

## Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 12

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#### 12 Field Of Flowers

##### Emma.

I was still sleeping when I heard a banging on my door. I woke up and looked outside. It was evening time. I must have been exhausted. I guess I was just trying to catch up on the sleep my body missed for the one month my family was held as slaves. I got up and went to open the door. I was surprised to see it was Luca. He was fuming with anger, but he was controlling himself. I got a bit scared and stepped back. I honestly did not know him, nor did I know what he was capable of. I might have dreamt of someone that looked like him, but I did not know him. It would be stupid of me to land myself in a mess with him.

"Calm down, Emma," he said, controlling his breathing, and I could feel his rage.

"Where are your stuff?" He asked me, and I pointed at the bag by the cupboard. I was yet to unpack "Did you tell her we are married?" He asked me, and I shook my head. I honestly did not know if it was a good thing or a bad thing. He went to pick up my bag from where it was. "Did you keep anything anywhere?" He asked, and I shook my head. I had put the clothes I wore in a different compartment of my bag. "Good," He said and ordered me to follow him. I did as he told me and followed quietly. We walked past the hallway into the living area, where his parents stood stunned. We walked past them and up the stairs.

"Do not let anyone intimidate you in this house; Emma, you are my wife. Am I clear?" He said to me, and I knew his parents could hear.

"Yes, Luca," I said, and I felt weird because I felt I should be addressing him with a title or something

"You are the next in command in this house. No one should disrespect you, not even my family. If they do anything to you, tell me." He said, and my stomach churned. I knew his parents could hear because he spoke loudly and slowly walked up the stairs. I honestly did not want to be the type to break up a happy home, but it seemed that my presence there would somehow cause a wedge between him and his parents. I followed him up the stairs. We walked down the hallway and stood by a door. He pointed to the door next to it, which was grand.

"That is my room," he said, and I nodded. "Due to our terms, we would sleep in separate rooms. I do not want you to get uncomfortable," he explained and honestly, I did not mind sleeping in his room. I wished I could summon the courage to tell him, but I remained silent as usual.

"This is your room," he said and opened the door we stood in front of. I was surprised by the size of the room. We walked in, and it was pure luxury. I have never seen a room like it before. Even Tomas's room wasn't like this.

"You sleep here. My room is next door. If you need me for anything, feel free to link me. I will give you your personal maid," he told me, and he sighed. He placed his hand on my shoulder and asked me to look at him. He was tall, so I looked up.

“Do not let anyone intimidate you. It might be a one-year contract, but you are legally my wife. Behave like the wife of the boss. I know it might be challenging for you since you are an omega and was raised as one, but I need you to try. I know you can do it. No one would hurt you. If anyone says or does anything to you, they will have me to contend with, am I clear?” he said. I nodded, holding his gaze, and he looked at me. He leaned close, and just when I thought he wanted to kiss me, he brushed a strand of hair from my face and kissed my cheek. “I know you are not hungry, so good night,” he said and left the room. I was about to sit when someone opened the door and walked in. I turned around, and it was Luca. “Sorry I didn’t knock,” he said, realising he had scared me. He gave me an envelope. I took it and felt a card in it.

“I had my beta open an account for you to use the card to get money from the atm or shop anywhere. There is no limit on it but be wise about it,” he said, smiling at me. He pulled me in a hug, and I felt him take in my scent. It was awkward. I could feel his reluctance to leave, but I did not say anything. I could be reading it all wrong. I breathed a bit, and he scented Hazel and Sandalwood. What were the odds he would smell the same as the field Declan took me to in my dream?

He pulled away and finally left, and I sat on the king-size bed in the room and sighed. Wondering what I would be doing on that bed alone.

I wasn’t comfortable with his mother’s behaviour or his father’s remarks, but I was somewhat confident in his intentions. There was a look in his eyes that said he wouldn’t harm me, and I had to trust it for my good.

I decided to arrange my things in the closet. Walking into it, I realised I did not have many belongings. As tempted as I was to get up and go shopping the next day, I had it in my mind that my arrangement with Luca was temporary. I checked the bathroom, and there was a lovely tub for me to soak in whenever, and a large shower. I squealed with joy and went back into the bedroom to rest. I turned down the light on the side lamp and decided to sleep. Sleep came immediately, and I welcomed it. “Emma,” A familiar voice said to me. I was in the field of flowers he once took me to, surrounded by Luca’s scent. There was no moon in the sky this time, but the stars still sparkled like diamonds.

“Declan,” I said with joy, and I went to hug him.

