

# Sold To The Cruel Mafia

## Chapter 2: I want a job.

It was hard for me to believe that this is what my life came to be. Married to Alvaro. It had been exactly one week since we wed. I thought about what Jason said. He was right the only chance I had was running.

I stayed in my room all day, every day. I didn't have a phone or a laptop. No access to the internet. Just a TV. I felt more like a pet than a human. Cynthia one of the workers was the only person I spoke to.

She even helped dress me for my wedding day. It helped that she had a nurturing persona. She reminded me of my nana. She always smiled at me, and it warmed my heart seeing her every day or just having little conversations with her. She would always stay a little longer each time she visited but then she would say she needed to get back to work.

She brought me breakfast, lunch and dinner. I refused to leave the room— telling her to tell Alvaro I wasn't feeling well or was napping. He never came to check so I got away with it and after a while I guess he got the idea that I didn't want to come out.

She also brought me clothes and it didn't surprise me that Alvaro knew my size in everything from shoes to even my underwear. All the clothes were designer and every time I looked at the labels it made me feel sick.

Wondering who died to pay for it.

There were two knocks on the door followed by pauses. Cynthia always knocked like that in case I wasn't decent. "Come in," I said and she walked into my room carrying a tray.

"Lunch already?" I smiled, "I feel like I just had breakfast."

She returned my smile, placing the tray in front of me. "I told sir you prefer to eat twice a day. He doesn't seem to like that idea."

"Speaking of sir. Have you seen Alvaro recently?"

"Sir is in his office," she said.

"Do you think I can speak with him?"

"He is your husband," she squeaked, raising her eyebrows.

Even she had to know I didn't want to be here or that the only feelings Alvaro had for me were feelings of murder. Which was why I stayed in my room. I figured if I didn't tramp any toes I'd live.

But it was getting ridiculous. All I could think or dream about was what Jason said. I needed out and the only way out was if I ran and the only way I could run was if I had money.

"Where is his study?"

"Downstairs, the double doors to the right." I nodded standing and even Cynthia raised an eyebrow at the gumption in my step, a secret smile of encouragement forming on her face.

I went to the door and pulled it open, looking down the hallway. I hadn't toured the house. The furthest I went was down the hall and then I heard voices and ran back to my room. I felt like any small thing I did would land me in a coffin— maybe not even the coffin but a shallow grave.

Mustering up whatever courage I had left in my tank for the week, I left the room and went downstairs. I knocked on the door. "It's open," I heard Alvaro say.

I took in a deep breath and walked into his study to see him seated behind his desk while he looked over some paperwork. He was wearing a dark grey t-shirt and his hair was messy. He had a lot of ink covering his arms and by the low collar of his t-shirt so did he on his chest.

"Can I help you?" He asked, not looking up at me.

"I want a job," I said and he looked up at me this time. He folded his muscular arms as he leaned back in his chair. "You want to work for me?" He looked amused.

"No, I want my own job, earning an honest living."

"How much do you want?" He asked, pulling out his wallet.

"None of your money," I held a hand up, "I want to make an honest living," I repeated.

He chuckled, standing up. "What's not so honest about this living?" He asked, and it was like he was daring me to answer.

I felt if I answered he would surely kill me. What would stop him from lying to his grandfather or whoever about how I died.

"I don't even know what you do for a living..." I trailed.

"You haven't asked," he challenged.

"I'm scared to know."

He smiled, taking a step forward and I felt like I was a plaything. "Castillo women don't need to work. They get taken care of."

"I'm not a Castillo woman."

"You are on paper. So Mrs Goody two shoes it means the same principle applies." He moved over to the table, pulling out a piece of paper. He held the page out to me. "What's this?" I asked taking the paper.

"Our marriage certificate, darling."

I looked over the document that now read, Mrs Jane America Castillo. I didn't remember signing anything so I was shocked to see the document. He must have had someone forge my signature.

"Great," I said, looking up at him. Trying hard to hide my emotions. "So about that job?"

"What about it?" He asked, frustrating me.

"Can I go back to my old one?"

"You want to go back to being a cashier at that clothing store, darling?"

"I wasn't just a cashier. I was a stock taker and-"

"Well it says here you were," he said, cutting me off. He held up a page and it looked like my résumé.

"Why do you have all this information on me?"

"It's necessary," he said.

"For what?"

"I just don't let anyone live in my house. You could be mentally unstable and then one day I'm found dead with fourteen stab wounds."

I laughed and it wasn't the humorous kind. "Well, you could just ask me." I threw my hands up.

"You think I have time to be making small talk with you?" He asked, "besides you'd lie to me if you were."

We were staring at each other and I let out a breath, getting ahold of my emotions because all I wanted to do for the past week was cry. "Just tell me if I can get my job back at least."

