

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

Husband Novel 221

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

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Chapter 221 Desperate Moment

Matteo couldn't bear to listen as she belittled herself in this way. His hand shot out, grabbing her elbow with a firm yet gentle touch, and he swiftly turned her to face him. The intensity in his eyes made her breath catch, and for a moment, it felt like the world had fallen silent.

"Emily, you are not incomplete," he said, his voice thick with emotion. "You are perfect. And I swear, there isn't a man alive who deserves you. To me, you are more than just a woman-you're like a goddess. If I could, I'd put you on a pedestal and worship you." Emily tried to push the overwhelming feelings away, shaking her head with a weak smile, her eyes glassy with unshed tears. "Matteo, you don't have to say that. You're just trying to make me feel better."

"No." His voice was low but commanding as if daring her to doubt his words. He gripped her shoulders gently, holding her gaze with a fierce intensity. "This is the truth, Emily. I've never met someone like you -brave, selfless, so kindhearted, yet fearless. You carry the weight of the world on your shoulders, and you've never broken, not once. Do you think being a mother is just about having a child?" His eyes darkened, recalling how his own mother had left him with nannies while he longed for her love as a child. "It's not. It's about loving, nurturing, and protecting, even if those children aren't yours by blood. You've done that for Gia and Maximo, and they love you just as much as they love their own mother. You and Aria are both their mothers, Emily. They know it, just as I do."

Her lip quivered as she fought to hold back the tears, but the dam broke. The tears came anyway, spilling

over as she choked back a sob.

Six years ago, when she lost her baby, she lost everything-and she didn't even get the chance to grieve. She had to keep going, had to keep fighting for her parents, who were murdered by the same monster who caused her miscarriage: her husband. There was

no time to cry, no time to feel. The pain of losing her baby still lingered in her heart, and she hadn't had a moment to mourn it, as she had far too many things to manage than to dwell on her own suffering.

Matteo's chest tightened as he watched her finally break, her vulnerability laid bare in a way he had rarely seen. Without hesitation, he pulled her into his arms, holding her tightly against his chest, as if trying to shield her from all the pain she had been carrying for so long. "Everything's going to be fine," he murmured softly, his voice filled with gentle reassurance. "And if it's what you want, I'll help you with the will, just as you asked."

Emily's grip on his shirt tightened as she pressed her face into his firm chest, her voice barely a whisper. "Thank you... for everything."

Matteo sighed, a mixture of tenderness and protectiveness filling him as he kissed the top of her head, the gesture feeling both instinctive and intimate. "You're welcome, mon amour," he breathed, the words carrying more weight than he had intended, but they felt right like they belonged.

They didn't remember how long they stood there in the comforting silence, wrapped in each other's arms, when his phone pinged. Matteo reluctantly used one hand to pull it from his pants pocket and read the message. It was from his bodyguard.

"Ma douce, the police are waiting for us to vacate this place so they can seal it," he murmured, still holding her close and breathing in her sweet fragrance.

But when Emily heard this, she pulled away, the gravity of the situation crashing down on her. How had she let herself be so vulnerable before a man she barely knew? She lowered her head, avoiding his gaze as she tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear trying to mask her embarrassment. Matteo longed to

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Chapter 221 Desperate Moment

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keep her in his arms, but he knew he had to let go. With a shared understanding, they both stepped out of the house together so that the police could do their work.

He was Matteo Vinci, which was why the police had given them some time instead of ordering them to come out of the house. Instead, they instructed his bodyguard to inform him that they were waiting outside.

"Thank you, Mr. Vinci, for everything," Emily said, her voice tinged with gratitude. Matteo smiled, nodding in acknowledgment.

An awkward silence enveloped them before Emily broke it. "So... bye!" she said abruptly. "See she murmured, turning to leave.

you

around,"

Matteo couldn't find his voice, watching her retreating figure with a heavy heart, caught in a conflicting silence.

As she walked away, Matteo felt a tug at his heart, a sudden realization hitting him. Was this really goodbye? Would they never meet again? He didn't want her to go; he wanted her to stay, but he was at a loss for how to make that happen. Though he was a successful attorney, adept at winning arguments and navigating complex conversations, Matteo felt completely adrift in this moment.

His mind raced as he searched for a reason to stop her, each passing second amplifying his sense of urgency. As Emily walked further away, his breaths became increasingly shallow. In that desperate moment, he didn't have time to think rationally.

"Emily Yang, I need my office redesigned. Will you take it on?" he called out, the words tumbling from his lips before he could second-guess himself.

Husband Novel 222

Chapter 222 Game On

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5 Pearls

"Mia, you shouldn't overwork yourself. Take care of yourself and our little munchkin growing inside you." Emily chided sweetly over the phone, concern lacing her voice.

Mia had been busy expanding new branches of M.P. Interiors in Italy, and both Emily and Alessandro weren't happy about how much she was pushing herself. Emily had even considered leaving her business in Paris to her associates and heading to Florence to help Mia manage things.

"Okay, Mama," Mia giggled at Emily's gentle rebuke, knowing she had every right to worry. "But don't forget, you need to take care of yourself too, and don't you dare hide anything from me. You know that's the deal, right?"

Emily sighed, biting her lip before replying in a steady voice. "Don't change the topic, amore mio," she teased, mimicking the affectionate term Alessandro often used for Mia.

"Emily?!" Mia giggled, playfully amused by the teasing

"What?! Can't I call you that, my love?" Emily teased again, making Mia giggle even more and shake her head in amusement.

But then Mia switched the phone to her other ear as she shifted into more comfortable position on the bed, her tone growing serious. "Jokes aside, Emily, I need you to stay safe and well. Your safety matters more than anything."

Mia had been worried ever since she found out Emily had been drugged while meeting a client with a fake identity. She urged her friend to be more cautious, warning her not to meet clients without bringing her assistant along in the future.

"Okay, boss," Emily replied playfully, but then she heard the buzzing of another call waiting. She glanced at the screen to see her assistant, Carl, calling her nonstop, even though he knew she was on another call. He had never done this before, as he was always patient and professional. Something must be urgent.

