

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

Husband Novel 81

Chapter 81 Lost And Broken +5 Pearls

Mia slowly approached the dark silhouette of Alessandro. He looked so miserable that it made Mia's heart ache for him. His regular charismatic personality was gone, and before Mia's eyes stood a man who looked completely lost and broken. His shoulders slumped, his

usually sharp suit disheveled, and his face etched with despair.

Questions arose in her heart as she glanced around, hoping to find Alessandro's security or someone who had accompanied him. But she didn't see anyone else who seemed concerned with the Italian don. Her heart pounded with worry, knowing the danger he constantly faced.

To her relief, the place was crowded. Otherwise, she knew very well that Alessandro had more enemies than friends in every part of this world. Anger flared in Mia's heart at the reckless act of the silly mafia king. Was he this crazy, wandering alone while being utterly drunk? She clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms as she fought the urge to shake some sense into him.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Mia scolded as she stopped behind Alessandro. He turned abruptly, his shock-filled expression as if he couldn't believe she was there.

He blinked his eyes, trying to clear his blurry vision as pain glistened in them. Mia's lips parted in a soundless gasp as she noticed his eyes, dark and hollow, filled with a depth of sorrow that seemed to reflect his bottomless soul.

"Are you real?" he murmured unconsciously.

Mia rolled her eyes, huffing in irritation: "Yes, Alessandro, I am real, as in all in blood and flesh. Now will you enlighten me on what you are doing here, standing alone in the darkness?"

"Why do you care?" Alessandro mumbled sullenly, turning his back on her again and drinking from the hip flask in his hand.

"Of course, I don't care," Mia replied awkwardly, looking startled as if caught red-handed. "I was passing by... and saw you standing here alone. So... I came to check on you as a courtesy."

"Alright. Now leave me alone," Alessandro grumbled with a dangerous coldness in his voice.

Mia was stunned to see Alessandro disregard her like that. Was he the same man who wanted to marry her and made a deal with her children? But then she realized he had grown bored of her, and now he didn't need her anymore. And here she was, a fool to feel worried about this heartless man.

She stood there, swallowing the lump of insult in her throat. Before her eyes betrayed her and began pouring tears, she turned abruptly, wanting to get away from this cunning man, far, very far away.

"Why did you do this?" Alessandro's voice rang out loudly before Mia could take a step away from the mafia king.

"Excuse me?!" she turned, still thinking she misheard him.

Alessandro's eyes, red with a mix of pain and anger, met hers. His lips pressed tightly into a thin line before they trembled with fury as he growled, "How can you agree to marry someone else?"

Mia furrowed her brow, taking a moment to understand. Then she realized Alessandro had seen the news, just like the whole world.

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Chapter 81 Lost And Broken

That was one of his business.

+5 Pearls

"I do bother because you can't marry another man," Alessandro seethed with anger as he took a swift, long step toward her, standing just an inch away.

Mia's mind felt dizzy as the warmth of Alessandro's body seeped into hers, his intoxicating breath carrying his natural manly scent mixed with alcohol fanning her face. She felt her knees go weak, struggling to stand steady before this gorgeous devil.

"YOU. ARE. MINE! Do you get that?" Alessandro pronounced each word separately, his tone deadly serious, claiming his right over her as he swiftly wrapped his arms around her slim waist and pulled her closer to his hard body.

Mia gulped nervously, her throat suddenly dry and her heart racing at rocket speed. She couldn't believe Alessandro Valentino could be so possessive. And on top of that, he was possessive of her! Her eyes wide with surprise, she blinked at the Italian don nonstop before she came back to her senses and remembered his photo with his supermodel fiancée.

"Bullshit!" She pushed him with all her might, but he remained unmoved, solid as a rock. She glared at him, rage overpowering all other emotions. "You can't say that when you're the one partying with other women while sleeping with me at the same time," she spat out with disdain, her words laced with bitterness that cut through the air.

"What are you talking about?" he furrowed his brow, looking genuinely puzzled.

Mia was tired of his feigned innocence. She knew very well that he was a heartless man who enjoyed the company of a new woman every day. She felt foolish to have ever thought he could care for her.

"Huh!" she snorted. "I've seen your picture with your fiancée at the party, looking like you were thoroughly enjoying her company. I'm sure you said the same things to her," she mocked, continuing to fight against the Italian don's vice-like embrace, twisting and thrashing against him in a futile attempt to break free. But the man seemed unaffected by her efforts, his grip like iron, unyielding.

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Husband Novel 82

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 82 Love Confession +5 Pearls

"Wait a minute? Which picture and what party?" Alessandro frowned, trying to recall any recent public appearances with Vanessa captured by paparazzi. Hell, he hadn't been to a party since he met this beautiful goddess by destiny.

Then it struck Alessandro as he remembered Maria's charity event. She had insisted he make an appearance at her event and the after party. That must have been when someone snapped a photo of him with Vanessa when she attempted to talk to him. But he had completely ignored her. He was furious that people thought it was acceptable to make his private life public and link his name with any woman for their own amusement. This was unacceptable, and the responsible parties would have to hear the consequences.

He made a mental note to sue the magazine and any news channel or tabloid that published it without his consent.

"Baby," he cupped Mia's furious face in his large hand, lifting it slightly so she could see the honesty in his eyes.

But he was instantly mesmerized by her beautiful face so close to his. God, she was so gorgeous, and it felt surreal for someone to look so beautiful even when she was angry. He found himself lost in her deep hazel eyes. But when she narrowed them, Alessandro pulled himself out of the trance this beauty had created.

"I swear, it's a misunderstanding. I have never been with any other woman since you came into my life," he told her, desperation in his tone. He wanted her to believe him. Honestly, he had never been with another woman since he was married to Aria. Even when she was not with him, he loved her and only her, living with her memories.

"I don't believe you, pervert," Mia gritted her teeth, her voice sharp with anger.

Alessandro wanted so badly to smile at this jealous woman in his arms. His heart danced with happiness to realize she was jealous at the mere thought of him being with another woman. He enjoyed this possessive version of her, finding it endearing despite her fury. However, he knew she was too angry to admit it. But then it dawned on him: was this the reason she had accepted Adam Whitmore's marriage proposal?

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accept that I am a pervert," he whispered, brushing his nose tenderly against Mia's, "But only for you, baby doll. I want only you and no one else. You are mine, tesoro mio. Just as I am yours," he sighed, looking deep into her eyes.

"Why should I trust you? What if... What if you're lying again and just playing with me?" She blurted out her terrifying thoughts before she could stop herself. She bit her lip, feeling embarrassed for speaking her emotions aloud, and realization made her cheeks turn crimson. "Look into my eyes," he demanded, his gaze locking onto hers, reaching deep into her heart. "Do you see anyone else?"

