

## Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 7

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##### 07 By Chance Part 1

Emma.

It had finally happened to us. What we all dreaded for years had finally happened. My father had failed us in every way. We sat in chains at the back of the van, dreading what awaited us. My mother and I wept. I knew Tomas couldn't save us anymore when they clamped the silver on my wrist. Beggars couldn't be choosers, really. I should have taken Tomas's offer. It had literally come in the morning. If I had said yes, this wouldn't have happened. Now I did not know what to do. No one ever gets freed, especially omegas. Once we find ourselves in the underworld service, we can never come out. We are as good as slaves. I did not know if they would keep us together or apart. I feared for my fate and my brothers'. We were physically appealing; they might use us for the pleasure service. Being Tomas's mistress was better than this.

The van finally stopped, and we were ushered out. They led us into a tall building still in chains. We used the elevator to the floor they were taking us to. My mother and I were put in a room. Two men wore silver collars on our necks to prevent us from linking and shifting. It was a way to ensure we could not escape. With the silver, they had taken away our abilities to work together and escape. My brothers and my father were carried away. They later allocated a place to us. They were nice enough to let us stay in one apartment, but it did not feel like home. We felt like slaves. I sat mute in the corner, still in disbelief of what had happened.

"You bastard. I curse the day I mated with you. You are nothing but a low life and failure. Did you have to drag all of us into this?" My mother screamed at my father in tears. Tevin went to hold her, and she could not stop sobbing. My father had nothing to say for himself. "You couldn't stop at fifty thousand Leer; you just had to keep going. Now we are stuck here all our lives because of you. I should have left you long ago, but I stayed because of my children. I should have left with them. You are nothing but a worthless piece of shit." my mother said to him, and he just curled up in the corner, speechless. My mother wept and turned towards me as if something important had crossed her mind. "Who did you say was going to help us pay up?" My mother asked me, and I did not know if I could tell her. I was scared.

"Emma, I am talking to you," she said, and I looked at Tevin, scared to say it. He nodded that it was alright.

I had always been the quiet and timid type, only daring to speak when something had gone too far, but what had happened had broken me so much that my voice came out almost inaudible.

"Tomas came by my work this morning and offered to pay off the debt if I agree to be his mistress, and father promises to stop gambling." I blurted out quietly, and my mother was surprised.

“And you turned it down?” she asked, sounding very angry.

“How could you turn down the offer, Emma? Tomas would be the next alpha. Have you seen alpha Gibson’s mistress? No one can ever disrespect her. With your beauty and grace, she has nothing on you. You will have saved us from this if you have said yes. I hope you are happy being a slave of a mob boss. Men and women would use us as they see fit. Thanks to your

father’s poor judgement and your foolish pride,” my mother said, and Tevin yelled at her to stop. Tears streamed down my cheeks. How was this my fault? Why didn’t she stop her mate from gambling our lives away; why did I have to sell myself for their sake? I had told Tomas I would never be with him again; why should I have to eat my words for their sake? The guy used me for four years and dumped me as if it meant nothing to him. He humiliated me and let his mate humiliate my family and me. I can’t forgive him for that. Under normal circumstances, there was no way I would have said yes. If I knew this would happen, I would have agreed, not because I wanted to be with him but to save my brothers and me from the hell my father had plunged us in. I only wished I knew.

“You are an omega, Emma. You are to be submissive..” she said, and Tevin yelled at her again.

I could not say a word to her because she was right. Being Tomas’s mistress was better than this. We were truly finished.

ONE MONTH LATER.

We were subjected to severe hardship, and they threatened to put us in the pleasure department. Two days of pain, fear and constant bashing from my mother pushed me to reach out to Tomas through Heather, and he came through.

I told him I would accept his offer if he could help us. He promised to work on it but told me it wouldn’t be easy because the mob did not like to let go of free labour, and the fact we were Omegas made us priceless. Tomas pulled some strings, and none of us was put to work in the pleasure section. I was grateful for his kind gesture, but he had to help with caution so Veronica won’t find out. My mother hated my father for the mess, and me for not accepting Tomas’s offer on time. I was sad about it, too, but there was nothing I could do. We were in hell.

Heather started visiting the club I was put to work in frequently. I pleaded with her to tell my employers the truth about what had happened to me so they wouldn’t think I had just abandoned my job.

I was placed in the WIP lounge to serve guests, but no one was to touch me because of Tomas. Although Don Marcelo Salvatore had the Mayor’s favour, it was still alpha Gibson’s town. Our alpha had pulled strings by sorting alliances with the top Mafia boss to keep the others in check.

“Emma, your man, is here to see you,” Tikka said, the woman in charge of our quarters. Her real name was Nancy, but we all called her Tikka. I did not know why and I did not care. She had come to call me for Tomas. They gave me that preferential treatment, but it was still hell. We were allowed one meal a day. Any more food would be taken out of our non-existent wages. They declared to pay us a hundred Leer a month each. My family would make a

collective amount of seven hundred Leer a month. An amount below the minimum wage, which was pure exploitation. It also meant we would spend at least one thousand

one hundred and forty-two months in service, approximately ninety-five years. There was no getting out of this. They meant to keep us there for the better part of our lives. If we damaged anything, it would be taken out of our wages. If we tried to escape, our wages would be halved collectively. Our life span was two hundred and ten years. It meant we would be spending the better part in servitude if we survived the fights, attacks, shootings and killings. It was a sad state. I had been working all day, serving and cleaning, and I was exhausted. I did not know why

Tomas wanted to see me, but I had to give him an audience. The last thing I wanted was for him to withdraw and my family sent to the pleasure department. Most of the people that patronised that department were sick. They were into torture; while there were people who loved it, I loathed it and did not want to be a part of that world. I got up to leave immediately.

“Where do you think you are going looking like that?” My mother asked with a harsh tone, and I swallowed hard.

“You cannot see our benefactor looking like that. Wash your face and look nice. Tease him a bit and make him want it so bad that he would get us out of here at all cost. The entire family is counting on you.” my mother said, and I had honestly had enough of her. If it were possible for her to sell me to get out of that place, she would do it. She blamed herself for not advising me properly when Tomas sent all those gifts a while ago. I did not like what she said, but I endured it because I had no choice. I did as my mother instructed and went to see Tomas. Although I had lost weight, I still looked nice, but my eyes looked lifeless. The little spark I held on to was finally taken from me. I also didn't dream of Declan anymore.