"Mia, Carl's been calling non-stop this whole time, his call's still waiting. It must be urgent," Emily informed her friend, her voice tense with concern.

"Oh, don't keep him waiting then. Take the call, and-let me know if it's something serious," Mia responded quickly.

"Okay. Bye, and take care," Emily said, pulling the phone away from her ear and glancing again at Carl's call, still waiting.

"Bye, Emily," Mia added before ending the call. Emily immediately answered Carl's incoming call.

"What's the matter, Carl?" she asked as her tone grew serious.

"Ma'am, I'm sorry for disturbing you, but something serious has come up, and you need to be here," Carl replied, his voice edged with nervousness. Emily's brow furrowed as her sense of urgency spiked.

"What's wrong?" she pressed, gripping her phone tighter as she snatched her car keys from the desk and stood, heading for the door.

"Mr. Vinci demanded your presence here, and he's stopped all the work until you arrive," Carl replied hastily, his anxiety clear through the phone.

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Chapter 222 Game On

"Alright, I'll be there soon" Emily responded, quickly ending the call.

She couldn't believe this was happening-everything had been running smoothly up until now.

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She had personally approved every design for Matteo Vinci's office renovation, ensuring that every detail met his expectations. Now, for Carl to be calling her with such urgency, something serious must have gone wrong, but what could it be? Emily's mind raced with possibilities as she hurried out the door, heading straight to her car. She couldn't afford to

her.

disappoint Matteo Vinci, not after everything he had done for

"Where is Emily Yang?" Matteo growled

evident in his voice

designers from M.P. Interiors.

as b

glared at the interior

"Is something wrong, Mr. Vinci? Is the work not up to your expectations?" Carl asked politely, trying to gauge the situation.

Matteo shot him a piercing look. "I expect her
ere," he demanded, his tone leaving no room for excuses.

He didn't want anyone but Emily to be here. He had initiated the redesign of his office specifically to keep her in front of his eyes. When he discussed the project with his finance department, the head had argued there was no need for renovations since the office had been updated less than a year ago. But Matteo dismissed those concerns; he was the boss, and his word was final.

Now, however, Emily Yang was nowhere to be found, while her team continued to show up daily, leaving him increasingly frustrated.

He had made it very clear when he awarded the redesign cont that Emily would personally supervise

the entire project. While he had hoped Emily would design his office herself, relishing the idea of her touch in a space where he spent so much of his time, she had explained that her role was to manage. clients and oversee projects, not to design. When Matteo insisted on her involvement, Emily had promised she would be on-site throughout the process, ensuring everything met his expectations. This had pleased him, knowing he would at least get to see her every day during the renovations.

But after three days of waiting for her to show up, Matteo's patience wore thin, and he lost his temper. He was baffled by her behavior. In his life, he had never been interested in a woman who seemed so reluctant. Emily Yang was different; she appeared to want nothing more than to keep their relationship strictly professional.

Fine, he thought. If she wanted to keep it professional, he would make sure she fulfilled her work commitments. Matteo knew how to leverage the terms of their contract to ensure her compliance. After all, he was the Matteo Vinci, and no one dared to cross him. 4.1K

Husband Novel 223

Chapter 223 Irresistibly Charming

"Where is your boss? Why hasn't she come yet?"

As Emily entered Matteo's law firm, she heard him yelling, and the anger was evident in his voice.

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45 Pearls

Nervously biting her lip, she quickened her pace toward his office. She found her staff standing with their heads lowered, including Carl, while Matteo radiated raw anger around him.

"Mr. Vinci," she called softly, her voice slicing through the tension in the room. Matteo turned his head sharply toward her, and his heart skipped a beat as he took in the sight of the beautiful woman striding confidently in his direction. In that moment, everything else faded away; nothing existed but her.

Her blue eyes sparkled with something that took his breath away, catching in his throat. Silky, soft caramel brown curls danced in the air, framing her face and giving her a dreamlike allure, even in a formal sky-blue dress. The scarf around her neck added an extra touch of elegance, accentuating her grace. In that instant, she was the most stunning woman in the entire universe.

All his anger dissipated, replaced by a pleasant sense of joy. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the only face that felt like the center of his universe.

"What's wrong?" Emily asked hesitantly, glancing around to inspect the work before looking at her staff for any hints. "Did my team disappoint you?" she inquired in a professional tone as she stopped before him.

Matteo took a sharp breath, calming his racing heart and suppressing the excitement that threatened to show on his face. Still, he couldn't help but admit, "Everything is fine now that you're finally here, ma douce."

Emily wanted to roll her eyes at the playboy attorney's flirting, but she knew it would be rude. She didn't want to worsen the situation, especially since he had been upset just moments ago.

"Tell me, Mr. Vinci, why did you want to see me?" she asked, signaling her staff to leave them alone and return to their work. Now that she was here, she was more than capable of handling the situation and protecting her team. "It's Matteo to you, mon amour," he murmured in his most charming voice.

Emily forced a smile, feeling upset that he had scolded her staff just a minute ago, only to turn around and flirt with her. "I see your newfound interest in French still lingers," she commented sarcastically.

"I find it even sweeter when it's meant for you," he replied huskily, giving her a mischievous wink.

Emily sighed, shaking her head. "Mr. Vinci-

"Matteo," he cut in.

"Alright, Matteo, may I ask what made you so upset that you halted my staff from working on redesigning your office?" she asked, crossing her arms across her chest.

Matteo casually slipped his hands into his pockets, standing before her as he unabashedly checked her out. Emily narrowed her eyes in the challenge, but Matteo didn't seem to mind, his gaze lingering on her. "You said you would personally oversee the renovation work, but I haven't seen you in my office even once," he complained, a smirk playing on his lips. He couldn't manage to stay angry with her, not even

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Chapter 223 resistibly Charming

+5 Pearls

"I was overseeing everything from my office, and my staff was keeping me updated. All designs were approved after your confirmation and my approval," she explained, extending her hands in an explanatory gesture.

