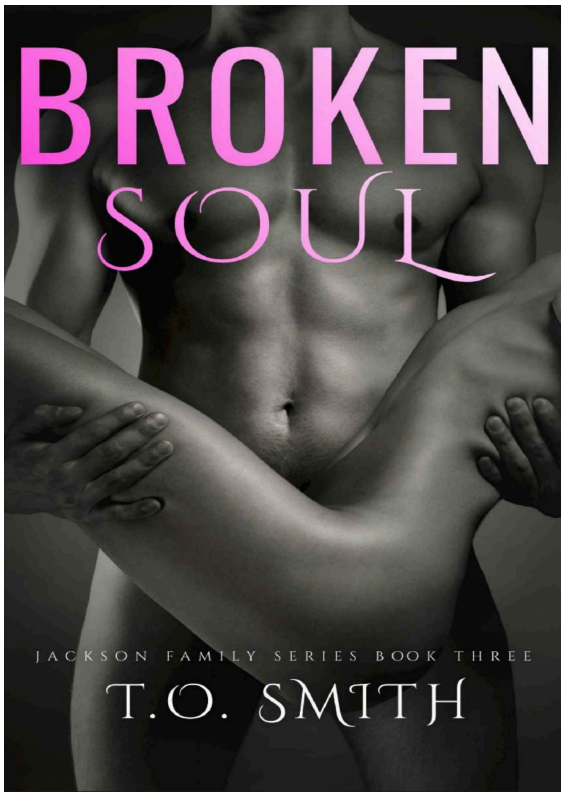


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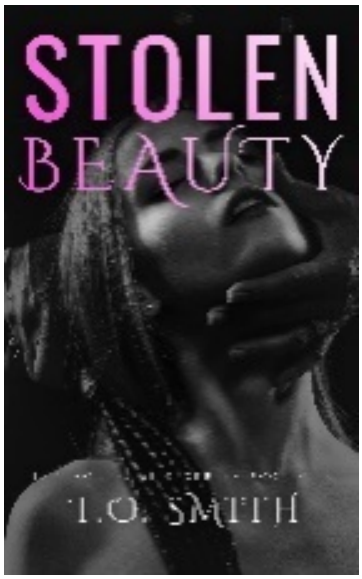
About the Author

For Riley, my reason for everything that I do.

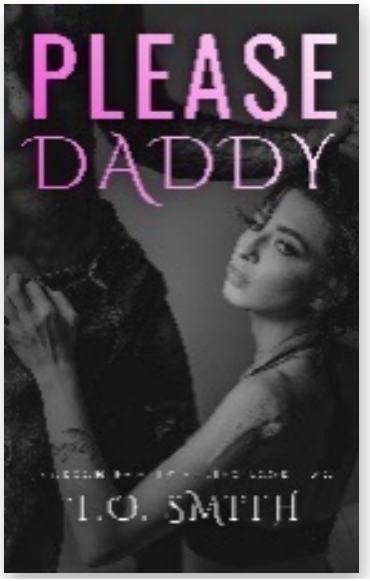
For every reader who read Stolen Beauty and Please, Daddy and asked for Jaxon's story.

all books in the trilogy

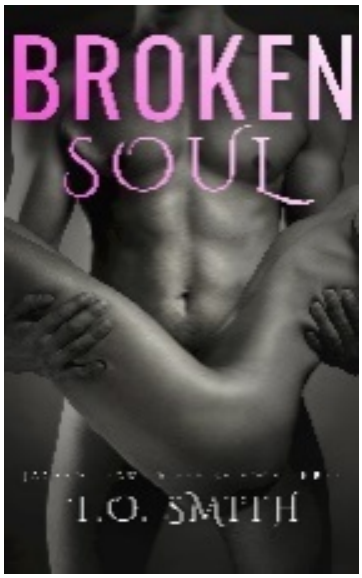
These books do NOT have to be read in order to be understood.



Stolen Beauty



Please, Daddy



Broken Soul

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I RAPPED TWICE on James's office door, waiting for his summon before I walked inside. Both of my guards stood tall outside of James's door.

They knew not to fuck around, especially when I could see them. As a caporegime, I held everyone under me to a high standard. Fuck up, and it was a bullet between your eyes. I didn't want an explanation about why it had happened.

The people we swore to protect were too important for screw-ups.

James, Adrian, and Darren were standing in the office. "Shut the door behind you," James told me.

I shut James's office door before striding further into the room. "Got an offer to make you," Darren spoke up.

I arched an eyebrow at the underboss. "And that would be?"

