

Worth Dying For

By Topper Joslin

Prologue

Three years prior~

I just received my final grade in my journalism class! I was going to be an author! My parents would publish me... I would marry Jason after graduation next year... start a family... and live happily ever after...

I rushed home... running through the door, yelling for Jason. I heard him say “Oh fuck!” just as I pushed our bedroom door open.

Two pairs of wide eyes stared at me... I snapped a picture without thinking... and then realized one pair of eyes... so similar to my own... I gasped “Bonita! How could you?!”

I slammed out of the room... Jason following... “Let me explain! It was a mistake. Please, baby... Look at me. I’m sorry.” I scoffed “A mistake? A mistake is taking someone’s phone on accident. A mistake is putting salt instead of sugar in your coffee. Shoving your dick in my sister’s overused twat takes conscious effort... a deliberate act.”

I took off my engagement ring... laying it on the table, just as Bonita joined us. “Get over yourself, Mari! A man has needs! You hoard your pussy like it holds the gold in Fort Knox. Saving yourself for marriage! It’s 2024... not the dark ages! Mom and Dad thought it would be best for me to satisfy his needs than have him out whoring around.”

I glared at her “Mom and Dad know? How long, Jason? How long have you been fucking my sister?” He mumbles “A little over a year.”

I stood up... grabbing my purse and keys “Oh Hell To The NO! I am going to talk to my parents! I want you the fuck out of my house when I get back!”

Walking into my parents’ house, I walked straight over to the table, where they sat. “You procured a whore to satisfy the ‘needs’ of MY fiancé? You thought it would be a good idea to pimp your own daughter... my sister... out, to the man I loved?”

Dad said “Oh calm down, Marisol. It happens every day. And yes, I believed it would be best if it was your sister! Not some whore... or a prostitute! Lord knows what they carry! Jason is a 22-year-old man... in his prime! He has needs and you weren’t looking after him. It is better than him cheating on you!”

I screamed “He IS cheating! What the fuck is wrong with you people!?” Mom stood and slapped me. I gasped and said “Are you serious? I am penalized for being a virgin... and Bonita is praised for being a whore? Have I stepped into a parallel universe?”

Jason and Bonita rushed in the door... she’s all excited and says “Momma, Daddy! Look!” Holding up her hand... she’s wearing my engagement ring. I glared at Jason. He, at least, had the decency to hang his head.

Bonita said “I told Jace about the baby, and he said we would get married!” I whispered “Baby? There’s a baby?” She squealed and said “Yes! Isn’t it

wonderful? Please, Mari... Now that you and Jace aren't together... won't you be happy for me?"

I snarled "Happy? Happy... for... You! No, Bonita! I am not happy... I am hurt. Angry... I will never be happy about this!" Mom said "Well, you will have to be! This family will do what we always do! Rally together and get your sister married! You will stand up with her... and you will show all our family and friends you are okay with it!"

I laughed "Those are some good drugs you're on! No fucking way in hell will I ever act okay with it! She ruined my life... No! You all ruined my life! So, no! I won't rally... I couldn't care less what our family and friends think."

Dad said "You will do as you are told... or you will leave this family! I will disown you!" I grinned. "Go for it! Disown me... the only place for me to go from here, is up! God knows you have all thrown me to rock bottom!"

I turned and walked out. I called my best friends Susannah and Allen. I tried telling them what happened, but the tears finally came. I pulled over... and they both just stayed on the phone while I bawled my eyes out.

When I had calmed enough, I told them everything. And somehow, they talked me into going out for drinks... which I did... then, I made a mistake. I went home with a gorgeous man... who kept buying my drinks.

I lost my virginity... and my dignity... all in one night... The pain of what I had done, hit me hard... in the early morning hours... As I made my way to my house... I realized I didn't even know the man's name. I formed a plan. I would make that family regret what they had done! I made up my mind. I was disowned. and I am assuming, disinherited. I have no allegiance to anyone, except my grandfather!

At home, I showered... then packed up my personal belongings... loaded them into my car... And drove to my grandfather's house in Brentwood.

I spent several hours telling him what had happened... and what my plans were. I showed him the pictures I took. He patted my hand... and stood. He walked out of the room.

Within minutes, he was back. He laid several documents out on the table... he told me to sign... here... here... and there. He smiled "You weren't supposed to get this before your twenty fifth birthday. I see a need for it now. This is your trust fund... started by your grandmother the day you were born. Bonita has one, as well. I haven't decided if she will get hers before I die or not. The jet will be ready when you are. You will fly to New York... from there, I will arrange a private flight to London... I have several friends who will handle it. Here... a new phone. Leave me your old one... I have plans for those pictures. I have never been so ashamed of my son, in his entire life. There is over thirty million in your trust. This... is a black American Express... unlimited balance. It's in one of my dummy corporation's names. Untraceable. You will call me... every day... without fail. You can disappear from everyone, but me, granddaughter. You are my namesake... you are my world... and when I tell you it is time to come home... You will come home!

He pulled me into his lap... and held me, as I cried. He said “Who are we?” I whispered we are Andrews. He nodded and said “You are named for my sweet Marilyn... and for me... Salty Dog Solomon! So, Marisol Andrews! You stand tall! You stand proud! And you make them rue the day they crossed us! We don’t get mad, baby girl... we get even!”