

Chapter 6: Whatever you desire.

He was towering over me like the angel of darkness. He smiled wickedly and alluringly, so beautiful yet deadly. He knew what I was up to and he wasn't going to stand for it. "You want to run from me, darling?"

I shook my head. He wouldn't let me go— I was his lottery ticket after all. "Somebody has to pay for what your brother took," he muttered.

Jason was sitting in a chair and the scene changed. We ended up in his basement. The room was illuminated in yellow light. Alvaro pulled a pistol out of his coat pocket. "You will learn to take me seriously," he threatened. He pulled the trigger putting a bullet into Jason.

"Alvaro!"

I shot up from my bed. Catching my breath. My heart was pounding and I was sweating. "Interesting," I heard his voice and I looked up to see him leaning against the dresser.


I screamed and he stepped out of the darkness. He clasped a hand over my mouth. It was still a little dark and I could see his eyes staring back at me. "Be quiet."

"What are you doing in here?" I murmured against his hand.

He moved his hand. "More importantly what were you dreaming about?" He had this evil glint in his eye.

"It was just a nightmare."

"You were saying my name in a nightmare?" He questioned, "did you

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want me to save you?"

I snorted. My dreams weren't that crazy. "No, you were the villain." A great smile formed on his face, annoying me. "What are you doing in here?" I asked again.

"You are going to train today. Mateo already knows self-defence and I think it's time you learn."

I fell back on my bed. It was my day off what was this man's problem? "I don't want to train."

"You don't have a choice."

"Fine, I'll be downstairs in a minute," I lied.

He shook his head. "You think I haven't heard that one before." I closed my eyes. "Just let me sleep."

Why was he so annoying?

"See I'm not a patient man," he said, and it sounded like he was walking away. I was too tired and disoriented to care where he went.

I kept my eyes closed, settling back on my pillows. I could feel the call of the sandman, pulling me slowly in and out of reality.

I heard footsteps come back into my room. "I thought-" I didn't get to finish that sentence because suddenly I was drenched in water.

The water was cold and it felt like it burned. "I hate you!" I seethed, sitting up in my bed to see Alvaro standing above me with a bucket.

"I don't recall caring. When I tell you to wake up, next time you'll

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listen. Be downstairs in ten minutes or the next time I come up here you're not going to like it."

I got out of bed, pulling my shirt over my head. His eyes widened as they settled on my chest which was rising and falling. "Get out!" I roared. He probably didn't think I'd take my shirt off in front of him but I was cold and I was angry and I didn't care.

He had that annoying amused look on his face as he left my room. I stood peeling the wet clothes off my body.

Alvaro Castillo was evil incarnate!

I went to the bathroom to get a towel. I cleaned up and put on a pair of sweatpants. I put on my sports bra since he said we were going to be training. My hair was a little wet and I put it up in a ponytail.

I went downstairs and looked around. I saw Cynthia dusting off the furniture in the living room. "Good morning, Mrs Castillo. What can I do for you?" She asked when she saw me lingering.


"Do you know where the gym is?" I asked.

"End of the hall," she smiled, "you must feel free to walk around now. It's your house too."

Not when my husband was the devil.

I found the hall and I heard a woman laughing. I walked into the room to see a slender woman dressed in black. Her abs were glistening with sweat. Her body was covered in tattoos, one of a giant serpent coiled around her waist caught my eye.

"It's good you here. I thought I had to come and get you," Alvaro said

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and I looked to see him pull off his shirt revealing his muscular body. His short pants hung low and he ran a hand down his abs.

I noticed his tattoos only covered his arms and neck. His chest and stomach were free of ink. He cleared his throat getting my attention.

"This is Jane," he introduced. "Jane this is Persia."

Mateo jogged into the room carrying gloves. He was wearing a vest and sweatpants. "Now I'm ready," he announced. "Oh, good morning," he smiled when he saw me.

"Next time. You wake me up," I muttered to him.

"Okay, pretty girl. Let's see what you got," Persia called me up to the grey mat on the floor.

I stood on the mat and I could feel it was padded. "Ready?" She asked.

"Yeah-" she threw a punch and I barely dodged her, staggering back to gain my footing again.

"Yeah go, Jane!" Mateo cheered.


She jabbed me this time in my side and I fell as I tried to block. Even though the mat was padded it was still hard. Mateo moved to help me up. "It's okay you got this," he encouraged. "Keep your hands up."

