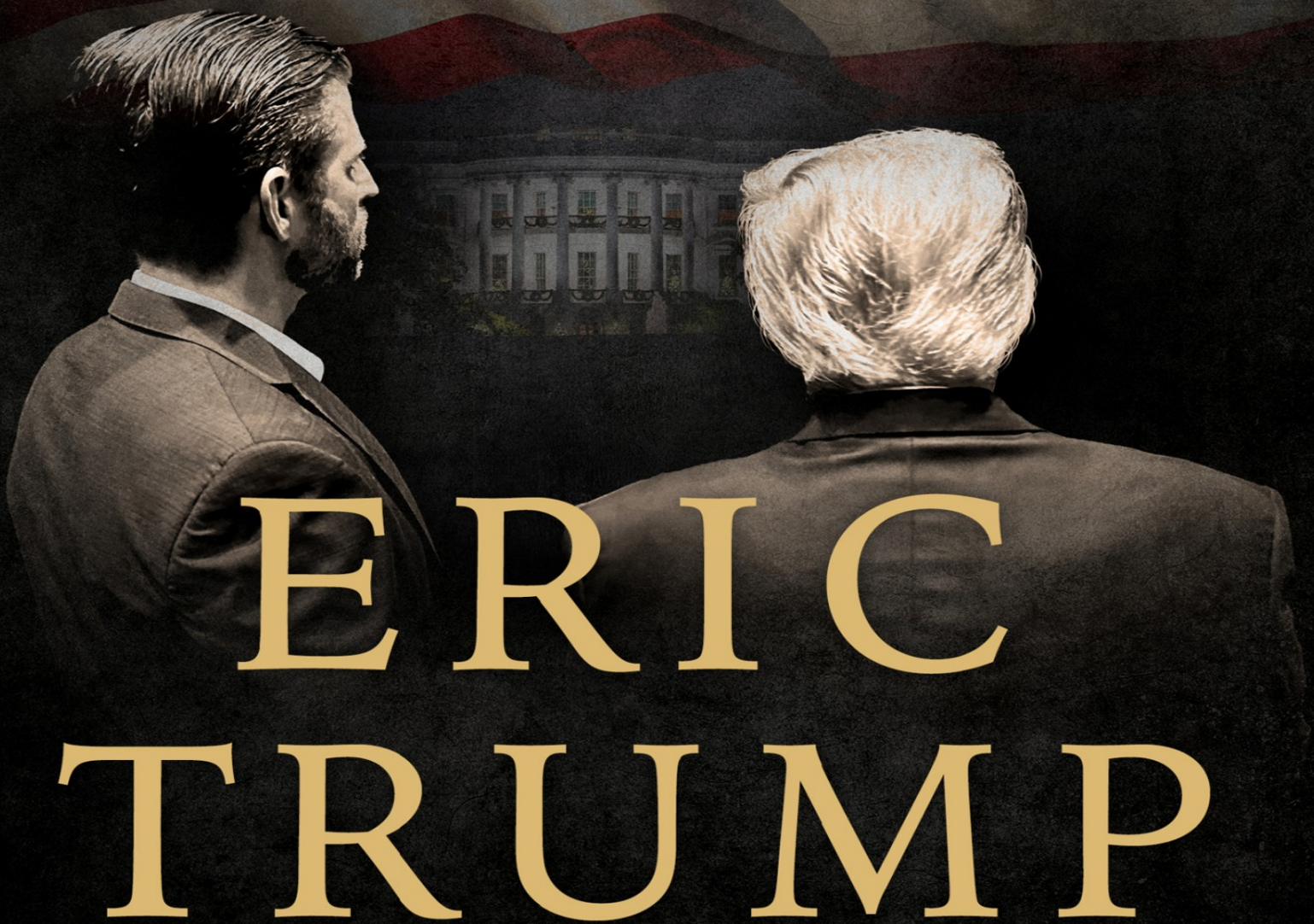


UNDER SIEGE

MY FAMILY'S FIGHT TO
SAVE OUR NATION



FOREWORD BY PRESIDENT DONALD J. TRUMP

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UNDER SIEGE

MY FAMILY'S FIGHT TO
SAVE OUR NATION

ERIC F. TRUMP



THRESHOLD EDITIONS

New York Amsterdam/Antwerp London
Toronto Sydney/Melbourne New Delhi

To my incredible children, Luke and Carolina—

You are my greatest blessings, my daily inspiration, and the future I fight for. Watching you grow reminds me of the power of love, the importance of family, and the responsibility we all have to leave the world better than we found it.

