

Chapter 17: Pillar of strength.

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Warning this chapter contains sensitive topics about the complications of pregnancy.

I have tried not to be graphic.

Alvaro's POV

I woke up with her cuddled to my chest. She was so small against my lengthy body. I pushed the hair out of her face. My life was never going to be the same again. Abuelo was a smart man. I was never going to be the boss.

She had power over me with the child she was carrying. It's exactly what I was afraid of. I couldn't hide from her. She needed me and if I could make her think otherwise about the kind of man I was I know she wouldn't try to run from me again.

She pressed herself further into me. Do angels see the good in everyone even if they were beyond redemption. "Alvaro," she whispered, nuzzling her face into my chest. I was too fascinated by her to move away.

"I'm right here, angel," I whispered.

Her eyes fluttered open and she looked up at me. She seemed confused at first her brows knitting together as her lips came to a small frown. At some point in the night, our legs got tangled and her one leg was over mine and she was pushed against me.

"Please tell me that's a gun I can feel on my thigh." Her voice was high.

"Trust me, mami, it's loaded alright." My voice was thicker than usual

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since I had just woken up. Her eyes widened and she jumped up from the bed.

I chuckled. "Hey I'm at the edge of the bed you kept coming closer to me, " I pointed out the amount of space she had.

"I must have moved in my sleep." She rubbed her eyes tiredly.

"I'm not complaining." Her face began turning red as it often did when I got too close to her.

She was afraid of me but I knew she was attracted to me. She just wouldn't act on it if I didn't.

She walked off into the bathroom and I heard the shower being turned on. I needed a cold shower myself. I waited for her to come back out so that I could use the bathroom.

I knew she would be comfortable with sharing.

I didn't plan on staying here last night. I was going to take her back to the Jet but I couldn't. She was with her grandmother and it was nice to at least meet someone that cared about her.

"Uh, Alvaro," she called.

"Yes?"

"I um, I forgot my towel."

I grinned seeing the white towel laying on the heater in the room. I got out of bed readjusted my pants and grabbed the towel.

I saw her comically wave her hand out of the bathroom. "Towel," she ordered.

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"Towel please," I corrected.

"Give me the towel."

"Reach for it," I said and she breathed out heavily. There was satisfaction in knowing I got under her skin.

"Alvaro!" She said my name in frustration. It sounded so good when she said it. I decided to give her a break and I gave her the towel.

After a few seconds, she walked out of the bathroom with the towel wrapped around her body. Her hair was wet and her cheeks were red and flushed. My eyes trailed down her curvy body.

I felt my teeth sink into my lip and I grabbed her arm gently. My fingers sank into her soft flesh. I took a step toward her and she took one back. I continued until her back hit the wall. "Did you want me to see you like this?" I asked, trapping her between my arms against the wall. "Do you know what you're doing to me right now?"

She held her towel up. "I- I-" she stuttered.

"It's okay," I whispered against her lips and her eyes closed as the back of her head hit the wall.

She showed no signs that she wanted me to stop. I ducked my head into the crook of her neck and she smelled floral and like soap. She shivered as I trailed my nose lightly on her skin, leaving tiny kisses and stopping just before her breasts. Her hand came up to my chest and her breathing picked up.

I brought my face up to hers again inching closer to her lips. "I'll stop," I gave her the option. "But if you don't say anything I'm going to kiss you. I

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have to kiss you."

"Oh my gosh!" I heard her grandmother. I backed away from Jane to see her grandmother's eyes were closed. "I'm so sorry!" She exclaimed. 1

"No nana," Jane was flustered, "nothing happened." She put both hands on my chest pushing me away to go to her grandmother.

Her grandmother tried to run away and Jane turned on me. I was laughing and she was glaring at me. She was cute and feisty kind of like those tiny dogs that were equal parts cute and vicious.

She went into the room and slammed the door shut in my face. "You still didn't answer my question," I knocked on her door.

"You're a tease!" She yelled.

"You started it."

She remained silent and I chuckled going into the bathroom to pee.

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After breakfast— because Jane's grandmother insisted we eat before we left. I called for a car. "Goodbye nana, thank you so much for letting me stay," she said to her grandmother.

"Now you two don't be strangers. Come back any time," her grandmother said hugging both of us.

I lead Jane to the car and we left going back to the airstrip. She was wearing a blue summer dress with yellow sunflowers that flowed when she walked. Her hair was wavy and southern life seemed to suit her.

