

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

Husband Novel 211

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 211 The Powerful Man

Emily's eyes fluttered open, blinking up at the handsome face above her. She tried to stand upright, but her legs gave way as a fresh wave of dizziness crashed over her, causing her knees to buckle beneath her.

Yet, the strong, steady grip of the muscular arms wrapped around her never wavered, keeping her safe in their protective hold.

As Emily collided with Matteo Vinci's chest, the bodyguard walking beside him hurriedly reached out to grab her, attempting to push her away from his boss. But Matteo raised his hand, stopping him immediately. There was no way he wanted this woman anywhere else but in his arms.

At this unexpected encounter couldn't believe that the woman

was caught off guard, shock and surprise flooding his senses. He

had haunted his dreams-and even his waking moments-was now

in his arms. Ever since their last encounter, their bitter parting, she had taken up residence in his mind, filling his thoughts and fantasies with no escape. And now, fate had brought her crashing back into his life.

He couldn't tear his gaze away from her flushed face, her delicate features still beautiful despite the stress that marred her expression. She looked fragile, yet there was something in her that stirred a deep sense of urgency within him. "Emily!" A man's voice broke the moment as another figure approached, reaching out and grabbing Emily's arm.

"Help..." Emily's faint whisper escaped her lips as she gazed up at Matteo, her eyes half-closed before her body went limp, collapsing against his chest.

"I'm sorry, my girlfriend's drunk and she accidentally collided with you," the man said, flashing a confident smile. But Matteo's sharp, skeptical mind wasn't convinced..

"Who are you?" Matteo asked, narrowing his eyes at the handsome man before him, who looked wealthy and well-bred.

"My name is Park Jae-min, and this is my girlfriend, Emily Yang." Jae-min explained smoothly. "We were on a date, but she got upset and drank too much. Don't worry, I know how to handle my girlfriend," he added, reaching out to pull Emily away from Matteo.

But the moment another man's hand touched the delicate woman in his arms, Matteo saw red,

"Don't fucking touch her," Matteo bellowed, his voice thunderous.

"Excuse me?!" Park Jae-min was startled by Matteo's outburst. "She's my girlfriend, and you don't touch her, mister," he retorted, gritting his teeth in frustration

"Girlfriend?" Matteo growled in a low, threatening tone. "I don't give a damn about that. She's leaving with me. Disappear before I lose my shit," he warned, his eyes flashing dangerously.

"Listen, mister, Jae-min shot back, his voice tight with defiance. "I'll call the police if you try to take her away?"

Matteo smirked wickedly. "You can try," he said coldly. "But I'd love to see who's brave enough to challenge Matteo Vinci"

Jae-min's eyes widened in shock. Of course, who hadn't heard of Matteo Vinci-the ruthless attorney with

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Chapter 211 The Powerful Man

"M... Matteo Vinci, Jae-min stammered, staring at the ruthless attorney with wide eyes.

Matteo smirked, gazing down at the man before him with an intimidating glare.

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"Get lost-and never let me see you near her again," Matteo warned, his tone calm but laced with deadly intent. His eyes left no doubt about the seriousness of his threat.

Jae-min didn't need the attorney to repeat himself. Without urgency, he turned on his heel and sprinted away as if death itself was chasing him.

Matteo let out a frustrated breath, trying to calm the simmering anger within him. He then shifted his attention back to the woman in his arms. Emily was moaning softly, her

voice barely audible, as she struggled to open her eyes. She rubbed her against Matteo's chest, clearly uncomfortable from whatever drugs had been forced on her.

"I want all the details on that man," Matteo said, glancing over his shoulder at the bodyguard standing behind him.

"Roger that, sir," the bodyguard replied swiftly.

Matteo looked down at Emily, who clung to him as if her life depended on it. A strange sensation stirred in his chest, something he hadn't felt in a long time. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but he couldn't even ignore it.

"And... tell the manager I'm staying in my private suite. Have someone open it and arrange for the night," he ordered.

The bodyguard immediately pulled out his phone, dialing the hotel manager. This hotel belonged to Matteo's family, and he had an entire floor reserved just for them.

As a renowned figure, Matteo knew that if he took Emily to his car in her current condition, their pictures would be plastered across every tabloid. He wasn't worried about his own image, but he was concerned for Emily's reputation. He decided it would be best to take her to his private suite until he could figure out what had happened to her.

Gently, Matteo swept the hair away from Emily's beautiful face. Her breathing was heavy, and her body still felt weak. Without thinking, Matteo scooped her up in his arms, carrying her bridal style as he headed toward the elevator.

Matteo pressed the call button for the elevator that led to the private floor reserved for his family. Fortunately, there weren't many people around to give them awkward glances, though a few did look at him with questioning eyes as he carried the half-unconscious woman in his arms. However, no one dared to intervene.

Once they entered the elevator, Matteo gently set Emily down for a moment to pull out the key card for his private suite. He swiped it, causing the elevator doors to slide closed, and they began their ascent.

Emily whimpered softly as she pulled Matteo closer, feeling the comforting presence of the powerful man whose aura radiated pure masculine dominance.

Instinctively, she buried her face in the crook of his neck, inhaling deeply the mix of his natural scent and expensive cologne. Matteo froze as her soft lips brushed against the stubble on his neck, slowly moving up toward his chin. Matteo clenched one fist, while his other arm instinctively tightened around her. He could feel his self-

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control teetering on the edge, threatening to snap at any moment.