No," he said moving to sit back down.

I wasn't going to make it to live like this. To be told what to do and what not to do. I thought he wouldn't care if I worked and I was just asking for the sake of it. "Are you my husband or my boss?" I asked.

He smiled. "Both."

Realising I wasn't going to get anywhere by asking nicely, I decided to take matters into my own hands. He didn't own me. Our agreement was marriage not jail time for the rest of my life...

And if he killed me. So be it. I would rather die than live as a prisoner.

"Okay," I said, putting on my best fake polite smile, "sorry to have disturbed you, sir."

"Don't sweat it," he said and I left his office.

I walked to the front door and left.

At this point I was fed up I hadn't felt the sun on my face in a week and I could feel my skin come alive under its warm rays. The wind was gentle and fresh and I took in a deep breath, exhaling all the anxiety.

I walked down the driveway to the gate. It was locked and I looked around for any of the workers. It was a long shot that they would open it for me but I could at least try. Maybe lady luck would be on my side for once.

A silver Mercedes arrived and the man seated inside pressed the button on the intercom. "Craig it's me, open up," he said and the gate opened. "Hey," he greeted me and drove into the yard. I recognized the man to be the same boy that was the ring bearer.

"Hey," I greeted him with a thankful smile, stepping out before the gate closed again.

I walked to, well I didn't know where I was going. It just felt nice to walk on the street like a normal human being after a few days. Something like walking on the street made me feel so free and I took it for granted all my life.

All the houses in this area were spread apart by some distance. It looked like a very posh area and the streets were clean despite having so many trees around.

I had no idea where I was.

I had no money on me but if I could get a phone to call a cab then I could take it to my apartment and arrange to pay the driver once he took me there.

I just needed a phone.

I looked around the street and I saw a lady pushing a baby stroller. I crossed the street, jogging to catch up with her. "Sorry Ms," I called and the lady stopped, turning around.

"Hello," she greeted, politely.

"I was wondering if I can borrow a phone to call a cab?"

"Sure sweetie," she said, pulling out her phone.

"Thank you," I said and she handed it over.

I dialled a cab company and I saw a black BMW drive out of Alvaro's gate. I froze on the spot, looking at all my options. "Where are we?" I asked.

"Gray Valley," the woman answered, eying me suspiciously."

The car stopped next to me on the street, and the tinted window went down. Alvaro had a whimsical smile on his face. "Let's go for a drive," he said.

"I don't want to..." I shook my head, "I was just talking with the neighbour."

"Give the nice lady back her phone and get in the car, Jane." I looked at him and he gave me a tight smile. "Now."

I gave the lady her phone and she looked between me and Alvaro. "You know how it is. Fight with the wife and she wants to run away," he said to her and she laughed.

"I know," she agreed.

I got into the car and he put his window up. "Where did you think you were going? Did you understand anything I told you? It's not safe for you to be out here alone. You're my wife meaning you walking on the street by yourself is like an antelope wandering into a den of lions. Do you get the picture I'm trying to paint?" He looked mad.

I kept quiet.

"Where were you going?" He demanded.

"My apartment."

"For what exactly?"

"I needed my teddy bear. Can't sleep without it," I said. It was the only lie I could think of.

"You expect me to believe that, darling?"

"You can't sleep without a gun under your pillow." I guessed but it had to be true.

He eyed me sideways, "true." He made a sharp u-turn.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To get your stuff. Just be sure you have no more excuses to run away."

"No promises."

"Jane," he warned. "Level with me. What do you want?"

"I want my job back."

He sighed. "You not going to let this go are you?"

"Nope."

"Fine but under my conditions."

The sooner I saved, the quicker I could get away from him. "Fine whatever."

He drove for I don't know how long, he move to switch on the radio and I tucked myself against the door. I tried to put the window down and I found it didn't work.

"It's locked," he smiled, tightly.

"I want some air..."

He opened the window just a crack, allowing a little breeze into the car.

As he drove I was starting to recognize the buildings and the streets which caused me to ease up. He stopped outside my apartment building and I moved to get out. "Wait," he said calmly, and I looked at him. "Open the cubby," he ordered and I opened it. "Take out the black case."

I did as he said.

He took the case from me and opened it up, "what's that?" I asked and he pulled out a small silver pistol.

He held the gun out for me to take and I kept my eyes on him as I reached for it. "What's this for?"

"I don't know, you tell me," he said and I swallowed hard. I had never held a gun before and it felt so dangerous yet powerful. "It's for your protection."

"Why can't I just call the cops if something goes wrong?"

He laughed. "Yeah, why would I be so stupid to give you the gun when you can just call the cops."