She was beautiful and she didn't know what it did to me. But I was

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respectful of her. I tried to be. I didn't want to scare her. But the idea that she was carrying my child. She was mine. I married her.

Even though it started with an ulterior motive. I didn't expect her to be so lovely in every way. She made it so hard for me to ignore her. Every time I was in her presence I wanted to stay a little longer.

She was like a light. There was more laughter and smiles in my house when she was around and when she left the darkness settled again.

She turned and looked at me. A smile lit up her face and all I could do was stare back. The car stopped at the airstrip and I got out rounding the car to open the door for her.

She made me want to do these extra little things for her. "You have your own plane," she looked out at the plane.

"It's a need when I need to move fast," I said.

We got on the jet and she sat down next to the window. She looked out the window and her eyes fluttered close when we started to move. She was silent and I deduced she was thinking.

I always asked her if she had regrets and in some ways, she always said no.

It wasn't a long flight it was only two hours and we would be home soon.

I texted Mateo telling him I was coming back with her and he didn't reply. He was stubborn when he was upset and though he wasn't my son by blood he had a lot of my traits.

"Do you want something to drink?" I asked her.

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She sighed, shaking her head, keeping her eyes fixed on the window. "I'm fine."

She rested back in her seat and her eyes closed. She was tired and I wondered what time she slept last night or if she could even sleep because I was in her bed.

I got on my phone and proceeded to check my emails and whatever messages I had from clients. With some of the illegal businesses we ran, we had legal ones as well. Abuelo mostly wanted to run the branch in Spain. He was always up and down from country to country because of this.

"Ah-" Jan groaned placing a hand on her stomach. She hunched over in her seat.

"Jane?" I sat up, "what's wrong?"

"My stomach hurts." She stood up and rushed to the small bathroom. "Jane," I went after her.

I heard her crying and I didn't. Privacy be damned. I went into the bathroom to see her seated on the toilet. I crouched in front of her. "Tell me what's wrong?"

"I'm bleeding," she said.

"Fuck," I stood. "Jane just hold on okay," I said running out of the bathroom.

"George how long before we land!" I yelled running into the cockpit.

"Ten minutes," he said.

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I could hear Jane crying and I went back into the bathroom to be with her. I didn't know what to do or what to say and this is why she needed an older woman for guidance. "Can we call your grandmother?" I asked and she nodded handing me her phone.

I called her grandmother. "Abuela-"

"Hello!" The old lady yelled.

"She didn't put her card in the new phone. She won't hear you."

"Fuck," I cut the call. She was crying and I read it was normal on the internet for this to happen but Jane seemed so freaked out and the way her face was twisting in pain scared me.

"Jane," I knelt in front of her, "it's going to be okay."

"Fasten all seatbelts and prepare for landing," George's voice came through the speakers.

I helped her up and she flushed the toilet and washed her hands. She sat down in her seat and I sat down next to her, buckling her seat belt for her. The moment the plane touched the ground and stopped. I got up and pulled the door open. "Let's go," I called out to her.

I rushed her to my car and sped to the gynaecologist. I didn't know what else to do. She was in pain and she was crying. "Jane I'm so sorry," I said as I swerved through the lanes driving like a madman.

"You have nothing to be sorry about. I shouldn't have left-" she was crying. "I caused whatever this is."

"No, it's not your fault," I had to make sure she knew that. I couldn't be

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angry with her. I was the one who stressed her out.

I almost missed the turn to the gynaecologist's office and I turned the car sharply. I stopped in the parking lot not parking properly and rushed her into the surgery.

I went up to the receptionist's window. "I need to see the doctor now."

"What happened?" The receptionist asked, looking over at Jane.

"She's pregnant and she's in pain."

The receptionist came out quickly from her office putting an arm around Jane. "Let's get you checked out, sweetie," she took Jane to the doctor.

The doctor examined her and he looked at me. He looked like he had no words. "These things happen," he said and my blood started to boil.

"You need to be more clear. You said it was a sure thing!" I yelled at the man and Jane looked like she was scared again. I calmed myself, taking deep breaths for her sake I could not lose my cool.

"Yes, the pregnancy. Nobody can predict this. But it happens," the doctor explained. "We can try the procedure again in a few weeks," the doctor said and I looked at Jane's face. Her bottom lip was quivering and she looked shattered.

I was not putting her through this again.

I put her through enough. "No. Forget about it."

After the doctor was done checking Jane up and giving her some meds I took her home. She remained silent in the car and I didn't know what to say. I couldn't imagine how she was feeling.



