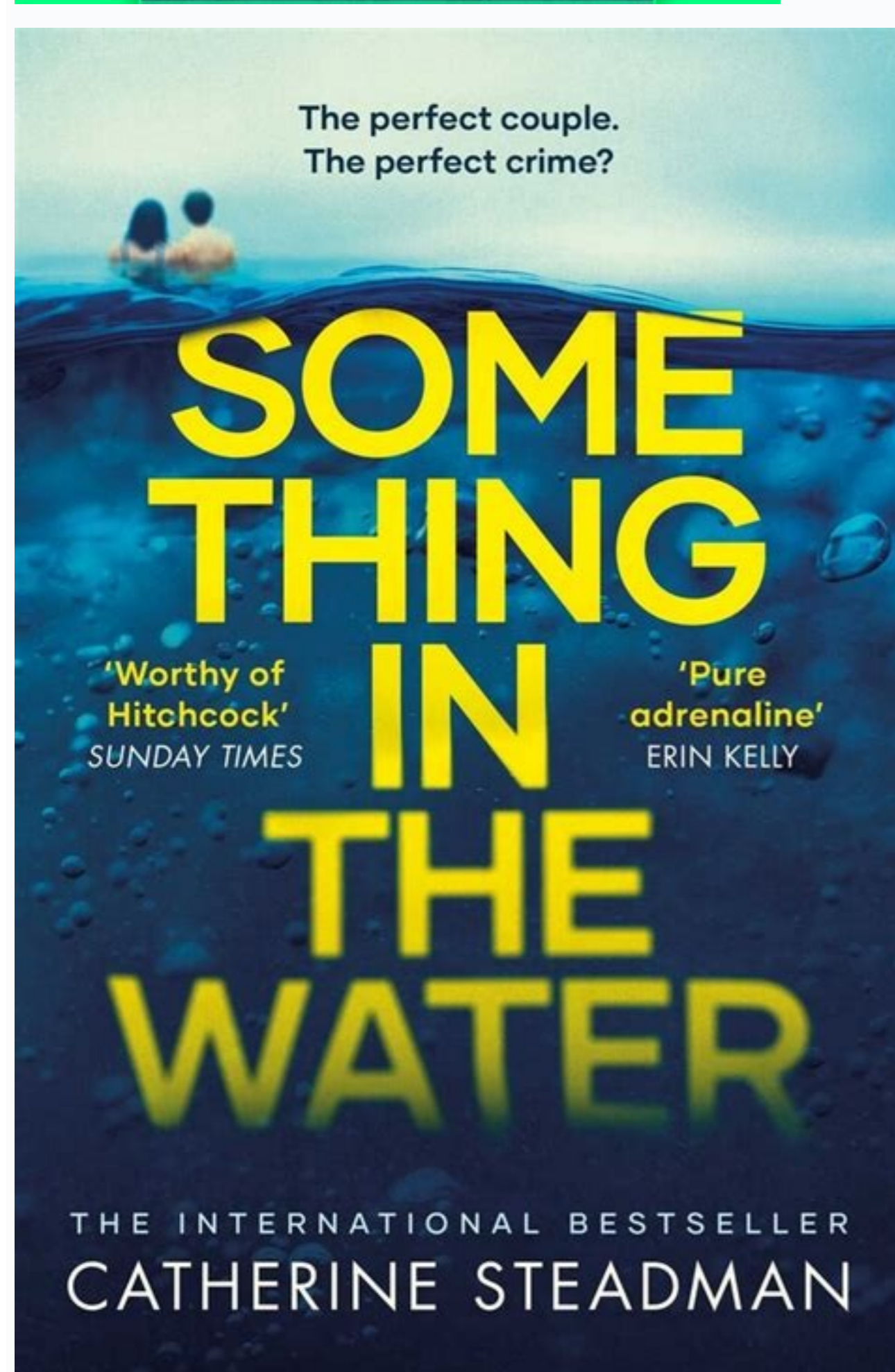
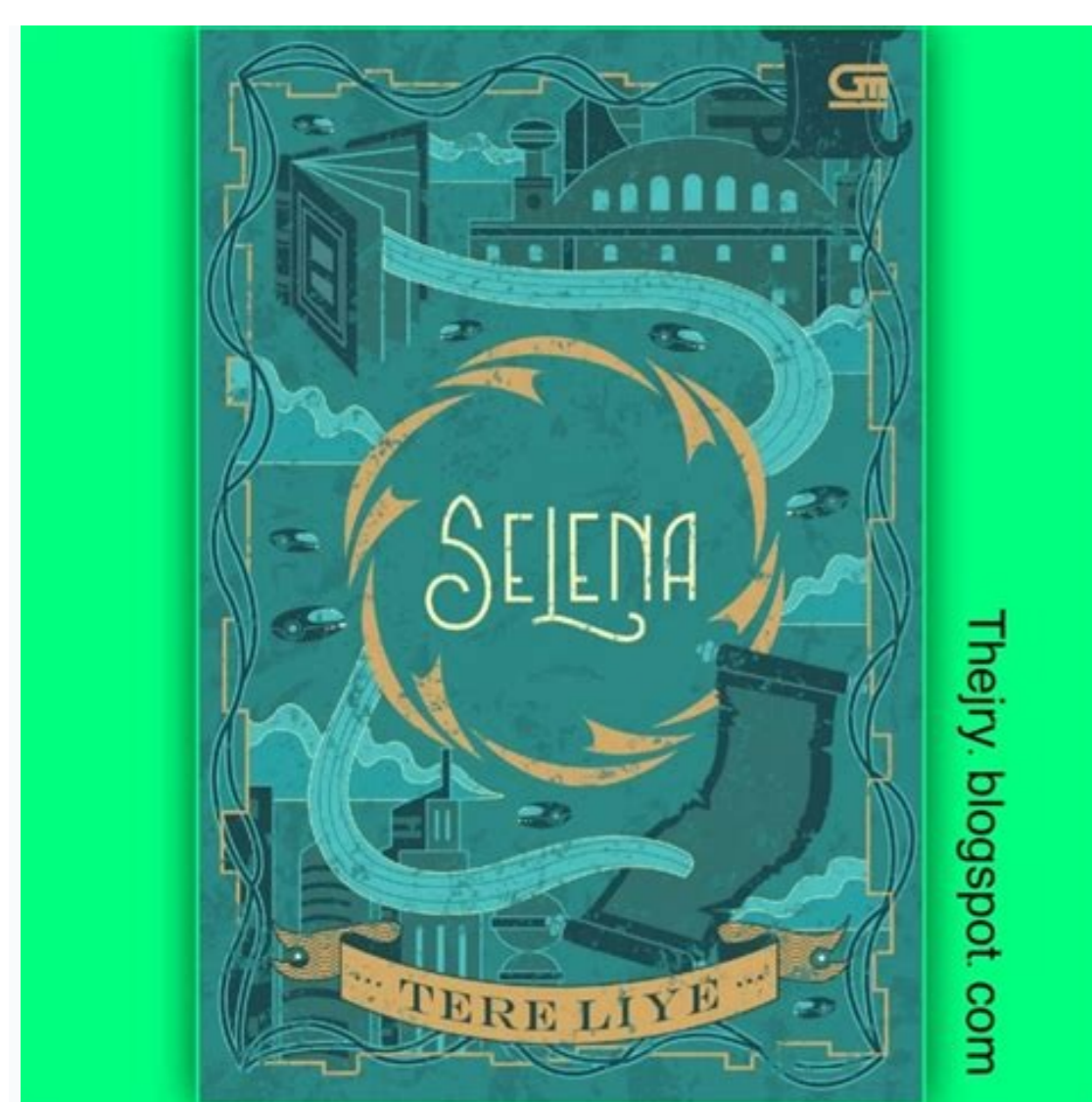


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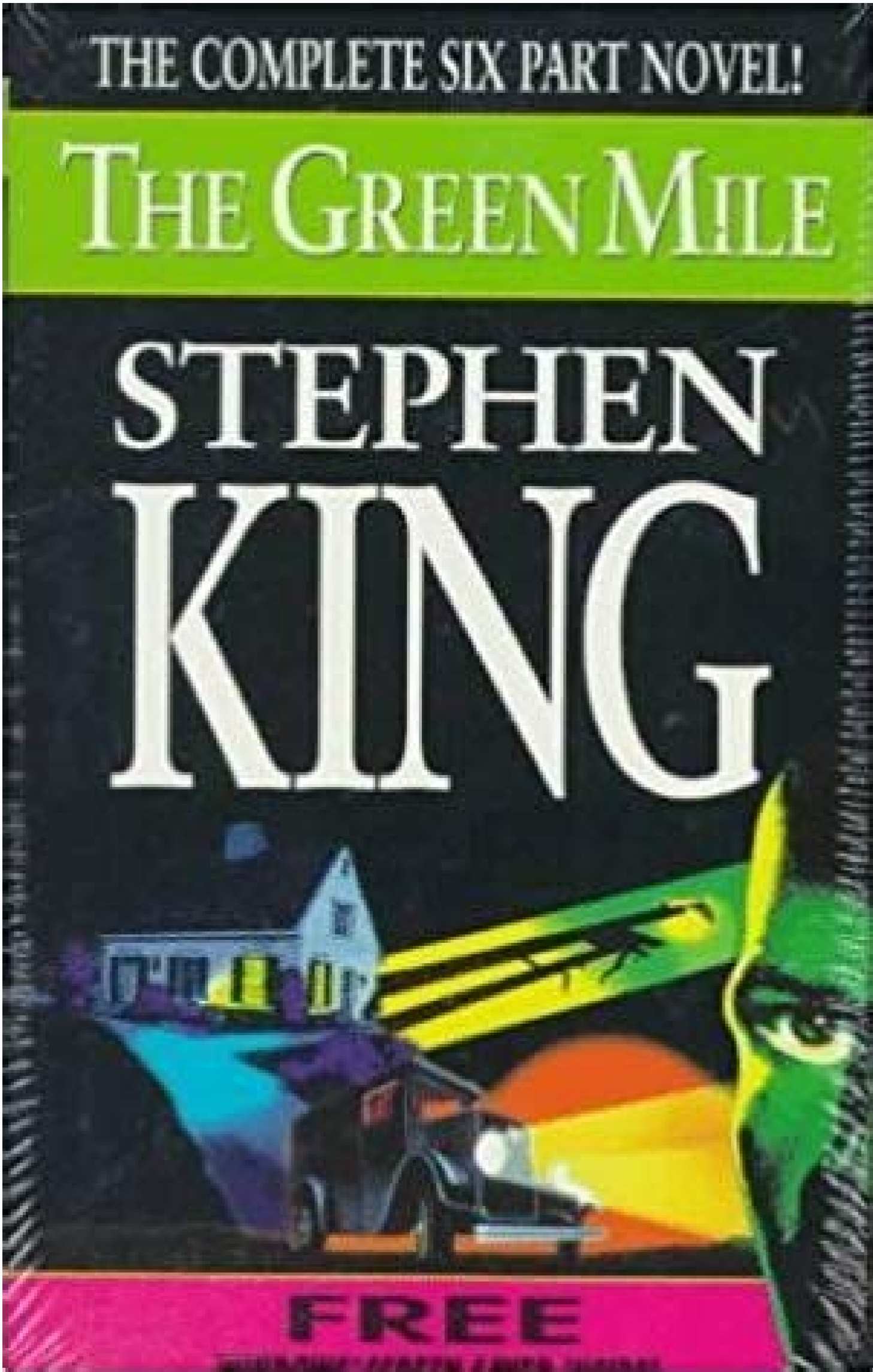
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Perfect Honeymoon Novel Pdf Judul : Perfect Honeymoon Penulis : Dessina Indria Penerbit : Evolif Media Penerbitan : 2000 Genre : Fiksi , Romance Fisik : vii + 274hlm; 14 x 20cm ISBN : 978-623-93857-8-1 Sinopsis Novel Perfect Honeymoon Pdf free Sebuah komitmen nikah tanpa cinta merupakan mimpi buruk bagi siapa saja. Tapi tidak ada yang pernah tahu, mungkin saja mimpi itu sanggup jadi manis kalau takdir berpihak padanya. Ini merupakan kisah klasik perjodohan yang dialami oleh dua orang dengan latar belakang yang sungguh jauh berbeda. Bagaimana setiap rasa sakit menyertainya dan tidak ada satu orangpun yang prospektif suatu kebahagiaan. Tapi kita tidak pernah tahu bagaimana akhirnya, kalau tidak menjajal masuk kedalamnya. Lalu mencicipi bagaimana sakitnya berada di posisi Alisa Ayudia dan bagaimana kecewanya di saat ada di posisi Nancy Pratiwi kemudian ada Adrian Prasetyo Aji yang masih belum sanggup memahami dengan perasaannya. Jika kalian mencari kisah anak Sekolah Menengah Atas yang manis, bukan disini tempatnya. Jika kalian tidak senang dengan kisah sarat penderitaan jangan menjajal masuk kedalamnya. Tapi kalau kalian tergelong orang sabar yang nrimo dan tidak keberatan mencicipi sedikit penderitaan Alisa maka aku akan prospektif senyuman manis di ujung cerita. Baca Juga: 5 Cara Baca Novel Romantis Gratis tanpa AplikasiCara Membaca Novel Perfect Honeymoon Adrian Pdf Free Kalian bisa membaca novel bergenre romance ini dengan smartphone atau hp di Android dan iPhone dengan mudah dan simpel. Dimana kalian bisa terlebih dahulu untuk mendownload aplikasi Novelme di Google Playstore dan AppStore. Lalu kalian unduh dan install aplikasi tersebut, kemudian ketikkan judul Novel Perfect Honeymoon di kolom pencarian novel. Setelah itu kalian bisa mendownloadnya dari hp. Dan selanjutnya bisa membaca dengan sepuas hati secara offline dan online dari perangkat smartphone kalian masing-masing. 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An only child, leaving behind her widowed mother, she travelled a great distance to a new and unknown life far away in Africa. This is the true story of why she was going there, leaving behind her family, friends and a comfortable city life to face adventure, isolation, danger and true love in a remote part of Africa. This is her story and that of