

Prologue

I have always been daddy's little girl especially since I'm his only child and I loved it. I loved being the center of his world. He would spoiled me with everything I wanted. I never met my mother she died when I was a toddler. I don't know how she died and every time I asked my dad he would avoid the topic so I stop asking. All I know about my mother is that her name was Catherine she had me at age 15. My father was 17 at the time. She died at the age of 18. When I was only 3 so I really don't have any memories of her.

Everyday I try to remember her but I always come out empty handed. It's funny how I can remember some thing so non important like the day I lost my first tooth. I was 5 years old and was eating an apple. I even remember the color of the apple which was green. I took a bite of the apple and when I pull back my tooth was still in it. I can remember that but I can't remember my mom. I can't even remember what she looks like and it's not like I have a picture of her. My father made sure nothing was left of her after she died. I guess it was to painful for him to remember her. If it hurts me that I have no memory of her I can just imagine how much it hurts

him. Part of me thinks that my father spoils me as much as he does because he wants to make up for the fact that I don't have a mom. Even tho I never had a mom my dad made sure that I always felt love. I had a typical childhood my father always try his best to be there for me when I needed him although most of the time he was busy working. I don't remember him having any girlfriends. Which is weird because my father is still young and very handsome. He is about 6'2, light hazel eyes, short brown hair, and if I might say so myself he is fit for an old man. Well like I said he isn't that old he is 37 soon to be 38. If you ask me I think the

reason why he never dates it's because he still is in love with my mom. Which I think it's so romantic. Growing up I was always surrounded by armed men. At first I thought it was pretty cool it made me feel like some one really important to the world. When I was about 7 I asked my father why we always had armed men around us. He said "They are here to protect you after all you are a princess". Of course in that time I really did believe I was a princess. I lived in this huge house that looked like a castle, we had maids, every one treated me like a princess, and they even called my father king. My life was a fairy tale everything was fine until the

day I found out the real reason why they called him “El Rey”.

My father is one of the top most wanted drug dealer in

America. His code name is “El Rey”. No girl wants to believe

that their daddy, who is suppose to be their knight and shiny

armor, is actually the big bad dragon. I lived in a bubble full

of lies until I was 16 I remember it like if it was just

yesterday.

“Dad how come we never go out?” I ask my dad who is

eating his dinner. We have all this money but we never go

out. We are one of the richest family in Las Vegas my father

owns many business. Including his own casinos if that's not rich than I don't know what rich is. My father has his own collection of brand new cars. Every year my father buys the newest car models that comes out and gives the old ones away to his employees. To top it off we lived in a huge house no scratch that a mansion. If my father really wanted too he could own a whole country. "Princess why would you want to go out? You have everything you need in here. You have your own movie theater, bowling alley, mall, gym, swimming pool inside and out. What else do you need?" he asked. I know he is right I do have all I need in here heck if I

wanted my own Disney World I would have it but that's not the point. I've learned the hard way that you can have everything you want and still not be happy. "Friends," I say annoyed "I am a teenager I should be able to go out and do teen stuff". What's the point of having all of this if I have no one to share it with? Have you ever try bowling by yourself? Well let me tell you it's boring. This house feels so big and lonely with just me in it. My father is always busy working so it's only me and Nina, my nanny. Nina has been with me since I can remember. I love having her around but some times I wish I had some one my own age to hang out with. I

have Sammy but she is 3 years younger than me. At that moment Brians, my father's personal assistant, walks in with Poppy, his body guard, dragging a man. The man is covered in blood. "Oh my Gosh! Some one call the ambulance" I yelled to one of the maids. What the hell is going on? What happened to him? I try getting up to help him but my legs aren't responding. I have never seen so much blood before. My stomach feels queasy and I feel all color leaving my face. "What the hell Brians?," my dad asks furious as he walks over to me "You better have a good damn reason to bring that garbage around Jane". Garbage? I can't believe what I

am hearing. What is my dad talking about that's a man! A human being for crying out loud. I stared at my dad in disbelief why isn't he freaking out? Why is he calling that poor man garbage? Why does he sound mad instead of worry? And why in the hell is any one getting him some help! "Jane Princess snap out of it" I hear my dad's voice but I can't move. My body and mind is still in shock. All I can focus on is that poor man cover in blood. My mind is telling me to look away but my body refuses to listen. Is he even breathing? "Senor Rey," I hear Brain "I'm sorry I had no idea Misses. Jane was here". Where in the hell would I be?

