

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

Husband Novel 201

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 201 Poor Husband

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Alessandro looked helplessly at his angry wife and was literally left speechless. He had been planning to renew their vows once everything settled, and now, here was his wife, asking for a divorce. Was his mistake really that significant? Maybe she was just experiencing mood swings, caught in a whirlwind of emotions. He had read about it; when he found out Aria was pregnant, he researched everything about how women felt during pregnancy and how a good husband should care for them.

"Baby, ask for anything, and I will give it to you, but divorce is out of the question," he said softly, surprised by his own patience. "I love you, amore mio," he added, watching as Aria huffed in frustration and shook her head. However, he knew he had won this round when he noticed her expression soften. Taking another chance, he said, "I love you so much-more than anything in this world." His voice was earnest and filled with emotion, hoping to break through the wall of her anger. "Baby, I hid this from you because the doctor said you shouldn't be stressed. It's not good for you or the baby," Alessandro finally had the chance to explain, his voice gentle and sincere, as this time, Mia was actually listening to him.

"But..but it was about my best friend, and you all kept me in the dark! She was alone and in trouble-she didn't have anyone!" Mia protested, her voice trembling with emotion. "Oh God, how lonely she must have felt! Who was there for her in those difficult times? Her ex- husband is a monster, the most evil man. I won't forgive you if anything happens to her." Mia's breathing escalated, exactly what Alessandro had feared.

"lax, amore mio," Alessandro knelt in front of her, gently taking her hand in his, rubbing the soft derside of her palm with the rough pads of his thumbs, trying to soothe her with his touch. His movements were slow, tender, each stroke filled with care and concern, hoping to calm the storm brewing inside her.

"She wasn't alone, amore mio. Matteo was with her the entire time, and I was coordinating with him," he continued, locking his gaze with Mia's deep hazel eyes, which were brimming with questions. "In fact, Matteo brought her to his home to keep her safe. "Now Matteo has won the trial against Emily's ex-husband, ensuring that Tomas has been sentenced to life in prison for his crimes," Alessandro explained, watching as Mia's breathing slowed. Seeing her calm down, he felt a wave of relief wash over him.

Just then, the phone began ringing again. His gaze shifted to Aria's phone, which had stopped ringing as she remained preoccupied with their argument. Alessandro and Aria exchanged glances at the screen- Emily was calling again. "Baby, answer the phone. Emily might be worried if you don't talk to her," he suggested sweetly, his voice soft and enchanting.

Mia narrowed her eyes at her husband. "Fine. But this discussion is not over, Alessandro Valentino," she warned, snatching her phone and striding to the balcony to talk to her best friend-who had also lied to her. Phew! Alessandro let out a quiet sigh of relief as he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Handling a pregnant wife and her mood swings was no easy task, but Alessandro was determined not to miss a moment of this journey. He took a deep breath, knowing he had a brief reprieve to devise a plan to escape his wife's wrath and coax her back to a state of calm. A mischievous smirk stretched across his face. as a playful idea sparked in his mind.

Mia walked to the adjacent balcony of her bedroom and answered Emily's call. Annoyance bubbled inside her, and she wanted to ask how her best friend could do this to her. She was certain Alessandro had told Emily not to reveal anything, and if Emily testified, Mia would confront Alessandro about it.

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Chapter 201 Poor Husband

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"Emily, how are you? I saw the news," Mia mumbled, cutting her off before Emily could speak as she swiped the answer button. "I was so worried! Why didn't you reach out to me if that asshole was causing trouble?" Mia continued in her complaining mode. "Mia! Mia! Calm down. I'm fine," Emily's soft voice reassured her. "Tomas's karma paid off, and he's been sentenced to life in prison."

"I'm happy! Finally, you got your revenge, and he got what he deserved," Mia said.

"Yeah," Emily mumbled, pausing for a moment. "It was all possible because Mr. Vinci helped me."

"Matteo?!" Mia smiled, knowing Alessandro's attorney friend was the most successful lawyer for a reason. "I wonder how you convinced him to take your case," she teased.

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"All thanks to Alessandro, and please don't blame him for anything. We hid this from you because of your health condition," Emily pleaded softly, knowing her best friend would be upset with her husband for keeping this information from her.

Mia was her boss, and they had been living under the same roof for almost five years. Emily missed Mia so much but didn't say it out loud, aware that she needed to give her friend time with her family and husband.

So I was right; it was Alessandro who told you to keep this from me, huh?!" Mia muttered, annoyance creeping into her voice.

"No, what I mean is that it was our mutual decision to keep this from you until we got it resolved," Emily quickly clarified, covering for Alessandro.

She had become fully convinced that Alessandro loved Mia deeply, and no one could love her best friend more than the Italian don.

"Okay, fine, I'll let it go this time," Mia huffed, knowing her best friend was taking Alessandro's side for a

reason.

He had helped Emily and kept Mia away from stress. Though she understood, she was enjoying teasing her mafia husband, relishing the sight of the most powerful man feeling helpless and begging for forgiveness before her; it gave her a wicked kind of joy. She bit her lip, feeling a pang of guilt for how she had treated her husband, now that her anger had melted away.

She turned her head toward the room and gazed through the glass sliding door, her eyes searching for her husband as she spoke, "But don't do this again in the future, and remember I'm always there for you. We are sisters, not by blood but by heart, okay?" "Okay, boss," Emily replied over the phone. "However, I wasn't able to go to work these two days, but I arranged all the meetings by video call and made sure the business ran smoothly."

"Don't worry about work, Emily," Mia dismissed her. "Your safety is more important."

Emily nodded, even though Mia was on the other side of the phone and couldn't see her. She felt her heart swell with gratitude for God and fate for allowing her to meet such a fabulous person as Mia.

While talking to Emily on the phone, Mia began walking back to the room to search for her husband. She regretted venting her anger at her poor, handsome husband, but he was nowhere to be found in the room.

"Mia, you take care of yourself too," Emily said before adding, "I have to go sign some legal documents as

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Mr. Vinci needs my signature on them."

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"Alright, Emily. Good night," Mia said, still searching for her husband, but he was not even in the walk-in closet. "Good night," Mia heard Emily say before she disconnected the call.

Mia tossed the phone onto the bedside table as she walked toward the bathroom in hopes of finding her husband.

As she turned the doorknob and pushed the door open, her eyes widened in shock at the scene inside.

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Husband Novel 202

Chapter 202 The Sexiest Temptation Finished

Aria blinked in surprise as she took in the sight of the bathroom, adorned with scented candles and rose petals. Her eyes then fell on her mafia husband, Alessandro, shirtless and placing rose petals into the bathtub. "What are you doing, hubby?" she asked, raising her eyebrows in curiosity.

