

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

## Husband Novel 241

Chapter 241 What Goes Around Comes Around

Alvis Vinci frowned, retorting, "Where are your manners, Matteo?"

"I'm not a five-year-old child, Father," Matteo countered, his tone severe. "And stop trying to control my life."

"What are you talking about?" Alvis asked calmly, a smug smirk playing on his lips as he swirled the amber liquid in his glass.

"Why did you make Tomas Bradford give that statement and ruin Emily's reputation in public?" Matteo demanded, his authority clear in his voice.

"So, the rumors were right," Alvis sneered, glaring at his son. "You do care about that whore."

"She is not a whore!" Matteo roared, slamming his hand on the table where the scotch glasses rested. They jumped, spilling amber liquid over the surface. Bruno and Alvis both trembled, the dreadful aura radiating from Matteo sending chills down their spines.

"I am warning you to stay away from her," Matteo said, pointing a threatening finger at his father. "She is my woman, and we are going to get married very soon. "What?" Bruno exclaimed, his eyes widening in shock. "You can't marry that woman! You're already betrothed to my daughter," he reminded the ruthless attorney.

"First of all, don't refer to her as 'that woman. Her name is Emily Yang, and she is my beloved," Matteo pronounced through clenched teeth. "Secondly, I am not going to marry your daughter." He lifted his head in defiance. "I never intended to marry her. It was all you people planning in your stupid heads. I've told Lia, and she knows I don't feel anything for her." Matteo paused, allowing the weight of his words to settle over the old men. "The only woman I love is Emily, and I am going to marry her, no matter what. So..." He now faced his father with a warning stare, "Stop creating trouble for her. She has me, and I'll keep her safe. But..." Matteo shook his head, pointing a finger and waving it in warning before his father. "No one will be here to save you if I turn my back."

His father swallowed, realizing the extent of what his younger son was capable of.

"Matteo, you can't be such a fool," his father tried, using his last trump card. "Marrying that infertile woman will lead you nowhere. You'll be heirless. Son, please try to

understand. Your mother and I are getting older day by day, and we want an heir to carry on our bloodline and legacy."

Matteo laughed mockingly. "Why don't you ask your favorite son instead? I'm sure he wouldn't have any problem giving you an heir," he said sarcastically, referring to his older brother. Though already married, his brother had yet to produce any children, and Matteo had no idea why.

But the helpless expression on his father's face hinted at something more significant than he had imagined.

"Spare me from this family politics," Matteo added carelessly, slipping his hands into his pockets. "I don't want to bring a child into this world only to suffer in a selfish family like ours. I don't want him to endure what I've had to live through all my life. Emily is the perfect match for me. We're a perfect fit together."

His father's fists clenched as his carefully laid plans crumbled before him.

"Matteo, don't forget-you won't inherit a thing if you refuse to marry an heiress and produce heirs," Alvis

reminded his tone laced with warning

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Tue, Oct 29

Chapter 241 What Goes Around Comes Around

45 Pearls

Matteo's expression remained calm. "I don't need your cursed wealth. I'm perfectly fine with what I have, he replied coldly. "Give it all to your elder son. Maybe then he'll give you the heir you're so desperate for He snorted, turning on his heel and heading to the door. "Matteo, you'll regret this decision!" his father shouted after him, but Matteo only smirked, shaking his head as he walked away without a second glance.

"Don't worry about me, Father," Matteo replied, his voice cold and unwavering as he kept walking.

"Matteo, wait!" His father's voice sounded pleading, desperate even, but Matteo kept walking. "Your brother..." There was a hesitation, a break in Alvis's voice that made Matteo pause briefly. "He... he can't be a father," What?! Matteo furrowed looking over his shoulder.

His father continued, "Because... because of his drug use, his sperm count is too low. The doctors have lost hope. Our last hope is you, Matteo."

His elder brother was impotent, yet his father had the audacity to blame Emily and tarnish her reputation in public. What a hypocrite.

Matteo exhaled a slow, heavy breath. He had nothing to say; this, he knew, was the family's karma, catching up with them. He was done with their selfish games. He didn't want to be a part of this, a part of them. His resolve solidified as he opened the door of the study and stepped outside. He heard his father calling his name with desperation, Bruno shouting with anger, and his mother rushing to stop him, but he continued striding purposefully toward his car, where his assistant held the door open. Matteo got in without casting another glance back.

