

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

## Read Husband Novel 31

### Husband Novel 31

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 31 Compensation

"We will discuss it later, Mia replied dismissively

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"Are you sure?" Alessandro asked desperately, making Mia sigh heavily with frustration.

"This time your shoulder is the main concern, Mr. Valentino, Mia grumbled annoyingly, twisting her wrist from his grip in an attempt to free it from his steely grasp.

"Don't deviate from your words, Miss Peterson. Your compensation is due," Alessandro said firmly, causing Mia to roll her eyes.

"Mr. Valentino, now let me go," she demanded authoritatively.

To her surprise, Alessandro released her hand as if he were accustomed to obeying her every instruction.

As she walked slowly to the door and opened it, she found the entire staff waiting outside. doctors, nurses, and Matteo. They regarded her with a mix of curiosity and concern.

She bit back the urge to groan frustratingly. Of course, the staff who entered without knocking would have informed everyone about the Mafia king being intimate with her. God knows what they would be thinking of her. She didn't want to be just another name on the list of the Italian don's mistresses, especially since he already had a fiancée and was getting married in a few days. Maybe he had forgotten he was still married to another woman. Well, he never cared about his marital status, so why had she expected anything different? "Good morning, Miss Peterson!" Matteo greeted her with a warm smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Vinci," Mia said flatly. Then she turned towards the doctor. "I need to go inside and check Mr. Valentino immediately."

"What happened, Miss Peterson? Did Mr. Valentino not have his medicines?" the doctor asked with concern.

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"He did have his medicines last night, but this morning I noticed his shoulder was bleeding again. Please check on his wound while I make something for him to eat," Mia instructed hurriedly.

The doctor nodded swiftly entering the room with nurses. Then Mia quickly went to the kitchen; she knew Alessandro needed to eat before taking his medicine, and she needed to leave this palace as soon as possible. She tried to call Emily and the kids, but her phone didn't have signals here, while other phones were working. She found it very fishy.

In the kitchen, Mia swiftly made an omelet and toast, knowing Alessandro liked to have them with his coffee. She also added juice to his breakfast tray, in case the doctor didn't allow him to have coffee. 84%1

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When Mia began taking breakfast to the mafia king's room, a servant interrupted and offered to do the job, but Mia dismissed him. She wanted it over quickly. Carrying the breakfast tray herself, Mia entered Alessandro's room to find the doctor had almost done his job, cleaning the wound and applying a new dressing.

"Mr. Valentino, you need to avoid using this hand doctor instructed, focused on his task.

for a few days or the wound won't heal," the

But from the Italian don's expression, it was clear he wasn't paying much attention to the doctor's advice. Mia shook her head helplessly. Her heart ached seeing him in pain yet showing no reaction. How could he be so emotionless, not even flinching at his own discomfort?

Alessandro scowled as the doctor continued his instructions. He wasn't accustomed to someone giving him orders. Once the doctor finished, Mia carried the breakfast over to Alessandro's bed as the doctor prepared to leave. He quietly instructed Mia about Alessandro's medication regimen before departing.

"Mr. Valentino, please have your breakfast, and then you need to take your medicines," Mia said softly, placing the tray on the bed before Alessandro.

"Here, take this," Alessandro said, handing her his phone. Mia looked at him in confusion.

"You haven't called home. Talk to the children," Alessandro explained in his soft voice. Mia was stunned; it was rare to hear him speaking so normally. His eyes looked at her with tenderness, almost making her feel like she was hallucinating.

If she hadn't known him so well, she might have mistaken his demeanor for genuine care and desire for her. But she knew better. It was all about his ego and possession. Once he had what he wanted, he wouldn't care about her anymore.

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Alessandro Valentino was the same man who had tried to kill her and her children. He was a devil reincarnated and this entire facade he was putting on bewildered her.

"I will talk to them later. You finish breakfast and rest after taking your medicine," she replied nervously.

"Take my phone and call home," he insisted. "Your phone won't work here because, for safety measures, outside networks are blocked in my place. However, I sent Matteo last night to your place, and he delivered the message himself. Your family is safe and protected, and I've made sure of it. But still, for your own satisfaction, use my phone and talk to them."

Mia hesitated before taking his phone. She dialed Emily's number with trembling fingers. Emily picked up after a few rings.

"Emily, it's me," Mia quickly said.

"Mia, thank God you called. When are you coming back?" Emily asked with urgency in her

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Chapter 31 Compensation

voice, though she was relieved to hear Mia's voice, knowing she was okay.

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"Very soon," Mia replied briefly. She glanced at Alessandro from the corner of her eye and found him watching her while eating breakfast.

"Alright. Come soon and don't worry. Everything is fine. The twins are doing well, and I sent them to kindergarten," Emily informed.

"Thanks, Emily," Mia whispered, her throat heavy with emotion at the mention of her children. "I will talk to you later. Bye." She cut the conversation short and handed the phone back to Alessandro.

Alessandro took his phone and grabbed her hand, pulling her promptly onto his lap while his arms circled her waist, not letting her move away.

"What are you...." Before Mia could finish her angry question, Alessandro put a forkful of food in her mouth.

"You haven't eaten anything since morning," he reasoned.

"But I made it for you," Mia protested, chewing the food,

"It's enough for us, and I will order more from the kitchen if we need more," Alessandro stated nonchalantly, eating a bite and stuffing another in Mia's mouth. Mia didn't even have time to protest. The Italian don was very intimidating and stubborn. However, she needed to figure out a way to escape from here and never return.

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## **Husband Novel 32**

### **Chapter 32 She Is Worth All Risks**

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"Umm... Mr. Valentino, I really have to go. It's time for work, and I can't afford to miss the office," Mia nervously told the Italian don.

"Can't you take a day off?" he demanded.

"No." Mia shook her head firmly.

Alessandro sighed. "Alright. Will you come in the evening?"

"If you behave properly, listen to the doctors, take your medicine, and eat on time," Mia countered, setting her conditions.

"Then you will return to me?!" he asked, looking at Mia hopelessly.

Mia's heart fluttered with unfamiliar emotions, making her even more nervous. This man was dangerously charming and knew how to flirt to get a woman to agree to his demands, but she was an exception.

"I will think about it," Mia replied flatly, standing up and gathering her belongings before leaving.