Alvaro just stood there watching, probably enjoying the fact that his lady friend was knocking my ass to the ground. I threw a punch imagining it was his face.

Persia barely dodged me and then she smiled. "I like it. Keep it

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coming," she said and I continued throwing a series of punches. She got low and swept my leg causing me to fall on my butt again. "No no, you punching with hopes just to hit something. Slow it down wait for the opportunity when I leave myself open."

I stood up. "Alvaro, let's show her," she said and he stepped up.

She tried to get one punch in with Alvaro and he turned it around so quickly, pinning her to the ground. They chuckled and I was feeling sick watching this. "I need to go to work." I stood up. 1

He was just getting on my nerves today and for no reason.

"I'll shower and meet you in thirty minutes," Mateo said and I moved to walk out of the gym.

It was my day off but I decided to go to work because I didn't want to stay in the house with Alvaro lurking in the halls. Someone would die at the end of the day if I stayed here.

I took a shower rubbing my tender sides down. I was frustrated and I felt embarrassed. I just got my ass handed to me by his booty call. 1

I turned the shower off and dried myself off, wrapping a towel around my wet hair. I got dressed in jeans and a t-shirt and let my hair go in its natural state.

I heard a knock on the door. "It's me," Mateo said.

"I don't believe you." The last time he said that Alvaro was with him.

"I promise," he said and I moved to open the door.

He was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt this time. His hair was wet and

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matted on his forehead. "Ready to go?" He asked.

I grabbed my bag and on our way out I saw Alvaro seated on the couch with his laptop. "We leaving," Mateo said to him and he murmured.

Persia walked downstairs with her hair wet. "Thanks for letting me use your shower," she said, "it was great today."

"Mind moving your car? You parked me in," Mateo said.

"Oh yeah sure, sweetie. See you guys tomorrow," she said and left.

Disgusting slime ball of a man. "You should have married her instead," I muttered and that got his attention.

He looked up at me, a smirk lighting up his face. "Jealous, darling?"

I didn't respond but slammed the door on my way out. I saw abuelo come up the driveway with a nurse assisting him.

"Good morning, dear," he said, cheerfully.

"Good morning, Abuelo," I smiled, trying hard to hide my irritation.

"I need to talk to your husband," he said and the nurse wheeled him inside.

I got into the car with Mateo and he looked at my face. "Are you okay?"
"He looked concerned.

"Yeah, I just don't understand why he married me and not her." Mateo burst out into laughter and I blinked hard at him. "What's so funny, Mat?"

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"That's ridiculous, Jane."

"How so. You saw how they are together. Using the force or whatever to fight."

He laughed some more. "It's not what it looked like. Jane, she is already married."

"That doesn't seem to stop them," I grimaced.

"Jane, she is married to another woman," he said and I bit my bottom lip. Feeling all the agitation slowly fade. "They have three children together."

My cheeks heated up in embarrassment. "Oh."

"Were you jealous?" He asked, a smile playing on his lips.

"No, why would I be?"

"Whatever," he continued to grin.

He drove us to the shop and he had to park down the street considering our spot was taken by Julia's beetle. "Yo, sick car," Mat said as we walked into the store.

Julia blushed. "Thanks. It's old though. The engine is busted."

"Is it?" He asked, "mind if I take a look?"

"Sure," she said, grabbing her car keys. "She looked at me. "Do you mind holding it down?"

"Of course," I smiled.

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Mateo eyed me. "Behave he said."

"You too." I grinned.

I went in the back and got the new assortment of scented candles we were trying to introduce. I cleared off a shelf of beauty products, marking them down because they were going to expire at the end of the year.

Maybe I would use my store discount and get some for myself since it would already be marked down. I stacked the shelf with candles and moved the beauty products to the discount table.

I heard the door open. "You fixed her engine that quick?" I asked.

"What engine," I heard Alvaro and I turned around to see him standing at the door.

"What are you doing here?"

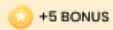
"I was curious to know where you worked. I see Mateo has made a friend as well."

"Yeah, they are cute," I continued to stack the table and I could feel him standing behind me. "What do you want Alvaro?"

I was still pissed that he dropped a bucket of water on me. "Let's go for a drive," he said and my body stilled.

Those five words scared the hell out of me.

"I'm working." He placed his hand over mine which was currently holding a bottle of skin cream.



