

Her Mafia Valentine: The Man Who Knows What He Wants, Chapter 136

As the crimson curtains of the night unfolded, the grand ballroom of the Conti mansion was transformed into an enchanting realm of love and desire. Crystal chandeliers cast a warm glow upon the polished marble floor, where couples danced in a graceful waltz, their laughter mingling with the sweet melodies of a string quartet.

Amidst the swirling gowns and tailored suits, Isabella found herself caught in the mesmerizing gaze of Don Alessandro Conti. The notorious mafia boss, known for his ruthless nature and enigmatic charm, exuded an aura that both captivated and intimidated.



Her Mafia Valentine (A Man Who Knows What He Wants Book 136) by Flora Ferrari

★★★★☆ 4 out of 5

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"My lady," he said, his voice a seductive whisper, "may I have the honor of this dance?"

Isabella's heart skipped a beat as she nodded hesitantly. Alessandro took her hand and led her onto the dance floor. Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, as if they had danced together countless times before.

"You are a natural beauty," Alessandro murmured into her ear, his breath sending shivers down her spine. "Your eyes hold a mystery that I long to unravel."

Isabella's cheeks flushed with a mix of excitement and trepidation. The man before her was dangerous, but there was something about him that drew her in irresistibly.

"Thank you, Don Alessandro," she replied, her voice trembling slightly. "You are too kind."

They continued to dance, their movements becoming more intimate with each passing moment. Alessandro's touch was possessive, yet gentle, leaving Isabella breathless and longing for more.

"Isabella," Alessandro said, his voice husky with desire, "I have a confession to make. When I first saw you, I knew that I had to have you. You ignite something within me that I have never felt before."

Isabella's eyes widened in surprise. She had never expected the powerful Don Conti to declare his feelings so openly.

"You intrigue me, Isabella," he continued. "Your intelligence, your beauty, your fire... I want you all to myself."

A surge of both fear and longing coursed through Isabella's body. She had always known that Alessandro was a dangerous man, but the thought of being desired by him filled her with a forbidden thrill.

"But Don Alessandro," she protested weakly, "you are a mafia boss. My family would never approve..."

Alessandro's lips curled into a faint smile. "Your family's concerns are of no consequence to me, Isabella. I am a man who takes what he wants, and I want you."

Isabella's heart pounded in her chest as she realized the true extent of Alessandro's determination. He was not asking for her consent; he was demanding her submission.

Suddenly, the music stopped and the ballroom fell silent. All eyes turned towards the stage, where a single spotlight illuminated a figure shrouded in shadows.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the figure announced, "welcome to the grand finale of this enchanting evening. Tonight, we unveil the gift that Don Alessandro Conti has bestowed upon his beloved Isabella."

A hush fell over the crowd as a velvet curtain was drawn back, revealing a magnificent diamond necklace. The precious stones sparkled with an otherworldly brilliance, casting an ethereal glow upon the stage.

"This necklace, crafted by the finest artisans in Italy, is a symbol of Don Conti's unwavering love for Isabella," the figure continued. "With this gift, he declares his intention to make her his Valentine, his bride."

A collective gasp filled the ballroom as Isabella's mind raced. Alessandro had planned this grand gesture all along. He was not only offering her his heart, but also his name and his protection.

"Isabella," Alessandro said, his voice echoing through the silent hall, "will you accept my gift? Will you be my Valentine?"

Isabella looked into Alessandro's eyes, seeing both love and determination in their depths. She had come to a crossroads, a moment that would forever alter the course of her life.

Slowly, she reached out and took the necklace from the stage. As she slipped it around her neck, a feeling of both exhilaration and trepidation washed over her.

"Yes, Don Alessandro," she said, her voice clear and unwavering. "I will be your Valentine."

A wave of applause erupted throughout the ballroom, mingling with the sound of heartbeats that raced with both excitement and anticipation. Isabella had made her choice, and now, the dangerous game of love and power would begin.

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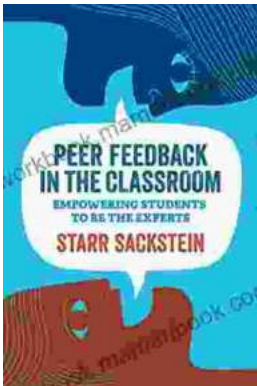
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