"Let's go to Alessandro's mansion," Matteo instructed as he fastened his seatbelt. His assistant nodded, starting the ignition, and the car roared to life, soaring down the road as Matteo's heart raced with excitement at the thought of seeing his beloved.

## Husband Novel 242

10:30 Wed, Oct 30 BB.

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 242 Longing For Her

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Finished

Matteo stared at the illuminated mansion of Alessandro Valentino, the Italian don and his closest friend. But the rapid thumping in his chest wasn't because of Alessandro-it was because of Emily, the woman he loved more than anything. Sitting in the car on the way over, he'd rehearsed the conversation, just as he would before arguing a case in court, a habit that had made him one of the most skilled and successful lawyers in the country. But tonight, this wasn't an argument he intended to win. He was prepared to lose if it meant he could gain the trust of the woman he loved

Taking a deep breath and rubbing his hands together to wipe away the sweat, Matteo straightened his posture and strode confidently into the mansion. The guard quickly informed Alessandro of Matteo's arrival, and just as Matteo stepped into the living area, Alessandro came down the hall. It was late-almost midnight-and Alessandro looked like he'd been interrupted mid-way through something, his robe loosely tied and his hair a bit

disheveled. The sight made Matteo clear his throat, forcing himself not to think too much about his friend's bedroom life.

"What's the matter, Matteo?" Alessandro's voice was gruff and slightly irritated, a hint of confusion etched on his face.

"I told you I was coming, remember?" Matteo teased, a smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Alessandro glared at his lawyer friend, snapping, "Do you have any idea what time it is?"

Matteo flipped his wrist to check his expensive watch. Yeah, it's still night," he replied with a casual grin

When Alessandro narrowed his eyes in annoyance, Matteo chuckled. "Okay, a little late, but you're still awake!" He shrugged, adopting an innocent expression

Alessandro sighed in frustration, leaning back in his chair. "What happened with the news?"

Matteo's face suddenly turned serious, his eyes becoming stern as he replied, "It's been taken care of and removed."

"Did you find out who spread it?" Alessandro asked, taking a seat and gesturing for Matteo to sit across from him.

"It was Tomas Bradford who gave the statement to a tabloid and spread the rumors. But I made sure he knew exactly who he was messing with. He won't be able to pull a stunt like that again-I've made certain. of it." Matteo's jaw clenched, a subtle tension that didn't go unnoticed by Alessandro.

He watched his friend intently, recognizing a depth of emotion he had never seen before. Matteo wasn't a family man; he didn't care about relationships, except for their friendship. Until now, the only person who mattered to Matteo was Alessandro. So what had changed? Alessandro was perplexed, wondering why Matteo was so invested in Emily's case. The concern etched on his friend's face was new and concerning. What had sparked this intense interest in her honor and safety?

"Are you alright?" Alessandro asked, his gaze trying to decipher the shifting expressions on his friend's face with each passing second.

"Yeah!" Matteo breathed out heavily. "I'm fine."

He was careful to keep any hint of his father's involvement hidden. He could have mentioned Bruno Vassalo's name, but that would risk dragging his father into

Alessandro's unforgiving hands. Matteo knew well that the Italian don's definition of retice une ewift and lethal Rut Matten was confident he could

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10:30 Wed, Oct 30 BB.

Chapter 242 Longing For Her

Finished

handle his own family. After tonight's confrontation, he was certain his father wouldn't interfere in his relationship with Emily again. "How's Emily?" Matteo asked, his tone shifting, carrying a rare hint of vulnerability that Alessandro had hardly ever seen in him,

"She's fine. Aria's with her and has been looking after her," Alessandro assured him with a firm nod.

"Can I see her?" Matteo asked, his voice steady but insistent.

"Now?" Alessandro's brows shot up, surprised at the request. "It's late-almost inappropriate to disturb her at this hour. She might be asleep, and I told you, she's doing fine. You can see her in the morning." But Alessandro didn't know that Matteo couldn't wait until morning. His heart was anxious and restless; without seeing Emily's face, he felt he wouldn't make it through the night.

"I'll see her right now, and I won't take much time," Matteo insisted, making Alessandro sigh.

Alessandro nodded, pulling out his phone and texting Aria to check if Emily was awake. A moment later, Aria replied, confirming that Emily was indeed awake and that she'd accompany Matteo to see her. "Alright, go to the guest room on the first floor. Aria will meet you there and take you to see Emily. Just don't overwhelm her with questions, and keep it brief, okay?" Alessandro advised, his tone firm.

Matteo nodded, relief and excitement swirling in his chest. Unable to contain his impatience, he quickly headed toward the stairs, rushing up to the first floor to see her.