"I'm not asking," he whispered.

I turned around and his face was serious. He gestured with his head to the door before walking out of the store. He wouldn't kill me? He couldn't...

I followed after him. I saw half of Mat's body hanging in Julia's car. "Watch the store," I said to them.

"Got it," Julia called.

Alvaro held the car door open for me to get into his car. I slid into the front seat and fiddled with my fingers wondering what he was up to now.

He got into the car, starting it up and revving the engine. He took off fast down the street. "Why are you driving so fast." I reached for my seatbelt, securing it around me.

Was he going to make my death look like an accident?

Did abuelo give him what he wanted so he didn't need me anymore?


My mind was running wild.

"Where- where are we going?" I stuttered.

"I need you to deliver something for me on the outside of town."

"What!" My worst fears had come to manifest. "I'm not doing any drop-offs for you. What do you think I am!" I shrieked.


"Open the cubby," he ordered and I just stared at his face in disbelief, "Now Jane." I opened the cubby and found a black bag. "Take it out."

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He kept his eyes fixed on the road. His face was hard and he looked ruthless.

"Can you at least slow down? You're making me feel nauseous with how fast you're driving."

He slowed down and I didn't even realize I was breathing heavily. I took out the bag and it was heavy. It sounded like there was money in it. "What are you going to make me do?" My voice was meek.

He continued driving, leaving the city behind and entering a suburban area with small rundown houses. It looked like a rough neighbourhood. He stopped outside an old building that was fading and chipping. 

"You're not doing this for me. You're doing it for Abuelo," he said and I gulped hard, "I'm not the boss yet."

"What happens if I don't do it?"

"You're going to make Abuelo upset, and I don't like it when he is upset."

I sucked it up. "What am I supposed to do?" This was making me feel sick.

"Go up to the door and knock. A man will come out. His name is Stan. Tell him Mr Castillo sent you and said to take care of them. Then just give him that bag and walk away."

"Take care of them how?" I stuttered.

"He knows how," Alvaro said.

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I breathed out hard. My hands began to shake and Alvaro unlocked the car doors. "Is there like no mask or something?"

Alvaro snorted. "You're looking a little green Jane," he smirked, leaning back in his seat. He seemed to enjoy watching me squirm. "Even Mateo does this for abuelo. It's just a drop-off."

"How can you make him do this? I thought you wanted him to be different!" My blood began to boil.

"Hurry up," he ordered. "We need to discuss something when you're done." That made me more anxious.

I sucked it up. It was just a drop-off. Just leave the bag and go. I got out of the car and walked up to the building that looked like it was abandoned. I saw children run out the door. "Hey," a woman came out, "don't go too far!" She shouted after them.

"Excuse me," I said and she looked at me.


"Hello," she greeted, "can I help you?"

"Yeah I have this bag for Stan, Mr Castillo sent me."

"Oh, Stan is not here. He took a kid to the hospital. The little guy has been sick all morning. He did tell me someone will stop by with a donation."

"Donation?" I questioned.

"Yeah. Mr Castillo called this morning. He always comes to read to the kids but I heard he wasn't well to come today."

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"Abuelo?" I muttered. I shook my head. Why couldn't Alvaro tell me that's what it was. I handed the lady the bag.

"Okay if that's all then," I laughed in relief and she smiled.

"Tell him we are grateful. Many people overlook this place but he has never. He's a good man."

I nodded and turned to walk back to the car. I got into the car and Alvaro was resting back with his eyes closed. "How did it go?" He asked, "did you have to stab anyone?"

"Haha, you're a jerk!" I shrieked and he chuckled. "Do you think this is funny? I have never done anything wrong in my life and I thought today."

He sat up straight. "Abuelo is dying," he said, silencing me. "He has less than a year left and he wants us to have children."

I felt like I was going to pass out. Everything was twisting and changing at a pace I could no longer keep up with. "If you give me a child I promise you will be free of me afterwards. You can live your life the way you want it."

"How can you even ask me this?" I asked, tears welling up in my eyes, "you want me to replace my life with someone else? My child!"

"They will be my child too, Jane. I will take care of them and I will make sure your life is set. You would never have to work a day. Just do this for me," his voice was pleading, "I'll give you anything you want. Whatever you desire. You name it and it's yours. Please," he took my hand in his, "just let abuelo see his great grandchild before he dies." 