

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

Husband Novel 71

Chapter 71 No Need

"What are you doing here, Matteo?!" Alessandro questioned instead of replying.

Finished

Matteo's face contorted in rage. "I tried to call you last night because there was a problem with a business contract I was reviewing, but you ghosted me completely. Not only that, you never return my emails and texts. What's going on, Alessandro?" he retorted furiously. "Aren't you supposed to be in your office?" Alessandro questioned again, sounding bored.

"Are you serious? I couldn't sleep the whole night, and you're still not telling me where you were last night?!" Matteo demanded, but Alessandro remained silent. Matteo knew how moody Alessandro Valentino could be and that he wouldn't answer if he didn't want to. This made him even more infuriated.

"I asked John and Micah last night, but they didn't tell me anything about you. Did you intentionally tell them to keep it a secret?" Matteo's voice grew more irritated as Alessandro continued to ignore him.

He had been scared to death when he couldn't reach out to the Italian don, knowing he had countless enemies who wanted to see him dead. But when he found out that John and Micah knew where he was and were with him, he was relieved to know his friend was safe. "So, it means my security is really good at keeping my whereabouts a secret," Alessandro said with a sharp Breath as he left his room and walked down the hall.

"What is going on, Alessandro? Are you going to answer me clearly, or have you planned to drive me mad with your silly indifference?" Matteo kept ranting, but Alessandro paid no heed to his whines. "This morning, I went to your office in the hope of finding you there, but your secretary told me you wouldn't be coming in today. Then suddenly, I got information that you had returned home," he breathed out in exasperation.

Alessandro suddenly stopped by the kitchen, gesturing to one of the servants for a glass of water. One glance at the kitchen and his memory flashed back to the moment when he cooked breakfast for Mia. His mood suddenly brightened, and he smiled. Matteo noticed Alessandro smiling, a rare occurrence that hadn't happened in ages.

"You look different," Matteo muttered, momentarily forgetting his complaints. The servant handed Alessandro the glass of water, which he took as he headed to the wet bar in the far corner of the living room. Matteo trailed behind him. "Do you need a drink?" Alessandro asked.

Matteo breathed out heavily. Though he didn't get an answer, he was relieved to see Alessandro was fine.

"Yes! I need a drink badly," Matteo muttered, heading to the bar and pouring himself a glass of scotch. "Here!" He poured another glass for Alessandro and extended it toward him.

To his surprise, Alessandro refused, waving his hand in dismissal.

"Where has the sun risen today?" Matteo's eyes widened in surprise. "Alessandro Valentino is not drinking?!" He sighed dramatically, placing his hands over his chest.

Alessandro chuckled. "I don't need to drink anymore, he announced warmly,

Matteo was genuinely surprised by the change in the Italian don's demeanor. "Because you don't need to

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Chapter 7 No Need

Alessandro turned toward his lawyer friend. "I am getting married, he declared.

Matteo squinted in confusion. He knew Alessandro was supposed to marry Vanessa.

No

Wait a minute!

Something was missing.

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Finished

Matteo's brilliant mind raced as he connected the dots. Alessandro was happy to announce his marriage, but he didn't like Vanessa, marrying her only under pressure. It

meant he was getting married to.... "The interior designer, Mia Peterson!" Matteo blurted out loudly.

Alessandro smirked, impressed by how well his friend knew him.

"Yes," Alessandro admitted, nodding. His face, once always shadowed and gloomy, was now bright and charming. He looked genuinely happy.

Matteo shook his head, chuckling. "So, you were with Mia. Then why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted to spend the whole day with her without anyone's interruption," Alessandro replied, shrugging nonchalantly.

You should have told me. I would have personally ensured no one bothered your precious time," Matteo vowed. "But buddy, please always be like this. I like this version of my friend more," Matteo insisted, looking at his friend hopefully.

He hadn't seen Alessandro smile since his mother was killed. Alessandro had never appeared happy or laughed since that day. But now, seeing the happiness return to his life and knowing that woman was the reason, Matteo made a decision. He would keep the couple away from every evil eye and was willing to go to any lengths to protect them.

"Wait a minute," Matteo interrupted as he recalled something. "You said you were looking forward to spending the whole day with Mia. Then what happened?" He looked at Alessandro curiously. "Why did you return home?"

Suddenly, the Italian don's expression changed and he clenched his teeth, making a grim face as if he had tasted a bitter fruit.

"Adam Whitmore appeared and spoiled everything."

"Adam Whitmore?!" Matteo exclaimed, knowing Mia was rumored to be the movie star's girlfriend. Was he still alive?! He gulped down at the thought.

He was well aware of Alessandro's possessive and jealous nature. Even though Alessandro didn't have a gun with him, he would have killed the man with his bare hands for even glancing at his woman. But he hadn't heard any news about Adam Whitmore's demise. "Is he alive?" Matteo asked hesitantly..

Alessandro turned to face his friend, scowling in confusion. "What do you mean?"

Matteo let out a breath of relief. So it meant Adam was alive. Adam was a great actor, and many were his

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Husband Novel 72

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 72 Disingenuous Relatives +5 Pearls

Duke Alexander entered his castle in Monaco with a commanding presence, the guards snapping to attention and saluting crisply as he strode purposefully past them. Ignoring the curious and admiring gazes of the palace staff, his focused gaze remained fixed ahead as he navigated towards the grand hall.

He found his mother seated there, flanked unexpectedly by his uncle and cousin.

"Mother," he greeted sternly, his expression cooling as he acknowledged the presence of his relatives. "You called me?" His tone carried an undercurrent of frustration; he had been engrossed in important matters concerning Monaco's upcoming parliamentary elections when Camille Montecarlo summoned him urgently.

"Alexander!" Camille's serene smile greeted her son. "Please, have a seat. I need to show you what the PI has found about your sister Adeline. Her eyes shimmered with hope, her smile touched with tears and the weight of concern. Alexander remained stoic in the face of the new information, his expression darkening as he fixed a piercing gaze on his uncle Henry Montecarlo and cousin Oliver Montecarlo.

"What are they doing here. Mother?" he asked through clenched teeth, his tone tinged with suspicion as he stared down his relatives.

"Oh, forgive me, son. I forgot to mention that it's your uncle Henry who hired this PI and brought information, Camille explained hesitantly, her smile faltering under Alexander's intense scrutiny. s this

"Then this information is irrelevant, Mother, Alexander declared curtly, turning to face her fully. "And how much did you pay them this time for this fabricated tale?" His words dripped with disdain.

"Lord Alexander!" Henry interjected sharply, his face contorting with displeasure. "We're not greedy. I merely compensated the PI for their services, he defended himself, though Alexander's disbelief was palpable.

"I'm certain you already know where my sister is and choose to withhold the truth, Alexander accused, his voice laced with mockery. "What's your endgame, Uncle Henry?"

"Camille, are you even listening to your son?" Henry protested in a plaintive tone. "Do you truly believe I would stoop so low as to orchestrate the disappearance of our princess?" His words were laden with a mix of hurt and indignation.