When Mia arrived at her office, her head was heavy with the workload and stress Alessandro Valentino had piled on her. Eager to dive into her tasks, she was taken aback by the unusual atmosphere. Murmurs filled the spacious office hall, and everyone seemed engrossed in something on their phones.

"What's going on, guys?" Mia's annoyed tone cut through the murmuring, instantly commanding everyone's attention. "Get back to work," she commanded firmly before retreating to her office cabin.

Emily, sensing her boss's foul mood, hurried after her.

"What's happening?" Mia asked, tossing her handbag on the desk and booting computer.

"Haven't you heard today's news?" Emily asked with wide eyes.

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Mia groaned, scrunching her nose. She hadn't had a moment to herself since Alessandro. Valentino had begun demanding her undivided attention as if she were his personal caretaker.

"No. Now, are you going to tell me?" Mia snapped impatiently.

Reginald Fairfax Wentworth was found dead an hour ago," Emily informed, her voice trembling with a mixture of fear and disbelief.

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What? Mia exclaimed, her heart racing as she absorbed the shocking news,

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"Yes, he was shot in the head." Emily explained, her voice tinged with sadness and unease.

"Who could have done such a thing?" Mia whispered, her mind racing with unanswered questions.

"No idea." Emily replied, shrugging helplessly. "But they're saying it was the work of some mafia."

"Huh!" Mia gasped. "Why would the mafia want to kill him?"

"He must have somehow crossed them," Emily mused thoughtfully.

"Whatever." Mia shook her head, trying to refocus. She glanced at her screen and began opening some emails.

"What's on today's schedule?" Mia asked, trying to distract herself from the unsettling news.

"You have a meeting with the supplier before lunch, and then I cleared your schedule as you asked, so you can work uninterrupted. However, you have an appointment with Lord Alexander in the evening." Emily explained, maintaining her composure despite Mia's annoyed expression.

Mia's eyes flicked towards Emily in irritation.

"I know you said to clear the evening schedule as well, but he insisted and I couldn't refuse him," Emily continued, a blush tinting her cheeks. "You know he's a royal, and I can't afford to disrespect him."

Mia rolled her eyes, well aware of Emily's crush on the duke.

"Fine, remind me about this meeting in the evening," Mia sighed, relenting.

"Yes, boss!" Emily grinned brightly, pleased with herself.

She relished the chance to attend prestigious events, especially those favored by the duke. As Mia's assistant, she relished the opportunity to accompany her to such events and locations. It was a perk of the job that Emily truly loved.

"By the way, what happened to you?" Emily asked curiously. "I've never seen you in such a bad mood," she commented.

Mia shook her head, taking a deep breath.

"Spend a day with Alessandro Valentino and you'll know," she murmured softly, her voice filled with the weight of past struggles. Only she knew how she had endured those three years, yet even a few hours with him felt unbearable.

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Chapter 32 She is Worth All Risks

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"Where were you, Alessandro Matteo asked with frustration, his tone laden with concern.

This big, bad mafia king was impossible and stubborn. Alessandro was supposed to be resting, yet here he was, returning with his entourage of bodyguards in tow.

Just then. Matteo's attention was drawn to the television news. The unfortunate death of the famous interior designer Reginald Fairfax Wentworth flashed across the screen in bold headlines Matteo's panicked eyes snapped toward Alessandro as he walked past, quietly making his way to his room. Alessandro winced slightly as he shrugged off his suit jacket, revealing blood seeping through the white shirt on his right shoulder. Concern etched deeply into Matteo's face, he stepped forward to offer his support and help Alessandro remove the jacket.

"Are you out of your mind?" Matteo whispered urgently. "If you keep appearing in public like this, your identity will be exposed sooner or later. Do you realize what can happen?" His concern was palpable.

"What are you talking about?" Alessandro furrowed his brow, taking the jacket from Matteo and heading to change before Mia arrived.

Reginald Fairfax Wentworth was shot dead, and I know it was you, wasn't it?" Matteo sighed

heavily, his frustration evident in his tone.

"So?!" Alessandro retorted casually.

"Why are you risking everything for a woman?" Matteo accused, trying to make Alessandro see the gravity of his actions.

However, Alessandro remained silent, not considering it necessary to answer and his silence only served to fuel Matteo's frustration. But Matteo knew he couldn't force the Italian don to give answers.

"I just want you to be safe, Alessandro. I hope she's worth all this risk," Matteo muttered under his breath before turning and leaving the room.

Alessandro stared at the closed door, exhaling sharply.

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## Husband Novel 33

Let Me Go My Mafia Husband Finished

Chapter 33 Royal Appetite.

Mia anxiously walked towards a private cabin booked in a Michelin-star restaurant. She was unsure why Lord Alexander wanted to see her. She had been working diligently on his new

luxury apartment, sending him all the details for his and changing anything he

didn't like. So what had happened that required her urgent presence?

Physically and emotionally exhausted, she hadn't gone home since the previous night. Although she often traveled for work, this time she missed her kids terribly, especially after spending time with their father. "Excuse me, I'm here to see Lord Alexander," she asked a waiter, who instantly nodded.

"Yes, ma'am. He is waiting for you. This way, please," the waiter guided her to the private cabin.

Mia knocked before entering.

"Miss Peterson, finally you showed up," Lord Alexander commented sarcastically.

"I'm sorry for being late, Lord Alexander," Mia apologized immediately. "I had a lot of work today."

"It's okay, Miss Peterson. I was just joking," Lord Alexander waved dismissively and stood up to pull out a chair for Mia. "By the way, I told you, no formality between us."

Mia was touched by his chivalry. She didn't know if a royal typically did this for a woman like her, but Lord Alexander was different. His actions showed how well he had been raised by a remarkable woman.



Thank you, Alexander. And please, call me Mia, she murmured with a soft smile. "By the way, why did you need to see me urgently?" she asked as Lord Alexander took his seat.

He pressed a button to call a waiter before turning his gaze back to Mia.

"Yes, Mia. I want to personally invite you to the fundraising gala my mother organizes every year in memory of my missing sister," Lord Alexander explained. "She started many charity events and trusts in the hope that one day we might find her through the prayers and good wishes of the people." He sighed, staring into the distance, lost in thought.

Mia felt a pang of empathy as she looked at Alexander's sad face. She genuinely hoped they could find the lost princess.

"I will

pray that you find your sister very soon," Mia said with concern.

Thank you, Mia, Lord Alexander replied, his expression softening as he appreciated her kind words.

