

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

Husband Novel 231

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 231 His Intoxicating Proximity

"How the hell did this happen?" Matteo was annoyed at the news his secretary had just given him, regretting the moment he left the woman of his dreams to take this call. +5 Pearls

He hadn't gone home last night because he wanted to be with Emily, and now, in the span of a single night, everything had spiraled out of control.

"Boss, the news of your marriage is all over every tabloid and news channel," his secretary informed him.

"Motherfucker," Matteo cursed under his breath, immediately knowing who was behind this-Lia Vassallo.

"Get my PR team on it. I want every source to retract that story, and send them all a legal notice for broadcasting such news without my consent," he barked, running a frantic hand through his hair. Ending the call, Matteo turned, expecting to find Emily where he had left her. But she was already up, gathering their things from the night before.

"Mon amour, what's wrong?" Matteo asked, hurrying to her side and gently grabbing her hand as she reached for the empty glasses. She glared at him, her silence sharp and unsettling. What just happened in a matter of minutes? He was puzzled, unable to understand. Just moments ago, she was enjoying his company, but now she looked like she wanted him gone.

"I'll take care of it," Matteo offered, taking the glass from her hand and moving to pick up the plates, empty wine bottles, and cushions.

"What are you doing, Matteo Vinci?" Her voice was stern, making him cringe as he turned to face her, confusion clouding his features. "What do you mean, ma douce?" he asked, his brow furrowing as his eyes tried to read her face.

"Huh, Matteo Vinci, you're really good at pretending to be innocent, aren't you?" Emily snorted. Matteo frowned this time but didn't interrupt. She continued, her frustration spilling out. "You're going to marry Lia Vassallo, and yet, you stayed the whole night at my house. Now you're acting as if..." she trailed off, letting out a loud huff. "Maybe it's

normal for you, but it's not for me. So, I'd appreciate it if you'd leave, right now," she said, wrapping her arms around herself as if shielding from the intense gaze that seemed to pierce through the walls she had built around her heart. She wouldn't let him break through.

"Are you done?" Matteo's jaw tightened as he snapped, though there was a gentleness in his tone despite the frustration in his eyes. "Can I speak now?"

Emily stayed silent, staring at him, waiting for whatever excuse or explanation he had to offer.

"Emily Yang," Matteo began, his voice low but charged with intensity, making Emily swallow hard. Of course, he was one of the most successful lawyers, and the convincing power in his voice was undeniable. "From the day I met you, I haven't been able to get you out of my mind. Even in my sleep, it's you I see."

Emily felt the mixed emotions swirling in his eyes, her pulse quickening as his gaze bore into hers.

"Yes, I'm set to marry next month. It was decided long before I ever met you," he admitted, his voice unwavering, "It's not a marriage out of love, but a business arrangement between two families. I've accepted that, and everything seemed fine-until..." He paused, taking a deep breath as his expression

softened, his eyes locking on hers with a look that made her feel like she was his entire world. "Until you came into my life and turned everything upside down; Now, I can't marry Lia, and I'm going to tell my family that"

1/2

Thu, Oct 24

Chapter 231 His Intoxicating Proximity 00000, 70%£

+5 Pearls

His blunt confession made Emily's heart race, leaving her unsure of how to process it. Her breath hitched in her throat, and thousands of butterflies fluttered in her stomach as unfamiliar sensations washed over her.

"Why..." she murmured, sounding breathless as her voice was barely audible. "Why can't you marry Lia? Your family wants you to marry her, and she's perfect for you in every way." Her gaze shifted away from him as she continued, "Wealth, status, beauty, and-

Before she could finish, Matteo moved swiftly, grabbing her elbow and pulling her into his strong, protective embrace. His sudden closeness and possessiveness in his eyes took her breath away as he gazed intensely into her eyes.

"I can't marry her, or anyone else," he said, his voice low and firm. His eyes searched hers, his grip tightening just slightly as he declared, "Because I want to spend my whole life with you."

Husband Novel 232

et Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 232 Her Seduction +5 Pearls

Matteo didn't know how those words left his mouth, but as he heard himself speak, he realized they were born from the emotions he had been suppressing for so long-the fear of losing her that had been haunting him for so long.

Now, he understood what he had always wanted: it was her. Only her. No one else. She was the relief, the calm he had been searching for his entire life. He found the comfort and security with her that he had always been looking for, something he never had, even when he lived with his family. She was everything that could make him complete, and he wasn't going to let her go. Never.

He was ready to take the one risk he had feared his entire life: to commit to one woman. He genuinely wanted a real relationship this time and to spend his whole life with her.

Matteo felt a wave of relief wash over him as he accepted this feeling his mind had tried to deny for so long. His heart had made it so simple in one moment of insecurity.

Emily blinked in disbelief, her expression mirroring the shock in her heart, and Matteo felt a pang of disappointment at her lingering doubts. But he was determined to do anything to make her realize that he was serious-very serious-about her.

"I want you, mon amour, and I want only you," he confessed, his voice laced with desperation as he looked deep into her eyes, hoping she could peer into his heart and see the truth in his words.

Enchanted by the sincerity in Matteo's gaze, Emily felt her heart melt. The honesty in his voice ignited something within her, and before she could think twice, her hands instinctively found their way to the back of his neck, pulling him down toward her. She rose on her tiptoes and pressed her lips against his with a fervor that felt essential, as if her very existence depended on this moment.

Matteo's eyes widened in surprise, the breath catching in his throat. The intense sensation made his heart pound loudly, slamming wildly against his rib cage. The warm, soft lips of the one woman he truly desired pressed against his, kissing him as if her very life depended on the kiss. He gasped, a shuddered breath escaping him, before tightening his arms around her waist. He pulled her closer, lifting her slightly off her feet as he kissed her back with everything he had, pouring all of his emotions into that one moment. "God, I've waited for this moment for so long, mon monde," Matteo whispered against Emily's lips between deep, heated kisses.

He felt like he could finally breathe, as if life had surged back into him, and a light had broken through the dark clouds, illuminating his entire world. She was his everything, his whole world and while he couldn't pinpoint exactly when she became the center of his universe, one thing was clear-he couldn't imagine life without her.

"Shut up and kiss me," Emily murmured, her voice teasing as she bit his plump bottom lip, tugging it between her teeth.