Mia's lips parted in astonishment, and she stared without blinking, seeing her reflection in his eyes.

He took her hand and lifted it to place it on his chest, over his heart.

"Feel it, vita mia." Then he noticed the ring that had flashed on the television screen was not on her finger.

He took both of her hands again and searched for the sign of the ring Adam had given her. He had already unsold and wear his ring

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decided to remove it from Mis's finger and throw it in the carbone. She i

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Chapter 82 Love Confession

But to his surprise that bloody ring from the movie star was not there.

"You don't have that ring?!" he mumbled, lost in thought.

+5 Pearls

"Because I'm not a cheater like you, Mr. Valentino," Mi taunted fiercely. "I made a deal with you, couldn't accept Adam's proposal," she explained curtly,

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Alessandro's heart swelled with pride. His woman was not unfaithful, but she was the most loyal partner he could dream of. How could he be so lucky? He smirked smugly at the thought.

"Cuore mio, I never cheated on you. Please trust me," he begged.

"Give me a reason why I should believe you," Mia asked, her tone filled with mocking challenge.

Alessandro cradled her beautiful face in his large palms again, tilting it up as he lowered his head until it was only an inch away from hers. He smiled, and Mia was dazzled by his gorgeous face, unable to look away even for a heartbeat. Her heart thumped loudly, the sound echoing in her ears as the overwhelming proximity of this mafia man made her breath catch. He had a way of making her think and feel crazy things she never imagined.

"I love you and only you, amore," Alessandro confessed desperately. "I have always loved you and will love you until my last breath."

Mia wanted to smile at his confession. Butterflies danced in her stomach, and her heart felt complete and full hearing this ruthless mafia boss declare his love for her. But she masked her happiness and decided to tease him more.

"You can't be serious?! Otherwise, why would you still be wearing your wedding ring?" She grabbed his left hand and lifted it to eye level, showing Alessandro his wedding ring still tightly clinging to his finger.

"That's because I love my wife. I love you, baby," Alessandro reiterated with a very genuine smile, leaving Mia dumbfounded with shock.

Her heart raced with the thought. Had he recognized her? It couldn't be possible. He, like the rest of the world, believed that Aria had died in a plane crash. So perhaps he was only drawn to the similarity in appearance.

"So you love me because I look like your wife," Mia sighed hopelessly.

"No, I love you because..." Alessandro began to explain, but Mia cut him off.

"Why don't you understand, Alessandro? Love is a feeling you can't force yourself to feel. It happens on own, without you knowing it. Love isn't about physical appearance or a beautiful face; it's about the soul, it's about the heart. That's why it can't happen with someone who simply looks similar." Mia kept going on and on, not giving Alessandro a chance to speak, which frustrated him deeply. Every time he tried to prove his love, she refused to believe him. He didn't know what else he could do to make her believe.

"You talk too much, piccola!" Alessandro groaned, growing irritated. He silenced her by pressing his lips to

hers..

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Hu

Husband Novel 83

Chapter 83 The Most Romantic Kiss +5 Pearts

Alessandro slammed his hot lips onto Mia's fluttering ones, swallowing all her words. She didn't even get the chance to protest; the devilish man knew exactly how to coax her into submission. Above them, fireworks crackled in the sky, and down here, fireworks were

bursting in Mia's mind.

Kissing the man she loved under the Eiffel Tower was the most romantic thing she had ever imagined, a moment she thought would only happen in her dream. Yet here she was, living this dream with her dream man, who was also her husband and the father of

her children. As Alessandro confessed his love under the iconic tower, it felt as if all her wishes had come true.

Mia couldn't wish for more, but it seemed this majestic man had more in store. Alessandro held Mia tightly in his arms, his strong hands supporting her back as he bent her half body backward in a graceful dip. Her feet barely touched the ground as he kept her suspended in the air, his grip secure and unwavering. His upper body hovered over her, creating an intimate area as he leaned in closer. Their lips fused in a passionate kiss, a blend of urgency and tenderness, as the world around them seemed to disappear.

Mia's heart raced as she surrendered to the moment, her body arching gracefully in Alessandro's embrace. Alessandro's kiss was demanding, more dominating than before. His tongue coaxed her lips to open, and when she teased, he bit her bottom lip, pulling it between his teeth and making Mia gasp and moan with pleasure. He didn't miss the opportunity as his tongue slipped authoritatively into Mia's sinfully sweet mouth, claiming it as his own. Mia's already hazy head became even dizzier, and she surrendered to this mafia man, letting him take pleasure and give her more ecstasy in that stolen moment.

His hands trailed over the sides of her curvy body, making her shiver under his touch. He kept possessively touching her as if he couldn't get enough and wanted to claim all of her, declaring to the world that she was his,

Only his.

Their breathing became ragged as they both ravaged each other's mouths, Mia's lips dancing with his in a frenzy, fighting for dominance. Their tongues took turns exploring each other's mouths, Mia tasting his manly mix of mint and whiskey. He was so intoxicatingly addictive, and she couldn't get enough of him, wanting more and more. She wanted to forget they were in a public place, surrounded by people.

Their kiss deepened, leaving them both breathless. Alessandro's grip tightened, his hands roaming over her body with a possessive intensity that made her heart race. Mia melted into his embrace, her body responding to his every touch and kiss.

The lights of the Eiffel Tower twinkled above them, casting a magical glow over their entwined figures. As they kissed, the people around the Eiffel Tower began to gather, drawn by the romantic scene unfolding before them. The crowd started to cheer for the couple their applause echoing in the night air.

As if coming out of a trance, Mia opened her eyes and looked panickingly into Alessandro's possessive orbs. He hadn't missed a single emotion on Mia's face as he kissed her under the illuminating Eiffel Tower. He hadn't blinked an eye, keeping his gaze fixed on her beautiful face, pouring all his love into their kiss. But suddenly, her anxious expression and the way she pushed him away left him confused.

"They are watching." Mia murmured nervously, making Alessandro peck her pouty lips once more. His scared kitten. He smiled at the thought.

Let them watch, angelo mio" he stated carelessly.

"No. I... T... am not comfortable." Mia murmured, lowering her eyes as shyness crept onto her face tinting

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Chapter 83 The Most Romantic Kiss

her cheeks pink.

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+5 Pearls

Alessandro fought back the urge to groan and show the world how much he loved this woman. But he wasn't the old Alessandro. This Alessandro was different and was afraid of losing her again.

So, the next words that left his mouth were, "Let's get out of here."

Mia smiled, biting her lip nervously, discreetly glancing around the crowd from the corner of her eye. The nervousness crept over her once more. Without hesitation, Alessandro grabbed her hand and led her through the dense crowd, filled with onlookers watching them with eagerness and curiosity. Some had even filmed the moment and posted it on social media.