Alexander shook his head, a mix of frustration and disappointment evident on his face. This was the familiar charade he witnessed daily, where his trusting mother fell prey to the deceitful machinations of

their own kin.

However, Alexander had never trusted his uncle and cousins. They were present when his father was killed and his sister kidnapped. His sister was supposed to inherit the fortune left by their grandfather, as she was the first girl born into the Montecarlo family in ten generations. Their grandfather, overjoyed at the news of a baby girl in the family, decided to leave their entire fortune and property to the little princess even before she was born. However, Alexander, as the true heir to the title of Duke, would inherit not only the royal duties but also the palace and his father's fortune.

But on the day of her birth, little Adeline was kidnapped by one of Alexander's father's mistresses, and the Current duke, Alexander's father, was also killed. Alexander's uncle was the first person to discover his father's dead body, with no one else around. 1/2 11:53 Thu, Oct 3G G

Chapter 72 Disingenuous Relatives

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Alexander couldn't shake off suspicions of his uncle's involvement in his father's murder, especially since the murderer had still not been captured. They seemed very envious of their wealth and title, especially Henry, who had lost all his wealth in gambling and on women and was now leeching off Camille as the deceased husband's brother.

"Uncle Henry, with all due respect, I must ask you to leave. I need to speak with my mother in private, and I don't have the whole day, unlike your seemingly endless free time," Alexander taunted with disdain evident in his expression. Henry and Oliver rose immediately at Alexander's words.

"I can see that since my brother's passing, I no longer receive respect from his family," Henry played his emotional card, knowing Camille would be affected if he brought her late husband into the matter.

"No, Henry, please don't say that. You know Alexander is under a lot of stress lately. He does respect you otherwise, Camille asserted, appealing to Alexander to agree with her. "Right, Alexander?" she asked, hoping for his support.

"Right, Mother," Alexander reluctantly agreed, knowing he needed to placate his mother's feelings. Yet, inwardly, he couldn't bring himself to respect these individuals who he believed were undeserving of anyone's respect. He continued to glare at Henry and Oliver, a silent warning not to test his patience. They knew well that upsetting the Duke could cost them dearly. Sensing the tension, Henry and Oliver wisely decided to take their leave.

"Alright, Camille. I won't keep you much longer, Henry said, his tone measured. "I'll settle with the PI and instruct them to delve deeper into the matter. Hopefully, we can locate Adeline soon," he asserted, causing Alexander to audibly groan in irritation. They had captured his father's mistress and imprisoned her in the dungeon, but she was found dead under mysterious circumstances a few weeks later, before they could extract any information from her. At

time Uncle Henry temporarily was in charge of investigations, while Alexander focused on training and overseeing his father's funeral arrangements. Alexander was younger at the time, but now he could see through the feigned concern of his uncle and cousin. He endured their presence solely for his mother's sake. Otherwise, he would have ejected them from his estate long ago.

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Husband Novel 73

Chapter 73 Lost Princess +5 Pearls:

As Henry and Oliver left. Alexander raked a frustrated hand through his hair. "Why do you let them enter the estate, Mother?" he questioned with irritation. "I can't even bear to see their faces," he muttered under his breath.

"Alexander, you know he is the only relative from your father's side," Camille replied, her voice tinged with concern. "When everyone wanted to see us destroyed and take our money and empire after your father's sudden death, Henry was the one who stood by my side and fought them. You were very young, and I was in deep grief, not in my senses. He helped us a lot. I couldn't repay his favor. That's why I pay him, knowing he needs money."

Her heart was very kind to everyone, and that was why people emed to take advantage of her kindness. Even she forgave her husband for having many affairs while married to her because she never wanted her children to be raised in a broken family. "Mother, he knew your weakness is your kindness, and he is taking advantage of it," Alexander tried to make his mother understand, his voice laced with frustration and desperation.

"Whatever, Alexander, but if he can help me find your sister, I am ready to pay him any price. Camille retorted sullenly.

She turned away from him, her shoulders drooping with the weight of her sorrow. The flickering candlelight cast shadows across her face, highlighting the lines etched by years of grief and worry. She was upset that Alexander was so busy with his duties as duke and managing their business and properties that he didn't have time to search for his sister.

"Mother, he is only deceiving you," Alexander insisted, stepping closer to her. His voice softened, but his tone remained urgent. "If anyone could be suspected of abducting my sister, it's Uncle Henry. He had the motive. Grandfather named all his fortune to Adeline, and Uncle Henry was very upset with it. It's mentioned in Grandfather's will that if Adeline is not here to claim her inheritance until she is twenty-five, the fortune and properties will be divided between Uncle Henry and Father. But with Father also dead. Henry placed a claim on the whole properties and fortune Grandfather left. I am still fighting that case, and that's why he can't have the money yet."

Camille's eyes welled up with tears, the anguish evident in her gaze. "I don't care about money and properties. Give him all if I can get my daughter back, Please, Alexander, Camille pleaded desperately to her son. She wiped a tear from her cheek, her voice breaking under the weight of her sorrow.

She was a mother enduring the agony of separation from her little daughter, having never even held Adeline after her birth as she was kidnapped right after the nurse took her to be cleaned.

Alexander's heart ached seeing his mother in such pain. He gently took her hands in his, looking to her eyes with determination.

"Mother, trust me. I am very close to finding Adeline," Alexander told her with a bright smile, hoping to lift her spirits.

"Really? How?" Camille's old, dull eyes sparkled with a glimmer of hope.

"Remember I wanted you to meet Mia Peterson?" Alexander coaxed his mother's memory, his voice gentle but filled with anticipation. "Yes, the interior designer!" Camille mused, curiosity surfacing in her eyes as she gazed back at Alexander.

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Chapter 73 Lost Princess

+5 Pearls

Alexander nodded. "That's right. The interior designer I think it's fate that brought me across her path," he said, smiling at the thought of Mia.

"What about her?" Camille furrowed her brow in confusion, trying to piece together what Alexander was implying.

"Mother, if you had met her, you would be as shocked as I was. She is a true copy of Father, Alexander revealed, his eyes lighting up with the significance of his discovery. "How How is it possible? Is she... Is she a daughter of one of his mistresses?" Camille swallowed, her sorrow evident in her trembling voice as her heart sank with the realization. "No. I knew every one of his mistresses, and none of them had a child with Father, Alexander affirmed.

He was relieved that his father had been wise enough not to have a child out of wedlock; otherwise, he would have had to deal with even more nemeses than he already had.

"So... can... it be possible?" Camille gasped, her throat feeling heavy with the possibility. She didn't want to be disappointed again, like every other time she thought she had found her daughter, only for it to be an illusion-a lie.

"Mother, I have discreetly conducted a DNA test, and the result will come in a few days. Then we will have confirmation. But my heart says it's her," he nodded firmly. The connection he felt with Mia was more than friendship; it was a blood connection, as if she were his kin

Suddenly, a faint noise of someone shifting caught Alexander's attention. He swiftly turned his head and found Oliver standing there.

