

### Chapter 14: Everyone has their price.

#### Alvaro's POV

I fucked up, the look of distrust in her eyes haunted me. She now saw me as the monster I was. Things were getting better and then that puta had to go and give an anonymous tip to the cops about a shipment that was coming in.

I couldn't trust a rat and I had to kill him. Jane saw Ricky drag the man's dead body out and she looked mortified. She refused to talk to me and I wanted to make things better between us since there was a possibility she could be carrying my child soon.

My phone buzzed on the table and I looked to see it was Carlos, Jane's bodyguard. I picked it up immediately. "Sir it's your wife. She's locked herself in the back room and isn't responding to me."

"What!" I stood, "Carlos, break that door down now! I'm coming."

I cut the call and got into my car. I sped to her working place. What if she fainted. She hadn't eaten this morning in her rush to get away from me.

I parked my car behind Mateo's on the road and ran up the few steps into the small store. The store was empty. "Jane!" I yelled and Carlos came out of a room in the back.

"She's gone sir," he said and I grabbed him by the collar.

"What do you mean she is gone!" I yelled, "you were supposed to watch her!" My blood began to get hot and I could feel the veins in my neck rise.

"Sir she just went into the room and when I noticed she wasn't coming

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out I called you."

"You idiot!" I roared. I didn't know what to do. "Women just don't go into a room and disappear," I let go of him and he was trembling. It was my fault she was gone. I noticed there was another door in the room. I tried the door and it was locked. "Break it down," I ordered.

I stepped aside and Carlos took a running start at the door. The door broke open and I stepped outside to find I was in an alleyway.

I let out a breath as I looked around.

"I want you to call all my men," I said to Carlos. "Tell them to find my wife. The person who finds her gets 100 000 dollars as a reward." 2

I left the store and got back into my car. I drove around the streets trying to see if I could spot her. I looked around and drove at a slow pace.

I picked up my speed when I couldn't spot her and drove to the next street doing the same, looking at different people's faces.

Where would she go.

I punched the steering wheel hard causing the horn to go off.

She was on her own. Did she not think that it would be dangerous. No matter how many times I warned her about going off on her own she still didn't seem to get it.

I gave her a gun but she was too soft. I knew she would never use it that's why I always ensured someone I could trust was with her.

I pulled out my phone and decided to call her. It was a long shot that she would even answer my call but I had to try something.

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Her phone rang. "Hey," she said and my blood was boiling. I knew it was my fault but I was still angry with her for making me worry.

"Where are-"

"This is Jane, I can't come to the phone right now but if you leave a message. I'll call you back."

"Fuck," I cut the call.

I searched through my contacts for the guy I used to track people down. He picked up the call on the first ring. "Mr Castillo, who are we looking for today?" He asked.

"I need you to trace my wife's phone."

"Got it. It will just take a second." I waited on the call. "The address..." He trailed, "sir it's picking up that the phone is in your house."

"My house?" I questioned, making a sharp u-turn and going back to the house.

"Yeah, that's the location right now."

"Okay thanks," I cut the call and rushed back home. I flew through the gates and parked the car outside the garage.

I ran into the house and went up the stairs to her room. I barged in without knocking to find that her room was empty and that her phone was left on her pillow.

I moved to go into the bathroom to see if she was there and it was empty too. Where the hell was she? I began fisting my hair. I was going to go insane worrying about her.

The bin next to the toilet caught my eye. There was a white packet in it. I took out the packet and found a pregnancy test.

The test read positive and I stumbled back causing my back hit the shower door. She came home early yesterday to tell me that she was pregnant. My world felt like it was spinning off its axis.

I left her room to see Cynthia come up the stairs. "Is Jane here?" I asked her.

She shook her head, "I haven't seen her," Cynthia said and I cussed under my breath.

I went back into her room and picked up her phone to see who she called last. It was only her brother Jason she called and that was two days ago.

I checked her messages and even her emails.

Maybe she just went for a walk to clear her head. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary in her G\*\*\*\*e search history either.

I waited in her room for her, different scenarios playing over in my head at where she could be. I knew she wouldn't have been kidnapped because she left her phone at home.

Hours passed with no one calling me to tell me where she was and then I heard footsteps come up the stairs. I left the room to see Mateo. "Hey," he greeted, "what's wrong?" He asked.

"Nothing, mi hijo." I didn't want him to worry. He just started school.

"What were you doing in Jane's room?" He asked.

"I was uh," I scratched the back of my head. "I was just getting

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something. She told me she was visiting a friend and she wanted me to bring her something."