Alessandro turned to look at his beautiful wife and smiled. "Come here, dolcezza," he said softly.

Aria hesitantly walked toward him.

"I prepared a hot bubble bath for you, hoping it will melt your anger away, amore mio," he replied as he extended his muscular, strong arm, gently grabbing her wrist and pulling her closer. Aria was startled as she was suddenly pulled and pressed against her hot husband's bare, well-toned chest.

"Sorry," she murmured, looking up at him innocently through her lashes. "I shouldn't have been so angry at you," she mumbled remorsefully, lowering her eyes and resting her head on his chest.

"Hey, it's fine, mia moglie," Alessandro sighed as he wrapped his arms around Aria's slim waist.

"No, now I feel really bad for fighting with you," Aria muttered in a low, sad voice.

"I didn't complain," Alessandro said, gently grabbing her chin and lifting her head so her eyes met his. "You're my wife, and it's my duty to handle all your mood swings, anger, and tantrums," he added with a playful wink and grin. Aria narrowed her eyes. Anger and tantrums, huh? she thought internally. But then she realized he was right.

"So, you aren't upset that I shouted at you?" she pouted, and Alessandro chuckled. Still holding her chin, he pulled her face closer, lowering his head until their lips met.

"No, piccola tentatrice," he breathed against her lips. "I can never be upset with you. You are my life, my world, and I'm nothing without you," he confessed, his voice low and sincere, causing Aria to draw in a sharp breath as desire stirred within her. "Nothing you do can ever upset me."

Aria closed her eyes as Alessandro pressed his full, warm lips firmly against hers, the sensation so intense that she gasped softly, releasing a quiet sigh. The next moment, the kiss deepened, turning passionate as Alessandro pulled her closer, their bodies pressed tightly together, leaving no space between them. Their warm, rapid breaths mingled as the intensity of the moment built.

Alessandro's eager fingers found the zipper of Mia's dress, dragging it down before sliding the fabric off her shoulders and pushing it further until the red silk pooled at her feet. His possessive hands began roaming over the luscious curves of her hips, moving upward to her slim waist, then higher to the swell of her breasts. Just as his touch grew more intense, he heard her softly murmur, "Hubby, we have to be careful."

He broke the kiss, looking deep into her stunning hazel eyes. The desire and possessiveness in his gaze made Mia shiver, sensing how much he wanted her—just as much as she wanted him. She shyly bit her lip, her husband's eyes darkening as they wandered over her half-naked body.

But Alessandro also remembered what the doctor had said. He had to be gentle during their lovemaking.

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Chapter 202 The Sexiest Temptation

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"I'll be gentle," Mia heard the Italian don murmur, his deep voice thick and with desire. "But I have to have you, baby."

Before she could respond, Alessandro's hands moved expertly to her back, swiftly unclasping her bra. In one smooth motion, he slid the straps off her shoulders and arms, tossing it aside. His eyes locked onto her full, round breasts, and Mia felt a wave of shyness wash over her. Her breasts had become heavier and fuller during the pregnancy, bigger than ever before.

"Dio, you're so fucking beautiful, amore mio," Alessandro groaned, his voice husky and raw, filled with want and need.

With this declaration, Alessandro scooped Aria into his arms, his desperate need roaring through him. She squealed, startled by the sudden, primal hunger radiating from the mafia king, clinging tightly to his neck as he carried her with ease.

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Stopping next to the bathtub, Aria turned her head, seeing it filled with jasmine-scented foam and petals floating on the surface. Alessandro didn't wait for her to admire the view. He lowered her into the water with a possessive grip, the water splashing as her hot, naked body disappeared beneath the surface. His eyes roamed over her like a predator, taking in every curve, every inch of her smooth milky white skin now covered in the foamy water.

Alessandro's fists clenched at his sides, his muscles taut with restraint. The raw, primal need to take her- right here, right now-seared through him. Cazzo! he silently cursed, fighting the temptation. God, he needed every ounce of control tonight as he battled the sexiest temptation imaginable, lying before him, unaware of just how close he was to losing himself to the fire burning inside.

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Husband Novel 203

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 203 A Devoted Husband 003 95%# Finished

"Cosi fottutamente sexy" he muttered under his breath, the words thick with desire. He wanted her badly, more than ever before. The temptation was unbearable. Goddamn it, she had no fucking idea how close he was to losing control and taking her rough in that bathtub. Every muscle in his body screamed to claim her, but he fought it, knowing he had to be careful-though it nearly killed him to hold back.

With urgency, he flicked the zipper of his pants and popped the button open before pushing them down along with his boxers. Aria's breathing grew labored as she watched the Italian don's monstrous cock spring free, bobbing and slapping against his stomach, proudly jutting into the air. Damn, she couldn't take her eyes off the enormous and thick shaft her husband possessed.

Her core throbbed painfully with need, compelling her to clench her thighs tightly together as memories of his massive length ramming inside her resurfaced.

She bit her lip, her eyes glued to the throbbing member of the Italian don as he kicked his pants and boxers away from his feet, standing tall and proud. Aria's body responded instinctively, arching her back seductively, showcasing the roundness of her bosom emerging from the bubbles and foam. Her nipples were swollen and erect, inviting the hot man standing before her, gazing at her as if she were the most beautiful thing in the world. Her lips parted with a soft, inviting moan, her eyes pleading for him to step into the tub and relieve her growing need.

"God, keep looking at me like that and I won't be able to take it slowly," Alessandro growled, his eyes

darkening with lust.

"Like what?" Aria asked, blinking at her hot husband in confusion.

"Like you want to devour me whole," Alessandro smirked at his wife's innocence. Aria bit her lips as her cheeks were tinted with a deep pink color.

"If you know I'm dying to touch you, then why are you teasing me, Mr. Valentino?" Aria whined and her voice turned sensual, dripping with need as she let out a deep sigh.

"Fuck, Mrs. Valentino, you'll be the death of me," Alessandro grunted before stepping into the bathtub and settling across from her."

His hands stretched over the rim of the tub, eyes burning with immense hunger as he watched his wife. He didn't have to wait long.

Aria slowly crawled toward him, straddling his lap. Her lips pressed against Alessandro's neck, making him let out a shuddering breath. Aria's tongue traced along the length of his strong, muscular neck, kissing his Adam's apple as he swallowed with desire. Her hips moved instinctively, grinding against his steely hard shaft.

"Fuck!" Alessandro cursed under his breath as his eyes rolled shut, head falling back while his heart raced at jet speed.

"Piccola tentatrice, don't try my patience-I won't last long if you keep this up," Alessandro groaned, gripping Aria's soft, wet curls in his hand. He tugged them gently, pulling her seductive lips away from his skin, desperate to regain control and think clearly enough to take command.

