

The Billionaire's Prodigal Wife Chapter 60

Options

Despite all of Nuncio and Ari's protests, she with the help of Savannah, had convinced them to help her with her plan.

For too long she had let Alessandro and his teams dictate to her what she could and couldn't do publicly and it was time for her to take the reigns of her own publicity. Alessandro Giordano was her husband, and she was going to claim him for all the world to see.

So now, as the limo approached the airport with the news the flight had just touched down, Mackenna was feeling a bit nervous as she noted there were a ton of paparazzi waiting outside the airport as he had been photographed in New York waiting for his connecting flight.

As she stepped out of the car following Nuncio, the sound of someone noticing her arrival caught her ear and she fought the nervous flutter in her stomach.

"Mackenna, are you going on a trip? Are you leaving the city? How do you feel about your husband rushing to your lover's bedside?"

Mackenna stopped and ignored the curse Nuncio spit out. She faced the photographers, grateful for her big sunglasses and the fact she was wearing one of the outfits Alessandro had designed. The pale pink blouse coupled with the high-waisted black bell bottoms and high heeled shoes were businesslike and demure, but she felt powerful and strong in it. She shook her head, "no comment." She spoke clearly and concisely and then walked away.

When they got inside, they made their way to arrivals and Mackenna stood waiting outside the long tunnel waiting for a glimpse of her husband.

"This is a stupid idea," Nuncio muttered for the hundredth time. "Those idiots out there are now multiplying like rabbits because you are here."

"Let them," she shrugged as she removed her sunglasses since they were inside. "I'm not living my life hiding from them anymore. If I want to welcome my husband home from a horrific situation he's had to deal with, then I'm going to and they," she waved her hands at the horde pressing against the glass outside, "can all kiss my a*s."

"I couldn't even warn Carlos. His phone is shut off because of the flight," he growled.

"Not my problem and I told you I didn't want you to tell him anyway, because I didn't want Alessandro vetoing my plan."

She caught a glimpse of him in the distance. He was pulling his phone out and speaking to Carlos. Her phone rang in her hand, and she giggled.

"Mackenna," his voice was tired. "I just landed."

"Hi. Look up." She waved as he did what she instructed. At first, he seemed surprised and then annoyed and looked to Carlos who obviously was getting a text from his brother. Carlos whispered something to him as Alessandro made purposeful strides towards her. He held his arms out and she raced to him and flung herself into his arms just out of the way of the other passengers.

He wrapped her tight in his arms and spun her around holding her so close her face was mashed into his chest. "What are you doing here?" he whispered in her ear, "they are out in droves."

"I don't need protection from them, I just needed to see you. I missed you. Don't be angry." She whispered into his neck.

He set her down on her feet and looked down at her, his eyes smiling, "angry? To even consider you would want to be seen in public with me is a gift. I'm not angry." He looked over her shoulder, "Nuncio looks ready to throttle you and I'm sure Carlos will have words later but I," he tilted her chin with his long forefinger, "I am so happy to see you."

"Then kiss me hello you oaf," she grinned, "I didn't get all dressed up in an Alessandro creation to be ogled. I want to be touched." Her eyes danced merrily as he threw his head back and laughed and then pulled her to his chest again, hugging her close.

"Amore," his voice was thick with emotion, "I have missed your smile." He kissed her temple, her cheek and then her mouth, groaning when she wrapped her good arm around his neck and dug her fingers in her hair. He lifted his mouth a hair from hers, "keep it up and we'll be giving the press more of a show than they bargained for."

She shrugged and giggled, “I don’t care Alessandro. I’m tired of them dictating our relationship. I love you and I don’t care who knows it and,” her words were cut off as he covered her mouth with his

His lips slid across hers as he deepened the kiss, his arm winding around her waist to pull her tight to his body as his finger delved deep into her hair. His tongue slid past her lips as he tasted the exquisite sweetness of the depths of her mouth, minty and sweet. He swallowed her sigh as she kissed him back with equal fervour, demanding more as he realized she was staking her claim on him. He revelled in the feeling of Mackenna taking control and making sure the world knew he was hers.

“God, I love you,” she giggled when he finally broke their kiss, her voice mingling with his breath.

“I love you too,” he rested his head on hers. “Shall we go home?”

“Yes please,” she stepped back from him and grinned widely as he gripped her hand in his as if he weren’t willing to let her go.

“How is your grandmother,” she asked quietly as they walked towards the exit.

“Talking of taking a vacation somewhere hot and exotic with a boy toy,” he chuckled quietly.

“Nonna!” Mackenna met his amused gaze and was happy to see how light and happy his golden gaze was, and he couldn’t stop staring at her.

He stopped suddenly drawing her good hand to his chest. “I am so grateful you met my flight Mackenna. I cannot begin to tell you how worried I was on the flight home knowing all the stuff they are posting. I dreaded the notion you would be angry with me.”

She smiled gently, “I admit, I don’t like being portrayed as the other woman or the one you need to sneak to and from. You’re my husband,” she declared possessively, “and I am done being second fiddle to anyone or anything in your life. I am telling you Alessandro Demarco Benedict Giordano; I am your wife, and you are mine.” Her eyes blazed into his daring him to dispute her.

He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed them, “yes ma’am.” He winked overtly, “it’s a turn-on by the way when you use my full name. We may need make our security ride in a separate car so we can catch up in the back seat.”

Her laugh attracted the attention of others in the airport and Carlos stepped closer.

“If you two are done behaving like a couple of teenagers, we need to get you past the throng of paparazzi outside and into the car.” He looked at Mackenna, “you will go with Nuncio.”

