

Prologue

Miami, USA

Senate elections in Florida

“USA! USA! USA!”

The wide concourse of Miami's Sunshine Paradise Arena was bursting at the seams. Thousands of people had come. Hundreds of American flags could be seen in the hall. Resounding shouts from nearly ten thousand throats echoed thunderously off the walls.

“USA! USA! USA!”

The man behind the lectern casually waved into one of the many cameras. Walker Dale is a congressman in the House of Representatives and a native of Miami. He is an icon and many say he is the upcoming presidential candidate. Last but not least, he is also the supporter of the real star of the evening, Francis D. Rokinsky. Dale was the man who discovered him for politics. He had discovered the huge potential in this exceptional talent.

“USA! USA! USA!”

“It is my distinct honor ...” said Dale, who had reached the end of his introductory speech. He raised his hand commanding silence. “A truly special, a tremendous honor to present to you the next senator from Florida.”

“USA! USA! USA!”

“Ladies and gentlemen, bring out everything you've got, give him a warm welcome, and give him a goddamn divine round of applause. Here's our candidate Francis D. Rokinsky!”

The crowd now cheered wildly as an attractive, dark-haired man in his early forties, took the stage and grabbed Dale's outstretched hand, smiling charmingly at the cameras. Francis D. Rokinsky was the new star in the party's sky. He was comparable to a rock star, at least as much as a conservative Southerner could be. It looked quite likely that Walker Dale would win the next presidential election considering the pathetic mullets nominated by the opposing party. If so, Rokinsky would be assured a place in his new cabinet in the Interior Department if Dale had his way. In nine years, when Rokinsky had gained enough experience on this very big stage, his time would come. Francis D. Rokinsky might then also become the new president of the United States of America.

“USA! USA! USA!”

Wasn't that a dreamy notion? Well, not really. At least not if his daughter had her way. The fact was that Rosaline Rokinsky could hardly imagine anything worse than her own father as a senator. Her life was hardly bearable as it was. Since the age of five, she had to attend ultra-religious Bible schools and regularly sing in the church choir. Going dancing was taboo, as well as, alcohol and boys. Her friends, if you could call them that at all, had been strictly selected by her parents. Most of them were completely effeminate, uptight and humorless girls whom Rosaline had met in the church choir and the Bible schools. They were the kind of young women who blushed with shame and left the room if you even mentioned words like clitoris or masturbation. Rosaline was only sixteen years old and totally frustrated!

“USA! USA! USA!”

“Oh, go fuck yourselves,” Rosaline grumpily muttered at the TV in the living room, then turned it off. She had promised her mother, who had accompanied her father to his campaign appearance in the city, that she would watch the speech on TV. Rosaline couldn't stand it any longer; by now, she could quote her father's speeches by heart. Ninety percent of them consisted of wild picking on illegal immigrants and junkies. Francis D. Rokinsky was particularly passionate about the war on drugs. In his opinion, just thinking about cocaine should be punished by a long prison term. That went over well with people, especially in light of the recent wave of cocaine deaths that had swept the country. The vibration of her cell phone snapped Rosaline out of her thoughts. She looked at the screen and read the message Tony had sent her.

“Can you come over?”

Perfect! Rosaline rose from the sofa, picked up her purse, and took one last look in the mirror at her belly-baring top, low neckline, push-up bra, and miniskirt. Her hair, tied into a tight bun in the presence of her parents, fell over her shoulders in voluminous waves. If Tony didn't finally want to make out with her today, she wouldn't understand the world!

After all, this was their fourth date already. Rosaline left her parents' big house and walked once around the block, always careful to remain as inconspicuous as possible in the dark light of dusk. At the side of the road ahead, she finally recognized the white Mitsubishi. It was Tony's car. Her heart beat faster as she thought of this highly attractive boy waiting there for her.

She had met Tony by chance while jogging, when he had collided with her lost in thought. That collision had been followed by nearly two hours of conversation, the likes of which Rosaline had never had before. Tony was amazing. He was three years older than her, was training to be an auto mechanic, and was the son of Italian immigrants.

Since he was a foreigner, her father hated him. If Francis D. Rokinsky knew his daughter was dating a young Italian man whose parents had immigrated to the U.S. illegally and had a considerable stash of cannabis that they would be happy to share with his daughter, he would stop her dating Tony. After their third and so far last date, Rosaline had finally overcome all fears and confessed to Tony who her father was and the wonderful thing was that it hadn't deterred him at all.

"How are you, sweetie?", Tony greeted her after she had taken a seat in the passenger seat of the Mitsubishi.

"Just fine," she replied, beaming. "What are we doing today?"

"Something really special," Tony promised.

Fireworks of excitement and anticipation spread through her belly. Interrupted only by a hot flare as she saw Tony's gaze dart quickly, but full of desire, over her legs and low neckline. If only my father could see this, Rosaline thought grimly. They drove for nearly half an hour, talking about God and the world and making fun of Francis Rokinsky's speech, which played repeatedly on the radio. When the Mitsubishi finally stopped at the edge of a run-down row-house development, it had grown dark.

"Where are we?" asked Rosaline, part curious, part disgusted. The facades of the row houses were cracked, the plaster chipped in most places. Some windows were smashed, lights burned behind others, revealing bleakly furnished, small apartments.

