

## Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 23

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#### Chapter 23

#### 23 Listening Emma.

I was planning to head downstairs when I heard Luca and his mother arguing. Their voices were loud. I could listen because I was at the staircase; if not, their conversation would have been incoherent. Lacy was hurting about something, and Luca wouldn't have it. I moved closer to hear clearly. I wasn't into sticking my nose where it doesn't belong, but when you live in a big house and aren't allowed to go out, you start trying to find things to amuse yourself.

"I am afraid you are losing yourself, Luca. How can you let that girl into your business? She can betray you. Did you forget you have a temporary arrangement with her? You are spending too much time with that girl, and I hate to see you broken when she finally leaves. How can you let her in on your business knowing she would leave, Luca?" She can sell our family secrets to our enemies. You paid a considerable sum for her; what would stop her from collecting money from another party to sell you out? She is an Omega from a wretched home that has tasted wealth. She would not want to go back to a simple life. Wake up, Luca," She said, crying and Luca growled at her. "Mind your business, mother. All I wanted to tell you was that Emma and I would be going on vacation for ten days and you are giving me a speech. For your information, she is a decent girl, not a gold digger. Emma has never asked for much or tried to hurt me. Whenever I am down, she is there. She is more family to me than you are." Luca said, and I heard a slap. His mother had slapped him.

"You should be ashamed of yourself. A boss and Alpha losing his shit over a bloody omega. She has four more months with you, and you act as if she will be in your life forever. If she is so precious, why don't you keep her? This is the time you should be putting yourself out there. Dating so you can settle down and have heirs. I understand you are a kind man, and you chose to marry her to save her, but you weren't supposed to be her husband. You were not supposed to touch her. I understand how alluring omegas can be, and she is beautiful, so it is okay you fuck her, but it should be for fun. It seems your heart is tangled in the shit, Luca. I hate to see you hurt, but that is where you are heading. She just has four months and two weeks," she said, and Luca growled. I could feel his anger. I knew he was controlling himself.

"Do not push me, mother, or I will extend her contract indefinitely. I see you are counting. There will be nothing to count if it becomes indefinite," he said coldly with a growl. My heart beamed with joy, hoping Lacy would push Luca to make good on his threat. Indefinitely meant a lifetime with him; I wanted that so badly. "You are boss, Luca." She said calmly, "yet I see you act like a schoolboy. I am worried. That girl is a terrible distraction. You should be on your guard, protecting all of us and keeping our family at the top, But instead, I see you come home and rush upstairs every time. I hear her moaning and calling your name. She should do the one that pleases you and not the other way around. How can you degrade yourself so much?" She said, and I heard

Luca laugh wickedly. "So you listen. That is bad, mother. Just so you know, it pleases me to please Emma. It pleases me to bury myself in her. It pleases me to eat her up and make her cum..." He said, taunting his mother, but I was getting wet listening. "Stop it! Stop it. Don't you have any shame or respect, Luca?" His mother said in tears. "You started it, mother, talking about her moaning and calling my name..." He said, and I

giggled quietly. "You will be heartbroken when she leaves. Stop it now and get over her. I hate to see you broken. I know you are still hurting over Roberto; we still are; Don't do this. She is a distraction. If you weren't smitten by her, you would have been at the club to protect your brother. Remember that when next you want to do whatever it is you two do together." She said, and Luca laughed again.

"It isn't my duty to protect Roberto, mother. It was his duty to protect himself. He got himself mixed up in shit and paid for it with his life; It has nothing on me. If nothing, I am grateful that I am smitten by Emma. I would have been dead by now." He said, and she began to wail.

"You do not even care for your brother's demise? What has she done to you, Luca? My boy. What has she done to you? It is your duty to protect us. To keep us safe." She said, crying.

"Yes, I agree it is my duty to protect my family members and keep them safe. In return, I expect my family to protect me and my reputation, be loyal and not create trouble for me. As things are, I have my hands full. Instead of helping out, Roberto was planning on taking me out with the help of Deigo Gallo," he said, and she began to scream in disbelief. I was in shock too. I did not know. I could not believe Luca could stomach such a betrayal. Tears stung my eyes just to know what Roberto had tried to do.

"Stop lying, Luca. Stop it!" She screamed.

"Enough!" Luca commanded her.

