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Special Thanks to the fans of Mischief, without your love and support this book would not have been possible...

Joana Acebedo Park

Thomas

I am Thomas, Prince of Landford and as I see it, the rightful King.

As Amelia would say I am often misunderstood.

But it is all in the way you think about life.

Life is to be lived, to be cherished, not to sit by and watch it pass.

My life was meant to be great and I will do anything and everything so it be.

My wife Amelia became Queen in place of me while I was at battle.

I say in place because she is not the true heir.

She is not even my father's daughter.

Upon my return, she had fully taken over, upon my Fathers request.

Amelia had no interest in reigning but assumed the role to please Father.

Amelia has been the love of my life since the moment I set eyes on her as a young maiden.

We were automatically drawn to each other.

I was the first to kiss her, the first to bed her.

She was mine and I hers.

We have an undying unconditional love for one another.

A love deeper than one would think considering all the changes between us.

I know I have shown mistrust with all my mischief but as Mother said we have a strong love, one that cannot be defeated by anything or anyone.

As a young lord, Father seemed to push me towards my studies and training, while my older brother David was allowed to do as he pleased.

Father thought David would choose the throne

naturally but it was not in his nature.

Unlike David, I studied and trained for years

because that was what a future king should do.

Many think my ambition to be King is for power

but it is not.

I just want what is due to me after all the preparation.

As a young boy, I would sit and watch Father and I longed to do as he did.

Help the commoners, make Landford a beautiful place to live.

Father groomed me to be King, I believe he did so

because he knew in his heart David had no interest.

I may have been Fathers second choice but the best choice overall.

The older we became, Father turned his view back

towards David.

Father was destined to make him King of Landford.

I ceased to exist from this moment on.

Everything was for David.

David, you must study, David, you must train, because David, you WILL be King.

I was quickly thrown aside.

Being ignored made me work much harder which made it look like I was sneaky and conniving.

But it was not so.

Mother said I had sibling jealousy but it went far passed that.

I could never be as good as David in Father's eyes.

No matter what I did, David did it better or even

Amelia was complimented. I seemed to only exist

when Father needed someone to criticize or a

laugh.

Father always complained about my disobedience
but it was just my way of being in his eyes again.
Mother always stood by me but I longed to be my
father's son.

When David fell madly in love with a peasant girl, I

knew this was his downfall especially in Father's eyes.

As a royal, we were not allowed to wed anyone under our standards. We were arranged for marriage.

He spoke about renouncing the crown to marry his love.

I never discouraged his idea.

In fact, I was elated because I knew this would be my return to Father.

The only thing was that Father was so absorbed by the idea of David being King that I was afraid Father would go against tradition & allow their union and let him still be King after all.

I was not having that!

Being unsure of what Father might do I had to

make it be.

I had to find a way to have David banished, not only from Landford but from Fathers eyes & heart

also.

I knew exactly what to do.

Create the ultimate betrayal in Father's eyes, it was my only option.

It was fairly easy and convincing the Kingsmen was easier than I thought.

In no time, Father became very grim and disillusioned by David.

The belief that David had betrayed him weighed heavily on him.

Father was very harsh with us when it came to punishment especially for defying him.

Father felt responsible for David's disloyalty and

needed to make amends for his treason with his Kingdom.

But I would have never thought that one of Father's decisions would be to put his own son to death.

That WAS NOT my plan.

I had no say in Fathers decision and If I intervened or even tried to convince Father to spare him, I'd be defying Father also.

In my eyes, Fathers decision to send me to battle was my own punishment.

My training was great for sparing against my brother but was it enough to protect myself?

No training or studying can prepare a man for what I was about to experience.

To my parents I showed pride and bravery but in my heart there was sheer terror.

I dreaded not returning. I did not want to die.

I saw things a person should never see.

I saw bloodshed everywhere.

Death stared me in the face many times but I overcame it because I needed to return for Amelia.

The battle was fierce.