"Okay! But I need you here to watch over and make sure everything is perfect and beautiful." His voice softened as his eyes wandered over Emily's lovely features, completing the thought in his head; as you

are,'

"Alright." Emily held up her hands in surrender. "My fault, and I will be available here the whole time until the work is completed. Is that fine now?" she asked.

Matteo nodded, a charming smirk crossing his face, secretly hoping that this project would never finish.

Emily now had to be present at the office, and Matteo was content simply to see her beautiful face. He didn't fully understand the feelings stirring within him, but he didn't want to overthink it. He just wanted to savor every moment he could spend with her. As the day wore on, Emily found herself growing bored; her team was efficient, leaving her little to do. She asked for a corner where she could set up her laptop and handle some official work.

Needing a coffee boost, she stood up and headed toward the coffee room. As she walked by, she caught a glimpse of Matteo talking to a few junior lawyers. He exuded

an intimidating charm and dominance that set him apart in the crowd. He was the most handsome man she had ever encountered, his presence commanding attention effortlessly.

She shook her head, remembering just how stubborn and demanding Matteo Vinci was. Annoyance simmered within her, but she couldn't voice it out loud. It was only a matter of a few more days, and then this would all be over.

Suddenly, Emily heard a sharp voice cut through the air.

"How dare you come to my fiancé's office to seduce him?" Before she could react, someone pushed her, and she hit the wall behind her with a thud. Hot coffee spilled over her, making her squeal in pain as the scalding liquid burned her skin.

Husband Novel 224

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 224 Homewrecker

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"Ah!" Emily gasped as the burning pain was so intense that the nearly emptied cup slipped from her hand, falling to the floor.

She frantically tried to wipe the hot coffee from her clothes, her hands trembling as the scalding liquid soaked through the fabric. The sharp pain was undeniable, but it seemed the person who had shoved her had no concern for her discomfort. "You deserved this, you slut," a hateful voice hissed, dripping with malice.

As her expression filled with pain, Emily lifted her head to find Lia- Matteo's fiancée- standing in front of her, fury blazing in her eyes. Next to her stood an older, elegantly dressed woman, her expression cold and filled with disdain.

"Did you see this, Mrs. Vinci?" Lia continued to spit venomously, her voice rising. "This filthy woman came all the way to your son's office to throw herself at him!"

Emily's eyes widened and shock deepened as she realized who the older woman was- Matteo's mother. Her eyes narrowed in disgust as she stared down at Emily.

"What kind of woman are you?" Matteo's mother demanded, her voice sharp with judgment. "First, you send your husband to prison, and now you're trying to worm your way into my son's life? He's never been married, not even once. Have you no shame? For God's sake, leave him alone!"

Emily's heart sank as the humiliation grew deeper with each passing second. Her team stood nearby, helplessly watching the scene unfold. The heat from the spilled coffee paled in comparison to the sting of the insults thrown at her. Every accusing word felt like a fresh wound.

Just as Emily was about to open her mouth to defend herself, Matteo's deep voice cut through the tense air, authoritative and sharp.

"What's going on here?" he demanded, his irritation evident.

Matteo had been in the middle of an intense conversation about a new case when the commotion outside caught his attention. He hated disruptions during work hours, and the sight of people gathering near the coffee room only deepened his annoyance. He was a strict boss, known for maintaining order, and this chaotic scene was the last thing he wanted.

Fuming with anger, Matteo strode toward the commotion, determined to see for himself what was happening.

As he approached, Matteo's eyes immediately fell on Emily, who stood there, visibly distressed. Coffee stains marred her clothes, and the unmistakable look of hurt filled her eyes. His anger transformed into confusion as he drew closer. What were they doing here? He thought, completely clueless about what had prompted their unexpected visit. Why had they come unannounced?

His irritation transformed into a cold fury. "What's going on here?" he asked in a low, dangerous tone.

His mother, eyes blazing with indignation, didn't hesitate. "You tell me, Matteo! What is she doing in your office?" she spat, gesturing toward Emily. "I told you to stay away from that witch, didn't I? And you promised me you wouldn't see her again!" 13:01 Sun, Oct 20 ties.

Chapter 224 Homewrecker

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Emily stood there, stunned. Was this really what Mattco and his family thought of her? The accusations they hurled at her were beyond anything she had ever imagined. For a moment, she was at a loss for words.

"What the hell are you talking about, Mother? This is my office, for God's sake!" Matteo hissed, his annoyance bubbling to the surface.

"Exactly. This is your office, and what is she doing here, Matt?" Lia shot back, her tone dripping with disdain.

"Don't you dare start this again, Lia," Matteo warned, his voice low but fierce. "She's here for work, as M.P. Interiors' representative, renovating my office," he explained sternly.

"That's a convenient excuse to cheat on me, Matt," Lia pressed mockingly, her voice rising.

"That's enough, Lia!" Matteo growled, his frustration evident. Emily furrowed her brow at the escalating situation.

"I think you should sort out your family matters first, Mr. Vinci. My assistant will be in touch with you regarding the remaining project," Emily said, her voice steady as she turned and rushed toward the corner where her belongings were placed.

"No, Emily, wait! It's a misunderstanding," Matteo called out behind her, but she didn't stop. She went to her desk and began packing her things, determined to leave Matteo's office.

She was done. She was utterly finished with the arrogant attorney and had no desire to see him again. Having endured so much in her past marriage, the last thing she wanted was to be labeled a homewrecker,

Husband Novel 225

10:36 Mon, Oct 21 BBB.

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 225 The Vinci Legacy

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+5 Pearls

As Emily stormed away in anger, Matteo instinctively wanted to chase after her, to stop her from leaving. But before he could move, his mother's firm grip tightened around his arm, halting him. "Mother!" he urged, his voice tense as he tried to pull away, but she didn't budge.

"Don't go after her," she commanded in a sharp, authoritative tone.

"Mother, don't be unreasonable," Matteo protested, trying again to free his arm, his eyes still on Emily's retreating figure. But his mother's voice, cold and resolute, froze him in place.

