

Chapter 8: Mad woman.

Alvaro was a big tease when he wanted to be. I slept in the guest room because after he made me all hot and bothered he walked away with a victorious smile. He was proud to know he had an effect on me I suppose.

The eyes were a vain thing.

Everything in me screamed not to fall for his tricks. The devil was once an angel and Alvaro Castillo would prove to me just how true those words could be if I didn't watch myself around him.

The guest room had a single bed and was painted with a fresh shade of white. The curtains were blue and there were fake flowers in a vase on the vanity table. I dressed my bed and left the room the way I found it.

I walked into my room to see it empty. The bed was made and the windows and curtains were open. I went straight to the bathroom and walked into Mateo on the toilet. "I'm popping!" He yelled and I shrieked shutting the door.

"Oh come on Mat, do you have to do that in here." I banged on the door.

"Where else am I supposed to do it." I heard him laugh and went over to my dresser to grab some clothes. I would just have to use the bathroom in the guestroom.

I settled for my pink butterfly sweater. It was gloomy outside and it looked like it would rain by lunchtime. I grabbed a pair of jeans and

my shoes before leaving the room.

I was feeling nervous about my visit to the doctor.

I showered, trying to calm myself. Then I got dressed, putting my hair into a high ponytail. As I walked out of the guestroom I saw Alvaro standing at my door.

He was dressed in cuffed pants and a stormy grey sweater that hugged his biceps. His hair was gelled back and he looked so dangerous yet alluring.

He was the kind of guy you'd look at but never have the guts to approach because he had an aura of intimidation.

"No suit today?" I asked, getting his attention and he turned to look at me.

"I'm going with you to the doctor. Not a lawyer," he stated.

Mat walked out of my room with a sleepy look on his face and Alvaro watched him with amusement alight his eyes. "Do me a favour and set that room on fire," I said to Mat and he chuckled.

"I swear it wasn't that bad," he bellowed with laughter.

"Riiiggght..."

"Breakfast is on the table," Alvaro said looking at both of us.

"I'm not hungry." I wrapped my arms around my stomach. I felt like I was going to throw up. I couldn't eat. With all the butterflies in my stomach, there was no room for food.

"You will eat because we might be back late," Alvaro said and Mat looked between us.

"You two going somewhere?" He asked.

"Um," Alvaro looked tongue-tied, "I'm just taking Jane to the doctor. She isn't feeling well," he explained.

"I can take her," Mateo volunteered and that made me smile.

"No no," Alvaro insisted, "you have to stay here. Your tutor is coming."

"If I knew I was going to be home alone I would have thrown a party."

Alvaro laughed. "You would have to have friends to throw a party."

"Hey," Mateo defended, "I have friends."

"Ah yes," Alvaro grinned, "that girl from where Jane works."

Mateo's ears turned red. "Shut up, Al," he cried and Alvaro grabbed him into a headlock ruffling his hair. "You're the worst," he said and the two were shoving each other while bickering in Spanish. "Mateo tiene novia," Alvaro said in a teasing tone. 1

"Ella no es mi novia," Mateo said in distress, breaking out of Alvaro's headlock. 1

"But you want her to be don't you, mi hijo." Alvaro grinned.

"You know what I'm leaving," Mateo declared and began walking away.

"Invite her over for dinner sometime," Alvaro called after him. "And

don't bring any babies home. I'll kick your ass."

"I hate you," Mateo sang as he disappeared around the corner of the hallway.

I chuckled. "Was that your way of having the talk about the birds and the bees with him?" I asked.

Alvaro chuckled. "I tried that when he was thirteen and he told me never to speak to him again."

It wasn't hard to imagine Alvaro with children. I could see his love for Mat shine through his eyes every time he looked at him.

We walked downstairs together and Alvaro went into the kitchen. I stood in the living room waiting for him. "Jane I'm not taking you anywhere until you eat something," he announced and sighed walking into the kitchen.

The kitchen island was set out with eggs, bacon and breakfast muffins. I grabbed a muffin nibbling on the edges just to appease him. "Happy?" I asked and he just grinned sipping some orange juice.

After he was done eating we went into the garage and I saw the Aston Martin he won during the bidding war parked behind the Mercedes.

"This car is beautiful," I said touching the body.

"You think so?" Alvaro asked, tossing me a key.

I just barely caught the key. "You want me to drive?" I asked and he shrugged.

"Why not," he said, "do you know how to drive?"

"I do. I was saving to buy a car. Nothing as fancy as this but gosh no, I said moving to give him back the key. "What if I hit it or ding it-"

"It's yours," he said and my eyes widened. "No no no," I held the key out to him. "I can't take this from you." This made me feel uncomfortable.

"You're married to me," he said, "and now we are going to see how we can have a baby and you're doing all of this just to fulfil a dying man's last wish. "You can have whatever you want."

My mouth fell open. But the car was so beautiful I didn't want it as a gift but it wouldn't hurt just to drive it. "Okay get in the passenger's seat." I excitedly jumped into the car.

"I love the smell of a new car." 1

Alvaro chuckled, moving to get into the passenger's seat. He opened up the garage door. "No carefully back her out, darling," he said.

I started the car up and the dashboard lit up as the engine roared.

"I didn't think this through," Alvaro began muttering something under his breath in Spanish. And I couldn't keep up with what he was saying. I could barely make out what he and Mateo said half the time. "Santa María de Gracia, amen," he ended and I deduced he was praying.

"Are you done?" I smiled at him, loving the fact that I was making him fear for his life for a change.

"Just making sure," he muttered, pulling out his phone. He put the phone on the hands-free kit putting in the directions to the doctor's surgery.

I reversed the car out of the garage and Alvaro held onto the handholds. He put his seat belt on. "Okay easy," he said, "go slowly." 1

I laughed, turning to look at him and he looked petrified. "Not so funny when it happens to you is it?" Remembering he drove like a maniac yesterday.