Husband Novel 212

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 212 Dangerous Temptation Finished

"Umm... you smell so good." Emily whispered, nuzzling her soft, warm face into the crook of Matteo's neck. His shirt was partially unbuttoned, exposing his skin, which only intensified her craving for more contact. Without thinking, she yanked at the sides of his shirt, tearing a few more buttons in her desperation, making Matteo gasp in awe.

He stood there, momentarily powerless before this delicate beauty. She looked flawless, like a fragile glass doll, yet she had the power to shatter him into pieces-and she didn't even know it. Her hands began to roam over his firm, sculpted chest, feeling the masculine strength of the powerful Matteo Vinci.

As the aphrodisiac surged through her blood, Emily felt hot and overwhelmingly turned on. She wanted nothing more than for Matteo to take her in his arms and kiss her. Before Matteo could break free from the trance she had cast over him, Emily grabbed his collar and pulled him down, trying to crush her lips against his in a sudden, fiery kiss.

Matteo reacted swiftly, tilting his head so her lips landed on his chin instead of his mouth. But even then, her warm, sweet breath caressed his lips, making him momentarily breathless. The temptation was so dangerous and nearly impossible to resist. Every instinct screamed for him to give in, to have her right

there and there.

But he knew better. He could tell by the way Emily was behaving-by the glazed look in her eyes and the unsteady movements-that she wasn't herself. She was under the influence of something, her senses clouded.

Matteo's heart hammered in his chest, and his cock ached with the need of being inside this feisty woman. The raw need coursing through him was undeniable, but he couldn't allow himself to act on it. Not like this. Not when Emily thought of him as nothing more than a reckless playboy.

He didn't want her to think she was right about him. The need to prove that he wanted more than just a quick lay was somehow stronger than his physical urge, which was again a first for him.

What the hell was happening? He'd never felt anything like this before, not for any woman.

Why was she different? Why did she make things so damn complicated? The one time he could have her, he couldn't. And when he actually wanted her, she wouldn't let him near. It was like some twisted game he never signed up for, and it was driving him insane.

Fuck! Matteo clenched his jaw, closing his eyes. Why the hell was resisting her so hard? And why, for once, did he want to do things the right way?

"Baby! Babe!" Matteo tried to coax her, his voice gentle but firm. "You're not feeling well," he added, attempting to create some distance between them, though he still held her steady, knowing she was too intoxicated to stand on her own. Emily protested in a slurred voice, pulling him closer. Her lips pressed against his exposed chest through the torn fabric of his shirt. "Don't go away," she mumbled, kissing his skin.

Just then, the elevator stopped, and the doors slid open revealing they had reached the private floor.

"Let me get you to the room" Matteo muttered under his breath as he quickly scooped her up in his strong arms. Emily threw her arms around his neck, giggling softly as she kicked her feet playfully in the air while he carried her toward his suite. *** ble ticked on the lights with this

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Chapter 212 Dangerous Temptation

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card before kicking the door shut behind them. Without hesitation, he carried Emily straight to the bed and gently laid her down on the soft sheets.

"Stay here. I'm going to get you something to make you feel better," Matteo said, brushing a hand tenderly through her hair. He was about to walk away when Emily grabbed his hand, pulling him down toward her. Caught off guard, Matteo stumbled, his solid body crashing against her soft, delicate frame before he could stop himself. Emily whimpered softly. Matteo winced, his heart tightening at the sight.

"I'm sorry, ma douce," Matteo murmured, his voice filled with concern as his worried eyes watched her grimace beneath his weight. He was about to lift himself off when Emily wrapped her arms around his neck, stopping him. "Why are you running away from me? Don't you want me?" she pouted, her words slurred with frustration.

Matteo chuckled, shaking his head. He knew she wasn't herself. The fiery Emily he knew would never ask something like that. Gently, he tried to pry her arms from around his neck, careful not to hurt her.

But Emily's frustration grew as she felt repeatedly rejected by the notorious playboy attorney.

"Are you.... impotent?" she challenged, her tone sharp with accusation. "Is that why you're running away? You can't get it up, can you?"

Matteo's eyes narrowed dangerously at her words. No one had ever questioned his masculinity, and here she was, this fragile woman beneath him, daring to challenge him?! She had no idea what kind of fire she was playing with. 2/2

Husband Novel 213

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

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+5 Pearls

Chapter 213 His Enchantress

In an instant, Emily's hands were pinned above her head, locked tightly in Matteo's grip. His eyes darkened with a raw, primal hunger as he gazed down at her, like she was the most tempting feast he had ever laid eyes on-and he had been starving his whole life. Every inch of him buzzed with lust, the need to prove to this naive woman that nothing was wrong with him-that he was more than capable. He wanted nothing more than to penetrate her slick pussy with his steely girth and bury his rock hard cock inside her the whole night so she couldn't even walk smoothly for a month, making her understand exactly what she had provoked.

Matteo swallowed hard as he felt Emily's soft whimpers against his neck, her body arching off the mattress, twisting and writhing beneath him, desperate for more friction against his aching, rock-hard length. He was absolutely doomed.

He lowered his head, his warm, full lips brushing against Emily's ear as he inhaled her intoxicating, sweet, flowery scent.