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Chapter 33 Royal Appetite

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"But I can't come with you. I apologize," Mia said, looking at him, hoping for understanding.

"But why?" Lord Alexander frowned, his curiosity piqued.

Mia hesitated. She couldn't tell him about Alessandro.

"I have work to finish," she reasoned, averting her eyes and chewing her bottom lip.

"I will bear the loss, Mia, but I want you to come with me. My mother will be very happy to see you," Lord Alexander pressed gently.

Mia swallowed hard at the mention of his mother. Why would he want her to meet his mother? She didn't want any more drama in her life and was determined to refuse him.

"Uh... Please, Alexander, try to understand..." she began.

"Mia, if my sister were here, she would be around your age. I genuinely think meeting you will make my mother truly happy," Alexander's voice was filled with so many emotions that it moved Mia's heart.

Being an orphan, she had always craved a mother's love. She didn't even know how it felt to be loved by her own mother.

She now couldn't deny him and found herself saying, "Okay, I will come."

"Great! We will leave early in the morning. I have to be there early to check the preparations myself. Be ready; I will pick you up from your place, Alexander said, and Mia nodded. "But you c

didn't tell me where we are going?" Mia asked eagerly.

"Fontainebleau," Alexander beamed.

Fontainebleau!

Mia thought with excitement. She had never been there, never had the chance to visit, but she had heard it was a very beautiful place.

"Now, I'm starving. Would you mind ordering something?" he added, gesturing to the waiter who had been waiting outside for a while.

Mia smiled. "Sure, let's order a feast."

Alexander's eyes lit

up..

"Perfect."

He turned to the waiter and began rattling off an impressive list of dishes from the menu.

"We'll start with the black truffle risotto, foie gras terrine, and duck à l'orange. Then, bring us the bouillabaisse, beef Wellington, and lobster bisque. For dessert, let's have the tarte Tatin, 2/3

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Chapter 33 Royal Appetite

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mille-fouille, and a selection of macarons, Alexander instructed the waiter, making Mia's eyes widened with surprise.

"And please bring us a bottle of your finest Bordeaux to accompany the meal," Alexander added.

The waiter nodded solemnly and quickly went to relay the order to the kitchen.

Mia chuckled softly. "That's quite the lineup. I hope we can manage to eat it all."

Alexander grinned, shrugging playfully. "I hope you have a big royal appetite like mine." Mia rolled her eyes at the duke's playful boasting.

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

## Husband Novel 34

### Chapter 34 Royal Gala Finished

Mia arrived home, her mind still lingering on the lavish dinner she had just shared with Lord. Alexander. For a fleeting moment, she found herself thinking about Alessandro's well-being but quickly pushed the concern aside. After all, he had a team of doctors, dedicated staff, and his fiancée to ensure he was taken care of.

Once home, Mia efficiently packed for the next day while stealing moments to play with her energetic twins. Emily, her ever-reliable assistant, helped rearrange her work schedule to accommodate the unexpected plans Alexander had mentioned. With him confirming their return the following day, Mia knew she had to prepare meticulously.

True to his word, Alexander appeared at her doorstep the next morning as the first light of dawn painted the sky. They embarked on the journey to Fontainebleau in the Duke's exquisite limited edition Range Rover, the quiet hum of the engine filling the air during the hour-long drive. As they arrived at the grand hotel owned by the Duke, Mia couldn't help but marvel at the elegance and opulence that surrounded her.

They checked into their suites, and Mia began to unpack her things.

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"Shit. I don't have anything to wear to a royal gala. What am I going to do now?" Mia muttered to herself, eyeing the clothes she had hastily packed. hadn't had time to shop, given the short notice.

Just then, she heard a knock on the door. Quickly closing her suitcase, she went to open it and found Lord Alexander with a man in a designer suit. Behind them, a trail of racks with clothes was being carried by a few staff members.

"Mia, this is Lawrence. He'll be arranging everything you need to get ready for the gala," Lord Alexander told her, gesturing for Lawrence to enter her room.

"Um, you don't have to do this," Mia said, biting her lip hesitantly.

"I know I invited you on very short notice and you wouldn't have had time to shop. It's my responsibility to provide everything you need," he said softly. "Thank you," Mia murmured, touched by his thoughtfulness.

He was a caring and responsible person, and she sincerely hoped he would find his lost sister soon, for whom they had been searching for so long.

"No problem, the Duke shook his head with a warm smile. "I have some work to do. I'll see you in the evening," he said, turning to leave. Just as he reached the door, he turned back to face Mia.

"By the way, you have a personal steward to attend to you, and you can ask for anything, even a tour of nearby places."

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Chapter 34 Royal Gala

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Mia giggled. "Thank you for your kindness, Lord Alexander," she said, taking his offer

some other time. For now, I playfully. "But I don't have time to visit places right now. Maybe some other time. For now, I need to get ready for the gala. Let me know if you need a helping hand with preparations," she offered. "No, everything is managed. I will see you in the evening then, Alexander replied before departing.

Mia closed the door and found the designer had uncovered the clothes on the racks. Her eyes widened with astonishment-they were all exclusive editions. She chose a red

gown that was off-shoulder with a thigh-high slit, giving a classy and elegant feel for the occasion. They had also brought accessories, and she preferred a sleek diashond necklace and long earrings, paired with nude pumps.

As Mia slipped into the gown, she felt the luxurious fabric glide over her skin. The dress fit perfectly, hugging her curves and enhancing her silhouette. She stepped into the nude pumps, the final touch to her ensemble. The sleek diamond necklace and long earrings shimmered as she moved, catching the light and adding a touch of sparkle.

Mia glanced at herself in the full-length mirror, hardly recognizing the glamorous woman. staring back at her. The transformation was stunning. She took a moment to admire the elegant lines of the gown and the way it complemented her features. "Perfect," she murmured to herself, a smile spreading across her face.

After thanking the designer and his staff for their impeccable taste and help, Mia turned her attention to her makeup. She sat down at the vanity and opened her makeup kit, selecting a nude lipstick that added a subtle, sophisticated touch to her look. She applied shimmery eyeshadow that made her eyes pop, followed by a generous coat of mascara and a sleek line of eyeliner. A soft pink blush brought a healthy glow to her cheeks.

