying lifeless on the ground. Alessandro rushed over and saw the bullet wound in his head.

"Fuck!" He ran his frantic hand through his hair, his forehead wrinkling with worry as his heart raced with fear.

If Alessio was dead... where were his kids? The phone call had been real, not some baseless threat. His mind raced as he tried to put the pieces together. Suddenly, a thought struck him, and he quickly pulled out his phone to call his lawyer friend. His whole being buzzed with urgency as he waited impatiently for Matteo

to answer.

As soon as the call connected, Alessandro didn't wait for Matteo to say anything. He didn't have the time. Instead, he barked urgently, "Matteo, Gia and Maximo have been kidnapped, and I need your help."

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Although Matteo was in Paris and Alessandro was in Florence, he was ready to drop everything to be by his friend's side. That was how strong their bond was-beyond friendship, it was more like family. "No, stay there, but do one thing." Alessandro commanded.

"Anything. Just tell me," Matteo replied desperately.

"I need you to find some information for me," Alessandro demanded, knowing that his lawyer friend had a vast network that operated faster than a satellite. Matteo had been working for Alessandro for so long that it had become part of his life. Matteo listened to Alessandro as he shared everything on his mind. When he finished, Matteo knew exactly what he needed to do.

"Consider it done," Matteo said after listening to Alessandro's brief instructions. He ended the call and immediately reached out to his team, determined to gather as much information as he could to help Alessandro before the next step.

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## Husband Novel 192

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 192 The Ultimate Punishment eFinished

Mia sat silently in the car, watching the chaos unfold before her. Her heart sank with fear, but she trusted her husband. She knew Alessandro was deeply concerned for her and their children's safety, and that he would protect their family at any cost. That was why she didn't argue when he insisted she stay behind.

She could see how anxious he was and didn't want to add to his worry by insisting on going with him to search for their children.

The bodyguards arrived in the cars behind them, and one stayed by Mia's side while the others rushed after Alessandro. Despite their efforts, Alessandro moved so quickly without waiting for them that the guards struggled to keep up. One of them hurried into the restaurant, trying to locate Alessandro amidst the chaotic scene inside.

Every moment felt unbearable for Mia as her eyes stayed glued to the restaurant's exit. With every figure emerging, she hoped it would be Alessandro carrying their children, safe and sound. Finally, she exhaled-a breath of relief when she spotted Alessandro stepping out of the building. But her heart dropped when she realized Gia and Maximo weren't with him. Unable to hold back, she yanked open the car door and hurried toward her husband. Alessandro's somber expression hardened as he saw his wife approach, quickly masking the turmoil churning inside him.

"Where are our kids?" Mia demanded, her voice trembling with rage as her eyes stayed glued to the restaurant's exit, still hoping that Gia and Maximo would walk out any second.

"Get back in the car, Mia," Alessandro replied in a clipped tone, barely containing his own frustration.

"No! First, tell me where our kids are!" she shot back, defiantly standing her ground. "You said you'd get them safely." Her pained eyes locked onto Alessandro's, full of accusations and heartbreak.

"Amore mio," Alessandro's tone softened as he gently took her hand, trying to lead her back to the car despite her resistance. "Our kids are safe, and I promise you I'll bring them to you very soon," he assured her, his words filled with determination.

Mia looked at Alessandro as her face was covered with a mix of confusion and shock. "What's going on, Alessandro?" she asked, her eyes locked on him as she followed closely behind while he led her toward the

car.

Alessandro halted and turned to face her, letting out a deep sigh. "I'll tell you everything," he promised, his voice tense. "But first, I need to drop you home so I can focus on what I need to do."

"No," Mia shook her head, her tone resolute. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying with you. Tell me what you're hiding from me."

Alessandro averted his eyes, trying to dodge the question and the piercing look in Mia's glistening gaze.

"Don't you dare avoid me again," she snapped fiercely. "I know you've been stressed since we got to Florence. Now, tell me what's going on." She pulled her hand from his grasp and crossed her arms over her chest, standing her ground. It was about her children and husband and she had to know.

Alessandro took her hand again, pleading with his eyes. "Alright, but first, get inside the car. I'll tell you everything on the way home." When he noticed Mia was still unmoved, he added in a sharper tone, don't have time, Aria. I need to act quickly to save our children." Mia's defenses softened at the mention of their kids. "Let me come with you," she implored, her eyes filled

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## Chapter 192 The Ultimate Punishment

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Alessandro shook his head firmly. "No, amore mio. I need you safe. Please stay at home, and I promise I'll bring our children to you. Believe me."

Mia stepped closer and cupped Alessandro's large face in her small hands.

"I believe you, hubby," she smiled weakly, but that simple gesture filled Alessandro with renewed determination and courage. He had never felt so helpless in his life, but now, he knew exactly what he had to do.

As Alessandro made sure Aria was securely seated inside the car, he took the driver's seat himself, ignoring his bodyguards' insistence to accompany them. He needed privacy-time to tell Aria everything about the decisions that had led to the chaos in the lives.

As the car began speeding down the road, Mia anxiously waited for him to start talking. Feeling her gaze on him, Alessandro glanced at her swiftly before letting out a deep sigh and fixing his eyes on the road ahead.

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might have an idea that I'm connected to the Italian mafia, but you don't know that I used to run the mafia of all of West Italy," he started.

