

Enslaved by Genuino Alpha's Bet – Chapter 2

Chapter 2: A new country

"Why did you do this?" Amelia asks with tears in her eyes, her face burning from the hot coffee that was thrown on her.

"Why did they hire an incompetent like you? Every time I come to this coffee shop, you serve me, and the drinks or food are terrible, either too salty or too sweet. Do you want to kill me, you wretch?" the hysterical woman accuses.

"This is the first time I've seen you here, ma'am," Amelia tries to defend herself.

"Do you dare to call me a liar, you idiot? That's very audacious," the woman says disdainfully, looking Amelia up and down.

"It's not me who prepares the orders, just..." Amelia tries to argue again.

"Do you still dare to respond to me? Hey, you, go get your manager! One of his employees doesn't know her place," the woman shouts.

Amelia feels her muscles quiver with anger, clenches her fists, and pounds the table, the loud noise drawing everyone's attention, and her hand begins to bleed.

"Amelia, in my office, now!" the coffee shop owner says and grabs Amelia by the arm, dragging her away from the scene.

As they enter the office, the boss releases Amelia.

"Amelia, I'm sorry, but the situation today is unacceptable. This is the fourth time you've been involved in a scandal; you're fired."

Amelia swallows hard, with a lump in her throat. She nods sadly and leaves the office.

Amelia walks through the streets toward her home, her heavy steps echoing on the worn and potholed sidewalk. Her fearful blue eyes fill with tears of despair. Today has been terrible; Amelia had to drop out of school, and now she's lost her part-time job.

Upon opening the front door, a familiar sight meets her eyes. Her father, Pedro, is sleeping, or rather, passed out on the sofa, surrounded by empty liquor bottles.

Amelia sighs heavily, looking at the scene before her. "Why do things have to be like this?" she whispers to herself. Exhausted, she goes to her room and cries herself to sleep.

The next day, Amelia wakes up to the sound of her father calling her.

Pedro swallows the lump in his throat and approaches Amelia with hesitant steps.

"Good morning, Dad," Amelia says with a sleepy voice but smiles at her father. For the first time in years, this is the first time Pedro has woken her up.

Pedro feels a tightness in his chest as he sees her smile, her innocence contrasting with the weight of his own situation. He can't look her in the eyes as he lies.

"Amelia, I... I've found a job for you," he says, forcing a smile.

Amelia's eyes light up with surprise and joy.

"Really? That's amazing, Dad! I got fired from the coffee shop yesterday, and I was worried. Thank you for getting me a job," Amelia genuinely thanks him from the heart. Since her mother, Helena, passed away, she has been the adult in the house.

Amelia's joy pierces Pedro's heart like a sharp lance. He's lying to her, and he knows what he's doing is terrible. He swallows back tears and forces another smile, hugging her.

"I just want what's best for you, Amelia," he murmurs, fighting overwhelming emotions.

Pedro finds himself sinking even deeper into his own misery. He feels the weight of his irresponsible decisions and the fear of how things are about to unfold. Deep down, he wonders how he can continue to hide the truth from Amelia when his world is on the brink of collapse.

"Come," Pedro calls, leading the way out of the room, and Amelia follows, still sleepy.

Amelia enters the living room, her eyes landing on the elderly woman with white hair and green eyes that seemed to carry the burden of many years.

"I believe you must be Amelia," the woman says, rising from the sofa and extending her hand to the young girl.

"Amelia, this is Luciana," Pedro introduces with a somewhat tense voice.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Amélia," Amelia accepts the greeting with a nervous smile.

"The pleasure is mine, ma'am," Amelia replies, mentally wondering if the woman is unwell because her hand feels scorching hot.

"I've come to collect you, Amélia," Luciana says, looking into Amelia's eyes with seriousness, carefully choosing her words. She had agreed with Amelia's father not to

reveal immediately that Amelia would be a slave, but rather that she would work as a general assistant in the mansion. "You will work as a general assistant in my boss's mansion."

Amelia furrows her brow, confused. "A mansion?"

"Yes, my boss's mansion is in another country where the sun rarely appears, and it's very cold. You'll be responsible for helping with household chores and keeping the mansion organized."

"I... I can't accept this; I can't go work in such a distant place," Amelia says. Luciana's words hit Amelia like a shock. She then imagined herself in such a different place, where the sun was scarce and the cold permeated the environment – she didn't like that. She liked the warmth.

"I can't just go to another country and leave my father alone," Amelia looks at her father, their situation is precarious, but together they can overcome anything.