"Baby, you have no idea how bad I want you right now," he murmured, his voice thick with desire. "I'd trade my life just to taste those sweet lips and bury myself deep inside

you for the entire night." He exhaled, letting out a shuddered breath as the image of being inside this incredible woman consumed him.

"But I know, mon amour " he continued, his tone shifting slightly. "You won't remember a damn thing when you wake up, and I don't want to waste this special moment, our first time, just for you to forget it by morning. So I'm gonna wait until you're sober, then we'll see who can handle what." He smirked, a wicked glint in his eyes as he recalled how feisty and proud she always was.

"Be a good girl and don't make this harder for both of us," Matteo sighed, his gaze lingering on her beautiful face, torn between what he wanted and what was right. He couldn't tear himself away from her, nor could he pull his eyes from her face, which somehow managed to look both innocent and tempting at the same time.

But due to the effect of drugs, Emily wasn't in any state to listen or understand. The fire inside her only burned hotter, and all she could think about was this strong man quenching it. She needed him to claim her, to make the ache go away. Lifting her head, she pressed her lips to the side of Matteo's neck, her breath hot against his skin. Before he could react, she bit down softly, leaving a dark mark on his tanned

skin.

Matteo was taken aback by her bold move. He had no idea that beneath the sophisticated and shy exterior of Emily Yang was a hidden, sexy vixen. It intrigued him, stirring something darker and more primal inside. He wanted nothing more than to see how far she would take this boldness in bed.

"You're being a bad girl, Emily Yang, and bad girls need punishment," Matteo growled, his thumb brushing over her bottom lip as she lay beneath him, helpless yet radiating confidence and fearlessness.

"Then punish me, Mr. Vinci," Emily panted breathlessly, her face flushed with desire. "Please! I want you. I want you right now," she pleaded, before showering kisses all over his neck and chest.

"Babe, w... wait!" Matteo tried to stop the sedutress kissing him so passionately, his breath quickening as his chest heaved under the weight of the overwhelming conflict between desire and conscience battling in his

head.

"Ah, get rid of your clothes. I want you to fuck me," Emily moaned, her voice dripping with desire, making Matteo let out a string of curses under his breath. Desperation was evident in her words as his enchantress urged him to give in to the moment.

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Chapter 213 His Enchantress

+5 Pearls

Her seductive play had Matteo swallowing hard, his mind racing as he tried to think through the fog of lust.

"Fuck!" Matteo groaned loudly in frustration. If she kept this up, he knew he wouldn't be able to control himself any longer.

Without warning, he stood up abruptly, scooping Emily into his arms as he strode toward the bathroom. He kicked the door open and entered, heading straight for the tub. Gently, he placed her inside and turned on the faucets, water pouring into the basin as he grabbed the showerhead and began dousing her with cold water.

"Ah! What are you doing?" Emily cried out, the icy water cascading over her hot skin, shocking her senses.

"Sit still, mon amour. It will soothe your distress," Matteo coaxed her, his tone tight with the sexual tension between them.

"Only if you come in with me," Emily challenged, grabbing Matteo's shirt and pulling him closer, her eyes dropping with the lust. 1.9K

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Husband Novel 214

Chapter 214 Unanswered Questions +5 Pearls

Matteo stumbled, catching himself just in time by gripping Emily's hand, barely avoiding a crash into the tub.

"No way, mom amour," he muttered, shaking his head as he pried her fingers off his shirt. Emily pouted, looking very upset by Matteo's cold behaviour. She was annoyed by the intensity of her arousal; this man wasn't giving her what she wanted. "If you won't

get in this tub with me, then I'm coming out," she shot back stubbornly, her resolve hardening as she reached for him again, trying to pull him closer or at least drag herself out.

"Fine, fine! I'll get in with you," Matteo sighed, defeat lacing his voice.

This woman had a way of bringing him to his knees, and he couldn't quite understand why he was so helplessly willing to give in to her every demand.

Emily gave him a satisfied grin as he began removing his shoes and socks. He wanted to strip off his clothes before getting in the tub, but he didn't dare. He didn't trust himself around this sexy vixen who was testing every limit of his self-control tonight. He lifted one leg and stepped into the tub, hesitating as he lifted the other foot. Before he could place it inside, Emily mischievously bit her lip before lunging forward, pulling him into the tub. They both

tumbled inside, splashing water everywhere with the impact.

"Ouch!" Emily cried, and Matteo instantly forgot his own pain as concern took over him.

"Are you okay, babe?" he asked.

"Hmm, I'm fine when I'm in your arms," Emily smiled sheepishly, resting the back of her head on his chest.

Matteo sighed, circling his arms around her lovingly. The strange feeling grew even stronger, intensified by the proximity of the woman who had unknowingly become a part of his daily thoughts and dreams. Now, holding her this intimately, it felt surreal. But just being in his arms wasn't enough for Emily. She wanted more. Grabbing the corner of her wet, now almost transparent white dress shirt, she pulled it over her head, leaving herself in nothing but a beige silk bra, also soaked and clinging to her skin.

Matteo's breath caught in his throat as he watched her. She leaned her back against his chest again, raising her hips to unbuckle her black dress pants. With a swift unzip, she pushed them down her legs and kicked them off, leaving them floating in the water of the tub. Her beige silk panties left nothing to Matteo's imagination. He was too stunned to move an inch, feeling as if he were living in a fantasy where the woman of his dreams was fulfilling his every wish.

