

## Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 6

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#### 06 Enslaved To Pay

Emma.

#### THREE MONTHS LATER.

"Did you miss me," Declan said, pouring me a glass of wine? We were in a fancy restaurant, and I was wearing a black lace short dress. He looked handsome in his white shirt and his hair slick back. It was another dream, and I loved it. A glorious escape from my reality of work and mob assaults on my family members brought upon us by my dear daddy.

"Do you want to talk about your day?" he asked, and I nodded, lifting the wine glass. I took a sip, and it didn't taste like wine. It was scented like lavender and tasted like honey, and I wasn't surprised. It was a dream, after all. "Work was hectic today. I had a lot of entries to make." I said, and he nodded and held my hand.

"You are special, Emma, a part of my soul," he said, ignoring everything I had just told him, but it was alright. I was dreaming, and things weren't always going to happen as I had hoped. "A part of your soul?" I asked, and he nodded with a smile.

"I am still searching for you," he said, and I frowned at him because I was sitting right in front of him.

"Did you mean in the waking world?" I asked, and he laughed.

"Of course, the wine is delicious. I had it picked especially for you, darling. Your scent is of lavender and honey," He said, and what he said did not tally with what I had said. This was one of those meaningless dreams again. He got the scent and taste of the wine right.

There were times we would have meaningful conversations and flow. There were times we would speak like this. I guess this was one of those nights.

"Come with me," he said and showed me his hand, and I placed mine in it. We stood up, and suddenly we were in a field of flowers with fireflies. Everything glowed, and it was beautiful. We sat on the ground, and the moon shined brilliantly in the sky. The moon was full and close to touch, but I knew it was a dream. The stars sparkled like diamonds in the velvet, blackish, deep blue sky and the air smelled of hazel and sandalwood. A weird combination, and I liked it.

"It is a beautiful place." He said, and I nodded. I did not want to say a word because I knew our conversation would not flow. Enjoying his presence was enough. He was my escape.

"I used to come here when I was a child," he said, and I was attentive. "My parents argued a lot, so I will come and hide here with my little sister. Now that I am in charge, I make sure this place is maintained," he said and looked at me seriously. "One day, you will rule my heart, Emma, and this will be our sanctuary," he said with conviction that I almost believed him, but I knew I was dreaming, and there was no Declan in the real world.

“Teach me how to remain here with you forever, Declan, because I do not want to wake up from this,” I said, knowing I won’t get an answer. “This is our reality, Emma. You and me,” he replied, and I bowed my head and smiled. I had said those words out of desperation, and his reply reminded me it was an impossible task. He lifted my head and leaned in for a full kiss on my lips. I felt it this time. It was sweet and familiar. It felt like the stranger’s lips, and I held on as long as I could, my entire body coming apart as he caressed my lips and explored my mouth with his tongue. “Declan,” I breathed in pain, wanting more but knowing this was all I would get. I knew I would wake up horny as hell, and I might have to touch myself before I went to work. “Don’t forget about me, Emma,” He said those famous words as he pulled his lips away from mine, and I woke up.

My shorts were soaked, and there was heat radiating between my legs. I wanted him so badly that I sat up in bed frustrated. I wish I could yank him out of my dream into reality. He was perfect for me in every way. Still, the impossibility of our union broke my heart into a million pieces. Instead of touching myself, I hugged my pillow and cried from the pain of knowing I would never have what I wanted. I wished that the man I saw three months ago would be Declan, but he wasn’t, and our paths did not cross again. I got ready, so I did not miss the early morning bus to work. After meeting the stranger, I went for the interview on Wednesday and landed the job immediately. Things had been looking up since then. I had even opened a bank account and started saving money. I really wanted to leave Celio and go to another town. The mob activity had gotten stronger, and my father had more runnings with them now. Three weeks ago, they had sent their goons to our house and beat my father up for defaulting on his payment. The painful part was everyone in our house was dragged into the mess. Then they made us kneel in the living room and watch as my father was beaten to a pulp. They said we owed them and that we should pay up. They almost beat Tevin too, but they changed their mind last minute, which I was grateful for. It would be wrong for my brothers to suffer for my father’s sake.

When they left, my brothers were enraged. The kind of debt my father was in was impossible to pay off. He owed the Salvatore and four other families a combined sum of eight hundred thousand Leer. We barely made a combined sum of two thousand Leer a month. There was no way we could pay. The Salvatore family had gained ground and power in Celio by befriending Mayor Bryce Neegan. Even though our Alpha owned Celio, their friendship with the human Mayor gave them the freedom to do as they liked. We were truly fucked. I decided to run from home once I collected two more salaries. I would have enough to move to Ashfield and start a new life. We were all spooked that day, and the event remained burned in my memory.

I got to work early and resumed my position. Whenever werewolves visited the restaurant, I would find a reason to hide. My manager suspected something was wrong, but since I was just a bookkeeper and my work wasn’t suffering, he did not complain. I sat behind my desk when Tomas walked into the restaurant alone. I did not know what to do. If I stood up to hide, he would notice me. I cursed inwardly at the bastard for coming to the restaurant I worked in. Why did he have to pick this one? I did not have to wonder too much when I saw him make his way toward me. He must have traced me here, which meant my days working at Ricky’s as a book Keeper were numbered.

“Hello, darling,” he said with a smile and handed me a bouquet of flowers. I collected it

and smiled so I did not seem rude. I did not want to create a scene. I had only worked there for three months. Holding the job for two more months was important, so I could have enough money to run.