Finally, she curled the ends of her blonde hair, the loose waves adding a touch of effortless glamour. With one last look in the mirror, Mia felt a surge of confidence. She was ready for the gala, poised and polished, ready to step into the evening with grace and elegance. She didn't realize how much time had passed while she got ready until there was another knock on the door. As she walked in her nude pumps and opened the door, she found the Duke standing there in a sleek black tuxedo, looking devilishly handsome as he smiled at her.

"You look stunning," he complimented, offering his arm.

"You don't look bad yourself," Mia smiled as she hooked her slender arm in his. They made their way to the gala, which was organized in the grand hall of the hotel.

As if sensing her shivering despite the well-maintained temperature inside, Lord Alexander asked, "Are you cold?"

"No, I'm nervous," Mia replied with an awkward laugh.

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Chapter 34 Royal Gala

"You don't have to be nervous," Alexander assured her. "You look great."

"Thanks, but I've never been to a royal gala before," Mia admitted.

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"Don't worry, I'll be there with you. And my mother will be coming soon," Alexander said.

"Her Highness hasn't arrived yet?" Mia asked with curiosity.

"No, she's on her way and delayed because of the snowfall. The roads were blocked. But she will be here any moment," the Duke asserted.

Mia took a deep breath, feeling slightly more at ease with Alexander's reassurance. As they entered the grand hall, the opulence of the event struck her. Chandeliers sparkled overhead, and elegantly dressed guests mingled, their conversations a soft hum in the background. Alexander guided her through the crowd, his presence steadying her nerves.

"You'll do just fine," he whispered, giving her hand a gentle squeeze. Mia smiled, feeling a bit more confident as they moved further into the grand hall.

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## Husband Novel 35

### Chapter 35 Partner In Crime

Duke Alexander guided Mia through the gala's elegant ballroom. Mia nervously took in the faces of esteemed guests mingling amidst the soirée.

Alexander continued their rounds, seamlessly weaving through the crowd and introducing Mia to influential figures from various fields-business tycoons, renowned artists, and philanthropic leaders. Each introduction was accompanied by a brief exchange of pleasantries and mutual admiration for the gala's charitable cause.

"Lord Alexander!" a sweet voice called out.

Alexander and Mia turned their heads to see a beautiful woman adorned in pearls and lace, looking at Alexander with longing in her eyes.

"Countess Isabelle!" Alexander greeted graciously, taking her hand and bringing it to his lips: before he turned to Mia, who was watching Isabelle with a soft smile.

"Mia, allow me to introduce you to Countess Isabelle," Alexander said with a smile.  
"Isabelle, this is Mia. She's a very talented and successful interior designer and owner of M.P. Interiors."

Countess Isabelle scrutinized Mia from head to toe. "Oh, so you are Mia Peterson. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mia."

Mia offered a warm smile. "Thank you, Countess."

"Well, I heard Alexander had recommended your work to many in our clite circle," Isabelle said with smugness. "By the way, I have quite a few properties that require renovation. I can give you work."

Mia didn't miss the humiliation in Isabelle's tone, but she was accustomed to dealing with arrogant, wealthy clients.

She maintained her soft smile and calm demeanor. "It would be a pleasure, Countess. Though we take bookings and schedule according to the next available dates, I will ask my assistant to discuss with you and prioritize assigning the best designer, just because you're Lord Alexander's special guest."

Isabelle gritted her teeth. How dare this commoner try to talk back to an elite like her. She wanted to lash out in anger, but then she saw Alexander's stern expression and the challenge in his eyes. She decided it was better to hold her tongue.

She ignored Mia completely and turned to face Alexander, giving him the most seductive smile and batting her eyelashes flirtatiously.

"Alexander, won't you honor me with a dance?" Isabelle whispered in a honeyed tone.

"I beg your pardon, Countess. I have my date and dance partner for tonight." Alexander said

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Chapter 35 Partner In Crime

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sterly, holding Mia's hand. Without sparing a glance at the fuming Isabelle, he led Mia to the dance floor.

Mia pursed her lips to suppress a laugh at the furious expression on Isabelle's face.

"That was very rude, Lord Alexander," Mia smirked mischievously as they began dancing. She placed one hand on Alexander's shoulder and the other in his palm, while Alexander touched her back lightly and gracefully. "Says the one who gave the badass response to the Countess," Alexander winked, smirking

back.

Mia gaped at the Duke.

"I didn't know a Duke could use such language," she remarked, shaking her head in amusement.

"Stay with me longer and you'll find out what else I can do," he responded smugly.

"Huh! You sound a lot like me," Mia smiled.

She had always craved to have siblings who could be her partners in crime. When she had twins, she was very happy that her children were blessed with what she lacked.

"Consider me game, Mia Peterson," the

Duke replied playfully. "Whenever you need to roast someone, call me. I'm always in," he added, twirling her before pulling her back into the dancing pose.

"I guess I found my partner in crime," Mia grinned.

"Ditto!" the Duke beamed.

Before Mia could savor the light and delightful moment a bit longer, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the duke.

"What the..." Her words caught in her throat when she saw Alessandro standing before her.

"You!" she gasped, unable to believe her eyes.

How could he be here, and why was he here? Was he also invited?



"Miss Peterson, you promised to return, but it's been more than twenty-four hours and you didn't come," Alessandro complained in a sullen tone, ignoring the curious glances directed at them.

He was holding Mia tightly in his powerful muscular arms, and she was trying to free herself, feeling awkward about Alessandro hugging her in public.

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Chapter 35-Partner In Crime

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"Let her go, Alessandro!" Alexander's authoritative voice boomed as he placed a hand on Alessandro's shoulder.

Alessandro shrugged off his hand harshly before sending a warning glare. "Stay out of this, Alexander."

"You barged into my property without my permission. I can have you thrown out if you don't let her go." Alexander threatened, his voice cold and unwavering. "You can try," Alessandro challenged, but he didn't let

go

of Mia.

Seeing the situation turning stressed, Mia decided to interrupt.

"Alexander, I think I should leave," she whispered in an apologetic voice.

"What?!" Alexander frowned. "No, why would you leave? If anyone should leave, it's Alessandro Valentino," he declared with a grimace as he stared at the mafia king.

Mia looked at Alessandro, trying to appeal to his understanding. "Mr. Valentino, please, can I talk to the Duke for a moment in private?"

This time, Alessandro released her. "I am waiting here," he reminded her before Mia walked away with a deep breath.

Alexander followed her, still giving Alessandro a warning glare.