He wanted to encourage her to discard the remaining two pieces of clothing or allow him to tear them off her sexy body, but he couldn't bring himself to say anything. Just as she moved her hand to the back and grabbed the clasp of her bra, Matteo caught her wrist, stopping her right there.

"No, baby. You don't really want this. You're under the effect of some drug, and it will fade. Just wait a little longer," he murmured in a calm voice.

"No, I know I want you. I feel like I'll die if you don't touch me," she cried, turning to face him, desperation

written all over her face

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Chapter 214 Unanswered Questions

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+5 Pearls

In a swift movement, she straddled him, making Matteo's painfully throbbing bulge nestle between her legs. Her full, plump breasts rubbed against his firm chest, tempting him to make a move and give her the relief she craved. But instead, in that erotic moment, Matteo pulled her into his embrace, tucking her head gently under his chin.

"You'll be fine, darlin'," he murmured in a very sweet and soothing voice. "Just hold on a little longer. I'm right here with you," he assured her softly, kissing her temple. He hadn't even had the chance to text his bodyguard to find a medicine or call a doctor-Emily hadn't given him any space to act. She sobbed as she rubbed herself against his hardness, seeking relief from the overwhelming sensations coursing through her.

"I need it, Matteo. I want it, please! Please!" she cried out, her desperation tugging at his chest, making Matteo curse himself. He wasn't sure if this was his fault or not, but her pleas made him feel so helpless and an asshole. "Okay, mon amour," he coaxed gently, letting her do as she pleased.

He softly caressed her head, a tenderness in his touch that he had never shown to anyone before. The water was cold, and he felt Emily shiver. Tightening his arms around her, Matteo knew the drug's effects were finally fading.

Her whimpers and groans slowed, her eyes fluttering closed as her body relaxed. When her breathing became even, he carefully picked her up, standing as he stepped out of the tub. Emily had fallen asleep in his arms. He watched her face so peaceful, so serene that contentment washed over him.

But his body was still raging, painfully aroused, his steely-hard erection throbbing with unfulfilled desire.

If it were any other woman, he wouldn't have thought twice about taking advantage. He wasn't a saint, and he'd done it many times with intoxicated women who practically threw themselves at him. He was a bad man-a playboy, as the ladies and tabloids loved

to call him- and the name fit for a reason. So, he was shocked by his own actions with Emily. He never cared about his image, so what was this? Why couldn't he go through with it with her? Why did he want more with her than just to sleep with her? And where was this strange urge to protect her coming from?

The frustration only grew as he found himself unable to answer any of the unsettling questions swirling in his head.

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Husband Novel 215

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Chapter 215 A Bad Plan

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+5 Pearls

Emily's head felt heavy and throbbing as she woke from a deep slumber. She tried to open her eyes, but they felt heavier than ever. Confusion clouded her mind-why was she feeling like this? Then, in a sudden flash, she remembered last night's meeting with Jac-min, and her head started spinning. She couldn't recall what happened after that.

As she tried to sit up, her throat dry, she froze. She wasn't lying on a pillow-she was lying on someone's arm. Her eyes fluttered open, and in an instant, the haziness vanished, replaced by pure shock. A muscular arm was draped over her, holding her possessively, as if this person never wanted her to leave.

Panic surged through Emily as she realized she was sharing a bed with a man. Without thinking, she shoved the arm off her, forgetting she was already lying on the edge of the bed. One sudden roll, and she tumbled to the floor with a loud thud. Pain shot through her back, and she couldn't stop a groan from escaping her lips.

"Baby?!" Matteo's sleepy, raspy voice cut through the room as he sat up quickly, his icy blue eyes clouded with concern. "Are you okay?" he asked, his gaze locked on her like she was the most important person in the world.

Emily swallowed hard, her eyes drifting over him. His broad chest was bare, and the lower half of his body was barely concealed by a thin bed sheet-not nearly thick enough to hide the obvious bulge of his morning wood, which made a tent beneath the fabric. Emily's eyes widened in shock as she realized the notorious playboy attorney was in bed with her. Oh God... Her heart sank as the doomed realization hit her. He must've taken advantage of her while she was drunk, and she couldn't remember a damn thing about what had happened.

"What... what are you doing in my bed?" Emily's voice was accusing, her wide eyes filled with shock, making Matteo frown.

"You don't remember anything?" he muttered faintly to himself, cocking his head as he studied the shocked and terrified woman still lying on the floor.

"I was d...drunk, and... and you knew it, you jerk!" she stammered, her anger flaring. "Yet you still... you took advantage of me."

Matteo couldn't help but feel a mix of amusement and disappointment. She still thought so little of him. The bold, feisty woman from last night had vanished, replaced by this nervous, trembling kitten-and somehow, that intrigued him even more.

Instead of clearing her misunderstanding, Matteo dodged her accusations and played it cool. "Mon amour, you'll catch a cold. Come up," he said casually as he stood, throwing his feet off the bed and securing the bedsheet around his waist. Emily's panic only grew as her eyes shifted down to her own body. She gasped, realizing she wasn't wearing her clothes from last night. Instead, a bathrobe was loosely wrapped around her, and the realization hit her hard.