His mouth swiftly latched onto his wife's swollen nipple, tugging it between his teeth before gently grazing, teasing and pulling it into his mouth, sucking hard. Aria felt a gush of desire pool between her

Ters as her fingers slinned into Alessandro's dark wet cirle nulling him closer

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Chapter 203 A Devoted Husband

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"I need you," Aria gasped, her voice filled with raw need Alessandro continued sucking on her already sensitive nipples, making them even more swollen and harder with every sinful caress, driving her wild with desire.

"I need you too, mia moglie," Alessandro groaned, locking eyes with his wife. The hunger in her gaze mirrored the fire in his chest.

Aria gasped as Alessandro's hand slid between them, his fingers finding the delicate lace of her panties and snapping them apart effortlessly. The barrier between them now gone, Alessandro crushed his lips against hers in a heated kiss. His strong arm circled her waist, lifting her just enough to position his throbbing

cock at her entrance.

"Ready, baby?" he murmured, his voice thick with desire. But before Aria could even respond, Alessandro thrust upward, burying himself inside her slick heat with one hard, unyielding motion.

"Oh god!" Aria cried, her eyes squeezing shut as the sensation overwhelmed her. The thickness of her husband stretched her so intensely that stars seemed to explode behind her eyelids.

"It's my name I want to hear from those sinful, sweet lips, amore mio," Alessandro growled lowly, his voice a husky command as he began to rock his hips, thrusting into his wife's wet, tight pussy mercilessly. He tried to stay gentle, remembering the doctor's advice, but the moment he felt her warm cunt welcome him so eagerly, enveloping him in her desperate heat, he lost control. His need to claim her, to take her completely, consumed him.

"Scream. My. Name!" he demanded, thrusting harder as his arm wrapped around Aria's tiny waist, guiding her to move up and down his shaft.

"Alessandro!" Aria cried out as her husband's length grew longer and thicker inside her, sending her spiraling into a cloud of ecstasy.

"Yes, baby, that's right. My name will be the only one escaping your tempting, wicked mouth. Now, eyes on me," he ordered, quickening his pace as he plunged deeper.

His other hand seized one of her full breasts, kneading it while pinching her achingly swollen nipple. It wasn't long before Aria came undone, screaming his name as waves of pleasure crashed over her. The tight grip of her inner muscles around him drove him to the edge. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Alessandro groaned, losing the last shred of control as he shot his cum deep inside her warm, throbbing pussy. Their parted lips fused in a desperate, passionate kiss, so intense that their teeth collided, each fighting for more of the other. Their tongues tangled together, breathing mingling as they lost themselves in each other.

Holding each other in their arms, they breathed deeply savoring the moment for a minute. As they caught their breath, they glanced around, suddenly aware of the mess the bathroom had become the foamy water splashed out of the tub, soaking the floor.

Aria giggled, looking around at the chaos while feeling her husband's cock still throbbing and becoming semi-hard inside her. "That was incredible."

Alessandro swept the wet curls from Aria's face, relishing the flushed, satisfied glow that illuminated her features. "You are incredible, amore mio."

Aria smiled, thrilled to know her husband never missed a chance to declare just how much he wanted her -and only her.

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Chapter 203 A Devoted Husband

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God, he loved her so much, and the whole world knew that she was the one and only for him. But when Aria shivered, the Italian don realized the water was getting cold.

"Let's get you to the bedroom, and then I'll fuck you in our bed, mia moglie," he smirked, kissing her pouting lips deeply and passionately.

"It's a promise, Mr. Valentino?" Aria teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"You bet, Mrs. Valentino!" he winked, slowly and reluctantly withdrawing his length from her warmth, though he wished he could remain inside her forever. Gently, he assisted her in getting up and then swept her into his muscular arms, carrying her toward the

bed. "Wait, the bed will be wet," Aria protested, realizing their earlier antics had soaked everything. As a devoted husband, Alessandro paused to comply with his wife's requests.

Instead of heading straight for the bed, Alessandro took her to the walk-in closet and wrapped her in a fluffy bathrobe. His focus on tying the sash around his wife's slim waist, gently accommodating her slightly protruding pregnant belly, reflected his meticulous nature. After ensuring he had done a good job, he swiftly knelt before her on one knee and kissed her pregnant stomach, caressing it lightly as if interacting with their baby. However, he was still naked.

Aria bit her lip, hungrily ogling her husband's sexy, well-built body, and sighed in disappointment as he slipped on a white fluffy robe before carrying her to the bed. He placed her down gently, but just then, his phone gleamed with a notification. He had set it to silent. "Wait a minute, baby," he whispered, kissing her forehead. Aria grabbed his arms, reluctant to let him

"Can I just check this one?" he asked softly, nodding at his phone. Aria sighed but nodded in reluctant agreement.

Alessandro quickly unlocked his phone, glancing at the missed calls and messages. Nothing seemed urgent, except for a text from Matteo.

'I'm taking Emily on a date,' the message read, causing Alessandro to grunt inwardly.

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He hoped his attorney friend wouldn't do anything to mess up things with Aria's best friend. But knowing Matteo's playboy nature, Alessandro's concern only grew.

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Husband Novel 204

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 204 Dangerous Road

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Emily stood before the full-length mirror, taking in her reflection. The black knee-length bodycon dress hugged her figure perfectly, accentuating her curves in a way that felt

both elegant and alluring. She had chosen a minimal makeup look, enhancing her natural beauty with just a bold red lipstick and generous coats of mascara that made her sapphire blue eyes stand out.

Despite her composed appearance, her heart raced with nervousness. She had considered countless excuses to postpone the date, pushing it off as long as possible. But she had made a deal with Matteo Vinci, and whether it was today or some other day, she knew she had to go through with it. So, today it would be. Taking a deep breath, she resolved to face the evening

Emily slipped into her soft blush pink pumps and grabbed a beige Chanel clutch, completing her look with quiet sophistication.

Emily had never been on a date. Business meetings with clients or associates were part of her routine, but when it came to romance, she never found the time-or desire. After her divorce, she had thrown herself into her work, and living with Mia and her children had become her life. Her days followed a steady rhythm: work, then home to spend time with Gia and Maximo. It gave her a sense of purpose, and it was enough.

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Over the years, she had received plenty of attention from admirers, but she couldn't bring herself to trust another man. Her ex-husband had used her for his own gain and discarded her when it suited him, leaving a deep scar. She had learned that being alone was safer, and, with Mia, Gia, and Maximo around, she never really felt alone.

If it weren't for the deal Matteo Vinci had made with her-agreeing to take on her case in exchange for this one date-she would never have considered it, no matter how hot and charming he might be.