"You will listen to me. That stupid matchmaking family dinner you and father organised, Roberto stole my phone and copied my calendar so he would know my movements. He contacted Deigo and promised to give the Gallos Celio to run their business if they helped him take me out so he could be head of this family. I was fortunate to survive. If Emma wasn't here, I would have died because, you know, we do not use hospitals. That Omega I am losing my head over saved my life, mother. The night after the office attack, Roberto called me and insisted I join him at the club. I had just recovered from the attack and did not need the noise. So I decided to stay home with my wife in bed, buried inside her like you stated, and I do not regret it. He called Deigo to stand down, and Deigo took him out, afraid that I was at the club and Roberto had come clean about their plans. So you see, mother. I can not feel guilty about Roberto's choices. Do I miss him? Yes, but I don't blame myself or my darling Emma for it," he said, and I was shocked at the revelation. So amazed that I stood still. I knew Lacy was shocked, too, because she was silent for a long time. "I did not know, Luca. If I knew." I heard her say in a very low tone. I couldn't catch the rest of her words. Their voices weren't high anymore. I guess the revelation had quieted her down. I decided to go to the office instead. Before I got there, Catalina blocked me.

"Good afternoon, Emma," she said as respectfully as she could manage. I believed she was working against me, but for some strange reason, she was always polite. I began to wonder what Luca did when he said he reprimanded her. As simple as it sounded, I

doubted it was simple. I believed Luca was mean to her because I knew how mean he could get with people that cross him. The things his mother said made me hopeful. Could it be possible that he had fallen for me?

"Hello, Catalina," I said to her with a smile.

"Emma may I speak with you," she said. She looked sad. Her dark hair roots were out; it did not look nice. She needed to go and die her hair blonde so it would match. She had also lost

weight, and her skin looked sallow. "Catalina, are you alright?" I asked her, and she smiled at me, but it didn't touch her eyes. "I need to talk to you about something, but you must keep it between us," she requested, and I did not know what to say. It might be a setup, but at the same time, she looked like she needed help. "Please don't tell Luca. He is easily mad," she said, and I frowned. My better judgement said I should walk away, but my heart told me to listen. I looked at her and decided to listen.

Hopefully, it won't get me in trouble. "What is it?" I asked her keeping my fingers crossed and hoping I would not regret it. She pulled me towards her room, and I followed her. It was beautiful, like my old room. Everything was beige, though, and I did not like it. My old room was a mix of Beige and brown, but this was different. It looked regal with tones of gold; not my thing. I guess that was how she felt: like a princess. She was indeed a princess. The princess of the Alessandro dynasty. "Please sit, Emma." She said, and whatever she had to tell me must have been serious. I sat on the only couch in her room. It was comfy. If it weren't a serious situation. There was a possibility that I would dose off in it. "How do you do it, Emma?" she asked, and I frowned. "Luca is difficult. He would never look at a woman twice, but here you are, a contract wife, but we all know that isn't what is happening here. You two are in love," she said, and I wondered what that had to do with her problem. I also did not miss the jab between her sentence, but it didn't bother me. Some people lacked people skills, and Catalina was one of them. Not wanting to interrupt her, I remained silent, wondering where the story was heading.

"I am in love with someone, Emma. I think he loves me too, but he is too scared because our families are not on good terms. I want to run away with him. Elope and be happy like you." she said, and I stood up in shock. How the fuck did I get myself into this shit? This was not my turf, and I did not want to be mixed up in her mess when shit blew up.

"Catalina, this isn't a discussion you should have with me. Please, I do not want to hear about your plans. If you are seeing someone Luca doesn't like, I advise you to end it. It is for a good reason," I said, and she shook her head.

"It is a family feud, Emma. It started in our great grand father's time and soon became a habit. We don't even know why we are enemies. I love him, Emma. But he is sometimes indifferent Luca is like that, yet he isn't that way with you. Teach me how to be submissive. How to make a man want to protect me with his life? I need to know how Emma, please; I need your help." She said, and I realised she got it bad. "If he cannot love you for what you are, it is not worth it. I am not submissive, Emma. Luca just hasn't done anything that would make me challenge him, and besides, our relationship is not real. So I am the last person to talk to. He will let me go in four months, and I will be history. Knowing I can't hold on to him, how can I tell you how to hold on to your friend? But I advise you to talk to your brother about it and not do anything stupid in the name

of love. You are his only sibling, and he loves you, Catalina. Do not hurt him by running away, please,” I pleaded with her, and she wiped away her tears. “He won’t let you go, Emma He loves you. He slapped me because of you. Threatened to cut mother and father off because of you. He has done things he would never do because of you. He won’t let you go. Mark my words, Emma. He won’t let you go, and I do not want him to because he has never been this happy. Omega or not, you are good for him. I hope you will be confident in me one day to truly lend me a piece of advice. I will listen,” she said, and I could not form the words in my mouth. She had said so many things. I was hopeful she was right, and I was shocked at the extent of his actions. He reprimanded her as he had said.