Everyone knows I'm not allow to go out. Wait is this what happens behind my back? "Get him out of here and clean up that mess. I'll deal with you later" my father barked. Brains nods as they turn to leave the man lifts up his head and our eyes lock. His eyes are fill with pain and fear. My stomach turns I think I'm going to be sick. I try to look away but I can't his eyes are begging me to help him. What should I do? Should I call the cops? How can I help him when I can't even move? My eyes follow his blood as it drips down his face onto the floor. His blood is forming a small puddle underneath him. My eyes travel up his face until I find his

eyes again. That's the last thing I remember before everything goes dark. "Princess wake up" I hear my father's voice but it sounds far away. Oh god what is that smell? It's so strong. I move my head to the side trying to get away from that smell. "That's it princess smell it" my dad said. This has to be the most disgusting smell ever. I open my eyes and find my dad and Nina staring at me every thing looks blurry "What happen?". My head is pounding so hard it feels like some one is hitting me with a hammer. All I want to do is pop it off. I try to sit up but everything starts to spin so I lay back down. "Princess you fainted" my dad says calmly.

What? Why would I faint? That doesn't make sense and then everything comes rushing back. "Holy shit!" I quickly sit up causing everything to spin again. I remember the blood, the man asking for help. "What happen to the poor man?" I whisper afraid of what the answer will be. "Watch your language Jane you are a young lady and that's no way to speak" my father frowns. Is he kidding me? He is worry about my language when there is or was a dying man downstairs. I lift my head and sarcastically say "I am sorry where is—" "Don't worry about that princess just rest. I'll be back later to

check on you” he interrupts me before I finish my sentence.

Why is he avoiding my questions? He walks out like if nothing happen like if I had never seen the man. Nina gives me a small smile and turn to leave. Oh no she don't. “Nina,” I grab her hand “what's going on?” She smiles and caresses my cheek “Nothing butterfly”. I know there is something going on here I'm no fool. Lately I have notice that they are keeping things from me. I can read Nina and my dad like a book so I don't know why they even try hiding things from me.

“Don't lie to me Nina not you, you always tell me the truth” I beg. If there is anyone that I can trust to tell me what's going

on it's her. "I'm afraid I'm not the one that has to tell you the truth this time" she pats my hand and I feel disappointed.

"Nina please" I give her my sad puppies eyes that I have master since I was 5. That look has gotten me any thing I wanted from that day on. "Butterfly you know I love you as if you were my own. Trust me when I say let this one go" she squeezed my hand before leaving. It must be something huge if Nina is trying to keep it from me. If there is anything that Nina or anyone should already know about me is that I never let anything go. Once there is a question in my mind I don't rest until I find the answers. I always find out what I

want to know. You know I never really understood why they called my dad king. Now that I'm older I know for a fact that we aren't royalty. So why do they call him that? Maybe it's a nickname. I don't even think they know his real name. I reach under my bed for my laptop to Google "El Rey". When ever there is something I don't know I always Google it. As soon as I type in the nickname a million of headlines pops up. Seriously where the hell have I been? I click on the first link and start reading. I can't believe what I'm reading this is horrible. There is no way that this man "El Rey" can be my father. He is a monster, murder, kidnapper, a drug dealer. I

click on the next link and on the next they get worst by the page. This can't be right. I search for a picture but nothing comes up. Apparently no one has ever seen this man's face and who ever has they end up missing. I need answers and the only one that can give them to me is my dad. My father can't be this man there is no way I need to hear him denied this. I jump off the bed almost tripping over my rug and run downstairs to his office. There is two armed men standing in front of his office and I walk towards them. I have no time to deal with these two right now I need to get to my dad. "Get out of my way I need to speak to my father" I rush pass them.

One of them stretch his arm out for me not to pass “I am sorry Miss. Jane but he is busy right now”. Busy? He is never busy for me. They should now better than that. I roll my eyes out of annoyance “I am his daughter and if you two want to keep your jobs then you'll let me through”. I hate acting like a spoil brat but they leave me no other choice. He looks over to the other man asking for permission but he shakes his head “Sorry Miss. Jane I'll tell him you stop by”. What? Are they serious right now? They aren't going to let me pass? I'm so mad I feel like breaking their necks. I might be only 5'2 and weight about 130 but I can sure kick some ass. Thanks

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