Emily's phone buzzed with a notification, and when she checked, it was a message from Matteo: 'I'm waiting for you in front of your apartment.'

Her heart rate quickened as the realization hit-it was time. Matteo was already there to pick her up for their date, and the sudden urge to cancel surged within her. Panic nearly took over, but she knew there was no turning back. She had promised him, and she wasn't one to break her word.

nerves. With shaky hands, she grabbed her clutch and Taking a few deep breaths, she tried to calm h headed out. After locking her apartment door, she made her way to the elevator, inhaling deeply as she descended to the ground floor, mentally preparing herself for the date with the playboy attorney.

Matteo stood by his car, tapping his foot impatiently on the pavement, his back resting against the door. His eyes repeatedly flicked to his wristwatch, checking the time every few moments. For the first time in his life, he was nervous-truly nervous. This wasn't his

first date, far from it. In the past, he never needed to put in much effort. His charm and slick words were usually enough to get them into his bed before the night was even halfway through.

But this was different. Emily was different.

Matteo knew he couldn't rely on his usual tactics with her. That's why, for the first time, he'd done his homework. He'd taken the time to learn about her-her likes, her dislikes. As far as Matteo knew, Emily Yang wasn't someone easily impressed, and that only fueled his determination. He had never shied away from hard work in his entire life, and this was no different. In fact, it intrigued him even more. Emily was challenge and as one of the most successful attorneys. Matteo thrived on difficult challenges. He lived

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Chapter 204 Dangerous Road

for the thrill of conquering the seemingly impossible. Finished

But one thing he was certain of-victory would be his. He had already won half the battle by helping her win the case against her ex-husband and securing justice for her. Now, it was just a matter of time before he claimed the rest. A cunning smirk adorned Matteo's lips, his eyes gleaming with intense resolution. His chest puffed out smugly as he embraced the confidence of a man who was both attractive and successful.

The faint clicking of heels pulled Matteo from his thoughts, and he turned his head to see Emily walking toward him, taking small, hesitant steps. Suddenly, time slowed, and the air around them shifted to a dreamy, soft pink hue. A gentle breeze rustled through the leaves, enhancing the enchanting atmosphere, while the sweet strains of a violin began to play in the background, weaving a melody that filled the space between them. Her presence transformed the moment, infusing it with an undeniable magic. The world faded away, leaving only the captivating sight of Emily, illuminated by the soft glow of the evening light.

The caramel curls of this gorgeous woman danced softly in the air as she hesitantly tried to smooth them down with her small, delicate hands. Matteo's breath hitched as he took in the alluring figure walking toward him, the wicked plans he had concocted fading from his mind. He found himself blinking at her, his mouth slightly agape, completely captivated and devoid of any coherent thoughts-only a strange, unknown emotion stirred deep in his heart.

This time, a red light flashed in a corner of his cunning mind, warning him to run as far as he could because danger lay ahead on this road.

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Husband Novel 205

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 205 Fiancée Finished

When Emily's eyes lifted and met Matteo's, it felt like time had frozen. Her breath hitched, and for a moment, she forgot to blink, her gaze locked on his. Matteo stepped forward, closing the distance between them, and extended his hand toward her. "You look stunning," he murmured, his voice laced with genuine admiration as he took in her beauty.

Emily bit her lip, a brief flicker of shyness surfacing, but quickly reminded herself that wasn't who she was. Her expression shifted almost instantly, regaining its usual confidence. With a playful smirk, she placed her hand in Matteo's outstretched palm and replied, "You don't look too bad yourself, Mr. Vinci."

Matteo chuckled, clearly entertained by the fiery woman before him. "Please, call me Matteo"

Emily lowered her head, trying to hide the crimson flush spreading across her face. As a gentleman, Matteo led her to the car and opened the door, waiting patiently as she slid inside and settled herself comfortably. He then rounded the car, his bodyguard already there to open the door for him. Matteo took the seat beside her, and the chauffeur smoothly started the car, with the bodyguard sitting up front in the passenger seat.

The ride was quiet, an almost contemplative silence hanging between them. Emily kept her gaze fixed outside the window, while Matteo stole glances at her between checking a few emails on his phone. Occasionally, he broke the silence with casual questions, and Emily responded politely, but the atmosphere remained mostly hesitant.

When the car came to a stop and Emily caught sight of the famous Chinese restaurant, her eyes widened in surprise, turning to Matteo for confirmation. Noticing the shock in her gaze, Matteo smiled brightly. He stepped out of the car and, just as his bodyguard was about to open the door for Emily, Matteo stopped him with a gesture and opened it himself, extending his hand to her with a subtle, proud air.

"You like Chinese cuisine?!" Emily asked in a hushed voice as Matteo led her to the restaurant.

She couldn't help but notice the envious and curious gazes of other women, shooting daggers toward her. But she didn't mind; it was just one date with the attorney, and they

could have him anytime they wanted. Matteo shrugged, a playful smirk spreading across his lips. "I heard someone loves Chinese food, douce," he replied, his eyes firmly fixed on her.

Emily's lips parted in surprise; she couldn't fathom how the ruthless attorney had learned about her likes and dislikes.

She adored Chinese cuisine, a connection to her heritage, as her father was Chinese and her mother was French. But what truly astonished her was hearing him use French terms of endearment more frequently with her.

Unable to resist, she asked, "I thought you were Italian. What's with the French?"

Matteo chuckled softly, a hint of mischief in his eyes. "I wanted to impress you. I thought you might appreciate me speaking French."

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Living in Paris all her life and being born to a French mother, the language had always been a part Emily's world, woven into her very identity. Her love for it was no secret, but of course, she was impressed That this hot and charming attorney had gone to such lengths to appeal to her. Still, she didn't dare admit

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Chapter 205 Fiancée

"You... you don't need to do all this," she murmured softly, her voice carrying a hint of hesitation.

Matteo cocked his head, his curiosity piqued by her refusal to acknowledge his efforts. He sighed internally, realizing that winning her over would require more than just charm.

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"Then I must say, I've failed to impress you," he replied, his voice laced with feigned disappointment, though his eyes still gleamed with determination.

"I didn't say that," Emily blurted out, her face heating up in embarrassment when she watched Matteo's proud smirk widen.

"So, you do like my efforts, chérie," he said, his tone dripping with smug satisfaction.

Emily opened her mouth to protest, a witty retort on the tip of her tongue, but before she could speak, the restaurant manager appeared, his voice filled with flattery.

"Mr. Vinci, it's an honor to have you here," the manager said, his eyes flicking toward Emily, watching her with interest.

