

## Chapter 4 Complicated Emotions

Maria knocked softly on the door, and a moment later, Aria opened it. Her eyes were downcast, and her shoulders slumped. Maria gave her a pitiful look and whispered, "I'm sorry, dear. I was helpless."

Aria's heart ached, but she knew no one could have saved her from her husband's fury. She didn't reply, her lips pressed into a thin line as she turned away and walked back to her chores. Her hands moved methodically as she stripped the bed sheets, her fingers trembling slightly, and replaced them with fresh ones. The bed had to be perfect, just as Alessandro liked it.

From the bathroom, the sound of the shower running was a constant reminder of his presence. Aria moved with purpose, smoothing the new sheets and fluffing the pillows, trying to keep her mind focused on the task.

"Is he in the shower?" Maria asked, her voice barely more than a whisper. Aria nodded without looking up, her movements mechanical.

Before Maria could say more, the bathroom door swung open, and Alessandro stepped out, a cloud of steam billowing around him. He wore a fluffy white robe, cinched tightly at his waist, his wet hair slicked back. He paused in the doorway, his eyes cold as they swept over Maria briefly before settling on Aria, who continued her work, not paying attention to her cruel mafia husband. Alessandro silently strode toward the walk-in closet to get ready for work.

Maria felt a surge of happiness as she watched the cold exchange between the husband and wife. Her plan seemed to be succeeding perfectly. But then, Aria jerked her head as her hair fell across her face, bothering her. As she unintentionally swept her hair to the side, it revealed love bites all over her neck and chin, and even on her cheek near her lips—marks Alessandro had left while punishing her in a loving way.

Maria gritted her teeth in rage. She couldn't understand why, despite all her efforts to turn Alessandro against his wife, he still chose to be intimate with her. Maria had tried everything to break their marriage. She sent hot supermodels and famous actresses to seduce Alessandro, hoping he would fall into their traps.

But Alessandro remained cold and indifferent to all the advances. Every night after the party, he would go home, having only taken pictures with those gorgeous women in his arms for the paparazzi. None of them could appeal to him enough to make him stay with them for the night. Instead, Alessandro just wanted the party to end so he could rush home to his wife.

Maria snorted at the thought that Alessandro might prefer seeing his wife cry in pain beneath him rather than hearing the other woman scream his name in pleasure.

She had no idea that Alessandro had never made love to his wife while she was in tears. Despite Aria's reluctance to be intimate, Alessandro would seduce her, bringing her so much pleasure that her cries turned into moans of delight. Yet, the harsh language he used to conceal his true feelings inflicted deeper wounds. But this was the way he had always been, learning from a young age to hide his feelings and make others bend to his will.

Alessandro never laid a hand on Aria in violence, but his words were sharp enough to cut her soul. Each cruel remark chipped away at her spirit, breaking her a little more every day. Aria's tender heart and sensitive mind suffered under the weight of his relentless emotional torment. She became convinced that her heartless husband took pleasure in her pain, believing he only cared about torturing her and watching her cry.

Aria's stomach churned suddenly, and she felt a wave of nausea wash over her. Clutching her hand over her mouth, she stumbled hastily towards the bathroom, her steps hurried and unsteady. Maria sensed something amiss and followed closely behind.

Inside the bathroom, Aria doubled over, her body racked with heaves as she emptied the contents of her stomach into the toilet bowl. Maria stood at the doorway, her brow furrowed as she watched Aria's distress. Suspicion flickered in her eyes with a hint of distaste arose in her mouth.

After what felt like an eternity, Aria finally managed to rinse her mouth clean and emerged from the bathroom, her face pale and drawn. She made a feeble attempt to leave the room, intending to proceed with her morning chores. She needed to set breakfast on the dining table for Alessandro before he emerged, ready for work. He demanded everything to be ready on time.

But before she could leave the room, Maria's sharp voice halted her in her tracks.

"Oh my God, Aria! Are you pregnant?" she exclaimed, her tone laced with forced excitement as she plastered a fake smile onto her face.

Alessandro swiftly emerged from the walk-in closet, his shirt half-buttoned and tie hanging loosely around his neck. His eyes shifted toward his wife, his expression a mixture of shock and disbelief.

Aria swallowed hard, her head spinning and her heart sinking with fear as her innocent doe eyes locked onto her devil mafia husband.

"Oh, Alessandro," Maria continued, her voice dripping with insincerity as she reached out to grasp her stepson's hand, feigning joy. "I am so happy! Finally, after three years of marriage, I am going to be a grandmother."

"Wait, what did you just say?" Alessandro's eyes narrowed into thin slits, his voice taking on a dangerous edge that could send shivers down anyone's spine.

Maria, sensing his rising anger, trembled with fear and instinctively took a step back, putting some distance between herself and her stepson.

Alessandro's gaze then turned sharply to his wife, Aria, and he gritted his teeth in disbelief. "Aria is pregnant?!"

His furrowed brow sent shivers down Aria's spine, instantly drenching her in a cold sweat as she froze in place. Alessandro took measured steps toward her, his presence looming over her.

"Is it possible for you to carry my child, sweetheart?" Alessandro's voice was low and gentle, but beneath the softness, Aria could detect the warning, the impending storm. His seemingly tender tone held more cruelty than his harshest words, signaling that hell was about to break loose. Without a second thought, Aria instinctively shook her head, a defensive action to protect herself from her husband's wrath.