

Sold To The Cruel Mafia

- Chapter 1: Welcome to the family. by PurpleAlien122

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With each step I took, getting closer to a man I wanted to run from. His icy glare settled on me and it felt like my skin was being pricked with a thousand needles.

I stopped for a second, unable to take the intensity. I could feel the barrel of a gun being pressed against my back as his goon walked me down the aisle.

I looked for the exits. There was only one door. "Easy there," his goon whispered in my ear, "it's either this or a funeral. You choose."

I narrowed my eyes at the man- indicating for him to move the gun, the material of the wedding dress was thin and the gun was digging into my back. The goon looked amused, releasing the pressure he was putting on the gun.

I continued walking, looking at all the smiling faces looking back at me. I wanted to scream 'help me' but something in me doubted they would. "Smile," the goon ordered. I put on my best smile but I couldn't promise its genuineness.

We reached the alter and he handed me off to the groom -as if I was his to give away. I eyed the silent, brooding man. There were worse people to marry but I never thought I'd marry a man with a neck tattoo.

"Dearly beloved we are gathered here today..." The priest began the ceremony and the man kept his eyes fixed on me. His jaw was clenched as he glared hard at me and I wondered why he was forcing me into this when he didn't want it as well.

"We don't have to do this." I tried one last time to reason with him.

"Your brother owes me," he said, stiffly.

"I can pay you in monthly instalments."

I never got the chance to talk to him after he took me. I just know for the last two days I feared my life not knowing if Jason and I would be alive come the weekend.

He locked me in a room alone. I was surprised there was someone that brought me meals. I felt like this marriage was going to be a life sentence.

He didn't allow me to see my brother and every time I asked the workers, they didn't know what I was talking about. I had no choice but to trust this man's word that Jason was still alive.

"You think that's how things work, darling," he said, snapping me out of my thoughts, "no you either remain silent and let the man do his job or there is a bullet going in your brother's head," He whispered through clenched teeth.

And I'd never thought I'd marry a man so cruel.

"Is half a million worth a human life?" I couldn't help but question the man's moral code.

"Darling, you don't stay in the game by giving out loans. What did you think I was running, a charity? Besides your brother stole from us. Somebody is got to pay."

"This isn't right," I muttered.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" The priest asked and the man looked me over briefly, giving me a snide smile.

"I do."

The priest looked at me. "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

"I, um..." I stuttered and I heard the distinctive sound of a gun being cocked. "I do," I blurted and the priest looked at me.

The man glared at me before looking into the crowd. "She's eager," he said and everyone laughed.

"Can we have the rings," the priest called and a boy that looked no older than a high school student brought the rings on a golden tray. My soon going to be husband clasped the boy on the arm, smiling at him.

He then turned his gaze on me, taking my hand in his rough hand. His smile disappeared, and he picked up the ring, sliding it on my finger, harshly to the base.

My breathing hitched as he lifted his tattooed hand for me to take. I slid the golden band on his finger and he let go of my hand as soon as it was on.

"I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride," the priest said.

The man wrapped an arm around me pulling me close. My breathing picked up as his cold plump lips touched mine briefly, and I felt fear encase me. He let go of me and his attention fell behind me. I turned to look and saw an old man in a wheelchair.

"Is that your father?" I asked... Trying to catch my breath. I was terrified of what came next in my life. I was now married to this man and I didn't even know his name or anything about him.

"My grandfather and the reason I had to marry you," he said, walking away and his men followed. The goon that walked me down the aisle came back securing his gun behind my back.

"Let's go, Hunny," he said.

"Is that necessary? I married him. I can't run now can I?" I asked.

"Just protocol and keep smiling."

He loaded me into a white Suv, and their boss was the driver. We were alone which surprised me. He drove out of the church yard and I fidgeted in my seat nervously. "What now?" I asked.

"Let's get something straight," he began, "I married you on paper. Whether you like me or not I don't care. You'll get your own room and your own space. If you need someone to take care of your desires in the bedroom that can be arranged too. Don't bother me and don't talk to me if it's not necessary."

"I just have one question?" I said and he turned to look at me.

"And what's that?"

"What's your name?" I asked, "or do I call you boss like all your goons?"

"Alvaro," he said, turning to look back at the road.

"I'm Jane," I said and he looked at me from the corner of his eye.

"You think I would marry someone without knowing their name?" He questioned, "I know everything about you. Your name is Jane America Collins, you moved to Canada for two years and then moved back this year. You have no criminal records, not even a damn parking ticket," he looked amused, "and were a straight A student in high school which was sad because you never went to college and assuming your cunt of a brother owes me money, I think I know why you never got the chance to further your education which resulted in you having to work like a dog just to survive."

It was sad when someone explained how my life was especially when that someone was a stranger. "You got all of that information on me in two days?"

He nodded.

"So how long do we have to be married for? You married me for something other than companionship. So how long?"

He laughed. "Till death do us part, darling."

"What if I want a divorce?" I asked.