One day, you will read about these times in your history textbooks. When you do, I hope this book stands as a testament to the truth—and a lesson I hope to pass on. In life, hold fast to your integrity, stay resilient, and always have the courage to stand for what's right. Never stop dreaming, never stop fighting for what matters, and always remember how deeply you are loved.

Dad

FOREWORD

President Donald J. Trump

When Eric left for college at Georgetown University, it wasn't settled whether he would come back to work at the Trump Organization. He was smart, tough, and talented, and the opportunities were limitless. But one day he came to me and said, "Dad, I'm in"—and he has been, 100 PERCENT, since day one.

From making deals in the office and the boardroom, to building, beautifying, and managing our award-winning properties, vetting candidates on *The Celebrity Apprentice*, and campaigning for me in three historic presidential elections, Eric has always been there for me, our family, and our country.

Eric is not one to chase the spotlight. He just works, fights, and WINS. He is calm under pressure, strong, focused, and unshakably loyal. When I first became president, I needed someone I could trust, who was "rock solid," who could lead thousands of employees and oversee the best skyscrapers, golf courses, clubs, hotels, and vineyards, anywhere in the world. Eric was only thirty-three at the time, but I didn't doubt him for an instant. He became my true "apprentice," running the Trump Organization in my absence, and doing an INCREDIBLE job. Many people have said to me, "Sir, Eric might be working even harder than you." He is a WINNER at everything he sets his mind to, and has delivered amazing results, all the while being UNDER SIEGE.

Eric Trump may be the most subpoenaed human being in the history of our country (besides ME!). When the deep state, the hoaxes, and the witch

hunts were unleashed on me and my family, and many other brave people, Eric never flinched. He is the kind of person you want with you “in the trenches.” Eric never once left my side, but stood tall, unshaken, unbroken. He is a phenomenal son, a devoted husband, a loving, hands-on father, and a great patriot!

This book gives you a look inside our world, the battles we have faced (and won!) together, and what it means to fight on the front lines of a family, company, and country UNDER SIEGE. You will see what we have overcome, but, more importantly, you will see what keeps Eric going—his love of God, family, and the USA.

I am proud of you, Eric!

—Donald J. Trump

45th and 47th President of the United States

FOREWORD

Lara Trump

Life is funny. Often, I look back and realize that the times of frustration, failure, or irritation are the very times that have shaped my life for the better. And, no different, on a night I was prepared to enjoy a movie in a comfy set of sweats, my first New York City roommate, Marielle, had other plans. She had a friend in town and desperately wanted me to help entertain for the evening. As irritated as I was in the moment, without that pleading, I certainly would not have ended up meeting my husband.

I noticed a very tall guy, and he noticed me. I'm quite the tall drink of water at five foot eleven, and when I put on heels it's more like six three. Eric is six five. I'll admit, my first thought was, *This guy's taller than me, and I'm in heels. This might just work out....*

Turns out, it did. But I still had some questions. I'll confess I had preconceived ideas about what someone with Eric's background would be like. And those expectations weren't all that good.

I never expected to even *like* Eric Trump, let alone love him. But every day since we met, I've liked—and loved—him more (okay, on average, anyway!). I didn't anticipate he would be genuinely humble and caring and charming. Honestly, I never anticipated *any* of this wild ride we've been on, but here we are.

After dating for about two months, I invited Eric to join me on a weekend trip back home to North Carolina. I had just graduated culinary school and was ready for a relaxing break with friends and family. *What would he be like with my parents and other "normal" people?*

I plugged him into *my* world in my hometown, Wrightsville Beach, in my home state, North Carolina (which would become so consequential to us later in life), without a second thought. And not for a moment did he seem out of place. He just fit in so well, and was so gracious to both my parents. Eric surprised me. He was *normal*. Would I have said “yes” if he’d asked me to marry him that weekend? Maybe not, but that trip was a big deal for me.

