

Prologue

What's going on? Where am I? Why can't I open my eyes? They feel like they are buried under a pile of cement. Am I asleep? "Help! I need a doctor!" I hear Logan shout right beside me. Why is he yelling? Why does he need a doctor? Is he hurt? Wait, where is Jane? I have to open my eyes to see what's going on.

Why is everything so blurry? "What happen?" some one in a white coat runs towards us. I can't manage to see their face but I'm positive it's a doctor or it could be a scientist but I'm pretty sure it's a doctor. I try to turn to face Logan but pain shoots all over my body causing me to stop trying. Fuck! That hurts it feel like I'm burning from the inside.

"He got shot and has lost lot's of blood" Logan answers with a shaky voice. I got shot? That would explain the damn pain that is coming from my side. "Chris rush him to the emergency room we need to stop the bleeding right away" the same voice as before orders. I'm so weak that I can't even keep my eyes open. I feel someone's arms go around me and as they lift me up my body protest by sending unbearable pain every where. What the fuck! I want to yell and punch something but all that comes out of me is a small pathetic growl that I'm sure no one herd. "Be careful! Can't you see he is in pain" Logan shouts in frustration. At least I have him to speak up for me.

"Sir calm down we'll take good care of him" a woman says trying to calm him down. Where is Jane? She should be here. The ground beneath me starts moving as everything

comes flashing back to me. Mark kidnapping Jane, Jane finding out I'm a cop, and Mark shooting me. Why is it getting harder for me to breath? “You can't come in here Sir you'll have to wait in the waiting room” the woman says again. “Doctor please save my brother” Logan voice comes out wobbly. Is he crying? I hear a door close behind me.

“Cut his shirt open, connect him to the heart monitor, and get him some anesthesia now!” the doctor barks orders. I'm in so much pain. Everything hurts right now even breathing. Even tho my eyes are close I can feel the light hitting my face causing me to keep them shut. Even tho I can't move I feel my body flinch as the cold scissors touch my skin as they cut my vest open. “Doctor he had a bulletproof vest on it seems like only a bullet made contact with the flesh but the good news is that no organs or arteries were touch”. My body feels so heavy that I can't even move my fingers. I'm exhausted all I want to do is give in to the darkness and make the pain go away. I have no strength to keep fighting.

“His heart rate is dropping” some one yells from my right side. The beeping of the monitor are getting weaker and weaker they're so soft that they're actually making me sleepy. Why am I still fighting the darkness? I should just take a nap and deal with everything else when I wake up. “We need a blood transfusion now!” that's the last thing I hear before the darkness surrounds me.

Chapter 1 Jane

Why am I outside a funeral home? How did I even get here? I don't even remember changing into this black dress this morning. Who are these people and why are they all

wearing white? Am I the only one wearing black? My curiosity gets the best of me and before I know it I'm walking through the double doors. I walk right into a dark room, the only light source in here is coming from the candles, which happens to be everywhere. In the middle of the room there are 6 rows of empty chairs. The only row that has people sitting in it is the first row. I can't really see who is sitting there since their backs are turned towards me. In the right corner of the room I see a crowd of people, all wearing white, surrounding a table. All I hear around me is people crying and stuffy nose. I make my way over to the table to see what's the commotion about. "Excuse me" I try getting past them but no one moves. "He was a good guy" an older lady says to another. "Yes he was, his downfall was falling in love with that girl, she was the death of him" she replies while cleaning her nose with a tissue. Who are they talking about? I try standing on my toes to get a view of the picture in front of them but I can't see nothing.

"Oh god why!" someone screams from behind me. My head quickly turns to where the screaming came from. The scream came from the girl in the first row she is crying uncontrollably her shoulders are moving as she snobs into her hands. She sounds like she just got her heart ripped out of her chest and stomped on. I don't know why but her cries are calling me in like a banshee, so without even thinking about it I walk towards her. My legs stop moving as soon as I reach her. All I need to do is take one step to see her face but I can't move something is holding me back. The girl is sitting down with her face in her hands as she cries "Why? Just tell me

why?" she asks the man next to her. That voice sounds familiar where have I heard it before? The man wraps his arm around her trying to comfort her.