He reached the guest room before Aria and waited anxiously, his gaze fixed on the door. Every fiber of him wanted to knock, to open it and pull Emily into his arms, but he held back, respecting Aria and Alessandro's protection over her.

"Matteo," Aria called softly as she descended from the second floor. Her steps were careful, and the slight curve of her baby bump was now visible beneath her nightgown.

She found it unusual, even strange, that Matteo insisted on seeing Emily at this hour with such urgency. Normally, she would have argued with Alessandro to give her friend some privacy, but knowing how much Matteo had supported them, Aria agreed-though only for a few minutes. She planned to ensure that Matteo didn't overstay, giving Emily the rest she needed.

Matteo tried to smile, but in his desperation, plcntries slipped his mind. Instead, his words rushed out, "Can you please ask her to open the door?"

The urgency in his voice didn't escape Aria's notice, and with a quiet nod, she knocked on the door.

Emily opened it, expecting Aria, as she'd received her text moments before. But finding Matteo standing just behind her, his gaze brimming with emotion, took her by surprise. She felt a wave of vulnerability rising within her but steadied herself, redirecting her attention to Aria. "Emily," Aria began softly, "Matteo's here. He wants to talk to you."

Emily's expression hardened, a cool resolve settling over her. "I don't want to talk to him," she replied firmly, her gaze unwavering, "Tell him he should leave

## Husband Novel 243

et Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 243 His Beloved

Matteo's heart seemed to stop as he realized how angry Emily was-she wouldn't even loo direction, acting as though he didn't exist. Damn. He was definitely in trouble, and he knew it. 24.70%

his

+5 Pearls

"But Emily, at least hear him out. He only came to see if you're alright," Aria urged gently, trying to ease the tension.

She felt bad for Matteo, fearing he might feel humiliated, but she was also slightly irritated with him. He brought this on himself, she thought. Why had he insisted on disturbing Emily at such an hour? Still, as a guest, she treated him with respect and politeness. "I'm going to sleep, and you should too, Mia," Emily said, dodging her friend's urging. She moved her hand, already resting on the door, to close it without giving Aria a chance to respond.

Matteo's heart sank as he watched Emily ignore him completely. He couldn't let her walk away with this misunderstanding, and the thought of her punishing him for his family's mistakes sparked frustration. Reacting quickly, he placed his hand against the door, stopping Emily from shutting him out.

"What are you doing, Matteo?" Aria scolded, clearly annoyed by his behavior toward her friend. But Matteo ignored Aria's irritation, his gaze fixed entirely on the woman before him.

Emily struggled to close the door, but Matteo held his hand firmly against it—not pushing, just preventing her from shutting him out. His eyes were calm and gentle, and the pleading expression on his face made Emily feel her resolve silently breaking down. She swallowed, steadying herself as she fought to regain her

composure.

"What are you doing here?" she finally breathed, the furrow between her finely shaped brows deepening as beads of sweat appeared on her forehead and Matteo realized she was feeling uneasy. His first instinct was to give her space, to leave her alone, but he couldn't just walk away and leave her to be on her own. He wanted to be with her, to comfort her in his arms.

"Why did you run off without saying a word?" Matteo's accusing voice echoed in Emily's ears, making her freeze. "I told you we were going on a date, so why did you disappear just like that?" he questioned again, his tone a mix of hurt and frustration.

"I... I..." Emily stammered as she was caught off guard. She hadn't expected Matteo to confront her about their date of all things.

Then, gathering her resolve, she lifted her head and met his gaze with a challenging look. "Did you seriously come all this way just to ask me that question" she shot back, narrowing her eyes

Aria watched the two of them, confused, listening to their exchange. Had she missed something? They didn't seem to have a strictly professional relationship, but something much more personal.

"What's going on here?" Aria asked, glancing between them. Emily chewed her lower lip shyly, a hint of crimson spreading across her cheeks, while Matteo stood silently, waiting for her to respond to her best friend, perhaps to explain the nature of their relationship. "Amore mio, let's give them some space," Alessandro's deep voice resonated from behind her, causing Aria to jump slightly. She turned to see him standing there, surprised at how quietly he had sneaked up on her without her noticing. His expression was calm yet firm as he wrapped an arm around her shoulders and began gently guiding her back toward their room.



But Aria resisted glancing huck at Emily in not leaving her alone until I know w she feels comfortable

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Chapter 243 His Beloved

talking to him."