"You can't leave your mother and fiancée for a woman who means nothing to you."

Matteo hesitated, torn between the need to prove his mother wrong and the overwhelming urge to follow Emily.

But Matteo decided against his heart, choosing to stay. He didn't want to give anyone a reason to accuse Emily or drag her name through the mud because of him. Sacrificing his own instincts, he let the moment slip away for her sake.

His eyes swept around the room, and he noticed the staff still gathered, watching the unfolding drama. His irritation grew, and he shot a fierce glare at his secretary, Amy, who was just as engrossed in the scene.

Snapping to attention under Matteo's stern gaze, Amy quickly straightened up and barked at the staff, "What are you all standing around for? Get back to work, now!"

At once, the crowd began to disperse, scattering back to their desks, though murmurs and whispers still floated through the air as they retreated.

"Let's go to my office," Matteo said curtly to his mother and Lia, then turned and strode ahead without waiting for their response. Both women followed him in silence. As soon as the two entered his office, Matteo closed the door firmly behind them and spun around to face them. His frustration boiled over as he glared at his mother. "What was that, Mother? Haven't you had enough drama in your life that you now feel the need to drag me into it?" Matteo growled, his teeth clenched in barely contained anger.

"Matteo, have you forgotten your manners?" his mother retorted sharply. "I am Benedetta Vinci, a name even larger than life!" she declared with pride. "And I wasn't the one causing a scene-you did when you allowed that pathetic... desperate... woman into your office. When will you understand, Matteo? These women are nothing but gold diggers, only after your money. You are a Vinci, and that name carries weight. You cannot let anyone ruin our family's reputation."

"Yeah, a Vinci," Matteo chuckled darkly, his voice thick with sarcasm as he gestured dramatically. "The same Vinci-whose eldest son is buried under millions of debt to the Italian mafia, gambling away every last cent." His voice rose with bitter amusement. "And let's not forget our 'esteemed' father, Alvise Vinci, who's been embroiled in countless scandals, still parading around with his latest mistress-who's younger than me."

"Shut up, you unfilial son!" Benedetta snapped, unable to handle the bitter reality her own child had thrown at her. But the truth was that their family was better known for its scandals than for anything good. Matteo was tired of constantly bailing them out of trouble; it was easier to keep his distance- far away

from them living separately

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Chapter 225 The Vinci Legacy

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"You are who you are because of this family, because of your parents. Don't forget that!" Benedetta spat, her voice sharp with pride. "Without us, you wouldn't be Matteo Vinci, the top lawyer, with the name and power you enjoy now."

Matteo snorted, fully aware that no matter what he said, his mother would never agree with him. The parents he had always wanted were never there when he needed them. The family he longed for was a fantasy, leaving him to navigate his happy and sad moments alone. His grandmother had been his anchor until she left this world. In truth, he had become who he was on his own.

"Mother, let's not discuss our family matters in front of an outsider," he suggested coldly, casting a brief glance at Lia before moving to his desk.

"Mrs. Vinci!" Lia whined, pointing at Benedetta.

Benedetta glared at her son, but Matteo ignored both drama queens as he opened the file related to the case he had been discussing with his juniors before the chaos erupted. "If you don't have anything important to say, I'd like you to leave. I'll see you at home for dinner." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

His family was in Florence, but seeing his mother here in Paris made Matteo realize she had traveled specifically for her social event or to see him. Judging by Lia standing at

Benedetta's side, Matteo guessed it was the latter. He also suspected that since his mother was in the city, she would be staying with him at his home.

"I am not going anywhere, Matteo," Benedetta glowered, leaning in and placing her hands on the desk, standing directly across from him. "You can't ignore Lia like this. You're both engaged and about to get married soon," she reminded him. "Mother, I told you earlier, and I'm telling you again-I'm still thinking about marriage, but I'm not sure about it," Matteo replied curtly.

"I know you'll never come to any decision, not with those whorish women still roaming around you," his mother countered, causing Matteo to stop flipping through the pages and narrow his eyes in irritation. "That's why I'm here to announce your wedding, which is going to happen next month."

What?!

Husband Novel 226

Chapter 226 Emotional Blackmailing

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+5 Pearls

"Mother, you can't force me into this!" Matteo protested, slamming the file shut in anger, his eyes burning with frustration.

"Forcing you? Really?" His mother scoffed, her face twisting with irritation. "You owe us, Matteo Vinci! We gave you life, raised you, made you the man you are today-and now, you have the audacity to argue with me?" Her voice dripped with cold menace as she glared at him.

"This emotional manipulation won't work on me this time," Matteo shot back, his tone firm, though a flicker of hesitation crossed his face.

His mother's eyes narrowed, her gaze hardening. She shook her head in warning. "Matteo, get this straight: you will marry Lia. This marriage is essential for forming an alliance with the Vassallo family. Your father's company needs their investment, and you can at least do this for us." Her voice was heavy with authority, making it clear her decision was final.

Matteo huffed in frustration, his jaw tightening as he shifted his gaze to Lia. She was smirking, a smug look of confidence plastered on her face, which only fueled the fire inside him. But what could he do? His family was pushing him into this marriage, blackmailing him with every card they had.

He was ready to compromise-after all, this marriage was nothing more than an alliance to him, a business transaction. But suddenly something about it didn't sit right anymore. What had once seemed like a simple, cold agreement now felt different. He didn't feel as sure as he had before, something was holding him back, gnawing at him from within. But what?

He needed to find that answer. Every time he tried to focus and make sense of it, only one thing came to mind: Emily. Her face flashed in his thoughts, leaving him even more confused. She wasn't interested in him, had made that clear. She didn't want anything to do with him.

So why couldn't he stop thinking about her? Why did her presence linger in his mind, unsettling him in ways he couldn't explain?

God, was he really losing his mind? Or was he just becoming delusional? One thing was certain: he needed to get over Emily. And there was only one way he thought could do that-sleep with her and get her out of his system once and for all.