I walk around them to get a better view and my heart drops to the floor. I know them it's Sophia and the guy next to her is Logan. He is wearing big dark sunglasses that covers half his face. "Sofy? What's wrong?" my voice comes out in a whisper. I kneel down in front of her keeping my hands on my lap. "It's my fault" she snobs ignoring my question. What's her fault? Where is Gabe? Shouldn't he be here? I look around the room but don't find him. "No," Logan quickly adds "if there is anyone to blame here it's her" he says with his voice deep with emotion. What are they talking about? Sophia lifts her head to look at Logan. She has black streaks running down her face due to her mascara, her eyes are red and puffy due to all the crying she has done. "I should of never brought her into our life maybe Gabe would still be alive".

Those words hit me so hard that they knock me down on my ass I feel all air leave my lungs. "Gabe is dead?" I ask. That can't be true he can't be dead. No one answers my question it seems like they don't even notice that I'm standing here. This can't be true. "Where is he?" I ask more aggressively this time. I'm fighting back my own tears I don't want to cry because this isn't true Gabe isn't dead. He can't be. "Why the fuck is no one answering me?" I yell from the top of my lungs as I look around the room daring some one to look at me but no one answers they don't even look my way. "What the fuck?" I whisper to myself. If no one is going to

tell me where he is than I'll just have to go look for him myself.

I stand up and look around the room hoping to find my answer. That's when I see a white coffin surrounded by white roses and candles. Where did this come from? It wasn't here when I walked in or was it? Oh god! That can't be him. My stomach drops to the floor I think I'm going to be sick. My heart is pounding so hard that I'm sure everyone can hear it. I need to go see for myself who is in there. I have to fight my own legs for control every step I take they want to give up on me. My eyes are full with tears but I refuse to let them fall because that's not Gabe in there. After what seems like a life time I finally make it to the coffin. All I need to do is look down to see who is in there but my body is paralyze I have no control over it. Come on Jane you can do this just look down. I can do this on the count of 3. I take in a deep breath as I count in my head. When I get to the number 3 I dip my head to look inside.

Oh god! My legs finally give up dropping me on my knees. It's Gabe! "Oh god Gabe" I say as tears finally start rolling down my face. It seems like he is sleeping but I know better. He is wearing a white tux and his hair is comb back. He looks so handsome like always. I caress his face with my shaky hand. He is so cold like ice. "I'm so sorry" I say as sobs rip up my throat. I lay my head on top of his coffin like I used to lay it on his chest. Only this time there is no heartbeat to welcome me. Just the thought that I will never hear his heartbeat again breaks something inside of me. Every one is right I did this. I killed him. All I want to do is stay here with

him until I join him.

“Murder!” Sophia yells. I turn around to find her pointing straight at me. “You killed him” she says with so much venom that cuts right through me. I give Gabe one last glance before standing and facing her “Sofy I didn't want this to happen”. I take a step towards her but she takes one back. I stop right in my track she doesn't want me near her. That hurts more than her words. “How dare you show your face around here murder” she spits. Every time she calls me a murder it's like she stabs me with a knife. She hates me and she has all the reason too. “Murder!” some one yells behind her as they point at me. “No I didn't mean too” I say as tears roll down my face. I didn't want this to happen. I love him. “You have my brothers blood on your hands” Sophia yells as her shaky finger points at me. No I didn't kill him! I wipe my face and notice my hands cover in blood. Where did this come from?