Gordon, the man she married. Top reviews Most recent Top reviews Christina The exit to the winery's reception area stood closed in front of me. Trails of pale pink and pastel green flowers crept up and around the double doorway. Peach and mint — a beautiful color combination and oh so trendy for this coming spring according to the wedding planner. Thankfully, we hadn't used them as a flavor combination for the cake. I'd have had seconds of that delectable limoncello flavored work of art the baker made for us if my gown left any room for it. Just one more sacrifice I made for a perfect wedding. All 200 plus guests and the rest of the wedding party had made their way outside to cheer as my new husband, Giovanni 'Gino' Cacciatore, led me to his car and then to the airport and onto our honeymoon on Elba. He'd stepped off to the side; his phone stole all his attention. The cut of his black tux showed off a lean but powerful build. With slicked back hair, black as night, and swarthy Sicilian skin, he fit the bill for tall, dark, and handsome: a perfect groom for the perfect wedding... well, almost perfect. The doors shook. A muffled voice outside announced us. Gino's phone slipped into his suit coat's inner pocket. He straightened the mint tie around his neck and stepped close, dutifully offering the crook of his arm. His disinterested expression remained after I accepted and pressed close. Only when the doors began to open did he smile warmly. Camera flashes left fading stars in my vision. He'd performed as admirably as I had all evening, smiling for the photographer, playing the part of the loving new husband during the ceremony and reception both. The cheering crowd roared as we stepped into the night. A shiver caught me. Temperatures dropped quickly after the sun went down in early March, even in the Malibu Hills. Lavender buds rained down on us, tossed by the wedding party. The men in grey suits with mint shirts acted perfunctory. My bridesmaids, in their sleeveless peach dresses, more than made up for the boys' lack of enthusiasm. My maid of honor Sophia nearly pierced my eardrum with her high-pitched squeal. Our eyes met and she offered a wink that couldn't hide the jealous cast of her expression. And just like that the wedding got a little more perfect. Beside me Gino waved to the crowd. The smile never wavered on his face, even when he had to shake lavender buds from his perfectly coiffed hair. I played my part too: the demure blushing new bride on the happiest day of her life. The facade hit me