"You mean you're the head?" she gasped, her voice barely above a whisper.

The mafia king, the capo Alessandro nodded solemnly. Mia stared at him in shock, processing the weight

of his words.

"When I found you again, I realized I had to leave my dark world behind to give my family a life free from danger. But the Center-the council of older members-intervenes in every decision and ensures there's no rebellion. They were unhappy with my choice because this is a one-way road. Once a person enters the dark world, there is no return. So the Center didn't want me to leave just like that. They took our children to use them as leverage against me."

Alessandro gritted his teeth, his jaw tightening with barely contained fury. The moment he received the call, he knew it was the Center. They were behind it. They had kidnapped his children.

"So what do they want?" Mia asked, frustration lacing her tone. It angered her that her husband was being forced into something he didn't want.

"They want me to surrender and face punishment for rebellion," Alessandro replied, his voice low and heavy. The next second his eyes hardened and his knuckles turned white, tightening around the steering wheel as he uttered the words. "And the ultimate punishment is death."

Mia's eyes widened in horror, and her heart felt as if it had stopped.

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## Husband Novel 193

Chapter 193 The Don Is Back Finished

"No!" Mia's voice trembled, disbelief surging through her as the weight of the situation crashed down on her. Panic gripped her chest, making it hard to breathe. "They can't do this!"

Alessandro's face remained unreadable, though his grip on the steering wheel tightened. "Don't worry, dolcezza," he murmured, his tone calm but distant. "Everything will be alright. I'll handle it."

But Mia wasn't convinced. She couldn't let him face this alone. Not when her heart was sinking with fear for him. She leaned closer, her eyes pleading. "But why would you want to leave the Mafia, Alessandro? It's everything you've ever worked for. Everything you ever wanted."

Her question caught him off guard. His expression hardened, but beneath it, there was a flicker of surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked sharply, glancing at her. His eyes searched hers for the meaning behind her words.

Before she could answer, Mia's eyes widened as she saw how close they were to the car in front.

"Watch out!" she shouted.

Alessandro snapped his attention back to the road, instinctively slamming the brakes to slow the car down, narrowly avoiding a collision. His heart raced as he regained control, his hands gripping the wheel tightly as the car steadied. near miss.

Mia placed a hand over her racing heart and took a deep breath, trying to calm herself after the near But the unease in her chest remained, fueled by Alessandro's words..

"Alessandro, I still don't understand why you feel the need to leave the Mafia," she muttered again, needing more than the vague answers he had given so far.

"I told you, Aria," Alessandro replied firmly, his tone leaving little room for argument. "I want my family away from this dangerous world, and I'll do anything to ensure that."

Mia sighed, shaking her head as realization bubbled up inside her.

"But you

didn't have to leave it for that," she retorted. She had watched him to be desperate for it, and had seen how much power and control meant to him. He had fought fiercely for it, and she knew that in part, he had even married her to strengthen his position. "Come on, Aria!" Alessandro exclaimed, frustration lacing his voice. "What are you saying now? I'm doing this for you!"

"Then don't," she countered, her tone soft but firm. "I never asked you to leave the Mafia. I don't want you to abandon everything you've built and live in chaos. That's not what I wanted."

Alessandro looked at her, shocked by her words. His brow furrowed as confusion flashed across his features.

"I thought I thought my Mafia status scared you," he mumbled, his voice dropping as he tried to make sense of her reaction.

"No, you don't scare me in any way, hubby," Mia replied, her voice soft yet filled with sincerity. "In fact. I

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Chapter 193 The Don Is Back

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Her words were laden with encouragement, and she could see the shift in Alessandro immediately-his face gleamed with that familiar pride that was his trademark expression.

The car came to a sudden stop, and Mia realized they had arrived home. She unbuckled her seatbelt, then turned to Alessandro, whose gaze remained locked on her as if she held the key to solving all his problems.

"Go get our kids, Alessandro Valentino," she said with unwavering faith and trust, her voice strong and steady. The way she spoke his name, full of belief in him, made Alessandro feel a surge of immense power course through him. It was as if her words alone could give him the strength to conquer the world if

necessary.

Mia leaned in, kissing him slow and long, the moment stretching between them, deepening their connection. When she pulled away, Alessandro felt a renewed sense of determination settle over him.

"I will be waiting for you and our kids, Mia said with quiet confidence before exiting the car.

Alessandro sat for a moment, surprised by this unexpected side of his wife. The once innocent and nervous Aria had revealed a strength and resilience he hadn't fully seen before. This inner toughness was Alessandro's true anchor, his source of strength-having his wife's unwavering support.

He inhaled deeply, feeling determination settle into his bones. The plan was crystalizing in his mind, and with the next step ready for execution, he reached for his phone and dialed Lucas' number.

"Boss, I've heard what happened. But don't worry, nothing will harm Gia and Maximo as long as I'm alive," Lucas' voice came through the speaker, firm and brimming with loyalty.

Alessandro knew Lucas was his most trustworthy ally, someone he could rely on without a second thought,

"Lucas, I need you to do something for me," Alessandro said, his tone sharp with authority.

"Just say the word, boss," Lucas was always prepared for action. Alessandro relayed his instructions, and Lucas listened intently.

"On it, boss," Lucas responded briefly before hanging up.



Just as Alessandro was about to start the car, his phone rang again-this time, it was Matteo. Swiping to answer, Alessandro heard Matteo's excited voice come through.