“No” I cry as I walk backwards staring at my hands. They're cover in blood. His blood. I run my hands down my dress trying to clean them off. “Murder, murder” everyone starts to chant as they walk towards me. “No! I didn't do it” I say as my back hits the wall. Everyone keeps walking towards me calling me a murder pointing their fingers at me. Sophia and Logan are chanting with the rest of the crowd looking at me with so much hatred. “No, no” I drop to the floor. I wrap my arms around my legs and start rocking myself. I didn't mean to kill him. I love him. I love him! My love killed him.

“NOOO!” the sound of my own voice wakes me up. My eyes fly open only to be greeted by darkness. My heart is beating so hard it feels like it's going to come out of my chest,

cold sweat is dripping from my forehead all the way down my neck, and I'm out of breath. It takes me a few minutes to calm down and realizes it was just a nightmare. The same nightmare I've been having every night since that awful day. My whole room is dark the only light source in here is coming from my clock. I turn to see the time and the clock reads 3 am. This is just great there is no way I'll go back to sleep now. I never do.

It has been 2 long dreadful months since the day I lost Gabe. You know how they say that the pain gets easier with time? Well sorry to inform you that it's all bull shit if anything the pain gets worst. I've come to a point in my life where I don't mind the pain any more. It has become a reminder of what I've lost and will never get back. At least I know it was real. That he was real. I lay back down and stare at the darkness which has become my new friend. I see it and feel it. Living without Gabe has been the hardest thing I've ever have to do in my life. I was used to having Gabe around that now that I don't have him I don't know how to go on with my life.

So far I have gone through 3 different stages of grief.

Stage one: Isolation. For the first couple of days I locked myself in the room ignoring everyone and everything around me. I woke up and fell asleep crying. No eating, no sunlight, I didn't even bother taking showers. What for? It's not like I cared what people thought. I've mourn Gabe all by myself. I had no one to talk to or no one to comfort me when I needed. I didn't have no one to hug me at night and tell me everything was going to be alright that I was going to get through this. Nope it was only me.

Stage two: Anger. After I ran out of tears the anger came. I was angry with Mark, life, but mostly myself because I could not prevent all of this. All I wanted to do was hit something to get my frustration out. That's where kickboxing came in. I would be in the gym for hours just kicking and boxing my pain away. The first couple of days my body was so sore that just breathing hurt but I welcome the pain. Any pain is better than the one I carry inside of me but that didn't last long either. Unlike the heart the body gets used to the pain you put it through.

Which leads me to

Stage 3: Alcohol. Trust me when I say drinking is never the answer but alcohol is my medicine. Even if it's just for a short period of time it numbs the pain and I'll take that over being in pain all day. Anytime I start to feel anything I go straight for a bottle to drown my feelings it helps me forget how fucked up my life is. I didn't know how fucked up this situation really was until the day I walked in to that office.

2 months ago....

“You?” I choked out. What the hell is going on? How is this possible? “Hi, Princess,” my father smiles at me from his chair “maybe you should take a seat”. I can't find the strength to move. I was prepared to face any one even the devil himself but not him. It never crossed my mind that he was behind all of this. He walks around the desk and pulls a chair for me. “How?” I finally manage to ask without moving from my spot. “Sit down and I'll explain everything” he motions to the chair. I really don't feel like sitting down but my legs don't agree with me so I take a seat. I don't know if I should be

happy to see my father again or if I should be angry with him. "It's good to see you again Princess" he said with a smile on his face. I wrap my arms around myself to stop from jumping into his arms. For the first time in my life I need him to be my father and only that. I need him to comfort me and tell me everything is going to be fine. I need him to make this go away like he used to do when I was younger and had a bad day. He would always find a way to cheer me up but I'm not that little naive girl anymore. I know he can't fix this. No one can.

