

# **TO REIGN SUPREME**

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A  
**JAXON REIGNS**  
ACTION THRILLER

**ALEX ANDER**

## CHAPTER 1

### THE BLACK ROSE

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8 DECEMBER—9:11 P.M.  
NEW YORK CITY  
“THE BLACK ROSE”  
A GENTLEMEN’S CLUB

**S**itting alone in a dark corner, his back to the wall, Jaxon Reigns scanned the female servers who wore the same all-black outfits—knee boots with three-inch heels, rose-patterned fishnet stockings, low-cut tank tops, and micro miniskirts with hems that swayed with every step, or fluttered higher with every spin of the hips.

Except for the two women seated at a table on his left, the rest of the three dozen patrons were adult males from all age groups, dressed in all manner of attire from jeans and tennis shoes to three-piece suits and dress shoes.

The club’s decor resembled a comfortable den. Burgundy leather chairs and sofas intermingled with tall tables and tall chairs. Around the perimeter were floor-to-ceiling bookcases and large wall-mounted portraits of prominent men. Overhead, dark wooden beams intersected to make an upside-down chess board of lighter-colored squares. On Jaxon’s right, a fire blazed in a wide stone fireplace with a white marble mantel.

The main lights went out, leaving the servers with only the low-wattage nightlights sunk into the floor to navigate the crisscrossing walkways among the tables.

On Jaxon’s eleven o’clock, on the opposite side of the establishment, two spotlights traversed a stage. Their beams made an ‘X,’ moved about, then zeroed in on a woman dressed in a brown, pin-striped business suit, a black tie around her long neck, her hair in a bun. Black, oversized spectacles magnified round eyes and long eyelashes.

Jaxon picked up his cell phone and swiped the screen a few times.

An image appeared.

He held the device a little higher, his line of sight going from the mobile to the redhead who now had everyone's attention. He grimaced and bobbed his head from side to side a bit. *It could be her.*

The spotlights followed the early-twenties woman, as she strode to center stage, the club's speakers sending out a low drumbeat with each runway-model footstep she took. She set a briefcase on a table, thumbed two latches, and opened the case.

The drumbeat slowly grew louder, faster.

Removing and folding her glasses, she carefully placed them in the case and freed her hair from the bun.

Red, curly locks cascaded down over her shoulders.

The spotlights went out.

The music stopped.

Ten seconds of silence mixed with a few murmurs and a single, short-lived whistle.

Five more seconds of anticipation passed.

From the four corners of the stage, bright lights came on and engulfed the platform.

Twice as loud as earlier, the drumbeat returned, faster this time, and was joined by an electric guitar ensemble to create a speedy rock-and-roll tune from the 1970s.

The redhead swept the briefcase aside, stripped off her suit coat and pants, and climbed onto the table wearing red thigh boots, a red thong, and a red corset-style demi bra that stopped halfway between her breasts and her belly button.

Holding up his phone, while swinging his head back and forth to get in sync with her violent gyrations, Jaxon tried to match the digital image with the bumping and grinding woman.

After two minutes of table dancing, she slithered to the stage, did a provocative promenade around the perimeter, and finished off with a running slide toward the front of the stage, ending on both knees, her arms out to her sides, her head hanging down behind her, her hair touching the floor, her chest heaving.

The patrons applauded and cheered.

Jaxon frowned. *Come on, lady. Just lift your head and show me your—*

She righted her head a split-second before the stage lights went out.

Moments later, the club's lighting returned to its normal dimly lit setting.

The performer was gone.

Gritting his teeth, his mind dialing up a curse word, he made a fist, as his eyes picked up red wavy locks. Jaxon adjusted his gaze an inch to the left and spotted another red-headed, early-twenties woman behind the bar located to the left of the stage. After comparing her to the photo on his phone, he slid the device into an inside pocket on his coat and made his way to the other side of the club.

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“Don’t look now, girl, but I think you have an admirer heading this way.” Standing behind the club’s bar, dressed in The Black Rose’s all-black “uniform,” a twenty-something server with black, straight, collar-length hair arranged beverages on a circular tray. “He hasn’t taken his eyes off you.”

A woman with a long, wavy mane of red hair broke away from her task for two beats to spy the approaching stranger wearing an unzipped, brown leather jacket that came down to his knees.

Jaxon leaned over a round stool. “Excuse me, ma’am.”

The women glanced up before going back to their work.

