

## Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 18

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

#### Chapter 18

#### 18 Deep Cuts

#### Emma

Things had gotten really heated between Luca and me, and as much as I liked it, I knew we had just complicated things. How was I going to walk away after all this? We had been sleeping together for a month, and every time I thought about how quickly the time was flying, I got so scared that I would sometimes cry in the toilet. I feared how I would feel when all of this was over. I knew he was my Declan, but I did not have the power to hold on to him. I secretly put myself on birth control to avoid complicating matters any further. He was delighted around me, and I knew he needed the happiness because he had been stressed out lately. Too many attacks. He never discussed his business with me, but I knew from the conversations I could pick up on that he was having a hard time holding on to power. His mother had visited twice, and I was grateful she was out of my hair. Maybe the whole contract thing made me less of a threat to her. I was grateful. I hated conflict and drama, and she seemed to ooze off those things. I also noticed her husband sort of avoided her. As much as they tried to make it seem like everything was rosy between them, it was clear there was trouble in their paradise. I did not tell Luca or ask him about it because I knew it wasn't my business. The Alessandros weren't my family; I was just passing by. Once my contract with Luca was over, I would be a thing of the past in their household.

I was sitting on the couch in the living room when Gerald helped Luca into the house. I turned in their direction and what I saw shocked me.

"What happened?" I asked Gerald. Luca looked injured. There were bullet holes in his shirt, and he was bleeding badly. "Miranda, first aid kit!" Gerald called out and helped Luca sit on the couch. "He was sprayed with silver bullets inside his office," Gerald said, and I became scared. Who must have done this? It must have been an inside job because I knew Luca took his security seriously, and he always had men around. Miranda brought the first aid kit, and I noticed Gerald fondling the content of the kit, so I stopped him. Being from a poor home and unable to afford medical health, we had to learn to care for our wounds and illnesses. I knew how to dig things out of the skin, especially burning silver.

I took off Luca's shirt. He was unconscious, and I began to dig out the bullets using surgical equipment in the kit. Tears were streaming down my face, afraid he might die. Luca looked almost lifeless. Why didn't they take him to the hospital? "Why didn't you take him to the hospital?" I asked Gerald while I worked quickly.

"They will finish the job there. A lot of people want him dead. Taking him to the hospital would make it easy. This is how we always treat our wounds, at home with people we can trust." Gerald explained to me, and I wondered about the type of hard life Luca was living. Watching your back every moment wasn't easy and wasn't an excellent way to live. I felt sorry for him.

I took all the bullets out, but I could not see any sign of healing, which meant I had

missed one. "You need to strip him, Gerald!" I yelled at Gerald, and he began to take off his clothes. While he did so, I searched Luca's body until I found two tiny silver shards on his thigh. I took them out and dressed them.

Gerald and one of Luca's men carried Luca to our bedroom and laid him on the bed. I used a wet towel to clean his body, and they waited to see if he would regain consciousness.

He finally opened his eyes four hours later, and we all were grateful for his life. Luca sat up gently and touched his body, then looked at me.

"Were you crying?" he asked me, and I honestly did not know I was crying.

I wiped my tears away and laughed, trying to mask my emotions. "Tears of Joy, Luca," I said, and he frowned and looked at everyone in his room.

"How long was I out?" He asked.

"Four hours and thirty-six minutes, boss. Emma saved your life. She was able to get all the bullets and silver shards out of your skin and dress your wounds. You would have died. The shards were tiny and hidden." Gerald explained, and Luca looked at me and thanked me.

"Thank you, Emma," He said and asked everyone to leave except for Gerald and me. He looked fully recovered. I was amazed at his recovery speed. Usually, it would take a wolf a day or two. It took him only four hours.

Luca asked me to get in bed with him. I got in bed with him, and he held me close, then took in my scent before speaking to Gerald. "I want the culprits found, and we will pay them back this time. I also want a meeting with Castelo and Aldo. Someone is trying to set us against each other, and we need to find out who before it gets out of hand," he said.

"Yes, boss," Gerald said and left the room. Luca pulled me close and kissed the side of my head. "Were you crying for me, Emma?" He asked, and I shook my head. "I am sorry you witnessed something traumatising," he apologised, and I sat up to look into his eyes.