"Fuck, I'm never going to stop, mon amour," he growled, his hands gripping her hips possessively. He lifted her effortlessly, and Emily's legs wrapped instinctively around his waist as he carried her to the living room, desire simmering between them.

He only stopped when they were inside the flat, slamming her back urgently against the nearest wall. Without hesitation, Matteo kissed her with even more passion and raw desire, his lips hungry against hers. His eyes, now darkened with lust, locked onto Emily's as his hands slowly crawled up her sides, lifting her tank top along the way. His fingertips brushed over her soft skin, tracing her curves, sending shivers down her spine.

11:23 Fri, Oct 25 ?

Chapter 232 Her Seduction

6000, 71%

+5 Pearls

Emily gasped into his mouth, her breath hitching as her hands left Matteo's neck and drifted down to his chest. She fumbled with the few buttons still fastened, desperate to feel more of him, her fingers trembling with anticipation. With each button she undid, her fingers brushed against his warm skin, sending shudders coursing through his body and leaving him breathless. The tension crackled in the air, electric and palpable, as their need for each other intensified.

Matteo groaned, his voice low and raw, a primal sound that sent Emily's emotions on a roller coaster ride. His body reacted instantly to her seduction; he pressed his hips forward, grinding his hard bulge against her, their bodies so closely entwined that there

wasn't a sliver of space between them. Emily's legs, still wrapped tightly around his waist, pulled him even closer, deepening the friction between them. The heat radiating from their bodies sent waves of electricity coursing through both of them, drowning out everything but the overwhelming desire, lust, need, every emotion they felt for one another.

Their heartbeats synchronized, their heavy breaths entwined-a constant reminder of the desperate longing that consumed them both. Emily's fingers finally slipped beneath his shirt, exploring the hard planes of his chest, sending waves of desire through Matteo as he felt like he might explode at any moment. Her soft, desperate touch drove him wild, igniting a maddening urge to rip their clothes off and bury his aching, throbbing cock deep inside her slick warmth, claiming her completely.

"God, bébé," he murmured, his breath warm against her ear as his voice laced with desperation and authority. "I want you. I want you right now."

4.3K

Husband Novel 233

11:23 Fri, Oct 25 ?

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 233 I Am Possessive

3

+5 Pearls

Matteo suddenly stopped, pulling back as a realization hit him. He hadn't asked the most important

question of all. "Do you want me too, ma douce?" he asked, his ragged breath filling the space between them.

Emily scanned his face, searching for something, her heart pounding. She felt something she had never felt before. When she was with Tomas, she was young and naive, mistaking kind words and good looks for love. But after everything she had sacrificed and the hard lessons life had taught her, she finally understood what real love meant. To her dismay, no man had ever truly cared what she wanted. Until now. Matteo, this man in front of her, was willing to wait until she said yes. That realization

sent a wave of longing through her-she wanted to confess how badly and desperately she desired him, but something held her back.

Instead, she did the only thing she could to show him what she truly wanted.

Her arms around his neck pulled him closer as she pressed her lips to his in an urgent, desperate kiss.

Matteo groaned, his control snapping as he pushed past her soft lips, his tongue meeting hers in a fierce, hungry dance. Her moan of acceptance and the way her fingers clutched his shirt were all the confirmation he needed.

He promptly tightened his grip around

her, filling his hands with her soft, round ass, pulling her flush against his throbbing shaft as he ground her against him, kissing her deeply. Emily's legs widened around him with a throaty groan, her hips rolling in rhythm with his. The heat between them was so intense, Matteo was sure if he didn't get inside her in the next thirty seconds, he might explode.

Tearing his mouth from hers, they both panted heavily "Bedroom?" he asked, his voice hoarse, though he wouldn't have minded continuing right there in the hall. But he wanted their first time to be special for Emily, something unforgettable. He was determined to make it a moment she'd carry with her forever, a memory that would linger each time they were together.

"Yes," she breathed out, nodding.

Matteo captured her lips again, taking a few quick strides to the bedroom. He kicked the door open, never breaking their kiss, and carried her to the bed, laying her down gently. His fingers curled around the hem of her tank top, slowly pulling it up. He paused, looking into her eyes.

"Do you want me to stop?" he asked one last time, his voice low and strained. "No," she gasped, still catching her breath.

"Do you want me inside you?" he growled, his voice low and thick with desire. God, even his dirty mouth was turning her on more than she could have imagined, pushing her closer to the edge of madness. "Now. Please," she cried, her voice drenched in need.

That was all he needed. Matteo didn't even bother to pull her tank top off-he tore it apart in two pieces, revealing her full, bare breasts. The sight alone nearly broke him. His hands moved with urgency, yanking down her pajama shorts. Only her thong remained between him and what he desperately wanted. Without a second thought, he hooked

his fingers into it and ripped it off, making Emily gasp as his raw, wild need scared her for a moment.

Matteo was spellbound by the beautiful angel lying before him, completely giving herself to him. Her generous curves and the shadows they cast drew his gaze, leaving him in awe. He couldn't help but admire her his breath quickening as he shrugged his shirt off his shoulders and swiftly worked his zipper down

11:23 Fri, Oct 25 as Y.

Chapter 2331 Am Possessive

JK 71%

+5 Pearls

The second his cock sprang free, he gripped himself, aligning the aching tip with her slick, inviting heat.

God, is this really happening? A day before he was plotting to get her to the bed. Now, she was his ultimate fantasy come to life.

"Last chance, ma vie," Matteo growled, his voice thick with raw passion. "Once I fuck you, there's no turning back. You'll be mine-only mine. I'm very possessive, and you'll learn that soon enough." His words dripped with both a warning and a promise, his teeth gritting as he fought to control the beast inside him, desperate to bury his steely cock in her. The intensity in his eyes made it clear-he was barely holding back.

Oh sweet Jesus, Emily thought, feeling her resolve crumble even more. His dirty talk, paired with those sweet French endearments, was pushing her over the edge. She was sold-body, heart, and soul. She was ready to agree to anything he said, but most of all, she just needed him inside her. Now.

Emily wrapped her thighs around him, her body desperate for more as she pressed kisses up his neck. "Hurry," she breathed, her voice laced with impatience.

