

Sold To The Cruel Mafia

Chapter 5: Olympian Goddess.

Jane's POV

It was Friday and I wasn't as excited as I used to be when it came to Friday after work. I looked forward to sleeping in and watching N*****x while eating junk food—which led to self-loathing on Monday when my favourite pair of jeans wouldn't button—I liked taking long walks to the store on Sundays to get whatever groceries I needed for the rest of the week and then I'd organize my closet, picking out clothes based on what the weather was going to be.

Now I could still do N*****x but it just didn't feel the same outside the comfort of my own home and every time I put on headphones to watch something it's like I could hear voices.

Sometimes it was Alvaro screaming at someone, and recently it sounded like there was a man screaming in pain. I never explored the noises I heard. I was too afraid of what I'd walk into.

I couldn't relax knowing something was going on in the house.

I also didn't care about the weather anymore. I dressed how I felt.

There was a hollow feeling inside of me. A feeling of just existing for someone else's purpose. My life didn't feel like my own. I was the puppet and Alvaro was Geppetto.

Julia walked into the store, she was the part-time girl who worked Friday evenings to Sunday. I heard something fall and I turned to see Mateo staring at her.

He had that star-struck look on his face as he watched her walk.

"Hey," she greeted, "I'm so happy you're back. Michelle has been a total-" Julia seemed unaware that Mat was gawking at her as she went on about her week alone dealing with Michelle.

She was a petite, pretty girl with a small heart-shaped face and black curly hair. She also couldn't stop talking once she started.

"I know," I smiled, placing a hand on her shoulder and cutting her off because I was finding it hard to keep up with what she was saying.

Her eyes fell on Mateo and a blush crept up on her cheeks. She looked at me and gestured with her eyes to Mat.

"Mat," I said since he wasn't saying anything. He had this dreamy look on his face as he bit his bottom lip.

If he learned that staring was flirting from Alvaro, he was doomed. I cleared my throat. "Mateo," I called.

"What?" He blurted. His face became embarrassed. I gestured with my eyes to Julia.

"Hey." Mat smiled at her. "I'm Mateo," he stood and the chair behind him fell.

I inhaled deeply trying to hide my laugh.

Julia giggled and moved to help him. "I'm Julia," she said, picking up the chair.

If Mat had a girlfriend that could distract him when it came time for me to leave. I could slip away without him noticing in time to inform Alvaro.

The two seemed like they were shot with Cupid's arrows. It was only a matter of time.

Julia looked at me and then at him again, trying to figure out our relationship no doubt. "He's my- son?" I looked at Mat for confirmation and he chuckled.

Julia looked confused, "but you're twenty-four," she said.

"I adopted him." Mateo was a sweet kid and I would miss him when I left. He did need a mother figure in his life but I felt too young to be that for him.

I had no great wisdom to impart except don't do what Alvaro does.

"You're joking right?" She questioned, looking at Mat. He was tall for his age and so unlike the boys his age with how isolated he chose to be from his age group.

"No, she is not," Mat confirmed, "She married my adoptive father."

Julia's eyes widened further. "You got married and didn't invite me," she smiled, coming to hug me, "congratulations. Is it Marcus, I didn't even know y'all were engaged."

"Who is Marcus?" Mateo asked in a stern voice.

I smiled. "A name I hope doesn't reach Alvaro's ears," I hoped, "but no it's not him," I couldn't help but say bitterly.

"Thank goodness," Julia sighed in relief.

Marcus was my ex-boyfriend. We were on and off for the last two years. I was tired of his mind games. He was unsure of what he wanted, confusing and making me miserable at the same time.

"I think it's time we go home," I said to Mat also realizing that this was the first time I called Alvaro's place home.

We left and I handed Julia a spare key to the shop. "Have a nice weekend," she called.

"You too," I called back.

I got into the car and Mat drove off. "So you think she's cute," I teased, and Mat pulled his face like a cute little boy.

"No," he dragged the word. "I don't have time to look at girls."

Alvaro had himself a mini-me.

"You are starting to sound like Alvaro," I said.

Mat looked at me. "He is the wisest man I know," he thought for a second, "next to abuelo, of course."

"Have you ever had a girlfriend before?" I asked.

Mat laughed. "My focus has been elsewhere." I was thinking about what Alvaro told me last night.

That Mat thought everything bad was cool.

