

Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 26

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Chapter 26

26 Closed Off

Emma.

Heather and I walked by the beach in our bikinis. Humans and werewolves were present on the shore, and they lusted after us. Heather had a beautiful blue two-piece bikini on while I was still wearing my two-piece white bikini. I had taken off the orange net blouse I had over it. I knew my skin would get a good tan. I tried to keep Luca out of my mind and have fun with my friend. I wondered what Luca was doing, but I knew he was probably with Aldo doing whatever he wanted to do. We had checked on Kyle in his room, and he was sleeping. I did not want to bother him, so I let him be.

We walked to a beach bar. I had my card with me, which would be the first time I used it. We ordered drinks and some guys came to sit with us. I did not bother to chase them away; there was no use. As long as they kept their hands to themselves, I was alright. "Hello, beautiful ladies," one of the guys said. He was blonde, and it was apparent his pearly whites were fake. He looked like he had some work done on his face. His friend was a bit chubby and looked opposite, but he was okay because it seemed his friend was the one with the money. They were werewolves, so Heather and I relaxed, but I kept my distance. Somehow I knew Luca was the jealous type, and I didn't want to have anyone's scent.

"Drinks on us," the chubby guy said, and I shook my head.

"I am a married woman, so please keep your money," I told him, noticing his face drop.

"Sorry, ma'am, we saw two hot women and decided to try our luck," the chubby guy said and was about to turn away when the blonde weirdo touched my hand.

"I do not see a ring on your finger, nor do I see a mark on your Omega neck," he said, and I frowned at him.

"Let her go," Heather said, and he shut her up. I didn't know if I could take the bastard, but I did not want to draw attention to us. So I removed his hand from mine and broke his index finger in the process.

"I bet you didn't see that coming. Like I said, I am a married woman," I warned the guy, and he laughed.

"Teresa Bianchi sends her greetings," he said, forcing a smile, and the colour drained from my face. She was Luca's intended. What if she was on Queen Island with us? Had Luca gone to see her? Was that why he brought Heather and Kyle so I would be occupied while he did what he wanted? Our contract would soon be over; it was only normal he would start courting her. Suddenly I was ashamed of myself for offering to be his mistress.

"I see you caught on, little Omega. The boss is with your man as we speak," the man said and walked away. He had done his job, and I was mad that I gave him the satisfaction of seeing my smile drain.

"Who is Teresa?" Heather asked me when they left, and I told her everything. "Ask

Luca when he returns to the room.” She said, and I knew I would not be able to ask him after what I had said. “It is none of my business. I will be gone in four months. There is no point sticking my nose where it does not belong. I have hurt myself enough. Now let us drink and party,” I told her, and she looked worried, but she obliged. Heather helped me back into the hotel. I was drunk, but the alcohol left my system when we got to her room. Perks of being a wolf. After sitting with Heather for a while, I returned to the room I shared with Luca. It was late, and he wasn’t back. My mind played several scenarios of him and Teressa, and I decided to let it go. I went to shower and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked like a mess and knew I needed to fix it. Love messed people up, and I refuse to be messed up. I decided I would let the matter rest and lock my heart up. I did not own him; besides, if my father hadn’t messed up, I would not have met him the second time. He had told me how it would be from the onset and never lied about it. He didn’t want to do anything with me; I had told him no strings attached. Just because I wasn’t planning to move on did not mean I should hinder him from doing so. I did not understand why he brought me on this vacation and invited my best friend and my younger brother to come. I would not question him again. After telling Luca what I wanted, and he rejected my offer, I made peace with my heart where he was concerned and braced myself to let go when the time came. I had a shower and changed into my nightgown, and fell asleep. “You are mad...” A familiar voice said while I looked at the crescent moon in the sky, sitting on the field of flowers.

“Do you mind taking me to another place, Declan?” I asked him, and he looked worried. “Can you wear another face?” I asked him, and he did not say a word to me.

