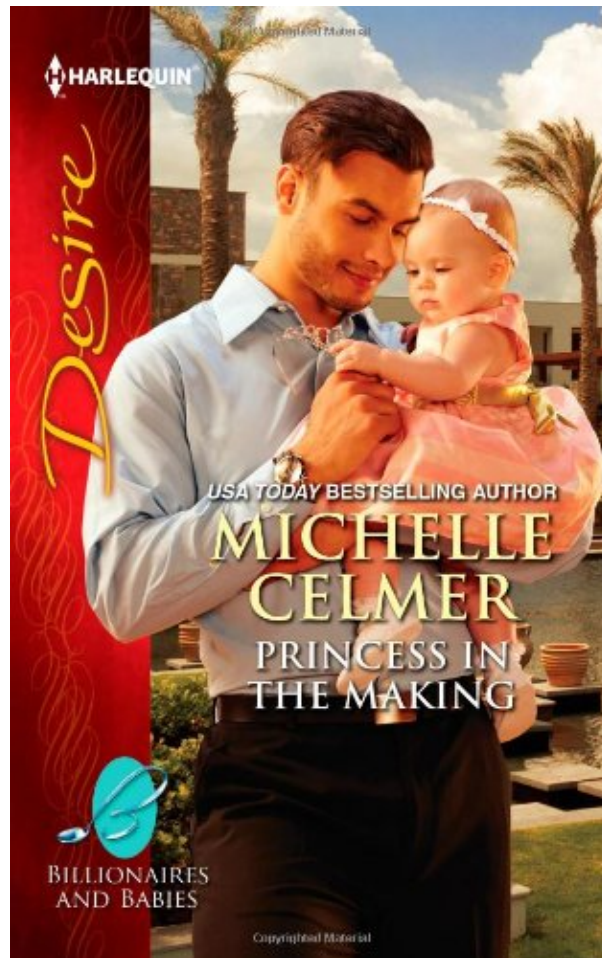
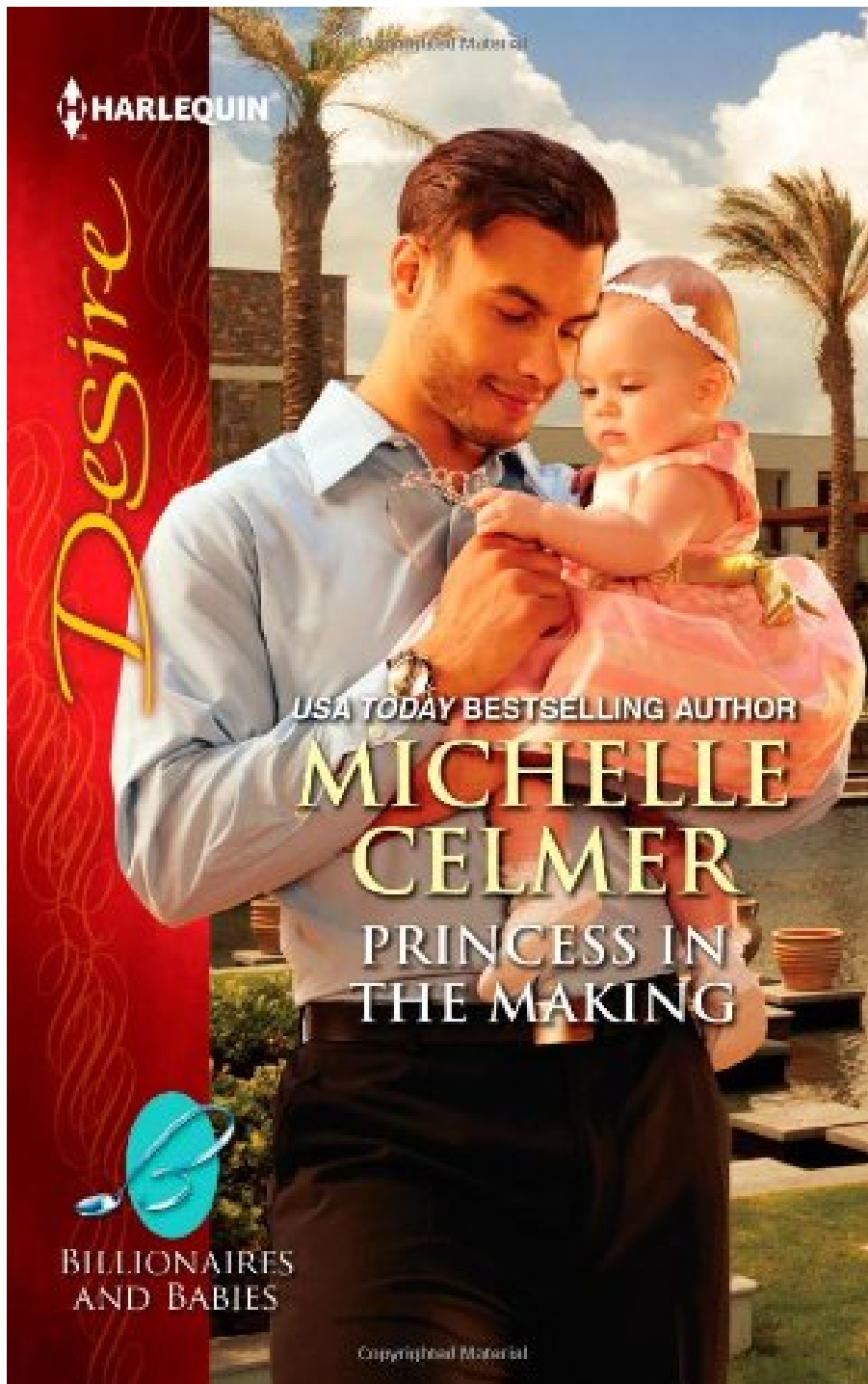


