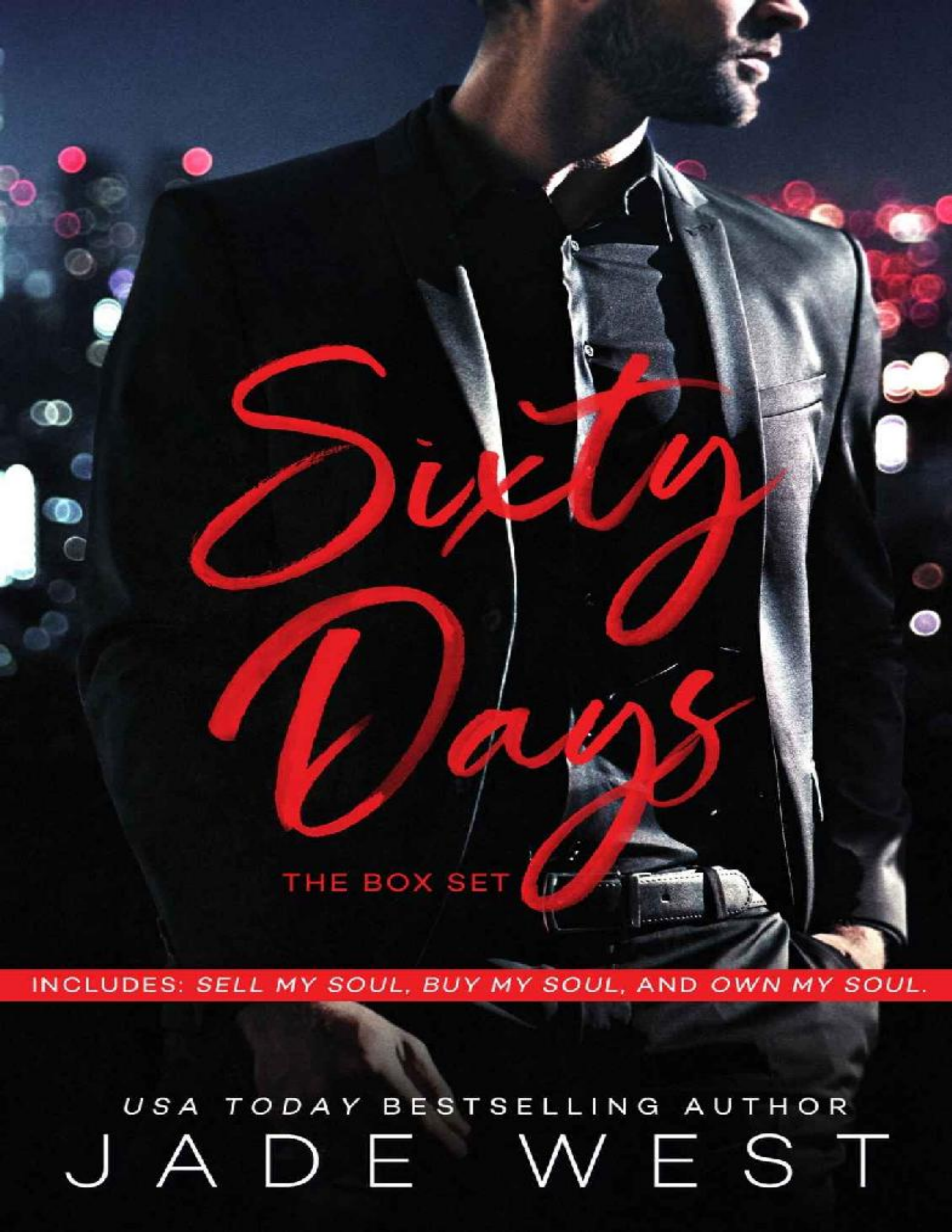




Sixty Days

THE BOX SET

INCLUDES: *SELL MY SOUL*, *BUY MY SOUL*, AND *OWN MY SOUL*.

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

J A D E W E S T

SIXTY DAYS THE BOX SET

JADE WEST

Contents

[Foreword](#)

[Sell My Soul](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Buy My Soul](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Own My Soul](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Bonus Epilogue](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[Also by Jade West](#)

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Foreword

As always, this is a Jade West novel.
You have been warned.

Sell My Soul

Chapter One

PAIGE

IT CAME AS A WHISPER IN THE SHADOWS. BARELY MORE THAN A RUMOUR passing from lips to ears after dark via alcohol-loosened tongues. It was a shiver on the wind around our university campus. A proposition bubbling just under the surface of our sweet little seaside town.

Sixty days of utter submission.

No safe words. No limits. No holds barred.

Sixty days of your body being used like a ragdoll for any man stepping up for his turn.

And then you were free to go, no further dues, thanks and goodbye.

The opportunity paid well. Really, really well.

Money shouldn't be enough. Not for anyone — that's what the rumours said. The demands were rough, dangerous, sleazy and not for consideration by

anyone with even a scrap of self-respect.

I'd heard just snippets before the rumour finally reached me in full sentences, hissed in my direction by my drunk dorm-mate, Pippa, after too many wines at happy hour.

"It's really going on," she assured me and the rest of our gathered student huddle in the women's toilets. "Carolyn Lane's older sister signed up and went through with it. She came out with enough cash to buy an apartment and a brand new car, but apparently it was bad. *Real* bad. The things they did to her..."

How my eyes widened at the stories.

Tales of a seedy haven for rich men's twisted games, recruiting right here amongst us and dishing out shit so bad that the girls either side of me were pulling faces long before Pippa was through with the details.

The protests came quick and easy from their mouths, dismissing the sanity of anyone signing up for sixty days of that crazy shit.

