



New York Times Best Selling Author

MELODY
ANNE

The
Lost

Tycoon

Baby For The Billionaire
Book Five

The Lost Tycoon

Book Five in the Baby for the Billionaire Series

by Melody Anne

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This is a work of fiction. Names,

characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

This is a work of romantic fiction, and for dramatic purposes, some liberties have been taken with procedures of the FBI, federal prosecution, and the United States Federal Witness Protection Program.

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Dedication

This is dedicated to a new and dear friend, Kathiey. I could sit and talk to her until all hours of the night. Wait! We do that already! I am so glad to know you, Kathiey, and I can't wait for the fun adventures ahead.

Note from the Author

I can't believe it is time for another book to come out! When you have a job that you love so much, it's never work — it's pure joy. This story begins so much differently than my other books do, and then it takes a few twists and turns that I wasn't expecting. That's what I love about writing. Nothing is set in stone. I can go where the story leads me, and I often do!

I am so excited about the new year. It promises many new adventures, and many new surprises for all of you. Thank you, as always, for the wonderful support you give me. I hope you enjoy my book about Bryson and Misty. I don't normally have favorite characters, but I have to say that I wept a few times with Misty. When I'm writing a story, I always talk to people I know about it; I listen to their opinions and

accounts of relevant incidents in their lives. I'm deeply saddened to know that there are people out there like Misty; even worse, most of them don't get to experience a happy ending.

Thank you again for sticking with me. To win prizes each month, make sure you join me on Facebook, Twitter and my website. It's one of our ways of showing appreciation to all that you do for me.

A lot of love goes to my family and friends. I can't do any of this without you! I love you all! Now that the book is done, I'll come out of my cave and we'll have a pizza party!!

Melody Anne

A Note to the Reader

If you've read the standard disclaimer, you'll know that this is a work of fiction. In fact, it's a work of romantic fiction, and as

such it has just a bit of fantasy in it. We all want our drama and our happy endings, and to achieve that, I've taken liberties with certain procedures of the FBI, federal prosecution, and the United States Federal Witness Protection Program. It seemed only right.

Books by Melody Anne

BILLIONAIRE BACHELORS

- *The Billionaire Wins the Game
- *The Billionaire's Dance
- *The Billionaire Falls
- *The Billionaire's Marriage Proposal
- *Blackmailing the Billionaire
- *Runaway Heiress
- *The Billionaire's Final Stand
- *Unexpected Treasure
- *Hidden Treasure – **Coming Soon**

BABY FOR THE BILLIONAIRE

- +The Tycoon's Revenge
- +The Tycoon's Vacation

+The Tycoon's Proposal

+The Tycoon's Secret

+The Lost Tycoon

+The Tycoon Doctor – **Coming Soon**

RISE OF THE DARK ANGEL

-Midnight Fire – Rise of the Dark Angel – Book

One

-Midnight Moon – Rise of the Dark Angel –

Book Two

-Midnight Storm – Rise of the Dark Angel –

Book Three

-Midnight Eclipse – Rise of the Dark Angel –

Book Four – **Coming Soon**

Surrender

=Surrender – Book One

=Submit – Book Two

=Seduced – Book Three

=Scorched – Book Four

Chapter One

“I swear I didn’t see anything.”

Her heartbeat thrashed in her ears
as Misty Elton backed away.

“What in the hell were you
snooping around for?” His eyes
bulged and his fists balled tightly
together.

“I was just looking for a sweatshirt
because the apartment was cold. I
swear. I didn’t see anything.” Misty
was almost sobbing. Her eyes
darted toward the door, and she

inched toward it, away from his
deadly fists, trying to lock her
shaking knees together in her flight-
or-fight response to what she saw in
his face.

Hatred. Loathing. The very devil
resided inside him — she was sure
of it.

She had no doubt about the way this
was going to end. When his voice
rose like that, to an almost
squealing pitch, when the corners of
his mouth tightened and when his
fingers firmed, turning his hands

into brutal, merciless weapons, it meant she was going to get hurt.

The evidence stood out, practically glowing like a neon light. She'd never before had such a great wish to turn back the clock, to undo one mistake. She'd only been searching for a sweatshirt in the trunk in the room — that was all — and instead she'd found his stash. And that was the moment he'd found her. If he'd come in only a minute later, she'd have closed the lid and rushed from the room, and he never would have

known.

As he took a step closer, her stomach turned over. This was worse than usual — this wouldn't be a typical punishment. She knew his intentions from the cold fury of his gaze.

“I promise I won't slip up, won't tell another soul what I saw,” she pleaded. “I swear. It was only a sweatshirt I was looking for!”

“Come here, Misty!” he growled, ignoring her plea as she took another step back. “Now!”

In the past, such words from him stopped any trace of resistance. She knew that if she ran, it could only end one way: he'd pursue her and give her at least one broken bone. If she screamed or cowered, she'd see his eyes light with pleasure as he continued to pummel her.

She'd been with this man for a whole year. In the beginning, she'd thought he was so impressive, a good-looking cop who wanted her. *He'd actually wanted her!* It hadn't taken long for her to see his true

colors, but from the moment he'd set his sights on her, it was too late.

Once Jesse wanted something, he either got it or that something disappeared forever. She'd discovered that the hard way — the painful way. She was trapped. No one and nowhere to turn to. Her only escape from him ever was when she worked part time at a local diner, and even then, he would show up at random intervals to check in on her. If he saw the smallest indication of flirting —

and just talking to another man
usually counted as flirting to him —
Misty would feel Jesse's fists when
she got home.

The one time she'd tried to leave
him... A shudder passed through
her. She didn't have time to think
about that — she needed to stay
focused on this moment, on this
situation. If she lost concentration
for even a second, he would
pounce, and she knew that this time
she wouldn't see daylight ever
again.

He kept his eye on her as he sat on the edge of the bed and untied his work boots, looking as if he had all the time in the world. In his mind he did. Still, the faster he got out of his clothes, the more ready he would be to torture her in the most sadistic ways possible.

She thought about running while he was tugging first one boot off and then the other, but it wouldn't give her enough of a head start. No. She had to plan this just right.

Lately the beatings had been worse

than ever before — bad enough, in
fact, ~~that she couldn't take it~~
anymore, even if she died trying to
escape. And she might. She'd saved
some money — money he'd be
furious about if he knew what she
was doing — and she'd been
planning on leaving in two days.
That was when he had the long shift.
She'd be several hundred miles
away before he ever knew.
Even with his resources, he
wouldn't find her — not this time.
She shuddered when she thought

back to the last time she'd tried to leave. She was trying to concentrate on the here and now, but her mind had other ideas. That attempted escape had landed her in the hospital for two weeks in intensive care. She'd even tried pressing charges, but somehow the paperwork had been buried. He'd warned her that if she tried that again, she wouldn't wake up.

She believed him.

So now they were in a face-off. She was so close to freedom, so

close...

“Are you listening to me, bitch?”

Misty froze. He'd stood back up and drawn a couple of steps closer to her.

“I swear, Jesse, I didn't see anything. I won't tell a soul. I was just looking for a sweatshirt.”

“Yeah. That's what my last ex said, too. Then the whore ran to the cops — my buddies. They were good enough to tell me about the lying little tramp. Do you see her around, Misty?”

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