“I was wondering if I might have a word with you.”

The black-haired woman raised a finger. “We don’t date the customers, dude.”

“Charlene!” said the redhead. “He’s a paying customer.”

“They *all* are. So just,” Charlene flicked four fingers toward Jaxon, “go back and sit down,” before she picked up her tray, button hooked around the end of the bar, and made a beeline for her tables.

In the dim lighting, Redhead took in Jaxon’s features—brown hair, cut short; manicured eyebrows; prominent and wide chin; broad shoulders; straight-spined, dominant bearing; chest muscles protruding from under his black shirt.

“I think there’s been some misunderstanding. I’m not—”

“Look, you’re cute and all, but,” Redhead made a face, “you’ve got to be what...twice my age? And, like Char said...”

Arching his brows, he teetered backward an inch. *Twice my age? Ouch.*

“...I don’t date customers.” Redhead scooped up her tray and hurried away, her spiked heels clicking off the tile flooring.

Jaxon lowered himself onto the nearest stool and watched her dole out drinks, stroll to other tables, and take new orders. Unable to resist the urge any longer, he let his eyes wander to her long, lean legs and the boots rising a touch above her kneecaps.

Minutes later, scribbling on a notepad, her round tray pinned between her left arm and body, she hustled back behind the bar.

Jaxon half swiveled to face her. “Just so we’re clear...I’m not here to date you. I only want,” he held up an open hand, “five minutes of your time.”

“Can’t right now.” She filled two glasses with vodka. “Too busy.”

Charlene drew up on Redhead’s nine o’clock. “Great. Four more just came in.” She grabbed a couple bottles. “It’s crazy in here.”

Jaxon cranked his head left, toward the door, and eyeballed four dark-skinned men with black beards standing just inside the front door.

The foursome pivoted their heads, each one taking in a different compass point.

One man’s gaze fell upon Jaxon. The man nudged his fellow companions and motioned.

They all stared in Jaxon’s direction.

“Table six needs four beers, Char. Can you take that for me? My act’s coming up, and I need to get ready.”

Each member of the foursome reached inside their black trench coats. Two men hauled out pistols. The other two threw back the lapels of their coats and raised rifles.

Whirling to his right and rolling over the bar...

From the front door area, four male voices: “Allahu Akbar!”

...Jaxon landed on his feet and dropped to the floor, dragging Redhead with him.

Weapons fire filled the club.

Glasses shattered.

Alcohol sprayed into the air.

Bullets slamming into their bodies, patrons and servers fell, toppling tables and chairs.

The music stopped.

The woman who had been dancing on the stage ran away from the front door.

Zippering across her bare back, a horizontal line of holes appeared.

She sprawled out face first and slid another three feet on her stomach.

On her butt, her back against the shelves that held liquor bottles, Redhead screamed. “What’s going on? Is that shooting?” She got her feet under her and made ready to stand. “Oh, my G—”

“Kaylee, get,” sitting on her right, Jaxon clutched her micro miniskirt and yanked a little too hard, “down.”

Her garment sliding down to her upper thighs, her heels losing traction, she stumbled, twirled, and fell onto her savior’s lap, their noses ending up two inches apart. She peeped into his hazel eyes and noticed golden, brownish-green hues.

He gawked at her blue eyes—wide and narrow and sporting dark eyeliner and curly lashes, “Sorry about that,” then pivoted her body off him. “Please keep your head down.”

She hiked her skirt back up to her waist. “But we—”

A sustained burst of gunfire.

Kaylee flinched and covered her head. “We have to get out of here. They’re going to kill us.”

“And we will.” He sprang to his feet and peeked over the bar.

Shooting people, shoving others, two gunmen advanced toward the bar area.

Jaxon faced the woman. “Is there another way out of here—besides the front door?”

Turning away from him and pointing to her left, she spotted Charlene and let out a truncated scream.

A hole between her open eyes, Charlene lay motionless on her right side, a line of red tracing a path across her forehead.

Seeing what she was seeing, “There’s nothing you can do for her now,” Jaxon caught Kaylee by her right elbow, helped her to her feet, then ushered her forward. “Stay low and keep moving.”

Tiptoeing over Charlene’s still form, casting a quick glance at her friend, Kaylee covered her mouth with her free hand. “I’m so sorry, Char.”

“Which way’s the exit?”