Matteo gave a brief, cold nod, his expression turning unreadable. "Is my table ready?" he asked in a flat, authoritative tone, while smoothly circling his arm around Emily's waist, pulling her closer possessively.

The manager, visibly thrown off for a moment, quickly regained his composure. "Of course, of course," he stammered, bowing his head respectfully. He gestured toward the restaurant's interior. "This way, please.

The manager led them to a private corner of the restaurant, and Emily couldn't help but be impressed by Matteo's efforts to make this date memorable. A personal violinist was positioned nearby, the soft strains of music filling the air, while the corner was dimly lit, creating an intimate ambiance that drew focus to their table, where a single candle flickered softly.

As the manager approached to pull out a chair for Emily, Matteo shot him a deadly glare that made the manager pause and step back. Without hesitation, Matteo took the initiative, smoothly pulling the chair out for his gorgeous date.

Once Emily settled into her seat, Matteo took his place across from her. The servers began to bring out dish after dish, each one a carefully chosen favorite of Emily's. She remained silent, but Matteo could see the delight in her eyes as she surveyed the offerings. Though she didn't vocalize her enjoyment, he could tell from her subtle smiles and the way her gaze lit up that she was savoring both the food and the effort he had put into making the evening special.

As they enjoyed their meal, a woman suddenly approached Matteo and gently tapped his shoulder, causing him to frown as he was pulled from admiring the beauty before him, Emily, who was eating heartily.

When his head snapped toward the woman, Emily noticed the change in his expression.

"Matt, you're in town and you didn't tell me," the woman whined, her eyes sparkling with affection as she gazed up at him.

The woman was stunning, looking like she had just stepped off a fashion runway. She wore a tight, sultry dress that hugged her curves perfectly, and her bold makeup highlighted her alluring features. With just more than the right amount of skin showing, she had a presence that could make a man fall to his knees before her.

Emily's confusion deepened, but she chose to remain calm, deciding not to interrupt Matteo and the

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Chapter 205 Fiancée

woman's conversation, suspecting that she might be one of his clients.

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"Oh, and you're having dinner with another woman?" The woman's voice turned mocking as she shot a disdainful glance at Emily.

Matteo's gaze turned frustrated and quickly stood up, a warning edge in his tone. "Lia, don't-"

He couldn't finish his sentence before Lia turned her attention to Emily, her tone dripping with condescension. "You should leave, whore. You're no longer needed here, as Matteo's fiancée is now here."

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Husband Novel 206

Chapter 206 Until Now

Emily froze in shock, her eyes snapping to Matteo, searching for an explanation.

"Fiancée?" she frowned, her voice tight with disbelief.

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"Emily, it's not what-" Matteo began, his tone urgent, but Lia cut him off, her voice dripping with

smugness.

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"Yes, that's right. He's engaged. To me," Lia confirmed with a satisfied smirk. "Matt likes to pretend he's still a bachelor, but I don't mind. As long as we're not married yet, he can have a little fun."

The sting of Lia's words hit Emily like a slap, and she could feel her heart clenching in a mix of hurt and humiliation.

Matteo Vinci, engaged and still asking her out?

He was no better than her ex-husband, maybe worse. The betrayal she felt in that moment was overwhelming, as if all her past wounds were being ripped open again. She had thought Matteo was different.

But clearly, he wasn't.

However, Emily wasn't the type to be the cause of someone's broken home. She couldn't allow herself to be part of this deception. Her chest tightened with a surge of anger, and she shot to her feet, the chair scraping harshly against the floor. Without a second glance, she stormed out.

"Emily, wait!" Matteo's voice called after her, but she didn't stop. She didn't care if people were staring, whispering about her sudden exit. All she wanted was to disappear, to get far away from the lies and the betrayal. Far away from Matteo, the man who had shattered what little trust she had left.

Matteo cursed under his breath as he saw the fury on Emily's face. He was doomed, and he knew it. His gaze flicked to Lia, but there wasn't time to confront her. Emily was already rushing toward the exit, and if he didn't act fast, she would leave thinking the worst. "Fuck," he muttered, running after her. He couldn't let her walk away with this misunderstanding hanging over them.

"Emily!" he shouted, his voice more desperate now as he pushed through the crowd. "Emily, wait! Please, let me explain!"

But she didn't stop. She didn't even look back.

People in the restaurant glanced at them, eyes wide with shock and a hint of amusement. It was as though they lived for moments like this, enjoying the drama unfolding in someone else's life. Matteo Vinci was a well-known figure, especially after the recent news of his high-profile win against Tomas Bradford. His name was back in the headlines, and almost everyone recognized him.

But Matteo didn't care about their gazes or the attention. His reputation, his image—none of it mattered right now. The only thing that did was the woman storming away from him, her anger palpable.

He rushed after Emily, his bodyguard trailing behind, not far.

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Chapter 206 Until Now

her down. He was nearly out of breath, but his urgency didn't waver.

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Emily didn't even look at him. She was done. The betrayal she felt was too deep, and she couldn't bear to face him any longer. She kept walking with determined steps, her heart heavy but her mind resolute.

As she reached the sidewalk, she tried to hail a taxi, frantically waving her hand. Several passed by, but they were all occupied, adding to her frustration. She stood there, helpless for a moment, still trying to get away. She needed to escape, far from Matteo, far from the lies, and far from the chaos that seemed to surround him.

"Hear me out. Please!!!" Matteo pleaded, grabbing her elbow as she continued to walk away. Emily's head snapped around, her eyes blazing with fury. She jerked her arm free from his grip, her voice icy. "Don't touch me."

Matteo exhaled sharply, stepping back. "Okay, I won't," he said, raising his hands slightly in surrender. "But please, just listen to me."

"What's there to listen to?" Emily shot back, her voice laced with bitterness. "You have a fiancée, and you still had the nerve to ask me on a date." Her words dripped with mockery. "How nice of you, Mr. Vinci." "Damn it, you're misunderstanding again," Matteo's frustration broke through, his patience thinning.

"Oh, really?" Emily snorted in disbelief. "Is she your fiancée or not?"

Matteo huffed, running a hand through his hair. "She is, but..."

"Huh! What more is there to say?" Emily rolled her eyes, shaking her head in mock disbelief, her tone laced with sarcasm.

Matteo stared at her, feeling utterly helpless. For the first time in his life, he found himself in a situation where a woman refused to listen to him. He was used to giving orders, and people always followed- without question. But this fierce, unyielding woman in front of him was proving impossible to convince.

"Listen, Mr. Vinci," Emily said, her voice cold and unwavering. "Our deal was to go on a date, and it's done. I think it's best we part ways and never cross paths again."

Her face was like stone, void of any trace of emotion.

