

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

Husband Novel 121

Chapter 121 Perfect Boyfriend

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Claire looked up her eyes filled with uncertainty From the corner of her eye, she saw the saleslady who had treated her coldly retreating, trying to hide behind her colleagues.

's alright, Adam I think it's nice, and we can save some money, you know?" she smiled, trying to calm the movie star down

"No, love, it's not okay. And money is not a problem here. I want the best for my wife," he stressed the words "my wife so intensely that Claire's heart skipped a beat. The sincerity of his words felt so real that she wanted to ignore it. They were supposed to be pretending to be a couple madly in love. Adam was playing his part very well, but Claire was nervous and scared. If he kept doing it more frequently, how could she resist falling for her charming boss, who had employed her as his contract wife!

"Adam" Suddenly, the designer Kelly entered the store. I'm sorry, I wanted to be on time but was stuck with a celebrity client, and she was very demanding," she said with a light-hearted laugh as she walked over to Ada Her expression turned serious, however, when she saw the fury on his face

"What's wrong. Adam?" Kelly asked, her tone shifting to one of concern

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Husband Novel 122

Chapter 122 Dream Wedding

The moment Kelly saw the expression on the movie star's face, she knew something was very wrong. She couldn't afford to lose such a significant client. Adam Whitmore was the essence of her brand store, and people wanted to buy from her and hire her as their personal designer because of the contacts she gained through Adam's endship. Annoying the superstar would cost her dearly. "Has something happened that upset you, dear?" Kelly asked nervously, her voice trembling slightly.

"Kelly!" Adam called out, his tone cold and sharp. "I came here to give you the honor of designing my and my wife's wedding dresses, but the treatment I received from your staff has made me have second thoughts" he threatened furiously. His eyes blazed with anger, and Kelly could see that he was very upset. They had offended his future wife.

Adam Whitmore's future wife!

The words sank in and hit Kelly like a ton of bricks. She could feel the color draining from her face.

"Adam. I'm so sorry to hear that. What exactly happened?" she asked, trying to keep her composure while internally panicking.

Adam's jaw tightened as he recounted the incident. "Your staff was rude and dismissive towards wife. They made her feel unwelcome and disrespected. Look at the dress they gave her to try on. Is that what my wife is supposed to wear on our wedding day? I can spend a fortune on her happiness, and this one dress is not a big deal for me. Do you think I can't afford an exclusive dress for my wife? If you don't understand it till now, hear me out again. My wife will only wear exclusive dresses and nothing less. Her dresses will be discarded after one wear, and no one else will ever repeat the design she wears. Do you get it?" Adam roared in fury, his tone intimidating.

Meanwhile, Claire turned crimson at hearing "my wife" from his mouth so many times. They were not married yet, by the way. Did he really mean it, or was he just trying to intimidate them? Regardless, her heart fluttered with excitement, even if it was just a pretense by the movie star.

Claire observed Kelly's expressions, noting how her face turned pale with fear and beads of perspiration covered her forehead.

Kelly's heart sank. "I assure you, Adam, this will be addressed immediately. Please, give me a chance to make this right. I will create an entire exclusive wardrobe for Mrs. Whitmore and won't charge you a penny as compensation on behalf of my staff," she pleaded, desperation creeping into her voice.

The sales girl, who had mistakenly thought Claire was just an ordinary girl, swallowed hard, her heart still racing as she realized her job might be on the line. Understanding

now that Adam was deeply in love with his future wife and was the most important client of her boss, she decided to act quickly. She scrambled forward, falling to her knees before Claire, folding her hands, and begging for forgiveness from the future wife of the superstar.

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"Ma'am, I was a fool. I didn't know who you were. Please forgive me. If you want to hit me or beat me, just please forgive me. I made a big mistake by giving you this ordinary gown to wear. You are so beautiful and special. you only deserve the best, just like Mr. Whitmore's love. Please, madam, don't take my job away. Please, please, please," the salesgirl kept begging, her voice trembling.

Claire's heart melted at the sight. Her expression turned worried; she didn't want the poor salesgirl to lose her job because of her With 12:08 Thu Oct 3 BD.

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Chapter 122 Dream Wedding

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It's alright. Everyone makes mistakes. I don't mind it. And no one is going to fire you from your job," she assured with a reassuring smile.

Adam was stunned to see Claire's soft side. She was so -hearted and forgave the person who had insulted her and treated her so badly. He had never met anyone, except Mia, who was so forgiving. But Claire seemed even more innocent and kind-hearted, which made Adam's heart brim with unknown

emotions.

*No. Mrs. Whitmore." Kelly addressed her, despite the fact that Claire was not yet married to Adam. They were cautious, knowing Adam referred to her as his wife already, and they didn't want to upset him further. "She deserves punishment for her actions. Don't worry, I will handle it."

"No, Kelly, please spare her. It was just a small mistake. Claire pleaded hopefully.

A small mistake?! Kelly's eyes widened. If any other celebrity or elite client were here, the salesgirl would have been fired on the spot, no matter how much she begged for forgiveness. But Claire was convinced otherwise. Kelly sighed, looking at Adam, who nodded slightly, indicating she should reflect on what his future wife was saying

"All right," Kelly mumbled. She turned to the salesgirl, whose teary eyes gleamed with relief and joy, "But remember, this is the last warning. Treat everyone who walks

through this store as an important customer. No discrimination or no one will be able to save you next time," she warned, her tone dangerously firm.

"Of course, ma'am. I won't do it again," the salesgirl promised, then turned to Claire with a forced smile. "Thank you, Mrs. Whitmore," she said with exaggerated flattery. In her heart, she cursed Claire to suffer bad luck, unable to accept that someone she viewed as lowly was about to marry a superstar.

"Alright, you can go," Kelly scolded, dismissing the salesgirl. She then turned her attention to the star couple, her demeanor shifting to a more professional and accommodating stance.

"Let me take your measurements now, and I will ensure the dresses are delivered on time to the venue," Kelly offered.

Adam nodded, satisfied with Kelly's response.

"Please come with me and try on the exclusive wedding gown I've specially designed and stitched for you," Kelly grinned.

Claire nodded and glanced at Adam, who was watching her with tender emotion in his eyes. Claire blushed shyly under his gaze. It all felt like a dream wedding, something she had thought she would never experience. Even if it was all fake and not real, she wanted to live it wholeheartedly, savoring the moment as her last chance to feel like the fairytale princess in her heart, about to be swept away by her Prince Charming. Claire wanted to giggle like a teen girl at the thought and her whimsical imagination. "Mia!" Adam called out, his smile widening as Claire instinctively followed his gaze.

But all her dreams shattered, forcing her to return to reality as she saw Mia enter the shop. Claire swallowed hard as Adam's attention shifted entirely to the woman he truly loved.

"Thanks for coming," he murmured to Mia, who smiled warmly at him.

"Of course I had to come. After all, you pestered me so much," Mia rolled her eyes playfully before her gaze landed on Claire, who smiled awkwardly, realizing she had been watching them in shock." Chapter 122 Dream Wedding

Finished

Clain wa momentarily stupefied to learn that Adam had called Mia for their dress trial. Of course-what had she been expecting? After all, to Adam, only one woman mattered, and that was Mia

"Hi, Claire!" Mia grinned, walking over and pulling into a warm hug

Claire exhaled the breath she hadn't realized she was holding and returned Mia's embrace. She felt no jealousy or bitterness from her-only a sense of warmth and kindness radiating from Mia. Now Claire understood why it was so difficult for Adam to forget her. Mia was the kind of person anyone could easily fall in love with.

"Mia. I want you to pick out some gowns and dresses for yourself," Adam insisted.

"No, Adam, I can buy something another time," she shook her head, politely refusing. "This is your and Claire's day: I'm just here to keep you both company," she added.

"But I want you to get something for yourself, please, Mia," Adam pressed, his stubbornness showing.

Mia sighed, realizing she had no choice but to agree. "Alright, I'll take a look and see if I find something for myself. But first, you and Claire should try on your dresses, okay?" she asserted gently.

As always, Adam found it impossible to refuse Mia's request. Claire observed their interaction closely, feeling like

a third wheel between them. But she quickly reminded herself that this was all just an arrangement-her marriage to Adam was only for the contract.

"Kelly, Mia is my special friend. You have to find something awesome in your collection for her," Adam instructed Kelly, gesturing toward Mia.

"Of course," Kelly replied, glancing at Mia and nodding in greeting.

"Ladies, this way please," Kelly said, extending her hand to guide them.

Adam gestured for Mia and Claire to follow Kelly while he went off to try on some suits and tuxedos.

After the dress trial, they all moved on to cake tasting and selecting flower arrangements. Mia accompanied them at Adam's request, but she was adamant that Claire should make all the decisions. Adam remained quiet, allowing Claire to choose the flavors and designs without interruption. As they sampled cakes and admired floral arrangements, Mia's phone buzzed with a message. She glanced at the screen and felt her heart drop.

It had been many days, but still no message from Alessandro since the day he left abruptly without giving her any explanation.

Mia looked up, her mind racing. She didn't want to think about him, but she couldn't help it-every little thing seemed to bring him back to her thoughts. It was as if everything around her was purposefully reminding her of him, refusing to let her move on.

However, when she opened the message, an unsettling feeling washed over her. It was from the blackmailer again, warning her to stay away from Alessandro Valentino, The message came from a private number-untraceable.

While she could dismiss it as a prank or a meaningless threat, Mia knew that anything involving Alessandro was far from simple. But who wanted her to stay away from him? One of his mistresses, perhaps? The irony wasn't lost on her-Alessandro himself had shown no interest in her, and yet here she was, receiving threats to stay away from him.

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Chapter 122 Dream Wedding

Adam caught her eye, sensing something was off. "Are you alright?" he asked, his expression shifting with

I'll be fine." Mia hesitated as she replied, though deep down, she knew her life was far from fine.

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Husband Novel 123

Chapter 123 Breaking The Spell #Finisher

The days passed quickly, and soon the wedding day of Adam and Claire arrived. A grand venue had been booked, and the event was hailed as the wedding of the century. Invitations had gone out to guests from

all around the globe, and press from every corner of the world gathered to capture the union of the famous celebrity couple.

Claire's uncle's family was also there, and Adam had arranged for her ill grandmother to attend the wedding, bringing along specialized nurses and doctors to care for her. Claire was grateful for his thoughtfulness and kindness. He didn't have to do this, as Claire was being paid to play his fake bride, and the wedding wasn't real-they had already signed a contract for just one year. But he did it all to make Claire happy and make everything feel genuine.

Claire was in the bridal chamber, getting ready with the help of a famous celebrity makeup artist and his team. They worked meticulously to perfect her hair and makeup. When Claire finally looked at her reflection in the wall-sized mirror, her breathing hitched and she barely recognized herself. Was this truly her, or had they transformed her into a different woman? Her exclusive wedding dress, worth ten million dollars, made her look like a real princess. The subtle makeup and perfect hairstyle—a bun with a few loose tendrils framing her face—enhanced her natural beauty even more.

There was a knock on the door, and Adam's mother, Linda Whitmore, entered the room. She placed a hand over her mouth, her eyes shining with admiration.

"Oh my god! My son's choice is extraordinary for sure," she gasped, making Claire lower her eyes with shyness. "You are the most beautiful bride I have ever seen, my dear," she added with a wide grin.

"Thank you, Mrs. Whitmore," Claire murmured slowly, her cheeks tinting pink. No one had ever praised her so sincerely, making her feel truly beautiful. Claire had met Adam's family when he officially proposed to her in public, and to her surprise, they were very humble and accepted her immediately.

Adam had not disclosed to his family about the contract marriage; he told them they had been in love for a while and wanted to marry. His family believed it.

"Claire, call me Mom," Linda insisted warmly. "Now you're getting married to my son, and I'll have another daughter as well."

Linda and Andrew had three children: their elder son, Carter, was a star player on the national hockey team; their middle son, Adam, was a very famous movie star; and their younger daughter, Michelle, was an

emerging singer.

Claire nodded. "Yes, Mom

"That's my girl, Linda grinned. "Now let's go to the wedding hall because someone is waiting very impatiently," she added with a teasing wink, making Claire blush even more.

Linda fixed her veil and handed her the flowers. Holding her hand, she walked Claire to the entrance of the wedding banquet where her uncle was waiting to walk her down the aisle. Linda passed her to her uncle, and Claire hooked her arm in his elbow, noting his stern expression. As they started walking, music played by a famous band from LA filled the hall.

Her uncle leaned in and whispered in Claire's ear, "Don't forget to send money every month," he ordered.

Claire sighed and nodded subtly. It was an emotional day for her, and she was her parents. She had hoped her uncle would be a father figure, offering her emotional strength, but he only thought about himself. Ferline alone in this hir world her eyes began to listen as she missed her mom and dad so hadly

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Chapter 123 Breaking The Spell

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She tried hard not to let her tears spill from her eyes, not wanting her expensive makeup to get ruined and spoil the day for Adam. Slowly, she lifted her head and glanced around, finding everyone's cager eyes on her. This made her even more nervous, and her steps faltered as her resolve shook.

Then she sneakily glanced up at the stage, where Adam stood in a black tuxedo. She forgot to breathe-he looked like a Greek God descended to Earth. Her heart raced as she grasped the reality that she was actually going to marry Adam Whitmore in front of the world. Her eyes met Adam's, who was watching her with a soft expression.

As she reached the stage, Adam extended his hand to her. Claire's uncle handed her to her future husband, placing her hand in Adam's outstretched palm. Adam enclosed her small hand in his large one and gently pulled her onto the stage.

He couldn't tear his eyes off his contract bride, unable to believe this was the same nerdy PR manager who now had transformed into such a stunning diva, able to give many supermodels and actresses a run for their money.

He brought her hand to his lips, and Claire shivered at the electrifying sensation of his warm mouth on her skin.

"You look beautiful," Adam murmured in his deep and husky voice into Claire's ear, his eyes roaming over her from head to toe. His breathing accelerated at the thought of marrying such a hot and stunning beauty, even though it was a fake marriage.

Their eyes met, a captivating spell weaving between them, only to be broken by the officiant clearing his throat. He stood beneath an archway of twinkling lights and cascading flowers, holding a ceremonial book. His voice carried over the soft whispers of the guests as he began the ceremony.

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Husband Novel 124

Chapter 124 Married Couple

The grand wedding hall was a vision of elegance and opulence. Crystal chandeliers hung from the high ceilings, casting a sparkling glow over the marble floors. Intricate floral arrangements adorned every

corner. The air was filled with the sweet scent of roses and lilies. Guests sat in rows of plush chairs draped in

satin, their eyes fixed on the couple at the altar. The famous band from LA played soft, romantic music, adding a layer of magic to the atmosphere.

As the ceremony unfolded, the media buzzed with excitement, narrating the event and snapping countless

photos. The paparazzi were everywhere, capturing every detail of Claire's stunning wedding dress, a masterpiece of silk and lace that shimmered with each step she took. The train flowed gracefully behind her, and the delicate veil framed her face, enhancing her natural beauty. Adam looked dashing in his black tuxedo, perfectly complementing her radiant appearance.

They looked so perfect together as Adam held his bride close, gazing at her with love in his eyes. Meanwhile, high-profile celebrity guests, eager to be the first to share the moment, clicked photos with their high-end phones, racing to post the first picture of the couple on social media.

Everyone was eager to know why Adam chose Paris for the wedding instead of his hometown of London

or LA, where most of their guests were coming from.

During a pre-wedding media conference, Adam was asked why he chose Paris for the wedding instead of London, where his parents lived, or LA, where he was currently based.

He replied. "I wanted to get married in Paris so Claire's grandmother could also attend. I would do

anything to bring a smile to the beautiful face of my wife. Claire was deeply touched by Adam's response.

Her eyes searched the crowd and found her grandmother sitting comfortably in the front row, mingling with Adam's family, while her uncle's family sat on the other side. Claire smiled warmly as her grandmother waved and sent a flying kiss toward her.

"Dearly beloved" then the officiant began, "we are gathered here today to witness the union of Adam Whitmore and Claire Simon in holy matrimony Marriage is a profound and beautiful commitment, a bond that brings two people together in a union of love, respect, and mutual support."

The offerant then glanced at Adam and Claire, observing their faces for any signs of emotions. Both appeared nervous and excited.

"Adam Whitmore and Claire Simon," the officiant continued, "the vows you are about to take are a solemn promise to each other. A promise to stand together through good times and bad, to cherish and protect one another, and to nurture a love that will grow stronger with each passing day."

Claire stole a glance at Adam behind the veil, who was listening to the officiant with such sincerity that it almost seemed as if they were truly committing to each other for life, rather than just fulfilling a one-year contract. She felt his hand tightening around hers, a subtle reminder of his presence and the connection they shared. Realizing he had noticed her gaze, Claire quickly turned her attention back to the officiant, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. She tried to pull her hand away, but Adam only tightened his griping to let her go. He kept holding her hand the entire time.

(change these vows, the officiant began, "remember that this is a partnership built on trust and turned to Adam "Mr. Whitmore, do you take Claire Simon to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health to love and to cherish until death do you part?"

Chapter 124 Mortied Couple

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"I do" Adam looked deeply into Claire's eyes, his voice steady and sincere. Claire's heart fluttered with a mix of emotions as she listened to him.

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Now, Ms. Simon," the officiant continued, turning to Claire, "do you take Adam Whitmore to be lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until death do you part?"

"Yes, I do." Claire's voice trembled slightly as she replied, but she held Adam's gaze, finding

supportive smile.

length in his

Then the wedding rings were presented to them on a silk-covered tray. Adam gently held Claire's hand and slid the ring onto her finger. He then extended his hand, and Claire slipped the ring onto his finger.

"By the power vested in me," the officiant proclaimed, "I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride."

Claire's heart raced, her nerves fluttering as she panicked. Was he actually going to kiss her? They hadn't discussed this part, their first kiss, but according to the contract, they had to be intimate in public. This was just the beginning, and Claire found herself extremely nervous, as acting was never her strong suit.

However, she didn't have to act hard as Adam took the initiative. He circled his strong arm around her waist and pulled her closer. He leaned in, gently lifting Claire's veil. She swallowed hard

she saw Adam's smirk before he cupped her cheek and slightly lifted her face to meet his as he lowered his head. Their tongues touched, and Claire forgot to breathe. It wasn't a brief kiss but a lingering one, as Adam took his time caressing her lips with his tongue, coaxing her to open up and granting him access

"Breathe, my love!" he whispered against her lips, and Claire gasped involuntarily at his command, finally able to breathe again.

Adam's tongue slipped into Claire's mouth, savoring the sweet, intoxicating taste. He struggled to suppress many women in the

a groan and resist the urge to pull her tightly against his hard body. He had been struggled to suppress

past. Despite having had sex many times and even performing intimate scenes on screen, the intensity of this kiss was unlike anything he had ever experienced. All he could think about was picking her up and carrying her to the honeymoon suite, making love to her. Fuck the contract. This thought scared him. This wasn't real, after all, and she was just a part of the arrangement, not his real wife. This realization made him pull away and break the kiss instantly

Only then did Claire realize that the room had erupted in applause, the sound echoing through the grand hall. For a moment, everything felt perfect, but only Adam and Claire knew it was just for show.

Adam took a step back, and Claire's head was still spinning from the intense kiss. She clung to Adam's arm to steady herself. Adam's eyes lingered on his contract wife's slightly swollen lips before he forced himself to look away and glance at the audience. He held Claire's hand in his as everyone began congratulating them, and it was now

pose as a married couple for the world.

Let Me Go My Maha Husband

Husband Novel 125

Chapter 125 Adeline Montecarlo

Mia sat quietly among guests, watching Adam get married. A genuine smile graced her face as she saw him and Claire together. They made a beautiful couple, and she was happy for them.

Mia felt a sense of relief that Adam's head finally moved on from her, allowing her to cherish friendships. She never wanted to lose a friend like him, no matter the circumstances.

All the wedding serious everyone was sorted to the hotel's grand hall for the reception. Mia had come with Family and the twins. Cita and Maximo had been weeks and she still had a beard from Alessandro. He must have heard the news of Mia's lay as it was all over the tabloids and news channels. There was no way he could still think she was with him. But his cold behavior toward her hurt even more than ever. It was much better in the past when she didn't expect anything from him. Why should he have to reappear in her life and complicate things? She had stopped trying to call him when he never returned her calls and texts.

As everyone waited for their turn to congratulate the newlyweds after their test dance, Maximo tugged on Mia's dress.

"Mom, Adam and Claire look so nice," he said, his eyes wide with excitement. Both Gia and Maximo were talking to Claire, who had been Adam's PR manager for a long time.

"Yes, sweetie," Mia replied, her gaze returning to the couple on the dance floor. She was content to see Adam so happy and sealed.

"Mia!" A familiar voice called out. She turned to see Duke Alexander Montecarlo standing toward her with a broad smile on his face. "Alexander!" Mia smiled as she got up from her seat. Emily also stood in respect for the duke.

"Hello, Miss Yang!" Alexander nodded.

"Hello, Lord Alexander" Emily bowed slightly in response.

"Such a small world! Alexander exclaimed, glancing from Mia and Emily to the two twins who bore a striking resemblance to Mia.

"These are your kids?" Alexander asked as his curious gaze hit Mia.

"Yes," Mia said, gesturing for the kids to greet the duke.

"Good evening, Lord Alexander. I'm Maximo Peterson," Maximo said, extending his hand in a gentlemanly manner. Alexander was amazed to see such confidence in a five-year-old.

"Hello, Maximo. Call me Alexander, as your mom is a dear friend of mine," he replied, firmly shaking the

boy's hand.

"Good evening, Alexander," the little girl said without formality, which amused Alexander. "I am Gia Peterson."

"Good evening, Gia. It's a pleasure meeting you, sweetie." Alexander said as he knelt on one knee and extended his hand. Gia placed her hand in his in a sophisticated manner, and Alexander softly placed a brief kiss on the back of her small hand. Chapter 125 Adeline Montecarlo

Finished

thought about their brilliant parents. Though he knew Mia was extraordinarily talented, kind, and sophisticated, he was curious about their father. He had never met the children's father nor heard about him. But he was sure their father must be an influential and impressive personality with charming looks, traits the children seemed to have inherited from him.

"You have brilliant children," Alexander remarked with a warm smile, standing back to his feet.

"Thank you. I didn't know you were also coming to attend Adam's wedding," Mia said, surprised in her tone.

"Yes, we got invitations as I have known Adam personally, having met him on many occasions," Alexander explained. "By the way, I saw the news about you accepting his proposal, but now he is getting married to the love of his life," Alexander paused and hooked two fingers in a mocking air quote, "according to the

media."

"He is a good friend of mine, and that proposal was fake." Mia told the duke, repeating the answer Adam had instructed her to give to this particular question.

"Oh, I see, Alexander nodded with a solemn hum. "By the way, it's good you're here because my mother is also present. She wanted to meet you last time, but it couldn't happen," he said with a hint of sadness in his expression.

"Yeal, I also regret that. I hope Lady Camille can forgive me." Mia said, feeling hopeless. "Why don't you ask her yourself?" Alexander smirked, amused by Mia's worried expression. "Huh! She's here?! Oh yes, I will ask for her forgiveness in person," Mia said desperately.

Alexander shook his head, knowing his mother wasn't angry at all but enjoying teasing Mia a little longer.

"It's okay, Mia. She's not angry at all. I was just teasing you," he admitted and Mia could now let out a breath of relief.

"Let me call her so you two can finally meet," he said, gesturing to his bodyguard who was standing nearby.

As Mia waited to meet the duke's mother, her pulse quickened with a mix of impatience and anxiety. She had never felt this way before. Why was she feeling both nervous and excited, as if the universe was signaling something significant? Was Alexander's mother a very intimidating and scary figure? But he had said his mother wasn't angry. Still, Mia had heard that women from elite families, especially the elder ones, were very proud and did not tolerate offenses from commoners.

"There she is." Alexander announced, smiling as he looked straight ahead. Mia followed his gaze and saw a beautiful, elegant woman walking toward them. The serenity on her face was so divine that Mia instantly felt relaxed and calm. She couldn't take her eyes off her, sensing a mysterious connection that made her feel linked to her.

Lady Camille's expression changed to one of shock as her eyes fixed on Mia. Her pace quickened, and she reached Mia in no time. Her gentle hands found Mia's shoulders, and Mia felt the touch was so familiar, like the warmth she felt with her own children. Lady Camille's dark eyes glistened, and a smile stretched across her trembling lips, pure joy evident as she murmured. "Adeline, my daughter

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Let Me Go My Mafia hand 1+1 M6

Husband Novel 126

Chapter 126 The Lost Heiress.

"She is Adeline, my daughter?" Camille announced, voice shaking with overwhelming emotions and Joy She couldn't thank God enough for finally reuniting her with her daughter after almost twenty-sevens

"What are you saying, Mother?" Alexander retorted in disbelief, leaning closer and whispering. "That's not possible. The DNA test says. He couldn't finish his sentence.

To hell with the DNA test Lady Carmille scolded her son. "I know she's my Adeline, my daughter." Camille mustered, her conviction unshakable. I can feel it in my heart. A mother's instinct can't be wrong. She has the same face, the same eyes as your father, and my completion and body frame She's our Adeline. Alexander. She's your sister!"

Alexander was shocked as he stared blankly at Mia who seemed equally startled.

Mia was dumbfounded and couldn't react. Hell, she didn't understand what was happening to her. Alexander's assistant came forward and whispered in the Duke's ear. Alexander nodded with understanding

"Alright, we are drawing unnecessary attention. Let's go somewhere private," he suggested, his tone and gaze both serious.

He knew how his mother was feeling because he had felt the same way. His instinct told him Mia was his long-lost sister the first time he met her. But then the DNA test said otherwise. However, his heart was not ready to believe the test result either. He felt something was amiss. And now he knew this time he would keep it to himself until the test results were out. He wouldn't even tell his own mother, knowing she was emotional and could blurt it out in a moment of sentiment. He didn't want to take any chances this time and wanted to be sure in every way.

Though he didn't need a DNA test to confirm it after his mother declared Mia was his long-lost sister, he still needed the test results to verify Mia's bloodline and secure her claim to their grandparents property, which she inherited as the daughter of the Montecarlo family. He had to act swiftly before anyone else tried to interfere, as they

had done before. He knew there were more black sheep among his relatives, who were aligned with him and Camille only for their wealth.

Mia was also eager to understand what was happening, but recognizing the gravity of the revelation and the presence of the media, she knew they needed to keep this matter confidential. The Duke of Montecarlo's family was involved, and she was aware that without discretion, this could become a virat news story before they even had confirmation. So, she nodded in agreement.

Turning to Emily, who had witnessed and heard everything. Mia said with an expressionless face. "I need to go with them, Emily

Emily nodded, "I'll come with you."

"No, you stay here Mia replied, holding Emily's hand. Adam will be worried if he doesn't find us. You ured to be

to tell him about this privately. I'll call you and Adam once I know what's going on."

"And the Lust" Emily asked, frowning with concer.

"They'll come with us," Alexander answered before Mia could. "Don't worry. Miss Yang, Mia and the kids are safe with me," he assured, and Emily relaxed, trusting that Alexander genuinely cared for them

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Chapter 126 The Lost Heiress

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Mia hugged Emily before taking Gia and Maximo's hands. The twins, who had been silently observing the unfolding drama, followed their mother obediently, their brilliant minds processing everything that had happened. "Let's go, kids," Mia said gently, and both twins nodded, following her closely.

Alexander and Camille walked ahead while Mia and the children followed. Alexander's bodyguards. surrounded them for security. They made their way to the private valet parking area for elite guests, and the car arrived almost immediately Alexander opened the door himself for Mia and her children, while Camille settled into the car with her daughter and grandchildren.

Camille couldn't contain her affection, taking Gia onto her lap and gently stroking her head. "You're just like my daughter, Camille said with a tender smile.

No, I'm more like my dad!" Gia protested, pouting Mia's heart ached seeing how the kids still looked up to Alessandro, even though he had seemingly forgotten about them.

Camille laughed at Gia's cute protest. "No surprise there-daughters are always their dad's little princesses Camille remarked with a smile, glancing at Mia. She planned to discuss the children's father later, for now, she wanted Mia and the kids to feel comfortable and welcomed.

"Mia, we're going to Monaco!" Alexander said as they all settled into the quiet, soundproof car

"What? No, my life is here I can't just leave suddenly," Mia protested, her voice firm. "And what was that DNA test you mentioned" she added, her frown deepening. She couldn't believe Alexander had conducted a DNA test without her knowledge. He might be a duke, but that didn't give him the right to intrude into her private life.

"I apologize for not informing you about the DNA test beforehand. Alexander said, his tone earnest. "But from the moment I first saw you, I had a strong feeling you were my long-lost sister. Now, we need to go to Monaco immediately to complete the formalities before our hidden enemies catch wind of the news that the lost heiress has been found."

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Read Husband Novel 127

Husband Novel 127

Chapter 127 Happy Days

Wait, there her minders understanding I'm an orphan Mia blurted out, then bit her lip, realizing she had been being in her family being from Paris

"That's not true. You are my daughter," Camille interrupted, her voice trembling with emotion

Seeing Muli's expression grow more confused, she took a deep breath and began to recount the entire story of how they lost her just after birth. Mia listened intently, struggling to believe that fate could have been so

ruel to her from the very beginning. Yet, as she listened, she felt an undeniable connection with Lady Camille and believed every word she said.

"I was in so much trauma," Camille continued, her voice heavy with sorrow. "We lost you and your father at the same time. But Alexander and I searched tirelessly for you, trying every possible way to find you. But all our efforts led to dead ends. But today, all our prayers have been answered. God has brought my daughter back to me, along with two beautiful grandchildren!" she said with a tearful smile, hugging Gia and Maximo close to her. Tears of joy streamed down her face as she looked at them.

"But... but you said the DNA test was negative," Mia murmured, her heart sinking in dismay.

"Yeah, it was negative. But my heart never believed it. Science can be wrong, but my heart and gut feeling can't be deceived. You are my sister. I feel the blood bond between us. You are my kin. I don't fucking care about anything else." Alexander declared firmly, determination etched on his face.

"Language, Alexander," Camille scolded, narrowing her eyes at her son.

Alexander glanced apologetically at the kids and rubbed his nape with an awkward smile.

"I'm sorry, Mother. I'm sorry, kids. Now that I have a beautiful niece and a smart nephew, I'm going to prove to you that I can be the best uncle," he promised, making the kids smile. "Our uncle is a duke!" Maximo grinned with pride.

"Yes, little man. Come to my estate, and you'll be treated like a prince and princess. I'll make up for all the years I lost not being with you," he mumbled, his voice tinged with remorse.

"Let bygones be bygones," his mother declared. "It's time to celebrate! Call the press and hold a conference to announce that the daughter of the Montecarlo family has returned," Camille demanded, excitement twinkling in her eyes. She could hardly contain her exhilaration, eager to shower her daughter and grandchildren with all the love she had.

"No, Mom. Not yet," he interjected firmly. "We need to be very secretive and careful until the paperwork is finalized. Adeline was abducted because of the will, and she won't be safe until the entire property is transferred to her name. We must wait to disclose this to the public."

His tone grew more serious. "And please, don't trust your so-called well-wishing relatives this time. I beg you! No information passes to anyone-absolutely no one. Is that clear?" he commanded strictly.

Camille didn't arg. She had her daughter back, and nothing mattered more than the safety of her daughter and grandchildren. No one else was more important to her now.

Mia was overwhelmed by the love she was receiving from her brother and mother. They had accepted her without any proof and seemed to be so sure that she was the lost daughter of the Montecarlo family. It was ADD THIS D3 1

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ve and the care of a ubline, but back the lows a family even her husband hade loved her until she was blessed with Gra and Maximo, After having her own children, she finally experienced all the phases she had missed in her life through

However, she couldn't deny that she abus felt a connection with Alexander and had wished in her heart a bundred tones for a brother like him. She never imagined that her wish could come true so soon.

"You're not afraid that I could be an imposter?" Mia choked on her words, overwhelmed by emotion.

No way. Even if the whole world says it, we're not going to believe it and never going to let you go. Aehne, or Mia Alexander hesitated with a forgiving smile. "Ah I don't even know what to call you."

They had named her Adeline even before her birth, knowing she was going to be a girl, and they were thrilled to have chosen the name.

Whatever we call her, she's your sister. Alexander, Camille said, settling the matter.

"Yeah, that's true. She is my little sister," Alexander said, his expression turning playful as he added. Then I'll call you petite surur."

Ma giggled, shaking her head, remembering how he used to tease her like this all the time, as he had accepted her as his petite saur long ago.

They arrived at the Duke's estate in Monaco. Gia and Maximo were thrilled to live in a castle-like manor for the first time. Their Duke uncle spared no effort in spoiling them, wanting to pamper them with everything he could to make them happy. Mia was overjoyed to have finally found her family. It seemed her difficult days were over, and now she would never have to rely on anyone else.

She called Emily and told her everything about her lost family and being the heiress to an ancestral empire. Emily assured her that she was managing the business in Paris, allowing Mia to relax and spend time with her family to make up for all those lost years. However, Mia knew that no amount of time would ever be enough to fully cherish this newfound life with her family.

Alexander conducted the DNA test discreetly this time, without even telling his mother, though he informed Mu and asked her to keep it confidential. The results came back quickly, as he used his influence to expedite the process. The result was a 99.9% match, providing enough proof to officially make her the heiress of the Montecarlo family's ancient empire.

He then properly handed over everything that belonged to her, though Mia insisted she didn't need it that he should keep it, given that he had been managing everything for so many years. But Alexander reassured her that it was always hers, and he would continue to take care of her and her children, standing by her whenever she needed her brother, no matter what.

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Husband Novel 128

Chapter 128 The Bait

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precended His most trusted security eters, Micah, was in charge his protection and was the only the responsible for his utary.

As anticipated, the crap worked the pary walk the hat Micah sent all the securry purs of day for the night when the hungital was early empty, with only a few much wall on duty away from Alessandro's medical ward

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armed with a fried with a sneer In the dich of the

indeed room, he smirked as he aimed the gun at the prose injured Alesandro and fired continye stopping unnid he was certain that Alessandro could not sure the attack. After

ensuring Alessandro was dead, Mirah placed the gain his inter paket and this phone coat took out

His face was a mark of triumph in the dimly lit roesti, Barzirk playing on his lips as he dialed a number wd held the phone to his ear. The phone's mindscreen cast a faint low on his cunning expression

"The work is done, Envo?" Micah declared with a tone of smug satisfaction). "The Italian don. Alessandro

On the other end of the line, Enzo's voice was a mix of excitement and incredulity "Are you sure! I mean. did you check that he's actually dead?"

Micah's grin widened as he leaned back against the wall, his gaze fixed on a certain point in the darkness

I'm certain. I made sure of it I personally emptied the entire magazine into him. There's no way he could survive that."

Enzo's voice cracked with diellef and curiosity. "You did it yourself? I didn't know you had the courage to kill the mit Italian don all by yourself"

Micah's raperson darkened slightly as he responded, ometimes, you need to be thorough. I wanted to ensure there were no mistakes. He's not gring to be a problem anymore.

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Chapter 126 The Bait

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"Good" Enzo said, his tone reflecting satisfaction. "With him out of the way, my plans can move forward without interference."

"Hmm!" Micah nodded, glancing at the bed where the lifeless Alessandro lay, covered in a white sheet, without any movement. The poor Italian don had died in his sleep. Micah snorted at the thought.

"Now, clear the evidence and leave the place. Remember, under no circumstances should my name be disclosed" Enzo's voice took on a note of finality.

Don't worry. You can trust me. I'm loyal to you, Enzo," Micah assured him.

"Alright. Come to Florence as soon as the matter is settled," Enzo said, preparing to end the call.

Micah leaned forward, his voice taking on a more serious tone. Enzo, there's one more thing. I expect to be recognized for my role in this. I've taken significant risks for you to secure Alessandro's wealth and his place within the Italian mafia. I want a substantial position in the organization as compensation for my

efforts.

There was a brief pause on the line before Enzo's voice came through, steady and measured. "We'll discuss your position once the dust settles. Your contributions will not be forgotten, Micah."

Micah's smirk returned, satisfied with the assurance. "I'll be waiting to see the outcome. And remember, I expect to be well taken care of."

As the call ended, Micah removed the phone from his ear and turned to leave the room. He was startled when he felt a hand on his shoulder. The lights flickered on, suddenly flooding the previously dark room with harsh, glaring light. Micah's eyes adjusted to the brightness, and they flared with horror as the full

extent of the scene before him was revealed.

Husband Novel 129

Chapter 129 The Half Truth.

Mia's face turned ashen, his resolutely bulging of their sockets as he stared at what seemed like death well visadong before him. His heart pounded soodly that it echoed in his ears In that moment. he wished he could sum back time and undo his decision to betray the Italian lon. The realization that

Alessandro Valentino was alive and in perfect health, standing right in front of him, struck him like a flow.

"Well, well Micah Alessandro smirked as Lucas and his men stormed into the room, swiftly disarming Micah and seiring his phone.

Of all people. I never expected my most trusted man to be the one who tried to kill me," Alessandro said calmly, though his tone carried a very dangerous edge that sent a shiver down Micah's spine. He knew he was only a heartbeat away from death

"I'm sorry, boss. I'm so sorry. I was a fool. Please, please forgive me," Micah whimpered, his voice trembling as he begged desperately. He was kneeling on the floor, pinned down by Alessandra's guards.

"Oh, my loy," Alessandro smiled menacingly, his eyes cold. "You should know better than anyone that forgiveness for a traitor has never been in my vocabulary," he snarled, emphasizing the last words as he delivered a brutal kick to Micah's stomach. Micah collapsed to the floor, clutching his midsection in pain.

please don't kill me, boss," Micah cried out, his voice laced with fear and pain.

"Why would I keep you alive? I know who you're working for, and now you're of no use to me." Alessandro

neered, extending his hand toward Lucas, who promptly handed the Mafia king a gun.

"Boss, I can still be useful to you. I know a secret that no one else does, Micah offered desperately, playing fus last card.

Alessandro, who had just loaded the gun, paused and lowered it slightly. His eyebrows drew together in frustration as he asked, "What secret?"

"It's about your wife, Aria Valentino!" Micah announced in a weak and pained voice.

Alessandro's eyes burned with rage as he glared at Micah. That bastard knew something about Arta?!

"What happened to her?" The mata king demanded in a cold voice, though his heartbeat slowed with the fear of learning something he didn't want to know. He believed Mia was Aria. No, he knew Mia was indeed has Arta and that she was alive. Gia and Maximo were his children So what could this bastard know about his wife? Impatience gnawed at him as he waited for Micah to speak

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He squatted down and grabbed Micah's hair, yanking it so hard that the traitor screamed, his head snapping back in pain.

"Don't test my patience Tell me quickly." Alessandro growled furiously, gritting his teeth.

Micah snickered despite his pain, murmuring in a weak and cracking voice, "No, boss. First, you have to promise me you et me live. Then I'll tell you everything I know about your wife."

made Alessandro squint in suspicion. Alessandro released Micali's hand with a harsh push, then pulled back and stood straight before him

"Alright. I'm giving you my word. Now tell me what you know," he said with an indifferent expression, gesturing for his men to release Micali and step back.

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Micah gathered himself, a smile creeping across his face.

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"Everyone believes that Mrs. Valentino left you and died in a plane crash, but that's only half the truth."

Alessandro frowned, cocking his head to the side as he watched the bloody traitor with a scrutinizing gaze.

"Then what's the true story?" he demanded authoritatively.

murder of Mrs. Valentino that night was planned because she was pregnant with your baby. Bows, and Enzo didn't want anything to come between him and the Mafia empire. Micah revealed, That bloody brother of his

blood boiled, rage and anguish surging through his veins like fire and lava. He clenched his teeth, consumed by fury. He had always misunderstood Aria and mistreated her, which made people believe she was a vulnerable and easy target. "The night your ex-girlfriend threw a party and Mrs. Valentino was alone at home, Enzo instructed me to

goons to kill her and erase any trace of her from the earth, Micah continued coldly. As he spoke Newandro's anger grew even more, and he began breathing heavily. It was almost impossible for

remain calm, knowing his pregnant wife had been targeted in his own home by his stepbrother.

"But she was YOUR wife, boss, and we underestimated her. She evaded the trained goons and escaped

om the house. The rest of the story you already know. She probably went to the airport because she was strud of you. You never loved her or cared for her, so she might have thought it was better to save herself incaping, knowing you wouldn't save her or believe her, Micah taunted, causing the Italian Don to realize the magnitude of his mistake.

"But her bad luck followed her, and the plane she boarded crashed, resulting in her ultimate death," Micah sashed with a sigh

He bardly had another moment to breathe before Alessandro pulled out his gun and emptied the entire chamber into Micah's chest

"Bastard you thought you could live another day after confessing to trying to kill my wife and my unborn children" Alessandro spat out with disgust, his anger still burning fiercely. He kicked Micah's lifeless, blood-covered body repeatedly 736

Husband Novel 130

Chapter 130 Reality Check.

Everyone was so terrified by their boss's fury that no one da

take the initiative to calm him down. He seemed like the embodiment of death itself, deadlier than anything they had ever encountered. They were 100 frightened to even approach him, as the burning intensity of his gaze and the radiating power from hum felt as though it could kill

But Lucas stepped forward, fully aware of the emotional turmoil the Mafia boss was enduring. He crapped his arms around Alessandro, trying to pull him away from Micah's lifeless borly. It was a monumental task, as Alessandro was as immovable as a mountain, but Lucas persisted, hoping to bring some semblance of calm to the raging storm within him.

"Boss, that bastard is dead. Now we need to focus on getting to Enzo before he realizes we know about him." Lucas suggested in a soft, comforting tone.

Panting and breathing heavily, Alessandro shrugged off Lucas's hand and pulled away, struggling to regain his composure.

"No one can save him from me. Whether he hides in hell, I will drag him our and give him a death so torturous that his very soul will beg me to end his miserable life," Alessandro vowed, leaving the room abruptly with grim determination.

Lucas took a deep breath and glanced at Micah's bloodied body before instructing his men to clear the scene and remove any evidence.

Alessandro stormed toward his car, yanking the keys from his personal driver without a word. Adrenaline surged through his veins, heightening his already violent and predatory instincts. Lucas sprinted after him, barely managing to jump into the car before Alessandro, brimming with impatience, sped off without hesitation.

The car roared onto the road, racing toward the private jetport where the Italian Don's jet awaited, engines humming in readiness. They bypassed security with ease, their urgency palpable as they hurried across the tarmac. Alessandro He had already alerted his people in Florence to keep a close watch on Enzo, ensuring the traitor wouldn't slip away.

As the jet ascended into the sky, Alessandro's patience wore thin; he could hardly stand the wait to confront his treacherous stepbrother. Every second in the air felt like an eternity as he ached to land in Florence and settle the score once and for all.

Enzo could hardly contain his glee when he received the news of Alessandro's death. He had waited for this moment for years, and now, finally, his wish had come true. Despite having everything under his name—thanks to Alessandro's failure to produce an heir while Enzo had a son—Enzo still harbored a deep-seated desire to take everything from his older step-brother. Living in Alessandro's shadow, even when he was the one technically in control, had always been a bitter pill to swallow. He craved absolute power over the family and the Mafia, and now it seemed within his grasp.

Bursting with excitement, Enzo hurried to find his mother, Maria. He found her in the living room, meticulously reviewing the dinner menu for the evening while simultaneously instructing the staff on the breakfast plans for the next day.

"Madre!" Enzo called out, his voice brimming with excitement as he jogged over to her.

Maria noticed the unusual sparkle in her son's eyes and immediately sensed that something was different.

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Chapter 130 Reality Check

She quickly dismissed the staff, ensuring they had the privacy to discuss whatever news he had

"What's the matter, Enzo! You look so happy," Maria said with a smile, curiosity piqued.

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"Yes, Madre, I have some brilliant news for you." Enzo grinned, leaning in close as he cupped his hand over his mouth to speak in a hushed voice, "The bastard Alessandro is dead!"

"What?" Maria gasped in disbelief, her eyes widening in shock.

Enzo quickly glanced around the room, checking that no one else had heard. He scolded his mother in a low voice, "Shh! Madre, you'll draw unnecessary attention."

Maria shook her head, convinced that her son must be playing some sort of cruel prank.

"Tell me it's not true," she demanded, her voice tinged with a mixture of disbelief and concern.

"Why, Madre? Aren't you happy to hear this?" Enzo frowned, confused by her reaction.

Maria closed her eyes, grappling with her emotions, anger, and helplessness. She didn't know whether she should be happy or devastated. After a moment, she took a deep breath and asked, "Who gave you news?"

"Madre. I planned this," Enzo said with a smug smile. "It was my man who did the job perfectly."

"You fool!" Maria hissed, her voice barely above a whisper, though it carried the weight of her anger. "Alessandro was no threat to you; he was your greatest support."

She had orchestrated the murder of Aria, but she never intended for Alessandro to die. Maria knew she had Alessandro wrapped around her little finger—he respected her more than his own mother, always doing whatever she asked. Thanks to Alessandro, Maria had been living like a queen, enjoying the wealth and power he secured for their family. Without Alessandro, she feared that Enzo, left to his own devices, would ruin everything. He would likely destroy the businesses and squander the wealth they had accumulated.

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