Hunched over, the server turned left at the end of the bar. “It’s through that arch—”

Projectiles shattered the mirror behind the liquor bottles, and several of the bottles exploded.

Alcohol and glass shards rained down.

Ducking lower, Jaxon and Kaylee scurried through an archway and into a short hallway.

## CHAPTER 2

### BREASTS AND BUTTS

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Casting glances over his shoulder, expecting to see a gunman, Jaxon peeled back the right half of his long coat, drew his Ruger-57 pistol, and followed Kaylee down a murky hallway.

She motioned. "In here."

Trailing behind her, he sidestepped into a room at the back of the club.

Female screams.

He faced forward and got a panoramic view of a dozen women in various stages of undress. Breasts and butts either greeted him in the flesh or reflected off mirrors running down both sides of a runway. Dressing stations butted up to the mirrors.

The women snatched clothing and covered themselves.

Kaylee pivoted toward Jaxon, saw the Ruger, and snarled at him. "What the hell is that?"

He shut and locked the door, then gestured toward the room. "What the hell is *this*? You said there was a back door out of here."

She flung an arm toward the opposite side of the space. "It's through that closet area. We use it all the time when we want to come in...already dressed for our acts."

He gave her a nudge. "Show me."

She led him toward the half-naked women.

He stopped and shot a look over his shoulder before eyeballing the performers. *They'll only be targets if they stay here.* "Okay," he swung both arms up and toward his 'guide' a couple times, "everybody out. Follow Kaylee. *Move-move.*"

A topless blonde on his right slid arms into a blue robe and opened a drawer.

He slammed it shut. "Leave everything. Nothing's more important than your life." He laid five fingers between her shoulder blades and pushed before stepping left to grab another blonde and steer her in the same direction. "Go, go, go!"



The women fell in line behind Kaylee, and the conga line of exposed skin snaked left around a corner.

Stepping into the walk-in closet of lingerie, bras, thong underwear, nylons, and exotic footwear, Jaxon heard a thud behind him. He looked back.

Another thud was followed by the door bowing inward a bit.

He darted for the door under the red 'EXIT' sign while knocking over clothing racks as he passed them, creating an obstacle course for whoever followed him.

He came to the last upright stand and saw a dozen full-length fuzzy robes in various colors. Feeling the cold December air rushing into the building, his mind envisioning the scantily clad females, he gathered up an armful of robes in one motion, ripped them from their hangers, and caught up to the two blondes from earlier.

Outside, the temperature had dipped to the lower thirties, and a light snow was falling. A thin layer of the white stuff had already covered the alleyway.

Two gunshots and a loud crash came from the dressing room.

Jaxon kicked the door closed. "Hey..." he took hold of the nearest blonde's left arm, "you two."

Both women faced him.

"Take these and," he piled the articles into the women's outstretched arms, "pass them out." Rising to tiptoes and swaying left and right, he found the 'redhead' he was interested in and hurried toward her. "Get a robe, ladies, then," he flung out an arm, "spread out in different directions and find a place to hide. Don't give them one big target to shoot at." Confronting Kaylee, "You're with me," Jaxon gripped her forearm and pulled.

She pulled back and broke his hold. "What are you doing?"

He turned toward her. "I need that five minutes you promised me."

"I'm not going anywhere with you," she poked her chin at the gun in his hand, "especially since you have *that*."

He pointed the weapon skyward and twisted it twice. "Comes in handy when people are trying to kill you."

"Still, I'm not—"

Wrapping his left arm around her waist, "Not the time or place for this, Miss Kincaid," Jaxon moved her along.

Her body wriggling in his grasp, “Get your,” she cursed, “hands off me,” while trying to pry his arm away from her belly.

The rear door to The Black Rose burst open.

A tick later, the other women screeched.

Jaxon pushed Kaylee to the pavement, did a clockwise one-eighty, and leveled his semi-auto at two dark-skinned men with black beards.

Seeing him, the men raised their pistols.

Jaxon depressed the Ruger-57’s thumb safety and worked the trigger. In less than three seconds, he expended half of the weapon’s twenty-round magazine of 5.7x28-millimeter, 31-grain, FN Herstal SS190 ball ammo. The light recoil of the 5.7mm round made it easy for him to keep his shots on target.

Jittering in place, the ‘Beards’ absorbed all ten rounds and collapsed.

The door swung back and bonked off a dead man’s head twice before coming to rest against his hair.