harder. A part of me had dreamed about a big wedding back before cynicism had crushed my childish romanticism. We continued past the wedding party, my friends in their peach gowns and Gino's men uncomfortable wearing mint dress shirts. Pastels were too girly for made men. Gino had argued when I first showed him the wedding planner's ideas. His men clapped politely but with none of the enthusiasm my friends offered. Beyond the wedding party stood the ceremony's real audience: representatives from the Families. It seemed almost every one of them sent a high-level member or two, The New York Contingent, by far the largest, huddled together next to the groomsman; a dozen men, older and grayer than Gino's boys, underbosses and capos dressed in Armani, offering the same polite claps. Tony, the heir to the Buffalo Syndicate, stood apart from the city men wearing an off-the-rack suit. Gino stopped to accept their congratulations and shake hands. The smile on my face as I clung to his arm never wavered. We all played our parts in this near-perfect wedding. My new husband hailed from the Gabelli family, one of the Five that ran New York City and claimed headship of the rest. Arturo Gabelli himself attended — one of the few Dons to do so. A beautiful ceremony and an even more beautiful bride, the old man said in his quiet, raspy voice. It's good to bring California back into the fold, officially. The other New Yorkers nodded in agreement as we continued toward the car. The Families from outside the five boroughs hadn't earned a personal greeting. We got nods and cheers from the Chicago Outfit's Capo and an underboss from the St. Louis Family. The Seattle representative watched us flat faced. The lanky pale man from the Montreal Family winked at me. At the end of the walkway, next to Gino's town car, stood my father flanked by a couple of his men — goons that towered over my dad, though he was no slouch. In the same white tux jacket he'd led me down the aisle in, he stood tall with a slight smile chiseled on his tanned and weathered face. His teeth flashed when I caught his eyes but the grin didn't make it any higher than his lips. He stepped away from his towering guards to pull me into a hug. I wish your mother could have seen you today, he whispered just for me, squeezing even tighter than my dress bodice. She would have been crying up a storm. You're going to make me cry. Dad, I replied as I pulled back. Had the cancer not taken her a decade ago, a lot of tears would have fallen — more angry than happy, given