"This place suits you." He said, and I thanked him for the compliment. "How may I be of service?" I asked him politely; he was running the pack with Alpha Gibson now, so I had to be careful.

"Veronica told me you are screwing the Alpha her father invited to help with the Mob issues. Is that true?" He asked me. I remembered the kiss the stranger and I shared three months ago in the presence of Veronica and smiled. His smile turned to an angry scowl.

"How dare you, Emma? Did you forget that I own you?" he asked, and I frowned at him.

"There is nothing between us, Tomas. I am free to screw whoever I like."

"He must think little of you then because if he cared about you, he would have solved your father's problem with the mob. By the way, I heard they visited your home three weeks ago. Hope they did not do too much damage?" he said, and I could not think of an intelligent response.

He bent and leaned forward to look into my eyes.

"Accept my offer, and the Salvatore family will never bother you again. I will pay your father's debt as long as he promises to stop gambling," he said, and his offer was tempting, but I could not stoop that low. I was more than a mistress material. I knew I would have to pass on the offer.

"I am still not interested," I said, and he looked at me as if he was feeling sorry for me.

"I believe you do not understand the predicament your family is in," he said, and I shook my head.

"You dumped me, Tomas, for the same reason you want me to sell myself to you as your mistress." I pointed out to him, and his face faltered. "I was the only one suitable to take over from Alpha Gibson, Emma. I had no choice but to marry and mate with Veronica for that purpose. Now that it has been decided that I will be the next Alpha, I can have you back in my life and love you the way I always wanted to. I will give you all the attention you deserve; I will love and cherish you with all my heart. We will have beautiful babies together," he said, and I shook my head, disgusted by his words. This guy was yet to get the fact that I was over him.

"I wanted those things Tomas, but not as a mistress. I can not have babies with you as a mistress. It is bad enough that I am an Omega; I won't drag some innocent souls into the world as bastards. Please, move on and find another Omega. After all, you said plenty of me are on the streets." I reminded him, and he looked frustrated and stood straight.

"I was angry when I said those words. You embarrassed me in the presence of my friends. I did not mean what I said, Emma. I care about you. I knew when you got this job and never ratted you out; that should mean a lot," he said, indirectly threatening my job, which I knew he would.

"I will resign then," I said, and he shook his head.

"Do you know what the mob does with lower breed families in your position?" he asked, and I did not know. I did not want to imagine it, but whatever it was, I knew it would be terrible.

"I do not care," I replied with a bold face.

"Oh, but you will. I can still help your family now. Once they get their hands on you guys, I won't be able to interfere anymore," he said and smiled at me.

"I won't rat you out, but think about my offer. It is wise you take it and keep the mob away. I will give you a house and place you on an allowance. You would not have to do much. Just look pretty as always while I shower you with love. I will make sure you have a good time, and I will satisfy you beyond your imagination. I know how you like it, Emma, and I am eager to please you." he said, and I cringed. I could not believe that I used to fuck this guy. I knew I needed to get him out of the restaurant or away from my desk. I smiled at him.

"I will think about it," I said, and he smiled.

"Mind following me to the car, so I can give you a taste of what you will be getting?" he asked, and I shook my head. "Working hours, Tomas. Maybe some other time," I replied. "I can wait until you close. I miss that pussy so bad," he said, licking his lips, and I looked away. Why was everything so sensual today? Even my running with Thomas had taken a sensual turn.

Just when I was going to tell him not to wait for me, his phone rang, and he had to leave. He said he would come by the next day, and I dreaded it.

The day went normal, and I closed a bit late. My boss admired my hard work and always gave me a bus fare back home. He was a blessing. Sometimes his wife would provide me with bus fare. Apparently, they found out that I always walked home after work to save money, so they decided to help me. I was grateful for the help. I arrived home and was shocked at the sight. The mob were back, and this time they came with silver. They were waiting for me, apparently. My mother, father and brothers were all in linked chains.

"What is happening?" I said, and my father couldn't look at me.

"Father could not come up with the instalment, so now they say we have to work at their casinos to pay them back" My youngest brother, Kyle, said, and I looked at the man that seemed to be in charge. "And how do we quantify this labour? How will we know we have worked enough?" I asked the guy, and he laughed. "The boss will decide," he was about to clasp the silver on my wrist when I told him to wait, remembering Tomas's offer. His offer was better than this. If they succeed, they will never let us go. Most workers in mob establishments were slaves gotten this way.

"Don't waste our time, lady," a mean-looking man with an afro and dark sunglasses said to me. I shook my head. Who wears shades at night? Criminals, and my father had brought them upon us.

"My boyfriend says he will pay the debt. Please let me call him," I said, thinking of Tomas. My brother frowned at me, knowing who I was talking about. He had a look of disappointment in his eyes, but we had no choice, and I had no time to explain to him that I wasn't seeing Tomas yet. I dialled Tomas's number, and it was switched off. The guy with the afro thought I was playing with them and slapped me for it before clamping the silver on my hand. Being Tomas's mistress was better than the fate that awaited me as a mob slave. Anything could happen to me, to us. While they dragged us into the van, the whole street watched. Some people were

crying while others were stunned. They knew the Alpha couldn't help us, so we were doomed. I thought of my dreams and aspirations and saw them all go down the drain.

My father had ruined us.

“I hate you, daddy; I hate you so much,” I said, and I knew we all felt the same towards him. My mother spat at him and cursed the day they met. He had ruined our lives.