"Mrs. Vinci, do be so harsh on Matt. He's stressed, and we shouldn't pressure him too much," Lia's sugary voice cut through his daydream, pulling him back to reality-away from the fantasy of a woman he knew was untouchable.

"I'm sorry, Matt. You're stuck in this situation because of me," Lia continued, her tone dripping with false sweetness. "But I promise, after we're married, I'll be a good wife. I'll take away all your worries. My father has considerable wealth, and he's more than willing to fund your overseas expansion," she added, beaming with pride.

Matteo forced a smile, fully aware that her sugary words were nothing more than part of her act. Her sweetness was as fake as her concern, and he saw through it all. He didn't need Lia's father's money-he had earned his success through hard work and had enough money to expand his law firm all over the world.

In fact, it was her father who needed him now. The name Matteo Vinci, world-renowned attorney, would boost the value of her father's company and help cover up the shady dealings that had taken place within the business-if Lia married him. 1/2

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Chapter 226 Emotional Blackmailing 150%

+5 Pearls

"You're right, my dear," Matteo's mother said, gently touching Lia's hand with affection, and she turned her gaze to Matteo, her voice softening. "Continue with your work, Matt, and don't mind me being stern with you. But, son, understand this-you're my only hope. I've endured so much, and now all I want is to spend my old age in peace."

She was using her emotional trump card again, fully aware of how sentimental Matteo was when it came to family. No matter how tough or indifferent he tried to appear, he always jumped to help them the moment they asked.

"And just look at Lia," his mother added with a soft smile, as Lia blushed shyly. Matteo rolled his eyes in frustration, but his mother didn't stop. She pressed on, her voice dripping with admiration. "She's such a lovely girl, and she truly cares about you. You both make a great couple."

Though his frustration grew with each passing second, Matteo sighed quietly and leaned back in his chair. "Mother, if you don't have anything else to say, can I please get back to my work?" he replied, his tone indifferent.

His mother only smiled, knowing she had won and Matteo had silently agreed to her demands.

"Alright, alright, son. Come home soon. I'll make dinner-all your favorite dishes," she chimed, as if she knew what his favorite food even was, let alone how to cook it. No, she didn't.

Matteo wanted to retort so badly, but he held his tongue, unwilling to drag out the conversation and waste any more time. He had more important things to focus on.

"Okay, bye, Matt," Lia chirped in a charming voice, but Matteo didn't respond; he had already reopened the case file and was studying it intently. For a brief moment, a dark expression crossed Lia's face as she stared at Matteo, her gaze filled with a menacing determination. Then, just as quickly, she masked her true intentions with a sweet smile and turned to Matteo's mother.

"Let's go, Mrs. Vinci. I'll take you shopping," she said, her tone bright as both women exited Matteo's office. Unbeknownst to Matteo's mother, Lia cast one last obsessed glance over her shoulder before the door closed behind them, a flicker of intensity lingering in her eyes.

As the office door clicked shut behind his mother and Lia, Matteo dropped the work in his hands and picked up the intercom, pressing a button to call his secretary. "Amy, get me the most expensive wine and the most romantic bouquet quickly," he ordered.

"Okay, boss," Amy replied, her voice crisp and efficient. Matteo hung up the phone, a frown etched on his face. His hands clasped tightly together, and his jaw clenched as conflicting emotions battled within him, his heart at odds with his mind.

"I need to see her tonight and get this over with," he murmured to himself, staring blankly into space.

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Husband Novel 227

Chapter 227 The Uninvited Guest +5 Pearls

overtook her.

Emily returned home after her last meeting with the team, instructing everyone to send their reports to her email so she could review them at home. With little work left on her plate, she figured it was better to occupy herself rather than succumb to boredom until sleep. Feeling exhausted, she didn't have much appetite and decided to skip dinner. Her mood was particularly sour after Matteo's mother and his fiancée had shown up at his office, humiliating Emily for no reason at all. The sting of their condescension lingered, making it difficult for her to shake off the negativity throughout the whole day.

She vowed to keep her distance from that troublesome attorney, even though he had helped her a lot. Emily was doing her best to repay him by refraining from showing disrespect and enduring everything until the renovations in his office were completed. She believed she couldn't do anything more than that.

It was late evening when she finally settled onto her bed, laptop resting on her lap in a relaxing position. Just as she began to unwind, the doorbell rang, causing her to squeeze her eyes shut in irritation. She was so tired that she didn't even want to get up to answer the door.

But when the doorbell rang again, Emily reluctantly got up, dragging her tired body toward the door. She guessed it might be the neighbor's kids from the upper floor, who used to come over to play since Gia and Maximo lived there. Even after the twins moved to Florence, the kids continued to visit Emily, often brightening her day with their laughter. She would sometimes treat them to chocolates or cupcakes, and their joy was infectious.

The thought of their playful energy brought a smile to Emily's tired face, reminding her of how much she loved spending time with children.

But when she opened the door with a bright grin, her smile quickly faltered at the sight of Matteo Vinci standing before her. The moment she took him in, her heart skipped a beat. He looked effortlessly hot and incredibly sexy. His perfectly styled hair was disheveled as if he had run his hands through it several times in frustration. The tie he wore in the morning was absent, and a few top buttons on his crisp white shirt were undone, revealing a hint of his toned chest. The suit jacket was draped over his strong, muscular arm, suggesting he found it uncomfortable while stressing over something. However, the shirt sleeves were rolled up, showcasing his veined, muscular arms, making Emily's mouth go dry as she swallowed unconsciously.

When Matteo caught Emily staring at him in shock, a playful smirk tugged at his lips. All his doubts evaporated in that moment; he knew she wanted him just as much as he wanted her. He was Matteo Vinci, and he understood all too well how his charm never failed. He bit his lip to suppress the smug grin threatening to break free before extending a bouquet of flowers and a bottle of wine toward her.

Emily's eyes darted from the beautiful bouquet and wine to Matteo's face, her mind racing as she struggled to understand why Matteo Vinci stood at her door at this hour. What did he want from her?