the circumstances. Neither my father nor I said anything more on the subject. He held me at arm's length. His eyes darted to my waiting husband but he held his tongue. We've got to go if we want to make our plane, Gino said before his hand clasped my bare shoulder. My father nodded and dropped his arms. He beamed the same fake smile he'd flashed earlier. Gino's driver held the back door open for us. I gave one last wave to the assembled guests before ducking into the car. Gino followed suit. His driver shut the door behind him, almost completely silencing the noise of the crowd outside. With tinted glass hiding us from our assembled guests, Gino's warm expression cooled to flat lipped disinterest. He fished out his phone and stared at the screen, tilted away from me. The car shifted when his driver entered. The privacy screen between the front and back continued to keep the crowd noise at bay. I barely felt the car begin to move. The cans tied behind the car clicked and clacked, muffled in the distance. Already keeping secrets from your new wife? I asked in a teasing tone with a nod to Gino's phone. He frowned and met my eyes. His expression soured and he stared out the back window. Did we have to drag cans behind the car? he asked before his eyes fell back to his phone. Oh, come on. It's tradition. Good luck for the newlyweds, or some other sort of nonsense, I replied and leaned closer to glance at his screen. We have to give everyone the show they expect, after all. This is a business deal, nothing more. The screen on his phone darkened and he slipped it back in his suit coat. We both know that. I'll have Frank get rid of them at the first gas station he sees. Such a romantic. I chuckled and fanned myself but didn't move away from Gino. Save some for our honeymoon. Gino's frown grew and his head tilted. Shrewd eyes looked me up and down. He shook his head. What's gotten into you? Are you drunk? he asked. I don't recall seeing you drink more than a glass of champagne at the reception. What had gotten into me? The glass of champagne he'd seen me drink at the reception was my only one and nowhere near enough to even get me tipsy. I knew the score about the facade of our near perfect wedding better than anyone. But right now, my eyes lingered on Gino's strong chin and his pressed-together lips. We'd only shared one kiss when the priest pronounced us in the ceremony. Maybe such a breathtakingly-romantic wedding stirred something in me. I whispered, leaning closer. We are man and wife now, maybe we should