++5 Pearls

Alessandro gazed at Matteo and finally understood what had been so unusual about his lawyer friend. He was deeply in love-with Emily Yang. So, that was why Matteo had gone to such lengths to resolve everything so swiftly and had come all this way to see her as if his life depended on it. However, Alessandro had sensed this the moment Matteo had pushed back against him, insisting on seeing Emily as if he would die if he didn't meet her right then.

Looking at his wife, Alessandro sighed. He knew how his pregnant wife could be stubborn, especially with her pregnancy-hightened mood swings. "Okay, cuore mio. Let's stay back and give them a chance to talk." he murmured softly, hoping to ease her worries. Matteo stepped closer and took Emily's hand, his grip warm and reassuring. "I promised you we would have a date night," he said, his voice soft yet firm, drawing her attention back to him. "And I'm here to fulfill that promise."

Hearing this did little to calm Emily's fury. She was still hurt by what his mother and fiancée had done to her. Pulling her hand back, she walked away from him Matteo followed her into her room, the door left ajar. Aria and Alessandro stood at a distance, watching the unfolding tension.

"Such a cunning lawyer you are, Matteo Vinci." Emily shot back, turning swiftly to face him as she stopped in the middle of the room.

Matteo frowned, realizing she might still be angry about what his family had done to her. "Mon amour, I didn't know about it, and I'm so sorry you had to go through all those difficulties alone," he whispered, his voice laced with pain, making Emily's heart soften for him. "Coming here as you wish and asking for forgiveness won't work, Matteo Vinci. You have your wedding next month, and your family wants you to marry an heiress who can give you children. Why are you here? Go to your fiancée; you're only wasting your time," Emily retorted, her expression icy and resolute.

"Ma douce," Matteo said, his voice laced with both desperation and tenderness, "I've told you this before, and I'll say it again: I'm not marrying anyone else. I won't go anywhere until you forgive me and come back to me." His gaze held a deep pleading, reflecting the sincerity of his words.



He wouldn't marry Lia, huh? Yet his fiancée and mother came to threaten her to break up with him. Emily sneered inwardly.

"No, Matteo Vinci. I am done with men like you. No one has the right to hurt me anymore," Emily snapped, her anger spilling out in harsh words. Matteo stood there, watching her with a soft gaze.

It wasn't in his nature to listen to anyone, but he was ready to change every part of himself to become the man deserving of this fiery goddess with glistening eyes and a vulnerable expression standing before him.

"Your mother and fiancée came to my office, humiliating me because you wanted to be with me, and it's all my fault." Emily scowled, throwing her hands up in frustration.

What?! His mother and his fiancée-his fake fiancée, Lia-went to her office to assault her?! He hadn't known about it before, but now that he did, he was determined not to let them realize how wrong they were to target the woman he loved.

"I was stupid to fall for your lies and believe you," Emily said, averting her eyes. She was telling him what she thought he needed to hear. She wanted him to feel hurt and leave her alone; it was better for him that way. She wasn't good enough for him, and that his future would be doomed if he stayed with her. He should go. He should leave before her resolution dissolved. So she hardened her voice even further.

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10:34 Thu, Oct 31 BUB

Chapter 243 His Beloved

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70%

+5 Pearls

"I don't feel anything for you, Mr. Vinci," she said firmly, but the faint tremor in her voice made Matteo realize she wasn't serious.

Liar! The thought amused him, causing a smile to creep across his face.

"We had a good time together, but now it's over. If you don't have anything else to say, please leave," Emily added sternly.

Matteo remained silent, quietly standing with a soft smile on his face. Emily, however, was seething with anger at his calm demeanor.

"What are you smiling at? You don't have anything to say? Cat got your tongue, Matteo Vinci? What happened to the famous attorney of the century?" she mocked, her voice rising with frustration.

Matteo couldn't help but grin, shaking his head as his gaze remained fixed on her. "You still don't understand?" he asked, amusement dancing in his eyes.

"What?" she snapped, irritation flaring.

"That a man only listens to a woman he loves, and no one else can make him speechless."

Emily was stunned into silence, her anger momentarily forgotten as she processed his words.

"I love you, Emily Yang. I love you so much!"

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## Husband Novel 244

t Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 244 A Euphoric Bubble

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+5 Pearls

Emily's lips parted as she blinked at the powerful, mesmerizing man before her. It was as if a spell had been cast, encasing them both in a euphoric bubble. When she didn't say a word, Matteo took a step closer, gently grabbing her arm and pulling her into his embrace.