4.3K

Husband Novel 234

Chapter 234 Fierce Passion

071%@

+5 Pearls

Normally, Emily would have second-guessed everything. She'd weigh the pros and cons, analyze every angle, and make the most logical decision. After her failed marriage and the brutal betrayal by her ex-husband, she had turned down every offer that came her way. But right now, all that mattered was this- him, her, and the feeling intensifying with each passing second they spent together. Her heart knew that even if this was a mistake, even if she was doing something wrong, she was willing to risk it all. Matteo stared deep into her eyes, unwavering. Not for a second did he falter. Every word he spoke dripped with sincerity, and every fiber of his being screamed that he was telling the truth-that she could trust him with her life, with her heart. So, she let him in, allowing him to claim her completely.

Matteo gripped her hips in his fevered hands, seizing her lips as he thrust into her with an urgency that felt like he'd die if he didn't feel her slick heat wrapped around him- because he truly would. As he submerged himself inside her, Emily took every inch, and a long, tortured groan escaped him, straining to push as deep as he could. His eyes nearly rolled back in his head as pleasure overwhelmed him. He was taken aback by the realization of how perfectly she fit him-soft and welcoming. He had never felt this way before, not with anyone. In that moment, it was as if she had been made just for him, and he had finally found the missing piece of his life's puzzle.

Then, he lost all coherent thought as Emily arched her back and cried out, breaking their kiss to gasp as she fanned her head back. Her nails dug into his shoulders, and he felt her pussy clamp down around him, sending shockwaves of pleasure coursing through his body.

"You're so tight," he growled, a mix of pleasure and desire coursing through him.

"You're so big, Matteo Vinci, filling and stretching me so much. Fuck, it burns. Oh, damn. This is too much..." she cried, her voice thick with need and pain.

Under him, she gyrated and swayed, her hips rocking back, sliding her tight paradise up his sizzling length until only the head of his cock was enveloped in her heat. He clenched his jaw, bare teeth showing. Anything less than being buried balls deep felt unacceptable. "Don't," he warned, shoving his hands beneath her, digging his fingers into her ass, spreading her wider for

him.

"What?" The way she sensually panted that word sent shockwaves through him, teasing his overloaded libido.

"Don't try to get away from me. It's too late for that." he threatened as he pulled her closer with all his strength, driving deeper inside her, thrusting harder than before. He surged into a spot deep within her, and she keened again, her nails digging harder into his skin. "Ah, how can someone be so huge?" she gasped in his ear. "You're kill me."

Matteo chuckled huskily, her words boosting his male ego..

back inside her

going

"It's all for you, mon amour, and you fit perfectly," he groaned, taking her mouth again. He bit her bottom

ip while squeezing her derrière, pushing his way The nip led to a press of lips, her intoxicatingly sweet taste pulling him deeper. He forced his way into her mouth, and she welcomed him with more animalistic sounds and a seductive swirl of her tongue. Emily felt her head spin as the overwhelming sensations flooded her body, too much for her to handle all at once.

Just when he thought they had found a satisfying rhythm, she started wriggling in his grasp, trying to create some distance between them

1/3

3

Chapter 234 Fierce Passion

"Goddamn it," he hissed.

+5 Pearls

"Move with me. Slide in and out. I want to feel every amazing inch of you against me," Emily demanded boldly.

When she put it like that, he craved it. He wanted it right now. And more than anything, he wanted to see her come. Yes, he had to see her face, feel her grip, hear her cries, and know that he had made her unravel for him.

At the thought, something savage inside him broke free. His heart raced, pumping adrenaline through his veins. Every muscle in his body tightened as he locked his gaze onto hers, unblinking, just as his cock filled her. She looked breathless, full of anticipation, and so aroused it drove him wild.

"Fuck, yes."

He barely registered the delight lighting up her face before he pulled back and began to pound into her. Deep, long, rapid-fire strokes launched an all-out assault on any barriers she had, pushing her toward the orgasm he was determined to wring from her body. As he thrust into her again and again, sweat beaded on his brow. His fingers felt numb, and his mind was consumed by the roaring heartbeat thrumming in his ears. Pleasure washed over him in waves.

Emily began to tense beneath him, her encouraging moans escalating in speed and pitch as she nipped at his neck. She crossed her ankles behind him, holding on tightly as if she never intended to let go.

Matteo's lungs worked like bellows as he inhaled ragged breaths and exhaled rough grunts. Pressure built within him, expanding his senses until all he could comprehend was Emily. Her skin felt like velvet under his fingertips, her lips against his unexpectedly sweet, and her intoxicating scent enveloped him, driving him wild.

Beneath him, Emily scratched and strained, crying out and writhing in a beautiful dance of desperation. He was seconds away from bursting into a devastating explosion of ecstasy beyond anything he'd ever felt. He wanted it. He needed it. He craved her so intensely that he didn't think he could take another breath without surrendering to the towering pleasure threatening to crumble him.

But the way Emily was moving-desperate and wailing showed she was climbing... but not yet on the edge. There was no way Matteo was going over without her.

He thrust his hard into Emily's hair, tugging until their eyes met. He rose upright, altering the angle of his thrust, then set his hand on her hip, his thumb finding its way to her clit.

He rubbed the sensitive nub, feeling the electric response ripple through her. "You're going to come for me, aren't you?"

Emily's eyes were half-closed, a sob of yearning escaping her lips as she arched her spine. "Yes."

"What? Say it louder," he demanded, wanting to hear her moan for him again.

"Yes!" she cried, and the sound ignited something primal within him. Her pleading aroused him like nothing else; he was greedy for more of her passion, her submission. "Tell me again. Say it now."

"I'm going to come for you..."

11:23 Fri, Oct 25 ?.

Chapter 234 Fierce Passion

@71%

+5 Pearls

And she was. He could feel her bud swell and harden under his thumb. Her throat worked, lips parted in a breathless gasp, and her nipples beaded into perfect points as her chest rose and fell in anticipation. Matteo's mouth watered as he latched onto her hardened nipple, sucking hard while flicking his teeth over its sensitive softness. A burst of sensation ignited within Emily, her cries of ecstasy growing louder with each sensual assault Matteo Vinci was delivering to her.

