

Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 13

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13 How Did You Know?

Luca.

When I returned home, one of my men told me my mother had put Emma in the servant quarters, which made my blood boil. I had just taken her away from that kind of life; It was wrong and derogatory for my mother to do such a thing. I knew she was an omega, but it did not give her the right.

I walked into the house fuming, and my mother greeted me at the door. "You stayed too long out there?" she said, coming to hug me. I let her and then pulled away. "Where is my wife?" I asked her, and she frowned at me.

"Emma," I said, and realisation dawned on her. "Emma is your wife? When did you marry her, and why was I not informed?" she asked accusingly "It was quiet. We both agreed we did not want something loud, and I am not a child. I do not need permission to get married," I told her, and she looked hurt.

"How could you tie yourself to a low-level Omega? They are just for pleasure and service. How could you? Do you know how important the position you occupy is? You can't hold on to power with a weak, pathetic woman as your wife. What would people say?" She said, and I got mad.

"Don't you dare, mother. You know nothing about that girl; she isn't weak and pathetic. I rose to the top alone; I did not need a woman to keep it. Do not question me," I said, and she was silent. Sometimes my parents forget I am above them, and this was one of those times. I knew if I told my mother the truth about the marriage being a contract, she would mistreat Emma, and I did not want that. Just then, Gerald, my beta and best friend, walked into the house. He greeted my mother and stood next to me.

"Here is her copy, alpha," He said, handing me some documents." Once the one-year term is over, the marriage would be null and void; she can leave. It will be like an annulment, so there won't be a need to get a divorce." He explained, and I wished he wasn't so free around my parents. I would have to talk to him about it. I collected the document from him, a bit pissed.

"Here is the atm card in her name. Emma Wyatt." He said I thanked him and told him to take the rest of the evening off. My mother was clicking her tongue by the time he left.

"A one-year marriage contract. You should have told me it was a sham; I wouldn't be so mad," She said, smiling. "I think it is a good move. Keep the vultures away with a fake wife until you are ready; it will also improve your image as a responsible man. The Alpha of Somberg would gladly give you control of his territory, knowing you are a responsible man. I like your style. If that is what she is for, then she is serving her purpose as an omega," she said, and I cringed.

"That isn't why I married her, mother," I told my mom, and she frowned at me.

"Then why?" she asked, and I knew I did not owe her any explanation.

"I do not owe you an explanation. Be nice to Emma; she isn't as young as she seems.

She is a grown woman,” I said. I was about to walk away from her when she stopped me. “I will not be nice to a bloody omega, a slave, a gold-digging bitch that would agree to a marriage contract. She is a bloody disgrace to her family,” she said, and my mother had ticked me off with those words.

“Enough! mother. Enough! This is my house. You can return to yours if you do not like how I run it. I won’t allow you to make it hell like you did yours. I am not your husband’s mother, so don’t play the nagging wife with me. I won’t have it. Emma will be my wife for a year, and the respect of the lady of the house will be given to her. Whether you like it or not,” I said and walked away from her.

I brushed past my father, still angry at the things my mother said. She always tried to stick her nose in things that did not concern her, which made her and my father constantly fight. I would often leave and go and sit in the flower field of our house in Napah, waiting for the atmosphere to calm down. They had since stopped fighting but had left a scar. Maybe that was why I was still unmated, and I do not plan on mating with anyone because I want peace of mind. It was one thing that money had been unable to buy me. I do not intend to compound my issues with a spouse.

I linked my men to find where mother put Emma, and I was angry to find out the location. It was the room I used to hold suspects until I was satisfied. It used to be storage, but I furnished it for that purpose. I got to the door and knocked on it. No answer to the door and knocked on it. No answer. Maybe she was crying in there. It was a horrible room. I knocked again, and she finally answered.

When she opened the door, I realised she must have been sleeping. Emma did not seem like a troublemaker, and I doubted she ever complained. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she would be comparing this with Marcelo’s place, which is why she will be quiet, but I do not intend to mistreat her. I plan to make her happy for the year and let her go when the time comes. She deserves some sweetness and joy in her life. Celio wasn’t an excellent place for Omegas; they were mistreated there. I also knew it was typical of most packs. Still, Emma did not deserve that kind of treatment, and this was my way of making her life blissful and putting her on a happy track before I let her go. After putting her in her room, I slept, knowing she was okay. I also had to breathe in her sweet scent to calm my anger, which worked. Why did she have such an effect on me? I was deep asleep when I heard Emma call me through the mind link. I woke up immediately. I waited to be sure she called me, and I wasn’t dreaming, and then I heard her again. “Please,”

Who was she begging? What was she doing? I got up from the bed. The moment I stood up, my senses were filled with her scent. Why was it so calming? What did it mean? Was this why some alphas kept an Omega mistress? The calm was incredible, but I knew I needed to see why she linked me. I wore a shirt and headed out.