"You know, just because Alvaro does it doesn't mean you should..." I trailed, "I mean what are you passionate about?"

"I do like cars," he said, "but I need to help Alvaro. He is not going to be young forever and he needs someone to help him run the business. Abuelo is getting old and forgetful and I need to be ready when he finally calls on me to be dutiful."

I sighed. It was going to be hard to change Mat's mind. Especially when he idolised Alvaro.

He parked the car in the garage and I got out to see Alvaro waiting for us. He was dressed in a black tuxedo and his hair was combed back. The stubble on his face was gone highlighting his strong cheekbones. "You two need to get ready," he said, looking at me specifically.

"Oh, are we going out for a family dinner?" Mat inquired, "and do I have to dress like that," Mat pulled his face.

"Something like that and yes you have to dress like this," Alvaro said and he looked at me again. "Cynthia left what you'll be wearing on your bed," he said, walking away with Mateo.

"Did she behave today?" I heard him ask Mat as they walked away.

It was a question that he asked Mat every day in front of me.

I walked up to my room and found a dress laid out on my bed, followed by shoes and accessories. I took a shower, taking my sweet time to lather rinse and repeat. I dried myself off and moved to adorn this evening's ensemble.

The dress was gold, flowing and hugging me just below my bust. I pulled my hair out of its tie and it was wavy. I added the gold leaf headband and slipped on the shimmery heels followed by the rest of the jewellery.

I looked like an Olympian Goddess.

I just needed to zip the dress up but my T-rex arms couldn't reach the back. I pulled open my bedroom door to see Alvaro just about to knock. "I'm looking for Cynthia," I said and his brow rose as I craned my neck to peep into the hallways.

"Why?"

"I need help to zip the back of my dress."

Alvaro took one step forward and I took one back. He kept doing this until I was back in the room. "Turn," he ordered.

I turned slowly and revealed my back to him and I heard each step he took, getting closer to me. I felt his hands pull together the material. "How was work?" He asked.

"Good," I said, and then I felt his finger trail down my spine.

My breathing hitched.

"Are you ticklish, Mami?" He whispered in my ear, his hot minty breath mixed with notes of nicotine fanning the side of my face. He ran his finger up my spine again, but faster this time. My back arched against his hard body and he let out a small sound of amusement.

He moved my hair to the front, slowly pulling the zipper up. He stopped midway, placing a kiss on my spine as he continued. When he was done he placed a lingering kiss on the back of my neck.

All thoughts in my head ceased to exist and my body responded in a way I never thought it would with him. My palms got sweaty and my heartbeat resonated in my ears.

I turned around to face him and he tilted my chin up with his index finger, forcing me to look into his eyes. I licked my bottom lip and he leaned in touching my nose with his.

My lips parted and he had a haughty smile on his face. "By the way, I'm going to need more than half your pay cheque every month," he whispered, his breath fanning my lips and I could almost taste the mint.

His statement seemed to reset my brain back to factory settings and I put a hand on his chest, taking a step back. What was I doing? I was getting lost in his presence. He was dangerous.

"Why?" I asked, catching my breath.

Did he know what I was planning...

"To pay for your basic needs and wants while you live here. I don't want you to have to live on dirty money, darling," he smirked, moving to leave my bedroom.

Jack ass.

"And I like my women responsive," he called back.

When I looked in the mirror again my cheeks were red and I felt embarrassed that I got so red for him. He was a deadly attraction and I had to sink that into my brain.

He was going to be taking more than half my pay cheque and that was going to set me back a few months. It was now going to take longer for me to get out.

I left the room. I did not feel like myself in the dress. I felt like I'd been living someone else's life for the past two weeks. Maybe someone that was meant to be Mrs Castillo and would have loved and approved this lifestyle.

I heard someone whistle as I descended the steps and I looked to see Mat and Alvaro. Mat was dressed similar to Alvaro, the only difference was his bow tie was purple.

You look great, Jane," Mat complimented.

"So do you, Matty," I pinched his cheeks.

Alvaro looked at me. "Abuelo is in the car. Let's go."

"What crawled up his butt and died," I muttered and Mat snorted, trying hard to keep his laugh in as we followed the grouch into the garage.

Abuelo was seated in the front seat of a black BMW SUV and the three of us got into the back. "You look lovely, my dear," abuelo said, " but I'm sure my grandson, has already told you that, many times," he chuckled.