I drove out of the gates. "How long has it been since you've been behind a wheel."

I decided to mess with him a little. "Five years," I lied. I had a car when I lived in Canada but I sold it when I moved back here.

"Jane keep your eyes on the road," he said and I could hear him shifting in his seat.

I decided to torture him a little. He deserved it for all the little pranks he pulled on me. I knew this road was a one-way straight road. I looked at Alvaro and began revving the car.

His eyes widened. "Now wait-" he held a hand up in nervousness. "Don't," he warned.

"Remember that bucket of water you dropped on me yesterday morning?" I asked and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

"Jane-"

I put my foot flat on the gas and took off down the road. Alvaro

pressed his back against the seat. "Estas loca! Mad woman!" 1

"Whoooo," I cheered, enjoying the terrified look on his face as well as the thrill.

"Slow down. There's a stop sign at the end of this road, Oh Dios mio." 1

I eased my foot off the gas, pressing the break lightly as I came to a stop at the sign. Alvaro's face was priceless and then he looked at me.

His face was red and his eyes held rage.

"Get- out- of- the- car," he seethed and I got out quickly before he throttled me in the driver's seat.

He climbed over from the passenger's seat into the driver's seat and I rounded the car to get into the passenger's seat. He started the car again and took off slowly down the road.

I snorted at the angry look on his face. Usually, I wouldn't even crack a smile when he was mad but I was pushing my luck today. "Do you think this is funny?" He roared.

"I'm sorry," I said keeping a smile on my face.

"No more driving for you. Mateo will have to teach you."

"I was just messing with you," I laughed, "I had a car when I lived in Canada. Or did those files you have on your desk not tell you that?"

"Huh," he said, biting his lip in thought.

After a while, Alvaro parked the car in the lot of a gynaecologist's

office. I gulped hard. I didn't like going to the doctor even when I was a kid. He got out of the car and I followed behind him slowly that he kept turning back to see if I was still there.

"What's the matter?" He asked when we reached the door.

"I'm scared," I said.

"With Mateo, I would promise him something he wants-"

"I'm not a child. I'm an adult," I said and he looked over me, "don't treat me like I'm Mateo."

He sighed, taking my hand in his. He entwined our fingers and looked deep into my eyes. "It's going to be okay."

"Thank you," I said.

"If the doctor tries to dissect you. I'll punch him." He smiled and I laughed at his attempt to make me smile.

I walked into the surgery with him and it was empty. A receptionist dressed in pink scrubs stood behind the glass. "Mr And Mrs Castillo," Alvaro said and she nodded.

"Good you're his first appointment for the day," she smiled, but I noticed the way her eyes fell on his tattoos.

She lead us to the doctor's office which was down a narrow hall. She left some files on his desk and the doctor stood upon seeing me and Alvaro, extending his hand to shake ours. "Good morning, I'm Dr Hill. What can I do for you two today." He sat back down gesturing for us to sit too.

Alvaro and I both spoke at the same time and the words came out jumbled. The doctor laughed. "You two newly married?" He asked and I nodded. Two weeks and here I was looking for methods to fall pregnant.

"Yes my wife and I want to have a baby and many people online recommend you to be the best in town."


"Do you have problems conceiving the natural way, Mrs Castillo?" The doctor asked and my cheeks turned red as I looked at Alvaro's face.

"Um yes." Considering the fact that I didn't know anything about Alvaro and I didn't want to be with him. I couldn't think of trying the natural methods with him.

Plus I didn't know if he was attracted to me in that way.

"So what method are you two looking at?" The doctor asked.

"Artificial insemination," Alvaro said.

The doctor looked at me and him. "Okay, I'll just do a quick check-up of your wife to see if there are any obstacles and then I'll put you two down for a date." 

"This month," Alvaro declared.

The doctor looked taken aback by his request. "I'll look-"

"I will pay you double the amount if you make this happen as soon as possible," Alvaro said.

The doctor nodded and gestured for me to come up. He did a thorough check-up, taking urine and blood samples as well. When he was done he wrote out a statement with the date of the actual procedure and handed it to Alvaro.

"You seem to be good, Mrs Castillo," the doctor said. "You're healthy and everything looks fine."

We left the surgery and I let out a deep breath the moment we stepped outside. "Are you okay?" Alvaro asked.

And I didn't know what I was anymore. In nine months I might be a mom.

"I'm fine," I gasped for air.

"Jane," Alvaro put both his hands on either one of my shoulders. "I promise I'm going to be there for you and the baby. You have nothing to worry about. Just don't stress yourself out too much."


He was making promises and I was getting more scared.

He drove us home and both of us were silently lost in our own thoughts. "How do you feel about all of this?" I asked.

"I never thought I'd have children," was all he said.

He drove through the gates and I noticed a red Porsche parked outside the garage. "Fuck," Alvaro muttered.

"What is it?" I asked and he got out of the car, slamming the door hard. He walked with purpose to the house like he was going to beat someone up.

 +5 BONUS

I got out of the car and rushed after him. He took long strides and I had to jog behind him. He yanked the front door open and went inside. "What are you doing here?" I heard him say as I entered the house.

"Why weren't you answering my calls?" a woman said instead.

"Leave," he ordered. I moved to see a woman standing in the living room with a wine glass in hand. She was wearing a red and black dress.

"Alvaro, I asked her to come," Abuelo walked into the room balancing on his cane. A nurse was following him and she helped him back into his wheelchair.

"This must be Jane," the woman said walking up to me. "I'm Alvaro's mother." I looked at Alvaro to see his face was hard and void of all emotion.

I had seen him angry, annoyed and even happy, but I had never seen him like this before.

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