

Chapter 10: Wasted.

Jane's POV

First Mateo left and Alvaro left, leaving me with his mother and grandfather at the table. His mother seemed horrible and Alvaro looked like he couldn't stand her— maybe that's why I hadn't met her till now.

I hated the way Alvaro's mother spoke about Mateo and the way she spoke to him as if she was better than him. I could see Mateo felt uncomfortable and irritated in her presence.

"Excuse me," she said and stood. Her heels clicked against the porcelain tiles with each step she took to the door.

Soon after I heard yelling and abuelo shut his eyes tightly, taking a sip of his wine. "Can you please check on Mateo, mi hija?" He asked, "I'd do it myself but his room is upstairs."

"Of course," I bowed my head, standing. "But I don't want to leave you alone here," I said and he smiled.

"Mi hija, my nurse will be right in. Plus I need to check on Alvaro." I could see the sadness in his eyes. "I shouldn't have asked his mother to come."

"You were just trying to help, abuelo," I smiled and he gave my hand a gentle squeeze. "I'll go check on Mat now."

I left the dining room to go find Mat. I walked around looking for Mateo's room. It had to be on the same floor as mine. This floor was huge and I hadn't seen all the rooms yet.

I heard shouting coming from downstairs but I could barely make out the words being said. Alvaro's voice was distinct and the anger in it was sending chills down my spine.

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I continued walking, coming to a bend at the end of the hall. I walked into another hallway that had paintings on the walls and expensive-looking antiques like old vases and busts on pedestals.

I found a door that had a sign saying 'I am asleep. I knew it had to be Mateo's room.

I lightly knocked on the door and a few seconds later he pulled the door open. "Hey," he sighed, moving back to his bed and falling flat. His room was painted dark blue and he had a desk filled with books.

He had pictures on the walls and some of them caught my eye. "Is that Alvaro?" I asked, looking at a picture of a boy with no tattoos and thick messy hair. The boy was carrying a little boy on his shoulders and they were both grinning while a lady in the background laughed.

I looked at Mat to see a smile on his face. "Looks different doesn't he?" Mateo looked like he was lost in thoughts of happier days.

"Very. He looks like a boy..." He still had some of his facial features it was just matured considering it was years later, but the smile and brightness in Alvaro's eyes were something I was yet to see in the matured version.

"What happened to him Mat?" I had to know. How did he go from this to a killer. There had to be something that set him off and I wanted to know. Knowing he would never be open with me about it I had to go behind his back and ask Mateo.

If he could dig up files on me then I could do the same.

"The bruja downstairs," Mateo said.

"Bruja?" I questioned.

"Witch," he said.

"Alvaro changed because of her?" I asked.

"Alvaro never really told me what caused him to change. I just remember one day he came home and he had those black gloves on his hands. He was never the same after that. I had asked what happened and he wouldn't tell me. He became quiet, distancing himself from everyone and he stopped smiling completely for a while. He told me he wanted me to be better than him. I was still very young to understand why he said it. But I think I know what happened because every time he put on those gloves he came home and went straight to his room distancing himself again and now I know those black gloves, it's a warning someone is going to die. But the last time I saw him wearing those gloves he had just brought you home. I told him not to kill you. That I would never forgive him, that no matter what you did you are a woman and abuelo always taught us to respect a woman."

"You knew he forced me to marry him?" I asked and Mateo nodded, sadly.

"I told him it was wrong and he promised he wouldn't harm you. He just needed a marriage certificate to get abuelo's signature. It was the only way for Alvaro to take over everything."

"Why didn't you tell me you knew?" I asked. I wasn't upset that he didn't tell me. He was just a kid and I knew there was nothing much he could have done to stop Alvaro.

Mateo looked away. "I always thought you knew that I did."

I walked around Mateo's room in awe of all of the pictures. In each one of them, Alvaro was smiling. He was young and he looked so carefree and then I stopped at a picture where he was glaring and he had a tattoo on his neck. "What did Alvaro's mother do to him that was so bad?" I asked instead.

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"After his father died she left him with abuela and abuelo. But why Alvaro really hates her is something he hasn't told me. I would guess that she is just a horrible mother that never cared about him. She only started coming around when he became a man."

I heard something break outside and Mateo and I shared a look before we both rushed to the door. I pulled open the door to see Alvaro take a few steps forward and multiple steps back.

He looked down at the now shattered vase. "What happened?" I asked and he looked up quickly.

"Es mi ángel," he slurred.

"Duddeee," Mateo came out of the room, "you're so wasted."

"Mi hijo," Alvaro opened his arms, "ven aquí. cómo estuvo tu día." 1

I couldn't believe my eyes. He was totally out of it. "Does he just speak Spanish when he is drunk?" I asked.

"Pretty much," Mateo laughed. "cuanto tuviste que beber?" He looked at Alvaro. 1

Alvaro brought his thumb and forefinger together in the slightest — as one would do when they were indicating an amount. "Mucho." Alvaro grinned. 1

"My Spanish isn't that great. You got this?" I asked Mateo and he nodded. I moved to walk past Alvaro and he grabbed me.

"I said you're my angel." He smiled lazily, pulling me into his arms and crushing me into his hard body.

"Alvaro," I wailed, my eyes widening as I heard him say things I would have never imagined.

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Mateo burst out into laughter. "If he's giving you compliments and hugs it must mean he is totally out of it."