Matteo walked over and squatted beside her, extending his hand to help her up. Emily panicked, scooting away from him.

"D-Don't come near me," she stammered, her voice trembling with anxiety. Her eyes, wide with fear, looked at him like a scared deer caught in headlights.

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Chapter 215 A Bad Plan

+5 Pearls

Matteo sighed, shaking his head slightly. "Why so shy this morning when we already became one last night? God, belle, you looked so sexy. I couldn't get enough of you, mon ange," he teased, his voice low and husky. "Stop it!" Emily shouted, covering her ears, her voice trembling with frustration. "I'll sue you for this!"

"Okay, baby. As you wish," Matteo smirked, reaching out to touch her face, but Emily quickly pulled back, slapping his hand away. Matteo chuckled, clearly amused. "I'll even fight your case for free. You made me so happy last night."

Emily's shock deepened. She couldn't believe she had slept with the most notorious playboy. Anger and disappointment surged through her, consuming her entirely.

"You... you pervert, jerk, asshole!" Emily cried, tears streaming down her face uncontrollably.

The moment Matteo saw Emily's eyes glistening with tears, he knew he had screwed up. He had been enjoying teasing her and hiding the truth, planning to keep it up a little longer before revealing what had actually happened last night. But his plan had taken a toll on him.

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Read Husband Novel 216

Husband Novel 216

Chapter 216 Explanation.

Matteo's heart sank as he saw more tears rolling down Emily's cheeks. Without thinking twice, he swiftly moved toward her, scooping her up effortlessly. One arm hooked under her knees, the other behind her back, and he lifted her into his arms. Emily was too furious to let him touch her, let alone carry her. "No! Put me down, you asshole!" she shouted, beating his chest with her fists in protest, but Matteo didn't stop until he gently placed her back on the bed.

Emily was breathing heavily, her face flushed red with anger, glaring at him through her watery eyes. Matteo calmly poured her a glass of water and extended it toward her, only for Emily to slap it out of his hand, spilling the water all over the bed.

But Matteo didn't flinch. He wasn't bothered by her infuriating reaction. If it had been anyone else, they would have regretted crossing him for the rest of their life. But with her, the woman who had captured his heart, he didn't mind.

Matteo smiled softly, unfazed, and poured the water again into the glass, extending it to Emily once more. Her anger still burned, and she instinctively moved to slap it away again. But this time, Matteo skillfully dodged her hand, saving the glass from spilling. "Chérie, I was teasing you. Nothing happened between us last night," Matteo said in a calm, sincere tone, his voice unusually honest.

Emily was momentarily stunned. She had expected him to mock her vulnerability from the night before, but the seriousness in his eyes softened her defenses.

"How do I believe you?" she asked, her skeptical mind refusing to trust him, especially given his reputation as a notorious playboy. "I woke up without my clothes, only in this... robe," she gestured to her body, "and... and you were right next to me, holding me like... like..." Her words tumbled out in a rush, but faltered as her voice trailed off, unable to complete the thought.

"Baby, just give me a chance to explain what happened last night, please," Matteo pleaded gently. Emily narrowed her eyes at him but then sighed, huffing out a breath to calm her anger before giving him a hesitant nod.

"Have some water while I explain," he said, offering the glass once more. As she reluctantly took it, Matteo began telling her everything-how they met in the lift lobby and how she ended up in his private suite.

"So... your clothes were soaked, and I had to remove them and put you in that robe," he said, biting his lip to stop himself from grinning as he noticed the pink blush deepening on Emily's cheeks.

"You... you removed my clothes?" she stammered, her eyes wide with disbelief. The embarrassment washed over her, knowing that Matteo Vinci had seen her naked. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Matteo thought about telling her the truth- that she had removed her own clothes in her intoxicated state to seduce him and that he'd had to stop her from taking off her lingerie- but he decided against it. He didn't want to humiliate or embarrass her. Matteo liked Emily Yang as fierce and confident as she always was, a perfect challenge for him. So, he vowed to keep his lips sealed about how desperately she'd begged him to fuck her.

"Don't worry, ma douce," Matteo said with a calm smile. "I did it with my eyes closed, and I didn't see anything, I swear."

Emily was torn between disbelief and wanting to trust him Her mind screamed not to fall for the

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Chapter 216 Explanation

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+5 Pearls

Casanova attorney's words, but as Matteo held her gaze, his eyes unwavering and filled with quiet confidence, she found herself letting her guard down. The sincerity she saw in his expression forced her to trust him, even against her better judgment.

A comforting silence settled between them for a long moment, as if their hearts were speaking and their eyes were carrying on a conversation. It was a rare, quiet connection that felt almost tangible. But then, the doorbell rang, shattering the moment. "I'll get it," Matteo said, standing up and tightening the bedsheet securely around his waist before heading to the door.

He moved through the suite's living area, where the bedroom was hidden from view, ensuring that no one could see Emily from the other side as he opened the door. Standing outside was his bodyguard, holding a neatly folded set of clothes for both Emily and Matteo, just as Matteo had ordered the night before. The bodyguard had arrived as soon as the first rays of the sun touched the earth, waiting for Matteo's text to make his delivery.

Matteo had discreetly texted his bodyguard while explaining things to Emily. When his bodyguard filled him in on the details of last night's incident with her, Matteo's jaw clenched, and his fists tightened at the news.