"I am sorry for disturbing you, Lord Alexander. I forgot my phone, Oliver said, pointing at the sofa.

Alexander glared at him in disdain as Oliver strode toward the sofa, quietly picked up his phone, and left swiftly. Alexander scowled at Oliver's retreating back. The father and son duo were not worthy of trust.

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Husband Novel 74

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Thu, Oct

Let Me Go, My Malia Husband

Chapter 74 Perfect Bride

+5 Pearls

"Alexander, he left, Camille sighed, looking at her angry son who was still glaring in the direction Oliver had gone.

"I am

still telling you, Mother, they are not trustworthy, Alexander muttered bitterly, his jaw clenched with

frustration.

"Alright, now return to the main topic. I can't wait for the results to come. By the way, when are they coming?" Camille asked, her excitement palpable.

"It's coming in two days," Alexander replied, his mood shifting as a hopeful smile spread across his face at the thought of finding his lost sister.

"That's great, Alexander, Camille smiled, though hesitation glinted in her eyes. "I actually called you for something else," she said calmly.

"What was it, Mother?" Alexander asked, furrowing his brow, his hands tucked into the pockets of his pants.

"Alexander, have you thought about marrying?" Camille asked, knowing her son didn't like this question and always intentionally avoided discussing his marriage.

Mother! Alexander turned his back, avoiding looking into his mother's eyes. He had told her so many times, and she knew it-that he didn't like to discuss it anymore and he was not interested in marrying at the moment.

"You know I won't get married until I find my lost sister and then I will hand her the whole estate and wealth that rightfully belongs to her. Only then will I think about settling down in my life," he reasoned, his tone indifferent. "Alexander, you know we don't know how much longer it will take, but I can't stay young forever. I want to see you settled and have children, son. For my sake, you have to consider the proposals of marriage sent by many noble families," Camille insisted, her voice trembling with a mixture of concern and urgency.

That was the problem. Alexander didn't want to marry because there was always a condition that his bride should be from a noble family.

"Mother, you know I won't marry another woman but Chloé Martin. She is the love of my life and means everything to me," Alexander declared with authority, his eyes blazing with determination.

"But Alexander, you can't marry a cabaret dancer. She is not even from a noble family. The people of Monaco won't accept her as their duchess, and even the royal council, including the king, will disapprove. You can even lose your title, Camille reminded him of the harsh consequences,

"I don't care about titles or what others think. I want to be with her, Alexander declared stubbornly, his jaw set-in defiance,

Camille sighed, her heart heavy with worry. The men in her life were foolish when it came to choosing women who were worthy of their love. She knew Chloe was a gold digger, and was likely interested in Alexander's wealth and status, not just his love. But blind in love, Alexander couldn't see it.

"Then be prepared to relinquish your title as Duke of Monaco and let your cousin Oliver take over," Camille suggested gently, concern shadowing her eyes. She knew it was a sensitive nerve for Alexander.

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Chapter 74 Perfect Bride

his sides, weighing his options carefully before responding.

+5 Pearls

"I can't let that fool take over my inheritance and tarnish the Montecarlo family reputation," he muttered. through clenched teeth, his voice edged with determination.

"Then marry a noble woman." Camille suggested, her brow furrowing as she noticed the defiant glint in Alexander's eyes and saw his lips parting to protest. Quickly, she added, "If you want, you can have Chloé by

your side as your mistress. After all, men in elite families are known to have many mistresses, but their wives should be from noble families to continue their legacy and provide heirs," she reasoned, hoping to find a compromise. Alexander looked at his mother with a mix of frustration and resignation. The conflict between his love for Chloé and his family's expectations was evident in his expression.

"Alright," he huffed out in frustration. "Choose a bride for me.

"Take a look. I have many excellent profiles of girls from elite families selected for you, Camille gestured towards the adjacent table where files were neatly organized. Casting a bored glance at the files, Alexander grimaced inwardly, his heart heavy with reluctance. "I will marry anyone you say. I don't care about her looks or name. The only condition is that she should be from a noble family and ready to fulfill the duties of a Duchess of Monaco. To be my trophy wife, he stated indifferently before turning his back and making his way towards the door.

"Then one girl caught my eye. She is perfect in every way, Camille spoke, her voice resonating with joy. "Her name is Hazel, but her father..."

Alexander halted in his tracks and cut his mother off abruptly. "I don't care about her father or her family. If you think she is a suitable bride for me, set a date for the wedding and let me know. I'll need to check my schedule," he said coldly, his tone devoid of warmth or enthusiasm.

"Don't you want to meet her before the marriage and get to know her?" Camille questioned, surprise evident in her voice.

""Does it matter?" Alexander shrugged nonchalantly.

For him, there was only one woman who was perfect: Chloé Martin. The girl he was being pressured to marry would only be his wife in name. She needed to understand her position in the family hierarchy. Already, Chloé had moved in with him, kept secret from the media by his security detail. However, after marriage, he had no intention of hiding Chloé. It was a ritual among noble families to marry for alliances, and men often had mistresses whom they truly loved.

With one last expressionless glance at his mother, Alexander left, striding authoritatively toward the grand exit of the palace. Camille watched her son with a heavy heart, understanding that even if he loved Chloé, marrying her would be a bigger mistake than marrying Hazel. She knew sacrifices had been made through the ages, and she was willing to make them again for a good life and a better future for her son and future generations to come.

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Husband Novel 75

Chapter 75 Conspiracy @K 62%

+5 Pearls

"What took you so long?" Henry's voice was sharp, cutting through the air like a knife. He glared at his son, Oliver Montecarlo, his eyes burning with impatience.

Henry was already upset after Alexander insulted them, treating them like they were pieces of dirt rather than his relatives. He hated Alexander from the bottom of his heart and never wanted him to be the Duke. But to Henry's disappointment, Alexander was the sole heir of the Duke of Monaco, taking after his father.

Oliver hesitated, glancing around nervously before leaning in closer.

"I heard Alexander talking about a DNA test," he whispered, his voice barely audible.

"DNA test?!" Henry's expression twisted into a deep frown. Without another word, he seized Oliver's arm and dragged him out of the palace complex. They hurried through the corridors and out into the garden, far from the prying eyes of guards and staff. The lush greenery offered a semblance of privacy.

Henry's grip on Oliver's arm tightened. "What did you hear exactly?" he demanded, his tone low and menacing.

Oliver swallowed hard, his voice trembling. "Alexander was talking to his mother about finding a girl he thinks might be Adeline. He said he had given samples for a DNA test to confirm.

For a moment, Henry stood frozen, his face a mask of shock and rage. Then, he let out a slow, calculated breath, a sinister smirk curling his lips.

"It's impossible for the girl to be Adeline, Henry mumbled with confidence, as if he knew why it was impossible for Adeline to still be alive. "However, we can't take any chances. Our luck has already been unfavorable lately. His voice dropped to a murmur, barely louder than a breath, but Oliver caught every word. We need to switch the samples before they're tested, Henry added as his face gleamed with sharp determination.