A few weeks later, I learned something else about Eric that I didn’t expect. We had talked about getting together that week and he mentioned he had plans on Thursday. On Friday morning I found out all about it—on social media.

“Were you at some event last night?” I asked.

He was clearly embarrassed and uncomfortable. “Yeah, I was at a charity event.”

It was like pulling teeth, but I soon learned that he had recently started a foundation to help fund the kids at St. Jude Children’s Research Hospital, and the event had raised hundreds of thousands of dollars.

When I asked him why he hadn’t told me about this, Eric said he didn’t want to seem like he was bragging about it. He poured his heart and soul into helping those children, and he still does. As hard as he negotiates in business, he’s ten times tougher when it brings extra funds to St. Jude—a mission that became one of the biggest of his life.

Years later, I can’t tell you how often I wake up in the middle of the night and look over to find my husband wide awake, staring at the ceiling. “What’s going on?” I’ll ask. “Are you okay?”

Then he’ll tell me about some horrible media lie, one of dozens of subpoenas that were arriving on a weekly basis, or one of the unrelenting court cases he shouldered. He worried about how every attack could affect the thousands of employees, the contractors, the housekeepers, the tenants, and the restaurant staff. During COVID lockdowns, he was focused on people keeping their jobs—especially the many who have been with the company for decades.

When the company sold the Old Post Office hotel, the Trump International Hotel Washington, D.C., one of the conditions Eric insisted on was that the current staff would keep their jobs for a guaranteed period of time. That's rare in this business—and any business, really. It says a lot about this family.

A month before our wedding, I broke my wrists while riding a horse. I couldn't go to work, so I stayed home and tried to follow doctor's orders. One day I heard a knock at the door, which startled both me and our dog, Charlie. I peeked out the window and couldn't believe who was standing there. Sure enough, it was my future father-in-law, Donald Trump.

“I just wanted to see how you were doing. Can I bring you anything?”

Surprised again. It might not sound like much, but that moment meant the world to me.

First, I realized Eric Trump was normal. Then I realized he was anything but normal—in a good way. And so is his family. I hope you'll see it in these pages.

INTRODUCTION

UNDER SIEGE

“Every single day we get another subpoena and they do it for one reason: because they don’t want Donald Trump to run and win again in 2024.”

—ME, AUGUST 8, 2022¹

Good morning, Eric. The FBI is here at Mar-a-Lago with a search warrant.... There must be thirty agents.”

That’s how August 8, 2022, started for me—and my family. I got the phone call in my office. I was surprised, but I wasn’t alarmed. Interacting with wonderful people in law enforcement was part of my daily life, from local police to the U.S. Secret Service and everyone in between. There was no reason to believe the FBI was there for anything more than a security sweep.

After all, if this was a big deal, my father’s Secret Service detail at the property certainly would have received plenty of notice, right?

But something was very wrong with this operation. The more I learned in that call, the more betrayed and furious I felt. I asked if anyone had told my father, and there was a long silence. “Okay,” I said. “I’ll call him now.”

“You’re kidding me,” he sighed when I gave him the news. We were both in New York at the time, so I headed to his office in Trump Tower.²

On the way, I made several calls, attempting to understand what was happening. I phoned the team at Mar-a-Lago and requested that the FBI

agents wait for our attorney to observe the search. “Absolutely not,” they told the team. One of our attorneys lived nearby, and she arrived at Mar-a-Lago in a matter of minutes. The agents told her she was not allowed on our property and forced her to wait outside the gate.

They also demanded that we turn *off* our security cameras, which we have all across the property to safeguard our members, guests, employees, and family. *No* was my answer. We had no legal obligation to turn off our security system. Refusing to let our lawyer observe was already a red flag. But trying to block us from recording where they went, what they searched, and what they took was worse. This was private property.

Why wouldn't the FBI want anyone to see what they were doing?