"Mr. Valentino's health is not well, and I am taking him home. However, I don't want to cause any problems at your fundraising gala," Mia explained when they were in a corner out of carshot. "There won't be any problem. Trust me, I can deal with that crazy man," Alexander assured. "And my mother hasn't come yet. Will you leave without meeting her?" His voice turned sad.

"I am sorry. Please convey my apologies to Her Highness with respect. But I need to go," Mia

insisted, knowing how dangerous reckless the Italian Don could be.

Alexander exhaled a frustrated breath before nodding. Mia gave him a grateful smile for understanding before heading to her suite to collect her things.

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## Husband Novel 36

### Chapter 36 Trapped In Snow Finished

Mia was in a hurry, fearing that if Alessandro stayed any longer, he and Alexander would fall into a rift. Without changing her dress, she threw on a long red overcoat, gathered her belongings, and packed her suitcase and bags. She exited the suite, only to find Alessandro waiting for her outside the room. He glanced at her briefly before looking at her baggage and took it from her.

"No, I can carry my luggage, Mr. Valentino," Mia murmured, but Alessandro acted as if he didn't hear her. He continued carrying her luggage until a hotel staff member hurried over and took the bags from the mafia king.

They headed straight to the hotel parking lot and loaded the luggage into the trunk of a red Porsche Cayenne. Mia was shocked to see Alessandro driving alone with no one accompanying him. He never went anywhere without his driver and bodyguards. For a moment, she felt very annoyed at Alessandro's reckless move, but she pushed those feelings away. After all, why would she care about that man?

As Alessandro began to slide into the driver's seat, Mia stopped him.

"Mr. Valentino, let me drive this time," she offered.

"Why will you drive when I am alive?" Alessandro's retort made her roll her eyes. Her Italian don husband had a huge male ego.

"Your shoulder is hurt and still not healed," she reasoned with a casual shrug. "You've driven all the way here. Now let me take the initiative, please." She tried to convince the mafia king, despite knowing he would likely refuse her pleas, valuing his pride more than anything..

"Okay!" To her surprise, Alessandro agreed and handed her the car keys.

She was dumbfounded for a moment until Alessandro raised one of his thick, dark eyebrows. She took the keys hurriedly.

Sitting behind the wheel, Mia removed her overcoat shivered and turned the heater to maximum.

"D'accord, let's go!" she said, pressing on the gas.

and threw it on the back seat. She

As the night grew darker and snowflakes began to swirl around them, they had gone a little farther when Mia faced challenges driving through the snowfall. Mia watched anxiously as the snow became heavier and the road increasingly covered in white. "Oh no, I've never driven in snowfall," Mia panicked.

"You take a back seat and let me drive," Alessandro offered, his voice so low and dull that it drew Mia's quick attention.

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## Chapter 38 Trapped In Snow

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She was so focused on the road she didn't notice Alessandro had sprawled over the car seat, looking flushed.

"Are you okay?" she asked, quickly pulling the car to the side of the road and removing her safety belt. She leaned over and touched Alessandro's head, jerking her hand away when she felt how blazing hot he was.

"Oh, hell! You have a fever?!" she muttered. "How long have you been feeling bad and not told me?" She was annoyed by the stubborn mafia king.

"I'm fine and can drive," Alessandro muttered, trying to remove his safety belt.

"No, stay there," Mia snapped, opening the glove box and searching for the first aid kit. To her relief, it was there. She swiftly took it out and rummaged through its contents.

Finally, she found the medicine. She took a water bottle and handed the pills to Alessandro. "Take it. You'll feel better," Mia instructed.

"I'm fine, I don't need..." Alessandro trailed off, his voice weak. His temperature continued to

rise. Mia didn't miss his shivering despite the heater and his warm suit coat.

Mia reached out to the back seat, picked up her overcoat, and draped it over Alessandro. "We need to reach the city as soon as possible," she muttered, touching his forehead again. He was still warm, which made Mia worry. If she had known earlier, she would have insisted they stay at the hotel until Alessandro felt better. But now, on the highway with only forest around them, they wouldn't find any medical help or even a motel to stay the night.

"Shit," Mia whispered to herself. This was going to be the most stressful and horrible night.

The snow had covered the windshields and the car, with even the roads thickly layered due to the heavy snowfall. Mia pressed the button to start the car, but it didn't budge. She tried again and again, but each time the engine only stirred before turning off. Oh no! Now what? Mia bit her lips with worry, glancing at Alessandro and then back at the snow-covered road ahead.

She looked at Alessandro, who sat there with his eyes closed. Maybe he had fallen asleep. Mia sighed, looking at his calm face. Even when he was sick and flushed with fever, he to look irresistibly handsome.

managed

She knew she had to get out of the car, clear the snow, and try to start it again. They needed to get out of there before his condition worsened and his fever spiked. Swallowing and taking a deep breath in determination, she unlocked the car door and was about to open it when a strong hand pulled her back.

"Where do you think you are going, baby?" Alessandro's voice, though weak, was firm.

She looked into his bloodshot eyes in surprise. Before she could recover from her

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Chapter 3 Trapped In Snow

astonishment, he pulled her onto his lap.

## Husband Novel 37

Let Me Go. My Malia Husband

Chapter 37 Intimate Connection

Finished

Mia was startled when Alessandro pulled her back and effortlessly lifted her onto his lap.

"Where do you think you're going?" he groaned, still seeming half-asleep due to fever.

But still, his attention was on her and it made her heart flutter with a rush of unfamiliar emotions. "Are you trying to freeze yourself to death, stepping out of the car like this?" His annoyance at her reckless move was evident.

In her anxious desperation, Mia had actually forgotten she wasn't wearing any warm clothes. before attempting to step out into the snow. His hooded eyes locked onto her startled ones. and she had to suck in a sharp breath. God, how the hell could he make her so wet just by looking at her? She knew she didn't love him anymore, but why did he still have this effect on her?

Trapped alone inside a car with the sexiest man alive, sitting on his lap with his arms. wrapped tightly around her waist and his intense darkened gaze piercing into hers, it was incredibly hard not to whimper. She shivered with the desire crackling between them. And if there was anything left to ignite the fire within her, his deep, husky voice fulfilled it.