"How?" I asked with a firm voice that even takes me by surprised. I sound so strong but in the inside I'm dying. He gets up and walks towards the liquor cabinet "Where should I start?" I stare at the back of his head as he pours out some whiskey. "From the beginning" I said through clenched teeth. I want to know everything. He turns around with his drink in one hand and the bottle in the other "Alright let's start from the day of your birthday party shall we?". What does that day have to do with everything that is going on now? My face must of given me away because he answers my un-asked question "I knew you were going to run away" he takes the seat next to me. My shoulders drop. He knew? How? Why didn't he stop me? "I knew you had something up your sleeves that whole week you were acting strange. The day of the party I hire extra people to keep an eye open. After everyone left I went upstairs to check up on you because I had a feeling something was wrong and that's when I noticed that you were missing. I called my men and order them to find you. I had some one go to the airport just in case you

decided to go there,” as he said that my stomach turns upside down. I feel like I'm going to be sick.

“Once they called to confirm that you were at the airport I order them to follow you. I was originally going to make them bring you back home but after reading that letter I couldn't” he stops to take a sip of his drink. He had me followed? By who? No he is lying I never saw no one chasing me. “That's where Mark comes in. He was already at the airport when you got there I had him hide from you. I order him to follow you where you were going. His job was to keep an eye on you and keep me informed” he adds. Oh my God everything makes sense now! How did I miss it? That's why it seemed like Mark was always around because he was! That was his job. He was babysitting me. He was never my friend. He probably would never even talked to me if it wasn't for my dad. I never really got away from my father he made me believed I did. Everything was a lie. I feel like some one just pour a cold gallon of water all over me.

My dad pours out more whiskey but this time instead of drinking it himself he slides it over to me. The sound of the glass scratching the desk as it slides over to me snaps me out of my thoughts. I take a sip of the whiskey and concentrated on the burning sensation instead of everything he just confess. “You getting a job there was a coincidence by the way. When Mark called me and told me about the man who chased you I knew it was time to bring you back home. My plan was to bring you home right away but than everything started to get complicated so I had to deal with that first” he said ever so calmly.

So he didn't send him? So who was he? How did he know my name? What did he want from me? And most importantly who was he working for? “Why let me go in the first place if you were going to control my every move?” I ask as I tighten my hold on the drink. Why make me believe in a lie? “Like I said after I read your letter I realized how important this was for you. I decided to let you have the opportunity to experience the world but I wasn't going to throw you out there with out no protection” he reach for the cup. I'm holding it so tight that my knuckles are turning white.

I was so stupid how didn't I notice it before? Everything was so easy, me getting away and him never coming after me. He was always in control of my life even when I was miles away from him.

“What about you getting capture?” I ask. That is the only piece left of the puzzle missing. What was the point of him doing that? “The day before that happen some one called to informed me that the FBI was on there way. I'm tired of running and hiding all I want is to enjoy my life. I want you to be free from all of this crap so I came up with a plan to make them believed they capture me after all no one knows who El Rey really is” he shrugs his shoulders like if it was nothing. Some one is in jail right now pretending to be him how is that nothing? “What?” I ask in disbelief. I can't believe this my father is an evil genius he had everything planned out. “How could you dad?” I asked in total shocked. He rubs the back of his neck trying to relief some stress “Princess, I'm sorry if I hurt you in anyway but I'm not sorry for what I did”.

I have to stop myself from laughing at him of course he

isn't sorry for what he did. He always thinks he is right and to be clear he didn't hurt me, he killed me. He wasn't the one who shot Gabe but it's his fault it happen. He is the one to blame for everything. He stares into my eyes searching for the old me but once he realize that there is nothing there he breaks eye contact. "I'm glad you're here princess" he tries reaching for my hand but I pull away.

Chapter 2 Jane

Now.....