Mia and Alessandro hurried, practically running toward their car, only stopping when they were out of sight of the crowd. They leaned against Mia's car, laughing together.

"God, that was crazy!" Mia exclaimed as she giggled, holding her stomach and bending forward to catch her breath, her laughter echoing in the night air,

"You're right, Alessandro chuckled, shaking his head in disbelief at what he felt just now.

He had done more crazy things in his life, but he had never felt such exhilaration in his life, so light and free. His gaze gleamed with desire as it landed on Mia's smiling face, his feelings intensifying in his heart. "But I would love to do it again," he declared, swiftly pulling her into his powerful arms and pressing her petite back against the car door, crashing his lips onto hers with a passion that mirrored the intensity of their emotions at that moment.

"Baby, I want you," he grunted against Mia's lips.

"Get inside the car, we need to go home, Mia whimpered, but Alessandro pulled her even closer, his desire palpable as he deepened the kiss, his hardness pressing against her soft body. He showed no signs of wanting to leave her.

"I don't think I can wait until we get home. I want you now," he demanded stubbornly, his husky voice whispering into her ear as he rested his forehead against hers

"Then you'll have to control yourself, Mr. Valentino!" Mia teased, smiling against his lips, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"Fuck, you'll be the death of me, baby," Alessandro groaned as he swiftly opened the car door and hauled Mia inside. He hurried to the driver's seat, the urgency in his movements matched only by the fire in his

eyes.

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Husband Novel 84

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 84 Burning Desires. +5 Pearis

The car door shut with a solid thud, and Alessandro wasted no time in starting the engine. His foot pressed hard on the accelerator, navigating the busy streets with a precision that spoke of both urgency and control. The city lights blurred into streaks of color, a kaleidoscope of neon and headlights, as they sped through the night.

Mia watched the world outside her window, her breath catching in her throat as the heat grew inside her core. This dangerously sexy man beside her was irresistibly alluring, and she found herself teetering on the edge between sanity and crazy desire. The tension in the car was palpable, a silent battle between restraint and longing.

Alessandro's hand found Mia's, their fingers intertwining as his eyes met hers, locking in a silent conversation that spoke volumes. Alessandro's intense gaze darkened, mirroring the storm of emotions she felt—lust, desperation, a hunger that seemed insatiable. Alessandro's gaze returned to the road, but his thumb brushed against the back of her hand, a simple touch that sent shivers down her spine. Mia's pulse quickened, her body responding to the silent promise in his touch.

"Fuck!" Alessandro groaned, his grip on the wheel tightening, his knuckles white with the strain. His jaw was set, his eyes dark with determination and barely restrained desire. "I need you so badly. I don't think I can make it till home," he murmured, his voice husky with need. Mia looked at him, a mix of nervousness and desire flooding her veins. She had never seen him so turned on, so desperate. Her pulse quickened, and her breath hitched as she watched him. He seemed like he was about to lose control at any moment. When her eyes flickered outside the car, she realized Alessandro had taken a different turn.

"Where are we going?" she asked breathlessly.

"One of my hotels is around the corner, and it's the nearest place, baby," Alessandro whispered huskily. "I have to have you, amore mio,"

Mia let out a shuddered breath, anticipation heightening her arousal. She felt her panties soaking wet already. Hell. Who was she lying to? She wanted him just as much as he wanted her. The thought of being alone with him, of finally giving in to the desire that burned between them, was almost too much to bear.

She tried to distract herself by watching the cityscape blur past the window, but it was no use. Every fiber of her being was attuned to Alessandro, to the raw, magnetic pull between them. She didn't know if she could stop herself from crawling onto his lap and kissing him right there in the middle of the road.

The car raced at breakneck speed, only slowing when they reached the hotel entrance. Alessandro brought the car to a screeching halt at the porch, where a valet stood ready to take their keys. His impatience was palpable as he yanked the door open on Mia's side and took her hand, practically pulling her out of the

car

With a sense of urgency, he led her inside the hotel, their footsteps echoing in the grand lobby.

"Is my room ready?" Alessandro inquired in a commanding voice, his presence instantly drawing the attention of the hotel manager, who came rushing toward him.

"Yes, sir. Your private suite is ready, the manager replied promptly, extending a key card towards him.

Alessandro nodded coldly accenting the key card he free whicking Mis towards the elevator His erin on

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Chapter 84 Burning Desires

her hand, was firm, almost possessive.

+5 Pearls

With a smooth motion, he swiped the card on the panel, causing the elevator doors to slide open. He placed a gentle hand on the small of Mia's back, guiding her inside before stepping in himself. Alessandro pressed the button for the top floor, the hotel's impressive fifteenth floor.

As the elevator doors closed, enclosing them in a small, private space, Alessandro's control snapped. He pressed her against the wall, his head lowering toward her, his plump red lips parted with hunger.

But Mia pressed a firm hand on his chest, pushing him away. Alessandro halted mid-motion, his eyes searching hers with a confused furrow.

"Got your room ready! So, do you bring women here regularly?" Mia couldn't help but feel annoyed and jealous. He had just confessed his love and she wanted to believe it. But then what was that? Did he confess this love to every woman he brought here? Was this all part of his fun play?

you."

Alessandro frowned in disbelief. "What? No, baby. I never brought any woman here. Hell, I never brought any woman anywhere. Believe me when I say it's just you. It was always you, and it will always only be he said, his eyes and tone filled with such sincerity that Mia felt conflicted, knowing his flirtatious nature and seeing this sincere Alessandro.

She knew him very well; after all, she was married to him and had lived three years with him. He couldn't go a single night without having sex.

"You want me to believe you, Mr. Valentino, huh?! The whole world knows how popular you are as a Casanova," she remarked, rolling her eyes with a frustrated huff.

He chuckled softly, the sound a mix of amusement and exasperation.

"What the world thinks about me doesn't matter. I am what I am with you. That's my true self, and the rest is just a facade for the world," he explained, his hot gaze piercing into her with such intensity that Mia felt the world around them fade away.

She blinked to break the spell his enchanting eyes were casting on her before murmuring. "Why do you have to live two lives?"

He smiled, looking oh so sexy and gorgeous, sending a wave of desire coursing through her and causing her core to tighten with longing, her thighs involuntarily clenching in response. God! He never smiled, but the way he smiled more often when he was with her made her heart flutter and her mind swoon over him.

"I have to, dolcezza," he murmured sensually, sweeping her hair fallen on her face and tucking it behind

ear as the rough pad of his thumb caressed her flushed cheek. "To save the people I love, he declared. firmly before grabbing her wrist and pulling her into his embrace with a force that made her collide with his solid, unyielding frame.