Matteo glanced down the length of Emily's body, and something primal ignited deep within him. His gaze settled on her swollen, perfectly bare pussy, the sight of his thick length sliding in and out of her almost overwhelming him. The way her wetness gripped him, refusing to let go, drove him insane, spurring him to speed up. The slick sounds of her wet cunt yielding to his every thrust filled the air, intensifying the already feverish atmosphere.

"Do it," he barked, his voice raw with desperation. "Fucking now!"

Emily's nails dug into Matteo's shoulders, her grip tight enough to draw blood as her back arched and her spine twisted in pure pleasure. He shoved in harder again, feeling her squeeze him so tight it was almost impossible to push deeper. Gritting his teeth, he persevered. He was determined to watch her come apart for him before following her into the abyss of pleasure, and he could already feel it building within him. "Yes." Emily nodded frantically, gripping his arms hard. "Yes! That's it. It's so good... I'm there, Matteo!"

She screamed, and under his touch, her clit turned to stone. Her body bucked as her pussy rhythmically clamped down around him. The ecstasy transforming her face was a sight he would never forget-her mouth shaped into an O, her body becoming soft putty in his hands.

Matteo's stare remained locked on her, captivated by the most beautifully mind-blowing sight he had ever witnessed. But as rapture overtook him, he felt his own release crashing over him like a wave. He wanted to keep his eyes open, to watch every second of her climax, but the sheer intensity of his orgasm was so powerful that it forced him to close his eyes as he erupted inside her. He had never cum so hard before- this was beyond anything he had ever experienced. It was wild, raw, and utterly insane, leaving him trembling in the aftermath, completely undone by the force of their shared passion.

His release was fierce, filling her completely until their combined pleasure overflowed, dripping down her thighs.

Husband Novel 235

Chapter 235 Unusual Proposal +5 Pearls

Matteo struggled to catch his breath, and when he opened his eyes, he found Emily staring up at him, still panting, her chest rising and falling as she recovered from the mind-blowing climax he'd given her. She could hardly believe that she just had sex with Matteo Vinci- the ruthless attorney and infamous playboy. His cock was still inside her, semi-hard and throbbing, stirring lingering sensations in her extremely sensitive core. Slickness coated her thighs as their mixed release continued to seep from her still-pulsing body, intensifying her awareness of every sensation.

As she returned from the haze of passion, questions began clouding her mind. What happens now? Matteo was, after all, supposed to be marrying Lia next month. Sure, he'd insisted he had no intentions of going through with it, but what if he was simply saying that to convince her? He was a brilliant attorney, unbeaten in his field, persuasive beyond measure...

Emily didn't understand what had happened to her or why she couldn't resist him. She had vowed, after her divorce, never to let another man close enough to break her heart again. For six long years, she had lived alone, holding firm to that promise. Yet here she was, after all this time, with Matteo-the first man she'd been with since Tomas.

Still grappling with her emotions and trying to figure out how she'd let herself fall into his arms, Emily was jolted from her thoughts when Matteo cupped her cheek in his large palm, turning her face toward his intense, stormy gaze.

"Don't even think about going down that road," he murmured, as if he'd read her thoughts. His voice was dangerously calm, sending a shiver down her spine. "If you believe lawyers are liars, then yes, I've been known to bend the truth and play my tricks. But trust me when I say this-I want you, mon amour. I'm a possessive man, and now...you're mine."

His fingers brushed her cheek, his gaze never faltering. "I won't let you go. Not now, not ever."

Emily was stunned, gazing into his mesmerizing blue eyes, where she found only honesty and truth. She let out a sigh as her heart settled, finally at peace. This was real, and he was real. Her heart was

overwhelmed by a flood of emotions, but love was the strongest among them. She had never thought she could feel this way again, but here he was-this man who had broken down her walls and entered her heart without her permission. Yet she had no

complaints, only gratitude that he'd come into her life so relentlessly, making her believe in the possibility of happiness once more.

"Promise?" she whispered, her voice barely audible. Matteo smiled, brushing a soft kiss over her lips.

"I promise, mon amour," he murmured against her lips.

A tear slipped down her cheek, the intensity of the moment nearly overwhelming her. Matteo's brow furrowed as he noticed, his gaze searching her face with concern. "Baby, did hurt you?" he asked gently.

The moment Matteo saw tears in her eyes, regret washed over him for losing control, for wanting to claim her in every way. But it wasn't entirely his fault as Emily was just too sexy.,

Emily shook her head, a soft, shy smile stretching across her kiss-swollen lips. She caressed her way up his arms, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him closer.

"It was amazing. It's just..." She hesitated, contemplating whether she had satisfied him or not. "It's been a long time. I don't know if I was good enough for you..."

"Bétises, mon monde," he replied, his voice firm yet tender. "You are everything I want in my life, and having you in my arms makes me feel like the banniest person alive" is eves hrinned with sincerity

1/3

Chapter 235 Unusual Proposal

never leaving hers, not even for a blink.

+5 Pearls

Then something came to Matteo's mind, a thought so powerful he couldn't hold it back. "I know I should've asked this before we made love..." he paused, searching her eyes, letting the question settle on his lips before it tumbled out. "Emily Yang, will you marry me?" Emily blinked, utterly taken aback.

Who proposes like this? Right after having sex and still intimately connected?

But rather than shock, a wave of amusement washed over her. Leave it to Matteo to be both wildly impulsive and irresistibly charming.

"Are you trying to force me to say yes?" she teased, arching a brow playfully.

"You don't have a choice, bébé," he smirked, eyes twinkling with mischief as he rolled his hips ever so slightly, sending a gasp and then a moan spilling from her lips as she felt the rush of his teasing

movement.

"You are so wicked, Matteo Vinci, a truly ruthless attorney," she murmured, squinting at him in playful reproach. But her words dissolved into a gasp as he thrust harder inside her, stoking the fire between them.

"What can I say," he replied smugly, his voice husky and sounding so sexy. "I'm good in my field."

"You truly are," Emily retorted, rolling her eyes as she tried to push him off, desperate for a moment to think without his relentless charm clouding her judgment.

But Matteo only pressed closer, his hips moving, shoving his dick deeper as his hands caressed her body, his thumb flicking over her red and swollen nipple and then rolling it between his fingers, sending a fresh wave of sensation through her. Her body responded helplessly, heightening her arousal. "Then don't fight it-just say yes, ma vie," he whispered, his voice ragged and breathless, revealing that he, too, was struggling to maintain control. "Because I won't stop until I win your heart. Marry me, ma douce." Emily's heart, body, and mind felt like they already belonged to this wicked attorney who never played fair, but she was willing to let him win this time and surrender her heart.