"My parents live here," Tony admitted candidly, though slight uncertainty resonated in his voice. "I hope that ... that's not a problem?"

"No, no!" replied Rosaline hastily. "It's all right!" She wanted at all costs to avoid the impression of being a spoiled little brat of a politician.

"Okay," Tony sighed with relief. Then his gaze grew bolder. "Because the thing is, they're not here tonight."

"Oh, where ... where are they?"

"In the arena, cheering for your father." He rolled his eyes as this man would probably send them back to Naples at his first opportunity.

"Sorry," she said softly, bowing her head in shame.

"Hey," Tony said, taking a step toward her. His hand touched her on the chin and pushed it up slightly, causing her to lift her head again. A smile tugged at Tony's lips as he moved even closer to her and gave her a gentle kiss. Rosaline's insides tightened, but it was not at all unpleasant. She saw his gaze grow greedier, lingering conspicuously long on her plunging neckline.

"Shall we go in?" he asked, gesturing to the door of one of the row houses.

"Absolutely," Rosaline whispered. The tingle in her belly grew even more tingly, and it didn't stop there

as Tony walked past her and she could smell his cologne. Five minutes later, they were face to face in his bedroom. Rosaline hadn't seen that much of the rest of the apartment. Everything was in darkness and there was no light burning in Tony's room either. But she didn't care. All she needed to feel was that free, trained torso standing not ten inches from her. Her hand trembled as it stroked his abs, and she allowed his hands to in turn pull up her miniskirt.

"I'll ... take your pants off, okay?" she breathed.

"In a minute," Tony replied, "I want to show you something first." He let go of her and disappeared into a dark corner. Rosaline heard a drawer open and close again. A few seconds later, Tony was standing in front of her again. In his hands, she could hardly believe her eyes, he held a long rubber band and a clean syringe with a transparent liquid in its plunger.

"Tony, what ..." she began, but he silenced her with a kiss.

"Have you ever done cocaine?" He whispered those words directly into her ear, the timbre of his deep voice seeming to cloud her senses.

"I ... no, of course not," she said, her voice trembling. "You know who my father is."

"That's just it," Tony said. His free hand stroked her belly and then her back gently at first and then demandingly. She was putty in his hands. "Imagine his face," he said with barely concealed passion in his voice and gaze. "What he'll say when he finds out his daughter ..."

"He must never find out!" interrupted Rosaline in a shrill voice. All the excitement, the desire, the lust for Tony's body, all of it was gone. Suddenly she wasn't so sure what she was even doing here.

"He won't," Tony reassured her.

But that's the appeal of having senate candidate Francis D. Rokinsky lose control of his daughter. This was the man who had declared war on drugs.

He was so close to her now that she could feel the warmth of his body. She sucked in his scent, put her hands around his waist and looked down at him. Besides the hand clutching the syringe and the rubber band, she recognized a large bulge in his pants.

"Have you ever taken this before?" she asked.

"Me?" repeated Tony with a laugh. "An hour ago, when I left to pick you up."

"You're high already?" she asked.

"Of course," he confirmed quietly. "There's nothing hornier than fucking high."

"All right," she said softly. "You obviously know how to do this?"

"Just trust me," Tony said just as quietly.

In fact, he knew damn well what he was doing. Rosaline didn't even feel the injection. What she did feel, however, was a faint tingling sensation that spread around the injection site after a few minutes.

Then she felt this breakthrough euphoria. Rosaline didn't know that cocaine fired off a barrage of hormones in the body, including dopamine and serotonin. Cocaine is considered a type of stimulant. She looked at Tony, expecting to give herself to him completely, to really piss off her father. But Tony had suddenly changed completely. His bold look had gone out, he eyed her with a sense of victory over this situation. He stepped back and put his shirt back on.

“What are you doing?” she asked, confused, and was about to take a step toward him when she suddenly lost her balance and fell onto the creaky bed. Her heart was racing, but differently than it had been racing the previous evening. Something was wrong. The last thing she heard before her heart seemed to explode and before she was jerked into unconsciousness by an agonizing, painful spasm, was Tony's voice saying:

“I'm sorry, Rosaline.”

The man who had introduced himself to the daughter of senate candidate Francis D. Rokinsky as Tony had the real name of James Lou Ott. He looked down at her lifeless body. This silly young girl had been animated by the thought of getting one over on her asshole of a father. A bitter ending as this thought ultimately meant her death. It wasn't just her death, Ott recalled with a grin. The reason he had given Rosaline Rokinsky the golden shot was, of course, her father or rather his politics. It's hard to imagine how the media will pounce on the budding superstar Rokinsky when his own sixteen-year-old daughter was found dead half-naked the next morning with a cocaine syringe in her arm in a neighborhood whose vacant houses were a stronghold for drug addicts.

The next day, nothing else was reported but the drug-related death of the only daughter of senate candidate Rokinsky. Apart from the personal catastrophe, this drug death meant the total crash of the professional career of senate candidate Francis D. Rokinsky.

At this news, Ott had to grin. He immediately pulled out his cell phone to send a quick message to his client that the job was done. The grin widened even more when he thought of the payment he would receive for this murder. Three million dollars for barely two weeks' work, this was his America.

The land of opportunity