He took the clothes from the bodyguard and asked, "Is everything ready?"

"Yes, boss. We're ready and waiting for you to arrive," the bodyguard confirmed. Matteo nodded, his expression hardening. "I'll be there in a few minutes."

He closed the door and headed back into the room where Emily waited. 2.5K

Husband Novel 217

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 217 Surveillance Footage

"Who was at the door?" Emily asked with curiosity.

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+5 Pearls

"Clothes," Matteo replied, holding up the garments in his hands. "Get ready, and I'll order room service for breakfast," he added. "Then we'll go to the surveillance area." "Surveillance area?" Emily frowned, confusion knitting her brow. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, ma douce," he said, his voice dropping slightly as he clenched his jaw in frustration. "My bodyguard found some evidence regarding the person who drugged you last night."

Emily felt her stomach drop at the realization. The weight of his words sank in-she hadn't just been drunk; she had been drugged. Panic coursed through her as she imagined the possible outcomes if Matteo hadn't showed up in time

Matteo strode closer to her, and as if he could read her mind, he comforted her. "You don't have to be scared of anyone when I'm here," he said firmly, locking his gaze onto hers. "I won't let anything happen to you."

Only one simple sentence lifted all the fear and worry from Emily's heart, filling her with a profound sense of safety and protection, reminiscent of the embrace she once shared with her father. No man had ever made her feel this way since then-until now. Her heart skipped a beat as she looked deeply into Matteo's eyes, a man she didn't know well but felt an inexplicable familiarity with.

Matteo handed her the clothes, and Emily nodded silently, accepting them before heading to the bathroom to change. The bathroom was enormous, almost like a small suite in itself. It featured a plush couch, a large television, a luxurious bathtub, a jacuzzi, and a spacious vanity table, making it a haven of comfort.

She was mesmerized for a moment as she opened the bag Matteo had given her. Inside, she found a beautiful dress, matching footwear, and makeup essentials. Removing the robe, she took a quick shower, washing away the lingering dizziness from the previous night's drug. Afterward, she grabbed a new toothbrush and brushed her teeth.

Once she slipped into the fresh clothes and applied her makeup, she checked her reflection in the vanity mirror one last time, ensuring everything was perfect before stepping back into the room.

As she entered, she found Matteo already dressed in a crisp white shirt and black dress pants. He had skipped the tie, opting instead for a tailored suit jacket that accentuated his physique.

"You didn't need to take a bath?" Emily asked, surprise lacing her voice. She hadn't noticed him going to the bathroom, brushing his teeth or showering, yet Matteo looked as fresh as-ever-his usual self: effortlessly hot and handsome.

"No, ma douce," Matteo replied with a soft smile, walking closer to her. "I don't want your scent washed away from me." He whispered flirtatiously, gazing straight into her eyes.

Emily bit her lip shyly and averted her eyes, feeling her cheeks flush with warmth. They both were so close and sleeping and he took her in his arms the whole night while she slept on his shoulder as if it were her personal pillow.

"I hope you don't mind me not being as high-maintenance as you, mon amour," he teased, making Emily roll her eyes. Typical man! She sighed to herself.

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11:16 Wed, Oct 16 BK

Chapter 217 Surveillance Footage

66%

+5 Pearls

"However, another reason is that I can't wait to see the person responsible and make them pay for conspiring to harm you," Matteo gritted his teeth, and his demeanor shifted from that of a charming lover to a dangerous man in an instant. He led Emily out of the room and toward the surveillance room. His bodyguard was already present there with a hotel staff member, and Emily remembered him serving drinks at her table last night.

"Boss, he's the one who spiked her drink after taking the money," Matteo's bodyguard informed him with severity.

Matteo glared at the hotel steward with a look of deathly threat and lunged forward to punch him hard before demanding, "Who gave you the money to spike Miss Yang's drink?"

"I'm sorry, sir! Please forgive me. I became greedy in that moment. I didn't know him, I swear, but I can identify him," the staff member begged, tears streaming down his face. "Show me who they are!" Matteo barked furiously.

His bodyguard played the CCTV footage. Emily's eyes filled with hatred as she watched the video show Jae-min handing the hotel staff money along with a small packet of drugs. Just as the staff member left the frame, another figure joined Jae-min, causing Emily's eyes to widen in disbelief. It was someone she never would have expected to be involved in this betrayal.

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Lots of love,

Page Slayer

Husband Novel 218

Chapter 218 The World's True Face

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"How could they do this to me?" Emily gasped, covering her mouth with trembling hands. Her eyes brimmed with the pain of betrayal, the weight of it sinking deep into her chest.

Matteo's jaw clenched, his expression hardening as he swiftly moved to her side, offering a reassuring touch on her shoulder.

"What do you want to do to them?" he asked, his voice low and edged with a dangerous intensity. His eyes gleamed with a promise of vengeance, but he wanted to hear Emily's desire first.

"I want to confront them," she said, her voice steady despite the storm of emotions swirling inside her.

Matteo nodded in silent agreement before turning to his bodyguard.

"Hand this bastard over to the police," he ordered coldly, nodding toward the hotel staff involved in the betrayal.

"No, sir, please! Forgive me. I shouldn't have taken the money! I regret it deeply-just this once, please forgive me," the waiter begged, tears streaming down his face as he collapsed to his knees.