When you hear battle stories, the details you imagine are not the details you see with your own

eyes. No matter how hard I tried to fight it, my
heart became dark, black as the night.
I felt no love anymore, no empathy.

No sympathy for anyone.

I was an empty shell of a being.

I could not understand what we were all dying for.

After seeing so many friends slaughtered, my mind was baffled.

What were we fighting for?

Borders?

To this day, this question still remains unanswered to me.

A battle for something so insignificant.

Something that really did not belong to any of us.

The more I thought about it, the more I withdrew into myself.

The thought of so many deaths for a piece of land became incomprehensible.

Of course, when you are the one giving the

commands, everything seems correct but when you are the one fighting, the reality sets in quickly.

Life had to be more meaningful than this.

That is what I believe.

But my life as I knew it would never be the same.

I went from Prince to Soldier overnight.

A life I could never get accustomed to.

But as a good soldier and future King, I needed to show pride and valor.

I adapted to my surroundings and in doing so
I became another person.

Killing became a routine for me.

My mind became conditioned to kill for survival and that was all I did.

It may sound like an excuse but when dropped into that situation, everything is totally different.

In a moment of total confusion and absent mindedness, I was captured and became a

prisoner of Schillingburg.

The moment King Erich discovered who I was he knew using me as one of his soldiers would be a plus for him.

His ultimatum was kill or be killed.

So I did as I was instructed.

As for killing, I killed many for Landford and Schillingburg.

As for King Michael of Willshire, I was only

protecting myself.

I did not know him to be a Royal or even to be

Amelia's brother.

I fought him as I did any other and he was a challenge, if I may say.

Either way, a King would have died that night.

Willshire's Soldiers were upon me in seconds and I was imprisoned for the murder of their King.

I was sure to be put to death or so I thought.

Imagine the surprise I received when the Queen of Landford, came to retrieve me from Willshire Castle.

To my knowledge here was no Queen in Landford until Amelia walked through that door.

As I was turned into a Soldier, Amelia was turned into a Queen.

We were two totally different people.

Two people in two life choices they did not choose.

My world was turned upside down.

This was proof I was totally stripped of my monarchy.

I felt anger and betrayal but also a strange feeling of happiness.

I was elated to see my Amelia even though my actions spoke different.

My life was spared, thanks to her, but what kind of life was this?

A King with no power.

Since Father handed my Kingdom to Amelia, she was not willing or trusting to put me in command.

There was no convincing Father either.

To him she would be the better monarch.

I tried to convince Father but it was to no avail.

He had made his decision to completely restrict me from being King and it was not to be dishonored.

Unfortunately that decision would never get to

Amelia because Father passed on unexpectedly with assistance.

I did not murder him for his power because at this point, he had none.

I was playing God, I could not bear to see him in pain any longer.

If it were possible to go back and change things, I
would but at this point I was in very deep and
Amelia suspected it.

My actions were extreme but they were for the good of Landford.

Father in his illness had neglected our kingdom and Amelia as the new monarch really did not know what to do with it.

I felt like I was the only hope for Landford and I became obsessed with it.

I had demonstrated I was worthy of the crown to my subjects but in doing so I ignored who was

most important.

Amelia...

Without her approval, Landford's Monarchy would have no value.

I became stern with Amelia, so grim she began to fear me. And believe me, Amelia feared no person.

As a soldier, I was taught fear is the best tactic, little did I know that with fear, respect is lost.

I could never subject her to any actual harm though.

Believe it or not, I love her very much, in my own way and Amelia knew this but I felt she had

forgotten due to my absence.

Even though she betrayed my trust and helped David escape his fate, I still felt love for her.

How could I not?

She always stood her ground.

That was one of the reasons I fell in love with her.

Either way, I forgave her for all her past indiscretions but I also let her know if she ever thought of deceiving me again, her demise would be inevitable.

From here on there was no turning back. I became
King. I forcefully took the monarchy away from
Amelia. She did not resist because she knew I was
the rightful heir, now that Father was gone. Plus it
was unheard of to have a Queen reign on her own
especially when there was a true blood King
available.

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