Grabbing a full magazine from under his coat, Jaxon performed a tactical reload, stowed the partial mag in a pants pocket, spun left, and reached for Kaylee. “We really must be going now, Miss Kincaid.”

On her left side, her boots, stockings, skirt, and tank top coated in snow, she stared at the carnage downrange. “You,” she faltered, “you just killed those men.”

He stooped and helped her to her feet. “Only because they would’ve done the same to us.” Taking her hand in his, he jogged toward the next corner, the building on his left.

She trotted after him, looking back every third or fourth step to gape at the dead men. “Who are you...that you can just kill like that?”

Ten feet from the building’s corner.

“Someone who does what needs to be done, so that...”

Five feet from the building’s corner.

“...good people like you get to live to see another—” he rounded the corner and came face to face with ‘Beards’ three and four, their long guns pointed downward.

Startled, Beard 3 lifted his weapon.

Jaxon let go of Kaylee, pushed Beard 3’s gun muzzle to the right, and shot the man in the face five times at point blank range.

She gasped.

He shoved the standing corpse to the right and pivoted left, toward Beard 4.

Instead of taking aim, Beard 4 swung his rifle upward.

The steel barrel smacked Jaxon's gun hand.

The Ruger flew into the air.

His right wrist and forearm on fire, he sent his left elbow into Beard 4's left cheek.

His head whipping to his right, the last remaining terrorist staggered backward.

Jaxon advanced, grabbed the gun barrel with his smarting right hand, and drove the muzzle upward.

The rifle discharged a round into the air.

Jaxon sunk his left fist into his adversary's stomach.

The man doubled over.

Kicking his opponent's feet out from under him...

Beard 4 dropped to his knees.

...Jaxon got two hands on the rifle, straddled him from behind, positioned the weapon under the man's chin, and wrenched backward.

His Adam's apple being crushed, Beard 4 wheezed.

Riding his prey to the concrete, the rifle still pressing on his enemy's throat, Jaxon drove his six-foot, one-seventy-five frame down on top of the man.

Crack!

The terrorist's body went limp.

Her hands covering her mouth, her wide eyes going from the man with no face to the man lying face down in the alley, Kaylee gawked at the spectacle of violence.

Jaxon stood, unloaded the rifle, and tossed the gun and magazine in different directions before retrieving his Ruger and taking Kaylee by the hand. "Let's go."

## CHAPTER 3

### JUST STOP RIGHT NOW

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**P**ulling on Kaylee's hand, Jaxon ran down a narrow backstreet. "We're in the alley on the west side of the club and need extraction." He ended his call and stowed his phone.

Digging in her heels, her boots skidding on the slick pavement, Kaylee nearly fell on her backside when she pulled up short and threw her weight backward while tugging her hand free of his grip. "Stop. Just stop right now."

He faced her. "What is it? Something wrong?"

She screwed up her face. "Is something *wrong*? Yeah. A whole hell of a lot is wrong." She grabbed a couple breaths and exhaled, sending puffy clouds into the night air. "Why is this happening? Why were those men after us? Don't terrorists just keep shooting people until they blow themselves up," her voice broke on her last word, as she shuddered and hugged herself, "or until there aren't any more people left to shoot at?"

Jaxon slipped off his long coat and approached her.

Kaylee motioned toward the direction from which they had just come. "That seemed like some...some..."

He draped the jacket over her shoulders.

"...some organized, coordinated attack back there." She overlapped the coat's lapels in front of her, brought her boots together, and hiked her shoulders to her neck. A beat. "On *us*. Why *us*? Why are they trying to kill *us*?" She lowered her voice and acknowledged the kind act. "Thank you. I'm freezing."

"I thought you would've snagged one of those robes back there."

She flipped her hair out from under the jacket, shook her head at the pointed toes of her boots, "I forgot to," then blew out a rolling haze of CO<sub>2</sub> while bobbing up and down at the knees a few times to get her blood pumping.

Standing behind her, Jaxon observed her red locks hanging down between her shoulder blades. "Look, I know this must be mind-blowing for you, but I promise. If you'll just come with me, I can explain everything."

Kaylee cranked her head around and got another close-up of his hazel eyes over her left shoulder. She also got a better view of his features from an overhead streetlight.

“Something tells me I overshot your age, didn’t I?”

The thirty-two-year-old Jaxon flashed a smile. “Only by a decade.”