His eyes gleamed with a dangerous light as he turned to his son. "Find out where he has sent the samples to be tested," he ordered, his voice brooking no argument.

Oliver nodded, determination and fear warring in his eyes. "Yes, Father,"

"By the way, we got the money this time, but it will only last a few days," Oliver said, his voice tinged with a mix of relief and anxiety. "But what will we do after that? You know the people we owe money to are posing threats continuously."

Henry's smirk spread slowly across his face, a wicked and sinful glint sparking in his eyes. "Don't worry, we will pay off all our debt just like we are paying now. We just need to speed up our game plan," he said, his tone dripping with sinister confidence. Oliver could almost see the dark wheels turning in his father's mind.

"But... Henry continued, holding up a finger in caution, his eyes narrowing as if he were about to reveal a crucial piece of their treacherous puzzle. For everything to carry on as we want, you need to make sure the DNA test results come out as we want." His voice dropped to a menacingly serious tone.

"Don't worry, Father. I will take care of it. Oliver assured, straightening his suit jacket with a smug, calculated motion.

Henry glanced at his son with thinly veiled disdain. He couldn't help but feel a gnawing envy towards his nephew Alexander who was successful in everything conceivable was Alexander an emerald and more

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Chapter 75 Conspiracy

+5 Pearls

hardworking, a paragon of diligence and dedication. Henry had watched him work tirelessly for the betterment of the people and the principality of Monaco while simultaneously managing the family's vast business empire. Under Alexander's stewardship, their businesses and properties had tripled in value.

In stark contrast, Henry's own son, Oliver, was a shadow, unable to survive without his father's financial support. Henry's money kept Oliver and his family afloat, but the young man lacked the ambition and drive to forge his own path. This made Henry's resentment towards Alexander even more bitter. He despised Alexander not just for his success but for highlighting Oliver's shortcomings. Henry's jealousy had grown into a festering hatred, a burning desire to see Alexander's life ruined.

Henry's mind seethed with memories of his covert attempts to undermine Alexander. He had already tried to sabotage his nephew's efforts and was constantly seeking new ways to make his life difficult, all while keeping his brother's widow-Alexander's mother-ignorant of his true intentions. The thought of Alexander's downfall brought a twisted sense of satisfaction to Henry, even as he plotted in the shadows, driven by envy and malice.

"Don't be overconfident, because Alexander can smell a conspiracy. He's that clever, Henry warned his son as his furious and intense gaze locked with Oliver's. "Always be extra careful, and make no mistakes, because mere one mistake will cost you your life." "I got it. Father. Trust me when I say I will handle it. I'm good at those cunning tactics, Oliver replied with a wicked smile. I am your son, after all."

Henry glanced at his son's confident face, and his chest swelled with a twisted sense of pride. At least Oliver had learned something from him. Yet, Henry's desire burned hotter-he wanted to see his son rise to the heights Alexander had reached. One day, he vowed, he would make it happen. His mind was always plotting, always scheming, and he felt he was very close to victory.

After exchanging a knowing look, the father and son duo headed to their cars, their steps echoing with the promise of dark deeds to come.

In Paris, Alessandro had just returned from work and finished a conference call with the business head of his overseas operations. After ordering a coffee from his mansion's kitchen, he headed to his room. He emptied his pockets and placed everything on the coffee table in the center of the room. Unbuttoning his cuffs, he removed his custom-made, expensive cufflinks and set them on the table as well. He was about to take off his shirt when his phone rang. Picking it up from the table, he frowned as Maria's name flashed on the screen.

Feeling reluctant, he answered, "Mother, what is it?"

"Alessandro, where are you? Why aren't you answering Vanessa's calls?" Maria immediately be

him with accusatory question

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Alessandro groaned mentally, recalling how Vanessa kept pestering him despite his clear demand to end their engagement. She continued calling and texting, but Alessandro intentionally ghosted her.

"Mother, tell her to stop calling me. I'm tired of her bothering me again and again," he gritted out, irritation evident in his voice.

"Alessandro, she's your fiancée," Maria insisted. "You can't do this to her."

"No, Mother, she is not my fiancée," he snapped. "The engagement is off, and I have nothing to do with her anymore."

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Chapter 75 Conspiracy

+5 Pearls

There was silence on the line. Maria stayed quiet, knowing nothing could change Alessandro's mind when he was upset-especially since he rarely spoke to her like that unless he was truly angry.

"Okay, we'll discuss this later," Maria conceded, changing the topic. I actually called to ask you to attend the party in Paris," she pleaded.

"Mother, I don't have time for parties or this nonsense, Alessandro dismissed in a cold tone.

"Alessandro, it's something important. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered you, knowing how precious your time is, Maria pressed Alessandro sighed, "Alright, Mother. Text me the address, and I'll go. When is it?"

"Tonight!" Maria replied.

"Tonight?" Alessandro frowned.

"Yes, dear. And please don't forget to give my regards to the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Corbin," she added quickly before Alessandro could refuse. "Hmm," Alessandro replied curtly, rubbing his forehead. I'm running late for a meeting. I'll call you later," he said, disconnecting the call.

"Alright, take care, son," Maria cooed sweetly before ending the call.

She smiled to herself, satisfied. She had intentionally sent Alessandro to the party because Vanessa would be there too. Vanessa had complained to Maria about him avoiding her, and together, they had planned this. Maria had played her role, and now it

was Vanessa's turn. She knew Vanessa's charm and beauty were irresistible. Alessandro would have to give in. Her smile grew more wicked at the thought.

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Husband Novel 76

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 76 Dna Test

+5 Pearls

Alessandro had returned to Paris for a seminar, sitting in his office with his mind swirling with anticipation. He couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement at the thought of the joy the DNA test results would bring to him and his family. He had sent the samples to Paris, where fewer people knew about him in that big city. He didn't want the news to leak before he received confirmation.

He was absolutely certain that the test would be positive. Deep down, he didn't need confirmation that Mia was his sister, but having the results in hand would prove it to the world and to her.

He had meticulously conducted a background check on her and discovered that she lived alone with her twin children. There were no clues about her marital status or her parents, further solidifying his belief that she must be his long-lost sister.

Lost in his thoughts, Alexander's cell phone suddenly rang. He glanced at the caller ID and grinned upon seeing it was Mia. It seemed almost serendipitous that he had just been thinking of her, and now she was calling-it felt like a bond of family. "Mia!" he exclaimed as he answered the call. "I was just thinking of you," he blurted out honestly, unable to contain his excitement.

"Alexander!" Mia's voice came through the phone's speakers, and he could almost sense her smiling face as her voice reached him. "And in your thoughts, you sent me chocolates and a teddy bear. And guess what? I actually received them. Mia teased playfully. Alexander couldn't help himself; he had impulsively sent Mia chocolates and a teddy bear, a gesture he had always wanted to make for his baby sister. With the imminent arrival of the test results today, he was overflowing with excitement. Despite his eagerness to deliver these gifts personally, he restrained himself, waiting anxiously for the results to arrive.