Not giving her a chance to protest this time, he pressed his lips firmly against hers, an uncontrollable hunger evident in the urgency of his kiss.

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Husband Novel 85

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 85 Playing With Fire

45 Pearls

"God, baby. I can't get enough of you. Alessandro murmured between kisses, his hands trailing to Mia's neck, cradling her jaw as he tilted her head to deepen their kiss. "What are you doing to me? It seems I can't control myself around you, he confessed softly, his words making Mia's heart swell with happiness. and her cheeks flush with color.

Did she truly hold such power over him, making him lose control? The thought alone was more arousing, and she didn't have to wait long for her answer.

The next moment, the elevator came to a halt, its doors sliding open. Without warning, he swiftly scooped her up into his arms. Mia wrapped her arms around his neck as he strode towards the suite, effortlessly managing to swipe the key card while still cradling her in his embrace.

Entering confidently, his gaze locked onto hers as he carried her into the room. Mia took a moment to glance around, her breath catching in awe as Alessandro gently placed her on the bed.

The suite was adorned with scented candles and roses. A small table in the corner held two glasses and a bottle of red wine, adding to the allure of the setting. Mia sprang up from the bed, confused yet enchanted, wanting to twirl around and take in the scene once more. "How did you manage to arrange all this?" Mia murmured, lost in thought. That nagging fear resurfaced in her mind-did the manager set up this room because he knew Alessandro used to...

She shook the thought from her head, desire, and doubt mingling and playing dangerously with her sanity

"Do you like it, la mia regina?" Alessandro asked, observing the expression on her face and already sensing what was on her mind. Though he wasn't accustomed to giving explanations, he wanted to this time.

For his moglie (wife).

"I texted the manager while we were on our way, so the manager prepared this room for us," he explained, his frantic heartbeat relaxing as Mia's expression softened and the furrow between her finely shaped eyebrows disappeared. "Hmm," Mia hummed softly as she finally turned to glance at him. Alessandro shook his head, chuckling.

"What happened?" she asked, tilting her head and looking at him in confusion.

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"You know, I have faced death many times in my life, but I have never been as scared as that one look on face can make me feel," he said, stalking toward her like a wolf approaching its prey. "You made me feel like I was dying a thousand deaths in that one moment when I realized I could lose you forever," he whispered, pain evident in his eyes, causing Mia to gulp with remorse.

"The moment you let that bloody movie star put the ring on your finger, you killed me so mercilessly that my worst enemy couldn't have inflicted as much pain," he confessed, his eyes filled with dark, raw emotion. that felt like revenge

"I'm sorry," Mia murmured nervously, wringing her hands together as she sat on the edge of the bed.

Alessandro shook his head, laughing darkly, which sent a shiver of fear through Mia's heart. Before she could comprehend what was happening, Alessandro pushed her onto the mattress and loomed over her.

"Von meillu lilia ta tortura me kuk nissala rantarsi

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Chapter 85 Playing With Fire

+5 Pearl

as he nuzzled into the crook of her neck, his breath tinged with alcohol and his scent sending shivers down her spine. His fingers intertwined with hers, holding her firmly.

His stubble tickled her soft skin, and she resisted the urge to writhe against him.

"Baby, you need to know that the consequences of playing with fire can be dangerous," he groaned, his breath hot against her skin. With a swift movement, he pinned her hands above her head, his eyes smoldering with desire. He grabbed the flimsy top between his teeth and pulled hard, tearing it away from her body. Mia gasped as she suddenly realized she was bare, her lace bra doing nothing to hide her full, round breasts and hardened nipples,

Mia watched as his gaze turned hungry and dark, fixed on the swell of her breasts. She panted breathlessly, her chest heaving so heavily, bringing her bosom closer to his face. Alessandro groaned.

"Such a tempting seductress you are!"

In the next moment, Mia gasped as Alessandro's mouth latched onto her bra, tugging its upper corner between his teeth and dragging the lace fabric down. He tore it effortlessly, exposing her soft, milky breasts for him to devour.

"So beautiful," he murmured in astonishment, his hungry mouth seizing her nipple without warning.

Mia couldn't stifle her loud cry as pleasure mingled with the lingering ache from his earlier touch. With each fervent suck, she screamed his name louder, the sound echoing through the hotel corridors. She felt embarrassed, realizing the whole hotel might have heard her, but at that moment, she didn't care-not when her possessive mafia husband was with her.

"You've pushed me beyond my limits, his voice was a low growl, dripping with a dangerous edge that sent shivers down her spine. "Now you have to handle my demon," he warned, making her feel both scared and incredibly turned on at the same time.

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Husband Novel 86

Husband Novel 86

11:56 Thu, Oct 3 BB.

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 86 Moan My Name

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"What have I done?" Mia bit her lip. her breathing quickening as his hand traced the curves of her thighs, causing more wetness to dampen her panties. Alessandro snorted humorlessly.

"Huh! You are so innocent, dollface, that you could take a life and not even realize you are the culprit. You took my heart and crushed it beneath your feet, but you're not even aware," his jaw clenched as he uttered each word very slowly.

Mia's lips parted as she blinked at her mafia husband, befuddled.

Without any warning, Alessandro swiftly pushed down her jeans and tore her panties, leaving her no time to comprehend. She was so consumed by his enchanting eyes casting spells on her that she didn't even know when he had opened the button and unzipped them, exposing her most intimate parts for him to take as he pleased.

His eyes, dark with lust, locked onto her nervous and anticipatory gaze. His rough, calloused fingers plunged into her burning core, igniting her with desire. With each forceful thrust, he drove her closer to the edge, her breaths coming in shallow gasps through her parted lips, her moans a symphony of pleasure echoing off the walls. Every fiber of her being was consumed by the fiery craving for him, a longing that demanded to be sated right then and there. Her entire being ached for him.

Alessandro didn't stop for a moment. His mouth clamped onto her aching nipple while his fingers mercilessly penetrated her, so rough that Mia screamed as the pain mixed with pleasure pushed her close to losing herself in ecstasy.

"Alessandro, I want you," the words spilled from her lips in the heat of the moment before she could even think.

"Oh, yeah!" he groaned, pumping his finger faster, his fiery gaze fixed on her face.

His hand released hers and then grabbed her aching swollen nipple, tweaking it between his fingers. While his mouth assaulted another one, nibbling and biting so hard that it felt painfully delicious.

Mia's eyes rolled back, her hands clenched the bed covers as her back arched off the mattress. She was on the edge, ready to explode, but then he stopped abruptly, withdrawing his finger.

"Huh!" Mia was bewildered. "Why did you stop?" she protested, panting and trying to catch her breath.