"Thank you, abuelo." I smiled.

Alvaro remained silent and Mateo had a grin on his face. "You know I miss having you boys in the house," Abuelo said, looking at Alvaro and Mateo through the rearview mirror.

"I told you to move in with us," Alvaro said.

"No, no. You all are young. You don't need to watch an old geyser like me die."

"You not going anywhere anytime soon, abuelo," Mateo stated, "tienes el adn de una cucaracha," Mateo said and Alvaro cracked a smile.

Abuelo bellowed with laughter, "your abuela used to call me a cucaracha all the time," he sighed.

"It's because you always found a way to escape death." Alvaro chuckled and I noticed his shoulders relax.

"I miss her." Abuelo breathed out, "she was my everything."

I looked at all of their faces that now had hints of sadness on them. "She passed three years ago," Alvaro said, looking at me.

I noticed abuelo dab at his eyes with a handkerchief and it pulled on my heartstrings to see the heartbreak on his face. Tears formed in my eyes and I could never imagine loving someone so fiercely and trying to live after their death.

I was a sympathetic crier and Alvaro rolled his eyes, pulling out his handkerchief. He threw it at me, and the material landed on my lap. My mouth fell open at how brutal he was.

I dabbed my eyes gently, and threw handkerchief back at him. "Thanks," I muttered. Alvaro glared at me and I glared back at him while Mateo snickered quietly.

The car stopped and the driver got out, getting abuelo's wheelchair from the trunk. Mateo and Alvaro helped abuelo out of the car and onto the wheelchair.

We had arrived at a club that had colourful LED lights, lighting up the driveway and sky. There were a lot of cars and people dressed fancily. "What is this place?" I asked.

"It's a bidding event," Alvaro answered, "all the proceeds go to charity."

"You do charity work?" I found that hard to believe.

"It never hurt to give a little something back, darling."

Abuelo waved his cane around. "Hey, don't fuss over me. I can manoeuvre my wheelchair," Mateo stepped back, just dodging his grandfather's cane.

Alvaro chuckled. "Ratched old man," Mateo said.

Alvaro tucked my hand in his as we walked and I looked up at him. "Mrs Castillo," he said, answering my many questions.

We walked into the room and there were people already seated. I noticed every round table had a plaque with a name on it. There was food being served and an open dance floor at end of the room.

"Name?" A man at the entrance asked.

"Castillo," abuelo said.

The man lead us to the centre of the room and we took our seats. I sat in the middle of Alvaro and Mateo.

At the front, the bidding station was set up and a lady dressed in a black bodycon dress stood behind the stand. Behind her was a large screen with a Ferrari on it. "Can I hear two million?" She called out and a man picked up his hand. "Ferrari, going once, going twice... Sold to Mr Einveld," she called out and the audience erupted with applause.

I had never been for a bidding war before but it looked exciting.

"Einveld is an idiot," I heard abuelo mutter. "He likes to show off but then the next day he is already selling all the items he bought online."

"The next item we have for bid is a one-week stay at the Dolphin resort in Hawaii," the hostess said getting our attention. "We'll start the bid off at one thousand dollars."

"Twenty thousand dollars," abuelo called out.

Alvaro chuckled, shaking his head. "Fifty thousand dollars!" Someone else yelled.

Abuelo narrowed his eyes at the man, sizing him up. "Putá," he muttered and Alvaro and Mateo looked at each other with matching smiles on their faces. "One hundred thousand!"

"Get him, gramps," Mateo encouraged.

"Sold to Mr Castillo," the lady pointed at our table and everyone clapped.

"Take lots of pictures for me," he said, looking at me.

"What do you mean?" I questioned.

"Consider it a gift from me to you and Alvaro."

"That's not necessary," Alvaro said, he looked angry.

"You two never went on honeymoon. I need more grandchildren! You and Mateo are old now."

"Hey!" Mateo feigned offence.

I choked on my water and I didn't know if he was aware of it but Alvaro was patting my back. I looked at him and he removed his hand.

"Our next item up for grabs is the Aston Martin Valhalla. "We'll start this bid off at eight hundred thousand dollars."

"One point five million dollars," Alvaro picked his hand up. The car up on the screen was a beautiful oceanic blue with tints of black fading into grey.

