

# Sold To The Cruel Mafia

## Chapter 4: We all answered to someone.

Alvaro's POV

I had made a lot of bad decisions in my lifetime of thirty years. But I also made some good ones hoping it would save my soul. One of my good decisions happened to be Mateo.

He was just a kid, I found him in a rough neighbourhood. He tried to pick my pocket and I just couldn't get over how young he was, too young to start leading a sinful life.

Abuelo and abuela were happy to take him in. I read to him every night and I taught him how to read and write before he could go to school. When I bought this place it was his choice to come live with me.

I was going to make sure he turned out to be a better man than I was.

There was no hope left for me. When that clock ran out I knew my final destination. Abuelo said being an atheist helped but being a human, flesh, blood and unlimited intelligence to achieve the impossible had to mean there was someone upstairs pulling the strings.

I walked down to the bottom cellars. Miguel had called me while I was still having dinner with Jane. I asked her to take care of Mat for me. So help me I would keep that boy off the streets. I saw myself in him nine years ago and that scared me.

He was not going to end up like me or worse.

As I reached the garage I could hear the man screaming followed by the sounds of bludgeoning. I didn't like prolonging someone's death. It was bad enough I had to kill them I didn't want them to squirm.

My men thought otherwise.

I climbed the ladder down and I jumped the last three steps. "So what do we have here?" I asked, taking my black gloves out of my pocket. "The boys tell me two diamonds were missing from your last drop-off."

"I swear it was all there. I think they stole it," Mike said. His face was all bloody and his right eye looked like it was about to close.

Mike's accusations angered my men and Brody smacked him across the face. He spat out blood and I held my hand up, signalling for my men to stop their assaults so I can figure out what happened. "Did any of you boys steal from me?" I asked, looking at all of them.

"I would never," Brody said.

"Me either. We know what happens when we take from the boss," Carlo threatened in Mike's direction.

I knew it couldn't have been Mike. We worked together for two years and the man never pinched pennies. He always delivered. I believed he was telling the truth.

I looked at all my men's faces. Some of them looked directly at me and some were looking elsewhere, distracted by the dangling light I supposed.

They stood in a circle and I decided to walk around them. I was going to psyche the truth out of someone today. I walked, slowly, menacingly as I looked at each of their faces.

They stood tall, with their chests puffed out. I stopped at the new guy, Ricardo. I looked him up and down and he couldn't meet my eye.

Tell sign of a thief.

"Any of you know what one diamond is worth?" I asked and they all looked at each other's faces. My men were cheap labour but sometimes they could be morons.

"Let me give you puta's an idea. It can go up to \$335 000." They remained silent. "Now whose alculo am I going to pull that out of?"

I reached into my pocket and they all flinched. "I don't like it when people owe me money," I pulled out my gun.

I cocked it and I watched all of them back away slowly. I may have been a God-fearing man but I feared no mortal man. "Ricardo," I said and he took off running to the ladder.

The men caught him around the collar. I looked at Mike that was beaten and battered. He was still seated in the chair and he got a beating for nothing. "Go," I said, "and your silence is much appreciated as well as your service."

Mike smirked, his teeth were stained with blood. He gave me a curt nod and the boys threw Ricardo into the chair breaking it. "Quite all of you," I ordered and they all stopped, Carlo got in one last boot before stepping away. "Empty your pockets," I crouched in front of him and he struggled to crawl away.

I held the gun to his head. We all answered to someone at the end of the day. I answered to Abuelo and I was not going to make it look like I was incompetent. Ricardo felt around his pockets, turning them out to reveal it was empty.

"You must think I'm an idiot," I held the gun to his temple, "you have three seconds," I said, and he scrambled to take off his shoes.

The diamonds fell out.

I picked up the diamonds. "You owe me," I said, "you ever steal from me again and you'll end up in my back yard being fertilizer for the roses." He nodded frantically. "You lack the honour to let another man take a beating for you. I should let these men finish you off."

Ricardo looked around and my men were oh so ready, cracking their knuckles and breaking their necks. "Get out," I said, and stood. Ricardo ran for the ladder.

I believed in second chances. I may have been the way I was but I knew these men came from tough backgrounds. If they see something shiny they will get excited, their mind will wander with all the possibilities and how to spend and before they know it they put something in their pocket. "Clean up this mess," I ordered, before leaving.

As I came into the garage I saw a shadow behind the Mercedes. "Mateo," I called and he stepped out. I pulled off my gloves, pocketing them. "I thought you were getting ice cream."