"You were right, Alessandro. The information checks out," Matteo confirmed, and Alessandro's eyes gleamed with a wicked satisfaction.

The Italian don was back.

"Now I know exactly what to do next," Alessandro muttered under his breath.

"Do you need me there?" Matteo offered.

"No, I'll handle this myself," Alessandro replied, his tone resolute. Matteo, knowing his best friend's capabilities, didn't push further.

"Alright, but remember, I'm just a call away if you need backup," Matteo assured him.

Alessandro gave a curt nod, even though Matteo couldn't see him over the phone, humming in

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Chapter 193 The Don Is Back.

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innocent children into this dirty game, and he knew there would be no mercy for what they'd done. "They'll regret ever touching my family," he muttered, a dangerous resolve hardening in his eyes. 1.3K

## Husband Novel 194

Chapter 194 The Mole

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Alessandro arrived at the Center's headquarters, and the guards standing at the entrance instinctively bowed before him, a reflex bred from years of respect and fear. No one could deny who he was- Alessandro Valentino, the most powerful and invincible

man in the underworld. His official departure hadn't been announced, so his position still belonged to him, and no one dared to challenge or offend him openly.

He walked in without hesitation or a second glance, no one stopping him or checking him for weapons. Alessandro moved freely, like a lion striding through his domain. When he reached the office of the Center, where the three heads-Salvatore, Giuseppe, and Luigi- were already gathered, he didn't bother knocking. He pushed the door open with authority and entered, his presence as imposing as ever.

"Alessandro!" Salvatore barked, his voice filled with disdain. "You've forgotten your manners. No one disrespects the Center like this," he scowled, visibly offended by Alessandro's brazen entrance.

But Alessandro only threw his head back and laughed, the sound echoing through the room, laced with both amusement and menace.

"Are you kidding me, Salvatore?!" he mocked, a smirk playing on his lips. "I can enter wherever I want without needing anyone's permission. By the way, it's Don Alessandro to you," he narrowed his eyes at the older man, his gaze carrying a directive warning-  
\*The last time I checked, you were summoned here to face consequences for your rebellious actions, Salvatore scolded, trying to maintain an air of authority.

"And the last time I checked, I hadn't been officially stripped of my position as the capo," Alessandro shot back, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

Then, in a swift motion, he pulled out his gun, pointing it directly at Salvatore's head. "But you still dare to touch my children and mess with me?"

Panic surged through the room, a heavy silence enveloping them as the weight of Alessandro's threat settled like a thick fog. The tension was palpable, each man in the room acutely aware of the dangerous game they were playing.

"What the hell are you doing, Don Alessandro?" Luigi yelled, his voice laced with panic. "We didn't know anything about your children! You know we never involve families."

Alessandro's grip on the gun tightened, his voice a low, dangerous growl. "That's the law I put in place," he grumbled, his eyes locked on Salvatore. "But this fucking old man defied the mafia law. And we all know the only punishment for that in the mafia-death." Fury ignited in Alessandro's voice as he declared the sentence.

Salvatore's face turned pale, his eyes wide as the gravity of the situation hit him. "What-what are you talking about?" he stuttered, fear creeping into his voice.

Suddenly, the doors burst open, and armed mafia guards stormed into the room, scattering and surrounding Alessandro. His furious gaze swept over each guard, but

none dared make a move. Despite the tension, their postures betrayed their allegiance, backing down in silent deference to the capo.

"Seize him!" Salvatore barked, his voice trembling with anger. "He's gone rogue! He's challenging the Center!" The other heads exchanged uneasy looks, clearly shaken by Salvatore's bold defiance.

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## Chapter 194 The Mole

But the guards remained still, unmoved by his orders.

"I said, take him down!" Salvatore roared, his face contorted with frustration.

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"They won't follow you, Salvatore," Alessandro responded coldly, his voice edged with a dangerous calm. "Their loyalty is to me."

Just then, Lucas entered the room, stepping confidently to Alessandro's side. His mere presence underscored the shift in power. With his right-hand man by his side, Alessandro's authority was indisputable.

"Don Alessandro, what's going on? Can we sit down and discuss this peacefully?" Giuseppe suggested, attempting to regain control of the escalating situation.

"No. The chance for a peaceful discussion is gone, and now only my gun will speak," Alessandro gritted out dangerously, his eyes cold and unforgiving.

"Listen, Don Alessandro," Luigi interjected, sensing the gravity of the situation as it escalated with the involvement of the capo's family. "We had no knowledge of your children's abduction. We only wanted you here to sort this out, to either face the consequences or resume your role in the Italian Mafia." "But my family has been dragged into this mess, and now it's personal," Alessandro replied, his voice dripping with chilling severity. "I won't stop until I get my revenge."

So start talking, Salvatore, or should I be the one to tell them what you've done to the Center?" Alessandro's authoritative voice rang out, sending a visible tremor through Salvatore, whose fear was now evident.

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# Husband Novel 195

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 195 Cold-hearted Devil Finished

Salvatore's face drained of color, his once unshakable confidence now faltering under Alessandro's pointed accusation. The room grew tense as Alessandro's words echoed through the silence, all eyes locking on Salvatore.

"What's this about, Salvatore?" Luigi demanded, his voice sharp and filled with suspicion. "Are you hiding something from the Center?" Salvatore's jaw tightened, his eyes narrowing as he shot a hateful glare at Alessandro. But his silence was louder than any denial.