"I hope you like them," Alexander chuckled warmly at Mia's playful banter. His heart swelled with a mix of joy and longing at the thought of always sharing such bright, light-hearted moments with his sister.

To the world, Alexander was known as a serious and authoritative figure, renowned for his cold demeanor and ruthless decision-making. But for his family, he was a different man—a caring and loving figure who would go to any lengths for his mother, sister, and the love of his life. "Yeah, I liked them, but you didn't have to do it," Mia replied hesitantly, her voice tinged with confusion. She couldn't help but feel a bit puzzled by the chocolates and teddy bear. After all, she was no longer a child or a teenage girl. "It was very unexpected to receive chocolates and a teddy bear," she mused aloud, her gaze drifting unconsciously towards the gifts Alexander had sent. "But it was nice at the same time," she added sincerely.

"If you don't like them, tell me. I can send anything you want," Alexander asked anxiously, his voice betraying a hint of desperation.

"No, no!" Mia responded promptly, her tone firm. She didn't want him to send her anything. After all, he was her client, and she was being paid to decorate the interiors of his luxury apartment. She wanted to maintain a strictly professional relationship. Despite never sensing any ill intentions from Alexander, she preferred to keep a distance. Her life was already filled with enough drama, and she had no desire to invite

more.

"Well, are you free this evening?" Alexander asked impulsively, unable to stop himself.

*Umm

Alexander I'm a little occupied with work. You know I have to oversee the interior design of the

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Chapter 76 Dna Test

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+5 Pearls

Duke of Monaco's apartment, Mia replied, her tone tersing, which elicited a chuckle from Alexander

"I understand, Mia. My mother was in town, and I wanted you both to finally meet. Remember, you missed the opportunity last time," Alessandro said gently.

Camille had come with him, eager to see the DNA test results as well. The heart of a mother was anxious to find her lost daughter. It was going to be the most emotional and happiest moment all at once.

"Oh, yeah," Mia exclaimed, slapping her hand lightly on her forehead in mock frustration.

"I'm really sorry about that. I hope you conveyed my apology to Lady Camille, Mia added nervously, biting her lip. The Duke and his mother were prominent figures, and she didn't want to inadvertently offend them.

"Don't worry, Mia. She doesn't need an apology; she wants a dinner with you, Alexander assured her warmly.

He hoped Mia would accept his invitation for dinner, where he planned to reveal the DNA test results. It would be a beautiful moment to witness his mother reunited with her long-lost daughter.

"Fuck!" Alexander cursed silently to himself.

He had already planned so much to celebrate this occasion. Alexander eagerly anticipated calling Chloe and inviting her as well. Chloe was an integral part of his life, and his love for her was deep and genuine. He was determined to ensure she never felt like an outsider, especially after moments when his mother unintentionally made her feel that way,

But with his mother insisting on his marriage, how would he handle telling Chloe that he had to marry someone else, not her?

"Alexander! Alexander, Mia's voice on the phone snapped him back to the present, and he replied swiftly, realizing he had been holding the phone absentmindedly.

"Yeah, I'm here," he mumbled promptly.

"I'm very sorry for tonight; something urgent has come up. But I'll try to arrange a meeting with Her Highness very soon," Mia said, her voice carrying a genuine sense of helplessness that convinced Alexander she was not making excuses.

"Alright, Mia. We will be waiting," he replied calmly.

"Thank you," Mia murmured gratefully. "By the way, the apartment is almost ready. If you want to visit and inspect the work, you can come anytime," she suggested.

"No need. I trust your talent. I'll come to see it when the whole apartment is completed and you hand it over to me. And don't worry about the time. Take as much time as you

need. No need to hurry and take care of yourself," he said warmly, his words contrasting with Mia's expectations based on what she had

heard about the Duke.

Mia felt her heart melt at the Duke's kindness, which was far from the rumors she had heard about him.

Mia nodded, though she knew Alexander couldn't see her over the phone.

Suddenly, a knock sounded at Alexander's office door.

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Chapter 76 Dna Test

"One moment, Mia. I'll call you later, okay? Take care," Alexander said urgently.

"Okay, bye, Alexander," Mia whispered softly before disconnecting the call.

"Come in," Alexander called out, his voice tight with anticipation.

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+5 Pearls

His trustworthy assistant entered, holding a white envelope in his hand. Alexander's eyes gleamed with hope and anticipation, knowing what it could contain.

The assistant extended his hand, offering the envelope to Alexander. With swift movements, Alexander, took it and tore it open eagerly, his heart racing as he unfolded the contents and read the result inside. But all his hope shattered as he saw that one damning word in place of the DNA test result.

NEGATIVE.

Alexander couldn't believe it. How could his intuition, so certain for the first time in his life, be wrong? He cursed his luck and felt a profound disappointment that cut deeper than anything he had ever experienced before.

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Husband Novel 77

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 77 Unexpected Encounter

+5 Pearls

Mia was meticulously working on the interiors of an upcoming mall, he

eyes narrowing with concentration as she directed her assistants, who were diligently noting down her every word. After providing a comprehensive brief on the intricate designs and minute details, Mia glanced at her watch. Another meeting awaited, her schedule packed to the brim, leaving no room for thoughts of Alessandro or anyone else. Yet, deep down, she knew this relentless busyness was merely a facade, a feeble attempt to distract herself from the scorching presence of her husband that still lingered in her mind,

She turned her attention back to the task at hand, refocusing her thoughts on the work in front of her. "Any questions?" she asked her assistants in a brisk and authoritative tone.

"No, ma'am!" they responded in unison, their voices echoing slightly in the cavernous, unfinished space.

"Good, Mia said, nodding with satisfaction. "Now, work according to the plan and keep me updated about the progress." With one last command, she concluded her briefing. Now she was done with this site and ready to tackle her next obligation

As she hurriedly gathered her things, her eyes caught sight of a magazine on a nearby table. Alessandro's. striking image was splashed across the cover, captured at a glamorous party thrown by Maria, with Vanessa clinging to his arm. The glossy photo reignited a flood of memories, each one sharper and more painful than the last. Despite her determination to remain unaffected, she felt a sharp pang of hurt and a surge of anger. The last few days they had spent together, filled with silent promises and unspoken hope, played out in her mind. He had never uttered those promises aloud, but she had seen them clearly in his eyes, in the way he looked at her.

Now, here he was, back to his old ways. Mia snorted bitterly, mocking her own foolishness. How naive she, had been to believe he could change. The image of him, flirting and basking in the attention of another woman, burned in her mind. Her anger was not just directed at him but at herself for being so easily deceived by his alluring eyes.

She clenched her fists, her knuckles turning white, before letting out a heavy breath and closing her eyes to calm herself. The tension in her shoulders slowly eased as she reminded herself that she had more important things to think about than Alessandro Valentino. Her phone chimed, interrupting her thoughts, and she glanced at the screen to see a text notification from Emily.

The message read: I've already reached the meeting venue and am waiting for you.