After glimpsing his ‘pearly whites,’ as well as a dimple materializing on each cheek, she offered up a faint grin of her own. “Sorry.”

“No harm done. And, as I said, earlier...I’m not here to date you.”

After giving him a longer once-over, liking what she was seeing, she frowned. “So why *are* you here?”

He arched his brows.

She nodded and faced forward. “We’re back to that five-minute conversation again, aren’t we?”

From the street that passed by the front of The Black Rose, a vehicle squealed around a corner and zoomed down the alley, its headlights lighting up Jaxon and Kaylee from behind.

“I realize, Miss Kincaid, that you’ve known me all of three and a half minutes, but,” pivoting to stand in front of her, he cupped her shoulders, “if my intentions had been anything less than honorable, I’d have already had plenty of time to carry them out.”

Standing five-eight in her three-inch, high-heeled boots, she tipped her head back to peer into his eyes, squinting a moment later. *Wow. They’re gorgeous.*

A black Chevrolet Tahoe stopped six feet from the couple. Its driver’s door swung open.

A man as wide as he was tall emerged from the SUV and laid one tree trunk of a forearm on the door frame and one on the ride’s roof. “I hope I’m not interrupting anything, Jax, but we really should be bugging out. The police are on their way.”

Something clicked in Kaylee’s mind, and she scowled at Jaxon. “Why aren’t we just waiting for the police? They’ll figure out what’s going on.”

The man standing half in, and half out of, the Tahoe rapped knuckles on sheet metal. “Tick tock.”

Jaxon glanced beyond her left ear and raised a finger at the man, “One second, Boom,” before focusing his attention on the woman. “You have absolutely no reason to

put your faith in me, but I'm asking you, *pleading with you*, to do just that." A beat. "Please."

Her chest swelling, Kaylee gave him a long look while chewing on her lower lip. In her mind, she saw the bodies of the four men who had tried to kill her. "Actually," in one rush, she blew out the air her lungs held, sending out a white mist between her and her rescuer, "I have exactly *four* reasons to put my faith in you."

His brows came together before reversing course when he caught her drift.

She gave the enormous man behind her a nervous glance and faced Jaxon. "What about *him*?"

Jaxon smiled. "It's a package deal. If you trust me, then you can trust him." A moment passed. "He may look big and mean, but he's really just a teddy bear."

"And this flippin' teddy bear wants to get the hell out of here before the cops show up."

Jaxon listed right to see around her. "Just keep your panties on." He came back to Kaylee, closed his eyes, and shook his head. "Sorry." He regarded her. "That was uncalled for."

She waved a hand. "Forget it. That's nothing compared to what my customers have said to me after they've had a few drinks."

Five seconds passed.

"So, Miss Kincaid," he held out his right hand, palm up, "it's your decision. I won't force you to do anything you don't want to do." Now certain her life was in jeopardy, he envisioned himself hoisting her over one shoulder and then depositing her into the backseat of the SUV. *Okay...I hope I don't HAVE TO force you.*

Following another two seconds of deliberation, she claimed his proffering. "Says the guy who's been pushing and shoving me all over the place tonight."

Letting out a quick snicker under his breath, and an inward sigh of relief, he curled his left arm under her right elbow and escorted her to the Tahoe's right-rear passenger door.

## CHAPTER 4

### BAD LIFE DECISIONS

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10:05 P.M.  
NEW YORK CITY  
FOUR SEASONS HOTEL

**A**s Jaxon closed the door to the hotel room, Kaylee made a pass around the spacious Executive Suite living room before stopping to spread apart a curtain with one finger to see the view outside. “Going to a hotel with two strange men sure seems like one of those,” she paused, “bad life decisions.”

“We could’ve done this at a restaurant or a bar, but,” Jaxon eyeballed the room, “I prefer a neutral, quiet location to keep others from spying on my conversations. But I assure you.” He claimed one end of a four-person sofa. “You have nothing to fear from us, Miss Kincaid.”

“See, that’s another thing.” She sat on his three o’clock, at the other end of the sofa, laid her left arm on the upright cushion behind her, and crossed her legs at the knee, left over right. “*You* know who I am, but I don’t even know your names.”

Having checked out the bedroom, Jaxon’s six-foot-tall and three-foot-wide teammate entered the living room, took off his black leather jacket, and draped the garment over a desk chair to his left before lowering himself into a comfortable chair on Jaxon’s eleven o’clock, Kaylee’s ‘ten.’