He laughed again. "Go ahead sweetheart, but let me tell you there were four gang leaders that attended our wedding. Yeah, we are all cool for now but when things go south they always want to hit where it hurts most and that's family. So you want to divorce me and live on your own, that's fine by me. But when you killed in that shoe box you call an apartment I will be sure to send flowers." I remained silent. "Good to know that's enough incentive for you."

"Why me?" I asked.

"Because. No one will miss you. You are a ghost. No friends, no cat," he laughed again, "your parents live in Oregon so they won't come looking for you."

I clenched my jaw. "I'm giving you a chance at a better life. I'm still doing your brother a favour by not killing him. I don't see a need to complain."

"What happens to my brother now?"

"Booked him a one-way flight to Brazil. He's not allowed to step foot in the country again. I'm not the only one he owes money to. That fucker has been around the mill. Pissed off a lot of people." He clenched the steering wheel tight. "I had to clean that up too."

"Last question," I said, "why did you marry me because of your grandfather?" I felt that was the most important question.

"The man is a hopeless romantic. He says behind every great man there is a supportive, loving woman that keeps him great and secured on the throne. He wasn't going to hand over the family business if I didn't marry someone."

"So I'm just a means to an end?" I asked.

"You're fixing both our problems with one move."

"Did you not have like a girlfriend or someone you'd want to marry instead?"

He laughed. "I thought that was your last question."

"Forgive me but I'm just curious about what I'm getting into."

"See that's the thing. You're already into it, Mami." He grinned, followed by an almost evil-sounding laugh.

"I have a favour to ask," I looked away, "let me see Jason before you send him away."

He thought about it for a second. "Fine, you can say your goodbyes."

"Thank you."

There was silence and he ran a tattooed hand through his hair. "Consider it your wedding present."

He stopped the car outside the gates of his mansion, pressing a button on the intercom. "Open," he said and the gates opened.

He drove into the garage and switched the engine off. "Let's go," he said, opening a trap door on the garage floor.

"I'm wearing a wedding dress how am I supposed to-" his face said it all that he didn't care.

"Do you want to or not? His plane leaves in an hour."

I hiked my dress up and went down the ladder slowly. "Jane," my brother came over to me, pulling me into a hug.

"Are you okay? Did you marry him, already?" He asked.

"Just got back from the church," Alvaro said, jumping the last few steps. His feet hit the ground hard causing me to flinch.

"Means we brothers now right?" Jason chuckled and Alvaro shook his head.

"Means you owe your sister your life," he said.

"Can I talk to him in private?" I asked, Alvaro.

"What can't you say in front of me?" He asked.

"Please," I said and he walked back to the stairs.

"Thank you so so much, Jane," Jason said.

"I've bailed you out of some real shit before and I must say this takes the cake, Jason."

"I know, I know, JJ." I sighed and he pulled me to the corner of the room.

"Here's what you are going to do," his voice got low, "you going to work towards disappearing. This man has money. He will take care of your expenses. You need to work and save all the money you can on the side and when you feel comfortable enough you need to leave the country. He is dangerous. Don't stay here."

"Knowing he is dangerous you still put me in this position!" I seethed.

"It's not the worst thing that could have happened to us."

"Us!" I snapped at his audacity, "I didn't get a cent of the five hundred thousand, but here I am paying for it!"

"Times up," Alvaro said, coming back down the stairs. "Hope y'all said y'all's goodbyes. He needs to go now."

I nodded and a few men came down the stairs to take Jason away. "How do I know you won't kill him if you not letting me have any contact with him?"

"Isn't my wife smart," Alvaro looked prideful, "She is starting to think on her feet," he looked between me and my brother, "One phone call a month good with you, darling?" He asked, "I'm being extra generous this week."

"Yeah, you are boss." One of his goons said.

"You going to have to learn to trust me," Alvaro said to me.

"Well, I can't."

"You'll learn. I have your best interests at heart," he grinned, "now come with me. My grandfather wants to meet you."

"Goodbye Jane, remember what I said," Jason said and the men led him up the stairs.

I prayed he'd be okay. Because I wasn't going to be around to bail him out anymore.

"Let's go," Alvaro said and I followed him out of what I assumed was the basement- trying not to think about all the people he murdered down there.

He lead me into his large outlandish family room that had a theme of white and gold. It made me wonder how he kept it clean with the "work" he was into.

His grandfather was waiting in the centre of the room, seated in his wheelchair with a female beside him.

"Abuelo," Alvaro greeted, bowing his head in respect.

"Beautiful ceremony my son," the old man said, "I flew all the way from Spain when I heard the good news," the man looked at me and smiled. "Come here my dear," he said and I looked at Alvaro.

Alvaro placed his hand on my back giving me a gentle nudge towards his grandfather. "Welcome to the family," his grandfather said, he turned to the lady, "help me up would you?" She helped him up and gave him a cane to lean on. He held open his arms and I hugged him.

"Thank you, sir," I said, letting go of the man.

"Please call me Abuelo. You are my granddaughter now."

He let go of me and Alvaro took my hand in his. I felt a cold sweat coming along. I felt, faint, my stomach churned and then I heard a loud pop. I jumped and Alvaro squeezed my hand.

"To Mr And Mrs Castillo," his grandfather cheered, pouring three glasses of champagne.