"Are you ready to lose every day?" This was the one question she had to ask, and she held her breath, waiting for his reply.

"Yes, if it means you will be mine for eternity." He didn't hesitate, replying instantly. Emily's heart brimmed with love as she pulled his face closer.

"Then let's get married," she said, making Matteo's world shine bright as he beamed at her. He pressed his lips to hers, kissing her with a promise of loving her until the end of this world and beyond.

Lost in the moment, Matteo was busy making love to the love of his life again, oblivious to his phone, which gleamed silently, vibrating for a few moments before the screen displayed yet another missed call. There were nearly twenty missed calls from his father.

Curious to see how my characters come to life? Follow my Face book page for character aesthetics and

2/3

11:22 Sat, Oct 26

Husband Novel 236

Chapter 236 Asking Her Out

maybe, just maybe, the difficult times were finally over.

73%

+5 Pearls

Emily's phone pinged, showing an incoming video call from Matteo-the man who constantly occupied her thoughts. Biting her bottom lip and struggling to contain her excitement, she answered the call and propped her phone in front of her. Matteo's handsome face appeared on the screen, stealing her breath away. He was in his lawyer's suit, sitting in what looked like the corner of his office near the courtroom.

"Aren't you supposed to be in court, arguing your case and proving your client right?" she teased, though her face radiated the happiness she felt inside.

"Baby, I miss you," Matteo replied, his voice dripping with hopeless romance as he gazed at her lovingly. "So, I asked the judge to wait a moment while I talk to my beloved."

"Huh! Such a liar you are," she reproached playfully, narrowing her eyes, knowing he was exaggerating.

Matteo chuckled. "Okay, mon amour, you got me. I asked for a break without explaining why, but..." He paused, his heart overflowing with love for this incredible woman who was his. "I miss you, and that part is the truth."

"Alright, I believe you, Mr. Vinci," Emily replied softly.

"Thank you, Miss Yang," Matteo sighed, his eyes locked on her face displayed on the screen. "Listen, chérie, I'll pick you up after work."

"No need," Emily shook her head shyly.

"I'm picking you up after work because we're going on a date," he stated, making his intentions clear.

Emily blushed, feeling butterflies flutter in her stomach as she lowered her eyelashes, trying to hide the mix of emotions welling in her eyes. After a moment, she lifted her chin, looking at the handsome man on her screen to her heart's content.

"How about we go home and have a private dinner instead?" she whispered, licking her lips, her face revealing the mischievous thoughts behind her suggestion.

"Ah, you'll be the death of me, mon amour," Matteo groaned, closing his eyes and throwing his head back. "Now how am I supposed to concentrate on work?"

Emily giggled, giving him an innocent look. "What? I was only suggesting we avoid unnecessary attention in public."

Matteo stared at her, love shining in his eyes.

"And this innocence of yours is going to drive me crazy one day." He placed a dramatic hand over his heart. "However, we are going on a date, and that's final

He wanted to do it right this time. He wanted to court her, to chase her, and make her feel how special she was to him.

"Okay, Mr. Vinci," Emily replied, suppressing a grin.

"Fuck!" he cursed, throwing his head back in helplessness. "Now how am I supposed to wait until evening?"

"Have some patience," Emily murmured, her smile lingering. She then noticed Matteo looking ahead, signaling to someone as if engaged in a brief, silent conversation. After a moment, he shifted his gaze back

73%

Chapter 236 Asking Her Out

to his phone, his expression softening as he focused on her once more.

+5 Pearls

"Babe, the break is over, and everyone is waiting for your lover to start the pending argument," Matteo said with a sigh.

Emily nodded, a smile tugging at her lips at the title he had given himself.

"Go," she urged softly, but inside, she felt a reluctance to let him go.

"Miss me, okay?" Matteo whispered, blowing her a kiss. Emily smiled, returning the gesture, but she ended the call before he could get too distracted and late for the trial.

Setting her phone aside, Emily felt her heart thumping with excitement at the thought of her upcoming date with Matteo Vinci. She tried to focus on her work, but her concentration shattered when the door to her office swung open. Benedetta Vinci stormed in, rage etched on her face. Emily stood in shock at the sight of Matteo's mother. Before she could process what was happening, Benedetta closed the distance between them and slapped her hard across the face.

"You filthy whore! First, you ruined Tomas Bradford, and now you're trying to ruin my son's life. Leave him alone! He doesn't deserve to be with a barren woman like you!"
Chapter 236 Asking Her Out

<3

73%

+5 Pearls

"Where is he?" Alvis Vinci roared, his voice echoing with rage. He had been calling Matteo since last night, but his son hadn't picked up once, fueling Alvis's growing fury. The man standing before him, head bowed, struggled to find a reply. "Why won't you answer me?" Alvis demanded, his tone sharp and unforgiving. But the man who worked for him still had no answer.

Bruno Vassalo, Lia's father, scowled in frustration. "Honestly, Alvis, if you can't keep your promises, I have no reason to invest in your business. I want my daughter to be happy, and if your son keeps doing this and upsetting her, I'll have no choice but to call off this marriage," he warned, his voice cold.

"No, Bruno, don't make any hasty decisions," Alvis interrupted quickly, trying to calm the tension. "This is just a misunderstanding. We'll sort it out."

"No, Mr. Vinci," Lia whined as her voice turned sharp. "There's no misunderstanding. My people informed me that they saw Matteo going to that woman's house last night, and he hasn't left that filthy place since. I'm afraid that witch is manipulating him just like she did when she convinced him to take her case and win against her ex husband in court."

Alvis smiled, trying to reassure Lia. "Don't worry, dear. You have my word-you will be the Vinci family's daughter-in-law. Matteo is just a man, looking for a bit of fun before the wedding. But I'll speak to him, and I'm certain he'll be loyal to you once you're married." "Oh, Mr. Vinci, I trust you," Lia replied, forcing a smile over her perfectly made-up face.

"See, Bruno? Everything is sorted out, and Lia's happy now," Alvis assured his friend, his tone firm and confident.