Her lips parted in surprise as she watched him bring his finger, slick with her wetness, to his mouth and lick it clean. Closing his eyes, he groaned, his face reflecting satisfaction. When he reopened his eyes, they were even darker with need and hunger. "Your punishment is not over, baby," he breathed out dangerously, trailing his thumb over her lower lips.

Without warning, he got up, curling his arms around her tiny waist, lifting her body with him as he sat on the bed, flipping her over his thighs. Her head hung towards the floor as her bottom jutted into the air. He pulled her jeans completely down her legs and threw them somewhere in the room, leaving her exposed.

"Wh... What are you doing?" she gasped nervously, her heart racing with panic as she felt his hand on her buttock, squeezing the soft flesh roughly.

Was he really going to punish her? Mia's heartbeat sped up at the thought with each passing second as he remained terrifyingly silent. However, she didn't have to wait much longer to find out. His large, heavy

hand landed on her buttock the sound echoing through the room

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Chapter 86 Moan My Name

SMACK!/

Finished

"You ask too much, you know?" he complained, his hand landing harshly again on her soft and round buttock. She moaned as her body jerked.

"Fuck, are you serious?" she cried, her buttocks burning with pain.

"Yes, baby doll. I am very serious when I say I want you to be completely at my mercy," Alessandro declared menacingly as he spanked her other buttock again, harder this time. Mia sobbed, "No, please stop!"

"A bad girl like you needs to be punished properly," the Italian don gritted out, surprised at the breathlessness in his own voice.

Mia's soft, plump skin bounced against his rough palm as it landed on her roundness, and she gasped, looking over her shoulder. Her breathing quickened as her eyes widened in shock.

"Oh God!" she moaned as Alessandro caressed her burning buttocks, warm and red from his spanking. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Not God! Moan my name, baby doll," he murmured breathlessly as he parted her thighs slightly, brushing his fingers on the inner side before touching her wet folds. She arched in his lap as her trembling hands gripped his legs tightly.

"You like it, piccola, huh?!" Alessandro teased as his thick finger parted her folds and tapped on her clit.

He felt her body shake wildly, and then his other hand landed on her bottom heavily, eliciting a loud. moan from her sweet and sinfully wicked mouth.

"God! Baby, you have no idea how long I've wanted to spank you!" the Italian don groaned.

"You... you wanted to hit me?!" she sounded shocked.

The mafia king chuckled with amusement.

"Hell, no! But making your butt red is something I love to do," he smacked her buttock again, please to see his handprint darkened on it.

"Oh, Alessandro, Ah!!!!" she cried.

"Good girl!" he hissed. "You are taking your punishment so well."

"Look at this red color on your beautiful ass!" he exclaimed in awe, his eyes fixed on her round, plump buttock, crimson from his assault. "My fingerprint on it looks so sexy. LLe caressed, kneading hard and rubbing greedily her hot skin. "I can't wait to fuck them His thumb pressed between the round buttocks, fiddling with her tight opening.

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Husband Novel 87

Chapter 87 Dirty Pleasure

"What?!" Mia gasped, her eyes wide with the realization of what he wanted to do.

He wanted to take her back hole?!

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Anxiety shot through her as she tried to get out of his lap. The Alessandro she knew was indeed rough in bed, and the memory of that made her almost panic as she realized how he used to take her at his mercy. His dick was monster-sized, and she had not been in practice for six years. She hadn't even had sex with anyone in those years. Anal sex was out of the question. How was she going to take him in her tiny hole?* Her heart raced at rocket speed, and forgetting about pleasure, she just wanted to get away from him. But Alessandro pressed a hand against her back, holding her in place.

He snickered before reassuring her, "Don't worry, tesoro mio, I won't claim your back hole, not until you beg me to take it."

He kneaded her soft buttocks; they fit so perfectly in his hand. Her body relaxed as she lay o on his thighs. closing her eyes and sighing and moaning in pleasure.

You really enjoy your punishment, baby, teasing me and making me go harder on you, so I spank you even harder. Is that it, baby?" He stroked her plump ass harder and rougher, again and again, until she was panting and breathless from moaning

The sound of smacking echoed in the room, mixed with her pleasure-filled moans. The stubborn woman in her refused to admit it, but her body surrendered; more wetness dripped from her sweet pussy.

The glint in her eyes was still rebellious as he pulled her onto his lap, making her face him.

"Do you want to know my darkest desire, baby?" he teased as he wiped her wet eyes. "This was only a slight fraction of it. In my fantasy, I have done so many filthy things to your body you can't even imagine," he breathed out in his raspy voice into her ear. The mere thought of doing them in reality made the Italian don so fucking hard.

Mia's eyes filled with surprise blended with daze. She had never seen this side of her mafia husband, confessing his desires to her. Did he really fantasize about her in his sexual imagination? Did she actually fascinate him so much? It felt so unreal that she thought she was hallucinating again.

"Next time, you'd better know not to tease me with another man, or I won't be able to control myself, and the punishment will be twice as severe. The man you try that small act with would die by my hands, the mafia king warned as he lifted her slightly, making her straddle his thighs. He grabbed her neck, slightly choking her, making Mia gasp and part her lips. Her teary eyes watched him as he slammed his lips on hers, kissing her so intensely.

His hand slipped from her neck downward to her shoulders, trailing between her breasts, sliding through her flat stomach, and creeping toward her smooth bare pussy.

His rough finger parted her wet folds before flicking her clitoris, causing her head to fall back. Mia circled her hands around her husband's neck, holding on as if her whole life depended on him.

Alessandro grabbed the back of Mia's neck, pulling her face closer once again, and smacked his lips onto hers with so much passion and hunger, not giving her a chance to breathe. His fingers pumped into her wetness faster and deeper, and she climaxed instantly, crying out loudly, but her moans were muffled by their kisses.

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11:56 Thu, Oct 3

Chapter 87 Dirty Pleasure

61% #Finished

Her body trembled in his arms as he held her firmly and close, still moving his fingers within her until her body relaxed and surrendered to him. Alessandro pulled away slightly to gaze at her beautiful face, flushed and breathless. But the expression on her face was one of pure ecstasy and sensuality. She looked so tempting and hot, that the mafia king could barely control himself.

"God, baby! You are so hot! You make me do things to your sexy body and mark you with all my desires, claiming you in every way so the whole world will know you belong to me, he growled as he fell onto his back on the bed, taking her with him.

Her soft body fell on his hard form as their mouths fused in a heated smooch, lips molding against each other so perfectly and the slurping sounds of their moans echoed in the room. Their saliva mixed as their tongues intertwined. Their lips were not ready to leave each other and it seemed like no matter how much they kissed, it was never enough, as if they didn't want to separate, not even to take a breath.

Mia's hands quickly worked on undoing the clothes on the Italian don, and she removed them with such urgency that the mafia king also felt it in his heart at that moment.

