

Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 11

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Chapter 11

11 Welcome To Ashfield

Emma.

My mother became nervous immediately, adjusted everything and drank water to keep her breath fresh. She had told everyone to behave well and wear good clothes. The knock came, and Tevin went to answer the door. I did not know I was holding my breath until I exhaled when the person entered. Luca had come by himself. He looked good in a white t-shirt and blue -faded jeans. He did not look like a boss or an alpha; he looked like a rich guy with no care in the world. His stern expression was softened by the smile on his face. The man was handsome. I saw my mother blushing when he kissed the back of her hand. He was a charmer. She offered him a seat and tea. He politely accepted the offer and relaxed.

"Emma, come on," my mother said, and I walked to where they were. He looked up at me and smiled.

"It is good to see some light in your eyes this morning," He said to me, and I smiled a bit and bowed my head

"Good morning, alpha.." I said, not knowing what to call him but not wanting to call him a Don because he did not seem like an evil man like Marcelo. He seemed reasonable and pure at heart.

"Just call me Luca. My wife should not address me by any titles," he said jovially, and I nodded. He handed me a large envelope, and I took it from him.

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"Sign it and have one of your family members sign as a witness, and it is done. We will be officially married. Also, our one-year contract is there, so you will know I intend to set you free after a year," he said. I did not know how to feel about the contract. What if I ended up falling in love with him? What will I do after a year? But just as always, being a bloody omega, I was already no og in agreement before I knew it. I was a bit afraid of asking him questions. I also think the trauma of what happened with Don Marcelo somehow made me control my mouth. I took the documents, and my mother asked me to sit next to her while I signed them. "You did not tell me he was young, hot, and a looker," my mother linked me, and I did not know how to respond.

"You might hate me for saying this, but I think he likes you, Emma. Try and keep him. I will only say this once," she linked me and gently placed my curly hair behind my ear. How the fuck did she expect me to keep a guy that only married me to bail me out of trouble? I just kept the question to myself and glanced through the papers. I signed the documents, and my father signed as a witness. I handed the papers to Luca, and he smiled.

"You will get your copy later." He said and stood up. "Are you ready?" He asked me, and I nodded. The smile on my mother's face dropped a bit. "Are you leaving already?"

She asked, and he nodded. "I am a busy man. I knew it would be disrespectful to send my men to get my wife, so I had to come here myself," he said, taking out a brown envelope from his pocket.

"Who is the eldest?" He asked, and we pointed at Tevin. Tevin walked forward with his head bowed. He was grateful for what Luca did for us.

Luca handed him the envelope. "I would have given your father this, but you should be in charge of the money since he has a gambling problem. This should help you guys get back on your feet," he said, and Tevin reluctantly took the money from him. I was uncomfortable about it too, but we dared not say no. We dared not annoy Luca, or we might just find ourselves in Marcelo's hell.

Luca faced my father.

"Omega Eric, if you land yourself in a mess again, you will deal with it and suffer it alone. I will make sure of it. I have banned you from all the clubs and Casinos in Celio. Find something productive to do with your time, or I will send you back to Marcelo permanently so your wife and sons can have peace. Do not think because I am married to your daughter, you can go about accumulating debts," he said in a calm and relaxed voice, but his authority rang through with his warning. I supported what he said because if my father could gamble us into more debt while enslaved by Don Marcelo, he could start gambling again. My father nodded and promised he was done. Hopefully, he was telling the truth. We walked out, and Heather called out to me. She ran to me and hugged me.

"Kindly let me know where you will be staying. If it ever gets lonely, call me, and I will come," She said in Luca's presence so he could hear. She was indirectly trying to see if it was okay for her to visit me without asking him directly. If it wasn't okay, he would shut it down, which he didn't and I was excited about it.

"He is hot, Emma; maybe you should try and keep him," she linked me, and I knew I was blushing.

"Let us go," Luca said in his deep husky voice. It sounded a bit happy. It was more like Declan than the hard guy I met on the bus. I wondered what more I would find with him. I stayed and waited for him to tell me where to enter.

"You will be sitting at the back with me, Emma," he linked me, and I entered the back of his car while he followed.

"I do not live in Celio, Emma. I stay in Ashfield," he said. I knew I would be far from my friends and family. "I have an apartment in Celio, but I am returning to Ashfield today. Whenever we come to Celio, we will stay at the apartment," he assured me, and I nodded.

"Also, my parents, younger brother and sister live with me in Ashfield, so you won't be alone," he assured me, and I nodded.

The convoy moved, and I watched the window as we drove out of my neighbourhood. Luca looked young, and I wondered how he could hold on to power.

