

LOVERS, PLAYERS, SEDUCER:

The Betrayal of Nicholas La Cour

by J. A. Jackson

EXCERPT

“Power must not be allowed to triumph all the time!” Nicholas had heard these words often enough growing up from his father Louis. It wasn’t until he was watching an old gangster movie on TV that he realized his father had borrowed the phrase he often said to him. Still, for some reason he had memorized his words and now sitting in the courtroom, his father’s words tormented him. The courtroom was located in the Federal building in downtown San Jose. Nicholas sat at the defense table and his mind wondered. His eyes fell on the courtroom stenographer as she walked in. She was just what he needed to take his mind off of his situation. He marveled with his thoughts thinking her naturally caramel tanned skin was beautiful, he was sure she had acquired it at birth, no tanning booth could make such a perfect even skin tone. Her skin accented excellently against her chocolate tailored suit. He had used the courtroom stenographer to take his mind off things on several occasions. She’d become the highlight of Nicholas’ days since his trial had started. He’d heard her speak often enough and knew that she had a soft -spoken pleasant voice that was soothing to his senses.

As his plane slowly touched down, Quinn closed his eyes and prayed to the god of his grandmother Ina Rosolado. He wasn’t praying that the plane would land safely. He was praying that his brother Nicholas would receive him with open arms. He was worried because he didn’t know how much his brother knew about the brief yet extended affair he’d had with his on again off again ex-fiancé and girlfriend Maëlle Moulard. It wasn’t something that he was proud of. In fact, he wanted to confess his sins to his brother, but he’d never had the chance. There just never seemed to be the right time when they were growing up together.