“No,” she stood her ground. “I am walking out there with my head held high, with my husband’s hand in mine and to hell with anyone. You want to keep them away from me, then find a way to back them up but I am not hiding my face in Nuncio’s shoulder. I am not. Also, this outfit is made to be photographed. It’s an Alessandro creation.” She heard Alessandro chuckle.

“You heard the boss,” Alessandro waved at Carlos to precede them. “It’s time Mackenna Giordano made the appearance she deserves.”

They stepped into the sunshine and in the direction of the car. She kept her hand in Alessandro’s and squeezed his when she felt his body immediately tense at the questions being fired in their direction. She looked at him and whispered, “screw them Alessandro. I love you. They don’t matter.”

His chuckle made her smile, and he shook his head. “I never thought I’d see the day you were reassuring me about them instead of the opposite.”

They reached the car and Nuncio almost pushed her and Alessandro into the car and she laughed at how rough he was being. “Bully.” She stuck her tongue at him as he slipped into the car after Alessandro.

Carlos slid in after Nuncio and Rio after him. Ari was in the front seat with the driver and then they were away.

Mackenna snuggled up to Alessandro and rested her head on his shoulder. “I’m so glad you’re home.”

“If you pull a stunt like this again, I’ll have your head,” Carlos warned her furiously. He looked to Nuncio, “what were you thinking?”

“I was thinking she is my boss and as much as I wish I would have had more time to plot out a better route and a safer plan, I agree with her.” Nuncio challenged his older brother outright. “Her thought process isn’t wrong. The tabloids are obsessed with her because they think she’s a secret. Expose her. Put her out there and make sure everyone knows how dull and boring they

are,” he grinned, “sorry Mac but you spend more nights reading in bed than you do anything else.”

“See,” she waved at Nuncio, “we’re sensational right now because nobody knew about me. I know you kept the press away from me because you thought you were protecting me Alessandro but at the end of the day, I’m like a dirty little secret to them.”

“You were never a dirty little secret to me,” he protested, “I only wanted you for myself and not dragged through the mud.”

“I know it now. I believe you really did keep our marriage and our relationship private to protect me but that’s long gone. It’s time to start just living our lives like normal people again and eventually they will go away.” She grimaced, “or at least the bulk of them will.”

Alessandro took a breath. “Okay, we will try it your way.” As Carlos opened his mouth he shook his head, “Carlos, we have tried it our way and look at the circus out there. It’s been months and with every headline, they multiply. Let’s just say screw them and do what we want.” He looked at Mackenna seriously, “although moving forward, can you give Nuncio and Carlos more than an hour warning for such a stunt? I don’t need the best security team I’ve ever had suddenly all quitting at once because you’re behaving like my mother.”

She put her head back on his shoulder and smiled as he kissed her hair again. She wove her fingers through his and smiled. “How were your parents?”

“My father is hurting,” Alessandro admitted quietly. “He and his father were always at odds, and they never got along, especially when my father was running House of Giordano. Their relationship was always strained. He said he always knew he was not a good man but had never understood the lengths of his depravity. He said he is heartbroken for what he missed, and he’s started an in-house investigation into any and all models my grandfather would have had any kind of influence over.” He spoke quietly, “he is worried there are more than one who went through what Dulce has gone through over the years.”

“I never even thought of such a thing,” Mackenna spoke quietly, “but it’s possible, isn’t it?”

"It is." He sighed deeply. "My father asked me to come back to House of Giordano and help him sort out the mess."

Mackenna didn't say anything.

"I told him no," he reassured her. "I am very much looking forward to beginning the next chapter of our lives. I feel hopeful and excited for the future for the first time in a long time and I have no desire to go back."

"Alessandro, are you sure?"

"I have never been surer of anything in my life," he replied seriously. He turned so they were facing each other, "Mackenna, I love the community you have immersed yourself in and I am so excited to be part of it and to merge my world with yours again. I feel I've been given a second chance and I don't want to miss a moment of it."

She reached up and kissed his lips softly, "I would follow you anywhere, but I am so relieved to know we are staying here."

She snuggled against him again and then grinned when Nuncio spoke

"Are you two done being mushy now? It's giving me indigestion."

"Ha!" Mackenna sat up and pointed at him. "Alessandro, I forgot to tell you. She said yes!"

Alessandro reached over and clapped Nuncio on the shoulder, "Congratulations."

Carlos hugged him and they were all laughing as they pulled into the apartment complex. Carlos smiled dropped off. "They raced us here."

"So, what," Mackenna said with a sneer and looked to Alessandro. "I'm not hiding."

"I don't want you to. I will follow your lead, my love." Alessandro gave Carlos a pointed glance. "Let's go."

Carlos and Rio were the first ones out of the car, Alessandro followed, and he stopped and turned and extended his hand to help Mackenna out of the car. He met her eyes just before she popped her sunglasses back on her face and he smiled. He pulled her towards him, and Nuncio followed out.

The paparazzi were going crazy tossing question after question at them, but Mackenna took her time, holding Alessandro's hand as he escorted her to the entrance of the building.

He looked down at her at his side and grinned wickedly. "Are you sure you're ready to be on the cover of every trash tabloid?"

She grinned up at him, noting the devil dancing in his eyes. "Yes, what are you going to – "

Her words were cut off as without warning, in full view of every camera, he pulled her abruptly into his arms and kissed her full on the mouth, deeply and without any reservation. What was likely only a few seconds long of a kiss, felt like an eternity as Mackenna kissed him back with equal fervour. He then grinned and ignoring the hisses of annoyance from their security team they made their way into the secure building, Mackenna's cheeks flaming red at the very brazen display they had just put on.