He grinned before looking at James. James's face still hadn't changed, but that was normal for him. The only time the man seemed to show a hint of emotion was when his wife or his son was around.

"I want to promote you," James told me.

I concealed my shock well. Instead, I cocked my head slightly to the side. "To what position?"

I'd busted my ass to protect this family. I'd watched my father do it and give his life, but that hadn't frightened me.

It had fueled me.

"Consigliere," James informed me.

Jesus fuck.

I looked at Adrian who was filling a glass with Scotch before I looked back at the Don. "You already have one," I reminded him.

Darren cleared his throat. I glanced over at him. "Actually, with James also taking over everything in Mexico that previously belonged to my wife, my brother needs extra hands on deck."

I looked back at James. "And you think I'm the right fit for this?" I gestured towards Darren. "I'm not much different than your little brother here."

Darren and I didn't like being in offices all day, constantly in meetings and dealing with the business side of shit. We liked to get our hands dirty – and bloody.

James snorted. "Trust me, I fucking know." Darren grinned at his older brother. "You and Darren will be working more closely together. You'll handle the dirtier part of the job this way Adrian is freed up to work alongside me more where I actually need him."

"Not happy about being pulled from the field," Adrian grumbled.

James rolled his eyes at his best friend. "You'll deal."

Adrian flipped James his middle finger. The don gave me back his attention. "If you want the position, it is yours. You know this family. You know how we operate. You're loyal, and I know you can be trusted."

I shrugged at him. "So long as you promise my ass isn't sitting behind a desk all goddamn day, then yeah, I'll take it."

James grunted in annoyance, and my lips twitched. Darren didn't bother hiding his amusement at his brother's annoyance. "You two," he said, pointing between me and his brother, "drive me to drink." He turned to Adrian. "Pour me a glass, will you?"

Darren chuckled. “Not all of us like stuffy ass suits, James.”

I pulled at my own suit jacket. “Does this mean I don’t have to wear this bullshit anymore?”

James grunted again and dropped into the chair behind his desk. “Uniform is now whatever the hell you want it to be. You two shoo,” he ordered, waving his hand towards the door. I snorted. “Celebration will be held tonight. I expect *everyone* to be in formal attire, am I clear?”

“Fucking hell,” Darren swore.

James narrowed his eyes at Darren. Darren just scoffed and strode out of the office. I nodded once at James and Adrian in parting before I followed Darren out. Normally, men like me did a swear-in, but I’d been a made man for a long fucking time now.

“Fucking hate goddamn suits,” Darren grumbled like a petulant child. He looked over at me. “I’m doing fuck all until this shit later tonight that James has planned to congratulate you on moving up in the food chain.” My lips twitched with amusement. So, James had automatically known I’d take the position. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have already organized this. “I suggest you get some rest. Never know what the fuck can go down at these functions.”

I knew that as well. For the past almost fifteen years, I’d been the one setting up protection on the family, on their home, and checking the guestlist for every function as well as identities. This kind of thing wasn’t new to me.

Still, because I didn’t like the thought of anyone else handling this shit, I went downstairs to make sure security was still tight and that everyone was doing what they were supposed to do.

Not a goddamn thing could happen to this family.

Something was off.

It was all I'd been able to focus on all night, and that bad feeling was getting worse.

The celebration was in full swing. Emmaline was by James's side, their son on his hip. Emmaline was dressed in a beautiful, floor-length blue gown, her blonde hair swept up into an intricate knot on the back of her head, a few tendrils escaping to frame her face. Her hands were covered with gloves, her collar around her neck.

Darren's wife, Juliana, was by his side, their baby girl cradled in his arm, his other arm wrapped around her waist. She was wearing a midnight-black gown, her hair pinned back on one side, the curls draped over her other shoulder.

Everyone looked to be having a grand time, but there was a feeling in my gut that something was going to go wrong.

I walked up to James, smiling at the couple he was talking to as I did so. He glanced over at me before looking back at his guests. "Excuse me for a moment, will you?"

He grabbed Emmaline's hand in his and walked off to the edge of the ballroom with me, his eyes hard. "What's going on?"

"Gut feeling," I told him. "Something's going to happen."

James didn't take my gut feelings lightly. I survived off my gut, and if I felt like something was going to happen, it was.

He nodded once. "I'll get them to the bunk. Inform Darren."

With that, James strode off, making polite talk as he weaved through the crowd, leading Emmaline and their son to the bunk down in the basement where they would be safe. After informing Darren of what was going on, he followed after his brother.

I kept my eyes peeled, making polite small talk with the mayor and some other council members as I did so. James and Darren appeared back at my side a minute later. Adrian popped up as well.