"Are you not going to invite me in, Miss Yang?" Matteo's husky voice, tinged with mischief, broke her reverie. Shaking off her surprise, she nodded and stepped aside to let him in.

As Matteo entered, Emily closed the door behind him, her frown deepening. She turned to face him, arms crossed defensively.

"Mr. Vinci, why did you bother coming here at this time? If you needed anything, you could have just texted me," she snapped, sarcasm dripping from her words.

Matteo smiled before extending the bouquet and wine forward here

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Chapter 227 The Uninvited Guest

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for what happened in my office, Emily." His tone shifted to seriousness as he continued, "Please accept my apology. I am truly sorry for how my mother treated you. I would do

anything to make it up to you." Emily sighed, reluctantly accepting the items from his hands. "That's fine. I don't hold any grudges, after

all."

"Thank you, ma douce," he murmured, smiling softly as he stepped closer, his gaze locking deeply onto hers.

Anxiety bubbled in Emily's chest; she wanted him to leave immediately. His proximity stirred emotions within her that she had never wanted to feel, and the thought of embarrassing herself made her restless. But then, she caught Matteo shamelessly checking her out, his hungry gaze roaming over her from head to toe, she suddenly felt self-conscious, acutely aware that she was still in her pajama shorts and tank top. Suddenly, self-consciousness washed over her, and she felt the urge to wrap her arms around herself and dash to her room to find something more appropriate to wear. But against her better judgment, she stood her ground, attempting to project confidence.

"So? Is that all you're here for?" Emily asked, trying to hint that he should leave.

Matteo chuckled, clearly understanding her intent. "Aren't you going to invite me for dinner?"

"I've already had dinner, Mr. Vinci," she lied, trying to sound convincing. But her stomach betrayed her, grumbling loudly against her statement.

Matteo laughed again, a warm sound that filled the room.

"I... I actually don't have anything to eat at home. The fridge is empty, and I'm out of supplies," she covered up quickly. "But I thought you had enough chefs at your place to cook for you anytime."

"Yeah, but I'm here, and it's late and my dinner time. It's quite rude not to offer me dinner after I've traveled all the way across the city to see you," he replied, both teasing and persistent.

"Okay, fine. What would you like to eat for dinner?" Emily asked, huffing in defeat as she mentally scanned what she could make with the few ingredients left in her kitchen.

"You," Matteo's sensual whisper caught her off guard, making her wonder if she had heard him wrong.

Husband Novel 228

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 228 Romantic Dinner Date

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"What... what did you just say?" Emily stammered, her voice trembling as her wide, shocked eyes locked onto the playboy attorney in disbelief. Matteo cleared his throat, shaking off the indecent thoughts about the sexy kitten standing before him in clothes that left little to the imagination. "I mean..." he paused, his voice still husky, betraying the desire he was trying to suppress. "Whatever you'd like to eat, I'll have the same.",

"Oh... that's what you meant," Emily exhaled, relief washing over her as she shook her head at the silly direction her thoughts had taken. Of course, he wasn't interested in her like that. He was Matteo Vinci- one of the most sought-after attorneys and eligible bachelors. He could have any woman he wanted. Why would he desire her?

"I must warn you, Mr. Vinci, don't get your hopes up. I barely have anything at home," Emily informed the stubborn attorney, who stood in her house with an air of authority as if he owned the place.

"I told you, I'll eat anything you make me," he replied, his tone so hopelessly dreamy that Emily wondered if her mind was playing tricks on her. One look into his deep, blue eyes, and the intensity of his mysterious gaze left her breathless. She quickly averted her eyes, trying to steady her breathing.

"Alright, let me see what I can do," she murmured, walking toward the kitchen, eager to distance herself from the dangerous temptation lurking in her house in the form of that impossibly sexy man.

But to her dismay, the dangerous temptation followed her into the kitchen. Emily glanced over her shoulder to find Matteo trailing so closely behind her that she could feel the warmth radiating from his body. As she opened the fridge and leaned in to take a look, Matteo leaned in as well, their bodies brushing together. A jolt of electricity shot through her, making her gasp. His hot breath fanned her cheek, and his mouth hovered dangerously close to hers. As if that weren't enough, the intoxicating mix of his masculine scent and expensive cologne made her feel lightheaded, and she feared she might pass out at any

moment.

Emily swallowed hard, hoping he would pull back, but he didn't. It seemed he was doing this intentionally, which only irritated her further. She was about to push him away, but as she turned her head to do so, their foreheads collided with a dull thud. "Ouch!" she yelped.

"Shit!" he groaned, rubbing his head.

"I was looking into the fridge; what were you searching for?" she shot back, rubbing her forehead to ease the pain. Matteo stepped closer, gently removing her hand and massaging the spot on her forehead with his own, a tender gesture that made Emily's heart melt and her frustration fade.

"I was thinking of helping you. Sorry, ma douce," he murmured so innocently that Emily couldn't help but smile, biting her lips inwardly to suppress her amusement.

"Ah, it's fine," she replied, ducking away from his touch hesitantly. "I can do it myself. You... just make yourself comfortable and wait in the living room while prepare something for us to eat."

"Let me stay and help you, please," Matteo insisted. "After all, I'm here to ask for your forgiveness, not to bother you."

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Chapter 228 Romantic Dinner Date

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Emily rolled her eyes at his constant insistence as he invited himself for dinner at her home when all she wanted was to rest in bed. And he thought he wasn't bothering her anymore.

"I don't think we have anything to make dinner," Emily offered another excuse, hoping he would leave. Her heart raced at the thought of being alone with him in her home at this hour of the night.

"Oh, I saw you have bread, veggies, cheese slices, and some sauces," Matteo quickly interjected. Emily was impressed by his sharp and observant gaze. "We can make some sandwiches, and we have wine," he suggested with a quick shrug. Knowing she couldn't come up with any more excuses to say no, she decided to agree. "Yeah, that's fine with me if you're okay with sandwiches."

"I love sandwiches," Matteo whispered, leaning closer, causing Emily to rush away nervously to gather all the ingredients.

