

## Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad - #Chapter 1 – Broken Dreams

### Novel & PDF Online by Caroline Above Story |

### #Chapter 1 – Broken Dreams

My ideal lover would be a guy who is not in a hurry to get laid, loves literature and books, and is polite.

My sister says that such men are extinct in the 21st century. She accused me of always daydreaming about nerd stuff, which is why I still haven't cashed in my v-card.

I mean, why should I? I've never been in love before. I'm just waiting for something more intimate.

But I'm living in a fairy tale now that Daniel has shown up. We've been dating for a few months now after falling in love at first sight at a bookstore.

He's thoughtful and attentive and a good listener, which is often the role I play - after all, my specialty is counseling. He doesn't try to push me to go too far too fast, which sets him apart from other guys and suits my own pace perfectly.

Today, in the bookstore where we first met, I take a sip of my cappuccino as I look over my boyfriend's tall, lanky form, his curly chestnut hair falling into his green eyes. Daniel always dresses so nicely, today in perfectly-pressed grey pants, a shining silver watch at his wrist.

Wait, I think, narrowing my eyes and looking closer. Are those diamonds below the glass face?

I bite my lip, wondering why my boyfriend has a diamond watch. I mean, I'm just a broke grad student – is he rich?

There's movement over Daniel's shoulder, and as I look, my eyes go wide. "Daniel, there's...a guy over there. And he's staring *right at us*."

Daniel turns to look directly at the brawny guy, well over six feet and chorded with muscle. His professional suit does nothing to disguise the roughness of his hands, the cruel scar that runs diagonally over his face, almost splitting his nose in two.

“Oh, um,” Daniel says, shrugging. “Don’t worry about him.”

“Don’t worry about him!?” I whisper, a little scared. “Daniel, he’s looking *right at* —“

“No, I mean, he’s with me.” Daniel gives me an apologetic smile as my mouth falls open in shock. “That’s Parker, he’s...well. He’s kind of my body guard.”

“Oh,” I say, pulling my mouth shut into an awkward O. I stare at Daniel. He needs a bodyguard? How rich *is* he?

“Yeah, just ignore him,” Daniel says, giving me a cool smile. “My dad gets overprotective,” he rolls his eyes at this. “Honestly, he’s so stressed out about safety that he could use a shrink like you to give him some counseling.” Daniel laughs at this, lightening the mood.

“Anytime,” I mutter, nervously playing with my long red hair, worrying about the mismatch between Daniel’s wealth and my church-mouse status. I’ve never met anyone before who has a bodyguard.

“Can I get you anything else?” Both Daniel and I look up at the baristo who smiles down at us, a really handsome blonde-haired guy who has an apron tied around his waist.

“No thanks, Colin,” I say, giving him a big grin.

“Actually, can we both get refills?” Daniel says, giving Colin a slow smile.

“Oh, actually...” I say, looking up at the clock and pushing my hair back behind my ears. If I don’t leave now, I’m definitely going to be late for my job doing psych evaluations at the state prison.

“She’ll take hers to go then,” Daniel says, rising from our sofa. “Here, I’ll help you.” He follows Colin back to the coffee counter.

I start to pack up my bag, intent on catching the next trolley, when I notice Daniel’s phone vibrating on the table, a call coming in. When the number disappears, Daniel’s home screen shows a family photo. The tall man in the back is certainly his dad, the other maybe an older brother?

As I try to puzzle it out, the phone rings again – the same number. On impulse, I grab Daniel's phone and sling my packed bag over my shoulder, heading towards the coffee counter.

"Daniel," I say, slipping behind the counter, "you're getting a phone call –"

But there's no one back here. I look around, confused – I *definitely* just saw Colin and Daniel head this way...

I hear a noise from the storage room, a strange and muffled thump and a moan. I take two steps forward and peek around the door, maybe they both –

Oh my god. Not two feet from me, my boyfriend presses Colin up against the wall of the storage room, one fist wrapped in the fabric of his shirt – kissing him *passionately* -

Colin's eyes are closed, his hands fumbling at the button of Daniel's pants, his belt already undone, whispering his name – *my boyfriend's name* –

"Are you kidding me!?" I yell, not even thinking as I hurl the phone at Daniel and his lover.

Both boys jump, leaping apart. "Fay – I – " Daniel's face is full of shock. Tears in my eyes, I run from the room and from the coffee shop.

"Fay!" Daniel spills out onto the street behind me. "You don't understand!" He grabs my arm, pulling me back to him.

"I really like you," he says, his eyes filled with apology. "You're amazing - it's just that my family wouldn't understand, wouldn't approve –"

"So what," I asked, surprised. "You just want me to be your *pretend girlfriend*!? Sorry," I rip my arm from his hand. "Not interested."

"Please, Fay!" Daniel calls after me as I run away. "Please – I can make this right! How much do you want? One million? Three million? I can-" I see him pull the checkbook out of his pocket.

"I don't want your money!" I say, my voice mocking. Daniel blinks and I turn away. "I'll keep your secret, you don't need to pay me off. I just don't want to see you again."

And just like that, my fairy tale with Prince Charming was over.

I hurry down the street, my eyes filling with angry tears.

Two hours later, I'm seated at a plastic table in a cinder-block cell, my eyes dried up and my hair tied back in what I hope is a professional look. My leg jitters with nerves and, I think, a little bit of aftershock. I still can't *believe* what Daniel did to me.

But I straighten up in my seat, taking a deep breath. I have to concentrate on my job now, and I'm incredibly nervous about my next assignment.

I've only been assigned basic white-collar criminals thus far, but today I have to make an assessment of *Kent Lippert*, the man known as our city's Mafia King. His unmatched cruelty and the unbelievable lengths he takes to protect his power are infamous in this town.

I hear the hallway door clang open and stand up from my chair, pressing my hands against my blazer to straighten it. This is the most nervous I've been since I started this gig.

The guards bring Lippert around the corner and I'm surprised – I expected Lippert to be a fat, old, balding man – the kind of greasy lowlife who belongs in our city's underworld.

But this man is trim and tall, moving with a kind of dangerous grace. My eyes follow the way his shoulders shift beneath the fabric of his uniform, the way that the guards quail, a little, as they unlock the cuffs on his hands.

I gasp as my eyes finally fall on Lippert's face, my mouth going dry. His dark hair falling over his forehead, his square jaw, the deep frown lines etched over green eyes – oh my god. I've seen this man before. I saw him today, in a picture on my boyfriend's phone –

And again, younger, etched in the features of my boyfriend's own face.

Daniel isn't just some rich kid. He's the son of the Mafia King.