"I'm not going anywhere, mon amour," he murmured softly, his voice filled with a quiet intensity. "I'm sorry you had to face all those hardships, but I promise you-I'll make everyone pay for what they did to you," he vowed, his words laced with fierce determination. "But please, don't punish me like this by being angry and pushing me away." He held her close, looking deep into her blue doe eyes and willing her to see the sincerity in his gaze.

"So you mean I can't even be angry at you?" Emily pouted, her frustration melting away in an instant under the charm of this relentless attorney. He really was a master at winning arguments-but he was her charming lawyer, she thought, biting her bottom lip to hide a smile.

Matteo sighed in relief as he saw Emily's face soften, a hint of a smile breaking through.

"You have every right to be angry with me, mon amour," Matteo murmured. "Fight with me, yell at me if you need to-but don't leave me. I don't know what I'd do if you did that again. I swear, I'd die." His voice dropped, intense and vulnerable, his gaze holding hers with undeniable sincerity.

Swiftly, Emily placed her soft, small palm over his mouth, shaking her head. "Don't say that again," she whispered, her eyes wide with the visible fear of losing him.

Matteo kissed the inside of her palm and, with a gentle smile, took her hand in his larger one.

"Then don't ever leave me again," he proposed, his voice both a plea and a vow. Emily couldn't help but smile, her gaze softening as she nodded, signaling her agreement.

"Okay," was all she could manage, her heart swelling with an overwhelming love for the man before her. Matteo pulled her into a tight embrace, and as she rested her head against his chest, he placed a tender kiss on her temple. His sigh was one of pure relief. Tucking her head beneath his chin, he finally felt a sense of peace as his heartbeat resumed its normal pace, steady and sure.

Alessandro and Aria smiled as they watched Matteo and Emily, completely lost in their love for one another. Aria, resting all her weight against Alessandro's solid frame, leaned into his arms and tilted her head up to gaze at her mafia husband.

"They're so sweet," she said, her voice thick with emotion. Alessandro chuckled softly and pressed a gentle- kiss to her lips, fully aware of how sentimental his beautiful wife could be.

"Happy now?!" he asked, a warm smile spreading across his face as he looked down at the love of his life.

Aria nodded, returning his warm smile.

"So," Alessandro murmured, his voice low and teasing, can I take you to the room and pick up where we left off?" His eyes gleamed with desire, and Aria blushed, nodding shyly.

She also craved her hot mafia husband, eager to know how else he could please her without being rough, especially since the doctor had advised him to be gentle during the intercourse.

Alessandro swept Aria into his arms in a bridal carry, causing her to gasp as her eyes darted toward Emily's room. A hint of worry crossed her mind-what might Emily and Matteo think of this sudden display of affetto? Alessandro didn't seem to care. His only form was on her showing his love without restraint.

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10:34 Thu, Oct 31

Chapter 244 A Euphoric Bubble

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+5 Pearls

Fortunately, Matteo and Emily, deeply absorbed in their own moment, remained oblivious to the Italian don's open adoration of his wife.

Once inside their room, Alessandro closed the door behind them and brought Aria directly to the bed, laying her down gently. A soft whimper escaped her lips, filled with anticipation. Her nerves fluttered, and heat radiated through her body, igniting a fire within. Alessandro pulled back slightly, taking a moment to steady himself as he gazed at her. Controlling his burning desire to take her right then and there was a challenge. He knew he had to be patient and gentle, but it was the hardest thing to do when faced with this enchanting goddess who drove him to the brink of madness, making him want to worship her body with everything he had.

Aria, growing impatient, extended her hand toward her husband. "What are you doing just standing there? Touch me, please!" she urged, her voice full of longing.

"Fuck!" Alessandro groaned, her desperate plea igniting a fierce desire within him. "You'll be the death of me, piccola tentatrice."

He leaned in, placing one knee on the bed, his weight dipping the mattress beneath them. Taking both her hands in one of his, he gently pinned them above her head, his other hand braced beside her. Then, with a fierce, unrestrained hunger, he brought his lips to hers, feeling her soft gasp of pleasure as he deepened the kiss, lost in the intensity of the moment.