Mia hurried to the basement parking lot, her heels clicking sharply against the concrete. The area was still deserted, the emptiness giving off an eerie vibe as the mall was not yet functional. Shadows loomed large, cast by the skeletal structures of the unfinished building. A shiver ran down her spine, and she glanced around, half-expecting to see someone lurking in the shadows. The feeling of being watched clung to her, making her heart race.

Finding no one but herself alone in the strangely quiet and under-construction parking lot, Mia took a deep breath and shook off the feeling of paranoia. She pulled her car out of the parking space and drove swiftly towards the other mall, where Emily and the client were waiting for her.

The city blurred past her, a kaleidoscope of lights and motion, as her focus remained firm on the road ahead. After what felt like an eternity, she found herself parking in the open front lot of the mall. She maneuvered her car into a spot with precision, picked up the file lying on the passenger-seat and stepped out. Locking the door with deliberate care, she took a moment to glance down at the file in her hand. Quickly flipping through the documents, she ensured she had everything she needed for the meeting. Satisfied, Mia clutched the file tightly and hurried towards the entrance, her heels tapping a brisk rhythm on the pavement.

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Chapter 77 Unexpected Encounter +5 Pearls

She paused briefly to check the text from Emily again, confirming the name of the restaurant where the client awaited. As she entered the mall, the noise and bustle of an unusually large crowd hit her like a wave. Media personnel swarmed the space, their cameras flashing and microphones thrust forward eagerly. The air buzzed with weird speculation and excitement, making her confused.

"That's going on?" she thought, glancing around with a mix of curiosity and irritation. "Maybe a celebrity is here for an event or a store opening," she mused, shaking her head dismissively. She had no time for distractions.

Mia squared her shoulders and lifted her head high. Her eyes focused ahead, cutting through the crowd. with determined strides.

She was engrossed in her phone, checking for any new messages from Emily, so deeply absorbed that she didn't realize someone was standing in her path. Suddenly, she collided with what felt like a wall of solid rock. Her phone slipped from her hand in the startling moment, clattering to the floor. Mia screamed as she collided with the hard obstacle, her eyes squeezing shut in fear as she anticipated the pain from the fall.

But instead of hitting the ground, she felt two powerful hands catch her, securing her in a strong embrace. Stunned and in utter surprise, Mia opened one eye cautiously. Her other eye followed suit, widening as she blinked up at the handsome face of Adam Whitmore. Her breath caught in her throat, and she could hardly process his presence.

Before she could gather her thoughts or question what he was doing there, the rapid clicking sounds of camera shutters filled the air. The sudden onslaught of noise and flashes of light from the paparazzi who instantly surrounded them made her gasp. 736

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Husband Novel 78

Chapter 78 Public Proposal 45 Pearis

The media frenzy erupted around them, capturing the unexpected encounter in a barrage of blinding flashes and shouted questions.

"Adam?" Mia managed to whisper, her eyes widening in disbelief. "What is going on?"

Mia attempted to rise, and Adam promptly steadied her, but he kept her close, unwilling to let go.

"Mia, babe," Adam began, his voice a blend of excitement and genuine affection. I've wanted to do this for so long, but..." He sighed heavily, a fleeting grin breaking through. "Forget it. Now, I can't wait and have to say this, he whispered huskily, his striking blue eyes brimming with love and adoration. It was then that Mia noticed the bouquet of exotic lilies in Adam's hands.

"Adam, I don't understand why you're here, she shook her head in confusion, her tone cautious. "I hope you're not about to do something that will get us both in trouble," she warned, her nervous gaze locked on his

"Don't worry, love. I'll never put you in trouble. But I can't hold back any longer, Adam reassured, bringing her hands to his lips and kissing the back of her hands softly.

Mia's lips parted and she furrowed in surprise when Adam took a step back and suddenly knelt before her. Gasping. Mia instinctively covered her mouth in shock. Her terrified gaze darted around, realizing the crowd was watching, and the media captured every moment live. Unbeknownst to her, Adam had orchestrated this moment for the world to witness.

Adam had been uneasy since discovering Alessandro at Mia's house. When he talked to the kids, he learned of their marriage contract. He felt frustrated knowing he had always been pursuing Mia, yet Alessandro had managed to win her over. Despite this, he couldn't blame the children for their innocent deal with the cunning billionaire.

When he met Alessandro for the first time, Adam was also startled by the uncanny resemblance between Alessandro and Maximo. They looked so similar that anyone could mistake them for being related. Now, with Alessandro about to marry Mia, Adam's insecurities drove him to publicly declare his love and assert his claim over Mia, ensuring everyone knew she belonged to him.

He extended his hand, holding out a bouquet of flowers before her, his voice brimming with sincerity. "Mia Peterson, I love you."

The crowd erupted into a chorus of both joy and envy

Women stared at Mia with jealous eyes, wondering what magic a seemingly ordinary woman possessed to capture the heart of the hot superstar Adam Whitmore so deeply that he declared his love for her before the countless cameras broadcasting their moment to the world.

Clutching the bouquet with both hands, Adam continued, his words filled with heartfelt honesty, "I've been in love with you since the moment I first saw you. It was love at first sight, and your beautiful eyes stole my heart that very day. Now, I can't wait to make you mine. He gently placed the bouquet in Mia's trembling hands, realizing she was frozen with nervousness.

Instinctively. Mia accepted the bouquet, stunned by Adam's confession. Though he had professed his love to her many times before, she had always hesitated to accept his proposal. Now, with Adam declaring his love in front of the entire world, she felt a mix of shock and annoyance. She had always been a private person by nature and disliked the spotlight.

Chapter 78 Public Proposal +5 Pearls

Adam expended his hand, and his assistant stepped forward, presenting him with a red velvet square box. Mia was so numb with uncertainty that she couldn't react.

With a deliberate motion, Adam opened the box before her, revealing a stunning ring adorned with a large, sparkling rock on its top. The crowd erupted into murmurs of awe, gasping at the ring's beauty. Cameras clicked incessantly, capturing every angle of this historic proposal. Adam carefully lifted the ring out of the box and held it before Mia.

"Mia Peterson, please marry me and make me the happiest man alive," Adam pleaded, his voice tinged with desperation and overflowing love as he waited for Mia's response.

"Adam, you know that... Mia began, helplessness in her eyes, but Adam's hopeful expression cut her off.

"Please, Mia, everyone is watching." Adam pleaded in a hushed tone, his eyes locking with hers in a fervent plea.

Sighing heavily, feeling as though she had no other choice, Mia extended her hand. The crowd erupted into applause and cheers as Adam took Mia's hand and slipped the ring onto her finger. Rising to his feet, he pulled her close into his arms, embracing her tightly. Cupping her beautiful face in his large hands, gently, he kissed her cheek near her mouth, giving the paparazzi and crowd the illusion of a real kiss. Adam knew Mia disliked public displays of affection, and intimacy was not her thing.

Mia felt nothing but helplessness at Adam's ostentatious gesture. She didn't want to embarrass him, so she accepted the ring for the sake of the show. Deep down, however, she knew she couldn't agree in her heart and resolved to talk to him in private later. Adam's assistant and various well-wishers began approaching them one by one, offering congratulations. Emily also appeared among the crowd and then Mia realized her friend was also involved in Adam's plan. Mia shot Emily a glare in annoyance but Emily only shrugged helplessly in response.