"Go on, tell them," Alessandro taunted, lowering his gun with a calm, almost mocking case. His relaxed posture made it clear he was in control, savoring the moment like a predator toying with its prey. "Why don't you tell them about your dealings with the Marino gang?" Salvatore flinched at the mention of the Marino gang, his reaction betraying him. The room was now filled with palpable shock. Though he tried to keep his defenses up, the cracks were showing.

"Don't listen to him." Salvatore snapped, his voice desperate as he tried to recover. "He's just trying to turn you all against me. It's a lie!"

But his words lacked conviction, and everyone could see it.

Luigi and Giuseppe exchanged a glance of confusion before Luigi, his voice now tense, asked, "Salvatore, are you really in cahoots with the Marino gang against Don Alessandro?"

"What? No!" Salvatore denied blatantly, but his tone was shaky.

"Tell us the truth." Giuseppe warned sternly, "because if our investigation finds you involved in the kidnapping of Don Alessandro's children, you'll be stripped of your position and executed by the Center,

Salvatore's face betrayed him-he knew he had been caught. In a foolish last-ditch effort, he abruptly pulled out his gun and aimed it at Luigi's head, who sat beside him. "Clear the way and let me go, or Luigi dies," he barked, his desperation clear.

The guards immediately aimed their guns at Salvatore, but no one dared to fire. Alessandro sighed, visibly exhausted by the old man's foolishness. With a swift motion,

Alessandro's hand moved, and in an instant, a shot rang out. The bullet hit Salvatore's hand, forcing him to drop the gun as he cried out in pain.

But no one had time to react as a second bullet from Alessandro's gun pierced Salvatore's head.

"Bastard traitor," Alessandro spat with disgust.

Everyone in the room stood frozen in shock. Salvatore had been a longstanding member of the Center, making his betrayal even more unsettling.

"How did you find out about his betrayal?" Luigi asked Alessandro, still trying to process what had just unfolded.

"I had my suspicions," Alessandro began, his voice cold and authoritative. "But when my children were kidnapped, and I got that call, it confirmed everything I conducted an investigation and gathered proof to be certain."

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Chapter 195 Cold hearted Devil

"And what about your decision to leave the mafia?" Giuseppe asked, his tone filled with skepticism.

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"I've changed my mind," Alessandro replied with a shrug, causing every face in the room to brighten with joy and relief.

"Good decision, Alessandro. We need a leader like you Luigi cheered.

"Yeah?! That's why you were planning to get rid of me?" Alessandro scoffed with disdain.

He knew the underworld was filled with people he couldn't trust, except for a select few close to him. Everyone else was driven by greed, willing to betray anyone for their own gain. But despite that, they all knew Alessandro was a wise and capable leader, one who had instilled a sense of morals in their illegal business. That set him apart from the rest and made him a popular, favored leader-the only real. candidate for the position of the Supremo.

"That's

's not true, Capo. We were only trying to maintain harmony and enforce the rules set by the Center, We had no personal grudge against you. Please try to understand, Luigi explained sincerely, his tone pleading for reason.

"By the way, where are your children?" Luigi asked again, concern evident in his voice.

"They're safe, Lucas replied, making Alessandro smirk as he glanced proudly at his right-hand man,

Lucas had rescued the kids after Alessio informed him about the kidnapping before he died. Lucas intercepted the kidnappers, killed them all, and kept the children hidden at his safe house until Alessandro's plan was executed.

"Thank God," Luigi and Giuseppe sighed in unison, knowing Alessandro would have lost his mind if anything had happened to his kids. They both understood that no matter their non-involvement, they wouldn't have survived the wrath of the Italian don.

Alessandro turned to Lucas and whispered, "Look after Alessio's family. Make sure they have everything they need. If they ever require assistance-financial or otherwise-tell them to come to me. I owe Alessio for his unwavering loyalty, and I will ensure his family is taken care of for as long as they need it. Alessio was the bravest man I had, and I'll do everything in my power to keep his family safe and secure."

"Yes, boss," Lucas replied promptly.

To the world, Alessandro might appear as a cold-hearted devil, but Lucas knew that this devil had a heart reserved only for his closest allies. "Now that everything is settled here, can I leave if I'm no longer needed?" Alessandro asked. The two heads of the Center nodded in agreement.

"Yes, Don Alessandro. We'll handle the rest and deal with the Marino gang for their nefarious act," Luigi assured him.

With one last disdainful glance at Salvatore's lifeless body, Alessandro left the room, Lucas trailing closely behind.

"We're so glad you're back, boss," Lucas muttered, struggling to contain his emotions. Alessandro recognized the depth of his loyal man's feelings reflected in his eyes.

"I'm glad to be back too, Lucas," Alessandro replied softly, giving Lucas a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

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## Chapter 195 Cold-hearted Devil

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Lucas felt a surge of happiness as Alessandro showed this rare softer side. Bowing his head, he opened the car door for his capo.

"I've sent the kids home, and they're safe," he informed him.

"Thank you, Lucas. I know I can always count on you," Alessandro expressed his admiration for his most trusted ally.

"Always, boss," Lucas replied firmly as he closed the door and took a seat beside the driver.