"Then give me everything you've got and make me yours in every way, Mr. Valentino!" Mia whispered as she took his achingly hard length in her small hand and stroked it

"Fuck, baby, you never cease to surprise me," Alessandro groaned as his fingers sank into her soft flesh, holding her hips tightly as he lifted her enough to make her straddle him and positioned his dick at her opening.

"Ride me, baby doll!" he commanded in his needy voice as Mia held his cock and guided it to her pussy before she finally lowered herself onto it

"Fuck! Baby, you feel so good," the Italian don grunted as he impaled her cunt deeply.

"Yes, Alessandro! You make me so wet. I want you," she whimpered as she rolled her hips.

His hands tightened on her hips as the mafia king thrust upward while Mia descended onto his dick. Their bodies moved in sync as pleasure began to overtake their bodies and minds. In a swift movement, Alessandro switched their positions, making her lie beneath him as he thrust into her harder, deeper, faster, and rougher, causing her to scream his name even louder. The bed rattled loudly as they fucked each other wildly and so passionately.

"Shit, baby, I can't hold back anymore. I need to cum inside you, he groaned hoarsely, burying his face in the crook of her neck before his hips started moving fiercely as he lost control. Mia's body shook heavily as he thrust hard and fast, finally releasing his seed within her, More animalistic sounds escaped him as he continued to shoot his hot cum inside her fertile womb.

It seemed to trigger another orgasm for her; she came even harder this time, squeezing his dick and milking it so fucking well, taking him to another level of ecstasy.

Alessandro held his weight on his elbow as he pulled his face back slightly to gaze into her sparkling. beautiful eyes. Both were panting and breathing heavily, their bodies covered in sweat as they engaged with each other.

"That was hot," she smiled, biting her lip, which made the mafia king kiss her passionately again.

"You're so sexy and beautiful, I can't control myself around you, angioletto," he admitted honestly, sweeping away her hair from her sweaty face.

Then suddenly he pulled out of her, causing her to wince slightly with pain.

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11:56 Thu, Oct 3

Chapter 87 Dirty Pleasure

God, he really had a giant dick! Mia thought, sighing

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Alessandro's eyes fixed on her pussy, oozing out his seeds mixed with her own cum. He bit his lip, deep in thought.

Taking a deep breath, he picked up his clothes and started dressing. Mia became more confused.

That was it? The love declaration, the promise of forever-was it not serious?!

"What... what's wrong?" she asked, scared in her heart to know the answer.

"Your clothes will be delivered in a few minutes. Get ready. We are leaving." Alessandro said as he went to the bathroom and returned with a damp washcloth, beginning to clean Mia's thighs and pussy. Though she was touched by his gentle aftercare, she couldn't help but feel something was wrong.

"Why are we leaving so soon?" she asked, murmuring.

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Husband Novel 88

Chapter 88 So Sensual

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"Because I want to see my children, Alessandro replied honestly. "We are going home. It's been long, and I am missing my kids," he admitted, making Mia smile warmly. Mia smiled naughtily, her eyes sparkling

with mischief

"So, this was all for meeting the kids, huh?!" she teased, pulling the cover up and clutching it to her chest, trying to shield herself from his intense hungry gaze. Alessandro laughed, a deep, rich sound that filled the room.

"No, baby doll. I was damn serious when I said I love YOU more than anyone and anything. And another thing, don't hide your luscious body from me. Every inch of you fucking belongs to me, he rasped out. sensually, his voice a husky whisper that sent shivers down her spine. His gaze, dark and commanding. made the cover slip from her grasp, revealing her body to the Italian don's hungry eyes

His eyes roamed over her with a possessive hunger, taking in every curve and contour. Mia felt her heart race under his unwavering gaze, her core burning achingly with need. She clenched her legs unconsciously, trying to contain the overwhelming desire again coursing through her body.

"I am very happy after a long time, la mia regina. And I want to celebrate with our kids," he said, his voice -softening with warmth and sincerity.

The way he said "our kids" made Mia's heart flutter with a rush of love and emotion.

She was on the verge of telling him the truth, that Gia and Maximo were actually his biological children. The words hovered on her lips, and she wondered how he would react. Would he be overjoyed to know the truth, or would he be very furious that she had kept such a significant secret from him?

Mia shook off the swirling thoughts, deciding that it was better this way for now. Alessandro adored the children, and they were all happy together.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

"It will be your clothes," Alessandro announced, his voice resonating with authority, as he strode toward the door with purposeful steps.

Mia sighed at the sight of her ripped clothes lying on the floor and rolled her eyes. It wasn't necessary to tear them to remove them. But who could make an Italian mafia boss understand that?

She pulled the cover up to her neck, hiding herself once more. The bedroom was separated by a lobby, and whoever was at the door wouldn't be able to see Mia from that angle. Yet, Alessandro didn't open the door completely; he opened it just enough to take the clothes and closed it quickly.

As he was returning to Mia, Alessandro's phone began ringing. Frowning, he pulled it out and saw that Lucas was calling. He gestured for Mia to wait a moment, then stepped out onto the balcony, closing the door behind him before answering. "'Yes?" he snapped.

"Boss, where are you? We can't track you," Lucas said, his voice tinged with panic.

"I'm fine and in a hotel," Alessandro replied, keeping details vague. "What's the matter?"

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Chapter 88 So Sensual

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"Boss, your car was attacked. Some bastards fired at it, thinking you were inside. They fled before we could get to them. Why didn't you take the bodyguards with you?" Lucas asked, worry evident in his tone.

Alessandro's frown deepened. If he had been in the car unarmed and drunk, he could have been killed. Mia had been his good luck charm; she had saved his life.

"Did you find out who they were?" Alessandro asked, his voice sharp,

"We've tracked them down now," Lucas answered confidently.

"Tell me!" Alessandro demanded.

"It's the Marino gang from Rome," Lucas disclosed.

"Bloody Marinos!" Alessandro gritted his teeth. He glanced at the dress in his hand and remembered Mia waiting for him.

"I'll deal with a

personally. Until then, let's keep this under wraps and make sure they think we don't know about their plans," Alessandro ordered before ending the call.

He took a deep breath to calm himself before opening the balcony door and returning to the room. As he stepped inside, he found Mia waiting for him, her expression filled with

curiosity. Alessandro smirked. mischievously and held up the clothes he had in his hand, placing them carefully on the side of the bed.

"Do you need my help to get dressed, dolcezza?" he breathed out, his voice dripping with seduction. He placed his hand on the foot of the bed and leaned forward, his large and tempting, ripped body hovering over her. He forgot about all his worries and stress; now, the only thing on his mind was his Mia.