"Sold to the other Mr Castillo," the hostess called. "The next item is the painting of a local French artist. The value of his paintings skyrocketed and this piece alone is worth fifteen thousand dollars."

"Twenty," abuelo said.

"These two at these events are a nightmare," Mateo muttered to me.

After the bidding war was over, dinner was served. It was a rack of lamb with cherry tomatoes and baby squash served with a honey glaze.

The food was decent, but maybe I was just biased because I preferred Cynthia's home-cooked meals.

After we ate, the dance floor was opened and a music group took over the stage. "Care to take this old man for a spin around the dance floor?" Abuelo extended his arm out to me.

"I'd love to," I stood. Abuelo balanced on his cane as we walked to the dance floor and I subtly gave him my arm for balance.

He stood up straight, respectfully taking my hand. His dancing was so proper, and he tried his best to keep his posture straight. "I always wanted a daughter," he said, "but after Rosie gave birth to Francesco, Alvaro's father. The doctors said she will have complications if she tries to conceive again." I nodded as I listened to him talk. "Kids grow up so fast."

He spun me under his arm, slowly and I giggled. He was a sweet man. I wondered if Alvaro would simmer down with age as well. But I would be long gone to witness his change.

This evening was turning out to be one of the best evenings I had in the last month. "I came from a big family," abuelo said, "I outlived all brothers and sisters. I lost my wife and my son but God has blessed me with Alvaro and Mateo. They are the only family I have left."

I smiled. "You should consider living with us. You'd get to spend more time with them."

He chuckled, "most wives don't even want to live with their husband's parents and here you are inviting me to stay?" He smiled, cupping my chin, "my Alvaro couldn't have picked a better woman."

I noticed abuelo begin to hunch a little. "Do you need a sit down a little bit?" I asked and he nodded. I took him to the nearest chair and made him sit. His breathing was heavy. "Did you take all your meds today?"

He chuckled. "And this is what I always imagined having a daughter would be like." He tried to smile but I could see it was a struggle for him.

Alvaro came up to us, placing a hand on his grandfather's shoulder. "Abuelo are you doing alright?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Can't stand for too long but I couldn't miss out on the opportunity to dance with my granddaughter just once."

Alvaro sighed. "You need to take it easy."

"I'm fine," abuelo waved his hand, dismissing the topic, "but I would like to watch you two dance. Y'all didn't have a first dance after the wedding, let alone a reception."

"It's not normal for people like us to have wedding receptions, you know that," Alvaro said.

"Well, there is a dance floor here and I would like to watch you two have the first dance as husband and wife."

"I got him," Mateo said, massaging his grandfather's shoulders. "You two go." He grinned.

Alvaro stuck his hand out for me and I took it. He lead me onto the dance floor, twirling me unexpectedly and I fell against his hard chest. "Two left feet," he smirked.

"You're a jerk."

His fingers grazed my sides. "Only to you," he said, keeping that smug look on his face.

"I know," I grimaced and he placed both hands on my hips. His eyes poured into mine as he squeezed my sides, taking his bottom lip between his teeth.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and his jaw clenched as he continued glaring into my eyes. His hands moved lower down my waist, holding me firmly. I could sense he disliked me and the feeling was mutual. But he brought this upon himself when he chose me as his victim.

I buried my head into the crook of his neck and he smelled good. I remembered what he did to me in my room and I kissed him under his jaw just above his neck. His body went stiff.

"Don't," he muttered in my ear. His fingers dug into me.

"Why? You did it to me, remember." I did it again, this time wetting my lips and his breathing staggered as I grazed him with my teeth.

I could play dirty too.

He pulled away from me, glaring hard but it was my turn to be cocky. "And I don't mind giving you half my pay. Take the whole thing." I don't know why I said that but it just came out.

Alvaro had a stunned expression on his face, his tongue pushing out his cheek as he grinned at me in awe. "What, I like my men responsive," I said moving to leave and he grabbed my arm stopping me.

"You're playing a very dangerous game with me, darling," he tucked a strand of my hair behind my ear.

"You started it."

He laughed and the sound scared me. He lead me back to his grandfather. "Wonderful." His grandfather clapped his hands.

"There is lipstick on your collar," Mateo giggled, pointing at Alvaro's collar.

Alvaro glared at me and all I could do was smile even though I could feel slight terror knowing I poked the beast.