My father, seated at his desk, was surprisingly calm when I walked into his office. Behind him, that priceless view of Central Park, Wollman Rink, the Plaza Hotel, the General Motors Building—all part of a skyline he transformed.

Even though we had faced many politically motivated attacks throughout the years, this situation was intensely personal for me. His *home*, our family's home, had been invaded by forces *inside* our government. Mar-a-Lago wasn't just another one of our commercial properties. As a kid, I'd spent countless days there, riding four-wheelers on soon-to-be-transformed landscaping. In a very real sense, it was *my* home.

Yet, on another level, nothing shocked us anymore. After seven years of baseless attacks and outright lies, we were numb to the legal and political lawfare. (Little did we know what would be unleashed over the coming months.)

“It's okay,” he said matter-of-factly. “Let's write a statement.”

People have all sorts of ideas about how Donald Trump posts on social media or writes statements. If anyone else had their home raided by the FBI, they'd be bouncing off the walls, but he was incredibly cool, collected, and confident. As I'd seen countless times before, and would see again and again, his level of calm was remarkable as he wrote these words: “These are dark times for our Nation, as my beautiful home, Mar-a-Lago in Palm Beach,

Florida, is currently under siege, raided, and occupied by a large group of FBI agents.”³

My father always says what needs to be said. Most people in similar circumstances would have a dozen lawyers in the room, debating what to say—and the pros and cons of saying anything at all. But he and I knew exactly what this raid was about. Whoever orchestrated it wanted to release *their* version to the press on their own terms.

Remember in 2019 how CNN *just happened* to have a camera crew set up at Roger Stone’s home when the FBI raided it at 6 a.m.? I can relate; I often learned about an oncoming subpoena from the media—before it arrived at my office. He wasn’t about to let anyone else tell this story.

“Nothing like this has ever happened to a President of the United States before. After working and cooperating with the relevant Government agencies, this unannounced raid on my home was not necessary or appropriate.”

He knew not to trust the establishment or the media. This was not a statement to the press. He wrote directly to the American people.

“Such an assault could only take place in broken, Third-World Countries. Sadly, America has now become one of those Countries, corrupt at a level not seen before. They even broke into my safe!”

Transparency was, and always is, the only way to seek true justice. People needed to be reminded of the never-ending attacks and see this day in its true context.

“The political persecution of President Donald J. Trump has been going on for years, with the now fully debunked Russia, Russia, Russia Scam, Impeachment Hoax #1, Impeachment Hoax #2, and so much more, it just never ends. It is political targeting at the highest level!”

We immediately knew the *real* reason why Mar-a-Lago was being ransacked like a crime scene. And most Americans did, too, regardless of political affiliation. And we would soon learn that Joe Biden had a hobby of collecting classified documents and “willfully” sharing them with others.^{4 5}

The fake outrage and lawfare from the Left was another example of their projection—accusing others of what they’re guilty of.⁶

“Now, as they watch my endorsed candidates win big victories, and see my dominance in all polls, they are trying to stop me, and the Republican Party, once more. The lawlessness, political persecution, and Witch Hunt must be exposed and stopped. I will continue to fight for the Great American People!”

In true Donald Trump fashion, he broke the internet with his statement that morning. The story dominated the headlines for months in 2022 and beyond, but not exactly the way the White House and Department of Justice crew hoped it would.

* * *

The first seventeen months of the Biden-Harris administration had not been going the way of the Democrats’ wishful thinking. Or, to put it more directly, everything they touched was failing.

Gas prices were soaring, as were inflation, interest, and crime rates. Bidenomics went from being a hopeful slogan to a derogatory term.

Iran and China were rattling their swords as the smell of weakness from the Oval Office spread around the world. In just two years, the United States had gone from being energy independent back into energy dependency. And to add to all of this, was the botched withdrawal from Afghanistan, a year earlier, which was a national disgrace, a heartbreaking human tragedy, and a strategic scandal.

The southern border had gone from bad to worse under the absentee “border czar.” Despite a coordinated cover-up by the media and the establishment, people were waking up to the fact that Hunter Biden’s laptop was not some Russian hoax, and reported kickbacks to “the big guy” were ringing true to anyone who followed the money.⁷

Oh, and the midterm election was just *three months away*.