Bruno Vassalo's expression remained steely. "It's handled for now, Alvis, but I don't trust that woman. Divorced women like her are often desperate for a man's attention- and she's probably a gold digger too." he said with a sneer.

Bruno was determined to protect his daughter's happiness. With his power and wealth, he wouldn't let anyone threaten Lia's future. If it weren't for Matteo standing between them, that woman would have disappeared without a trace long ago, leaving no one the wiser. "Leave it to me. I will see what should be done to that whore," Alvis said.

"I have an idea," Lia said, a cunning smirk spreading across her face. Her words made both men exchange wicked smiles, approving of her scheming.

Emily found herself smiling more than usual at work, all thanks to Matteo Vinci. He wasn't with her at the moment, but his words and presence lingered, echoing in her mind and warming her heart.

That morning felt like a dream-they had made love three times after he proposed and she said yes: once in bed, again in the shower, and a third time in her kitchen as they clumsily prepared breakfast together. He then insisted on dropping her off, even though he needed to be in court on the opposite side of town. She was still in shock, hardly able to believe her luck. After enduring so many hardships, she had almost accepted that happiness wasn't meant for her.

But Matter'e nramice of love changed everything For the first time she felt that inv was within reach and

1/2

11:22 Sat, Oct 26

Husband Novel 237

Chapter 237 Love Is A Myth

+5 Pearle

Emily was stunned, too shocked to speak. She stared at Benedetta, frozen in the moment as her cheek throbbed from the slap.

Behind Benedetta Vinci, Lia Vassalo entered with a smug smile on her perfectly painted face.

"I'm warning you, for the last time, to stay away from my son, Leave him," Benedetta threatened, pointing a menacing finger toward Emily.

"You're misunderstanding, Mrs. Vinci. Matteo and I are" Emily began, her voice trembling as she tried to explain.

"Don't say my son's name with your filthy mouth!" Benedetta barked, stepping forward as though ready to strike Emily again. But Lia held her hand, stopping her. Instead, Lia stepped forward, fixing Emily with a cold, disdainful stare.

"If this is about money, just name your price," Lia said in a chillingly calm tone. "The amount will be transferred to your account. But take my advice: stay away from my Matteo, and don't ever contact him again."

"He doesn't want to marry you," Emily countered, standing tall, meeting Lia's gaze head-on.

Lia's eyes flashed with fury, her lips curling into a cruel smile. "And you think he wants to marry you?" she sneered, looking Emily up and down with obvious disdain. "A woman like you is only fit to warm his bed. But Matteo will marry an heiress-someone who can give him an heir. Me. Not some unworthy woman who couldn't even give him a child. So back off and leave him before you're forced to, with even more humiliation."

A mocking smile spread across Lia's face as she lifted her chin, fully enjoying Emily's discomfort.

Emily's stomach dropped. How did they know about her infertility? Had Matteo told his family? And if he had, why was he still with her? Was he simply using her until he grew tired and then moving on to marry Lia Vassalo? Emily's head spun as doubts began swarming her mind, making it hard to stand steady. But one thing was certain: these wealthy people were heartless, knowing nothing of respect and had no value for real emotion.

"If you're so sure he'll leave me and marry you, then why are you so afraid?" Emily shot back, her voice steady despite the bitterness swirling within her.

Lia's eyes narrowed, her lips tightening with annoyance at Emily's resistance.

"I don't want my son's name tied to a barren woman who'd tarnish his reputation," Benedetta cut in coldly, reaching into her bag to pull out a checkbook. "Tell me your price, and I'll see to it you leave his life for good."

I don't want your money, and don't worry-your son won't be left heirless," Emily replied, lifting her chin with a fierce determination in her eyes. "He's all yours if you think you can keep him, Lia." Her gaze cut sharply to the so-called fiancée before turning her

back on them. "Now, kindly leave my office. I have real work to do as I don't live on inherited money."

Benedetta clenched her fists, ready to put Emily in her place, but Lia quickly pulled her back, shaking her

head. With a smirk of satisfaction, she guided Benedetta out of Emily's office. Their purpose had been

1/2

12:35 Mon, Oct 28 BB

Chapter 237 Love Is A Myth

served, and they left without further drama, leaving Emily to regain her composure alone.

724

+ Pearls

As the door closed with a heavy thud, Emily sank into her chair, cradling her head in her hands as the tears she'd been holding back threatened to break free. What just happened? In mere minutes, her dreams had collided painfully with reality, unraveling any illusion she'd held onto. Maybe she'd been foolish to believe in happily-ever-afters, to think love could be real.

A soft sob slipped past her lips despite her effort to stay strong. Just then, her phone vibrated, the screen lighting up with an incoming video call from Mia. Emily's heart clenched. She didn't want Mia to see her like this, vulnerable and shaken. She bit her lip, hesitating before hurriedly wiping her eyes and taking a deep breath, trying to compose herself. Forcing a small smile, she swiped to accept the call.

"Mia, how are-" Emily began, managing a faint smile, but Mia cut her off, her voice laced with urgency.

"Emily, don't worry. Lucas is on his way to you; he is already in town, and everything's arranged. You need to leave Paris right away and come to Florence."

Emily's brow furrowed as she took in Mia's panicked expression on the screen, her own worry rising. "Mia, what's going on? Is everything alright?"

For a moment, Mia looked surprised, almost incredulous. "Emily... didn't you see the news?"

4.5K

Husband Novel 238

Chapter 238 Trial Of Hearts 45 Pearls

Ennly sat in Alessandro's private jet, her gaze fixed on the clouds drifting past as she headed to Florence. Her conversation with Mia had left no doubt about leaving Paris, especially in her current emotional state -hurt, vulnerable, and longing for the comfort of family. She missed Mia and the twins. They were her only real family. But now Alessandro had also started to show a surprising level of care and appreciation for her as Aria's best friend as he was grateful for the support she'd offered during his wife's tough times.

Emily had made the decision to stay away from Matteo after the harsh encounter with his mother and fiancée. It wasn't out of fear of their threats, but rather desire not to complicate his life further while she worked on sorting out her own. One thing was clear: there was no future for them together. Her life was already filled with complications and malevolent people, and the last thing she wanted was to drag Matteo into that chaos, marring his life with her own flaws and troubles.