Bouncing her top leg, recalling what she had heard the two call each other, she pointed her forehead at Jaxon. “Jacks and,” she swung her attention toward the big man in blue jeans, and a black t-shirt that appeared ready to split open if he made any sudden moves, “Boom, was it? Are,” her gaze went to the man’s arms, arms that were bigger around than her thighs and rippling with muscles, “are those first names, last names, nicknames,” she flipped up her hands, “or *what?*”

Jaxon scooted down one cushion, leaned toward her, and extended his right hand. “Jaxon Reigns.” He spelled out his first name. “Most people call me Jax. It’s a pleasure to formally meet you, Miss Kincaid.”

“Lose the Kincaid.” She shook his hand. “Kaylee is just fine with me.” She eyeballed the man in the chair—thick neck; black, buzz cut hair with a natural-stubble beard and mustache; dark-colored eyes; eyebrows set in a permanent scowl. In her mind, she removed the facial hair and estimated him to be around the same age as Jaxon. “And you are?”

His voice sounding like the combination of a bass drum and an angry dog’s growl, the man said, “Boomer.”

She rolled her eyes. “Again...is that a first name, last name?”

He glanced at Jaxon then faced her. “Boomer.”

She tossed Jaxon a ‘what’s his problem?’ expression.

He dismissed his friend’s behavior with a wave of his hand. “Don’t mind him. He just missed his morning poop.”

That comment drew a hard glare from Boomer who glimpsed Kaylee before he turned away and took in the rest of the amenities.

Suppressing a smile while unzipping, then sliding arms out of, her borrowed long leather coat, Kaylee followed Boomer’s lead and pivoted her head away from the men to admire the other half of the luxurious room.

Jaxon eyed her sexy boots and shapely, fishnet-clad thighs, spending more time on the latter. When he made it to her toned arms and fiery red hair, she had turned back toward him and was staring at him.

He looked away, rose to his feet, and cleared his throat. “Well, I’d sure like to get you out of your clothes and into—” he shut his eyes and winced. “Sorry. I meant I’m sure *you’d* like to get out of your clothes and into a hot shower. We can talk when you’re done.”

Kaylee let a wry grin come and go. *Slip of the tongue, or is there something more there?* “Why would I want to take a shower? I’m only here to give you your five minutes, remember?”



He spied her, “Are you sure?” before motioning toward her clothing. “I mean you’re drenched in alcohol, and you’ve been freezing for the last half hour. I would think a hot shower would make you feel better.”

“I feel just fine. And besides,” planting both boots on the floor, she trundled onto her left hip, re-crossed her legs, and laid overlapped hands on her top thigh, “I can’t imagine you telling me anything that would make me want to stay here...instead of going home and showering *there*.”

Jaxon half closed an eye at her then shrugged. “Okay then.” He sat on a modern coffee table made of dark oak and bronze metal, rested elbows on thighs, and clasped his hands. “Where do I begin?” The question was meant for him, but she answered.

“How about with who you two are? Who do you work for? And how do you know who I am?”

He nodded and drew a breath while squinting at the shaft of her topmost boot, a foot away from his hands. “Okay.” He exhaled. “In this particular instance, we’re working for the Central Intelligence Agency—*not*,” he pumped a hand her way, “not in any official capacity. We’re,” a beat, “independent contractors if you will.”

She frowned. “What does that mean?”

“Without getting too deep into our business...we do what the ‘Agency’ isn’t allowed to do on U.S. soil. And that’s about all I can really say on that.”

Still frowning, she shook her head and waved a hand. “All right, whatever. Fast forward to the part where I’m involved in a terrorist attack, and where you just happen to be there to save me from being killed.”

“I’m afraid that wasn’t a terror attack.”

“People walk into a club and start shooting. How is that not a terror attack?”

Jaxon bobbed his head from side to side. “This is where it gets complicated. I don’t believe those men were there to kill indiscriminately. I believe they were there,” he poked his index finger at her, “for you.”

Her eyes grew larger, and she leaned toward him. “*Me*? Why? What did I do that would make them want to kill me?”

“You did *nothing* per se. And they weren’t there to kill you...but to kidnap you.”

She reared back until she hit the cushion behind her.

Watching color drain from her cheeks, Jaxon closed his eyes. *And I'm afraid this is only going to get worse for you, Miss Kincaid.*

TO REIGN SUPREME

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