Matteo frowned, never imagining the night would end like this. But then a coldness clouded his eyes, and he nodded, letting out a deep breath. With a flick of his hand, a sleek black car pulled up beside them.

"Send Miss Yang home," he ordered the driver, his voice firm.

"No need," Emily started to protest, lifting her chin defiantly. "I can-"

"Please, Miss Yang," Matteo interrupted, his tone curt. "The date was on me, and making sure you get home safely is also my responsibility. My driver will take you, and after that, we owe each other nothing."

Emily wanted to protest, to argue, but the coldness in Matteo's eyes made her hesitate. Reluctantly, she swallowed her pride and quietly slid into the car as Matteo held the door open for her. Matteo stood there, holding the door open until she was comfortably seated inside, and then closed it with finality.

distance but Matteo remained rooted in place, his eyes fixed on it. A

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Chapter 206 Until Now

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strange restlessness gnawed at him, stirring something unfamiliar in his chest. It made him furious. He wasn't used to feeling helpless, wasn't used to being weak. It had never happened to him before-until now.

Husband Novel 207

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 207 Situationship

94% Finished

"Vittoria, are you truly going to let Alessandro Valentino get away with murdering your husband? How can you not seek revenge for his death?" Vanessa's sharp, complaining voice cut through the air, grating on Vittoria's nerves. She was tired of Vanessa's constant attempts to provoke her.

"What do you want from me, Vanessa?" Vittoria snapped in a hushed tone, her voice trembling with restrained anger. They were seated in a quiet corner of the restaurant, but Vanessa's relentless attempts to provoke her into action were beginning to fray Vittoria's patience. Vanessa was intentionally trying to drag her into a plan to take Alessandro back from Aria, pushing her buttons at every turn.

"That monster killed my husband," Vittoria continued, her voice breaking slightly as her expression darkened with grief, "and then my mother-in-law. All I have left is my son, and I won't risk him getting hurt."

"I have a plan that will get you your revenge, and the property that rightfully belongs to Lorenzo and you," Vanessa tempted, her eyes gleaming with cunning.

Vittoria's eyes flickered with hope as she cautiously asked, "What's the plan?"

Vanessa stole a glance around them, ensuring that no one was eavesdropping. Satisfied, she leaned forward and gestured for Vittoria to do the same.

"I have connections with the Marino gang leader," Vanessa revealed, her

voice lowering conspiratorially.

"Alessandro has caused them problems, and they want him taken down. They're ready to help."

"But... you loved him, didn't you?" Vittoria gasped in disbelief.

Vanessa shrugged carelessly, a cold smile playing on her lips. "Yeah, I did. But I love the power and money he had even more."

She smirked, a hint of malice in her eyes. "There was a time Alessandro was madly in love with me, but his grandfather forced him to marry Aria. That witch cast some kind of spell on him-he forgot all about me, Vanessa hissed, her expression hardening with hatred. "When that slut died, Alessandro was mine again. But now that Aria has returned, she's ruined everything. I'm going to take back what's mine, no matter what."

Her eyes burned with fierce determination, leaving no doubt about her twisted intentions.

Vittoria fell silent, contemplating their plan for revenge. She had always viewed Alessandro as a devil, knowing well how ruthless he could be toward anyone he deemed a traitor. He didn't forgive, and the thought of facing him terrified her, especially after losing everything. Her family was connected to the Italian Mafia, involved in their dark world, and when they learned of Enzo's betrayal and how it led to his death, they scolded Vittoria for not stopping him.

No one in the world could even think of crossing the Mafia king and expect to escape unscathed. Her family had made it clear that they would refuse to support her if she even considered messing with Alessandro Valentino or harming his family. Yet, despite their warnings, the fire for revenge still burned fiercely in Vittoria's chest. With Vanessa and the Maring gang on her side, she felt she finally had a chance

to reclaim what was lost.

"Count me in," Vittoria finally declared with determination, a sense of finality in her tone. Vanessa smirked, a cunning grin spreading across her face.

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Chapter 207 Situationship

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Matteo returned to the restaurant after Emily had left in his car, seething with fury. Lia had ruined what was supposed to be his most anticipated date. He stormed toward her, where she sat calmly at the table he had reserved for Emily and himself. "What the hell are you doing here?" he growled, stopping in front of Lia, glaring at her with intimidating anger.

"Matt, is that any way to talk to your fiancée?" Lia smiled, amusement dancing in her eyes. She knew exactly what she had done but feigned innocence.

"Stop it, Lia," he bellowed, causing Lia to glance around nervously as nearby patrons began to take notice.

"People are watching," she whispered hesitantly.

"Let them watch," he scowled carelessly. "You brought this on yourself."

"You know our engagement is an arrangement by our parents, and we've already discussed this," Matteo gritted out, his voice laced with fury.

"But... but you're my future husband, Matt. I can't stand watching you with another woman," Lia whined, her voice dripping with frustration.

"Stop calling me that," Matteo snapped coldly, a flicker of disdain crossing his face. He hated hearing her use that name, one only his family used. "And as for the marriage, you agreed to accept things as they are. Back then, you didn't have a problem with my flirtatious nature or the one-night stands, but now you're going back on your word." His eyes narrowed, voice icy as he continued, "There's still time. You can refuse to marry me."

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Lia's face faltered, but Matteo didn't flinch. His father had threatened him into this engagement, pressuring him to marry Lia because her family were longstanding business partners and close friends. When Matteo refused, his father threatened to disinherit him, promising to give all the ancestral wealth to his brother, who was a reckless gambler. Matteo had already bailed his brother out of trouble once, saving him from the mafia with Alessandro's help.

"But Matt," Lia whined in that familiar screeching tone, making Matteo huff in frustration.

She was still using his nickname, a name that felt too personal, too intimate. He didn't want anyone outside his family calling him that. To him, he was Matteo Vinci to the world, and she had no right to call him otherwise.

"I never thought I'd fall in love with you," Lia continued, pouting. "Now I can't help but feel jealous of the other women around you." She stood up from her seat and moved closer, sliding her hand onto his chest.

Matteo's patience snapped. He grabbed her hand and jerked it away, his frustration boiling over. Nothing she said or did was working on him.

He didn't want to make things complicated. Usually, Matteo wouldn't have minded getting close to Lia- he had never been one to shy away from a fling. But today, something felt off. There was a strange, unfamiliar feeling tugging at him. It was deeper, unsettling in a way he couldn't quite place.

He wasn't used to this-this odd sense of discomfort gnawing at him. It was new, and it was making him question things he never bothered with before.

"Your filthy tactics won't work on me, Lia," Matteo scoffed, his voice dripping with disdain. "I've dealt with far worse, and trust me, I can tell when someone's lying." The ruthless attorney tossed a few bills onto the

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Chapter 207 Situationship

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table, his cold gaze briefly landing on her before he turned on his heels, walking away without a second thought.