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## Husband Novel 245

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 245 Raw Desire +5 Pearls

Aria gasped as her body felt seemingly on fire. Pregnancy had heightened every sensation, making her more sensitive in certain places, and Alessandro's intense, hungry gaze was enough to leave her wet and craving his touch. Now, with Alessandro kissing her as though she were his last meal, and as if he'd die if he broke away, her heart bloomed with overwhelming love. They were about to become parents for the second time, yet the passion she saw in Alessandro's eyes was just as fierce as ever. He was literally crazy about her, and she found it both thrilling and surprising-she'd never imagined a man like Alessandro, so powerful and charming, endlessly pursued by other women, would desire her so much.

Alessandro's hands roamed over the soft curves of Aria's body, and the desire to feel her even more deeply took over. Without warning, he gathered the fabric of her nightgown in his fists, tugging it over her head and breaking their kiss for only a heartbeat-just enough to rid them of the flimsy barrier between them. Now, with her bare skin under his touch, he felt a fierce contentment. She was entirely his, and he made sure she knew it every second of every day.

"Oh, Alessandro..." Aria moaned, her voice trembling as his hands slid over her curves, one hand firmly gripping her plump breast still covered by her bra.

His fingers brushed over her sensitive nipple, sending a jolt through her body that made her thighs clench, her core pulsing with need. She writhed beneath him as his huge and powerful body hovered over her. Alessandro held himself just above her, careful not to press all his weight down. Aria's back arched, her hands straining against his grip as she yearned to touch him too. Her heartbeat raced, her breathing grew heavier with each teasing second. She was so-so turned on, and his hot, full lips pressed against hers made her lose control. She didn't care if she begged him for what she wanted and let him know how much she wanted him.

"Yes, baby," Alessandro panted, barely holding himself back. His length was painfully hard, the throbbing as it pressed against the confines of his boxers. Grabbing a handful of her hair, he tilted her head back with rough urgency. His voice was hoarse and desperate as he murmured, "Tell me what you want."

"I want you, hubby. I need you inside me. Now," she cried as the cruel seduction of her mafia husband was making her lose her sanity, and if he didn't give her what she craved, she'd take matters into her own hands. She'd push him back, straddle him, and

ride him to her satisfaction, impaling herself on every inch of his monstrous, throbbing length.

"What part of me do you want inside you, mia moglie?" Alessandro teased, drawing out the question, his tone dark and playful. He loved watching the way Aria's irritation melted into raw desire-how it spurred her to claim what she wanted, and he relished every moment of it.

Aria's face was a mix of frustration and longing, but she couldn't hold back. Parting her lips, she arched her back to press more of herself against him, her breath coming in quick gasps as she murmured, "I want your cock inside me."

Alessandro felt breathless at her bold demand, but he craved more of her-more to hear from her sinfully sweet mouth.

"Where exactly do you want it, amore mio?" he groaned, his eyes darkening to nearly black with lust as he watched her begging beneath him.

"Uh... don't tease me, hubby," she moaned as he bit her nipple through the fabric of her bra.

"Then tell me exactly what you want me to do," Alessandro demanded, his voice laced with authority.

His gaze held her captive. an enchanting force that dissolved her hesitation. With a deep breath, she

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92%

Chapter 245 Raw Desire

surrendered to her desires, letting them spill forth in a rush of demanding words.

+5 Pearls

She wanted this to be different, to push the boundaries, to make the night unforgettable. Barely above a whisper, she breathed, "Tonight, I want you to take my back hole, to claim every part of me." Happy Halloween, dear reader!!!

Best wishes,

Page Slayer.

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## Husband Novel 246

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 246 Wild Passion

Alessandro's lips parted in surprise and confusion; he wasn't sure he'd heard correctly.

"Are you sure, baby?"

+5 Pearls

"Yes, hubby. I want you to claim me completely as yours in every way," Aria replied.

"So... how do you want me? On my hands and knees?" she asked, chewing on her pink lip.

His adorable wife had clearly watched her share of porn, and the Italian don chuckled at the thought.

"Don't worry, baby. I'll take care of this. I'll make sure you enjoy every second," he promised, kissing his wife's lips.

A sly smile crossed his face as he reached over to the nightstand, pulled out a tube of lube and tossed it onto the bed beside her. They'd never really needed it before, but Alessandro always kept his hidden treasures stocked, ready to heighten his queen's pleasure. Then, with a glint in his eye, he opened the drawer again and drew out a smooth, ribbed metal plug.

Aria's eyes widened, her gaze fixed on the glistening metallic toy as it caught the soft light from the bedside lamp.

She felt a rush of anticipation, her breath hitching as she whispered, "You have all those things ready?"

Watching the expression on his naive wife's face, Alessandro let out a low, breathy laugh.