Catalina’s eyes were lost, and I did not know if I had gotten through to her. Still, I hoped for my sake that she does not go through with her plan because if Luca found out she told me, and I did not tell him, I would have hell to pay. If I told Luca and he flared up, Catalina would hate me for life, and I will be untrustworthy. I cursed inwardly because this was a bad situation for me. Why did she have to tell me?

## **Luca’s Inferno by Karima Sa’ad Usman Chapter 24**

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#### **Chapter 24**

#### **24 Going On Vacation.**

##### **Luca.**

I could not believe we had only four more months to go. I wish I could pause time for eternity, but I knew it would be impossible. I had only four months to go. Four months to love her and create more memories with her that would keep me for the rest of my life. Saying she would move far away and cut off after this got to me, but I knew it was for the best too. I can never love anyone else the way I love Emma. I hated my life. I wished it was a lot simpler and wasn’t at the top. I would have kept her in my life permanently without regret. I had started working from home to make every second count. I hoped she wouldn’t forget about me and if there was another life that we would meet, fall in love and build a life together. Emma was an angel, and she had no place in hell.

Emma was excited about the vacation, and I wanted to give her a good time. She deserved it. I was glad I got her involved with my business because she did it diligently with all her heart. She was honest, and she wanted to protect me and my assets. I wouldn’t have been able to find anyone more devoted than she was. I knew I was in love with her already. Everyone could see it, but I hoped she didn’t because I was hell-bent on letting her go. If I keep her, people will know she owns my heart, and her life will be in danger. I did not want to save her, only to kill her.

Telling my mother the truth about Roberto was wrong. Because of that, she refused to eat; when she did, it was negligible. I also suspected it was a ploy to stop me from taking the trip with Emma, but my mind was made up. Her broken heart was her husband’s to mend. I knew she would be shocked when I left, and I did not care. My mother was counting down the days. She did not care to see how mentioning it hurt

me. She coldly begged me to let Emma go when the contract was over. It was as if they were all tolerating this because they knew it would be short-lived. How could she be too selfish to see that my heart belonged to Emma? That letting her go will break me in irreparable ways. How could she not know that I dreaded the day our contract would be over? Instead, she was busy talking about her feelings and what she wanted. She was a selfish woman, and I could now understand why my father acted toward her in specific ways. He wasn't right, but she did not make it easy either.

To shut her up, I had threatened to make Emma's contract duration indefinite, but I knew I wouldn't do that. My mother took the threat seriously and did not speak ill of Emma again, but I knew I would not extend the contract. For Emma's sake, I could not do it. I will be happy knowing she is safe somewhere instead of having my heart in my mouth that she might get killed because of me. Emma had not spent a dime from the account I set up for her. I expected her to move some of the funds and create a private account somewhere, saving for when the contract was over, but it remained untouched. I offered to pay her for her work, and she refused; I still did not get it. I intended to bring up her finances with her when we leave for the holiday. I left my office and walked to my room. I had gotten up at three in the morning to take care of some paperwork. Now it was six thirty, and we should be out by eight in the morning. Emma was already up when I entered our bedroom, and looking at her, I noticed she had showered. Miranda had packed our bags for us, but Emma was going through hers to ensure it was satisfactory, which made me laugh. I did not have to go through mine because Miranda packed my back always. If Emma would be in my life permanently, I would have loved her to pack my bags.

She opened my bag, and I wondered what she was looking for. She went through the contents and then looked at me, frowning. Was the content not satisfactory?

"I know you have security, Luca, but we can't travel light. Only the goddess knows what we will find there. With all the attacks and hate going on, you can't put your life in your men's hands. No offence; It is none of my business, and I am just passing through, but I do not want anything to happen to you, Luca." She said, and I wondered why she was speaking like this. Did she know something?