"I did and I even some for Jane." I ruffled his hair. He was way better than me when I was his age. At his age, I had already committed many sins.

I was trying to save him from going down the same path as me. It was too late for my soul but it wasn't late for Mateo. He hasn't spilt a drop of anyone's blood.

I thought my plan was ingenious making him Jane's bodyguard. He could watch Jane and she could watch him. Jane seemed like a sensible woman and I did feel an ounce of guilt for forcing her into marrying me.

But it had to be done. Abuelo was being stubborn and I was running out of time. Though she could be so hard-headed and difficult to deal with I could see she was a good person and I knew I scared her.

Her brother was a shithead, anyone could see it from a mile away that he only cared about himself. He was happy to take the deal not worrying that the consequences of his actions fell on his sister.

And Jane saved him even though she knew she would be stuck with me forever. I still didn't trust her though. I learned as much as I could about her with the files I had some of my men dig up for me.

No one could be that good and selfless. Comparing her track record to mine she was a saint. Perfect in every aspect, an exemplary citizen. And I was the opposite.

"Did you bring any ice cream for me?" I asked Mateo, as we walked back to the dining room together.

"I did but I ate it when you didn't return." I laughed.

"What it melted," he said. The kid kept me going. I still saw a five-year-old every time I looked at him, but he was soon going to be a man.

My phone buzzed in my pocket and I pulled it out to see my mother's name flash on the screen. I put it back into my pocket. "Who is it?" Mateo asked.

"The bruja," I smirked. It was a name he kept for her when he was a little boy. He didn't like her and she didn't like him.

"Your mother."

I nodded.

I didn't have a good relationship with my mother either. She was a selfish shrew that chased money over anything else. That's how she ended up with my father and when he was killed she left me with Abuela and Abuelo to raise.

She married three other times after that. Abuelo made me into the man I was and I chose it because I was the only living heir left to continue my families legacy.

We had money, investments, and companies all over the world all thanks to our other small side hustles. Diamonds, gold, platinum whatever precious metals that are out there I have touched. Even money I turned into more money.

We walked back into the living room and Jane had just finished her ice cream. "I was just leaving, good night," she said, looking at me and then she looked at Mat and smiled.

I was cold to her because it was just how I was. I wasn't used to living with a woman and I didn't want her to expect more from me or think I could give her more, it's why I put her in a separate room.

Loving a woman ended my father.

I was not about to make that same mistake. It's why I married a stranger. Someone I didn't know was easier. It was also good that she kept her distance from me.

The less contact we had with each other the better it would be for me and her. I wouldn't deny her companionship with anyone else if she chose it. She just needed to be married to me and live under the same roof.

It's not like she was a bad-looking woman. She was very attractive, with her cute button nose, large blue eyes and light brown hair. I was just a man and even I wouldn't be able to control myself any longer if she kept prancing around the house in those tight PJs that were currently hugging her curves.

"Next time don't wear your PJs to the dinner table, darling," I mentioned and she stopped, nodding, before walking again.

"You can be a dick sometimes," Mateo said.

"I know." I liked that she was scared of me. I knew most people were but with her it was different. It was invigorating. I was never going to hurt her physically but I couldn't let her know that at the same time.

"Can you try to be nice?"

"You're too trusting," I said and he rolled his eyes at me.

Mateo trusted her but then again Mateo was still a boy, far from knowing the truth of how many shades a person could have. "You're too paranoid sometimes."

I laughed. "I'm older than what my father was when he was killed. A little paranoia doesn't hurt anyone. Just because she is nice and beautiful you think she is a good person."

Mateo's eyes lit up like how they did every Christmas morning. "I never said anything about her being beautiful, bro."

"I'm going to kill you," I threatened, rubbing my temples. I could feel a cluster headache coming along.

"That's my cue to leave," Mateo said.

"Do your homework the tutors assigned or I will kick your ass, come here," I grabbed him by the back of his neck, hugging him, "education is important, mi hijo, take it seriously," I had this conversation with him too many times, "or I'm taking your Mercedes away."

"But but you got me that in January for my birthday."

"Mm, and it will be taken away by June if you don't take what I'm saying seriously."

"Fine I'll go do my homework," he sighed, walking away to his bedroom I hoped.

It was a long day and I needed to sleep as well. I took their bowels to the kitchen and put them in the sink. I caught a glimpse of myself in the kitchen window and I looked like shit. I needed to sleep.

Dealing with Mateo and Jane was going to take its toll on me.