-The car isn't starting, Mr. Valentino. I was going out to check what's the problem with it," she whispered, unable to believe her voice sounded like a moan as she said his name. His hand slid along her bare thighs, which were on full display to his hungry eyes. Her heart pounded as his fingers found her panties, caressing the aching flesh so tenderly. Her head fell back involuntarily, and she felt more wetness seep from her needy core.

"Fuck, baby, how long have you been this wet for me?" he groaned, pulling her back to her senses. She was embarrassed by how dripping wet she was just from his proximity. But the truth was, she hadn't been with any other man in those six years. She had never

felt the need to be with anyone. Her life had been consumed by work and raising her twins.

But this man was dangerous. He made her body react against her will in ways she knew it would make her regret later.

and

were doing things, ut in that moment, she couldn't think straight when his hands eyes her.

"This..." she swallowed, feeling her throat so dry as she tried to disentangle herself from him. "This is wrong, Mr. Valentino." But her words died in her mouth as his intoxicating lips clamped onto hers, nibbling and chewing her soft lips. She gasped, her lips parting at the intense sensation, and she was lost in his kiss.

She didn't realize when her whimpers turned into moans of ecstasy as his tongue swept over hers, sucking it hungrily.

"I want you, baby," he whispered, breathing heavily before resuming the kiss, harder and

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## Chapter 37 Intimate Connection

deeper..

Finished

His fingers grabbed the corner of her panties and tore them off with a hard yank. His fingers found her swollen nub, flicking it fervently. Mia's whole being shook with intense sensation.

Alessandro's lips left hers only to trail sloppy kisses along her jawline, nipping and biting, before his warm wicked tongue licked the length of her neck. He found her fluttering nerve and sucked there harder. It was too overpowering for her to bear, and she exploded into her climax in no time.

Mia's eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she squeezed them tightly shut as she screamed, forgetting everything but her pleasure. "Alesandro!"

Her whole body shivered as wave after wave of orgasm hit her, leaving her breathless and panting.

"That was so hot," she heard the mafia king's deep, sexy voice.

When she opened her eyes, she found Alessandro watching her with lust and desire glinting in his eyes. Her mind was still hazy from the previous orgasm and her husband's seduction. His gorgeous face was so alluring, his eyes deep and intense, boring into hers and filling her mind with lust as his

finger still moved inside her wet pussy, plunging slowly as desire began building again.

Before her consciousness could return her to reality, she found herself wrapping her arms around her mafia husband's neck and pulling him closer, her lips crashing onto his with an intensity fueled by need and lust. She kissed him desperately and passionately. Alessandro groaned into her mouth, his grip tightening on her waist as he adjusted her slightly on his lap. She felt his swollen head nudging her wet opening.

The contact of their sexes was so sensually intense that Mia almost climaxed again. She writhed and whimpered with eagerness, but Alessandro didn't break their kiss. His other hand grabbed her breast, fondling her swollen nipple..

"Oh, God!" Mia's body shuddered, and her back arched in response to his seduction. He was so maddeningly hot, and his actions were precise, knowing exactly what he was doing. drawing the desired response from her. Alessandro's heart was impatient; he wanted her, and he wanted her now. His hips jerked violently, and he entered her with a hard thrust.

"Fuck, baby, you're still so tight," he grunted through gritted teeth as Mia gasped, catching her breath. He was so big. She had forgotten his huge size; he was almost impossible to fit into her tight cunt. The force of his entry and the way he slid deep into her core made her eyes damp with tears. It was deliciously painful and erotic at the same time, but nothing could stop them now. She didn't want him to pull out; their intimate connection drew out a lot of hidden emotions in her, and her yearning for him surfaced.

Alessandro gave her a moment to adjust to his girth before he began ramming into her hot core. His hands on her hips made her bounce on his length at the same time he thrust into

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Chapter 37 Intimate Connection.

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Finished

her. He couldn't take his eyes off' Mia's flushed face. She looked so beautiful and sexy, with her pink soft lips parted slightly, her sweet breath escaping in gasps as he plunged

into her tight cunt. Her arms wrapped around him, and her soft, delicate body pressed against his. hard form made him lose control. He never wanted it to stop.

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## Husband Novel 38

### Chapter 38 Sex For Recovering Faster Finished

Outside, snow was falling heavily, creating a serene contrast to the intense heat radiating from the two bodies inside. The steam from their passionate lovemaking clouded the windows and windshield of the car, already covered with a thick layer of snow from outside. Their hands joined and pressed against the cold glass of the window, leaving marks as th

urgently sought more of each other.

Mia and Alessandro were oblivious to potentially damaging the interior of the luxury car; their sole concern was remaining connected inside this confined space and never breaking their intimate bond. Alessandro's thick cock plunged deeper into her slick, wet pussy, urging Mia to ride him even harder. She had never felt this wild and bold in her entire life. It was as if the Italian Don had flipped a switch inside her.

She tugged on his tie, unbuttoning a few front buttons of his white shirt, desperate to touch him. The overcoat and suit jackets were discarded in the next moment. Despite the freezing temperature outside, inside the car they only felt a burning need, sweating with desire that ignited every fibre of them. The entire car filled with the scent of their lovemaking and the steam of their passion as they fucked each other harder, deeper, rougher, and wilder.

But then in that passionate moment, the emotions ignited between them, and Mia found the mafia king staring straight into her eyes, glistening with need and... and something.... something else as they connected so intimately. His gaze confused her, filled with unknown emotions, watching her as if he had been longing for her for a century of agony.

Before she could fathom what it meant, his gaze turned dark and mysterious again. Alessandro's hand slid into her hair, tugging slightly to tilt her head back before his mouth slammed onto hers hungrily. He nibbled her soft lips that were already swollen from his kisses, tugging them between his teeth before sucking hard and turning those rose petals even redder. He was thoroughly satisfied with his handiwork.



The kiss was so erotic and intoxicating, making Mia feel more turned on than she had ever been before. This devil mafia man was surely the sexiest beast, capable of arousing a woman with just his brooding eyes. Having him now overwhelmed her senses with an overflow of pleasure, and she found herself drowning in this moment of ecstasy.

His hands slid inside the neckline of her off-shoulder gown, grabbing her full bosom possessively before pinching and twisting her nipple between his thick, calloused fingers. Mia was a moaning mess by now, her mind clogged with lust and longing while her body felt like floating on a cloud of ecstasy.

