

Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 20

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20 A Bit Mad

Emma.

Heather and I spoke for a while on the phone, and soon I hung up. I sat in the living room watching television; I was bored. I really did not have anything to do. Getting a job was out of the question. I dared not walk into any establishment as Luca's wife to look for a job. I stayed at home all the time except when he took me out. It wasn't fun, but I endured it. Two men walked into the house, and I stood up immediately. I had never seen them before, but they looked important and powerful. I did not know what to do because Luca wasn't home.

"Good Afternoon Mrs Alessandro?" One of the men said. He had brown eyes and dirty blonde hair. He was huge, and I could see the tattoo on his neck. The other had dark hair and dark eyes. He was taller, about six foot three inches. I rarely followed Luca anywhere, so I did not know who these men were, but it seemed like they knew me. Had Luca been talking about me? Judging by all that had been happening, I had to be careful. My only comfort was that the security had let them in, so Luca's men must have trusted them to let them in.

"Would you offer us a place to sit?" The dark-haired man said, and I snapped out of my thoughts and offered them seats. The men they came with excused us, leaving the three of us.

"We couldn't reach him on the phone. Do you know where he went?" The dirty blond-haired man asked, and even though I knew, I shook my head. After all that happened, I did not know who was out to get Luca. "My name is Aldo Moretti, and that's Castelo Ricci," The dark-haired man said, and I knew I had heard their names in several conversations Luca had with Gerald. I smiled at them and welcomed them. I linked Miranda to come and serve them.

"How did you and Luca meet?" Aldo asked me playfully. With how they spoke to me, I couldn't guess they were Mafia bosses if I did not already know. They were careful and easy-going like Luca was before his brother was killed and he went crazy.

"On a bus in Celio," I said, hoping they would not ask any more questions. Luckily for me, Luca and Catalina walked in. Not knowing what to do. I stood up immediately. I was nervous. Had I done something wrong by offering them seats?

Luca walked toward the stairs and looked at the living room. I stood and stared at him nervously. He looked at me from head to toe. I was wearing his shirt. It was long enough to cover my butt and part of my thighs, but I suddenly felt awkward. He looked at the men, and his facial expression became angry. I hoped he wasn't thinking I was flirting with them. My stomach churned.

"Now you show up?" He asked them, and I sighed, grateful that the anger had nothing to do with me or what I was wearing. Aldo and Castelo stood up.

“With all that had been happening, we thought it is best we stayed away and helped you from the shadows. Your mother thinks we killed your brother. We had to respect your family and stay away, and this is not a phone thing. That was why we decided we would pay you a visit when you have laid him to rest,” Castelo said, and Luca nodded and came to join them in the living room. I remained standing, not knowing if I should be there or not. I saw Catalina walk towards the staircase.

“Excuse them, dim wit!” she yelled at me, and I looked at her and turned to leave. “Sit, Emma,” Luca said, and I sat down. I really could not take the disrespect anymore. I was older than the girl, but she was highly disrespectful towards me. I dared not complain because I knew I was a charity case in that house. No matter how close I might be to Luca. I still remembered that I was a contract wife, so I had to be careful.

“You let your baby sister talk to your wife like that?” Aldo asked Luca sounding a bit stunned. “Let it rest, Aldo. She is grieving, but I will deal with it later,” Luca said, and Castelo shook his head.

“What is wrong with you, Luca? Catalina has no right to disrespect your wife like that, grieving or not. I might not be married, but when I finally settle down, no one would dare to speak to my wife like that, not even me,” Castelo said, sounding angry. He was indeed disappointed at Catalina’s behaviour.

“Let it rest,” Luca said, sounding angry. Not wanting them to have an issue. I stood up.

“I should not be here,” I said because their words were getting to me. Luca allowed Catalina to get away with everything because of Roberto’s death.

“I am sure Catalina will show respect when Alpha Luca is properly married. I am here on contract and a charity case. I am sure you all have already heard, so please do not waste your time talking about me,” I said and hurriedly left them before Luca could stop me.

It was times like this that made me remember my place. I went to the bedroom and sat on the bed.

“How can I hold on to you when you aren’t even trying? I am sorry, Declan, but I will have to let go because he is not interested,” I said and sat on the bed. Needing some fresh air, I decided to take a walk around the property. I wanted to look around and clear my mind. I wore his boxer under the shirt because it was the easiest thing to put on. When I stepped out of the room, Catalina approached me, and I braced myself for what she would say or do.

“You better know your place, slut. You aren’t the first to come into my brother’s life or sleep in his room. Of all his sluts, I hate you the most for stopping my brother from helping Roberto. I hope you and your family burn. He will replace you once he is done. Word of advice: do not get too comfortable. And when he is done with you, I will come for my pound of flesh,” she told me. I was itching to slap her, but I dared not. I was ready to leave Luca in those moments. I did not need this shit.