"Prima," Sammy says as she knocks on the door. Maybe if I don't answer she'll think I'm still asleep and she'll go away. "Open the door" she knocks again. I cover myself from head to toe with my bed sheets using it as a shield to protect me from the world if only that was possible. "Go away Sammy" I growl from under the sheets. I hate acting like a bitch to her but her good mood pisses me off. I rather stay in bed all day and night avoiding everything behind that door. "Please Jane" she pleads. I can almost see her bottom lip out as she pouts like a little girl. I really don't want to get out of bed but knowing her as well as I know her she'll keep knocking until I open it. I roll out of bed I don't even bother putting my slippers on I'm just going to climb back in bed anyways. "Come in" I yell as I walk back to my bed. "What are you doing?" she ask from behind me as she enters my room. I climb into bed and pull my sheets over me again "Going to sleep". Well not really but I think she gets the point. My sheets fly off me in a quick movement "It's 12:30 in the afternoon Jane you need to get out of bed". Did she just tell me what I need to do? I sit up and face her "I don't need

nor do I want to get out of bed and if that's all you came for you can leave now". I know that I'm being harsh with her but she just pissed me off.

"You're such a bitch" she scowls as she throws my sheets on the bed. She is right I am a bitch but that's the way I like it. "Funny thing that's what death does to a person" I snap back as I reach for my sheets. "Jane I know this has been hard on you," her face softens as she moves closer to the bed. I drop my head and start playing with the corner of the sheets avoiding her stare. I can handle people being bitchy but not sympathy. I can't it's too much. "But he was the one that died not you. I don't think he would want you to live the life you are living now" she says. How dare she say that? I know he is dead the pain in my chest is a constant reminder of that. I don't need her to throw that in my face.

How does everyone want me keep going on with my life knowing that I am the reason he is dead? I killed him. I feel my throat closing up on me "I think it's time for you to leave before I say something I might regret" I say through clenched teeth. I'm biting down on my teeth trying my best to control my anger and keeping my tears at bay. "Fine," she spins around "all I wanted was to invite you to a New Year's Eve party so you don't spend it alone in bed like you did for Christmas but never mind now" she slams the door on her way out to make a point. So what if I spend Christmas in bed while every one else was downstairs celebrating? I wasn't up for a family reunion or in the mood to celebrate Christmas. I throw my head back into my pillow out of frustration. Thanks to Sammy I'm in a pissed off mood. I might as well shower to

calm myself down.

After a 30 minute shower I change into Gabe's black shirt, the one that I wore to work that day, it doesn't smell like him no more but I know that it belongs to him and right now I take any closure I can get. I walk over to the mirror and swipe the condensation off to stare at my reflection. It's funny how much a person can change in 2 months. I'm nothing but a shadow of the girl that I used to be. You can see my brown roots growing in, I haven't bother in retouching my hair. I have bags and dark circles under my eyes due to the lack of sleep caused by my nightmare. I can never go back to sleep after I wake up no matter what time it is. My eyes don't have that sparkle of life that they used too instead they look dead. I don't even remember the last time I smile or even laugh and to top it all off I've lost about 20 pounds. Everyone keeps saying that Gabe was the one that died but what they don't know is that I also died with him. I'm no longer the same sweet caring girl. I've become a heartless bitch and I wouldn't have it any other way. The way I see it is if I don't open up to any one there is no way I can get hurt.

“Butterfly,” Nina calls from the door snapping me out of my thoughts. “Coming” I turn off the lights and walk out the bathroom. “How are you feeling today?” she ask as she puts down my tray of fruits. She always brings my breakfast upstairs since I refuse to eat downstairs with everyone else. “Like I feel every day” I brush my hair avoiding looking at her. Every morning she asks the same question hoping to get a different answer but it is always the same. “Oh I see,” she walks towards me “I saw Sammy leaving your room earlier

she looked pretty upset”. I take a few steps back putting some distance between us. Since I came back I haven't let anyone near me I don't allow them to touch me. It's nothing against them it's all about me. Every time someone tries to touch me I feel Gabe's cold fingers on my skin.

