

Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 2

Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman

Chapter 2

Emma.

Still going through the motions, I stayed fixed, staring at the invite. This was cruelty. Why would Tomas do this to me? I did not deserve this kind of treatment. I had been nothing but kind to him. I never asked for much. I gave him his respect regardless, and I never cheated. My dreams had nothing to do with my reality. Tomas had my heart, and he broke it. Did he not value my love? Did he not think of me? Why would he do such a thing? I stared at the invite; angry and confused tears streamed down my face. I contemplated going to his house and confronting him. I was an Omega, which gave me limits, but I needed to know. Was his family forcing him to do this, or was it all him? I knew getting back with him would be impossible; the Alpha's daughter was premium compared to me. Veronica was a beauty, an alpha breed and had the family name to back her up. I was pretty but an omega and my father had gambled us into the gutters.

I looked at Tevin, and his eyes were filled with emotions. He felt sorry, but just like me, he was helpless. None of my family members could stand up for me even if they wanted to. We were omegas. I dried my tears and returned to my bedroom. There was no way I could make it to the interview now. I should have left home, but my heart was broken. How could I get through an interview with a broken heart?

I lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Lifting my phone, I checked the call log to be sure I hadn't dreamt about calling Tomas. There his number was, and the call duration was registered on the phone. Then why did he not tell me what was going on? Why did he not come clean? Why make me find out like this? Looking at the invitation's envelope, I noticed Veronica was the sender. She wanted me to know. Normally Omegas were never invited to things like this. Maybe the bachelor's party but never the wedding. Veronica wanted me to stop communicating with Tomas, so she sent it. The invite stated that everyone that receives it must attend. There was no RSVP on it. It was a bully's note. I was mad about it, but I couldn't do anything.

I got off the bed and paced about the room, wondering what might be really happening. I knew locking myself up in my room won't solve my problem or give me closure. I decided to damn the consequences and go to Tomas. I need him to explain it to me. I knew the relationship was over, but I deserved an explanation.

I wore my flat slippers and rushed out. I left the house with my brothers yelling at me to come back inside. They knew where I was going, and they knew what could happen.

My tears were dry; I deserved an explanation. Four years of my life had to amount to something. I gave it all to him. My heart and body. I was glad I never gave my soul, or I would have been completely broken. I walked, still wondering; my heart was in my mouth.

Although I knew it was over, I hoped he was forced and had no say in it. Marrying the Alpha's daughter was a big deal, and I knew it would increase his family's status. Veronica was an only child, so he was likely to succeed her father, Alpha Geoffery Gibson. The marriage could have been arranged because the Alpha needed an heir, and Tomas was a powerful wolf.

I tried his number, and it was switched off. I wondered what his deal was. I walked, and halfway my courage began to fail me. Was it really worth it? What if I did not like what I would find at his place? Will I have closure then? I had already missed my interview and walked halfway; I might as well just complete the journey.

I arrived at his home. Praying his parents weren't home, I approached the gate. The guards let me in immediately. I was surprised at their kindness. I thanked the guards. I could not miss the sadness in their eyes. They must have felt sorry for me. They knew how Tomas and I were, and this was a heart-wrenching situation for me.

I approached the front door, and my sensitive ears heard laughing and talking. Tomas's voice was there, and I heard his friends too. He didn't sound like he was busy. It sounded like he was having a good time. I was mad. He did not have the decency to break up with me in person. Was it cruelty or cowardice? Whatever it was, it was wrong. I braced myself and opened the door. I walked past the anteroom to the parlour, where he was with his friends, Raymond, Grover and Tim. They were from Delta and Gamma families and seemed to be in a celebratory mood until I walked in. The room went quiet.

"What the fuck is she doing here, Tomas?" Grover asked. He hated me the most, and the feeling was mutual.

I looked at Tomas, who sat shirtless with his blonde hair tussled. He had shorts on, and his eyes looked confused.

"Emma," he said gently, and I stood mute. I did not know what to say.