"La bruja se ha ido," Alvaro sang, "I chased her out. Evil woman." 1

Alvaro was putting all of his body weight on me and I was tipping over. Mat rushed over and helped me hold him up. "Okay let's get him to bed," I said to Mat, "where is his room?"

"Seriously Jane. You have to learn where all the rooms are now." Mat said, putting one of Alvaro's arms over his shoulder and I put his other arm over mine.

"I'm sorry, I never really had much time for a tour," I said as we moved to walk him to his room.

"Because you're too busy hiding from me," Alvaro grinned, "but you can't hide from the devil, mami," he whispered in my face and he smelt like someone used him to mop a bar floor.

"You smell like a bar."

"And you smell pretty," he said, pulling my face closer and placing a huge sloppy kiss on my cheek. 1

"Ew, Alvaro," I shrieked and he laughed.

"I'm your husband, can't I kiss you?" He smirked.

"I think I'm going to throw up," Mateo said. He looked at me and his brows knitted together. "Why are you blushing?" He howled with laughter and I tried to touch my cheeks and felt they were hot.

"Shut up! I'm not."

"Did I ever tell you guys about the time I won one million at Monte Carlo?"

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" Alvaro asked. 1

Mateo sighed. "Every time you get drunk, Al."

"It was my last two hundred bucks," Alvaro started his story. Keeping his voice low and mysterious. "I had run away for the weekend and abuelo was mad because..."

"There we go again," Mateo said, "and let me just miss a day of school -"

"I'll kick your ass!" Alvaro declared. "You're going to be a way better man than me."

Mateo sighed. "You put too much expectation on me."

"How much farther is his room? He is heavy," I said.

"Right here," Mateo said pushing the door open.

We walked into his room and I noticed everything was black except the white walls. His bedsheets, curtains and even the rug on the floor were black. 1

We dropped him on the bed and he pulled us down with him. My head fell on his chest and he started singing a song in Spanish. "Señoras y señores

Buenas tardes, buenas noches. Buenas tardes, buenas noches. Señoritas y señores. To be here with you tonight brings me joy, que alegría

For this music is my language, and the world es mi familia." His chest vibrated against my cheek as he sang. 1

"You are hurting my ears!" Mateo moaned."

Mateo pulled himself up and I moved to do the same but Alvaro wrapped both his arms around me. I heard the sound of a camera go off and I looked to see Mateo with his phone in hand.

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"He is so going to kill you," I said.

"Think about it as leverage the next time I see him being a dick to you."

"Language, mi hijo," Alvaro stopped singing and scolded.

Mateo rolled his eyes and moved to pull off Alvaro's shoes and I finally broke free from his arms and stood. Alvaro propped himself up on his elbows. His head was bobbing from side to side.

"What do we do with him?" I asked.

"We just leave him here. He'll put on some music and dance till he falls."

I laughed. "He dances?" I wanted to see that.


"He's a Spaniard what do you think?" Mateo said.

"I'm not in a dancing mood," Alvaro fell face first into the bed.

"Okay good night," I said moving to the door.

"No," Alvaro sat up, "no one leaves." I couldn't help my laughter.

Mateo chuckled. "Estas loco. What must we do here?"

"Talk to me," Alvaro said, "wait let me tell you about the time we went to Monte Carlo." 

Alvaro crawled up on the bed and patted the spaces beside him. Mateo moved to sit on one side. "Are you just going to give in?" I asked.

"If I don't he will break into my room and sit on the floor until he says his piece and then he will pass out resulting in me putting a pillow under his head and a blanket over him," Mateo sighed. "Then in the morning, he will be angry because his body is sore."

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"Does he always get drunk?"

"Only when he's had a rough week and his workers are on patrol. Right now all the doors are sealed I'm assuming."

"He's that paranoid?"

"He is very paranoid."

"Why are you two talking about me as if I'm not here," Alvaro slurred, "do you want to hear my story?"

"Yes please, tell us your story," Mateo said. Alvaro looked at me and patted the spot next to him. I moved to sit on the other side.

He linked our hands as he began his story. "I stole abuelo's private plane and he was furious," Alvaro pointed a finger, changing his face, "he said never in my life," he tried to imitate his grandfather's voice. "That was all he actually said to me because nothing I ever did seemed to surprise him anymore."

As Mateo said it happened. Alvaro told us his story and then he fell asleep. When I checked to see if Mateo was still awake he was snoring too.

I slowly tried to pull my hand back. "No," Alvaro muttered, "Jane," he whispered putting his arm around me and pulling me to his chest.

"You're not going to be happy when you wake up next to me," I whispered.

"Stay," he said and I bit my bottom lip as I stared at his face.

I could see that teenager I saw in all of Mateo's pictures. My hand shook as it moved to push Alvaro's hair back. "What happened to you?" I whispered and only got subtle snores in response. He had a lump, a small knot of nerves in the centre of his forehead. I massaged the lump with my

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thumb and his face relaxed.

I waited a while till he was snoring.

I couldn't fall asleep knowing when I woke up tomorrow he'd be in the worst mood seeing me in his bed. Once he turned I slowly woke up and snuck out of his room.

I was tired. The day was too eventful and yet it was a day I'd never forget because I saw the many sides to a man I once feared. I wasn't afraid of him anymore. Something between us changed today and I had a feeling he could feel it too.



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