"Do not apologise, Luca. I know how these things are. I am just grateful you are alive. Next time be more vigilant. You hold a vital position, and there are a lot of people who will want it. Many people would also don't like the fact that you are boss. You are young and just took over from your father recently. You rose to the top quickly, unopposed and unmatched. Many people will want to take you down. Many people liked how things were before you took over; they might want to revert to the old ways, whatever it was. You need to be vigilant and trust no one." I said at him, and he looked into my eyes.

"Sometimes, I wonder how you are so tough. Faced with everything..." he said and did not finish the sentence when he leaned close and captured my lips with his. Words could not express what he wanted to say. I wished it was a loving kiss, not lust, but I could not fool myself. I kissed him back.

"I want you on top of me, Emma," he growled in a low voice, and I giggled. "If I didn't know better, I would say you are addicted to me, Luca," I teased him, and he growled again.

"Maybe I am. Come on. I am not ready to go cold turkey," he said, and I went on him and placed him inside me. He was hard as hell. How could he want to screw me after such an ordeal? His appetite was unusual, but I obliged. He healed fast based on my

observation, so he could handle it, but I was careful.

We had wild sex, and my body tingled with satisfaction. I was addicted to him too. I loved how he dominated me and gave my body what it needed. Luca had studied and knew how to touch me. I will truly miss him when all this ends.

His phone rang, and he searched about the bed space for it until he found it on the floor. "Hello," He answered, and I watched his facial expression change.

"No, Roberto. I cannot come clubbing tonight. I think you should go home early," he told his brother, and I wondered if his brother knew what had happened to him.

"I got shot today and almost died. Emma saved my life, and I would rather spend the night home with my wife. So please go home. Things aren't safe for any of us right now, and my men are stretched thin," he said, and from how the conversation went, it seemed his brother was the stubborn type. He eventually hung up and came back to bed. We sleep early, and I found myself in dream verse again.

"Hey, " Declan said, sitting next to me in the field of flowers. That had somehow become our permanent spot. A curved line gave an illusion of the moon in the sky. A very thin curve.

"Hey, the moon is coming out," I said, pointing at the line. "No, Emma," He said, placing his hand over mine. It is growing. Give it time, and it will blossom." He said to me, and I wondered how a moon could grow and blossom, but it was a dream as always. There was no point asking.

"I need you to hold on to me, Emma," he said, and his eyes looked pained and very sad. I caressed his cheek, trying to ease his pain, but it was clear his heart was breaking. I became scared because I had never seen him this way.

"Tell me how?" I asked him, leaning close to him, and he looked away. He did not answer that question, and I wanted him to because I wanted to hold on to Luca if I could.

"How far on edge can you live?" Declan asked me, and I had no answer.

"My soul yearns to be completed, Emma; I need you to complete me. Do not leave me, Emma, " he said and intertwined his fingers with mine the same way Luca had done on my first morning in his house, and I braced myself to ask him.

"Are you Luca," I asked, but he did not answer. "Do not fall for the idea of me but for me," he said, and I did not understand. He kissed the back of my hand and then pulled me close for a kiss. I let him, wondering how far my dream would go again. I felt his hand on my thigh moving up, and I moaned, anticipating it. His hand finally touched my mound, and I moaned strongly. I felt electricity all over my body. "Don't leave me, Emma," he said, and I woke up to pleasure. I was still trying to process why Declan did not use his usual parting words with me when an orgasm ripped through me. Luca buried himself inside me, and I realised he was touching me in reality. "Am I doing it right, Emma?" He asked me while he pumped gently, and I moaned in response. I felt electric shocks of pleasure move through my body. The intensity was much, and we both came.

Luca lay beside me with a broad smile, and I wondered why he was smiling. "Was it that good?" I asked him, and he nodded. "I saw you moaning and pleading in your sleep once, and I had to take a cold shower for it. This morning, I saw the same scene, and I was drawn to you even more than I was then, so instead of taking a cold shower, I went

for it, and the electric shock was amazing. It took it all to my head.” He said, still catching his breath. I laughed a bit, and his phone began to ring. He grumbled and went to get it. “What!” he exclaimed angrily, and I shook from fear. “No!!!, No!!! No!!” he said and went to his knees. He began to weep and dropped the phone on his side. I panicked; I did not know what to do. What had just happened? I was afraid to approach him and console him.

“Luca,” I said, going close to him, and he did not answer. He was still sobbing, so I went to hug him.

“It’s okay,” I said, holding him to my chest and trying to calm him down. I did not know what had happened, but whatever had happened had cut his soul.