

## Royal Contract 6

### Chapter 6 - Defend The Weak

She drove back to her office, which was located just at the outskirts of downtown New York. In a four-floor building owned by her boss, Mr. Howard Jenkins. Her office was a small square office with a view of one badly done graffiti on the wall of the other building, just across from her window.

The only consolation was the sweet smell of the food coming from an old Chinese restaurant situated downstairs. It was owned by a Chinese family who migrated many years back and started their own medium-sized business. She simply loved their delicious authentic dishes.

"What happened, Dani?" Anita asked, looking at her expectantly as she followed her inside her office. She was a friend and a co-worker who handled cases, mostly in family law.

Anita had been working in this office for three years, unlike her who just started last year. She was a great help in developing her skills in litigation. Without her, she would be lost and would still be finding her way to the legal jargon of the courtroom.

"I almost have them, but lost again due to technicality." She explained to her friend, slouching on her old dilapidated chair. She looked up at her ceiling, and then back down on the table with the stack of files that she needed to review today.

Cases that demanded her attention. All were urgent as the others. Meaning, people who were desperate for some assistance.

"Don't worry kid. You'll get them one day." Anita encouraged her, settling on her only available chair in her crummy office. Putting her hands together as if contemplating on asking her about something.

"Yes, I will." She answered her with more determination than ever. Well, she better worked her ass out if she would win her next case.

"Before you work yourself to death, will you join me tomorrow night?" Anita tapped on the table to get her attention because she was already busy reading the file on her hands.

"Yes, I will." Not listening to whatever Anita said. Then, realizing her mistake. "Wait, what did I just agree to?" She looked at her with wide eyes.

"You agreed to be my wing woman. We are going on a double date tomorrow night." Anita confirmed what she feared. "And, you can't take it back."

"Whatever. Just tell me the time and place and I will be there." She dismissed her friend and went back to her case. She just had to make some lame excuse to her tomorrow morning to get out of it.

Anita stood up and walked back out the door, noticing that she was already working on her next case. "Just holler if you need my help."

Barely, even a second of peace, her phone rang. Upon looking at the screen, all she wanted to do was ignore it. She already knew what the conversation would be and she was not looking forward to it.

After two more rings, she finally answered it, knowing that he would never give up. "Yes, Dad. I'm busy, what do you want?" She muttered under her breath.

"I miss you. Isn't that enough reason to call my only daughter?" Her dad said over the line.

"I miss you too, Dad, but I'm swamped right now." She did miss him. She did feel guilty about not talking to her family or visiting them since she moved out.

If only he would stop pestering her about her obligations to him and his company, she would gladly welcome him back to her life.

"Then, come home. Our house is big enough for the three of us. Your mom misses you too. Or if you want, I will buy you a decent apartment, somewhere close to home." Her dad rumbled on.

When he said decent, he was thinking of buying the entire building. Well, that was not her idea of living with her hard-earned money. She was determined to live on her own and make a future for herself. Something that she could truly be proud of.

Besides, she was not interested in her father's money. Money that she could not accept after learning how he acquired it in the first place. Like many business practices, her father followed the law by the book, but who said that there were no loopholes in the rules.

"Stop. I already told you that I could well afford to rent my own place. I already have a home. I don't need your help. I'm already earning enough. You don't need to worry about me." She stated obstinately.

She wanted to bang the phone on her desk out of frustration. She already knew what he would say next. As she put the phone away from her ears.

"You call that shabby apartment home. In the first place, you are not safe to be left alone in that death trap." Her Dad barked on the phone.

She decided to put her dad on speakerphone and placed it on the table as she began to work again on her case. As usual, he already knew what happened to her. News traveled fast in her world as many people were reporting to her dad about her daily activities.

She would not discount the possibility that someone might be even watching her every move as far as her father was concerned. She was after all the only heiress of his empire.

"Are you listening to me, Daniella?" Her dad, the Great Ethan, declared King of New York City, for dominating the majority of the business in the city and some other parts of the world. "You need to stop this childish and rebellious attitude and faced your real responsibility."

"I'm not being childish and this is not a rebellious phase, Dad. I am just being true to myself and following my dreams. When will you understand and accept that this is what I want with my life?" She spoke calmly over the speakerphone but she already resigned that her plea would only go to deaf ears.

As far as she was concerned, she did not want any part of his business. She had no plan to accept the responsibility he was bestowing on her. She never liked the way her father had run his business. She considered him one of the people she wanted to put down for his bad business practices.

She just hoped that she did not have to cross paths with him. But if ever that would happen, she would never have a second thought of going against her own father.

"Give up, my Princess. What you're doing with your life will only lead you to more disappointment. Your new office is waiting for you. You should be practicing what you work hard for in your own company. Doing what you were born to do, be the successor of my legacy." Her dad grumbled on the line.

It went on and on, but she only listened during the first line, the rest was just a blur to her as her attention went to her work.

She knew he would not stop convincing her to take her place at his side, but she was also determined to do what she thought was right. To pursue what she believed was what she wanted with her life.

"I'm gonna hang up now. Love you, Dad." She quickly said, avoiding hearing any more of his litany.

"Don't hang up on me, Princess." Her dad commanded, but it was too late. She already pressed the end button.

She still believed that she was his princess. She loved her parents dearly, but she just did not share the same principle with her dad. Her mom was ok. She supported her cause, and she acted as the referee, always caught in the middle of their argument.

She had a perfect childhood. A fairy tale that every girl would dream of. She lived like a princess and her parents were the king and queen. Living in their huge mansion which served as their castle and the city was her kingdom.

She knew what her future was back then. To follow her father's every wish and eventually marry the prince of his choosing.

She was raised to be an obedient child, until the moment she realized that she was different. An incident that opened her eyes to the truth. Her world was not perfect. Her life was not a fairy tale.

"Sorry, Dad but I will never be like you." She mumbled at the picture of her dad and mom on her table.

She went back to her work and focused on the files that were on her table. She opened the one on the top of the pile and checked the first page.

"Ok. Let me see what I'm up against." She mumbled to herself, with the sound of the street as her background.

She booted her laptop on and typed the name of her new nemesis. She needed to dig for more information regarding this company that she was going against. She swore to do her best to fight for those who could not fight for themselves. She would defend the weak.