"I am sorry, Mia, but I couldn't refuse when Adam asked for help," Emily explained apologetically.

Mia sighed deeply, restraining herself from losing her temper and shouting at her well-meaning but misguided friend for their thoughtless actions. She maintained her composure, patiently waiting until she could find Adam and Emily alone.

The entire proposal had been broadcast live across the world, captivating audiences everywhere and becoming viral news. Among the viewers was a prominent figure, who watched the spectacle on television. His expression darkened as he tightened his grip on the glass in his hand until it shattered, the glass crystals piercing his palm. Without a second thought, he hurled the blood-dripping glass shards at the television screen, the

violent crash of glass punctuating his rage as the television exploded into a shower of sparks and shattered glass,

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Husband Novel 79

Chapter 79 What A Woman Wants +5 Pearls

It was late evening, and Alessandro was deep in a meeting at the mafia headquarters. The air was thick with tension. They had a lead on the traitor feeding information to the rival gang, but the informer's tip was proving worthless.

Alessandro's patience wore thin. "You come to me with this?" he growled, his voice low and menacing. The informer stammered, trying to explain, but Alessandro's glare silenced him.

"You're wasting my time with these baseless rumors," Alessandro said coldly. "Do you know what happens to people who waste my time?"

The informer paled, trembling under Alessandro's gaze,

"If you ever come to me with useless information again Alessandro continued, his voice deadly calm. "you'll leave this room in a body bag. Now get out."

The informer fled, leaving Alessandro's men in tense silence. Alessandro didn't need to raise his voice to make his threat clear. His words were final, and everyone in the room knew he meant every word.

"Find the traitor," Alessandro ordered, his tone sharp and unforgiving. "And when you do, bring them to me. Alive"

There was no mistaking the promise of violence in his eyes. In Alessandro's world, betrayal wasn't just punished-it was annihilated.

He quickly left the operations room and strode straight to the room where Matteo was waiting for him. Matteo had some pressing legal issues regarding Alessandro's black money that could cause serious trouble and even expose his identity to the police if not handled in time. As soon as Alessandro entered. the room, he noticed Matteo watching the news,

"What's going on?" Alessandro asked carelessly.

"Nothing, just passing time with the news," Matteo replied casually.

"Alright, let's get started," Alessandro said, pouring himself a glass of scotch. Matteo picked up a file to hand it to the mafia king, but before he could, the news changed, capturing both of their attention.

Alessandro's jaw clenched, and his expression darkened with a murderous glare as the news unfolded before him: Adam Whitmore was proposing to Mia, and she had accepted. Then they kissed.

The sight of it sent a cold fury through him. His grip tightened on the glass in his hand until it shattered, the shards piercing his palm.

Without a second thought, Alessandro hurled the blood-soaked glass shards at the television screen. The violent crash echoed through the room as the screen exploded into a shower of sparks and shattered glass, punctuating the intensity of his rage. The room fell silent, the broken pieces of glass scattered around.

Matteo watched in panic as blood dripped from Alessandro's hand. Alessandro was fuming with anger, low growls escaping his mouth with every heavy breath and pant. His eyes blazed with a fury that seemed to consume anyone entirely.

Suddenly, Alessandro strode over to the chest beside the broken television, his movements quick and determined. He yanked open the first drawer and grabbed the gun inside. Matteo's heart leaped with

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Chapter 79 What A Woman Wants

understood all too well what was going on in his friend's mind.

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+5 Pearls

"Alessandrol Alessandro!" Matteo called out as his voice was thick with desperation. But Alessandro, blinded and deafened by rage, kept going. Matteo had no choice but to

rush after him, grabbing Alessandro's arm with a firm grip to stop him. "Where are you going?" he asked, worry etched across his face.

"Leave my hand, Matteo, I will kill that bastard. How dare he kiss my woman?!" Alessandro roared, his voice a thunderous echo in the tense room.

"No, Alessandro, you can't act recklessly in anger. Calm down, and then we will think about what we should do. Matteo tried to coax his friend, his tone soothing yet urgent.

Alessandro's eyes bore into Matteo's, a storm of emotions raging within them. Matteo could feel the trembling intensity of Alessandro's fury through the grip on his arm, but he held on, refusing to let his friend make a rash decision that could lead to disastrous consequences.

"No. I won't calm down. How could she do this to me?" Alessandro's voice trembled with a mixture of anger and pain, his eyes reflecting the torment inside him.

"Exactly. You need to talk to her peacefully and sort it out. Anger and violence will not solve anything." Matteo advised, his voice steady and calm in contrast to Alessandro's turmoil.

No, I know how to sort this out. I should have killed that bastard the day I met him," Alessandro growled, gritting his teeth at the memory of his encounter with Adam at Mia's home. "Once he's gone, no one will come between us," he declared coldly. Matteo rubbed his head in frustration but didn't release Alessandro. He couldn't trust the angry mafia king. and the madly in love version of him was even more dangerous,

"Alessandro, you're making the same mistake again," Matteo reminded him, his voice urgent. "Remember, you lost her once because of your ego. Now you're risking losing her again, going to do something that can hurt her too. I'm warning you, if you lose her this time, you'll never get her back," Matteo cautioned, his words filled with concern.

"Then what should I do, Matteo?" Alessandro huffed in a tone of defeat, his shoulders slumping in disappointment. The gun slipped from his hand, clattering to the floor with a deep sense of despair.

"She did it again. This..." Alessandro gestured toward the broken television, his voice breaking, "made me realize I was never enough for her and I am still not enough. She accepted the marriage proposal of that bloody movie star?!" His voice trembled with disbelief as if his heart refused to accept the truth. "Is he more handsome and wealthier than me?! His forehead wrinkled with deep furrow as his eyes, wide with desperation, searched Matteo's face for answers.

"You still don't get it, my friend. She was not like those women who go for looks and wealth." Matteo smiled mockingly. However, his tone was tinged with a knowing sadness,

"Then what does she want?" Alessandro bellowed in frustration, his outburst making Matteo flinch.

But Matteo was well aware of his friend's anger and impatient nature. Though he had never been in love, he could see the agony in Alessandro's eyes. The Italian don was in pain-a very intense, consuming pain.

"You have to find out why she chose him over you," Matteo suggested sincerely. "Talk to her, but speak to her only when you're sober and not angry, Alessandro Matteo's calm voice contrasted with the tension in

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Chapter 79 What A Woman Wants

the room

+5 Pearls

Alessandro kept staring at Matteo's face, his expression unreadable. Then, without a word, he turned and grabbed the doorknob.

"Wait, Alessandro," Matteo tried to stop him again.