"We need silver bullets, bracelets, a gun and protective vests. We also need a small first aid kit." She said, and I widened my eyes at her. "We are going to have fun and spend some time together, not attack people," I said, laughing. She nodded with a serious expression on her face.

"I know, Luca. I know, but trouble always finds you. You are the boss. If no one is planning shit, you should worry that a big one is coming. What better time to attack than when you will be relaxed?" She said, and I knew she was a bit right, but I knew it was unnecessary. Still, I wanted to oblige her, so I called Gerald to make the items available.

"Tell him to bring them. We will be wearing the vests." She said, and I shook my head.

"No, we won't. Taking you won't be fun with it on your body. The vest will be in the way," I said, and she blushed. Her pale skin had some tan, thanks to her skin regimen. Her dark hair looked even more beautiful and full than it used to. It had its natural curls, which made her look very young. Emma was a beauty. The colour of her eyes was unusual but beautiful. We got ready and headed out. Gerald had brought what I had requested. I had a surprise waiting for Emma. I did not know how she would react to it,

but I looked forwards to it.

My mother met us at the foot of the stairs on our way out.

“I can’t believe you will still travel with me in the state,” she said in tears. She had lost a lot of weight. My father hadn’t been home for a week, and I did not like the fact that he had left his wife. He should have carried her with him.

“Leave Luca alone, mother. He is not your husband. Call father if you need a shoulder or someone to hold you,” Catalina told her. I did not know my baby sister was in the living room. I was glad she told our mother the truth. My mother did not say a word. She just looked at me, hoping I would change my mind.

“It won’t work, mother; Goodbye,” I said, and she cried. “Who will protect us while you are away?” She asked, and that was an easy question. I turned to look at her and smiled.

“Father,” I said, and she frowned.

“You know..” She began, and I stopped her from speaking.

“I do not know anything, mother. He did a good job. That is why we are all here. You’re his responsibility and not mine.” I said, walking out the front door, and before she could utter a word, I closed the door and Emma and I rushed into the car. We both sat in the backseat

laughing at what had happened with my mother. Emma always looked amazing whenever she laughed. I was grateful for her smile. I will forever keep it in my memory. Emma leaned on me at the back, and I held her taking in her scent. Her neck was visible, and I was tempted to sink my teeth in and make her mine, but I did not want to do that. She deserved to be surrounded by good people and peace. The mafia wasn’t a life for her. She was pure and innocent, so even though my teeth elongated every time I was close to her neck, I would control myself and force them back. One day someone worthy of her would sink his teeth in and love her for the rest of her life. Trying to distract myself from my longing and pain, I decided to discuss the money issue with her. “Emma,” I said to her. She giggled and playfully answered. “Yes, Luca,” she said, smiling at me. Her hair was in a ponytail.

“Why are you not spending the money I gave you?” I asked, and she smiled. “I do not need to. You have got me everything I need, and besides, there is no point living a false life knowing I will be out of your hair soon,” she said playfully, but it broke my heart because she was telling the truth. “At least spend some of it. See it as payment for your work for me right now.” I said, and she shook her head and sat up. “I can never ask you to pay for anything, Luca,” she said, looking serious. “I can never repay your kindness towards my family and me. This is me showing appreciation. Besides, all I need from you is a good recommendation when I leave so I can get a job where I move to.” She said, and I was surprised she was planning on going to work after this. Emma was a gem and an independent woman. Something inside me said I should forget about the danger in my life and marry Emma properly. Another part of me knew what was best for her. I pulled her close and held her. I did not utter a word until we got to the airport. The moment we got there, we were led to where we would enter the transport that would take us to the hanger where my private jet was.

. Emma was surprised to see the people waiting for us at the hangar. She squealed when she saw

her best friend Heather and her younger brother, Kyle. She was in tears, hugging them.

I was glad to see she liked her surprise. She looked at me and smiled, thanking me for inviting them, knowing this was a gift to her. It was my pleasure. I had never met a woman that was easy to please like Emma. Aldo joined us. It was going to be a fun-filled vacation, and I could not wait to experience every moment with Emma.

## Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 25

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#### Chapter 25

#### 25 Impulsive Emma.

I could not believe my eyes. Luca had invited Kyle and Heather to come with us. I did not know how much I missed them until I saw them. I was in tears, hugging them. I turned to Luca and thanked him. He smiled back at me.