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"I'll make the sandwiches, and you can set the table in the meantime," she offered.

"Deal," Matteo smiled, nodding subtly as he then asked Emily where the plates and wine glasses were kept and headed off to set the table.

When Emily returned to the dining area with the sandwiches, she found it empty, and Matteo was nowhere to be seen. Even the dining table was still not set. Confusion filled her heart as she looked around; he wasn't in the living room either.

"Mr. Vinci?" she called out, suspicion creeping in-maybe he had left because she took too long making the sandwiches. "Matteo?!" She tried again, and then she caught a glimpse of him on her balcony.

As she approached the open balcony door, Emily blinked in disbelief, trying to clear her vision and ensure she wasn't hallucinating. There stood the ruthless attorney Matteo Vinci, scattering flower petals from the bouquet he had brought for her. She was taken aback by the beautiful arrangement he had created. Soft cushions adorned the floor, and in one corner, plates, the expensive wine bottle, and glasses were neatly set up.

Candles flickered softly in the evening breeze, their warm glow casting a gentle light. She recognized them from her own bedroom.

Did he really go into her room?

The final touch to this romantic setting was the flower petals spread around. It took her breath away; this was nothing like an unplanned dinner-it felt more like a carefully crafted romantic dinner date! 4.2K

Husband Novel 229

Chapter 229 Dare Or Invitation

"What is this?" Emily asked, a deep furrow in her brow.

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Matteo turned to face her, a soft smile on his lips. "Come here," he whispered, gently beckoning her toward the sweet surprise he had arranged.

Emily hesitated, nervously chewing her bottom lip before slowly walking toward him.

"How's it?" he asked, gesturing around the balcony.

"It's... beautiful," Emily answered sincerely, her voice soft. "But why did you go through all this trouble?"

"I wanted to make this dinner something special, since our last dinner date was cut short," he said, biting the inside of his cheek, the memory of that night still embarrassing him. "That's fine," Emily waved her hand dismissively. "I've forgotten all about that."

Matteo's smile faltered, a flicker of hurt passing through him. She had forgotten the night he had arranged a perfect date for them, a night that could have been magical if Lia hadn't ruined it.

Shrugging off those lingering thoughts, Matteo took the sandwiches from Emily's hands and placed them beside the plates. He lowered himself onto one of the soft cushions and patted the one next to him, motioning for Emily to join him. "Come on, sit here," he urged with a soft smile.

Emily hesitated for a moment, her mind racing as she weighed her options. She wasn't sure if sitting so close to him was a good idea, especially with the cozy setting he'd prepared, but her feet moved before her mind could protest further. Reluctantly, she settled down beside him, her heart pounding a little faster as she felt the warmth radiating from the charming playboy attorney sitting so close to her.

"Come on, let's sit and eat before something happens," he sighed, the last part of his sentence trailing off.

"Huh?" Emily blinked at him in confusion.

"I mean... every time we meet, something happens to ruin our time together. Remember?" he said, and Emily realized he was right.

Every time they met, something or someone came to disrupt everything, leaving them parting ways bitterly.

Matteo opened the wine bottle and poured it into two glasses. He handed one to Emily, but she shook her head.

"No, please, I won't drink," she said politely.

"Why? I thought you forgave me," Matteo asked, cocking his head slightly, curiosity in his eyes.

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"Yeah, and that's not the reason, Emily shrugged, feeling a bit awkward with the confession. "I just can't handle my drink. Every time I do, I end up getting myself into trouble..."

"And I had to come save you," Matteo finished her sentence with a knowing smile. "But don't worry as I'm already here," he added with a wink, making Emily bite her lip to keep from giggling.

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Chapter 229 Dare Or Invitation

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"Are you trying to take advantage of me after getting me drunk, Mr. Vinci?" she teased, narrowing her eyes and her tone was playful as she plucked the wine glass from his hand. Matteo raised his own glass, lightly clinking it against hers. "And what if I meant to do just that?" he replied, his voice low, daring, as his eyes sparkled with mischief. Emily paused, staring into his eyes for a heartbeat before offering her innocent smile. "I'd like to see you try something naughty."

Matteo's heart skipped a beat at her challenge. Was she daring him, or was it an invitation?

Fuck! He had never been so bad at reading between the lines, and now this mysterious woman had him wrapped in her spell so tightly that his mind couldn't function on its own.

"By the way." Matteo quickly shifted the conversation, trying to mask his sudden awkwardness. "I heard from Alessandro that Aria isn't feeling well. If you want to visit her, I can take you there." He offered her a sandwich, hoping the new topic would ease the atmosphere. Emily took the sandwich, glancing at him as she started eating and sipping her wine. "Yeah, I was thinking about going to Florence," Emily shrugged, chewing on her sandwich before taking a large swig of wine. "But Mia told me to stay in Paris and manage the business here." Her words slurred slightly as the alcohol began to loosen her tongue. "By the way, why did you call her Aria? She's Mia," she added, her tone confused.

Matteo chuckled softly, recognizing that the wine was doing most of the talking now. "I am used to calling her Aria and it's a long story," he began, diving into the history of his relationship with Alessandro and how Mia had once been known as Aria. Their conversation flowed naturally from there, meandering through topics from their pasts to

their lives now. Before they knew it, the bottle of wine was empty, the sandwiches were gone, yet their conversation showed no signs of stopping.

"So, don't you want to finish your studies now?" Matteo asked, noticing how Emily shivered slightly in the cool air. Without missing a beat, he pulled her closer into his embrace. "Come here," he whispered, wrapping his arms around her with a protective warmth. Emily nestled into his arms as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Matteo reached for his jacket, which had been carelessly tossed aside earlier, and draped it over both of them, wrapping her in its warmth.

Emily instinctively rested her head on Matteo's chest, her gentle breath warming his skin through the fabric of his shirt. His heart raced, and he fought to control the growing desire within him.

Trying to keep his composure, Matteo asked, "You didn't reply," but his voice came out rough, betraying his need. When Emily didn't respond, he dipped his head, glancing down and noticed her hair had fallen across her face.