"Please, if I may ask, how old are you?" I asked him, and he looked at me and smiled.

"Why do you want to know?" He asked me, and I bowed my head and looked away.

"Emma," he said, and I turned towards him. "You can look at me. You are my wife.

However short our contract is, you are my wife. You should be bold and look into my eyes like you did on the bus. You are free from Marcelo. You are a free woman. I would have just paid and not married you, but you knew why I had to. Please try and get back

to your old self.” He said to me nicely, and I nodded at him.

“I am thirty, by the way, and you?” he asked

“Twenty-three,” I replied, and he smiled at me.

“You look and act younger than your age. It is a good thing,” he said, and I smiled at him and looked out the window.

The ride was long, and I was too nervous to sleep. He answered a couple of phone calls. I heard him get angry and give orders to pick people up and deal with them, but he remained sweet with me throughout. From his calls, I knew he was a very dangerous man, and I promised myself I would try not to get on his wrong side. We stopped at a restaurant to eat lunch. He helped me get out of the car and treated me like a man treats his wife. He was kind and friendly and led me into the restaurant. I wasn’t dressed fancy, and my clothes were cheap, making me feel out of place, but he did not seem to care, which boosted my confidence. My time with Marcelo had made my stomach shrink and killed my appetite ultimately.

They took us to a private room so we could eat.

“What would you like to eat?” He asked after we had both sat down. “Maybe I should see the menu first?” I asked, and he laughed.

“My family owns this place. They would cook up whatever you like,” he said, and I smiled at him. I wasn’t hungry, so I told him I would have whatever he had. He smiled and ordered pasta with lots of meatballs and cheese.

The food arrived forty-five minutes after we made the order, and I ate very little.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t have more? You have lost weight, you know.” He teased me, and I smiled. I ate a little more, and I was now overfed.

We left the restaurant, and I slept off in the car. I was exhausted.

Luca gently woke me up as we arrived at a beautiful white Villa. I knew this must be his house. It was a modern mansion. It looked beautiful. I felt intimidated by the sight of it. I have never been around that type of money before. I hoped, for my sake, I would not misbehave. His men carried my bags and led me into the house. We were greeted by a woman who was older but looked young. She had long dark hair and narrow brows with blue eyes.

“Mother, please give Emma a room. I have to go somewhere now,” He said to the woman, and I bowed my head, immediately realising who she was. “And who is she?” She asked Luca.

“I will tell you when I come back. I have a meeting. Please allocate a good room to her.” He said and turned towards me. “I have an emergency meeting. I will see you later, Emma,” he said, and I did not feel great about him leaving me. His mother did not give a kind aura at all. I watched him leave, bracing myself for what would happen next.

“And who are you?” The woman asked me, standing at akimbo, and I did not know what to say. “Are you deaf, girl? Why did my son bring you home?” she asked me harshly, and I did not know how to tell her that we were married.

“He. He..” I said, stammering. “An Omega?” The woman said and laughed, “I get it. All these pleasure-seeking adventures. The whole Omega thing is a myth.” She said, jumping to conclusions. “Come on; I will give you a room in the service quarters.

Judging by what you are wearing, you belong there anyway,” she said, and I felt insulted. I did not want to disrespect her, so I remained mute. A man with a deep voice

walked in, and I looked up to see a man that looked like the older version of Luca walk in. He kissed Luca's mom on the lips, and I figured out who he was. "What is going on here," he asked, looking at me. "Your son brought an Omega home," she said, and he laughed. "Finally, he brings someone home. I was worried he was all business." He said to his wife, and she did not seem happy. "An Omega, Theo. An Omega. Why is he bringing her home?" She asked him, and he smiled at her. "Easy access. You know Luca takes his work seriously. Proximity is important." He said, and I realised what they thought I was. I still dared not tell them what I was to their son. "I am putting her in the service quarters regardless. I want him to explain it to me," The woman said, and he sighed. "Lacy, you need to let up a bit. Be nice," he said and walked away. He did not spare me a glance. "Give her a room in the servant quarters," She ordered the men, and they reluctantly nodded because they knew who I was to Luca. I did not need anyone to tell me to follow them. I followed them quickly. We got to a small hall that had five doors. The men opened the last door. It was smaller, and it was clear that no one was living in it.

I entered the room, and it was modest. It was small with one window. It had a toilet and shower. A mirror on the wall, a full-size bed, and a cupboard. It was small. I sat on the bed and sighed. From the look of things, I might not have it easy in the house. I doubt Luca's mother will take it well when she finds out who I really am. I actually dreaded it, and I wasn't looking forward to it. I decided to shower and change my clothes.