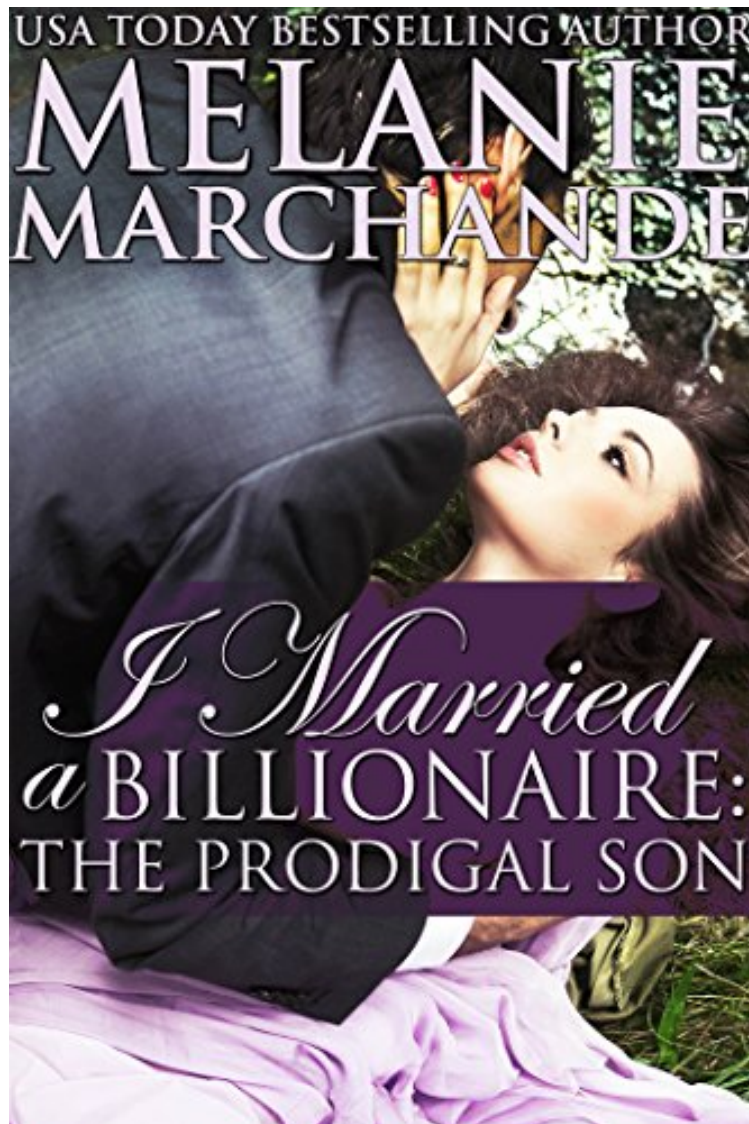


[Mobile pdf] I Married a Billionaire: The Prodigal Son (Book 3) (English Edition)

I Married a Billionaire: The Prodigal Son (Book 3) (English Edition)

Von *Melanie Marchande*

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Von Melanie Marchande : I Married a Billionaire: The Prodigal Son (Book 3) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised I Married a Billionaire: The Prodigal Son (Book 3) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Very goodVon P. Maynethis book is very good...how the author makes this book so interesting is so perfect....hope there

will be another book coming to this series :)

KurzbeschreibungThis book is a standalone followup to the Top 100 Kindle Store bestseller *I Married a Billionaire* and *I Married a Billionaire: Lost Found*. Writing billionaire tech mogul Daniel Thorne's official biography is no small task. His wife Maddy isn't quite sure how it fell on her shoulders - but she's not exactly complaining. It's given her a rare opportunity to learn about the details of Daniel's life that he's never shared with her before. After a rocky beginning, their relationship has finally settled into something comforting and secure. After a while, Maddy begins to reconsider her once-staunch decision not to have children. Then, one night, a ghost from Daniel's past appears. His father, believed to be dead, has come back in hopes of repairing their relationship. Daniel is devastated by the years-long deception, and suspicious of his father's motives in reappearing after so much time. Old Mr. Thorne has his reasons for disappearing, but how can he possibly repair a relationship that's been so badly fractured by distance and lies? Meanwhile, Maddy gets some unexpected news of her own, and she realizes she must find a way to reach her husband and his father, to knit them all together into a family again.

- Excerpt -I walked down the hall towards Daniel's office. Nothing had changed; the hallway still smelled the same, the carpet still felt the same under my shoes. And yes, his sharp-faced assistant, Alice, was still there. She gave me a curt nod as I went to the door and pushed it open, not bothering to stop and let myself be announced. Daniel was kneeling by the window, watering one of his plants. He'd taken his jacket off and rolled up his sleeves, and as I slowly shut the door behind me, I saw him reach out and touch the bottom of one of the leaves, laying it out over his hand and leaning down to look at it more closely. The click of the door made him look up. Is something wrong? was, of course, the first thing that came out of his mouth. In retrospect, I probably did nothing to assuage this fear when I rushed to him silently and threw my arms around him, holding him tightly, resting my head on his chest. He was frozen for a moment, but then he wrapped his arms around me. By now, I was used to the idea that returning an embrace would never be a reflex for him. No, I said, finally. I just love you, that's all. I love you too, he said, with a mild surprise still registering in his voice. I pulled back, looking at his face. The sort of taken-aback expression, and his overall rumpled and thrown-off appearance, was almost painfully adorable. I just wanted to see you, I said. I'm sorry if this is a bad time. Yes, he said, his face finally relaxing into a smile. I'm very busy with my plants, as you can see. Well, I'm sorry. They're just going to have to wait. It was a strange feeling, being in this room again - he hadn't even rearranged the furniture since the first day I'd walked in here and he'd handed me a contract proposing a fake marriage, with his disgraced lawyer sitting uncomfortably in the corner. It's nice to know some things never change, I said. Are you referring to me, or the room? Both. Maybe. I'm not sure. My head was buzzing, and I could feel my throat beginning to grow dry. But this time, it wasn't a sign of an impending panic attack. That, I was sure of. Did you used to be different, or did I just get to know you better? Both, he said, with his arms still around my waist, holding me close. The heat of his body was making my knees feel weak. I'm an acquired taste. I don't know, I said, softly. Personally, I always liked it.

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