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She got out of the car and began walking up to the house. I followed behind, giving her space. Mateo jumped up from the couch as we entered the house.

She went over to him throwing herself on him and hugging him. "Are you okay?" He asked her and she nodded just holding onto him.

A part of me shattered. I wanted her to do it to me instead.

"Yeah," she tried to hold in her tears but I could hear the sadness in her voice, "I missed you." She walked with him upstairs and I let them go. If she needed him more there was a reason for it. He was always good to her and I wasn't.

I went into my office and sat down in my chair. Out of all my sins, I knew the payment but was the payment for damaging an angel. The punishment was a life of purgatory. Living with your self-disgust that you inflicted such pain and damage on something so pure.

Hours passed and the light outside disappeared and I was left sitting in darkness. Plagued with thoughts I went over to the liquor cabinet and slid the glass. I took out a bottle.

I opened the bottle and before I could put it to my lips, I stopped.

I promised her I'd do better and I wasn't going to stop because this happened. I put the bottle back and closed the cabinet. I couldn't hide from her anymore. I wouldn't, I didn't want her to hate me and if I didn't go to her now she was never going to let me in.

I went to her room and knocked on the door. Mateo pulled the door open and he clasped me on the shoulder. "Thank you for bringing her home," he said.

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"I had to, mi hijo," I said and he walked away.

I stepped into the room to see Jane laying down hugging her pillow. She looked up at me and I moved closer to the bed. If she told me to leave I would but it wouldn't stop me from trying. "Can I sit?" I asked and she nodded.

I sat down next to her. "Jane it's not your fault," I stated, and she shook her head.

"I shouldn't have left."

"I shouldn't have been the reason for you to leave," I pushed her hair out of her face and she didn't flinch away from me this time. "You did what you thought was best for our child. No good mother would want to raise a child in a house like this." She cried into her pillow. "I don't blame you and I never will."

"I let everyone down," she cried.

"You didn't let me down. You'd didn't let anyone down," I moved the pillow and laid next to her. I gently pulled her to me knowing that she needed the comfort and maybe I did too.

She didn't fight me and I felt relieved when she held onto me. I kissed her forehead and brushed her hair back. "Listen we don't have to do it again. I'm sorry I even put you through this." I ran my fingers through her hair.

She looked up at me and her nose was red from all the crying. "Thank you," she muttered resting her head on my chest again.

She soon fell asleep and I moved to place her head on the pillow. I wanted to check on Mateo as well. I would come back to her though. I wasn't

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going to leave her to sleep alone tonight and for as long as she needed I would be her pillar of strength.

There were too many people that let her down in life. I didn't want to add to the list.

I left the room and went downstairs to get some water for her in case she woke. She would need it after how she cried. I saw abuelo come through the front door with his nurse. He dismissed her and came toward me. "Mi hijo," you back. "Is everything okay?"

"Everything is fine, abuelo. Thank you for being here with Mat."

"That reminds me," he said going into his coat pocket. "Those tickets for Hawaii came. The trip is in two weeks."

"I can't go," I said, "I can't leave Mateo again." Would Jane even want to go with me. I wasn't going to force her and it seemed too soon to leave again.

"You will go with your wife and I will take Mateo to Spain," he said.

"Abu--"

"Mi hijo. Go. You two need a honeymoon and to connect. Staying in this house doing mundane things every day is not going to help whatever problem you two are having."

I looked at abuelo. "You think we are having problems?"

He laughed. "Mi hijo. I was married for forty-seven years to your abuela. I know that look on your face all too well."

"I don't think she'd want to go with me, abuelo. I messed up. I'm not

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good for her."

Abuelo chuckled. "Mi hijo I was a lot like you and I knew every second of every day that I didn't deserve your abuela."

"Then how did you stay with her?" I asked, "if you didn't deserve her."

"I was too selfish and she loved me. I was her choice and she would tell me that all the time. I would wonder every day what I did to be blessed with a woman like her. It just made me want to be better and do better to be deserving of her." Abuelo came forward, "Give Jane the choice. Don't just make decisions for her. Ask her what she wants. She is not one of your workers you can demand. She is your life partner. Talk to her, mi hijo. The secret to a successful marriage is communication and mutual respect. You are not higher than her or above her needs. Treat her like an equal and watch how she will love and respect you for it."



PurpleAlien122 Author

*"I do apologise if the themes in this chapter were upsetting.*

*I hope you are enjoying the book so far.*

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