"You have no idea, baby, how long I've waited for this," he replied, his voice thick with desire. He rubbed a generous amount of lube on the plug, his movements deliberate and teasing.



Parting her legs, he slid his hand down to her wet folds, teasing her clitoris, gathering her slickness on his fingers coated in lube. He circled her dark hole with his thumb, applying just enough pressure before gently penetrating it.

Aria gasped, feeling discomfort at first, but as Alessandro began to manipulate her back hole, the pain quickly transformed into pleasure. She found herself surrendering to the sensations, a moan escaping her lips as she realized just how much she was enjoying it.

Closing her eyes, Aria surrendered to the pleasure her mafia husband was drawing from her, so lost in the sensations that she didn't notice when Alessandro replaced his thumb with the plug. Her eyes fluttered open, a gasp escaping as the discomfort built, the cool metal stretching her muscles, igniting a deep, burning ache.

"Easy, baby. Take a deep breath," Alessandro murmured, his tone a mix of command and reassurance. He eased the plug back out, only to press it in slowly again, each movement deliberate. The initial sting turned into more discomfort and she felt her muscles clenching instinctively around the plug, but weirdly she felt she was growing wet with it.

"Fuck! It's too much to bear," Aria cried, cursing the moment she had agreed to this wild experience.

"Just a few seconds, baby, and it'll be the best pleasure you've ever felt," Alessandro assured her, his voice low and seductive as he pushed the plug deeper. He shifted slightly, his cock pressing against her aching cunt. Wait! She realized with a jolt that he had discarded his boxers, and she hadn't even noticed.

Her eyes widened at the realization of what he was about to do. Panic surged within her at the thought of

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him filling both her holes at

experienced anything like this

She had never known Anna

the thought of it

10:02 Sat, Nov 2

Chapter 246 Wild Passion

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+5 Pearls

terrified her. One thing was certain-his size would stretch her beyond her limits, and she feared he would tear her apart.

Oh no, wait!" she panicked, her breath coming in quick gasps, but Alessandro didn't give her a chance to protest. He pulled her over him, making her straddle his hips while he lay back on the bed.

"Trust me, piccola," Alessandro rasped, his voice thick with barely contained control. "I'm going to give you the best orgasm you've ever had." His promise sent a flutter of nervousness and excitement through her, and she was ready to see what he had in store. "Ride me!" he ordered, and Aria obeyed. She grasped the thick, steely hardness of her mafia husband, aligning it with her opening before slowly descending onto him. Alessandro's hips moved fiercely, thrusting upward to meet her as she sank down, the sensations overwhelming both of them.

Her head fell back as her ruthless mafia husband's cock filled her in a way she never thought possible. The plug stretched her back hole, leaving her feeling deliciously full, almost sending her spiraling into ecstasy. "Oh, God! It feels so good," she cried out, riding him harder. With each thrust, the plug shifted deeper, bringing her tantalizingly close to climax.

"I. Told. You. Piccola," Alessandro breathed out through gritted teeth, his voice raw with desire as he never stopped thrusting. "Fuck, baby doll, you're so tight."

He grunted, his grip tightening on her hips as he guided her movements, forcing her to rise and fall on him. His thrusts became more ferocious, driven by an insatiable need, as he couldn't control himself any longer.

"I... I... Am... Cumming..." Aria screamed, her orgasm hitting her like a wave as she rode his cock hard. The intensity sent Alessandro over the edge, and he spilled his seed deep inside her, shot after shot, filling her, to the brim. Their mixed cum began to ooze from her slick, red cunt, a testament to their wild love

making.

Aria leaned in, pressing her lips against her mafia husband's as Alessandro captured her mouth with his. He shifted into a sitting position, keeping her on his lap, his dick still buried deep inside her, throbbing as it leaked the last drops of his cum. The heat between them crackled, both of them breathless, lost in the aftershocks of their passionate release.

When they broke the kiss Aria looked at his eyes looking sated and content as she smiled shyly at him.

"No, amore mio," he shook his head subtly, his hands groping her full butt cheeks as he pulled her closer, slipping even deeper inside her. "I'm not done with you."

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Sat, Nov 2

## Husband Novel 247

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 247 Dark Pleasure

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Aria gasped, feeling her husband's erection slide deeper, and she couldn't believe how quickly he was hard again. Oh god, he surely had a monstrous dick! The realization made her eyes widen as she felt him pulsing inside her slick cunt.