Mia's heart raced, and she bit her lips to stop herself from smiling like a fangirl at his flirting. She leaned back instinctively until her back hit the headboard of the bed, clutching the cover tightly in her hands.

"No need to bother yourself, Mr. Valentino. I am very well capable of wearing clothes on my own," she whispered, locking her gaze with his.

"God, piccola! You drive me crazy when you call me Mr. Valentino. It sounds so sensual coming from your sinfully sweet mouth. It's illegal to be so fucking beautiful and sexy, you know?" Alessandro drawled, his voice thick with desire as his hand lifted slowly. He grabbed the cover, gathering its corner in his

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Mia's eyes widened as she realized what was going on in his head. She panicked and tried to hold the cover tightly, but Alessandro was too quick for her. He swiftly tugged the cover away from her body, causing Mia to jerk forward and land in his arms.

"Weren't you planning to go home a while ago?" Mia whispered, her throat dry as she noticed the raw lust in his eyes.

"I think we can delay that for a few minutes while I show you how much I love you," he murmured, brushing his lips against her tender and swollen ones from their previous long kisses.

"You

just did a few minutes ago," Mia breathed out, her voice mingling with his intoxicating scent, her eyes shut as her heartbeats forgot their rhythm.

Alessandro chuckled huskily.

"I will be quick this time, baby doll," he muttered, his breathless voice filled with uncontrollable desire, his chest heaving. "But I have to be inside you again." With that confession, he pressed his lips hard against

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Chapter 88 So Sensual

hers before pushing her down onto the bed and hovering over her.

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Finished

Husband Novel 89

Chapter 89 Judgement #Finished

As Mia scanned her fingerprint to open the door of her apartment, Alessandro beat her to it, entering first. and shouting loudly, "Gial Maximo!"

The whole house was startled, including the kids. But recognizing the familiar voice, the twins ran out of their room, their eyes sparkling with joy as they spotted Alessandro standing in the living area, stretching his arms wide for them. Gia and Maximo looked at each other, beaming before they screamed together, "Daddy!" and ran toward Alessandro.

Alessandro knelt on the floor as both kids crashed into his embrace.

God, he had missed them so much.

"I missed you, kids, Alessandro murmured, kissing Gia and Maximo's heads one by one.

"We missed you too, Daddy! So very much!" Gia and Maximo admitted in unison.

Mia closed the door behind her, crossed her arms across her chest, and stood watching the emotional reunion of Alessandro and the kids with a soft smile.

"Daddy, promise me that you won't leave us ever," Gia said, pouting as her bright, innocent eyes looked up at him.

"Daddy will never abandon you, sweetheart," Alessandro vowed, looking at his little princess as his throat tightened with emotion.

"Daddy, now you can't back out. You promised us," Maximo threatened in his sweet voice.

Alessandro chuckled.

"I didn't leave on my own, buddy. Your mom threw me out of the house," Alessandro said, nodding to Mia.

This made Mia narrow her eyes at him in annoyance. This cunning mafia man was provoking her children against her.

How wicked he was!

"Mom, don't force Daddy to

her innocent eyes.

leave. Please let him live with us," Gia pleaded, blinking at her mother with

Mia sighed. Alessandro and the kids had teamed up against her.

"Alright, no one is going anywhere tonight, so calm down," Mia said with exasperation.

"Yay! Daddy, let's go to our room!" Gia chimed, her excitement bubbling over as Alessandro scooped her up into his arms. Maximo stood nearby, his small hands planted firmly on his waist, looking sullen and left out.

"Alright, champ, come here," Alessandro said with a warm smile, extending his other arm to Maximo. With a quick movement, he picked up his little carbon copy, holding both children close.

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Chapter 89 Judgement

strong embrace.

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"Daddy is the strongest!" Gia gushed, her eyes wide with admiration, making Mia giggle with amusement.

Her baby girl was completely smitten by her daddy, viewing him as the mightiest king in the world who could fulfill her every wish.

Mia shook her head, a smile still lingering on her face, but her gaze shifted to the corner of the room. There stood Emily, silently watching. When their eyes met, Emily's expression remained unreadable, her thoughts carefully masked. Yet, Mia could sense

the unspoken questions and silent judgments beneath the surface, and she quickly looked away.

"Alright, kids, let's get ready because we are going out for dinner. It's celebration time now that your mother has agreed to let me stay with you all," Alessandro announced happily as he carried the kids to their room. their giggles echoing through the hallway.

Emily watched as the kids room door clicked shut before striding purposefully toward Mia. Her steps were quick, and the tension in the air was palpable. Mia bit her lip, still grappling with the new arrangement between her and Alessandro, unsure of how to explain it when she didn't fully understand it herself. Without a word, she quietly made her way toward her room. "Mia!" Emily called out urgently, noticing Mia's attempt to slip away discreetly.

Emily, let's get ready. We have only a little time to decide what to wear for dinner," Mia said, her nervous. voice betraying her desire to avoid the impending confrontation.

"Mia, how could you do this to Adam?" Emily demanded, her voice rising as she followed Mia into the room, shutting the door behind them for privacy. She had seen Adam pursuing Mia so desperately. Emily had always hoped Mia would end up with him and build a great life together. -What have I done to Adam. Emily?" Mia asked in a soft and tender voice, turning to face her friend with a calm composure

"He just proposed to you, and now you're back with that monster ex-husband of yours?" Emily accused, her eyes blazing with anger and disbelief.

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"He is not my ex-husband. He is my husband. And secondly, I can't marry Adam just because he proposed to me." Mia responded, sighing deeply as she tried to assert her point. "Adam is a really great guy, any girl would be lucky to marry him. I consider him a good friend and am

so grateful for all his supp. But after trying so hard to move on and give Adam a chance, I couldn't make myself love him the way he deserves. I can't marry him

just because he wants me to. It wouldn't be fair to him."

"So, you love that monster who wanted to kill you and the kids?! What happened to you, Mia?" Emily snapped, her voice rising with desperation as she tried to knock some sense into her best friend.

Mia felt utterly helpless against her own traitorous heart. She knew being with the Italian don was dangerous, but even all the hatred she tried to hold onto wasn't enough to suppress the love she still felt for him. Now, despite everything, she found herself back in his life, wanting a future with him.

That... that was the past. Now Alessandro seems happy with the kids, and my kids are very happy. That's all that matters to me," Mia muttered coldly, her eyes hardening as she walked past Emily to the walk-in closet to pick a dress.

"Mia, if I were in your place, I would never consider returning to my ex-husband, no matter how much he changed or asked for forgiveness. It's very unwise," Emily said curtly, her voice laced with disapproval.

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Chapter 89 Judgement

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"You can say that easily because you don't have kids with him!" Mia snapped, her frustration boiling over at her best friend's constant judgment.