Alessandro felt a rush of excitement as the car sped along the road. His heart soared at the thought of being back home, eager to reunite with his family. It felt like a miracle that everything had fallen into place, all thanks to his Aria-his woman who he loved more than anything, even his own life.

As the car navigated through traffic, leaving the buildings and shops behind, Alessandro caught a glimpse of Vittoria and Vanessa together. While it wasn't unusual for them to be seen in each other's company, a sense of unease stirred within him. Could his instincts be wrong this time?

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## Husband Novel 196

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 196 No More Lies. Finished

Mia paced in the living room of the mansion, her heart leaping with stress and fear with every passing second. When she received no news from Alessandro, her instinct urged her to call her husband, but she hesitated, reminding herself that he might be focused on something important. Above all, she trusted her mafia husband with all her heart, confident that he would bring their children back safe and sound.

"Mom!!!" The two adorable voices echoed in her house, making her momentarily question if she was dreaming. But as she turned and saw Gia and Maximo running

toward her, all her worries vanished, replaced by overwhelming joy. She dropped to her knees, stretching her arms wide as her children leaped into her embrace.

"Gia, Maximo! Sweeties, are you okay?" she asked, caressing their faces and trailing her hands over their bodies to ensure they weren't hurt.

"We're fine, Mom!" Maximo assured her. "Uncle Lucas got us in time; otherwise, I would have taught those goons a lesson for kidnapping us," he said proudly.

"But Mom, Uncle Alessio was hurt. How's he?" Gia's worried voice asked. Mia swallowed hard, struggling to find the right words to tell her princess that Alessio couldn't make it.

"Ma'am, Mr. Valentino said he will be home soon." Mia lifted her eyes and saw a man instead of Lucas standing there. Mia didn't know his name, but he was likely from Alessandro's gang.

Mia nodded, and the man left.

"Go, kids! Clean yourselves up and change clothes. In the meantime, I'll make your favorite snacks and milkshakes," Mia suggested.

The kids grinned widely, kissing their mother's cheeks before running to their room upstairs. Mia watched their enthusiasm, shaking her head, and got up to head to the kitchen. Just as she finished preparing some sandwiches and milkshakes for snacks and set them at the dining table, she heard the car engine shutting off on the porch, and her heart knew who it could be. After a few moments, Alessandro's intimidating figure pushed through the door and entered.

Mia's heart fluttered with love-and so much more love-for her husband as she ran to throw herself into his arms. As Alessandro saw her running, he sauntered forward and caught her in his embrace. "Easy, amor mio."

Mia giggled, though her eyes were glistening with happiness. "I love you, hubby."

"I love you more, amore mio," Alessandro murmured, swiping the hair away from her face and cupping her small round face in his large palms. He lowered his head to press his full lips to her soft pink ones. Mia sighed, feeling the life return to her, and her eyes slid closed from the incredible sensation of her intoxicating man's overpowering earthy smell.

"Where are the kids?" Alessandro asked, his protective gaze roaming around, searching for his children.

"They're upstairs and will be coming down soon for the snacks I prepared for all of you," Mia replied, biting her lips, her eyes never leaving the incredibly powerful man who was



her husband. Her man! Noticing his wife staring at him with so much love, Alessandro kissed her plump lips once more before guiding her toward the dining table.

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Chapter 196 No More Lies. #Finished

"But first, you should eat," he said firmly. "And I won't repeat it, amore mio. I want you to have your meals. on time and don't wait for the kids or me. This time, our little bundle of joy," he added, gently placing his hand on her slightly protruding belly, "and you, are at the top of our priority list, baby." Mia blushed, smiling shyly as Alessandro made her sit on his lap. He then picked up a sandwich and began feeding Mia with his hands, his gaze filled with tenderness.

"So, how did it go with the Centre?" Mia asked curiously, chewing the bite of food in her mouth.

"It went just as planned, dolcezza," Alessandro replied, beginning to explain the entire incident in detail.

Mia listened intently, her eyes widening with each event Alessandro described. She couldn't help but realize just how powerful her mafia husband truly was so powerful that even the Centre couldn't go against his decisions.

"That's it?" Mia asked, still surprised, once Alessandro had finished.

"Yes, baby. That's all," he confirmed, his voice steady. "And I promise, from now on, I won't hide anything. from you.

"Yes, no more lies, Mia agreed softly. "Only the truth between us from now on."

"As you wish, amore mio, Alessandro murmured before leaning in and kissing her deeply, sealing their promise with one passionate embrace.

Yet, inside, he was concealing another secret-one about Aria's best friend, Emily. He had instructed Matteo and Emily not to tell Aria anything about what was going on in Emily's life, not wanting to stress her, especially now that she was pregnant. The doctor had advised her to stay relaxed and happy to avoid any complications.

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# Husband Novel 197

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband-

Chapter 197 Blind Justice

"By the Finished

way, what happened to the Marino gang?" Mia asked, her breath still unsteady from Alessandro's possessive and passionate kisses. He had pulled away when he noticed she was out of breath, letting her catch some air.

"They will be executed by the Centre, Alessandro replied calmly. "We'll make sure to find the person responsible, remove them from the gang, and ensure they suffer their punishment."

"I hope everything will be peaceful now," Mia said, pouting slightly as her eyes took on a hint of playful complaint. "You should spend more time with me. You're always so busy."