He sucked in his lips as he often did when he didn't believe something. "Mm," he nodded, "for how long?"

"I don't know," I said. "But she will come home soon, I promise."

Mateo eyed me suspiciously. "Were you being a dick to her again!" He exploded. His face was turning red and I knew he loved Jane and he wouldn't forgive me if I didn't get her back.

More importantly, I wouldn't forgive myself. She was carrying my child.

"I'm sorry, mi hijo," I said.

"You know. I don't get you, Al. She is a great woman who deserves the best. Yet you treat her like shit. She doesn't deserve that."

Mateo pulled out his phone and held the screen up to me. It was a picture of Jane laying on my chest. She was laughing and I had my arms wrapped around her. I was drunk that day I could barely remember what happened. "You can make her happy and the shit thing is that you just refuse to. Because you're scared that you might actually love her if you tried."

He stormed passed me. "Mi hijo," I called after him.

"I'm not talking to you until she comes back home," he said and I ran a hand through my hair.

I went through the call logs on her phone again just to be sure I didn't miss anything. But there was only Jason's name. If I was going to find her maybe the key to it would lie with that son of a bitch.

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My phone rang and it was Carlos. "Did you find her?" I asked.

"Nothing sir," he said.

"Keep looking," I demanded.

I would have to go to Brazil. I couldn't sit idly by. I needed to take action. This wasn't someone that owed me. She was my wife.

I got on my phone and called my pilot. "George. I need to go to Brazil right now," I said, walking to my room. "Meet me at the airstrip."

"Will do sir," George said and I hung up the call.

I went into my room and began packing a bag, putting a few guns in for safe measure. I wasn't going to come home until I found her. I would follow every lead I got. She was that important now.

I called abuelo next. "Mi hijo," he answered and I shut my room door as I left. "I'm going out of town for a while. Can you come over? I don't want to leave Mateo alone."

"Sure, mi hijo. I'll be right there."

I knocked on Mateo's door. "I'll be back soon," I said and he didn't respond. "I'm sorry. I know I screwed up." I adjusted the duffle bag on my shoulder. "I'll see you later."

I jogged down the steps and I saw Marianne cleaning the living room. "Lock down the house. Do not open that gate for anyone that isn't abuelo, Jane or me," I said and she nodded running away to do just that.

I threw my bag into the passenger's seat of the car and got back into my car. I drove like my life depended on it. Because for some reason it felt

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like it did.

I was furious with her for disappearing but I couldn't blame her. I scared her and the truth was I'd run from me too. I was not the easiest person to live with and I knew that.

I got on the freeway and I put my foot flat down on the gas. I had never driven this fast and I was breaking at least seven different kinds of rules for her.

I drove through the gates of the private airstrip to see my pilot waiting by the jet. I parked the car and grabbed my bag from the passenger seat. "You look like you've seen a ghost," George commented as I rushed by him to go into the jet.

"We need to go now," I ordered. It was going to be a long flight.

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The streets of Brazil were always crowded. It was hot here and the moment I stepped off the jet I removed my jacket. I ordered a car to take me to Jason's apartment.

I always knew where he was at all times. It was to ensure he could never interfere in Jane's life again.

The car took me to a run-down apartment. I paid the driver and I checked to see if I had everything, including Jane's phone.

I wasn't in the mood to deal with Jason and I would probably kill him for an answer if he didn't give me one. But I'd have to practice self-control. Killing him wasn't a good move considering Jane already hated me.

I climbed the steps two at a time and banged on Jason's door. "Hey easy,"

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he yelled, "I'm coming." He opened the door and I saw that he was dressed in a silk bathrobe with a toothbrush in his mouth.

His eyes widened and the toothbrush fell out of his mouth. "You," he stuttered as if I was the devil.

"I need you to do something for me," I said, walking into his apartment. I shut the door, turning the lock so he wouldn't get any smart ideas about running.

"Where is my sister?" He asked.

"I don't know and you're going to help me find her."

"Ha," he laughed, "I'm not helping you do anything."

I pulled out my gun from my coat pocket. "You do realize I will kill you," I said, pointing the gun at him and he put his hands up.

"Okay easy. Why do you even care where she is?" He asked.

"Because she is carrying my child!" I roared and his face paled.

"You made my sister pregnant?" His jaw dropped. "She is a good person. You didn't--"

"Oh don't get your fucking panties in a twist, I didn't touch her."

"Then how is she pregnant?" He looked confused.

"Just shut up. You're giving me a headache." I ordered and he went silent. "There's her phone. I want you to call each and every one of her contacts asking for her," I ordered.