seal the deal. I'd rather keep things professional, Gino replied, pressed against the car door to escape me. This whole thing is about bringing your father's organization back to the Five Families' fold. We don't want to... complicate things with feelings. Who said anything about feelings? I countered but gave up and tossed myself across the seat to the other side. I was just talking about a little fun, scratching an itch or two. We could go back to being professional before we even get back from our honeymoon. Gino shifted back into his seat and loosened his tie. The frown on his face remained and he watched me with narrowed eyes. If nothing else, I'd succeeded in confusing him. I'm sure you can find someone to scratch your itch when we get to Elba, he said and pulled out his phone again, angled away from me. You'll have your own room, of course, and will be free to distract yourself any way you want. When I pictured my perfect wedding, it never involved a husband who'd rather stare at his damn phone than perform his husbandly duty. Was that what had gotten into me? Some adolescent desire for a perfect honeymoon after a wedding that had my best friend seeing purple. And when we get back, you'll have all the freedom you want, he continued, eyes remaining on his phone, as long as you're discreet, of course. We can't have people talking, can we? Gee, thanks, I replied, just what every bride wants to hear on her wedding night. We both fell silent. I stared out the window, watching the headlights from passing cars. Gino tapped the screen of his phone, eyes never leaving it. A few minutes of quiet later, the car slowed and turned into a gas station. Three big rigs had parked to the side of the brightly-lit gas station along with a shorter moving van. Only a couple cars filled up at the pumps out front. Gino's driver pulled up behind one. Your driver didn't fill the tank before picking us up? I asked. That's a rookie mistake. I thought we had to get to the airport to make our flight. We have plenty of time, Gino replied. In fact, you might want to get changed before we head to the airport. You want me to change out of my wedding dress in a truck stop bathroom? I glared at him ineffectively. Are you planning on wearing it on the plane? he asked. I honestly hadn't considered. The planning of the actual wedding took up so much of my time in the run up. Gino smiled as the realization hit me. At least that sapped any remaining desire I might have had to turn

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