Alessandro chuckled, "All my time is yours, mia moglie he declared, but Mia narrowed her eyes, knowing her mafia husband was smooth and skillful with words. Before she could protest, Gia and Maximo came running downstairs, racing toward Alessandro. Alessandro stood up, scooping them both into his arms with ease. Mia watched their playful exchange, her heart swelling with happiness at the sight of Alessandro spending time with their children. But deep down, she knew this moment of peace was short-lived. It wouldn't be long before her mafia husband would be swept up in his work again.

Mia's heart sighed miserably, aware of the inevitable distance that would soon return.

Matteo let out a sigh of relief when he received the news from Alessandro that the kids were safe and everything had been settled with the Marino gang and Salvatore. He had been stressed all day and hadn't even gone home to check on Emily. Despite that, he had been closely monitoring the progress of the Tomas case, ensuring there was no chance for him to get bail.

The time for the trial was approaching, and Matteo was so anxious waiting for Alessandro's call that he didn't even leave for the courthouse. His assistant called him several times, but he ignored it. Emily's safety mattered to him, and he was determined to get her justice, but Alessandro was like a brother to him. His concern for Alessandro was second nature, and he couldn't focus on his work knowing his mafia friend. might be in trouble.

No matter what, Alessandro was Matteo's true family. Despite having a full family-father, mother, grandparents, a brother, and sisters-none of them ever felt real to him. They only cared about their shares in the business and the inheritance. This left Matteo disgusted by the idea of family, and he swore he'd never marry or have a relationship built solely on selfishness and personal gain. His family branded him as an unfilial son because he never attended their family dinners or pretended to show fake affection.

In court, when Matteo Vinci couldn't arrive on time, Tomas' attorney seized the moment, demanding bail for his client. The judge was about to deliver his decision when Matteo burst into the room, halting the proceedings.

"Your honor, please wait," Matteo said firmly. "I have evidence and witnesses that prove Tomas Bradford is guilty of illegal organ trafficking and murdering patients in his operating room for profit. I urge you to review this before making any decision." "That's completely absurd!" Tomas shouted, his voice shaking with anger.

"Mr. Bradford, control yourself and remain silent, the judge ordered, his tone sharp and authoritative.

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## Chapter 197 Blind Justice

deliberate calm, he called the witnesses one by one, each testifying to Tomas' illegal activities. Finished

"Not only that, Your Honor," Matteo continued confidently, "he also murdered his ex-wife Miss Yang's parents by administering lethal drugs and staging it as a natural death. I have concrete evidence to support this claim." He handed over the written prescriptions and brought forward witnesses to testify. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tomas' lawyer sat stunned, his head in his hands. He knew that defeating Matteo Vinci was near impossible-Matteo never made mistakes or left loopholes, making it impossible to disprove him.

Tomas, panicking, pleaded for his innocence, aware that the evidence and witnesses were fabricated. Desperately, he glanced at his lawyer, who had already slumped in defeat, knowing there was no way out, even before the court could deliver its verdict.

Matteo Vinci was known as the ruthless attorney, a man who would stop at nothing to win a case and secure justice for his clients. However, in this instance, Tomas was truly

guilty. Without solid evidence, Tomas might have walked free again, as he had done before. But with Matteo on the case, there would be no escaping justice this time.

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## Husband Novel 198

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 198 Final Verdict Finished

Emily was stunned to see Matteo arguing in court so flawlessly, exuding stunning confidence. She had been scared when he hadn't appeared on time, but as soon as he arrived, he flipped the case, and everything fell in their favor.

Everyone awaited the judge's verdict, though they already knew what it would be after witnessing the entire trial.

"After reviewing the substantial evidence and hearing the testimonies presented by the prosecution," the judge began, his voice steady and authoritative, "this court finds Tomas Bradford guilty of illegal organ trafficking and the unlawful taking of human life for profit. The evidence of his actions, including the accounts of the witnesses and the documents provided, leaves no room for reasonable doubt.

It is the duty of this court to uphold the law and ensure that justice is served, not only for the victims but for society as a whole. Tomas Bradford, you are hereby sentenced to fifteen years in prison without the possibility of parole. This sentence reflects the seriousness of your crimes and serves as a reminder that those who exploit others for their own gain will face the full weight of the law.

The court is adjourned."

As the judge's gavel slammed down, the courtroom erupted into murmurs. Tomas Bradford sat pale with shock, clearly unprepared for the weight of the verdict. Karma, it seemed, had finally caught up with him.

and now he would pay for all the pain and suffering he had inflicted, especially on Emily. His lawyer sat slumped in his seat, defeated, knowing there was no way to escape the ironclad case Matteo had built.

Matteo, composed and dignified, watched as Tomas was led away by the guards. His intense falter, showing no trace of sympathy for the man who had caused so much harimi.

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Emily's heart pounded as she watched Matteo walk toward her, his charming smile softening his otherwise serious demeanor. The tension in the courtroom seemed to dissolve as their eyes met. "Congratulations, Miss Yang." Matteo said softly, his voice carrying warmth and triumph.

"Thank you, Mr. Vinci," Emily murmured, her tone filled with genuine gratitude. She felt a surge of relief wash over her as the nightmare Tomas had caused finally came to an end.

Matteo nodded, still smiling, but then his expression shifted, a playful glint flashing in his eyes. "By the way," he added, his voice dropping just slightly, "I'm still waiting for my payment. His mischievous tone caught Emily off guard, and her cheeks flushed a delicate shade of pink.