"Can we speak in private?" I asked him, still standing. I ensured my voice was stable even though I wanted to crumble in those moments. I should not have to ask him to speak with me in private. He was supposed to walk up to me, hug me and plead with me. Take me to a separate room and explain himself. His hesitation and reluctance spoke volumes, and I knew I should just turn around and leave at that moment, but my heart won't let me. I stood on a spot, waiting for him to grant my request. It was heart-wrenching, but I had to bear it. I had brought myself here to talk, and I was going to get the closure I needed.

He stood up from the couch and walked up to me.

“What do you want to talk about?” He asked me, and I looked at his friends. Tomas should know we needed some privacy. I could not ask them to excuse us, but he could.

“Why didn’t you tell me this morning?” I asked him, and he was silent. He looked worried a bit, and I wondered if the concern was for me.

“I know we aren’t getting back together, but I just want to know why. Why did you keep this from me and make me find out like this?” I said, and he placed his hands on my shoulder.

Staring at me, he tried to make eye contact. Holding his gaze was difficult, but I did anyway.

“I had no choice, and I did not know how you would react if you found out,” he explained. I moved away from him angrily. I deserved an explanation. He should have broken up with me properly.

“Let us be frank; marrying you might have ruined me. Everyone knows your father is a gambling addict, and the mob owns his arse. I do not want to be caught up in that mess. Celio is a small town, and we are already having mob issues. It is hard enough for Alpha Gibson to keep us safe; it would be wrong for a mob family to have rights because my wife’s father got in trouble with them. As the only son of the beta, much is expected of me, and you come with too much baggage, Emma.” He said, and I slapped him. Everyone was in complete shock. I wasn’t allowed to do that, but I did it. I hit him hard, and my hands began to shake, not from fear but anger; I felt angry.

“You knew this, and yet you screwed me for four years. You lied to me for four years and made me get my hopes up. I endured so many insults because of you. I could have been with anyone, but I chose you...” I said, and he shook his head.

“No, Emma, I chose you. Without me, you are just a bloody Omega. I will let the slap go because I want to assume it was a mistake. Next time you try it, I will not be so nice. Yes, I screwed you for four years, Emma. I do not regret it. That is all Omegas are good for. You served your purpose, and now it is time for me to move on and do something with my life. Don’t you think it was over-ambitious of you to think that I would marry you? Build a life with you?” he asked, and I nodded.

“Yes, it was. But seeing you now, I am glad we never took that step. You might be a beta, but you are nothing but a fucking coward. Only cowards hide behind their friends and family influence to deal with an issue.” I said and stepped up to him. There was shock written on his face.

“A bloody coward that is too scared to tell the truth. A coward and nothing more. My father might be a gambler. We might be poor, and my life might not be much. But you

will regret everything you have said to me today. I will rise above your expectations, Tomas. I will be happy and live my life to the fullest. Omega or not. I will never spare you a thought. And if we ever cross paths, I will pretend we never met. As for the screwing part, I screwed you just as much as you did me. You are my leftover and nothing more," I told him, and I saw rage build up in his eyes.

"See you at your wedding Thomas. Your wife-to-be did not leave room for an RSVP. I guess attending is a must then." I said, and I was about to turn away when he grabbed my wrist tightly. It was painful, but I controlled myself. The grip was so painful that I felt the tears stinging my eyes, but I held his gaze and did not let out a whimper. I felt my claws emerging, and he knew, so he tightened his grip, and they receded. I flinched at that.

"Don't forget your place, omega. I might have screwed you and degraded myself enough to date you, but never get it twisted, Emma. You are beneath me and will always be beneath me. You will never get a man better than me. I will always be the best you ever had. You should thank me for the bliss and taste of the good life I gave you, regardless of your pedigree. If you ever talk to me disrespectfully again, I will have you punished. I will never miss you, Emma. There are a hundred omegas like you on the streets. There is nothing special about you, and there never will be. You are only bitter that you could not trap me into a marriage. I do not care about you, Emma, and I never will. Do not call, text or try to reach me again." he said and let go of my hand. I smiled at him so he would know that his words did nothing to me, even though my heart was wrenching with pain at that moment.

"I do not give a fuck about you or your pedigree; as far as I am concerned, I dodged a bullet," I said and turned around to leave.

"Dont come around these parts, Emma. You will not be treated kindly," He said, and I did not bother to answer him. I doubted if I would ever come there again. I had said my peace; it was now time to cry and heal.