With a soft chuckle, he carefully swept the strands away, revealing her peaceful expression. She had already drifted off to sleep. Matteo smiled, shaking his head in amusement. He gently caressed her hair once more, savoring the silky feel against his calloused hand. Tightening his arms around her, he pulled her even closer, feeling a sense of calm wash over him. In that moment, everything felt perfect, as though she was meant to be right there, nestled near his heart.

He didn't want to think about tomorrow or what the future might bring-this moment was theirs, and he intended to savor every second of it. Matteo took a deep breath, allowing himself to relax fully for the first time in ages. As his eyes closed, sleep came swiftly and easily, something that rarely happened to him, but

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Chapter 229 Dare Or Invitation

tonight, with her in his arms, it felt natural. Peaceful.

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Husband Novel 230

Chapter 230 Something Is Blooming Finished

The next morning, the sun climbed into the sky, brightening the world below. Its sharp rays broke through, disturbing the peaceful slumber Emily had been enjoying in Matteo's embrace. Their bodies were so closely entwined, it was as though they weren't two people, but one.

Emily stirred, her eyelids fluttering as she squinted against the harsh light. The brightness made it difficult to fully open her eyes, but she soon became aware of something else her arms were wrapped tightly around something warm and solid, and she was snuggling comfortably against a surface that thumped steadily beneath her cheek.

I shot Her sleepy haze vanished in an instant as realization hit her-she was clinging to someone. Her eyes open, and she found herself lying on the chest of the infamous attorney. His shirt, to her horror, was damp with her drool.

Shit! Embarrassment flooded her as she wished she could dig a hole and bury herself in it, desperate to escape the humiliation of the moment.

As Emily gently tried to slip out of Matteo's arms, his eyes fluttered open. He furrowed his brow for a moment, still caught between sleep and wakefulness, before realizing that the beautiful face shyly looking up at him was no dream. For a brief second, he wondered if he was still dreaming and almost wanted to fall back asleep to hold on to the moment. But then, the events of the previous night came rushing back.

"Good morning, baby," he whispered in a deep, sleepy voice.

Emily bit her lip, a blush creeping up her cheeks. "Morning, Mr. Vinci. I wondered why you missed your best chance last night and didn't take advantage of me while I was drunk," she teased with a mischievous smile lighting up her face.

Matteo chuckled, surprised at himself. He had come with only one motive in mind- to fuck her and get her out of his system. Yet having her sleeping in his arms made him feel like that was everything he truly needed - her.

"Ah, it seems you're the one who took advantage of me, Miss Yang, while I was drunk," he quipped with amusement, raising his eyebrows as he pulled her even closer, mischievously tightening his protective embrace around her.

Emily tilted her head, batting her eyelashes at him with innocent charm. "Oh no! Did I get myself into trouble? Should I be afraid of you, Mr. Vinci?"

Matteo chuckled softly, his voice a low rumble. "Hmm! Hmm! Offending Matteo Vinci comes with serious consequences, Miss Yang," he warned in a dangerously smooth

tone, running his knuckles along her soft, blushed cheek as his eyes roamed over her delicate features.

"Oh, are you going to punish me, sir?" Emily whispered, her voice breathless and sultry, sending Matteo's heartbeat racing even faster. He inhaled sharply at the thought of Emily Yang completely at his mercy.

With a firm grip, he grabbed her chin and pulled her face closer. "You don't seem afraid of punishment, Miss Yang. Should I take that to mean you'd enjoy it?" he asked, his voice dropping into a deep, teasing growl. "Do you really want me to punish you, mon amour?" "Yes, please," Emily breathed, overwhelmed by the intoxicating proximity of the dangerously attractive attorney. She didn't even think before agreeing, her senses already clouded by his magnetic presence.

Matten's breath hitched and for a moment he thought Emily was kidding "You will be the death of me

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Chapter 230 Something is Blooming

you know that?" he panted, feeling breathless and overwhelmed with the need to claim her as his.

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He waited for her to laugh and push him away. But as the seconds passed, he felt as if he would die if he didn't kiss her right then.

"Fuck it!" Matteo cursed, closing the distance between them, ready to slam his lips against hers.

But just as he leaned in, his phone rang loudly, jolting both of them back to reality. Emily released the breath she had been holding for what felt like an eternity, while Matteo licked his lips, reluctantly letting her move away.

He reached for his phone, cursing the caller who had disrupted their beautiful morning. He saw his secretary's name flashing on the screen, and realizing it might be urgent, he sighed.

"Baby, I'm sorry, but I have to take this," he said, trying to keep the frustration out of his voice.

Emily smiled, biting her lip slightly as she nodded shyly. Matteo got up and walked to a corner to talk to his secretary. Emily couldn't help but admire his handsome features, wondering how it was possible for someone to look so sexy in every mood. As he spoke, his expression turned cold, conveying a sense of professionalism that contrasted sharply with their earlier intimacy. Then his expression shifted to anger, but she found him even sexier with every shift in his mood.

Despite the tension in his demeanor, Emily thought he was the most insanely hot and sexy man on earth. She was shocked by her own response to him; never in her life had she thought she could trust a man again, let alone a notorious playboy attorney. Trusting Matteo was the last thing she thought would happen.

But Matteo had proven her wrong so many times. Just like last night, when he had every opportunity to take advantage of her while she was drunk, he chose instead to take care of her in the most gentlemanly way. That act had swayed her heart, and now she wanted whatever was blooming between them. She wanted Matteo Vinci, and this time, she wasn't going to deny her feelings.

The way he looked at her, the way he held her in his embrace so possessively-there was no doubt in her mind that he wanted her too. She smiled shyly, reaching for her phone to check messages or any call she missed while Matteo was still deep in conversation. As she glanced at her phone's screen, her heart sank at the notification that flashed before her eyes.

The headline read: "The Playboy Most Sought-After Bachelor Attorney is Set to Marry Lia Vassallo Next Month in Italy."

Her phone slipped from her hand, hitting the floor with a soft thud, as the harsh reality of life hit her.