"Emma," Kyle said; he looked rich. He was a very handsome guy. His black hair was short and curly. He wore a white shirt and grey pants. He looked sophisticated, like a small boss. He smiled at me and his cute dimples shined through. The dullness in his eyes was gone. They were alive. Then it caught my eyes. He had a mate mark on his neck. "Since when, Kyle?" I asked him, and he touched his mark lightly.

"A month ago. She went to visit her folks. That is why I could come." He said, and I was so proud of him. Our luck had indeed changed, and it was because of Luca. Kyle's mark also made me jealous, realising that my neck was bare and there was a possibility it would remain that way.

We went into the jet; it was exquisite. I had never been in an aeroplane, let alone a private plane. I was glad for the memories Luca was allowing me to have. Heather sat on a seat and squealed with joy. Luca and Aldo entered and went to sit close to the cockpit. They were having a meeting, so I decided to engage my guests.

"Kyle, tell me about your mate," I said with a smile, and he beamed at me. "Her name is Leana. She is a kappa," he said, and I was shocked. How could a kappa allow their daughter to mate with an Omega?

"How?" I asked, and Heather laughed.

"Emma, your brothers are the hottest men in town now. Everyone wants to be with them because they are rich and the in-laws of Luca Alessandro. Tevin's wife has been trying to come back." She said, and I was shocked. Why didn't Tevin or Bruce tell me any of these things, and we always talk on the phone? "The supermarket is doing well too. We have three branches now," Kyle asked, and I was shocked.

"Father is behaving himself since he has been banned from all the clubs and Casinos; he holds poker games at night in the house," Kyle said, and I laughed. "Wow, Kyle. I am happy for you, and I wish you the best," I told my brother, and just then, I felt a pain in my heart. Luca and I had only four more months left, and it will be over. I will

have what Kyle has. As much as Luca tried to urge me to make sure I moved on when it was over, I knew I would not be able to do so. I can never tarnish my memories with him by being with someone else. I will leave my neck bare and continue my romance with Declan in my dreams.

"Emma, are you alright?" Heather linked me, and I looked at her, confused.

"You zoned out," she said, and I smiled at her.

"Are you okay?" She asked aloud, and I heard Luca and Aldo stop talking. They had heard her question.

"I am fine, Heather. I am happy to see you guys," I managed, wiping away my tears, but she knew me too well to buy that crap. "I will only be spending three days with you, Emma, and I have to go home. Leana just conceived, and I want to be home before she returns from her folks," Kyle said, and I nodded. I wished that was my life. I wished I was carrying Luca's baby, and we were madly in love, but I knew he would be with Terressa soon, and I would be alone picking up the pieces of my heart. I was angry with the goddess for making me an Omega from a low-level family and making Luca and I cross paths like we did. If we were equals, he would have been mine. His family wouldn't kick against it, and he would not have to let me go. I could not take the hurt, so I asked the air hostess if there was a restroom and where it was. She showed it to me, and I got up to use the toilet. I entered and locked it and began to weep. Four months was a very short time. Soon, we would be counting weeks and then days.

"Are you okay?" I heard Luca's voice, and I sighed with frustration. Of course, I wasn't okay. I was sad, but I lied.

"I am okay, Luca. Just have a stomach upset." I lied, and he was silent. While I sat on the toilet, I thought of his conversation with his mother and promised myself to try and make him keep me by all means. I did not know how but I prayed to the goddess to help me because I could not let go. Declan had stopped asking me not to forget about him in my dreams; he was now pleading with me not to let him go. Trying was important, so I would not have regrets in the future.

I wiped away my tears and washed my face. My eyes still looked puffy, but there was nothing I could do about it. I left the toilet and returned to my seat. Kyle had slept off, and Heather sat by the window looking at the clouds. This was her first time too, and she seemed excited. I joined her, and she looked at me with sadness. She knew I was in pain, and I smiled at her and linked her to not say a word. She nodded and looked at where Luca and Aldo were and smiled.

"He is looking at us, Emma," she said, and I smiled.

We arrived at the island after spending three hours in the air. It was exquisite. A limo picked us up from the airport and drove us to the hotel we would be staying. Kyle and Emma were thrilled. Luca held me in the limo, and his touch, as calming as it was, hurt me to my soul. Did he have to let me go?