Oh, the date! She recalled their deal.

"I know. Whenever you want it, Emily whispered softly, her voice barely audible above the fading

courtroom murmurs.

A satisfied smile stretched across Matteo's lips as he held out his hand. "Let's get out of here first."

Emily nodded silently and placed her hand in his. Matteo's large fingers gently closed around her smaller hand, a comforting warmth that steadied her nerves. He led her out of the courtroom with quiet confidence.

Outside, a swarm of reporters awaited them, shouting questions and snapping photos. The sudden chaos overwhelmed Emily, and she instinctively shrank back, Sensing Emily's discomfort, Matteo ignored the medin entirely. He shielded her with his sem nulling her close to hiny hiding her from the blinding

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Chapter 198 Final Verdict

flashes. His bodyguards moved into position, forming barrier to keep the reporters at bay.

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"I've got you," Matteo murmured softly into her ear, his voice calm and reassuring as he guided her toward his sleek black car, which waited at the curb. The driver opened the door swiftly, and Matteo helped her inside, following closely behind. His bodyguards kept the reporters at a distance as the door shut behind them, sealing them in a quiet, private space away from the madness outside.

The car sped up, and Emily glanced back through the tinted window, watching the crowd of reporters fade into the distance. She sighed in relief, grateful to be away from the chaos, when suddenly, her phone rang. She pulled it out of her purse and saw Adam's name flash on the screen.

"Emily?" Adam's voice came through the line as soon as she answered. "How are you?"

"I'm fine. Adam," she replied softly.

"I saw the news, and when I heard your name, I was shocked. You should've called me if you were in trouble. You know, no matter what, I'm still here for you and Mia." His tone was laced with concern, and a bit of a whine, like he couldn't believe she hadn't reached out. "I know you're there for us. Adam," Emily said, her heart warming at his words. Despite being a huge movie star, Adam always remained down-to-earth and a friend to her. She smiled at the thought.

But what she didn't notice was Matteo, sitting beside her, frowning as his fists clenched tightly in his lap. The way her face lit up while talking to another man—a man as charming and famous as Adam—struck nerve. He wasn't used to feeling this level of jealousy, but the thought of Adam having any kind of hold over Emily irritated him more than he cared to admit.

"Wait a second," Emily suddenly snapped, her expression shifting as realization struck her. "If it made the news, and you saw it there..." she trailed off, dread quickly filling her chest.

Her heart raced as the weight of what it meant sank in. If Adam had seen the news, then Mia must have seen it too. Alessandro had warned them that Mia shouldn't be stressed due to the complications in her pregnancy, so they needed to keep all of this away from her. Emily's stomach knotted with fear. How would Mia cope with this news if she had also seen it?

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## Husband Novel 199

### Chapter 199 A Lethal Weapon

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Mia set the final plate on the table, glancing at the kids who were still glued to the television, watching yet another cartoon.

"Maximo," she sighed, rubbing her forehead with exhaustion. "I'm exhausted from watching cartoons all day. Can you please change the channel? It's almost time for your dad to get home, and I'd like to catch up on the news."

She had spent the entire day at home, feeling too drained to go to work. After the chaos of the morning she just didn't have the energy. Alessandro had been called away for some urgent business, leaving her to manage things from home. The fatigue weighed heavily on her now.

"Okay, Mom, Maximo replied, obedient as ever. He grabbed the remote and, with a quick flick, changed the channel, replacing the cheerful cartoon with the serious tones of the evening news.

As the news began playing on the television, Mia sank into a chair, her elbow propped on the table as she rested her head in her palm. The fatigue of the day still weighed on her, but something about the news caught her attention. Her eyes grew sharp, and her lips parted in surprise as she heard the name \*Emily Yang on the screen. Her gaze locked onto the television, where she saw a glimpse of Matteo shielding Emily from the cameras, and the news anchor identified Matteo Vinci as Emily's attorney.

Mia frowned, but the next few words brought a sense of relief-Emily's ex-husband had finally been convicted of his crimes. Justice had been served for Emily and her late parents.

But then the weight of what she had just seen started to sink in. Matteo was involved in this case. That could only mean Alessandro must have known about it too. And the fact that Emily, her best friend, had hidden this from her stung deeply. Mia's chest tightened. How could they keep something this huge from her? How could Emily keep this from her? She struggled to process the hurt, disbelief flooding through her.

Her angry thoughts were interrupted by the joyful squeals of her children. "Daddy!!" Gia and Maximo ran toward the door as Alessandro entered,

He smiled warmly at his wife, but his expression faltered when he noticed her lack of response. Confusion washed over him as he registered the news headlines playing on the television. His heart sank as he realized the implications of what he was hearing, and the moment Mia's furious gaze fixed on him, he knew his doom was coming.

"Amore mio, let me explain," he urged desperately, his voice laced with anxiety.

But Mia stood abruptly, her eyes blazing, and walked toward their bedroom without another word. Before entering, she turned to the nanny and instructed firmly, "Make sure the kids eat on time and go to bed. after brushing their teeth."

As Alessandro watched Aria retreat, he sensed the tension radiating from her. She clearly didn't want to discuss the situation in front of the kids. With a nervous heart, he followed her into their room, knowing he had to confront the brewing storm.