Luciana opens her mouth to speak, but before she can continue, Pedro is quicker, with a firm and determined voice:

"Amelia, getting this job was very... difficult. And in the other country, the salary is much better. Don't worry about me; I'm already an adult and can take care of myself. And you won't find a better job around here."

Pedro's words were a mixture of support and sadness, a painful reminder of how things had changed.

Pedro continues, now with a calmer voice:

"Amelia, this is a unique opportunity. There, the salary is much better, and I'll be fine here. I'll take care of myself, so please take care of yourself there too."

Amelia tries to argue, but the words get stuck in her throat. Her father is right.

"I... I don't have warm clothes," Amelia says, her voice almost a whisper.

Luciana smiles gently. "That has been taken care of. I've brought suitable clothes for you."

Amelia sees her last objections fade away. She agrees, a mix of emotions flooding her. The uncertainty of what lay ahead, the sadness of leaving her father, and curiosity about what awaited her, all swirled within her.

"When do I leave?" Amelia finally asks.

"Right now," Luciana's response makes Amelia widen her eyes in disbelief.

"Now? Just like that? I don't even have a passport... I... I just woke up... I..."

"Don't worry about that; I've taken care of everything. Just pack your things," Luciana says and smiles at the girl.

"Alright," says Amelia, still perplexed by how fast things are happening.

Amelia gets up and goes to her room. She packs a small backpack with her personal belongings. Amelia looks at her room one last time, feeling a wave of nostalgia. But she knows she needs to be strong, not only for herself but also for her father.

Amelia bids her father farewell with a tight hug. She gets into the car with Luciana, in a comfortable silence, they head to the airport, where a private jet is waiting for them.

As she boards the jet, while watching the land recede below, Amelia wonders how someone can be so wealthy as to have a mansion in another country and send for a simple inexperienced assistant.

As Amelia walked through the grand corridors of the mansion, she looked around in amazement, taking in every detail.

"This mansion is incredible, but it's funny to think of someone so rich living here in Murmansk. It feels isolated from the rest of the world. I didn't see any other houses along the way," Amelia comments.

"Here is more than just a mansion, it's a home," Luciana responds vaguely.

Luciana leads Amelia down a corridor that descends two flights of stairs. They reach a heavy wooden door, which Luciana opens, revealing a hallway with stone floors and walls. They take a few more steps and stop in front of a modest room, which strongly contrasts with the grandeur of the mansion.

"This is your room," Luciana says.

Amelia looks around, surprised. The walls were made of stone, with no traces of wallpaper or luxury. Amelia enters the room and sits on the bed, which is so cold it feels damp. It's a much harder bed than the one she had at her father's house. She places her backpack on the bedside table next to the bed and notices a door next to the wardrobe. "That must be the bathroom," Amelia thinks.

"It's... cozy," Amelia comments, trying to find kind words. "Do all the staff stay in the basement?" she asks, curious.

Luciana sighs, somewhat uneasy.

"No, but for now, this is the room we have available for you."

Amelia raises an eyebrow.

"Well, the other rooms are all occupied, and this is the best I can offer for now."

Amelia felt disappointed but didn't want to make a fuss. She nodded, shrugging. Amelia took her old Nokia cell phone out of her bag. It wasn't a modern smartphone but a button phone. She dialed her father's number but realized she had no signal.

Luciana left Amelia alone in her new space to give her some privacy and disappeared down the hall. She went to her own room, which was in a corridor behind Miguel's room. She picked up the phone and dialed her boss's number.

"Yes?" Miguel's cold voice came from the other end of the line.

"Sir," she began when the call was answered, "the girl is here, in the basement."

Miguel's voice sounded cold and precise on the other end of the line: "Excellent. She's in the place she deserves, like the slave she is."

Luciana felt a lump forming in her throat.

"Genuino, I think she should be treated a little more kindly," Luciana tries to intervene on Amelia's behalf.

Miguel laughs, but there's nothing cheerful about it.

"Luciana, don't forget your place. She's here to serve, she's a filthy, worthless slave, staked by her own father," Miguel emphasizes coldly.

"I know, sir, but she's not responsible for what her father did..."

"She's a slave, I won't repeat that again," Miguel says rudely. "There are no exceptions. And don't forget that you are responsible for her, am I clear, Lunae Luciana?"

"Yes, sir," Luciana replies, feeling her heart ache for Amélia. "When will you be returning home?"

"When I finish here," Miguel replies roughly.

Miguel's words are cutting, and she knows it's futile to argue further. Whatever she feels for Amélia, her genuine is determined to work the girl to exhaustion, even though she's done nothing against him.

Amélia is now in the merciless hands of Miguel Van Helsing, the fearless Genuine Alpha.