I threw the phone at him and he caught it. He went through it and it



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looked like it took him some real brain power to do such a simple task. "She only has family on here," he said.

"Call them and put it on speaker." I threatened. I was getting angsty. I knew if I called her family it would tick her off she was with them and she'd run. That's why I had to come all this way.

"I doubt she'd be with our parents," he said and I was getting frustrated by the second.

"My patience is running very thin," I warned. My hands were shaking and instead of using my gun, I'd end up punching him to death.

"Okay, okay, I'll call them," he said.

"Not with her phone," I said. "If she is with someone and she sees it's from her number don't you think she'll know it's me. Did I have to explain everything to his small brain. "Eres el idiota más grande que he conocido," I uttered, moving my hands to massage my temples. 1

"What?" He questioned.

I narrowed my eyes at him. "You're a fucking idiot."

"Right," he said and grabbed another phone he had on his small table.

I looked around his apartment and the place was a mess. I could see into the kitchen from the living room and the sink was disgusting and filled with uncleaned dishes.

He put the phone on speaker and it rang. "Hello," a man picked up.

"Hey, dad," Jason said.

"Hey, Jace. How are you doing?" The man asked.

"I'm great, dad. I was thinking we should have a family reunion soon," he said, getting my attention. Where was he going with this.

"That's called Christmas, son," the man let out a throaty chuckle.

"Yeah. Just that Jane and I never came by last year," Jason said.

"Well, your sister was in Canada..." The man said adding no relevance to what Jason said.

"Has she called you guys recently?" Jason asked.

"No, she rarely calls. We've just been so busy with settling down here."

Jason rolled his eyes, "right," he said, looking over at me. "Anyway, dad. I will speak to you later. I have to go. The boss is breathing down my neck," he laughed nervously.

"Okay son, see you soon," he said.

"You said that four years ago," Jason said but the man had already hung up. Jason looked at the phone. "It's funny he and my mother have been settling down for the last five years."

I thought I had problems with my parent but I didn't realize Jane's parents didn't care about them. Maybe that's why she cared about this idiot so much. They only had each other.

"Let's see. Well our cousins are estranged we haven't seen them in years I doubt she'd be with any one of them," he said, he tapped on his chin thinking. "Oh, wait did you try her ex before you came?"

I clenched my jaw. "She has an ex," I advanced on Jason and he shrieked running away and putting an entire couch of space between us.

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"What," he looked amused, "are you jealous?" He asked.

I smirked raising the gun. "I'm mad, that's what I am. Now either find my wife or I swear," I laughed, "I'm going to kill you, puta."

He gulped and went back into her phone again. "She doesn't have his number."

"Good."

"Maybe our nana?" He said and dialled the number on the separate phone.

The phone rang. "Hello?" An old woman's voice came through the speaker.

"Nana," Jason said.

"Hello," she said again, "I can't hear you."

"Nana it's me, Jason," he yelled into the phone.

"Jane!" She suddenly yelled and my ears rang, "come check my phone. This man sounds like a robot!"

"What's wrong, nana," I heard Jane's voice.

"This old thing," the woman responded.

"Nana," Jane chuckled and her voice sounded like sweet music, "this phone still has an antenna. Let's go to the store and I'll get you a new one."  
"

"No all this damn technology. It's why the world is so corrupt," the old

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lady cut the call and Jason chuckled.

"Got to love my grandma," he said.

"Where does your grandmother live?" I demanded and Jason shook his head.

"Oh no. I'm not telling you that," he said and I caught him by his throat.

He sputtered and gasped for air and I was going to make things painful if he didn't start talking soon. I would torture the answer out of him but I didn't have time to waste.

"I'll make this quick. Because I know everyone has their price," I said lowly and calmly. "How much do you want?" I let go of his neck and he gasped for air, bringing his hand up to massage his neck.

"One million," he said, "I am tired of living in this smelly old apartment. It has no air conditioning and I can never open the window because of the flies."

It disgusted me that he didn't take long to cough up a price. Jane deserved a whole lot better than what the people around her gave and if I found her I was going to try to be better for her and our child.

"Fine," I agreed, "just tell me where your grandmother lives."

He grinned. "Well, you've come a very long way." I cocked my gun. I was growing tired of this shit head and it was taking everything in me not to pull the trigger at this point.

He cowered, ducking out of the line of fire. "Wait wait. She lives in Dallas Texas," he blurted, and I lowered the gun.

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I smiled hiding my protest with her request as I proceeded to take a bite out of the scone. I hadn't eaten anything from the morning and I was starving.

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