"Matteo, I want to be alone for now," Alessandro muttered curtly, looking over his shoulder before yanking the door open and slamming it behind him as he left. Matteo sighed heavily, watching the mafia king go. He knew Alessandro needed space and time to heal his broken heart. Mia's gaze fixed on Adam, who stood amidst a flurry of paparazzi, animatedly discussing his upcoming wedding plans. His arm was possessively draped around her tiny waist, drawing attention as she forced a bright smile and leaned into his embrace. "Babe, we should leave now," Mia whispered, her tone tender but hiding a simmering anger that threatened to boil over. The paparazzi reacted with soft murmurs, finding her apparent shyness endearing.

"Just a minute, baby! I'm giving an exclusive interview after our engagement," Adam replied, his smile warm as he kissed Mia's cheek. She clenched her teeth, struggling to maintain composure.

"No, we're leaving now," Mia insisted before she lost her cool and gripping Adam's hand she pulled him away from the crowd. Adam's loyal bodyguard and assistant followed them closely. Emily had texted Mia about heading back to the office and meeting her at home later in the evening.

Heading towards the VIP parking area, Mia and Adam made their way to where his waiting limousine stood. An attentive bodyguard opened the door for them, ushering them into the vehicle's luxurious

interior.

"Where do you want to go now?" Adam asked, his voice laced with excitement and joy. "I think we should go home and tell Gia and Maximo about it. Then we can go somewhere to celebrate our engagement. God, I can't wait to marry you," Adam continued, his enthusiasm for their future plans evident. But Mia's mind was elsewhere, filled with something weighty and serious.

"Adam, we need to talk," Mia murmured, her expression stern, once they were both inside Adam's limousine.

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Husband Novel 80

Chapter 80 Not As Simple +5 Pearls

"Mia, I'm so happy you said yes," Adam beamed, spreading his arms as if to embrace her. Mia pressed a hand against his chest, gently stopping him.

"No, Adam. I didn't say yes. I only let you slip the ring on my finger because of the media and your fans. I didn't want to embarrass you. You're my friend, after all," Mia explained, shaking her head. Adam took a deep breath, trying to compose himself. He wasn't known for his patience, but with Mia, he was different. He was willing to do anything to win her over.

"Mia, I love you and I want you in my life. Marry me, Adam pleaded once more, his eyes searching hers for any sign of agreement.

y you."

"Adam," Mia sighed, looking at him with a mixture of helplessness and sorrow. "I can't marry

"Why?!" The frustration in Adam's voice was palpable as he demanded an answer. "Is it because of Alessandro Valentino?I

Mia's wide eyes, filled with shock and fear, lifted abruptly, meeting Adam's furiously narrowed gaze.

"Because I am married!" Mia blurted out swiftly, causing Adam to furrow his brow in confusion.

To the father of Gia and Maximo?!" Adam asked, trying to piece together the revelation.

Mia nodded slowly. "We never divorced."

"But you're not together, right?!" Adam pressed, though he already knew the answer.

He had known Mia for nearly four years, and in all that time, he had never seen her husband, nor had the children ever spoken of their father. It was clear to Adam that Mia and her husband were not a conventional married couple. His absence from Mia and the children's lives was evidence enough that their marriage was broken, and divorce seemed like a mere formality on paper.

When Mia remained silent, Adam spoke again, his tone stern. "What's the problem, Mia? If he's not giving you a divorce, tell me his name. I have ways to make him agree."

Mia shook her head, her expression troubled.

"It's not as simple, Adam," she sighed, the weight of her marital status and its implications heavy upon her.

"Then let's make it simple," Adam demanded authoritatively. "Let's get you divorced and we can get married without any issue."

"Adam, I need time. I'm not ready for it," Mia said softly, removing the ring from her finger and handing it back to Adam.

"Mia!" Adam shook his head, his eyes pleading with her. "It's yours. Don't remove it. I will wait as long as you want," he implored, desperate for her to reconsider.

But Mia couldn't bear the weight of anyone else's ring. She felt suffocated, unsure of her feelings for him. Adam was a dear friend and well-wisher. He was always there for her in every difficult situation, and she was grateful to him for it, but still, she couldn't see him romantically.

She wanted to groan at her misery, realizing how deeply that wicked mafia king had spoiled her for any

Chapter 50 Not As Simple

in reality

+5 Pearls

"Adam, please. Please try to understand. I... I can't take i she said softly, placing the ring on the luxurious leather of the car seat beside her. Without glancing back at Adam, she opened the car door and stepped out, ignoring his calls as she hurried toward the mall's parking lot where her car was parked. She didn't stop for a moment, relieved that no paparazzi or Adam's fans followed her.

Once inside her car, Mia contemplated heading home to find solace in the privacy of her room. However, the urge to be alone and away from prying eyes, to gather her thoughts, swayed her decision. Only a foolish girl would reject a catch like Adam Whitmore, yet Mia felt trapped by her heart's allegiance to another. Her heart seemed destined for pain.

Driving aimlessly. Mia lost track of time until she suddenly realized she had arrived at the Eiffel Tower. Emerging from her thoughts, she noticed the sky had darkened, adorned with stars and the emerging moon. Before her stood the majestic tower, ablaze with lights-a steadfast symbol of hope..

"Aria, you need to move on and let go of this painful love for a man who will never love you back," she murmured, her gaze fixed on her reflection in the rearview mirror. "You shouldn't hurt à loving man like Adam Whitmore. He is the best man for you. He can be the best father your children deserve," she reasoned aloud to herself.

Taking a deep breath, Mia resolved to step out of the car. As she emerged, the cool evening air enveloped her, carrying with it the excited chatter of tourists and the joyful laughter of families. The atmosphere. around the Eiffel Tower was alive with energy, as people from all corners of the globe gathered to witness its grandeur. Cameras clicked incessantly, capturing every angle of the illuminated landmark, while others filmed videos, creating lasting memories against the backdrop of this iconic symbol of romance and beauty, Mia wandered amidst the crowd, drawn to the lively scene unfolding before her. She watched as couples. posed romantically, children danced with delight, and friends shared laughter under the twinkling lights, of the Eiffel Tower. Each moment seemed to echo with a sense of timelessness and wonder.

Lost in contemplation, Mia found herself drawn closer to the tower's base. She gazed up at its towering height, feeling a sense of awe and reverence for this iconic landmark that had captured the hearts of millions.

The tower itself, with its intricate ironwork and graceful curves, stood as a testament to human creativity. and ingenuity. Lit up against the night sky, it radiated a sense of majesty and resilience, a silent witness to countless stories of love and longing.

Her heart suddenly warmed as she observed the excitement of the people around her. She remembered her first visit to Paris, when she had been awestruck by the Eiffel Tower just like them. After many years had passed, she still found herself intrigued, unable to look away.

As Mia wandered around, the air grew colder, prompting her to wrap her arms around herself for warmth. Taking a deep breath, she rubbed her palms together, trying to stave off the chill. Suddenly, an enigmatic figure in a dark corner caught her eye. When he turned, Mia saw Alessandro standing there, looking utterly drunk and in a terrible state. His eyes were red, his hair and clothes disheveled—he appeared a complete mess.

Concern arose almost instinctively in Mia's heart before she could fully understand, and her feet found their way toward the Italian don on their own.

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