

BOUND BY BLOOD



D o r o t h e P e a r l

Contenido sujeto a derechos de autor

agreed to testify against Eddie. Oh, she knew he was mixed up in the drug business. It was pretty obvious by his rich lifestyle and quality of friends. And, the fact that the attorney she worked for in Mexico City specialized in handling drug dealers.

It was at his office where she had first laid eyes on Eddie de Calvo. He walked in the reception area one afternoon wearing a navy blue Armani suit. Everything about him reeked of the assurance a person only gets from success. She saw the ego swagger of ruthless men a lot in that office, but it had never appealed to her and she constantly turned down invitations for dinner or drinks. It always pleased her boss, Enrique Porfirio when she turned down his clients and it almost became an unspoken game between the old man, whom she knew was homosexual, and herself. Truth was, she rarely ever dated any men. And she didn't have any close girlfriends. She didn't know why but she was always more comfortable just being alone. Alone was something she could trust. Togetherness was something she couldn't. But Eddie had been her undoing. He had more charm and personality than all the others combined and the secretiveness of his life proved very seductive.

And as dashing as Eddie looked, the two men that walked in with him that day were anything but. Both had pasty complexions and wore ill-fitting suits, like they were secondhand clothes from one of the churches. She found out later from her boss, they had just gotten out of prison. She remembers they appeared very uneasy watching Eddie as he sauntered over to her desk and flashed that toothy grin at her. And that was how it had all started, with that toothy grin of his.

She glimpses Raul's shoulder holster as he takes off his jacket, sitting down casually in the chair across from her. It made her remember the time she had returned earlier than expected from a wild shopping spree in Mexico City. One that Eddie had encouraged her to go on. She was opening the front door to their beach villa, when she heard a loud gunshot come from the direction of Eddie's study. Worried he might be hurt, she had thrown down her bags and run to look for him. She panicked

Hard for me to walk all over this place anymore. Figure the fuckers owe it to me. Given 'em most of my life. Know what I mean, Eddie?"

Eddie looks up from reading the fax, and nods, though he hasn't a clue what Oscar just said. Why doesn't he just go away? Like I want to talk to the fat fuck. On the outside this idiot would get a bullet up his ass just for addressing me by my Christian name. But in here, in this hellhole, he has to associate with all kinds of scum and pretend it doesn't bother him.

Oscar hopes it isn't bad news. Most of the messages that come into a place like this are bad news.

"Noticed it was in Mezean. Don't speak Mezean, even though I got a Mezean last name. My mother was white, didn't want me to talk it."

Eddie shoots him a look, wishing more than anything he could put a bullet right in the middle of that big, sweaty forehead.

Oscar sees the look and is sure now it must be bad news.

"Hope it ain't bad news, Eddie."

Eddie tucks the greasy note away, making a mental note to have Oscar killed once he was on the outside.

"No, mi amigo, quite the opposite. It is very good news. My neice just had a baby. Think I'll go sit on my bed and read it again."

Oscar tries to understand the importance of this. People had babies all the time. What was the big deal? He had come from a family of twelve kids. There was always a baby squawling day and night. Nothing special about that.

"You wanna play some backgammon tonight?"

Eddie is caught a little off guard. No way did he want to spend another night with Oscar, even if it meant getting out of his shit cell for a couple of hours. The man had an odor that made Eddie sick to his stomach and all he did was whine about his stupid diabetes. But he needed the blimp, as much as it disgusted him to admit it.

"Sure, see you later. Pick up some of my favorite tequila. I feel like celebrating."

Once again, Oscar manages to nod his fleshy head, making the coils of skin under his chin roll like waves.

“I know, ‘Porfidio’. That stuff sure is expensive.”

“As are all the good things in life, my friend.”

Oscar nods and shuffles away.

“Tastes just like the cheap stuff if you ask me.”

When Eddie hears the metal doors slam shut, he tears open the fax, reading it again, savoring every word. Victoria Jones is dead. It’s all over. Soon he would be a free man again. It had cost him a half million dollars to take down that jet, but it was worth every penny. He dances silently around his cell and begins to burn the piece of paper that just restored his life. Looks like he would be back in Mexico and on top again real soon.