He watched as Mia entered the room and slammed the door behind her, the sound echoing through the house. Alessandro winced, realizing just how deep in trouble he was. The invincible Italian don, who had never feared anyone in his life, now found himself nervous to enter his own bedroom and face his furious wife. He just prayed that Mia loved him enough not to attack him too harshly.

Swallowing hard Alessandro grabbed the door knob opening it as quietly as possible not wanting to do

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Chapter 199 A Lethal Weapon

anything that might further irritate his already angry wife

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"Baby, calm down. The stress and anger aren't good for you or our baby," Alessandro tried to coax his beautiful wife, who looked so furious she seemed ready to explode at any moment. He blinked at her with an innocent expression, trying to appear as though he had no idea why she was upset-an act that could easily fool anyone.

"Calm down?" Mia snapped, shocked by her husband's infuriating behavior. He knew exactly what he had done, yet he still feigned innocence. "How dare you do this to me, Alessandro?" she shouted, her voice rising in a crescendo of hurt and betrayal.



Alessandro drew in a long, steady breath, fully aware that a storm was brewing. He knew that a furious wife could be scarier than any lethal weapon in the world, and this time, the stakes were particularly high.

## Husband Novel 200

Lét Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 200 The Queen's King Finished

Alessandro didn't fight back; instead, he lowered his head obediently, preparing himself to absorb her anger. He silently hoped that, in time, she would find it in her heart to forgive him.

The thought of losing Aria was the scariest thing he could imagine, and he couldn't afford to let that happen. Standing there in silence, he bowed his head before his wife, lowering his gaze because he knew he was guilty of hiding things from her. Yet, he wasn't ashamed to how before Aria; after all, a king only bowed before his queen.

Mia scowled internally, glaring at her husband standing silently before her with his head lowered, looking so unassuming. Her mafia husband knew every trick to soften her anger, but not this time. She wasn't falling for it anymore.

"You said no, you promised-you'd never hide anything from me, that you'd never lie. So how could you do this, Alessandro?" Her voice trembled, the hurt and betrayal clear in every word.

Alessandro slowly raised his head, meeting her eyes, and his heart sank when he saw the tears brimming there. In that moment, he knew he had made another huge mistake.

"I'm sorry, amore mio," he murmured, attempting to take a step closer, but Mia held up a hand to stop him

"No, you can't keep lying to me and then expect to make it all right with an apology," she shot back, her voice laced with frustration.

"Okay, amore mio, it won't happen again. I promise," he murmured again, lowering his gaze and standing there like a devoted husband, as if his submission would somehow ease her anger.

Mia sighed, torn between her irritation and the guilt of wanting to forgive him. How could she stay angry when he kept apologizing so sincerely?

"Alessandro, I can't do this anymore. You... you..." Her words trailed off, and she found herself growing more irritated by his gentle demeanor. It only made her feel more conflicted about how to express her

hurt.

"I'm sorry, amore mio. Please forgive me this time," he mumbled in his deep, husky voice, looking up at her through his thick eyelashes while still bowing his head in a show of humility.

Mia pressed her fingers against her temples, frustration bubbling within her. She wanted to be angry at him, but every gesture he made was designed to melt her heart.

"What's wrong, amore mio?" Alessandro asked, furrowing his brow with concern as he noticed Mia holding her head. "Are you getting a headache? Here, let me help you." Holding her elbow tenderly, he guided her toward the bed. "How about a head massage?"

His large, rough hands cradled her forehead gently, the warmth of his touch radiating through her skin. Alessandro's fingers pressed lightly into her temples, working in slow, deliberate circles that sent waves of relaxation coursing through her body. Each gentle movement felt both grounding and comforting, as if he were melting away the tension she had been holding. Mia marveled at the way his skilled hands seemed to possess a magic of their own, and she found herself battling the urge to close her eyes and surrender to the soothing sensation of her husband pampering her with his incredible head massage.

"Stop it, Alessandro," Mia-snapped, her irritation bubbling to the surface as she struggled to maintain her

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Chapter 200 The Queen's King

"Okay, baby," Alessandro replied quickly, stepping back as if he'd been burned.

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Mia rolled her eyes, suddenly realizing she had forgotten what she intended to confront him about. Just then, as if the stars were aligning in Alessandro's favor, Mia's phone rang. She glanced at the screen and saw Emily's name flashing. Anger surged within her again as she lifted her gaze from the phone to her

husband.

"Alessandro Valentino?" she fired, her voice steady and brimming with anger. "I want a divorce."

Alessandro's breath hitched. "What? No, baby. I'll die if you leave me," he pleaded, his eyes wide with desperation.

"Bullshit. You didn't think about that when you lied to me," Mia shot back, her irritation mounting.

The more she tried to rein in her emotions, the angrier she became, as if the pregnancy hormones were amplifying her feelings. She felt overwhelmed as if everyone was ignoring her, and the thought that her husband no longer loved her gnawed at her. God, what's happening with me?! Mia groaned internally, recognizing the hormones were playing tricks on her mind.

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"You keep doing this to me, playing with my heart and taking me for granted, and I've endured more than I can take," Mia mumbled, her heart brimming with a mix of emotions that overpowered her thoughts. Suddenly, memories of all the past torturous events flooded her mind.

"Alessandro Valentino, I need a divorce, and I won't settle for anything less," Mia declared curtly, the words leaving her mouth before she fully understood her own emotions.

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