But the moment the words left her mouth, she saw the pain flash across Emily's face, freezing her in place. Mia's heart sank as she realized the weight of what she had just said.

"Shit! Emily, I am so sorry, babe. I didn't mean to say that," Mia blurted, rushing toward her. But Emily stood still, her expression hardening, eyes cold and distant. Mia knew then she had made the biggest mistake of her life. 736

Husband Novel 90

Chapter 90 Amore Mio

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"No, you're right. I won't understand this because I don't have kids," Emily muttered, her voice trembling and her eyes reflecting painful memories she couldn't shake. She turned abruptly, her movements hurried. as she rushed toward the door.

"No, no, Emily. That's not what I meant to say. I'm so sorry," Mia pleaded desperately, her voice heavy with regret as she reached out and grasped Emily's hand, unwilling to let her friend leave in anger. She could never hurt her best friend, and she was baffled by how it had come to this.

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knew what Emily's ex-husband had done to her.

Emily fell in love and married the man she thought she loved, only to discover he had used her for his own gain, taking everything from her. She had left her studies and never completed her degree, pouring her money and love into their relationship. But he betrayed her, cheated, and even orchestrated the deaths of her parents to seize their properties and business. He mocked her with his mistress, throwing her out of their home and his life, causing her to miscarry their child due to physical assault by that monster.

Both women's stories were eerily similar, but fortunately, Mia's children had survived. That bond of shared pain was why they understood each other so well. Emily stopped but refused to face Mia. Her trembling body betrayed the emotions raging within her, and Mia could sense her friend was on the verge of tears. Mia's eyes glistened with the pain in her heart as she looked at her friend, who had always been there for her through thick and thin, now engulfed in so much hurt.

Guilt washed over Mia like a tidal wave. Her conscience scolded her mercilessly, and she wished desperately to turn back time and take her words back

"Emily, it... it just slipped out in the heat of the moment. I didn't mean to hurt you," Mia murmured, her voice choked with emotion. She pulled Emily into a tight embrace, holding her friend close as if to shield her from further pain. "You're my angel, my rock. I didn't mean to make you relive those memories."

Emily sighed deeply, her nod signaling reluctant agreement, and Mia felt a weight lift from her shoulders.

"As you said earlier... It's your life, and you can make your own decisions. I just want you to be sure you're not making a mistake," Emily said wearily, her voice tinged with concern and exhaustion. "He's engaged to that supermodel, Vanessa. I'm afraid he's just using you again," she added.

Mia bit her lip, recalling what Alessandro had said when she confronted him about the photos of him with

Vanessa.

"I talked to him, and he said he's broken up with her," Mia reiterated Alessandro's words, trying to reassure her friend.

Emily nodded in understanding. "Just be safe, and don't let any man hurt you again."

Mia knew that Emily was wary of trusting men after experiencing such brutal deceit from the man she had truly loved.

"Don't worry, Emily. I'm not that naive. I'm Mia Peterson, a woman who runs her own interior design business. I'm confident and strong enough now that Alessandro can't hurt me or my children like before. If I find out he's deceiving me, I'll make sure he faces the consequences," Mia declared firmly, reassuring her

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Chapter 90 Amore Mio

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& my girl, Emily said with a weak smile. "But I still feel bad for Adam. He loves you so much," she

Mia responded with a helpless shrug. I just hope he finds someone who truly deserves his love."

"Alright, let's set this aside for now. You should get ready quickly. Otherwise, the kids will blame me for keeping their mom occupied and making them late for dinner," Emily suggested as her tone turned softer and playful.

"What do you mean? Are you not coming?" Mia asked, confusion knitting her brow.

"No. go ahead, guys. Carry on with your family dinner, Emily sighed, pursing her lips with a hint of

resignation.

Mia shook her head, refusing to accept Emily's response. "No! You have to come. Otherwise, it won't be at family dinner."

"Mia..." Emily began to protest, but Mia cut her off.

"Please, Emily, you know the kids love you so much. They'll be upset if their favorite Aunt doesn't come," Mia insisted, appealing to Emily's fondness for her children.

"Alright, alright. Fine, I'm coming." Emily relented with a smile, looking warmly at Mia.

Mia beamed joyfully at her friend. "Now let's get ready, okay?!"

Emily nodded before she opened the door and headed to her room. Mia watched Emily disappear into her room before closing the door behind her and turning to the cupboard to choose a dress. She felt a surge of mixed emotions—excitement and relief—grateful that Emily had decided to join them.

Mia chose a knee-length, sleeveless red dress, pairing it with minimal makeup and peach lip gloss. Her black stilettos and matching clutch completed the elegant look. When Mia emerged after getting ready as quickly as she could, she found the kids and Alessandro already in the living room. Their smiles and voices brimmed with happiness and excitement as they waited for her and Emily.

"Mom!" Both kids ran toward Mia, beaming brightly. They hugged her waist, and Mia wrapped her arms around them, her heart swelling with happiness to see her children so joyful. Alessandro walked over to her and swiftly stole a kiss on her lips. He looked like a man truly in love, his eyes reflecting the path of his feelings. They were fixed on her, unable to look away from the one face he craved whenever she was not by his side. If it were in his power, he would keep her locked in his heart and never let her go.

"You look beautiful, amore mio," he whispered into her ear, making her blush. "I want to forget dinner and just keep looking at you all night."

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Mia gasped, surprised. Where had the merciless mafia boss gone, replaced by this tender lover boy?

"Mom, can we leave now?" Maximo squealed with excitement. Mia shifted her gaze to the children, reminding Alessandro that canceling dinner was no longer an option. Alessandro shrugged and smiled brightly, God, how could someone's smile be so beautiful? Mia was momentarily dazzled.

"Daddy, tell Mom it's time to go. We're getting late!" Maximo insisted impatiently.

Mia was amazed at how a father's presence could transform their lives. She had provided everything for her kids, but now, with Alessandro in their lives, it felt as though the missing piece of the puzzle had finally

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Chapter 90 Amore Mio

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Mia smiled warmly at her son, caressing his head and smoothing his short blonde hair. "We are waiting for your Aunt Emily, sweetie."

Just then, the door to Emily's room opened, and she emerged in a stunning black dress. Maximo and Gia ran toward her, grasping her hands and grinning up at her brightly. Emily's gloomy heart suddenly warmed at the sight of their innocent faces. "Aunt Emily, are you ready? Can we leave now?" Gia asked in her sweet, innocent voice.

"Yes, darling. Let's go," Emily cheered, smiling as they headed to the exit. Alessandro wrapped his arms around Mia's waist, leading her out as they followed Emily and the kids.

Suddenly, Alessandro's phone chimed with a notification, and he excused himself to check the message. As he read it, his expression darkened without him realizing it.

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Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband