

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

Husband Novel 151

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 151 Harsh Reality

Hazel turned to the kid, who now looked visibly more relaxed.

"See? I told you," she said, gently patting the kid's cheek "No one can bully you, okay?"

The kid nodded, a small smile appearing on his face as well.

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Hazel's work was almost done, and her phone buzzed repeatedly with calls from her mother. She was volunteering with her NGO, providing support to cancer patients. She found joy in helping those in need. and bringing a bit of happiness to those who had lost hope. At heart, Hazel was a princess, believing in fairy tales and dreaming of her own happily ever after. She envisioned a prince coming to her rescue, sweeping her off her feet, and carrying her away to his kingdom. However, she never felt like she was in such trouble that she was required to be rescued by some man. She was a strong, determined woman with clear goals for her future, capable of solving her own problems. After saying goodbye to everyone in the oncology ward, as her timings were over, she finally answered her mother's call as soon as she exited the hospital.

"Yes. Mother? What's going on?" Hazel asked, heading straight for her car in the parking lot.

"Hazel, where are you? Come home soon," her mother's anxious tone made Hazel's heart race with a twinge of worry.

"What happened, Mother? Are you okay?" she asked promptly.

"Yes, I'm fine, but it's about the Duke's family," her mother informed her..

"What happened to the Duke's family?" Hazel asked, frowning with concern creeping in.

"There was a violent attack on them. They're all severely injured," her mother explained. "Come home soon. We need to visit them as soon as possible."

"Mother, I'm sure they have plenty of well-wishers. They probably don't need us to visit," Hazel replied, rolling her eyes. She was weary of flattering elite families just to secure marriage prospects for her and her sisters.

She knew her mother all too well as her mother did nothing without a selfish motive. Her mother's primary goal was to marry each daughter off to the wealthiest family in the country. However, with her brothers proving useless and their father's business bankrupt, the family desperately needed to form alliances with wealthy families to secure funding, restart the business, and settle her brothers.

"Shut up, you ungrateful daughter!" her mother snapped, her voice so loud that Hazel had to pull the phone away from her ear. "You need to be here on time, and that's an order," her mother insisted, and without waiting for a reply, she hung up.

Hazel sighed, frustrated. She had no interest in marrying for money; she wanted to find love. Determined to refuse her mother's unreasonable demand, she got into her old, second-hand car-one she had bought with her own earnings. Her father had always splurged on his sons, buying them the best of everything. While his daughters only received expensive clothes and jewelry when they were presented at society events to attract wealthy and influential suitors.

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Her two elder sisters were already married off to wealthy families, and her father had extracted whatever he could from those unions. One sister was married to much older man, almost twice her age, who had a son from his first marriage, just a couple of years younger than her. Her sister's husband was unfaithful too, boasting that his wealth allowed him to sleep with anyone he wanted. Hazel had watched her sister suffer daily, trapped in a life of misery.

Her second sister had been married to a business family that went bankrupt. After their financial collapse, the family essentially sold her sister to investors, forcing her to sleep with many men to recoup their losses. Hazel's heart ached every time she saw her second sister, who lived in constant suffering.

Her sister had become a living corpse, merely existing because she didn't know how to escape her predicament. Despite the money she brought in, her husband and in-laws treated her poorly, calling her derogatory names like "slut" and "whore," even though they were the ones who had forced her into such sinful work. Her husband showed no affection, refusing to touch her claiming she was dirty, and instead maintaining another woman he claimed to be his true love.

Hazel had urged her sister to leave her husband and return home, but her sister felt trapped, believing she had nowhere else to go. She knew their father would never support her or appreciate her for leaving her husband. Hazel didn't want that kind of life for herself. She was optimistic about changing this tradition and not marrying for money.

As soon as she parked in the driveway of her father's mansion, the sound of shouting and yelling reached her ears. She knew immediately that her father was taking out his anger on her mother again. She hurried inside

hoping to intervene before things escalated further.

"There she is!" one of her brothers announced in a frustrated tone. She had two older brothers, both of whom were utterly useless.

Everyone's eyes snapped toward her, making her feel uncomfortable, and she lowered her gaze.

"Where the hell have you been?" her father demanded, striding toward her with a voice full of fury.

"I was volunteering at the hospital," she replied quietly, her tone laced with nervousness.

"How many times have I told you to stop wandering around? You need to save yourself so I can at least get something from your marriage," her father warned, his tone dangerously low. "Marriage or sale?" she snapped instantly, anger surging as she thought of her sisters' fates.

"Shut up, you ungrateful daughter! How dare you talk back?" her father screamed, slapping her hard across the face. He was about to strike her again when her mother intervened. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"James! No, dear. Don't hurt her. We have to visit the Duke and his family. What will we say if she has bruises?" her mother pleaded.

Her father dropped his raised hand with a loud huff. "Get ready quickly. We're going to visit the Duke's family," he ordered, his voice still seething with anger.

"Why do we need to visit them? Why are you all making such a big deal out of this?" Hazel demanded in her low but defiant voice, holding her cheek, which still burned from her father's smack. "Because the Duke has agreed to marry you. Show some concern, you ignorant girl, her elder brother,

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Archer, scolded her.

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"Marry me!? And you didn't even ask me before arranging my marriage?!" she retorted, anger flaring up inside her.

"In our family, daughters have no say in their marriages. You will marry where I decide, and you're going to marry the Duke. It's final," her father declared arrogantly.

"But, Father...!" she started to protest.

him.

"Oh, come on. Hazel. The Duke is very rich and handsome. Every girl in the country wants to marry but he chose you, her second brother, Arlo, added, his tone filled with pride as he showed her the Duke's photo on his phone. Hazel's eyes widened in shock as she realized who the Duke was. The photo showed the man she had confronted at the hospital over his girlfriend.

"But he already has a girlfriend," she mumbled, too stunned to fully grasp her words.

"It doesn't matter how many girlfriends or mistresses he has. Only one will be his wife and the Duchess of Monaco, and you're lucky to be the one, her mother declared, looking at her daughter with pride.

But in that moment, Hazel's dream of a happily ever after, of being truly loved by her husband, shattered. The harsh reality hit her like a ton of bricks-she was destined to suffer the same fate as her two sisters, trapped in a life of misery.

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Husband Novel 152

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 152 A Wife's Instinct Finished

Maria pul down the phone, a cunning smirk spreading across her lips. The news she'd just received was too good to be true: Alessandro had been severely injured, and there was little hope he would survive the next twenty-four hours.

"What's up, Mom?" Vittoria asked as she descended the stairs, noticing the rare, almost gleeful expression on Maria's face. It had been a long time since she'd seen her mother-in-law in such a good mood.

"Guess what?" Maria quipped, turning her head to face her daughter-in-law. "We don't have to wait much longer to see that bastard Alessandro die in misery," she announced smugly.

"What do you mean?" Vittoria asked, stepping down from the last step and striding toward Maria, who was lounging on a plush leather sofa in the living room.

Maria's smile widened as she stretched her arms over the backrest, reclining with a sense of satisfaction.

"He was caught in a deadly attack and was shot. Now, he's fighting for his life on a hospital bed. The doctors say if he doesn't wake up within a day, he'll slip into a coma," Maria informed her with palpable joy, her chin held high as if she were already envisioning the bright future that awaited them.

"Bu, Mom, if he's in a coma, he'll still be alive. How will we get our revenge then?" Vittoria asked, her voice dripping with hatred.

Maria turned her head to look at Vittoria, a deep furrow forming between her brows. "You're right," she muttered, deep in thought. "You're absolutely right," she murmured under her breath as she grabbed her phone and dialed a number.

"What are you going to do now, Mom?" Vittoria asked with curiosity when she noticed the determination etched on Maria's face.

"I'm not going to do anything." Maria replied with a cunning smile. "But I will let this information the Marinos, and they'll definitely do something about it. Her smile turned sinister. "Alessandro, start counting your days on earth because soon you'll be headed straight to hell!" she hissed as the phone connected.

Vittoria watched in silence as her mother-in-law began conversing with one of Alessandro Valentino's greatest rivals, the head of the Marino family. The Marinos, notorious for their illegal criminal activities and control over the mafia in Rome, had a longstanding and bitter feud with Alessandro. The gleam in Maria's eyes made it clear that she was setting the stage for something far more dangerous than a simple vendetta-she was unleashing a storm that would devastate everything in its path.

Mia returned home, but her mind was still consumed with thoughts of Alessandro. She couldn't find peace. After a quick shower, she changed into fresh clothes. It was late at night, and Gia and Maximo were already asleep. Mia asked the nanny about them, and the nanny reassured her that she had put them to bed on time and avoided letting them watch the news. Mia felt a wave of relief; the last thing she wanted was for her children to worry about her and Alessandro. But she knew she had to talk to them soon and reveal the truth-that Alessandro was their biological father.

She quietly went to her mother's room to check on her, As she cautiously and softly opened the door, she found Camille had also fallen asleep. Mia gazed at her mother's serene, albeit tired, face and silently thanked God that she was alright. Despite the poisonous sinok that had filled the conference room. everyone had come through unscathed. Nothing had one wrong

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Chapter 152 A Wife's Instinct Finished

She left the room, closing the door behind her without making a sound. As she looked around, everything seemed normal, yet her heart remained restless. She couldn't pinpoint why, but a nagging feeling told her that Alessandro and the doctor were hiding something from her. The thought made her worry about Alessandro's health and recovery.

No, nothing could happen to the almighty Alessandro, she told herself, shaking her head to dispel any negative thoughts. Her mafia husband was invincible and had faced death countless times. Even death itself seemed to fear him, bowing to his iron will and unmatched strength. He was the strongest man she

knew.

She returned to her room and looked for her phone, spotting it lying on the bedside table. She had left it at the press conference where she was abducted. Someone from the rescue team or one of the bodyguards must have retrieved it and handed it to her family. Mia dialed her brother's number, her heart pounding as she waited impatiently to hear any updates on Alessandro's recovery.

"Hello?" Alexander's voice was husky, and he sounded out of breath. "Mia, are you okay?" His concern was evident in his tone,

Mia hesitated before asking. "Where are you, Alexander?"

There was a brief silence before Alexander replied, "Mia, actually, Chloe came to see you and Mother at the hospital, but you all had already left. I came to drop her off at her place. I'll be staying here for the night and will come back early in the morning," he informed her, then quickly added. "But if you're not feeling okay, I'll come home right now."

Alexander wasn't at the hospital?! Then who was with Alessandro? Was he all alone?!

Her heart raced with fear, a sense of dread creeping over her as the feeling that something terribly wrong was about to happen intensified.

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Chapter 153 Her Eager Heart

"Then who is with Alessandro in the hospital?" she asked anxiously.

"Don't worry." Alexander reassured her. "I have my men watching outside the ICU. Alessandro's bodyguards and his friend Matteo are also there."

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Mia felt a wave of relief wash over her at the mention of the security arrangements for her husband. But when she remained silent, Alexander gently asked, "If you want, I can go and stay with Alessandro, *petite sœur*?"

"No, that's fine. I just called to know about Alessandro's recovery," she murmured.

Alexander paused for a moment before responding, "Mia, the doctors are waiting for him to wake up. Once he does, they'll conduct a proper check-up and give us more information about his recovery," he explained calmly.

Mia sighed. "Alright, say hi to Chloe for me," she said before disconnecting the call, not wanting to intrude on their private time. She knew about her brother's girlfriend but hadn't had the chance to meet her personally. However, Mia couldn't shake the worry gnawing at her. The idea of leaving Alessandro alone in the hospital filled her with overwhelming restlessness. Without Alexander there, who would be watching over Alessandro? Although she knew his men would be guarding him, that didn't ease her concern. Perhaps it was her love for her husband that made her feel so fiercely protective of him. But for some reason, she couldn't shake the feeling of an unknown fear and restlessness that grew with every passing second, so she decided to go be with her mafia husband..

She had been advised by the doctor not to move her hand, but she had already taken a shower, carefully protecting her casted hand. Getting dressed, however, was troublesome, and despite taking painkillers, she still felt some pain due to the unnecessary movement in that hand. But she had to get to the hospital right away. She headed straight to the manor's driveway, where many cars were parked for the duke's family to use at their convenience. Without caring which one it was, Mia chose the first car she saw. She slipped into the back seat after the chauffeur hurriedly opened the door for her and instructed him to drive straight to the hospital.

It was late night and the traffic had been slowed and only a few cars were seen on the way. It didn't take much time for them to reach the hospital. The crowd at the hospital was not as rushed as in the daytime; only a few emergency patients or the hospital staff were present.

Mia hurried to the reception desk, her steps quick and determined despite the dull ache in her casted hand. Her face reflected a mix of worry and urgency as she approached the counter.

"Excuse me," she said in a voice tight with anxiety. "Where is the ICU where Mr. Alessandro Valentino is "being treated?"

The receptionist looked up from her computer, her expression professional and flat. She checked the list before replying. "Take elevator number six and go to the third floor. It will lead you to the wing where our intensive care unit is located.

Mia nodded, a faint smile of gratitude crossing her lips as she murmured, "Thank you," before she added authoritatively, "I am his wife Mrs. Aria Alessandro Valentino. Could you also let me know who the attending nurse is for Mr Valentino tonight?"

Chapter 153 Her Eager Heart

#Finished

The receptionist gazed at Mia intently before her eyes shifted back to her computer. Her fingers flew over the keyboard as she began to check the records. "Please wait a moment, ma'am. Let me find that information for you."

Mia shifted from one foot to the other as her impatient gaze remained fixed on the receptionist's screen. The receptionist finally looked up, her face softening.

"The attending nurse for Mr. Valentino tonight is Nurse Laura. She's highly experienced and has been with us for many years."

"Thank you," Mia said, nodding. Her heart quickened with anticipation as she made her way to the elevator, eager to see her husband, the man she loved most.

She pressed the call button and waited for the elevator to arrive. It came promptly, and as she was about to step inside, her eyes caught sight of Matteo coming from the opposite direction.

"Aria?!" he called out, then hesitated, "I mean... Mia!" he corrected himself with an apologetic expression.

"It's alright, Matteo, you can call me Aria," Mia said, offering a reassuring smile. Matteo nodded in acknowledgment.

"Are you going to see Alessandro?" Matteo asked, gazing at her curiously.

"Yes," Mia replied.

"But they won't let you see him personally," he informed her with a frown, "it's against the doctor's instructions."

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Chapter 154 Something Is Wrong

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Matteo expected Mia to fight back or argue, but to his surprise, she remained calm and composed.

"Don't worry; I will see him from afar. But I need to be here for him," Mia replied firmly. Matteo pursed his lips, nodding in understanding.

They both boarded the elevator and pressed the button for the third floor.

"I went to get a coffee since no food or drink is allowed in the intensive care unit waiting area," Matteo explained, even though Mia hadn't asked. Mia nodded in acknowledgment.

Matteo cleared his throat, trying to start a conversation. He knew how his friend was fighting for his life in the ICU. Having witnessed everything, he knew that the Italian don couldn't prove his love to his wife or clarify the misunderstandings between them. Mia still didn't believe her husband.

Matteo understood how Mia must have felt when she left Alessandro and the beliefs she held at that moment. But the misunderstanding needed to be cleared between them. Since his friend was still unconscious, Matteo decided to take matters into his own hands. He resolved to convey all the unsaid things Alessandro couldn't express, as his cold-hearted and ruthless mafia friend was unable to say good things about himself and show his love.

"Aria, Alessandro has always loved you. The news of him being a womanizer was all fake, a cover to protect you from his enemies. If they knew how precious you were to the mafia boss, they would target you to weaken Alessandro," Matteo explained. Mia was stunned. She had always believed Alessandro didn't love her, especially since he had never openly shown his affection.

"Did you know from the very beginning that I was his wife?" she asked, her gaze filled with questioning.

"Yes, I was shocked when I saw you after six years, but I wasn't entirely sure that it was actually you. However, Alessandro never had any doubt. From the moment he saw you, he knew you were his Aria. When we thought you had died, Alessandro fell into a deep depression and lost the will to live. He loves you so much, Aria."

Mia listened as her husband's best friend revealed shocking truths she had never known.

"I had to literally fight with him to keep him alive, and only with medical help could he return to his former self." He paused, observing Mia's stunned reaction, before

continuing. "You know, Alessandro could have forcibly brought you back, but he chose not to. He wanted to win you back and earn your love on his own terms."

Mia was once again taken aback. She was fully aware of what her ruthless mafia husband was capable of. But he chose not to use his power and strength to bend her to his will.

The elevator door opened with a soft bell as they reached the third floor, but Matteo didn't stop. He continued speaking as they walked toward the ICU where Alessandro was being kept.

"You know, Aria?" Matteo began, his voice filled with intensity. "When I suggested he take a DNA test to prove the paternity of your kids, he refused." Mia was once again shocked by this revelation. "He could have easily secured his inheritance by submitting the DNA report and proving that Gia and Maximo are his children, but he didn't. He willingly gave up on wealth and power," Matteo added, pride evident in his tone. "Do you know what he said?"

Mia gestured for him to continue. She was too intrigued to speak.

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Chapter 154 Something Is Wrong

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Matteo smiled softly as he spoke, recalling his friend's words from a night when Alessandro was utterly drunk and had finally opened his heart to him. "He said, 'I married her for power and wealth, and I don't want to repeat that mistake again.' He doesn't want anything, Aria, Matteo looked at her, his eyes pleading "He only wants you and the children to be with him. You are all his real wealth and power. Don't leave him. He can't survive without you."

"Who said I'm going to leave him?" Mia whispered, her voice trembling as her eyes glistened with tears. "I'm not going anywhere, and neither is he, she declared with desperation, her love for her husband overwhelming her emotions.

Matteo came to an abrupt stop when they reached the ICU room where Alessandro was being treated, prompting Mia to halt as well.

"How are things going?" Matteo asked the guard stationed outside Alessandro's room. Mia noticed there were four guards around the Italian Don's room, with two more posted near the elevator.

"Everything is fine. No threats," the guard replied crisply in his professional tone.

"Has anyone come by?" Matteo asked, turning toward Lucas.

"Yes, Mr. Vinci. Two nurses' came to check the boss's vitals," Lucas replied.

This made Mia pause. Something felt off. The receptionist had told her that only one nurse was assigned to Alessandro for the night. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Why didn't you go in with them?" Mia questioned, her voice laced with annoyance.

"Mrs. Valentino, they said no one was allowed inside except hospital staff, Lucas explained.

"Did you check their names?" Mia asked urgently, her heartbeat quickening with a growing sense of

unease.

"Yes, ma'am. One was Nurse Livia and the other was Nurse Bianca," Lucas replied calmly.

"No, that's not her!" Mia shouted in panic.

She couldn't explain further as she darted toward the door, but Matteo and Lucas understood immediately. Without wasting a second, they both ran after her as Mia used her uninjured hand to forcefully push the door open. 746

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Chapter 155 Targeted Finished

Mia quickly pushed the door open and immediately spotted two nurses injecting something into the IV bag. Matteo and Lucas followed her in, with the guards entering right behind them.

"Stop!" Mia shouted as she hurried toward her husband.

"What are you doing here? How did you get into the ICU?" one of the nurses scolded, her voice edged with panic as she glanced nervously at the intimidating men who had entered the room. But Lucas and Matteo ignored her protest, striding purposefully toward the nurses. "What's in your hand?" Mia demanded, pushing one of the nurses back and causing the syringe to fall from her grip.

"What the hell did you do?" the nurse yelled angrily at Mia. "I was giving the patient his medicine!" she snapped, her voice loud and agitated.

"Medicine?" Mia scowled. "You don't act like a nurse." She scrutinized them, her suspicion fueled by the nurse's harsh language and inappropriate behavior in the ICU.

"Get the fuck out and let us do our job," the other nurse snapped, shoving the bodyguard back. Mia motioned to Lucas, and he immediately drew his gun.

"Stay still and hands above your head," Lucas warned, his voice firm. But the nurses merely frowned, not showing the slightest hint of fear. Mia found it strange—they didn't even flinch at the sight of a gun, as if they were accustomed to such threats.

The nurses exchanged a quick glance before swiftly pulling out revolvers hidden under their uniforms.

"Don't make a mistake, or you'll regret it," one of the nurses threatened, pointing her revolver directly at the unconscious Alessandro.

Mia's heart leaped in her chest, gripped with fear. Panic surged through her as she thought of her husband's life hanging in the balance. Without a second thought, she promptly grabbed the tray of syringes and medicine from the bedside table and hurled it at the nurse who aimed her revolver at Alessandro.

The nurse wasn't ready for the sudden impact; the tray hit her hard, and she whimpered as the revolver slipped from her grasp. The other nurse's attention was brought toward her companion for a split second, giving Lucas enough time to fire a shot aimed at her hand, causing her to drop her weapon as well. The guards quickly rushed in and restrained the fake nurses, capturing them with ease.

"Who are you, and why did you come here to kill my husband?" Mia demanded, stepping forward and slapping the nurse who had threatened to kill Alessandro.

"Tell me who sent you!" Mia pressed, her voice filled with anger, but the nurses remained silent, refusing to respond.

"Leave them to us, Mrs. Valentino. We'll get the information out of them our way," Lucas assured Mia, gritting his teeth. He then turned to the guards and commanded, "Take them to headquarters."

The guards nodded and began escorting the fake nurses away, but suddenly, both of the imposters went limp, collapsing to the floor. The guards had to let them lay down as their bodies became unresponsive, leaving everyone stunned.

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Chapter 155 Targeted

Mia and Matteo rushed toward the nurses when they noticed foam bubbling from their mouths.

"What is going on with them?" Mia asked in confusion, her eyes wide with shock.

"They swallowed cyanide capsules hidden in their mouths," Lucas explained grimly.

"What?!" Mia gasped, looking at Matteo for confirmation. He nodded silently, his expression tense.

"They're dead, and we've lost our chance to get any information from them," Lucas muttered in frustration, a heavy sigh escaping him.

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After a moment of tense silence, Mia spoke up, her voice firm. "Increase the security, and don't let anyone enter the room alone. No one should be allowed in without a full explanation of the medication and verification of the staff." "I got it, Mrs. Valentino," Lucas nodded, quickly barking orders to contain the situation at the hospital.

They needed to manage this crisis discreetly to avoid drawing attention to their true identities as members of the Italian mafia. Matteo, meanwhile, made a quick call to Alexander, who immediately sent additional support to ensure they could cover up the incident without any reports of the fight or gunfire leaking out.

The hospital belonged to the Duke himself, so his word was law. Whatever he said, went. After a while, the Duke arrived in person, making sure everything was under control and, most importantly, that his sister was safe.

"Mia!" Alexander hurried to his sister, his voice filled with concern. "Are you okay?" he asked, his worried eyes scanning her as he gently grasped her shoulders.

But Mia stepped back, her eyes blazing with anger as she stared at the Duke.

"What's wrong, Mia?" Alexander asked, taken aback by his sister's strange response.

He couldn't understand why she was acting this way. Mia didn't respond; she just turned and walked away giving him the cold shoulder. Alexander could only watch her retreat in disbelief.

"Lord Alexander!" Matteo intervened and hesitated before he spoke. "The doctor came to check on Alessandro after the attack. He confirmed that the syringe contained poison, but thankfully, the assassins didn't manage to inject it into Alessandro." Alexander nodded, relief washing over his expression. But he still didn't understand why his sister was so upset with him.

"What happened to Mia, then?" he wondered aloud.

"The doctor told her the truth," Matteo sighed, making Alexander's eyes widen with realization and panic.

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Husband Novel 156

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband.

Chapter 156 A Brother's Promise.

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"Oh, fuck!" Alexander cursed, holding his head in his hands. "The doctor told her everything?" he repeated Matteo's words, his voice tinged with panic.

Matteo nodded, his expression filled with concern. "Yes, and she's not even talking to me now. But before she shut down, she let me have it-and probably gave me an earful on your behalf too," Matteo murmured in a hushed tone, making sure Mia couldn't overhear. "I'm doomed," Alexander sighed, his face growing pale as the weight of the situation sank in.

"Go and talk to her." Matteo urged the Duke.

The Duke hesitated, uncertainty clouding his expression. "She's your sister. She won't hurt you, I promise." Matteo taunted with a chuckle.

"Be quiet, the Duke scowled, taking a deep breath before heading toward his sister. He found her seated on a bench outside the ICU room. "Mia, look! I.." Alexander began, but Mia raised a hand, her eyes blazing with hurt and anger as she fixed her gaze on her older brother.

"Don't say a word!" she warned, each syllable sharp and deliberate. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Please, petite sceur!" Alexander pleaded earnestly. "Give me a chance to explain."

"What is there to explain?" Mia snapped, her voice trembling with disbelief as her eyes glistened with the sting of betrayal. "You hid the most crucial information about my husband's health. How could you do this to me?"

Alexander's heart ached at the sight of his sister in such pain. He stepped closer and knelt before her to meet her gaze directly.

"I admit I kept it from you, Mia, and I did it intentionally because I wanted to shield you from the stress and pain," Alexander explained, despite knowing his sister was reluctant to hear him out.

Mia shook her head, unwilling to be convinced by Alexander's explanation.

"I'm hurt, Alexander. Of all people, I expected you to be honest with me. And what was there to hide? I eventually found out, didn't I?" she mumbled, her lips trembling as she lifted her tear-filled eyes to her brother.

Alexander's heart ached at the sight of the pain and hurt in his sister's eyes. That was why he had kept the truth from her; he couldn't bear to tell her that her husband was dying.

"I'm sorry, petite sceur, Alexander said with a stern yet earnest expression. "I truly care for you, and I will always do everything I can to protect you." His sincerity made Mia's heart soften just a little.

She sighed deeply. "I'm only worried about Alessandro's safety," she said, troubled by the fact that they still hadn't identified who sent the assassins after her husband.

"Don't worry," Alexander reassured her as he stood and then sat beside her. "I've increased the security measures significantly. No one will be allowed into his room without undergoing a thorough security check, whether they're a doctor or a nurse.

Chapter 156 A Brother's Promise

#Finished

Alexander knew that the mafia king had many enemies, but he had underestimated the severity of the threat to his life while Alessandro was comatose, assuming he would be of no harm to anyone in his current state. Alexander was also conducting his own investigation, hoping to uncover a lead soon. The person with such deep-seated animosity toward the Italian don could also pose a threat to the Duke's sister and her children.

"Mia, I'll stay here. You go home. You're not well and need to rest," Alexander insisted.

Mia turned to face Alexander, her expression softening as she replied, "I can't leave Alessandro alone. I'll stay here with him until he wakes up, her voice resolute. "Mia, don't be stubborn. Listen to me..." Alexander tried to persuade her, but Mia shook her head.

"No, I won't go home. Please, Alexander, don't press me on this she said firmly.

Alexander watched Mia intently, reading the resolve etched on her face. No matter how hard he tried, it was clear that her determination was unwavering. Her love for her husband took precedence over her own health and comfort. Recognizing this, Alexander decided not to press the issue further. Instead, he resolved to stay with her, ensuring her well-being and comfort as she remained by Alessandro's side.

"Alright, alright! I won't force you to leave. Stay if you want to be with your husband, Alexander said with a smile, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

Mia leaned into her brother, resting her head on his shoulder as she sought-comfort from him. Alexander gently kissed her head and sighed. "You must be tired. Let's go to the waiting lounge and have some coffee. There's a more comfortable couch where you can even catch a bit of sleep," he suggested.

"I won't move from here," Mia insisted stubbornly.

"Mia, I promised not to force you to go home, but I can't let you risk your health. You need to rest. Don't worry; I'll be here. After a short nap, you can come back, and the doctors will also check on Alessandro, giving us a clearer report," Alexander said firmly.

Mia reluctantly nodded, understanding that there was no room for negotiation. She rose from her seat, and Alexander nodded to Matteo, who stepped forward to lead Mia to the waiting lounge.

"This way, Aria," Matteo said, guiding her towards the elevator.

As they exited the elevator on the ground floor and headed toward the waiting lounge, a sudden figure caused Mia and Matteo to stop in their tracks.

"Mia Peterson?! Is that you?!" Maria's voice was filled with shock and frustration, making Mia and Matteo exchange uncertain glances.

Maria was supposed to be in Floren

Husband Novel 157

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 157 Masked Bitterness #Finished

"Mia Peterson?! What are you doing here? I thought you lived in Paris," Marla said, glancing at Vittoria standing beside her. Mia didn't recognize Vittoria, as Enzo had married her after Aria's escape.

Mia was trying to figure out how to explain to her stepmother-in-law that she was Aria, Alessandro's wife.

Before she could speak. Matteo cut in, "Maria, what brings you here?"

Maria looked momentarily surprised but quickly composed herself. "I heard Alessandro was shot and inf Monaco, so I came to see him." Matteo frowned but nodded in acknowledgment. [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"What happened to Alessandro, and what are you all doing here?" Maria asked, her gaze shifting suspiciously between Mia and Matteo.. "Maria, Alessandro's wife, Aria, is alive," Matteo announced, causing Maria and Vittoria's faces to turn pale

with shock.

"What. What are you saying? H... How is that possible? We all saw her flight was crashed," Maria stammered. her voice trembling.

She couldn't fathom that all her plans might be falling apart. Bitterness surged through her, and she silently cursed Alessandro to rot in hell as she glared at Mia. Mia shifted uncomfortably under the weight of Maria's intense, hate-filled gaze.

"Mia is Aria," Matteo clarified. Maria was taken aback, her eyes widening in disbelief. Her fists clenched at her sides as she struggled to process the revelation.

"Aria!" Maria gasped, her eyes widening in shock as she stared at Mia.

Her initial suspicion was correct, but she had been so confident in her plan that she refused to believe it. She couldn't let this woman jeopardize everything she had worked for to get revenge on the Italian don.

"She can't be Aria?!" Vittoria exclaimed, shaking Maria out of her stupor.

"Everyone knows she's Mia Peterson, the renowned interior designer. She decorated one of Alessandro's mansions. When she learned that Alessandro had a wife who looked just like her, she decided to exploit the resemblance. But I'm not falling for her lies," Maria declared with a fierce determination.

Mia's brow furrowed at the accusation that Vittoria was making, branding her as an imposter. Although she felt no need to prove her identity, she couldn't bear being falsely blamed for something she hadn't done.

Maria regained her composure as she considered Vittoria's suggestion.

"Yes, we can't just take anyone's word that she's Aria," Maria said, her tone laced with skepticism. "Many women are after Alessandro's wealth. What if she's here just for the money?" She shot a disdainful look at Mia. "I'm afraid she might be the one behind the attack on Alessandro and responsible for his current condition."

Mia frowned with annoyance. She was indeed responsible for Alessandro's condition, but only because he had taken the bullet meant for her. But she would never wish harm upon the Italian don. Overwhelmed by the accusations, she struggled to keep her composure. Before she could respond, Matteo intervened.

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Chapter 157 Masked Bitterness

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"Enough!" Matteo shouted. "Can't you see that she's in no better shape? She has a fractured hand. And yes, Alessandro's condition is because of Aria-because he was saving her." He glared between the two women, his frustration evident.

"She doesn't need Alessandro's money-she's even richer than him," Matteo announced, causing Maria and Vittoria's eyes to widen in shock. "She's the heiress of the Montecarlo family," he declared with pride. He was well aware of Mia's immense wealth

as both the heiress and a renowned interior designer. She didn't need anyone's money or a man by her side when she had more than enough of her own.

Hearing that Aria was the lost heiress, Maria and Vittoria's hearts burned with jealousy, and they gritted their teeth, plotting how to get her out of the picture.

"But, but I heard there's very little chance of Alessandro surviving," Maria quickly shifted her expression to one of deep sorrow, her voice trembling with false grief while secretly delighting in the news that Alessandro might die.

"Nothing is going to happen to him," Mia declared with determination. "He can't leave me like this. He has to wake up." Her faith in their love remained unshaken, and she couldn't bear the thought of Alessandro leaving her after everything they'd been through.

"You don't need to worry about our family matters, you bitch. Whether Alessandro wakes up or not, we'll handle it. Even if you're claiming to be his wife, you have no right to be involved," Vittoria sneered, casting a mocking glance at Mia. "Suddenly, after six years and having plenty of time with other men, you remember you have a husband? Get lost, you whore, and leave him alone."

Mia was taken aback by Vittoria's harsh words. Who was she? Mia still couldn't understand.

However, Matteo's frustration was palpable. He couldn't stand seeing Mia being insulted like this. As his best friend's wife, the love of Alessandro's life, she deserved more respect. Unable to remain silent, Matteo took matters into his own hands.

"You can't tell her to leave, but you need to face the truth and step back from the inheritance," he said firmly. "Alessandro has children, and they are the rightful heirs to the Valentino empire and business." Maria and Vittoria were left stunned, struggling to process the revelation.

Before they could process this information and react, Lucas came running, his face pale and his expression filled with panic.

"Mrs. Valentino, Mr. Vinci," he panted, out of breath from running. "You need to come to the boss's ICU. His condition has suddenly worsened."

Mia's eyes widened in shock as she glanced at Matteo, then immediately sprinted toward the elevator, ignoring the pain in her fractured hand. Matteo followed close behind, with Lucas accompanying him. Meanwhile, Vittoria and Maria stood there with sinister smiles on their lips, realizing that this might be the end for the Italian don.

Husband Novel 158

Chapter 158 Unfortunate

she pressed the elevator button impatiently, her heart thundering in her chest with a fear o

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intense it felt like it could break free at any moment. Matteo and Lucas stood close behind. The moment the elevator doors opened, Mia stepped inside without wasting a moment, with Matteo and Lucas quickly following. Lucas hit the button for the second floor, and the doors slid shut. The elevator climbed swiftly, the small space heavy with tense, suffocating silence.

As soon as the elevator stopped and the doors began to slide open, Mia pushed through, not waiting for them to fully open. She rushed out, her eyes scanning desperately.

"What happened to my husband? Where is he?" she demanded, panic rising in her voice when she saw Alessandro wasn't in the ICU.

"They've taken him to the operating room," one of the bodyguards informed her. Without wasting a second, Mia darted toward the operating room, her heart pounding with every step. Everyone else followed her.

"Mia!" Alexander called out, his voice filled with concern as he saw her rushing down the hallway. He quickly moved to intercept her, wrapping her in a firm embrace to try to calm her down.

"Let me go!" Mia struggled against his hold, her voice breaking. "Where is Alessandro?"

"Mia, please, calm down," Alexander said softly, his voice heavy with sadness as he tried to console his

Sister.

"Where is my husband?!" Mia demanded through gritted teeth, frustration boiling over. She couldn't stand how everyone seemed intent on keeping her away from the man she loved more than anything.

Mia shoved her brother with all her strength, desperate to free herself. But Alexander was worried about her physical and mental state. He didn't want Mia to see Alessandro

in his current condition. The mere thought of something going wrong already weighed heavily on his heart. "The doctors are treating him in the operating room," he explained calmly, trying to keep his voice steady.

"But what happened to him so suddenly?" Mia asked, her voice trembling with fear.

"His pulse and heartbeat suddenly dropped," Alexander said gently. "But don't worry; the best doctors in the country are with him right now, He's going to be fine," he assured his sister, trying to ease her fears.

"I want to see him," Mia demanded, her voice resolute.

"Mia!" Alexander sighed, his face etched with worry. "You can't see him right now."

"Why not?" she shot back. "Doesn't this hospital belong to you?" she asked in a frustrated tone.

"Mia, there are medical protocols. We can't interfere with the doctors while they're working," Alexander tried to explain patiently.

"Okay, I understand," Mia said, her voice softening. "I won't interrupt. I just want to see him from afar. I promise," she pleaded desperately, her eyes wide with worry. Alexander's heart melted: there was no way he could deny his baby sister's request. He nodded reluctantly and led her to the small glass window of the operating room. As Mia peered

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Chapter 158 Unfortunate

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around Alessandro, moving swiftly and with purpose. One doctor was administering injections, while another was preparing the defibrillator.

Mia's breath caught as she saw them place the shock on Alessandro's chest and deliver a jolt, his

body jerking violently in response. The tension in the room was palpable; nurses moved quickly, handing over tools and equipment, their faces set with grim determination. The beep of the heart monitor echoed, interspersed with urgent commands.

Mia pressed her uninjured hand against her chest, feeling her own heart race with fear. She whispered silent prayers, her lips moving in fervent hope for Alessandro's recovery. Every second felt like an eternity as she watched the doctors fight to bring her husband back in his consciousness, her entire being focused on that small window, willing him to survive.

Suddenly, the doctors stopped moving, their hands frozen in place. Everyone in the room stood still, eyes fixed on the heart monitor. The steady beeping had been replaced by a long, monotonous tone, and the zigzag line on the screen had flattened. Mia's breath caught in her throat, her heart seeming to stop for a moment as she saw the lead doctor shake his head, his shoulders slumping in defeat.

"No!" she screamed, her voice breaking with anguish. Without thinking, she shoved the door open and rushed inside, panic driving her every step.

Alexander was right behind her, calling out, "Mia?! Wait!"

But she didn't hear him-she couldn't hear anything except the ringing in her ears and the pounding of her heart.

All she knew was that she had to reach Alessandro, had to see for herself that he was still alive-that everyone else was wrong. Tears blurred her vision as she pushed through the room, her gaze locked on her husband's still form.

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Husband Novel 159

Chapter 159 A Miracle Of Love

Mia's body went cold as she stared at Alessandro lying motionless on the hospital bed.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Valentino," the doctor said quietly, his voice heavy with regret.

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"No," Mia cut him off, her voice sharp and trembling. "Don't say sorry. Nothing has happened to him. He's fine. He's fine," she insisted, her words growing more frantic.

"Alessandro," she whispered, her voice breaking as she inched closer to him. "Please, open your eyes. Don't do this to me," she pleaded, trying to keep her voice steady despite the fear choking her. "Please, wake up. I'm right here. The kids are waiting for you to come home. You can't just lie here like this. You have to wake up," she begged, her words tumbling out between sobs as tears streamed down her face.

"Mia!" Alexander rushed to her side, his eyes filled with helplessness. "Please, try to understand-

But Mia cut him off sharply. "No, you need to understand that Alessandro is just sleeping. He'll wake up

any moment."

Alexander glanced at the doctor, who gave him a silent nod, urging him to get Mia out of the room. But how could he? He didn't have the heart to tell her the truth-that her husband was gone. "Mia, let's go outside," he said softly, trying to guide her out of the operating room.

"No! I won't leave my husband alone!" Mia snapped, pulling away from him. She shoved her brother back and rushed to Alessandro's side, leaning over him and caressing his cold cheek. Tears streamed down her face as she whispered, "Please, wake up... don't leave us like this."

"Alessandro, are you watching this?" Mia's voice trembled, her lips quivering as tears blurred her vision. "They're trying to take you away from me. Are you really going to just lie there and let this happen?" Her voice cracked as she pleaded, her sobs growing heavier. "Wake up, please. You promised you'd never leave me alone. You said you loved me. So what happened to that love?" Her words came out in broken whispers. "How can you let me suffer like this?"

She leaned closer, her voice desperate now. "I know you're just pretending, like always. Teasing me. But please, no more teasing, Alessandro. Wake up, please," she begged, her hands trembling as she touched his

cold face.

Mia hugged him tightly, her head resting on his chest, listening for a heartbeat that wasn't there. She began to shake him, her movements frantic and filled with panic.

"Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!" she chanted, her voice hoarse from crying. She kept shaking him, her sobs turning into broken gasps, the tears streaming down her face without end.

Suddenly, Mia felt Alessandro's chest rise, and a warm breath brushed against her hair. She froze, her breath catching in her throat. Slowly, she lifted her head, her hand

pressed against his chest, feeling his heart beating steadily beneath her palm. He... he's alive!" she gasped, her voice filled with rising joy. "He's alive, Doctor!" she cried out, turning to

face the doctor.

Startled, the doctor rushed over, quickly checking Alessandro's wrist for a pulse and then pressing his Stethoscope to Alessandro's chest. [search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

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Chapter 159 A Miracle Of Love

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The medical team sprang into action, and Alexander stood by, stunned, as the heart monitor beeped to life, displaying Alessandro's heartbeat.

"It's a miracle!" the doctor murmured, his eyes wide with disbelief. "Lord Alexander, please take Mrs. Valentino outside. I need to continue the examination and treatment."

Alexander nodded and gently urged Mia, "Mia, let the doctor do their work. Your husband is going to be okay."

"No, please, let me stay. Please," Mia pleaded, her heart unwilling to leave her husband alone with the doctors again.

"Mrs. Valentino, please," the doctor urged gently. "Trust us. He's stable now, but we need to follow medical protocol to make sure he stays that way."

Mia looked at Alessandro's face, his handsome features still pale but showing signs of life. Reluctantly, she nodded and took a step back, her eyes never leaving him as she slowly made her way out of the room.

But Mia couldn't stay away. She hovered by the small glass window, her eyes fixed on Alessandro as he slowly came back to life. Inside, the doctor and nurses, who had been tense moments ago, now moved calmly, relief evident on their faces as they worked on his treatment.

After a while, the doctor stepped out of the operating room with a genuine smile on his face.

"Mrs. Valentino," he began, "I've witnessed many miracles in my twenty-five years as a surgeon, but this is the first time I've seen a man come back to life just to prove his love." His eyes shone with sincere respect and awe. "I've always believed in God, but today, I've come to believe in the power of love, because of the two of you."

Mia bit her lip, tears of joy welling up in her eyes. Alexander stepped closer, wrapping his arm around his sister's shoulder, standing as her steady support.

"Your husband is stable now and out of the coma. He's awake. We're moving him to the recovery room, and you'll be able to see him soon," the doctor announced with a smile,

Mia closed her eyes, tears spilling from the corners of her eyelids as she whispered a silent prayer, thanking God for saving the most important person in her life.

However, two people, Maria and Vittoria, stood watching from a distant corner, their expressions dark and tense, clearly unhappy with the joyous news.

Husband Novel 160

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 160 Rekindled.

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After a while, Alessandro was moved to the recovery room, and the do person could visit him since his condition had just started to improve. Mia glanced at her brother, and Alexander nodded encouragingly, gesturing for her to go in and see him. Mia bit her lip, trying to hold back the flood of emotions welling up inside her, but she couldn't stop the tears. She didn't want to cry in front of Alessandro, knowing the doctor had warned against causing him any stress. She had almost lost him, and she didn't want to take even the slightest risk with her husband's health.

But the intense mix of love, fear of losing him, and all the other swirling emotions made it nearly impossible for her to hide her vulnerability in front of her husband. She took a deep breath, steadying herself before gently pushing the door open. Alessandro lay on

the hospital bed with his eyes closed, but they fluttered open slowly at the faint sound of the door.

His gaze immediately found the love of his life, Mia, and his heart stirred with emotion as he noticed the

her plaster cast on her arm. His eyes never left her as she took small, hesitant steps toward him. nervousness evident in every movement.

"Um... How... How are you feeling?" Mia murmured, trying to keep her voice steady and not sound too weak or emotional, forcing a small smile.

"Come here." Alessandro instructed in a low, throaty voice. He tried to push himself up slightly on the pillow but hissed in pain, biting his full, red lips as a sharp ache radiated from the wound in his stomach.

Seeing this, Mia quickly rushed to his side.

"Alessandro, be careful," she urged, her voice filled with concern.

But Alessandro ignored her concern, his hands reaching out to grab her waist and pulling her closer. She leaned over him due to the force but managed to stop herself from falling onto him by planting her uninjured arm on the bed beside Alessandro's head. His lips found hers in a gentle yet desperate kiss as he lifted his head toward her.

The kiss was everything they both needed in that moment-full of love, yearning, and the longing built up from years of separation and Alessandro's return after defying death and reclaiming life. His lips coaxed. hers, his warm breath mingling with hers, breathing life back into Mia. His tongue traced the seam of her mouth, desperate to deepen their connection, craving to feel alive and whole again.

Mia let out a shuddering breath, trying to hold back her tears, but they spilled over as she pressed her lips harder against his, as if her life depended on her mafia husband.

Alessandro kissed her hungrily and possessively, unwilling to break their kiss. But Mia slowly pulled away. knowing that being in this reclining position wasn't good for him and that he was too stubborn to admit his pain and discomfort.

"Now I feel as fit as ever after getting to kiss my life," he whispered with a smile, gently wiping the tears from Mia's wet cheeks.

"Why did you have to do it? I was so scared, Alessandro, Mia sobbed, looking at his handsome face hopelessly. "I swear, I would have died if anything had happened to you."

Alessandro shook his head, gently caressing Mia's cheek. She instinctively leaned into his touch, closing

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Chapter 160 Rekindled

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"I will never let that happen, vita mia. I will always protect you, even if it means sacrificing my own life," he declared, prompting Mia to quickly cover his mouth with her small hand. "Don't you dare talk like that, and don't you ever pull a stunt like you did today," she threatened, her lips trembling with vulnerability. "I swear I won't let you go so easily, Mr. Valentino."

Alessandro chuckled softly against her palm, kissing its inside before pulling away. He held her hand gently, his thumb caressing the back of it,

"Alright, wife. As you say. I don't have the courage to defy your orders, Mrs. Valentino," he smirked, making Mia roll her teary eyes while she was still sniffling.

Her mafia husband was such a manipulative liar! He knew exactly how to persuade her to agree to his

demands.

"But now you have to stay by my side all the time, Mrs. Valentino, Alessandro said innocently, causing Mia's eyes to widen in disbelief at his cute act. "I'm hurt and can't manage my daily chores myself."

Mia smiled as she leaned in, biting her lip. "Don't worry, hubby. I won't leave your side, even when you're perfectly alright." She added with a teasing tone, "You can't get rid of me so easily. I will always be with

you.

Alessandro blinked in surprise at Mia's reply. He was confused and struggled to understand her. So he asked promptly, "Mia, you mean... You mean."

"I'm coming home with you," Mia said, nodding with determination.

Alessandro let out a joyous chuckle, shaking his head in disbelief. His hand slid around his wife's slim waist, pulling her closer with care to avoid hurting her injured arm. He pressed his lips to hers and kissed her deeply. He couldn't believe his wife was returning home-to him. He could have his family with him. They were about to be happy again..

"I love you, amore mio," he murmured against her lips.

Mia smiled, gazing deeply into Alessandro's eyes, and whispered, "I love you, hubby."

Alessandro's eyes sparkled with a happy surprise. "Fuck, I've waited all my life to hear this from you, baby," he mumbled, his voice heavy with emotion. "Say it again, amore mio," he demanded.

"I love you, Alessandro Valentino. I have always loved you and will always love you, my soulmate," Mia declared, her eyes reflecting the sincerity of her feelings and love. husband, my

Alessandro let out a heavy breath before deepening the kiss, savoring their intimate moment before the doctor or nurse could come in and interrupt their loving reunion.