"Not me. No way. Not for all the cash in the world," said Emma as she reapplied her mascara.

Her friend Katie plucked the stick from her fingers to reapply her own. "Too right. You'd have to be sick or desperate to even think of signing up to anything with those disgusting freaks."

And maybe Katie was right. Maybe you *would* have to be sick or desperate.

But as it turns out, I was both.

At approaching nineteen years old, my life was nothing more than a hellhole. It was no secret that I was amongst a whole heap of students on campus having it especially rough that term. Money was tight from loan handouts, and jobs were hard to find in winter by the sea when the tourists had long gone. I'd tried my best to land a job through the months since arriving there, but around those parts landing a position wasn't so much a case of what you knew as who you knew. Well-connected parents and tight bunches of friends made job prospects a game of handshakes and back-patting rather than a decent resume.

Still, tight finances from the student life weren't the only cause of my troubles. Those I could've handled on a tight budget of canned soup and cheap white bread happily enough until graduation.

The real issues in my world came from the older sister living twenty miles up the coast in a much busier city centre. My older sister, Phoebe May, was the ultimate reason for my choice of university, having chased her across country and leaving nothing more behind than the drunk of a father who'd rattled a fist in my direction as I said my goodbyes.

It was a sense of duty, not just affection, that drove me to try to save the girl I'd lived my life with.

Phoebe was bunked up with a much older boyfriend, and that much older boyfriend had opened a big host of debts in her name to pay for his crack habit, and hers along with it.

Some of the debts would be settled in the courtroom, but plenty of others would be settled in the back alleys after dark. She told me so through body-shaking sobs at every opportunity she got, but even then she'd go crawling right back to him for more.

Her weaknesses didn't matter. She was my sister, and she was all I had that really meant anything in this world. A very dim light in a very dark tunnel. One that needed far more money than I had a hope in hell of getting together, and fast.

I guess that's what made me insane enough to listen to the seedy sixty-day stories with wide open eyes as my thumping pulse picked up pace in my temples.

"Carolyn Lane's sister really signed up for this sixty day stuff?" I asked as Pippa let up for breath and lipstick.

She pressed her lips to even out the shade, then nodded. "She sure did. What a filthy cow. I wonder if Carolyn herself will be following in her footsteps for an apartment of her own."

Carolyn Lane was in my psychology lectures every Monday morning. I knew her sister was local. I'd seen them together down at the ice-cream place by the pier that summer.

Her sister was tall and pretty, with lush dark waves of mahogany locks down her back.

My long waves weren't lush, and not quite so dark, but they glossed up nice with some half-decent conditioner. I may not have had the curves of the elder Lane sister, but mine weren't too bad in tight clothes, even if my hipbones did jut out a little.

I was tall, and my features were even and my eyebrows were groomed well enough that I got regular compliments in the campus hallways.

Maybe, just maybe, I could get a similar rate of pay as elder Lane did for her sixty days of submission.

And if I could...

“You really heard this from Carolyn Lane’s sister directly?” I asked Pippa, trying to seem as nonchalant as possible.

Her eyes twinkled as she shook her head. “Not directly. Through a friend of a friend who knows Carolyn Lane’s sister pretty well, though.”

I shouldn’t be considering it, not even for a second. I was inexperienced at best, my first time being with a guy who’d grown up in the same street and had offered me a sympathetic shoulder that previous spring. It turns out his shoulder was a lot less interested in being sympathetic once I started taking his dick in my mouth on a semi regular basis.

Looking at the girls I’d been thrust alongside in my dorm setup, I realised all over again that I wasn’t made of the same stock they were. My eyes felt old and jaded, having seen too much in my lifetime to carry the same careless joy that theirs did on a night out. I felt aged before my time, weighed down heavy on my skeletal frame by the pressure of trying to rescue my sister from the dregs of drug addiction. The head on my shoulders felt weary and worn, rolled in the dirt by a childhood concerned with domestic duties rather than games in the yard.

University should have been the land of possibilities and a brand new world calling, but was anything but. Not with Phoebe so close to the edge of despair. I guess it’s that which made a sixty-day sentence of horrible men’s whims seem like any kind of an option.

And it did seem like an option. Option enough that I had to hold back a whole load more questions that would have given my college friends too much insight into my desperation.

I buttoned my mouth, faking a smile bright enough to pass as being one of them.

It was okay. The bar was busy and bustling, and I weaved through after them just fine. I was just a shadow in the corner of the beer garden bench, laughing along with the rest of the world.

They barely even noticed when I slipped in a goodbye with a wave.

I wondered if they'd notice if I slipped away more permanently.

Sixty days more permanently.

By the time I reached my dorm room and collapsed onto my bed with a sigh at the ceiling, I was already committed to finding out.

Chapter Two

BRANDON

“NO,” I SAID WITH A CURSORY WAVE. “NOT EVEN VAGUELY SUITABLE.”

Eric let out a grunt and shunted the laptop screen further in my direction. His tolerance was wearing thin, even if he was doing his utmost to keep his classically immovable facade plastered on tight.

That’s the thing about being in business with your younger brother, he couldn’t hide shit from me after three long decades. The other members of our lucrative little fraternity may have been oblivious to his frustrations, but not me. He tapped the screen with a pointed finger when I looked away.

“Nice legs, big tits, dirty glint in the eye,” he muttered just loud enough for me to hear him. “Why the hell not?”

“That’s *exactly* why the hell not,” I muttered back. He didn’t get it, his raised eyebrow speaking volumes. I fought back a sigh as I began the explanation of what I’d assumed would be plenty obvious to his slowly acclimatising business brain by now. “Look at her,” I told him. “Dirty glint in the eye, sure.