Alessandro's hips sped up, plunging into her faster and deeper, his thrusts becoming harder and rougher with each passing second as the last thread of control snapped inside him. He now wanted to possess this woman in more than one way. The pleasure was so intense that Mia's moans turned into screams as she came on his cock, while Alessandro shot his cum into her at the same time.

An unexpected groan escaped the Italian Don's lips as his cock throbbed wildly inside the

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Chapter 38 Sex For Recovering Faster

Finished

beautiful woman in his arms, releasing his seed after seed. He found himself falling into the abyss of her enchanting eyes. "Ariel You feel so good, baby."

Mia's eyes fluttered open wide in shock upon hearing Alessandro utter his wife's name. She couldn't believe what she had heard. Her heart leaped with fear of being caught, feeling a sudden rush of cold water washing over her after such a hot encounter. Her mind was still dizzy, clouded with desire. Before she could discern the difference between reality and illusion, Alessandro's hands tangled in her curls, pulling her head closer. He kissed her deeply and passionately, momentarily causing her to forget about what had just happened. But then, she realized Alessandro was half-conscious due to his fever and still caught up the haze of the moment. Perhaps it was an impulsive slip to mention his wife's name.

Yes, that could be the case and it only made sense. Mia assured herself.

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For a while, they sat there connected, with him still inside her, throbbing slightly while she sat on his lap, straddling his hips. In that intimate embrace, they both tried to catch their breath.

Then Alessandro suddenly asked, "Are you okay?"

Mia was taken aback by the tenderness in his deep voice. His concerned eyes roamed over her face, searching for any signs of discomfort, while his gentle fingers swept away the tendrils of hair that had fallen onto her face.

She nodded shyly before reaching out to touch his forehead to check his temperature. She breathed out in relief when she found that he seemed better now.

"I was sick, and you took advantage of me again, Miss Peterson," Alessandro smirked, his bright blue eyes gleaming with mischief. "Now you have to take responsibility for it."

Mia blinked at him, her mouth agape in shock. This man was so wicked. So, so wicked and incredibly cunning.

"Mr. Valentino..." she started to protest, but Alessandro cut her off.

"It's Alessandro to you, baby," he husked.

"Huh!" she stared at him dumbfounded.

"Call me Alessandro, sweetheart," he murmured, lazily stroking her cheek.

She slowly pulled her face away, feeling a little annoyed as she remembered how he had forbidden her to use his first name when they were together.

Alessandro squinted at her, noticing her gaze becoming distant even as his dick remained

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Chapter 38 Sex For Recovering Faster

deep inside her.

"I think using first names is very personal," she countered fiercely.

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"What's more personal between us after we...." he trailed off intentionally, letting her read between the lines as he jerked his hips up, his cock rubbing inside her dripping pussy, making her gasp and close her eyes as he became fully erect inside her once again.

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## Husband Novel 39

### Chapter 39 Blissful Moment.

Alessandro made love to Mia again, and again, coming inside her many times.

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By the time he was done, Mia was breathless, utterly exhausted, and fully sated, the aftermath of their mind-blowing sex. Alessandro reclined back in the seat while Mia struggled to find her strength. As she tried to sit up, Alessandro's strong arms prevented her from moving. She sighed, surrendering to his steely embrace, and slumped against his chest in defeat.

The Italian don picked up her overcoat and draped it over them, holding her close as they lay there, eyes closed, wrapped in each other's arms

In that blissful moment, they forgot about their problems-the car that wouldn't start, the snowfall that hadn't ceased. Time seemed to stand still as they enjoyed the peace of being together.

After a while, Alessandro's phone pinged with a notification, disturbing their serene slumber. He picked up his phone, glanced at the screen, and then looked at Mia's face lovingly. "Help has arrived. Now we can go home," Alessandro declared.

Mia was surprised to realize he had called for help. She hadn't noticed him sending a text, but maybe she was too tired after their passionate, hot sex to notice anything. He helped her straighten her dress while she buttoned up his shirt. Then she checked his temperature again by touching his forehead. He watched her intently as she took care of him, his eyes following her every move.

The rescuers attached chains to the car and began shoveling snow from around the tires. This time, Alessandro took the driving seat. The tow truck led the way, its plow pushing aside snowdrifts, and they were escorted to the nearest hotel. They had to stay there until the morning because the road ahead was blocked.

Mia sat beside a big heater in the lobby of the hotel, looking around and observing her surroundings. It wasn't a five-star hotel, but it had everything they needed to survive the snowy storm. She leaned back, letting the warmth seep into her bones, and glanced at Alessandro, who was talking to the clerk. Her eyes followed his every action and movement, enticed by his dark, intimidating aura and alluring charm, even though he was not in his best

health.

Then suddenly, Alessandro turned toward her, making her swiftly avert her gaze and pretend to admire the plain walls of the hotel lobby. She was doomed if he noticed her ogling him. secretly. Alessandro walked toward her lazily with a stern face.

"Mia!" he called her by her first name, and Mia was surprised to hear him. "The clerk said. they have only you mind sharing a room with me?" he asked in his

room. Do

expressionless voice...

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Chapter 10 Blissful Moment

Finished

Mia rolled her eyes internally. Was he really serious? She was stunned by how quickly he had changed, becoming the cold businessman again.

"Do I have a choice?" she shot back.

Alessandro nodded. "Alright. Here is the key card. You go to the room. I will come after signing their form."

Mia took the key card and went straight to the room. The bellboy carried their luggage. Her phone battery was drained, and it had turned off, so she did the first thing that came to mind: she put her phone on charge. She needed to talk to her kids. After a while, the room door opened while Mia was unpacking clothes from her luggage to change into something comfortable for the night. Alessandro's imposing figure entered the room, and he closed the door, locking the safety latch. "Why didn't you lock the door, huh?!" he questioned, his tone laden with frustration.

Mia swallowed nervously as he approached. Once again, they were alone in the small, closed room, causing her heart to pound with nervousness.

"Um... I thought you would be coming, so..." she murmured, avoiding looking at the imposing figure before her.

"Next time you're alone in a room, make sure to lock the door," Alessandro instructed authoritatively. He shrugged off his coat and tie, heading to the bathroom. When he emerged, he was only wearing his boxers and nothing else. "Mr. Valentino?!" Mia squealed, her eyes widening. "Why are you not wearing clothes?"

Alessandro looked at her, slightly cocking his head before he answered, "I used to sleep like

this."

"But... but it's very cold and you have a fever, Mia tried to reason firmly, but her voice faltered.