The worse Joe Biden looked (and he was looking worse every time he spoke), the better Donald J. Trump looked. And that was unacceptable to the Left. But this was about more than public perception. The more that people realized the *truth* about Biden and Trump—and saw the glaring differences in their words, actions, and outcomes—the more desperate Biden and company became. They needed to change the narrative.

The world stopped when we broke the story that morning. News helicopters hovered around Mar-a-Lago for days on end. As we watched news coverage and aerial shots, my father remarked how beautiful the property looked. I joked that the footage ran like an infomercial—the stunning landscaping, close-up aerial views of the facilities and signature tower, with water glistening on either side. The name Mar-a-Lago means “sea-to-lake” in Spanish, reflecting the fact that the estate extends from one side of Palm Beach Island to the other, touching the Atlantic Ocean on the east and the Intracoastal Waterway on the west. As usual, we managed to have some lighter moments despite this new barrage of attacks.

I soon learned that the FBI and the Biden administration were not happy about the statement. Donald J. Trump beat them to the punch and they were furious. “How dare you make this public?” they squealed.

How dare you raid our home!!

Despite the fact that my father’s team was in communication about false claims of classified material, the FBI took passports, medical records, tax returns, and personal documents protected under attorney-client privilege. FBI agents went through Melania’s closet and searched Barron’s room. He was just sixteen years old at the time. No wonder they wanted our security cameras turned off. Sifting through underwear drawers was not a good look.

And it wasn’t until two years later that it was revealed that the FBI had been authorized to use *deadly force* during the raid. That’s right. Shoot to kill, if necessary. The FBI later said this was “standard protocol,” which raises even bigger questions. There was nothing “standard” about this home invasion, so why would they keep this lethal option on the table that day?⁸

We would also learn that what was taken during the raid had been compromised—tampered with—and documents were flagged, with false “classified” cover sheets in the FBI’s staged photo shoots.⁹ As more details came out, our disbelief and anger exploded. On the day of the raid I posted on Twitter (now X), “We truly live in a third world country!”

Who had authorized this raid? They would never raid the Clintons’ or the Obamas’ home, right? Hillary had a secret email server in her home—I didn’t see the FBI storm her home in Chappaqua!

I started raising obvious points, like the fact that there was no way in hell that the FBI director would authorize a raid on a former president’s home without White House approval.¹⁰ The timing of the raid was also suspect. The Secret Service knew that my father was in New York at the time. And did the Biden administration actually expect anyone to believe the raid was on behalf of the National Archives and Records Administration (NARA) as was originally stated—*a glorified public library?*

A family that has always loved and supported law enforcement had their front door “kicked in.” But thousands of people came out in support that day, driving by the property and lining the street and nearby overpass, waving Trump flags and American flags. Quite the contrast to today’s paid protesters on the Left.

The next day I posted, “Breaking: DonaldJTrump.com is shattering all fundraising records and I’m told has raised more money in the past 24 hours than ever before in recent history! The American people are pissed!”¹¹ (Two years later we’d break another fundraising record, based on one of the sham trials in New York City.) This misguided and malicious raid was, for millions of voters, absolute proof that Donald J. Trump was a political target—and that the system was corrupt.

THIS IS ABOUT YOU

As we learned during the 2016 campaign, clear-minded people can see through political attacks—and that the system was corrupt. Deep down they know these are also attacks on them, their freedoms, and their future.

Does anyone think the raid, the lawsuits, the spying, the hoaxes, made-up and paid-for dossiers, and attempts to remove a candidate from ballots are about bringing down one *man*?

These attacks were—and still are—about bringing down a *movement*. And let's be honest, the “movement” the Left is attacking is actually foundational American values and constitutional patriotism. *You* are the movement.