But before she could comprehend the Italian don's intentions, he yanked the plug from her back hole, leaving her breathless and reeling from the suddenness of it all. The intense release sent waves of sensation through her, and her inner muscles throbbed, burning and pulsating with the shock of feeling so empty.

Alessandro didn't give her a moment to recover; it was as if he were a man on a mission. He lifted her slightly, his cock springing free as he pulled out of her with swift force. In one fluid motion, he switched their positions, pressing her back against his hard torso and bending her knees beneath her, raising her body just enough to settle on his lap.

Then he grabbed her chin, tilting her head just enough for his mouth to find hers, kissing her deeply, devouring her.

His other hand found the lube, and with a quick squirt, he coated his rigid erection before smearing some onto her dark hole. He jabbed some in, making sure she was slick and ready.

He felt her shiver when he prodded her back entrance. His hands glided down her front to cup her breast,

savoring the softness beneath his fingers. He sucked her bottom lip into his mouth. With deliberate slowness, he slid his hand down between her breasts, over her stomach, feeling the small bump that stirred deep emotions within him, reminding him that she was carrying his baby. His hands then glided to her round butt, prompting Aria to lean back more against him. He spread her ass cheeks leisurely, massaging and kneading them, drawing soft moans from her lips. A second later, his fingers glided down to her front, rubbing his thumb against her clit, teasing her with each gentle stroke.

'Oh God, Hubby!" she cried out.

Ready to take more?" the Italian don asked, his voice a low rumble before he inched himself deep into his wife's back door.

Aria was so overwhelmed that her mind went numb with the sensation. Earlier, she had thought the plug was too much to have inside her tiny hole, but it was nothing compared to her husband's monstrous dick. She feared he might split her in two, wondering how he could possibly fit inside her back hole.

Her instincts screamed for her to stop him, yet her body reacted against her logic. She found herself pressing down onto his hard length, craving to feel all of him inside despite the burning stretch that ignited within her.

"Yes!" she breathed out a quivering moan.

He rolled his hips and thrust deeper while his strong hold on her hips pushed her down with each movement, his engorged head entering slowly and filling her completely.

"Ah!" she cried out. "God, you're so big for me," she moaned, her words boosting his ego and fueling his desire.

"Tell me, amore mio, if you want me to stop. I will pull out immediately. Okay?" he cooed, his voice thick with concern and lust.

""No don't ston nlease!" Aria sohhd need nulsing fiercely in her core

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Chapter 247 Dark Pleasure

+5 Pearls

Alessandro thrust more slowly, savoring the moment. Then, pulling out completely, he thrust back in, sheathing himself entirely within her. Damn, she was so tight, almost

squeezing him painfully. Her head fell against his shoulder, her breathing hitching as she moaned aloud. He hugged her against his chest, holding her close while planting wet kisses on her neck. She breathed heavily, her heart pounding in her chest. He felt everything about her body, keeping her safe in

allowing her to adjust to his size while his hands caressed her arms. He paused for a few moments,

"Are you okay, baby?" he asked, his voice low and filled with concern.

"Hmmm..." she moaned, rotating her hips in response.

tenderly.

He began to thrust slowly and gently, feeling her warmth envelop him. Aria braced herself on her knees, matching his movements as they found a rhythm together.

He slowly increased the thrusts, moving his hips faster and plunging deeper. Rubbing his hands on her thighs, he moved toward her wetness, circling his thumb on her clit while slipping two fingers inside her.

"Uh... oh... this feels so good. Ummn..." she moaned, matching his movements.

"I know, baby," he chuckled, ramming into her tightness.

Soon, the fire ignited between them. She came, crying his name, and he followed her, spurting his seeds hard and deep within her. After a while, when they came down from their mind-blowing climax, he pulled out, then drew her close, kissing her deeply and passionately, as if he were bribing her for another round.

"So... How was that?" he asked smugly, knowing she enjoyed it.

"It was great, Hubby," Aria replied shyly.

So, ready for another round, Mrs. Valentino?" the Italian don asked, trailing his fingers along her inner thighs.

"Always, Mr. Valentino!" she breathed out.

"God, it's not my fault that you're so sexy and tempting, seducing me with your body," he groaned darkly, his eyes filled with desire and need. "Now I'll make love to you until morning, and there's no turning back." "Promise?" Aria demanded, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

His horny little wife. He found himself amused at the thought, not complaining in the slightest.

Hovering over her, he leaned down to capture her lips in a deep kiss, placing her legs on his shoulders as he positioned himself at her opening. Then, he entered her hot cunt. She gasped and moaned, begging for more.