Matteo's eyes were dark with fury as he stepped closer.

"What you did is unforgivable. You drugged a woman and put her life at risk for money. If it were up to me, you'd face the death penalty." His voice dropped to a menacing

growl. "But rest assured, you won't see the outside of a prison cell for the rest of your life." This was personal, and he would never let it go. Not

ever.

When the waiter realized Matteo wasn't going to be swayed by his pleas, he turned desperately to Emily.

"Pitié, madame!" he cried, his voice trembling with fear. For a brief moment,

Emily's heart softened, but when she looked at Matteo, he shook his head, as if reading her thoughts and silently urging her not to give in.

Emily's face became expressionless as she turned away and left the surveillance room without a word. Matteo shot the waiter one final cold glare before following Emily behind.

The waiter's cries for mercy echoed behind them, but they fell on deaf ears. Matteo and Emily strode directly to the parking lot, where Matteo's car was waiting to take them to her uncle's house.

As they approached, the driver moved to open the door, but Matteo waved him off, stepping forward himself. He opened the door for Emily, his hand resting gently on the frame.

"After you," he said, his deep voice steady, though his eyes betrayed a hint of tension.

Emily glanced at Matteo and seemed to be lost in her thoughts but Matteo gave her a reassuring nod. Without saying a word, she slid into the car, and Matteo followed right behind, closing the door with a solid click.

The silence between them lingered as the car pulled away. Emily stared out the window, her thoughts distant. Matteo sat close beside her, his arm resting casually on the seat, though his sharp gaze was already working through the next steps.

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Chapter 218 The World's True Face

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silence, Matteo spoke first, his voice soft yet steady. "What are you thinking, mon amour?"

Emily turned to face him, her eyes filled with disbelief. "How could they do something like this to me?" she whispered, her voice trembling. "I thought they were my family, my blood. I know they're greedy for property, but I didn't think they could be... monsters." Matteo's expression hardened, his lips pressing into a thin line. "That's the world, cruel and selfish," he said coldly, his voice carrying the weight of experience. "No one does anything without a selfish motive."

As a successful attorney, Matteo had seen the darkest sides of people—brothers killing each other over money, children betraying parents, and even parents selling their own kids without a second thought. This was the world he knew, and he was no stranger to it. His own family was no less ruthless, making his life feel like he was living in the very depths of that same hell.

"Sometimes, the people closest to us are the ones who hurt us the most," he added, his tone more bitter than detached, a reflection of the harsh reality he had long accepted.

Emily's eyes grew more confused as she gazed at Matteo after his remark. If everyone had a selfish motive, then why was this successful and expensive attorney helping her for free? What hidden agenda did he have?

Emily swallowed hard, her heart sinking with fear. She didn't want to believe that her this fear could be true. Then the realization hit her hard: she was beginning to rely on Matteo Vinci more than she ever thought she would. 3.9K

Husband Novel 219

Chapter 219 Harsh Realization

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As the car moved smoothly through the city streets, Matteo's calm presence gave Emily no reason to be suspicious. She had always been surrounded by people who had selfish motives, using her for their own gain before ultimately discarding her from their lives. How could she trust a man she didn't know well, especially when she had heard rumors of his ruthlessness and reputation as a womanizer, despite his engagement?

Her head spun with fear and conflicting thoughts. She tried to steady her demeanor, preparing herself to confront her so-called family. Deep down, she braced for the worst that was yet to come, even as her heart urged her to be cautious.

The car stopped, pulling Emily out of her troubling thoughts. The driver opened the door for Matteo, who stepped out first and moved around to open the door for Emily. He extended his hand, and she took it as she stepped out of the car, her heart racing. Taking a deep breath, she looked at her uncle's house before turning her head to Matteo, who was watching her attentively. She nodded, her determination firm, and together they proceeded toward the house, flanked by Matteo's bodyguards, who had arrived in another vehicle.

Matteo rang the doorbell, and Mark opened the door, his eyes widening in shock at the sight of Emily with Matteo, Vinci. He recognized the infamous attorney from the news and felt a wave of unease wash over him.

"Step aside," Matteo barked, harshly pushing Mark aside without waiting for him to move.

"Hey, you can't just enter our house like that!" Mark protested, his voice rising in defiance. Matteo chuckled mockingly, a dangerous glint in his eyes. "I dare you to try to stop me." "What's going on?" Emily's uncle and aunt rushed out of their room, alerted by the commotion. "Emily?" her uncle said, narrowing his gaze. "What brings you here at this time of morning?" Silently, Emily approached her uncle, her expression filled with disgust for him and his family.

"How could you betray your own brother's daughter like this?" Emily's voice wavered, thick with hurt, as she tried to steady it. "I looked up to you like a father after my dad died, and you didn't even hesitate before selling me off to Jae-min!" Her uncle's lips curled into a smug grin.

"I don't know what you're going on about," he said with a sneer, dismissing her accusations as if they meant nothing, "You've always been good at twisting things, haven't you? Seducing Jae-min for his money, is that what this is? Isn't what your ex-husband left you enough?"

The mention of her ex-husband—a man who had caused her so

much pain—and her uncle's lies sparked a white-hot fury in Emily. Before she could think, her hand flew out and slapped him hard across the face. The sharp sound reverberated through the room, leaving everyone momentarily stunned.