In February of 2024, the Biden administration confirmed that federal investigators worked with financial institutions to surveil Americans based on “politically charged search terms” like “MAGA” and “Trump.”¹² According to a report by the House Judiciary Committee in March of 2024, the federal government conducted “broad” surveillance of private financial transactions based on so-called “extremism indicators,” which included “the purchase of books (including religious texts),” like the Bible.¹³

But this is nothing new. Under President Obama, the IRS finally admitted it had targeted conservative groups. When Lois Lerner, the director of exempt organizations, was pressed for answers, her emails conveniently disappeared when a computer “crashed.”¹⁴ *I bet Lois and Hillary had the same IT guy.*

The raid on Mar-a-Lago was a global news story, but still has implications for today. We are under siege. Does that sound like an exaggeration? The term *siege* has two main meanings: to compel surrender, and a persistent attack.¹⁵ That's an accurate definition of what has been done to my father, our family, and our business. The assassination attempt on July 13, 2024, wasn't the beginning—it was the culmination. A violent act in a long series of coordinated battles waged against us in courtrooms, in the media, and through the full weight of the United States government. The Left does not

just disagree with us—they fear us. And in that fear, they have chosen to weaponize the very institutions meant to serve the people. Targeting law-abiding citizens is not justice—it's a betrayal of the Constitution, of the legal system, and of basic decency. The raid on Mar-a-Lago was not the first time the country I loved would break my heart. And it would not be the last. The raid was symbolic. It was about a fight for power.

Welcome to the fight. Welcome to my family.

PART ONE

BEFORE THE SIEGE

CHAPTER 1

MY FATHER THE FIGHTER

“Going against the tide is often a very clever thing to do. While it can involve unbelievable risks, often, going in the opposite direction can lead to the highest level of achievement.”

—DONALD TRUMP, *THE ART OF THE COMEBACK*¹

How do I describe my father to you?

Have you ever tried to tell a friend all about your mom or dad? It’s impossible, right? Now imagine describing Donald Trump. Regardless, I’m going to try. (Dad, I know these words will fall short, but I hope they show my absolute love and eternal respect.)

Donald Trump is certainly “unconventional.” He is certainly not “politically correct”; he’s tough, no bullshit, and beautifully ambitious. He also has a heart of gold and is the greatest father a son or daughter could ever have.

To say my father is motivated when it comes to achieving his dreams is an understatement. When I was growing up, his life was his business. He has a work ethic that is unparalleled, and he is laser-focused—which all Americans still witness today. The older I get, the more I appreciate his absolute dedication to the goals and tasks at hand. Defining skylines, building the best hotels and golf courses, acquiring properties, building a brand, becoming an icon, having the number one TV show, and achieving the

ultimate success: winning the two (*three?*) general elections and becoming the 45th and 47th president of the United States.

He always set his sights high. He aimed for the moon and rarely fell short. He was and is the ultimate competitor. It's a magical combination.

Did he miss some of my school activities? Sure. Wiffle ball in the backyard every afternoon? No. But my childhood was... unparalleled. In the mid-to-late eighties, we flew back and forth every weekend to Atlantic City on his Super Puma helicopter as he built the East Coast's "Las Vegas." We made that trip together hundreds of times, usually with fascinating guests on board. These were the days of Mike Tyson and Don King, Michael Jackson, Axl Rose, Tony Bennett, and Barbara Walters—the biggest stars, celebrities, and businesspeople. The casinos were booming, and Atlantic City was the place to be for the biggest events. As a child, I was along for the ride of a lifetime that I'd later realize was truly incomparable.

In New York, my father was building and operating some of the most iconic buildings and properties in the world: the amazing Plaza Hotel, Trump Tower, Trump World Tower, Trump Park Avenue, the General Motors Building, Wollman Rink, 40 Wall Street—a seemingly endless skyline. I spent countless hours in his office on the twenty-sixth floor of Trump Tower building *my* buildings, with Legos, as he built his.

He was creating an empire, he was building his family, and he was shaping his son. Sure, I'd sometimes dream of sitting in that chair someday, running the company. But honestly, I was simply trying to soak it all in. That day did come, but in a way I never imagined.

THE ORIGINAL APPRENTICE

My real, and favorite, classroom was wherever my father was. If he was checking on a property on the weekend, I would often follow him through the maze of conduit, framing, and HVAC ducting, watching what he did, how he spoke, and where he was focused. He taught more by example than