She had been fine living her life alone before Matteo had entered it, and deep down, she knew she could do it again. It hurt to admit it, but distancing herself felt like the only option.

Matteo left the courtroom, his expression tense. The judge had postponed the trial once again without reaching a decision, adding yet another layer of frustration to his already long day. Still, one thought kept him grounded: his beloved-Emily. Just the idea of seeing her tonight made the rest of his day bearable. She would be waiting for him. The excitement of their upcoming date buoyed his spirits, igniting a spark of joy in the midst of his dark mood.

He had made special arrangements for the evening, determined to create a memorable experience for her. This time, he planned to propose properly, with a ring that symbolized his commitment. In the morning, his proposal had been genuine, yet it felt rushed and impulsive. He wanted to rectify that, to do it right, to make it clear that his love for her was profound and enduring.

He had already instructed her secretary to procure the most exquisite ring for Emily, confident that it would perfectly symbolize his love for her. A text from Amy confirmed that she had placed the order using Matteo's card. Although he had planned to

purchase the ring himself, the demands of the day's important trial had consumed his time and focus.

Now, he couldn't wait to see Emily's reaction when he slipped that ring onto her finger. Then he'd take her home and spend the whole night making love to her, expressing his love in every possible way and showing her just how much she meant to him. But as soon as he left the courtroom and reentered his office, his secretary rushed up to him.

"Mr. Vinci, I must tell you some important news," she blurted, her voice sounding urgent.

"Not now, Amy," Matteo dismissed her with his charming smile as he gathered his files. "Place them safely. I'll need them tomorrow." He turned to leave.

"Wait, Mr. Vinci! I was trying to contact you, but your phone was off during the trial. So I had to come here to tell you this," she said again. But Matteo shook his head, ignoring her. He could be a ruthless boss when he needed to be.

"It's about Miss Emily." Matteo's steps halted as his hand froze on the doorknob he was about to twist open when he heard Emily's name.

"What about her?" he asked, frowning.

1/2

Chapter 238 Trial Of Hearts

"This news," she said, showing him her phone. "It's everywhere."

Matteo's brow knitted with anger as he read the headline.

"Who gave this statement?" he growled.

+5 Pearls

The article claimed that Emily Yang was a promiscuous woman who cheated on Tomas Bradford during their marriage, suggesting she loved being with different men. It went on to say she was cursed to be infertile due to her promiscuous activities. Now, the article continued, she was now hounding the famous attorney Matteo Vinci, even though he had a fiancée and was set to get married next month.

The news had ruined Emily's reputation as a decent woman. People were leaving nasty comments, calling for her to be sent to prison, and referring to her inappropriate and dirty names.

Matteo's heart sank at the thought of Emily reading and hearing all those things. What had she been through while he was in the courtroom, fighting for justice, while the world was inflicting such injustice on his beloved?/

"I tried to trace the sources, and it turns out it was Tomas Bradford who gave his interview to a tabloid. From there, it spread to other outlets," she informed him.

"That bloody asshole," Matteo gritted through clenched teeth, his jaw tight with rage. "He should have hung until death, not just received a life sentence. Now he's going to pay for smearing Emily's image."

Amy nodded with a serious expression, fully aware that her boss was true to his word and would go to any lengths to keep his promises.

"Get that news removed from everywhere, instantly," he barked, running a frantic hand through his hair while trying Emily's number, only to reach voicemail. "I want a public apology from them for printing such baseless statements based on the words of a criminal serving a life sentence. They need to understand who they're messing with-Matteo Vinci's woman. I'll make sure they pay for their relentless actions," he vowed, his voice filled with determination.

"I'll call your assistant and everyone in the PR team to take immediate action, following your exact orders," Amy replied, ready to execute his commands.

But Matteo didn't wait for her to finish her sentence. He quickly left, taking his car to Emily's office. When he arrived, she wasn't there. He asked everyone around, but no one had any answers. Growing increasingly worried, he drove to her apartment, only to find the door locked and her phone still switched off. Fear gripped his heart.

"Where are you, mon amour?" Matteo murmured helplessly, looking up at the dark sky illuminated by stars, searching for a hint of where she might be. Just then, his phone began to ring.

4.5K

5

Husband Novel 239

t Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 239 Risking It All

72%

"Matteo, where are you?" Alessandro's annoyed voice came through the phone as Matteo answered the call.

"I'm in Paris, Alessandro. What's the matter?" Matteo asked, though he had no real desire to talk to anyone. His mind was still consumed with worry about Emily.

"Do you seriously not know what happened?" Alessandro's frustrated growl made Matteo wince before he continued. "I relied on you for Emily's safety, but you've disappointed me." The statement made Matteo frown, confusion mingling with his concern.

"You know that Aria loved Emily as a sister, and I promised her I'd always protect Emily. But today's incident... it made me feel like I've failed to keep my promise to my wife," Alessandro kept ranting, but all Matteo could think about was Emily. She was all that mattered now-nothing else.

"Where is Emily?" he asked urgently, his heart pounding as he awaited the anticipated answer.

"She just landed in Florence and will be staying with us," Alessandro replied, allowing Matteo to finally release a breath of relief. But almost instantly, that relief twisted into worry. She left Paris without a word to him... which meant...which could only mean one thing. She did not trust him enough to reach out, or- she believed that he was somehow responsible for all of this.

"Fuck!" Matteo cursed out loud, making Alessandro frown on the other side.

"What?!" Alessandro scowled, irritation clear in his voice.

"Ah...huh! Nothing," Matteo replied quickly. "I've already arranged for the news to be erased, with no trace left behind. And I know exactly who's responsible. I'll be handling that personally," he added, his face darkening with determination as he made a silent vow to make things right.

Without waiting for Alessandro's reply, Matteo ended the call and quickly got into his car, heading straight to confront Tomas in jail.

On the other end of the line, Alessandro groaned in frustration at his friend's reckless behavior, staring at the blank screen as the call ended. But as he slipped his phone back into his pocket, he heard Aria's excited voice, "She's here!"

So, Emily had arrived, and Alessandro couldn't help but smile at his wife's joy. Aria had been worried sick since the news broke and hadn't eaten anything until Emily confirmed she was coming to Florence. Alessandro loved his wife deeply, and he'd do anything to

keep that radiant smile on her beautiful face, including taking care of the people she cherished.