"You bitch! How dare you?" her uncle yelled, lunging at her to strike back. But Matteo stepped in swiftly, pushing the old man back with such force that he fell onto his back.

"Stay in your place, you swine, Mateo growled, his voice low and menacing. "We have video footage of you trying to get Emily raped and killed by drugging her and selling her to Jae-min. Jae-min is already

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Chapter 219 Harsh Realization

watched the realization dawn on her uncle's face.

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Emily's uncle, aunt, and Mark exchanged glances filled with fear, their faces draining of color.

Emily's aunt stepped closer, she pleaded, "Emily, you can't do this to your own uncle. It's a misunderstanding. We are worried about you and we only wanted you to marry Jae-min, as we are your only family left after your father," her voice laced with feigned concern. But Emily knew better than to trust these cunning family members.

"You don't have to worry about me, Aunt," Emily replied coldly. "It's time for you to worry about yourself and your family. You won't get a penny from my father's inheritance." She spat the words with hatred and fury before turning to Matteo. "And Mr. Vinci will make sure of it." As their gaze locked, Matteo nodded in affirmation.

Suddenly, the police swarmed in, taking all three of them into custody. Emily watched as they pleaded with the officers, threatening to tarnish her reputation in their social and familial circles. Yet, she didn't waver, her resolve hardening in the face of their desperation.

Then, a realization dawned on her, and she murmured to herself, "They did it for that property, right? They had to stoop so low for wealth?! First Tomas, and now my uncle." Her voice trembled with disbelief and hurt. "I don't want this property," she declared firmly, raising her head to meet Matteo's gaze. She found him looking at her intently, concern etched on his face. "I want all my inheritance to be transferred to Gia and Maximo. Will you help me make a will?"

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Husband Novel 220

Chapter 220 Incomplete

Matteo was taken aback by Emily's sudden declaration. His eyes searched her face for any sign of hesitation, but all he saw was unwavering determination.

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"You can't be serious," he said, his voice laced with disbelief. "That's your ancestral inheritance, Emily. Your parents left it for you. It belongs to you, and you should keep it. Why would you want to give it all to Gia and Maximo?" The confusion was clear in the furrow of his brow.

Emily's eyes softened, emotions swirling behind them. "Because I want my wealth and property to go to my children after me," she replied, her voice thick with feeling. She had come to a grim realization—the world was a cruel place, one that might not let her live much longer. But more than anything, she couldn't bear the thought of her inheritance falling into the hands of those monsters masquerading as family.

In her heart, Emily knew that her true family was Aria, Gia, and Maximo. Though they weren't bound by blood, the bond she shared with them was stronger than anything. She loved Gia and Maximo as if they were her own children. Knowing she could never conceive herself, she was ready to give everything she had to Aria's children.

"If anything happens to me, at least I'll know they'll be taken care of," she whispered, her voice filled with a mix of sadness and resolve. "That's all I want... to live in peace until the next threat comes. And if I die, I'll rest easy knowing my children, Gia and Maximo, are inheriting after me.

Matteo's heart clenched as he saw the sadness reflected in Emily's eyes. Without hesitation, he gently cupped her face in his hands, tilting her head up so she could see the sincerity in his gaze. His eyes were filled with raw emotion, and his voice was steady, filled with conviction.

"Mon amour, nothing will happen to you," he vowed, his voice unwavering. "I'm here, and I will always be here, standing between you and any threat that comes your way."

Emily's expression didn't soften. Instead, her brow furrowed, her lips trembling as she met his gaze with a question that made his heart sink.

"How long?" she retorted, her voice filled with doubt and vulnerability. "How long are you going to protect me? You have a life, a family of your own. One day, you'll get tired of this responsibility. You'll see me as a burden."

Matteo was hurt to hear her think so lowly of him.

"That's never going to happen, ma douce. You'll see; I will always be there for you as long as I'm alive." He said it with such conviction that he surprised even himself, caught up in a whirlwind of emotion. "That's absurd, Matteo," Emily grimaced, shaking her head as she pulled away from his touch and turned her back to him.

Taking a deep breath to mask his own tumultuous feelings—a skill he had honed over the years—Matteo adopted a stern expression. His voice turned cold as he asked, "Then why are you giving everything to Gia and Maximo? Why don't you make a will for your own children?"

She was willing to give away everything she had fought to reclaim from her criminal ex-husband. It didn't make sense to him. In a world where blood relations could not be trusted, Emily was prepared to entrust her legacy to children she had no biological connection to—children she loved purely from the heart.

"Because I know I can never have my own children... and a family," Emily's voice trembled, her eyes chimmering with the weight of bitter truth

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"What nonsense!" Matteo exclaimed, his voice tinged with urgency. "There are couples who live happily without children! You deserve a future filled with love and joy, and you can remarry and start anew!"

"Who would want an incomplete woman?" she asked, her voice laced with bitterness as she let out a hollow laugh, lifting her head toward the ceiling as if seeking solace from above. Tears threatened to spill, and she blinked rapidly, desperately trying to suppress the flood of emotions that clawed at her heart.

As she dabbed the corners of her eyes in a futile attempt to hold back the tears, the laughter faded, leaving only the raw pain behind. Her heart felt heavy as the emptiness clawed at her insides.