We arrived at the hotel and were led to our individual rooms. The room was beautiful. It had glass walls and windows with tall curtains for privacy. The bed was king size and had silk sheets. The room looked modern and beautiful, but it had nothing on the dark masculine tone of Luca's room at the mansion. I still prefer the black and brown furnishings to this one. We dropped our bags, and Luca hugged me. "Do you like it?" He whispered into my ears, taking in my scent, and I moaned instead of answering. I wanted to ask him to claim me, but I controlled myself. I knew he wouldn't.



"Yes," I moaned again, and he nibbled on my earlobe. I was wet instantly, and I moaned. My pussy was clenching, and I wanted more. How did he expect me to live without him?

"Luca," I moaned, and he turned me towards him.

"You said you are happy, Emma, and it seems like it, but I feel sadness radiating from you," he said, and I turned away from him. Contemplating if I should tell him what I was thinking or not. I spoke up on impulse. I had to try something. This might not be the right time, but I

doubted if there ever would be. I had to give it a shot. "Luca, I know I am an Omega, and I am not good enough to be by your side as your wife." I started, and he frowned at me. He wanted to speak, but I stopped him, knowing if I did not tell him now, I would not be able to tell him again. "I know I have nothing to my name and can never command respect like you do, but.." I said and took a deep breath.

"I do not want this to end," I said honestly, and his face dropped. "I like being around you, being with you. I can never be with anyone else after this, Luca," I said and went to him; he sat at the foot of the bed. I squatted by his leg and looked at him, baring my soul.

"I do not want money and comfort, but I will love to remain in your life, Luca, even as your mistress. I will do all you want me to and never complain," I said, avoiding using the L word with him. His face became angry, and he stood up abruptly.

"I won't cause you problems, and you won't have to spend a dime. I will work and pay my way. I do not have to live in your house. I can get a decent place. Even if I will only see you once or twice a month. I will be grateful. You are a good man, Luca, heaven sent, and it would be stupid of me to let go even though we are worlds apart." I said, and he started seething with anger. I had ruined the vacation. Why couldn't I keep my stupid mouth shut? I also knew I sounded desperate, but baring the soul always sounded that way because everything was on the line.

"You promised you won't complicate this, Emma," he reminded me, and I knew I had to find a way to make him let it go because this conversation might not go the way I hoped.

"You can't blame me for trying," I said, getting up and giggling, but my heart was broken.

"We do so well together that I felt I should offer something. If you do not like my offer, then it is okay. I won't take offence and will not bring it up again. Rest assured that I will leave the moment the contract ends, Luca. Disregard my words, please," I said quickly out of shame, and he turned to look at me. His eyes were sorrowful red, and I feared I had done something wrong.

"Do not talk about being my mistress again, Emma," he warned me, and I nodded with a smile.

"You are not cut out for this life. You are an angel, and this is hell. I will not keep you longer than we agreed on. Please do not complicate matters, or I will end the contract sooner than I should," he said, warning me, and I felt like slapping myself for bringing that up. He might have just said those things to get on his mother's nerves. I moved our bags to the wardrobe and began to unpack them. I hope Luca will forget what I told him and we will have a good time on Queen island.

While arranging the stuff in the cupboard, I heard the door close. I looked and saw that Luca had left the room, and just then, tears began to fall from my eyes. I had struck a

nerve with Luca, and I hoped I would be able to redeem myself. I changed into orange net beach wear with a white bikini underneath and decided to go and look for Heather, so we could explore the place. I went to Heather's room. She let me in, and we hugged. It didn't take much before I started crying. "Your heart is breaking, Emma. How did you think you would spend so much time with him and not fall in love?" She asked, and I sniffled. She was right. I sat on her bed and wiped away my tears. I told her what I proposed and how he responded, and she scolded me for being bold and desperate. I was only trying my luck. I wasn't expecting him to react the way he did. We just got here, and I had spoiled the mood. I hoped he would come around soon. "Let us take a walk by the beach, Emma. It will help ease your heart," she said, and I decided to oblige her. It would be nice to have done this with Luca, but Heather was also great. Next time, I would guard my mouth and live the moment to the fullest. Hopefully, he will get over what I said, and we can return to the way we were before I opened my mouth. Fingers crossed, Luca will come around.