Matteo parked his car and got out, his rage evident in every step as he strode straight into the jail. He approached the officer in charge, an old friend who'd known Matteo for years. After Matteo assured him that he wouldn't break any rules or cause trouble, the officer agreed to allow him access to Tomas.

As the prison door opened, the guards led another inmate out, transferring him to a different cell. Tomas, sensing something unusual, looked up curiously-only for his face to drain of color when he saw Matteo Vinci enter and the cell door lock behind him. In that instant, Tomas felt as if he were staring death in the face.

"Wait! How can he enter my cell?" Tomas yelled, desperation flooding his mind as he rushed toward the

1/2

Chapter 239 Risking It All

bars, trying to call for help. But to his dismay, no one responded except for Matteo Vinci.

0.72%

45 Pearls

"Do you still not get that messing with Matteo Vinci will take you to your grave?" Matteo growled, his teeth clenched tight. Tomas was visibly shaking, fear etched on his face.

"Now start speaking. Why did you give that interview, and who told you to do it?" Matteo asked, his tone deceptively calm. But that calm was even more menacing than a roar of threat, leaving no doubt about the seriousness of the situation.

Tomas looked at Matteo without blinking for a second, weighing his options in that brief moment. But when he saw Matteo's face darken with irritation and impatience, he realized he had messed with the wrong man. He had thought he could take revenge on both Emily and Matteo with one statement, branding Emily as a promiscuous woman. However, seeing Matteo standing before him now threw a wrench in his plan. He never imagined that any man-especially someone like Matteo Vinci-could care so deeply for a woman like Emily that he would risk everything, including his own successful career as a lawyer, by breaking the law for her sake.

But the deadly resolution on Matteo's face left no doubt in Tomas's heart; he knew Matteo would kill him without thinking twice, not even for a heartbeat. So, he began to spill everything as if a button had been flipped on his tape recorder. As he revealed the truth, it only fueled Matteo's fury; the names Tomas mentioned were not what Matteo

had expected. A deep sense of betrayal washed over him, and he realized there was no turning back from what he had decided to do to them.

Husband Novel 240

0

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 240 Face To Face

Matteo's fists clenched as he stepped closer, his gaze deadly and unwavering. +5
Pearls

"Get one thing straight, Tomas," he growled, his jaw tight as he glared menacingly at him. "Emily is mine. and anyone who dares to mess with her becomes my enemy. The whole world knows what Matteo Vinci does to his enemies-they don't last long." His voice was low but filled with an unmistakable threat, sending a shiver down Tomas's spine.

Tomas fell to his knees, trembling, pleading desperately, "No, Mr. Vinci, I was manipulated. I swear, I'll never go near Emily again!"

He barely finished his sentence when Matteo's fist landed hard on his face, the punch so powerful that Tomas groaned in pain as he fell to the ground, the impact-leaving no doubt about the severity of Matteo's warning. "Don't you fucking dare say her name with that filthy mouth of yours," Matteo snarled, his voice sounding like a furious roar.

At the sound of the commotion, the cell guard hurried over, starting to open the door as he sensed things were about to escalate further. Matteo took a controlled breath, reigning in his fury, and straightened his suit jacket, dusting off his sleeves with a cold composure. Tomas, his face bruised and bloody, looked up, desperation in his eyes. "I'm sorry," he pleaded, his voice shaking. "I'll never do anything like that again. Please... forgive me."

The guard cleared his throat. "Sir, time's up. You need to leave," he reminded Matteo, casting a wary glance at Tomas's bloodied face.

Matteo nodded to the cell guard. "Alright," he replied, then turned back to Tomas with a deadly glare. "Keep that in mind if you want to live. It doesn't matter where you are; ending you is never difficult for me."

Tomas nodded frantically. "I'll remember, Mr. Vinci."

"Good," Matteo replied, his eyes narrowing before he turned and strode out of the cell. The guard followed, locking the door behind them.

After expressing his gratitude to the jail officer for his cooperation, Matteo left, his mind already focused on those responsible for forcing Emily away from him.

Matteo sat in his car, his mind racing as he drove straight to the home. On the way, he called his mother, only to find out she had already left for Florence with his father. His father was in the city and no one had informed him-not even his father-about his sudden trip. His mother told him that his father was in the city for some so-called urgent work and had left as soon as his tasks were complete. But, Matteo knew exactly what kind of work his father had rushed to attend to in Paris. He changed his route, now heading directly to the airport as he booked the next flight to Florence.

As soon as his flight landed, Matteo went straight to his father's home. Each passing moment fueled his anger, making the drive feel endless. His jaw clenched, and his fists tightened as the car covered the distance, his assistant steering them steadily toward his father's mansion.

As soon as the car came to a halt at the front of his father's mansion, Matteo yanked the door open and sprinted toward the entrance. No one stopped him as he rushed inside. His mother met him in the grand

hall of the mansion her face lighting up at the sight of him

1/2

Chapter 240 Face To Face

"Matteo! I didn't know you were coming!" she exclaimed, her voice warm and welcoming.

+5 Pearls

But Matteo's expression remained dark and cold as he cut her off with a single, pointed question. "Where is my

father?"

His mother's smile faltered. "He's in the study," she replied cautiously, recognizing that her son was not in the mood to exchange pleasantries.

Matteo darted straight to his father's study, pushing the door open without hesitation. Inside, he found his father and Bruno Vassalo seated comfortably, both savoring their

scotch as if celebrating some hidden victory. The sight only fueled Matteo's anger further. Both heads turned toward Matteo as he barged in without knocking. The warm light of the room contrasted sharply with Matteo's icy demeanor, amplifying the tension that crackled in the air.

Instead of annoyance, his father grinned widely. "Matteo, come in, son. You're the only one missing here."

Matteo felt a surge of disgust at his father's fake display of affection. The anger bubbling inside him took control as he strode forward, grabbing the expensive twenty-year-old scotch bottle and slamming it to the floor. The shattering glass made both older men wince in confusion.

"What the fuck is that, Matteo?" his father snapped coldly.

"This is exactly what I wanted to ask you, Father. What the fuck was that?" Matteo shot back, his nostrils flaring as he struggled to control his breath. He locked eyes with his father, a challenging glare that dared him to respond.

4.6K