Losing Gabe fucked some thing up inside of me. I can't go through that sort of pain again. I won't be able to survive losing someone else that I love. I put on a strong face but underneath it I'm just a shattered mirror. I'm damaged. In order to keep that hidden I keep people at a distance. “Yeah I was kind of mean to her earlier” I ignore her hurt expression and walk around her. I know that I hurt people around me by keeping them at arms length but that's the only way I can protect myself. “She is by the pool if you would like to talk to her” she runs her hand down my bed trying to get rid of the wrinkles. “Okay thanks” I walk towards my breakfast never looking back at her. I hate that I'm so cold with her when all she is trying to do is give me some comfort. But it's too late for that I've already bundled all my feelings in a safe box and throw the key away in the ocean. “You're welcome” she walks towards the door. I wish I can tell her why I act the way I do but I don't know how to explain it to her or anyone else. “Nina I'm sorry” I called after her as I stare out the window. “I understand” she says as she closes the door.

I look down at the fresh fruits they look good but honestly I'm not even that hungry. I should probably go apologize to Sammy now that I think about it I was sort of a bitch to her. All she was trying to do was include me in her plans and on the other hand I can use a little sunlight. My skin is looking a

little pale these days. I change into my 2 piece bathing suit and wrap my towel around me.

“Dracula what are you doing out your cave?” Sammy jokes as I walk towards her. “Funny” I smirk. I should of known she was going to crack a joke. I drop my towel and take the seat next to her by the pool. “I just wanted to say I'm sorry about earlier” I say as I rub sunblock all over me. I need some sun but I don't want to over due it. “I'm sorry too I just-” she stops half way. I know she isn't done talking so I wait for her to finish “miss you”. Well that makes two of us. I miss the old me too but we better get used to this new me because the other one isn't coming back. I put on my shades to hide the fact that my eyes are getting watery. “So about this party?” I change the subject before I start crying. Her face lights up as soon as I mention the party. “Okay so the party is on a boat! I was thinking we can spend the whole day at the spa to relax ourselves, and to be honest you can use a little pampering, and then we can rent a room get a little drunk and from there go to the party” she beams with excitement. I ignore her comment on me needing some pampering because she is right I can use a little pampering.

“You want to spend New Years Eve in a boat?” I ask confuse. How much fun can a party be if it's on a boat? For all I care the party can be in the middle of the desert and I'll go. “Well since we are in Dubai why not? Plus I herd there is no better view of the fireworks than on a boat” she adds. I'm not in a mood to be going to any parties but I refuse to spend New Years Eve locked up in my room again or under the same roof as my father. “Fine I'm in” I lay back down to

enjoy the sun. “Oh my god really?” she claps her hands as she smiles brighter than the sun. I love seeing her smile it almost makes me want to smile. I said almost.

“Sammy baby” and there goes my good mood out the window no scratch that out the universe. Okay that's a little extreme but you get my point. “Over here babe” she jumps up to her feet like her ass is on fire. I pull out my iPod and start plugging in my headphones maybe he won't notice me here. “Well look what the cat dragged in or should I say out?” Raul laughs. Seriously who laughs at their own jokes? Psychopath that's who. “Leave her alone babe” Sammy jumps in before I can say something back. She runs into his arms and I have to fight the urge to throw up. I hate seeing her with that dick head but every time I try to bring it up we always end up fighting. The only reason why he is even going out with her is because I turned him down. Since I saw right through his good guy act he went for the next best thing. I don't want to sound conceited but it's true. At the end of the day it isn't even about Sammy and I. All he really cares about is the money and the power that comes with us.

“Jane agreed on coming with us to the party” she informs him never looking back at me. That bitch! She played me! I should of fucking know he was going. “She did?” he looks over to me and smirks. I give him the finger and turn on the music to tune both of them out. Funny enough 'Bring Me To Life' by Evanescence is the first song that plays. I wish some one would wake me up from this nightmare.

Chapter 3 Gabe

After a quick workout at the gym I decided to stop by the

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