Lia clenched her fists, wanting to scream at him, but she didn't dare. Instead, she kept her soft, innocent façade intact, her eyes following his retreating figure.

"Matteo Vinci, you're mine," she vowed silently, her determination hardening. "And I'll make sure no one comes between us."

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Husband Novel 208

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband Chapter 208 Vultures Finished

concern as the two friends "Mia, how are you and the baby doing?" Emily asked, her tone filled with chatted on the phone. She knew Mia had been facing complications with her second pregnancy and made it a point to check on her daily.

"We're doing well, Emily," Mia replied, warmth filling her voice as she felt comforted by her best friend's care. "I had a doctor's appointment yesterday, and she said the baby is healthy and growing well."

"Thank God, Mia! I went to church last Sunday to pray for you, and now I'll go back to give thanks," Emily said with heartfelt relief.

Mia smiled, touched by Emily's kindness. "You're so sweet. How are things on your end?"

Mia had been working on expanding her company by opening new offices in Italy, but following her doctor's advice to rest, the process had slowed down. Meanwhile, Emily, who had been managing the Paris branch, continued to stay in close contact with Mia. After all, Mia was the founder of M.P. Interiors, and the business was her passion.

"Everything is going smoothly, though," Emily reassured her the phone., "Today, we signed a major deal with a prominent real estate company. They've given us a five-year contract to handle all their projects across the country."

"That's incredible, Emily! You're really taking the business to new heights," Mia said, her voice filled with pride. She admired how her best friend, once her assistant, had grown into a capable business partner.

"I've learned from the best," Emily replied warmly, making Mia smile, feeling both satisfaction and gratitude for the strong bond they shared.

"Thanks, Emily, but I was actually asking about your personal life. How are things going for you?" Mia asked gently.

Emily sighed quietly, feeling the weight of everything that had been happening. Though she had finally achieved justice by sending Tomas to jail for life and reclaiming the properties he had deceitfully taken from her parents, a new problem had emerged. Relatives, who had once turned their backs on her when she lost everything after the divorce, were now circling like vultures, trying to leech off her newly regained fortune. When her parents had passed away and Tomas had left her penniless, none of them had come forward to help. But now, those so-called relatives were demanding their share of the wealth, claiming their connection to Emily's late parents.

However, knowing that Mia didn't need any additional stress, especially during her complicated pregnancy, Emily decided not to burden her with these worries.

"Everything's fine, Mia," Emily replied, keeping her tone light and reassuring, despite the heaviness she felt inside.

But Mia sensed something was off. She responded gently, "Emily, you know I'm here for you, right?"

"I know, Mia," Emily sighed, a bright smile tugging at her lips. Mia had always been there for her-through her darkest days, when she was alone and had nothing. Mia had supported her back then, and she was still doing it now. Emily often felt she could never repay her for that.

"You can always tell me anything, you know that, right? Mia asserted, her tone filled with genuine care.

"Yeah!" Emily giggled trying to lighten the mood "You worry too much! Remember it's had for my little

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Chapter 208 Vultures

munchkin growing inside you, baby momma," she added playfully, making Mia laugh softly

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"Alright, bestie," Mia replied with a chuckle. Just then, she heard a car horn outside. "I think Alessandro just got home. I'll talk to you later. Take care," Mia said warmly.

"Bye, Mia," Emily replied, shaking her head with a small smile. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy at how Alessandro, the mafia king, had Mia's full, undivided attention. But deep down, she knew Alessandro and Mia were meant to be together-a couple that seemed destined, as if made in heaven.

Putting her phone aside, Emily turned off the computer on her desk and prepared to leave for home. She didn't like being alone in that house; she missed Gia and Maximo so much. She regretted not accepting Mia's offer to come to Italy with her, instead deciding to support her from Paris while managing the business in France.

As she reached for her bag, the door to her office was pushed open, making her frown with annoyance. Who had the audacity to come here without an appointment? The staff had already left for the day, and the security team was off duty, as it was well past office hours. But Emily had stayed late, reluctant to head home with nothing to occupy her time.

Her eyes lifted to the door, and the furrow between her eyebrows deepened as she saw the last person on earth she expected standing before her.

Husband Novel 209

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

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Chapter 209 Ancestral Property

"How dare you enter without permission?" Emily snapped, glaring at the man standing in her office. "Emily, Emily," the man replied with a mocking smirk. "Is that any way to talk to your dear cousin?"

"Mark, stop wasting my time and get to the point," Emily retorted, crossing her arms tightly over her chest, her eyes narrowing as a scowl formed on her otherwise beautiful face.

"Alright," Mark sighed, slumping down into a chair with exaggerated ease. "Let's talk business."

Emily's expression grew more frustrated, already knowing exactly what "business" he was here to discuss.

"I'm here to claim my father's share of the ancestral property," Mark declared arrogantly, leaning back as if the matter were already settled.

"What are you talking about?" Emily laughed mockingly. "Your father's share? As far as I remember, my dad inherited everything because Uncle Li was deemed unworthy and useless to the family."

"How dare you speak about my father like that!" Mark slammed his hand on the desk, jumping to his feet in an attempt to intimidate her.

Emily was momentarily startled by the sudden shift in his behavior, but quickly regained her composure.

"I'm just stating the truth," she replied coldly, shrugging.

Mark's face twisted with anger. "Listen, you bitch," he spat, his voice venomous. "If you don't hand over our share peacefully, we know how to take what's ours."

But Emily didn't flinch. She had long since seen the true, wicked nature of her father's side of the family. "Do whatever you want, Mark," she said confidently, eyes steady. "You're not getting a penny of what doesn't belong to you."

Mark's rage flared, and he lunged toward her, but Emily's gaze shifted calmly to the CCTV camera in the corner of her office. He paused, his clenched fist hovering in midair, realizing what it meant. As much as he wanted to strangle her, he knew the

evidence was already recorded. Grinding his teeth, Mark stopped in his tracks, though the hatred in his eyes burned hotter than ever.

"You will regret this, Emily Yang," he threatened before storming out of her office, slamming the door behind him.

Emily took a deep breath, her heart racing as the adrenaline slowly faded. Relief washed over her, but she couldn't shake the unease lingering in her chest. She reminded herself never to send the security away again when she was working late. The office felt too quiet now, too empty, and she liked it this way more than the worst company she had just endured a moment before.

"Mark, what happened?" Li Yang who was Mark's father and Emily's uncle, asked as his son stormed into the house, fury etched on his face.