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2 of 3 people found the following review helpful.

The cover is misleading but the best thing about the book.

By On_A_Jet_Plane

Another small quasi-European principality is the setting of this story. The heroine is a young single mother who makes poor choices. The widowed king who is more than old enough to be her father falls for her. She gets on a private jet with her baby, basically telling no one where she is going and finds the king isn't around when she arrives. Lots of romantic dinners, sultry pool scene, an earache and some extremely poor judgement on the parts of the hero and heroine, there is a happy ending. I wonder if Microsoft paid for product placement? I didn't know Skype could be used so many times.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful.

This could have been a book for my "Keeper Bookshelf"....

By Clay Verhagen

This story was wonderful. I couldn't put it down until I finished reading it. Now, here I am at almost 2:30 in the morning thinking "What the heck" - actually many 4-letter words went through mind! - I used hard earned money to purchase this book, spent hours reading it..And the author ended the book like that?!?!?!!

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Really enjoyed this reading

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Maybe.

The pilot opened the plane door, letting in a rush of hot July air that carried with it the lingering scent of the ocean. He nodded sympathetically as Mia howled.

Vanessa stopped at the door and looked back to her seat. "Oh, shoot, I'm going to need the car seat for my daughter."

"I'll take care of it, ma'am," the pilot assured her, with a thick accent.

She thanked him and descended the steps to the tarmac, so relieved to be on steady ground she could have dropped to her knees and kissed it.

The late morning sun burned her scalp and stifling heat drifted up from the blacktop as the attendant led her toward the limo. As they approached, the driver stepped out and walked around to the back door. He reached

for the handle, and the door swung open, and Vanessa's pulse picked up double time. Excitement buzzed through her as one expensive looking shoe—Italian, she was guessing—hit the pavement, and as its owner unfolded himself from the car she held her breath...then let it out in a whoosh of disappointment. This man had the same long, lean physique and chiseled features, the deep-set, expressive eyes, but he was not Gabriel.

Even if she hadn't done hours of research into the country's history, she would have known instinctively that the sinfully attractive man walking toward her was Prince Marcus Salvatora, Gabriel's son. He looked exactly like the photos she'd seen of him—darkly intense, and far too serious for a man of only twenty-eight. Dressed in gray slacks and a white silk shirt that showcased his olive complexion and crisp, wavy black hair, he looked more like a GQ cover model than a future leader.

She peered around him to the interior of the limo, hoping to see someone...

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