Alessandro glanced around the room and gestured. The room temperature is well maintained," he said, heading towards the bed.

"If you're done fumbling with your stuff," he gestured towards her suitcase, "then come," he patted the bed beside his empty spot. "Let's call it a night."

Mia's throat suddenly felt dry at the thought of sharing a bed with this dangerously sexy mafia king. She had just experienced how he could seduce her while half-conscious with fever; now, he seemed more composed than before.

What was going on in his mind was impossible to read, as his expressions were always so serious and his cold blue eyes emotionless. It left Mia even more confused about whether it

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Chapter 39 Blissful Moment

was a good idea to share the bed or not.

"What are you thinking, Mia?" Alessandro spoke lazily.

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"Um... sharing the bed is too intimate, Mr. Valentino," Mia murmured, chewing on her lips nervously.

"First off, it's Alessandro to you. And secondly, we were in a very intimate position just an hour ago, so I think sharing a bed is nothing," he whispered huskily. His eyes darkened with desire as his gaze slowly roamed over her as if undressing her and devouring every inch of her body.

Shameless prick!

Mia muttered in her mind. Picking up her nightie, she quickly went into the bathroom.

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## Husband Novel 40

### Chapter 40 You Belong To Me

Mia emerged after a hot shower, clad in a red silk nightie. As she stepped out, she found Alessandro lying on his back, his left arm draped over his closed eyes.

His right shoulder still bore a bandage, which seemed on the verge of coming loose due to the bleeding inside. Mia sighed helplessly, gazing at this stubborn man. Did he truly not care about his health? What about the pain he must be enduring? Despite being sick and not feeling well, he had made passionate love to her in the car, never once letting on that his shoulder carried a deep, unhealed wound.

She walked over to the intercom and called room service for a medical kit. His fever could also return during the night, so she also requested medicine and a thermometer.

Though she talked in a hushed voice, Alessandro's sleep seemed to be disturbed. He opened his eyes

with a frown on his handsome face, his head turning towards the source of the disturbance.

He was stunned to see a sexy lady standing there, talking on the phone. His eyes were blinded by her sparkling beauty; she appeared freshly showered, with all traces of makeup removed from her face, revealing her porcelain skin. She looked like an angel, pure beauty, her blonde hair still wet, which made him furrow his brow.

He slowly got up, wincing slightly as his wounded shoulder pained him, but he ignored his discomfort. Quietly, he went to the dresser to pick up the hairdryer and plugged it in near Mia. Mia was startled by the sudden appearance behind her and quickly turned to find Alessandro holding the hairdryer in his hand.

"Why haven't you dried your hair?" he scolded softly, pressing the button on the hair dryer and blowing warm air as his other hand gently entangled his fingers in her hair. He ruffled her hair while continuing to dry it.

"Mr. Valentino, I can do it myself," Mia tried to pull away, but he groaned in irritation.

"Stay still!" he commanded, focused on drying her hair. "And it's Alessandro to you, Mia! Do you want to fall sick, huh? Or are you seeking revenge by making me look after you just because you have to take care of me?" he accused, leaving Mia dumbfounded.

"I didn't do it intentionally, and don't worry, I won't fall sick so easily. But you need to rest; you're not feeling well, and your shoulder..." She remembered he shouldn't strain it..

"Oh my God, let it be, Alessandro," she rebuked, snatching the hair dryer and gently taking his right arm in her hands. Her anxious eyes observed the worn-out bandage. "It looks bad," she murmured in dismay.

I'm fine, Alessandro muttered carelessly.

"No, you're not," Mia snapped, glaring at him. "Don't pretend you're made of stone."

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## Chapter 40 You Belong To Me

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Alessandro's eyes softened, his thin lips parting slightly in surprise. No one had ever shouted at him like this before, and this woman scolding him so daringly was more amusing than annoying.

Then there was a knock on the door that drew Mia's attention. She left Alessandro, placing the hairdryer on a nearby sofa, and opened the door. It was room service delivering medicine and a medical kit. She took the items and thanked the man who delivered them. Closing the door, she walked toward Alessandro, who still stood in the same place, his eyes- fixed on her intently.

"Sit there," she ordered, nodding toward the bed.

But Alessandro didn't move. Rolling her eyes, Mia grabbed his hand and led him to the bed. This time, Alessandro didn't resist and let her move him wherever she wanted.

"You are so stubborn. Look at this," she hissed as she removed the old bandage, wincing as if she felt the pain herself.

Her concerned eyes examined his shoulder as she tenderly tended to it. Taking disinfectant, she cleaned the wound and applied a fresh dressing.

"You are so careless about your wound. Now don't move your right shoulder," she commanded in an annoyed tone. "Are you listening to me or not?" Her gaze snapped to the mafia king when he remained silent.

She sucked in a breath, finding him looking at her so attentively. She felt her cheeks heat up under his intense gaze and began to get up instantly.

But Alessandro was quick enough to grab her wrist, stopping her from moving away.

"You care so much about me?" It wasn't actually a question but a statement. All her actions. and expressions made it very clear that it bothered her to see him in pain.

"I... I only worried because you're in this trouble because of me," she stuttered nervously as Alessandro moved closer.

His warm breath fanned behind her ear as he whispered in his deep, husky voice, "You packed this sexy nightie to seduce someone?!"

"No!" she gasped promptly. It had never crossed her mind when she packed it; she just wanted to be comfortable at night after a long party.

"Then why did you bring this red silk nightie, which leaves nothing to the imagination and would make any man want to take you to his bed, huh?" he challenged as his hands on her hips turned her to face him. She was slammed harshly into his hard, naked body, and her core throbbed with a mix of desire and anticipation.

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Chapter 40 You Belong To Me

Mia was so embarrassed and nervous by the way her body reacted to his touch and proximity. She cursed the moment she packed this nightie and thought to wear it.

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"Mr. Valentino," she said his last name intentionally, making him furrow with annoyance. "What I pack in my luggage and wear at night is not your concern. Please maintain professionalism," she lifted her chin in defiance, not backing down..



Alessandro smirked before tightening his hold around her waist and pulling her closer. "Baby, I am very possessive about my belongings, and you..." he paused, leaning down closer, his face hovering over hers. His eyes peered deep into hers, and his wicked, tempting mouth was just an inch away from her lips when he whispered, "...belong to me, Mia."