I knocked, but no one answered, So I gently let myself in. What I saw was amusing, and I was in disbelief.

It seemed she was having an erotic dream. Her panties were exposed, and she was moving sensually on the bed. I heard soft moans escape her lips and then, ‘please’ as if she was begging for something. I knew I should leave, but somehow I was fixed to the spot. Something was me towards her, but I held back. I knew omegas were alluring. Could this be it? Crippled by the scent, I sat on the couch and watched her. She

moaned a few more times

softly, and I was hard. This was not good. Intimacy wasn't part of our contract, but something was pulling me to her, begging me to sink my teeth in her neck and claim her. I controlled myself, and when I decided to leave, she woke up.

I knew she was embarrassed when she saw me. All I could do was smile.

I took a cold shower that morning to calm myself down before I got dressed for the day.

I wasn't looking forward to attending the dinner party, but I had to. I knew why Don Bianchi invited me to the dinner. He had struggled with my father for power over the years, and now that it had passed on to me, he was trying to make me marry his daughter, Terressa, an alpha breed. Even my father agreed, feeling it would be a good match. I wasn't interested. Although I knew there was a banding up of the underground bosses to take me out.

I was yet to find out who was leading the attacks on my life, but my father felt joining with the Bianchis would make my hold stronger. I was just two supports higher than the Bianchis, and the two families that gave me an edge were the Riccis and the Morettis. I installed my friends who were members of those families as the heads of their families when their uncles created a massive problem in our country in the name of Territory expansion.

I had taken them out and installed Castelo Ricci as the head of the Ricci family and Aldo Moretti as the head of the Moretti family. Their leadership and loyalty had given me the stronghold I needed to be the top boss.

I had told my parents I wasn't interested in the marriage arrangement with the Bianchis.

I am sure the Bianchis will let it rest when they see Emma in my arms tonight. I do not need the Bianchis to strengthen my hold on the underworld, and something told me Teressa would be just like my mother. I doubted I could bear being mated to someone I would always argue with and fight with. I needed peace, and the only way I could get that was by myself.

The cold shower helped me calm down, and I noted not to go to Emma's room like that again. It took a lot of control for me not to hop on the bed and make love to her. I could see why Tomas Jefferson could not let go and wanted to make her his mistress at all cost.

Emma looked stunning in the yellow sun dress she was wearing. I could not wait to show her off. She was a beauty. I needed her to talk to me. Finding out I was a mob boss made her afraid of me. I remembered how she was on the bus, and I wanted that Emma as my companion, not the timid, scared one with me. She needed to know I wouldn't hurt her. I guess I would have to try more so she can understand. I intend to enjoy my one year with her. For what it is worth, I hope our memories together will be pleasant for both of us.

We arrived at the Indian restaurant, and I alighted the car and went to open her door to help her out. She blushed, and I smiled at her. "Thank you," she managed, and I told her she was welcome.

I sat in the restaurant and realised I had never come there before, but something drew me to that place that morning. Although I loved Indian food, I visited a different one. Still, here we were in the Maharaja restaurant, ordering roti and curry. I watched Emma try to pronounce the things on the menu, and I laughed, making her laugh. Once the server walked away, I started a conversation with her. "I want you to wear a red dress tonight. I

want to show you off," I said, and she smiled, blushing. "Emma," I said on a serious note, and she looked at me.

"I want us to be good friends. Can you do that? Even after this is over, I would like us to be friends." I said, and she smiled at me. "If the boss and alpha of alphas do not mind being friends with an Omega, who am I to refuse?" she said in her sweet, gentle voice and smiled at me. "As for the red dress, I will have to go shopping," she said, and I was glad she was finally talking to me. "I intend to take you shopping. Besides, your closet needs to be filled up with clothes. I go out a lot. Clubs, parties, name it, and you will be coming with me." I said, and she beamed at me. "I will assign four bodyguards to you and two maids today," I said, and she frowned at me. "What for?" she asked, and I looked at her. "Because you are my wife," I said, and she smiled at me. I handed her a phone I had purchased for her sake while we waited for the food. I did not want her to feel isolated. She seemed really happy. She was glad she could call her friend and brothers.

The restaurant served me butter chicken without cream, and I was about to speak when Emma called back the waiter.

"Where is the cream? He likes his curry with cream. Hurry," she said, and I was stunned. How did she know I liked my curry with cream? "Emma," I asked, and she looked at me. "How did you know how I like my butter chicken curry?" I asked, and she seemed tongue-tied. "Tell me," I said, and she looked worried and scared.

"May I avoid answering today? I promise I will tell you someday before we end it. Please. It is weird, and I do not want to seem like a crazy bitch," she said, and I shook my head.

"You can never seem that way to me. I know you are sane, but I would let you take your time. I

hope you find the courage to tell me," I said, and we continued our meal.