I walked away from her and cursed at my father inwardly for landing me in this place. Marcelo wouldn’t have enslaved us if my father hadn’t gotten into trouble, and Luca wouldn’t have married me to save me. After thinking of all the money he had spent on me, paying my father’s debt, paying Marcelo for me and giving money to my brothers. I knew it would be wrong to leave without him setting me free. I said I would stay one year. I intended to do that. This was a wrong family, and they were horrible people. I did not want to be

related to them either.

Deep in thoughts, I walked to the foot of the stairs and ignored Luca and his guests. I walked towards the entrance door and walked out of the mansion. Everything his mother said to me during the funeral rang in my head. Everything his mother and sister had said to me rang in

my head, and I asked myself if this was better than being Tomas's mistress. If only I had accepted Tomas's offer when he came to me at the restaurant I worked, none of this would have happened. My mother was right about Alpha Gibson's mistress; no one dared to touch her in Castelo. I would have been free, and I would have been near my family. Maybe I would have gotten a job and started working towards something. I wandered until I got to a small pond on Luca's land. I sat on the grass and wept. As tough as I tried to seem, I was alone in Ashfield. I had no support system. I couldn't tell my brothers what I was going through. They would feel guilty. I sat on the grass, and my mind flashed back to the morning everything had gone to hell. The morning Luca received a call about his brother's death. It was amazing how quickly his family dragged me into the matter and made me the cause of it. As if I was the one that organised the hit. I barely knew Roberto. The guy never spoke to me. I did not know what to do. As much as I would have really liked us to be together, I wasn't that desperate. I wiped my tears and promised myself that if he offered me a way out of the contract again, I would take it this time and thank him. Nothing should hurt this much, not even love. I sat a while by the pond and soon decided to head back in. I was sure Luca's guests had left. I walked back in, and to my surprise, they were still there. I did not say anything to them. I moved towards the stairs to move up quickly. "Emma," Aldo called out to me, and I turned toward him with a fake smile.

"Join us," he said, smiling. "I.. actually have something to do. Maybe some other time," I said, and before he could say anything, I moved up the stairs quickly. I later heard footsteps behind me, and I was afraid. I had no reason to be, but I did not understand Luca anymore. I suspected his mother had gotten through to him and found a way to pin this shit on me. They were grieving and looking for someone to blame, so they picked me, a low-level omega that can't fight back. They claimed I was a distraction. Were they telling the truth?

I walked toward the room and entered. To my surprise, Luca walked in a few seconds later. He

was nice to me before leaving, but he had been cold since returning. I braced myself for whatever he had to say. He went to the bathroom and returned to the room. I was sitting by the side of the bed, and he walked up to me. "Emma," he said gently, and I looked up at him from where I was sitting. He made me stand up, and he gazed deeply into my eyes. "Where is this sorrow from, Emma? Where is the joy?" he asked, and I looked away. He guided me with his hand to look at his face and kissed me gently; slowly, his kiss became fierce. He growled while he kissed me, and I had mixed emotions. I contemplated returning the kiss.

"Emma", he growled. "Do not let people get to you," he said. "I have scolded Catalina for her bad behaviour. If she disrespects you again, just tell me," he said, and I was angry and pulled away from him. "I am a person, Luca. I might not be a high breed or rich, but I am a person!" I said to him, and my tears began to flow freely. "Today, I sat by the pond and thought maybe I would have been better off taking Tomas's offer," he growled

angrily. I had never seen that side of him.

“Do not mention his name or his offer to me again,” he warned me. I looked at him, speechless.

“Alright, I won’t, but I am sad, Luca. You have been a blessing to me until now. Why should your family blame me for your brother’s death? How did I contribute to his death, Luca? I am always indoors. I do whatever you tell me to. I follow you to events and bear the insults. Your family ridicules me whenever they have the chance. The only place I had been safe from them was in this house, but I am not safe anymore. Catalina talks to me as she sees fit, and no one cautions her. It is okay. I know she is a high-breed and your sister, but I am a person. It is not okay to walk all over someone just because you can. I know this marriage is a contract, Luca, and I know why you bothered. I have tried to make it as blissful as possible even though it would be short-lived, but if I am a problem for you and your family, you should send me back to Celio. Far away from you so you can court Teresa properly and spare me the constant naming and shaming,” I said, and he looked at me, stunned. He could not say a word. “Why didn’t you tell me you were feeling like this?” He asked me, and I wiped away my tears.

“It was bearable because you always came to my aid, but since you lost your brother, you have allowed Catalina to disrespect and ridicule me. All she ever gets is a slap on the wrist. What about my feelings Luca? Would a slap on the wrist fix me? Would it change people’s first impression of me based on her utterances? I do not want to make you choose. I am not worth that to you. That is why I am asking you to send me back to Celio. I am just one in the long list of women that have shared your bed and room, Luca. It wouldn’t make a difference.” I said, and he frowned at me. “Who told you so?” He asked me, and I looked at him. “Catalina,” I said, and he balled up his fist in anger.