"That bitch refused to give us our share," Mark snarled, stomping into the kitchen and pouring himself a glass of water, his hands shaking with anger. "I wouldn't have taken her so lightly. She's the main obstacle to our ancestral wealth."

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Chapter 209 Ancestral Property

Finished

"I told you, that slut is as stubborn as her father was," Li Yang's expression darkened, his eyes narrowing as a sinister gleam crept onto his face.

"Father, I don't need your lecture," Mark retorted, frustration bubbling over. "What I need is money. With debt piling up, we won't survive much longer. They'll come knocking any day now to collect, and we'll be left with nothing but dead and our organs sold on the mafia market." His voice trembled, the impending doom of their situation weighing heavily on him.

"It's all my

father's fault," Li Yang replied, his tone bitter. "He handed everything over to my younger brother when I was the rightful heir of the Yang family. But now, I'll take back everything that belongs to me. With my younger brother gone, Emily has no right to our ancestors' wealth. It all belongs to me, and after me, it's yours. That bitch needs to understand that."

Mark clenched his fists, the frustration-boiling inside him. "So what do I do? It's not my fault I was born to a useless father!" he bellowed, his voice dripping with disgust as he glared at Li. "Mark, don't worry. I won't let anything happen to you," Li said, his voice

dripping with sinister determination. "If she won't give up the shares easily, I know exactly what we need to do."

"She's not going to hand it over, Father. After winning her battle against her ex-husband, she thinks she's stronger and smarter than ever," Mark scoffed, eliciting a laugh from Li.

"She doesn't realize we're not as gentle as her ex-husband. She can't even begin to imagine what we're capable of," Li said, his eyes narrowing with a shadow of menace. "It's time to move to Plan B."

Mark paused, his anger morphing into a wicked grin as he met his father's gaze. "You mean..." "Yes," Li confirmed, his tone cold and calculating. "We'll take it all now. No more negotiations." Lina Yang, Li's wife, entered the room with a soft yet menacing smile, a blend of English and Korean heritage evident in her striking features. "Earlier, we were willing to give her a small portion of the wealth if she had cooperated. But now, everything will be ours," she said, her voice smooth as silk but laced with malice. "To secure it, we'll force her to marry my sister's son."

Mark and Li exchanged glances, their expressions filled with gleeful malice as their smiles twisted into sinister determination.

Their evil plan was foolproof. With Emily standing alone and lacking any support, they knew she was vulnerable and easy to take down.

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Husband Novel 210

Let Me Go, My Mafia Husband

Chapter 210 Drugged

"Emily!" Park Jae-min, Mark's cousin from his mother's side, called out. Finished

Emily was in the fancy restaurant of a five-star hotel, having just finished a frustrating meeting with a client. The client had been too demanding, and as per M.P. Interiors' standards, Emily refused to compromise on the quality of their work or commit to rushed deadlines. The client remained unconvinced, and the deal fell through, leaving Emily's mood completely ruined.

She stormed out of the restaurant, eager to go home and crawl into her comfortable bed. But as she heard her name, she stopped in her tracks and turned toward the voice.

There stood Park Jae-min, the handsome man her aunt had been trying to set her up with for what felt like forever. But Emily had never been interested. She searched the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She sighed internally, feeling even more exhausted.

"Jae-min?" she furrowed her brow in confusion. "What are you doing here?"

She pinched the bridge of her nose, suddenly feeling lightheaded. She hadn't had much to drink—just one glass of wine to accompany the client, as etiquette dictated. So why did she feel this way?

was in town for business. But what a coincidence that we met here. It's called serendipity," he smirked, a smug expression on his face.

Emily shook her head, her frustration rising. "I don't think so." Her voice faltered as another wave of dizziness washed over her. "This is the most popular restaurant for business meetings. So, us being here at the same time is hardly serendipity."

"Okay, but I have to admit I'm very happy to see you here. Let me buy you a drink," he offered.

"Ah! No." She refused curtly, waving her hand in denial. "I might want to go home."

"Then let me take you home," Jae-min suggested, his tone sincere.

"No need to bother yourself. I'll take a cab," Emily replied, attempting to walk past him. But as she took a step, her legs faltered, and she stumbled. Jae-min quickly caught her in his arms.

"Whoa, whoa! Easy there, beautiful," he murmured, a smirk playing on his lips. "Are you okay?" he asked gently.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Emily insisted, holding her head as she tried to pull herself away from his grip. But her legs gave way again, and Jae-min caught her once more.

"No, you're not okay," he said authoritatively. "I have a room in this hotel. Let me take you there so you can rest for a bit," he insisted.

Emily wanted to refuse, but her head began spinning so violently that she felt herself losing her senses. A hot sensation surged through her body, clouding her mind. She struggled to distinguish between right and wrong, her thoughts swirling in a fog as she allowed Jae-min to carry her.

Suddenly, the Air-pod in Jae-min's ear flashed, signaling an incoming call. He tapped it to answer, and Lina's voice echoed in his ear. "Jae-min, that girl is set, and now she is yours. Take full advantage of this situation and make a video so that she can't refuse to marry

you."

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Chapter 210 Drugged

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Jae-min smirked but didn't respond. He didn't want to risk Emily overhearing the conversation while she was still conscious. Instead, he simply hummed in acknowledgment before disconnecting the call.

The client Emily had just met had been sent by Jae-min, and the waiter had been bribed to slip a drug into her drink. The plan had worked perfectly-Emily was now vulnerable, a warm sensation coursing through her body due to the aphrodisiac in the drug. Jae-min grinned as he gazed at the beauty in his arms and made his way to the elevator.

Emily sensed something was off, though her mind was clouded. She struggled to break free from Jae-min's embrace, but his strength easily overpowered her. A drugged Emily was no match for him.

"Let me go!" she protested, but her voice came out weak and slurred, barely audible.

"Don't fight, kitten. Let me make you feel good," Jae-min whispered in her ear, pressing the call button for the elevator. As Emily struggled, she unknowingly pressed herself against him. Jae-min lowered his head in Emily's neck and inhaled her intoxicating scent, a mix of perfume and warmth that ignited something primal within him. Adrenaline surged through his veins, and he felt his dick throbbing with need as he grew impatient. With a sense of urgency, he pressed the call button repeatedly, willing the elevator to arrive faster.

Miraculously, Emily found strength in that moment. She pushed Jae-min away with all the might she could muster when he wasn't expecting it. Breaking free from his grasp, she began to run, only to collide with a hard wall. A sharp pain shot through her forehead where she got hurt. She winced and cried out in pain. When a pair of muscular arms wrapped around her, saving her from falling backward after the collision, she realized that the solid barrier was actually a person.

Lifting her confused and terrified eyes, she was met by a pair of the brightest shade of blue eyes gazing down at her with concern.