"Okay?" I questioned the sarcasm in his voice.

"Just take the gun, okay," he said.

"I'm surprised you're trusting me with a gun."

He grinned. "Are you implying I shouldn't?" He leaned forward. "There is only one bullet in the cartridge and I didn't teach you how to use it yet."

"I'm not stupid to think I can kill you and get away with it."

"So if you could get away with it... Would you?" He asked.

"I'm not sure yet."

"You're honest," he acknowledged, "I appreciate that."

"Can I go now?" I asked.

"Do you know how to use that gun?"

"No."

"Then no," he said taking the gun from me. "This is how you hold it," he demonstrated how to hold the gun, "this is how you cock it," he demonstrated yet again, "should I pull the trigger in here to show you that too?"

"No!" I yelled and he smiled. He reset the gun and handed it back to me.

"The safety is on."

"Where do I even keep it?" I asked.

"Wherever you feel you can reach it fast enough."

"What if the cops find it on me?"

"Have you ever been searched by a cop randomly before?" He asked and in the tone, of his voice, I could tell he was getting fed up.

"No, I haven't..."

"Then why will they start now?" He bit the corner of his lip and I hated that he had a checkmate expression on his face.

"I'm just surprised you care so much about my safety to give me a loaded gun."

He smiled looking through his rearview mirror and side mirrors. "I don't care about you. I'm doing it because of my grandfather."

"I know," I stated, opening the car door and stepping out on the sidewalk. "I was being sarcastic." He smiled just before I shut the door.

"Jane, Jane!" I heard the owner of the building yell. Alvaro rounded the SUV coming to stand beside me. "Your rent is overdue," Mr Monroe was like a bloodhound when someone was a day late with rent.

"I'm so sorry Mr Monroe. I'll pay you right now."

"Great," the annoying midget of a man stuck his hand out.

"The money is in my apartment. If you wait-" he held a hand up.

"I have had enough of your excuses, Jane, you're always paying late and there are people who want that apartment with proper finances to afford it."

"You can give it to them then," Alvaro said, he put his arm around my shoulder, "my girl don't need it anymore."

"I wasn't talking to you neck tats," Monroe said and I looked at Alvaro anticipating his next move.

"Neck tats," he repeated, "cool. So how much does she owe you?" He asked.

"Three thousand dollars."

Alvaro pulled out his wallet. "No," I said looking at him.

"Wait here I'll go get your money," I said eying both men.

I walked up to my apartment with Alvaro following behind me. My apartment door was unlocked and I walked in hoping nothing was stolen. "Grab whatever you need," Alvaro said.

"What about my furniture?" I asked.

"I'll get some guys to come and take it to storage."

"I'm going to miss this place."



"That's on your brother remember that, darling."

I grabbed a bag and loaded some of my clothes. I think I would feel more at ease wearing some of my clothes. I looked around for my phone and found Alvaro standing at the entrance of my bedroom with it...

"Thanks," I said reaching out for it and he moved his hand away.

"You trust me with a loaded gun and not a phone?" I questioned.

"I don't trust you at all." He handed it to me, "use it wisely," he said and walked away.

I went for my secret compartment of money and loaded it into my bag. I had saved four thousand dollars for a car. I would pay my rent and use the rest as a start to my new savings.

I walked into my living area. "All packed," I said and he moved to leave.

As we descended the flight of stairs I saw Monroe waiting for me. I handed him his money. "Thank you," he said.

"The place is yours," Alvaro said to the man not looking at him as he walked out of the building.

I moved to follow after him and Monroe stopped me. "Who is that man?" He asked.

"My husband."

-----

Alvaro remained silent the whole way back to his house, which was my prison. I kept silent too because I had nothing to say to him. He didn't seem easy to talk to and he wasn't easy to look at either. He intimidated me so much that I couldn't even look directly at his face.

He walked into the house and the boy that I saw earlier was sitting on the couch. "I'm so sorry-" the boy tried to say and Alvaro shook his head.

"I got a job for you," he said to him instead.

The boy looked eager, leaning forward in his seat. "Give it to me straight, Al. Is it diamonds, money laundering-"

"Not quite," Alvaro smiled and I moved to go to my room because I didn't want to hear this. "You might wanna stay here for this, darling," he said and I stopped.

"Bro what is it?" The boy looked excited and it scared me.

"You are assigned to guard Jane."

"What!" I yelled.

"Your wife... Bro, I'm no security guard. Someone else would be way better at this."

"I trust you with my life, Mat, which means you're good enough," Alvaro said, walking back to his study.

I looked at the boy who looked like he could be no more than eighteen years old. "I'm Mateo," he said, "but please call me Mat."

"Jane," I sighed and he gave me a small smile.