“I missed you,” I said, and he frowned at me. “But we are always together,” he said, and I was confused. I did not see him throughout my time in captivity. “You look beautiful, Emma, and your scent is stronger than ever,” he said, and I sat on the ground.

“Where is the moon?” I asked him, and he sighed. “Somewhere taking its time. It will shine when it is time,” he said and handed me a white rose.

His hands brushed mine, and I felt his touch. It wasn’t like water. It was almost tangible, but it missed something.

“Emma,” he breathed my name leaning close, and my heart began beating fast. He kissed my

neck sweetly, and a moan escaped my lips. This was unfair.

“I want you, Emma,” He said, and I told him I wanted him too, the best way I could say it between moans. I did not understand what he was doing to me, but it was sweet and intense He moved his hand up my thigh, and I shook like a leaf anticipating what he would do. I wanted him to touch me so badly, hoping I would feel it.

“One day, I will claim you, Emma,” He breathed into my ears, and all I could do was moan ‘yes

"Please," I pleaded with him to touch me. I wanted the release. I needed it. My body craved it, but I knew it was a dream. I just wanted to know how far Declan would go and how much my mind would let me feel.

"One day, you will be mine, Emma, and nothing would take you away from me," he said, still gliding his hand up my thighs. It felt like forever. Why the fuck were we in slow motion?

"Do not forget about me, Emma," He said those fucking words, and I knew nothing was going to happen. I woke up panting very heavily, and to my surprise, Lucas was sitting on the chair in my room. I panicked immediately. I was wearing nothing but my panties and t-shirt. The t shirt was rolled up, and I knew my panties were soaked. I gasped and tried to cover myself with the covers. He smiled at me.

"You talk in your sleep, Emma," he said with a smile, then stood up.

"Why are you here?" I asked him, and he sighed.

"My room is next door, and I thought I heard you call on me. So I came. Besides, it is morning, and I want to take you out for breakfast and maybe show you around if I don't get caught up in work." he said with a smile and stood up.

"What did I say in my sleep?" I managed, and he smiled at me. "I will leave it a mystery to you," he said and chuckled a bit. "But your dreams must be really heated." He added, and I knew my cheeks coloured. I felt embarrassed. What had I said? Was I moaning? Luca left my room, and I went to shower. I had a lovely sundress Tomas bought me, and I decided to put it on. I did not want to look shabby as I did when we arrived.

"I am ready," I linked him and met silence. Soon someone knocked on my door, and I rolled my eyes, thinking why he bothered. After all, he had let himself in earlier.

Luca walked in. He examined me and came close to me. My heart began to breathe fast for some weird reason. I prayed he would not feel it. I guess I needed to get some quickly before I implode. He lifted my hand and caressed my fingers. His touch was gentle, and I wanted more. I think I was transferring my need for Declan to him. A moan of submission almost escaped my lips, but I stopped it.

"I hope you can dance, Emma," He asked me, pulling me close to him and staring deep into my eyes.

"I have been invited to a dinner party tonight, and I want my wife to be with me. I need you there looking bold and beautiful." He said and intertwined his fingers with mine as if we were about to dance. I was dumbfounded, rigid and just stared at him. I would die of frustration if this was how my one year would be. My throat was dry, and I tried to swallow while I nodded.

"Good," he said, stepping away from me, and I stood still. "Shall we?" he asked me, and I nodded.

"That is good; bring your card with you," he said. "And I want you to speak more often. I don't like gestures, be yourself, ask questions, challenge me. You are my companion for the year," he said, and I did not know how to respond to his words. I was just trying my best not to get on his wrong side. That was all. I put my card in my purse, and we left the room. We went down the stairs hand in hand, and I was surprised to see his parents watching the television in the living room.

"Good morning, Mom and Dad," Luca said, and they replied to him with a smile. I greeted them, and they replied, but the smile was absent. I did not let it bother me.

“I want us to have a big breakfast today,” he said, and I smiled, not wanting to say a word.

I was in battle with the continuous clenching of my pussy. It was really annoying.

Luca decided to drive this time. I sat in the passenger’s seat and put on my seatbelt.

“I hope you like spice, Emma. Where we are going, there is lots of it.” He said with a smile. I managed a yes this time around. I wasn’t really thinking; I was trying to put my hormones in check, but I recognised the lines because it was something Declan had said to me before when he took me to an Indian restaurant in a dream.

We zoomed off and arrived at an Indian restaurant. I was stunned because it was the exact replica of the restaurant Declan had taken me to. It felt spooky, and my hormones calmed down immediately from the shock. How was it possible? How can I have been to a place in my dreams and find it exists in the real world? I had never been to Ashfield before. I did not watch television. Was this a coincidence, or was Declan really Luca?