“Yes, I am mad, Declan. I am angry I fell in love when I knew it was temporary,” I said and began to weep. He pulled me close to him to console me. “Good things do not come easily, Emma; my heart belongs to you. I just want you to be patient,” he said, and I pulled away and looked at him.

“This is a dream, Declan. A fucking Dream! You aren’t real. None of this is real. You are a figment of my imagination.” I lashed out, and he smiled. There was no use yelling at someone that wasn’t real. I just sat there and stared at the moon. He kissed my neck where the mate mark should be and grazed his teeth on it. I felt it. I felt every bit of it, and I chose to remain even though I wanted to pull away, hoping he would sink his teeth in. He sucked on my neck, and I moaned.

“Don’t let me go, Emma,” he said, and I cursed and woke up. I opened my eyes, and Luca was over me with wolf eyes and teeth. I sat up in shock. I was afraid. He was breathing heavily, trying to control himself, but he couldn’t. It seems he was trying to stop his wolf from emerging. I stared deep into his eyes, and I realised he was conflicted. “Emma,” he growled, and I did not know what to do. I watched his teeth retract, and his eyes turned normal.

“Sorry I wasted the day. Teressa Bianchi followed us to this Island in the name of the business. Still, I suspect my mother was the one that gave her the information,” he said, pretending he wasn’t fighting his wolf when I woke up. I pretended to be indifferent and sat up. “About my behaviour earlier, I am sorry,” he said, and I was quiet, keeping the promise I had made to myself.

“I am sorry, too,” I said with an indifferent, sleepy voice. “I shouldn’t have said those things. I was too excited and wanted something spontaneous. It won’t happen again.” I

said, and he

was silent. He got off his knees from between my legs and sat beside me. "Heard you and Heather partied with a couple of guys," he said, and my stomach churned. "Didn't even get their names and did not allow anyone to touch me. I am not into humans," I said, and he pinched the bridge of his nose. "I brought us here so we would have fun, Emma. Let us try to do that, okay?" He said, and I nodded.

"Teressa sent two guys to me at the beach bar. One of them wasn't so polite, so I crushed his index finger. Please tell her to rest; she has nothing to worry about where I am concerned. I will be out of the way in no time. Besides, my being here should not hinder the two of you," I said casually, and he growled.

"I will fix that in the morning," he promised, and I did not care what he would do. I was over it.

"Do you like the place?" He asked me, and I nodded.

"You were happy to see Kyle and Heather." He stated, and I said yes. We were silent for a bit, and then he sighed.

"Emma, I was angry because you offered to be my mistress. You are not mistress material. You are wife material. If things were not the way they were, I would not let you go, but unfortunately, my life is fucked. Please understand," he said and kissed my hands.

"I understand, Luca, but it is wrong of you to make decisions for me. If I want to endanger my life, so be it, but you have decided for the two of us. I will not complain and live every moment to the fullest until it is time to go. I meant what I said earlier, Luca., I won't make it difficult." I said, and he sighed.

We cuddled in bed that night, and I went back to sleep with a heavy heart. Declan did not come; I must have scared him off.

We woke up late in the morning and showered together. I buried my emotions and pretended everything was okay. I wanted us to get back to where we were before I ran my mouth, so when Luca pulled me in for a kiss, I moaned, giving him an invitation, and he did not need me to say anything. He carried me back to bed, and I rode my fill of him. It was intense, but I kept my heart out of it. Once we were done, we took our bath, and Luca offered we take a walk by the beach. He wore white shorts and a Caribbean shirt while I wore a purple two-piece bikini and a white crochet blouse. I wanted to pack my curly hair in a ponytail, but Luca told me to let it down. That he liked it better that way. Usually, that would make me blush, but it rolled off me, and I smiled at him.

We walked by the beach and went to join Aldo in the gazebo, Heather and Kyle were there. I was about to sit beside Luca when he pulled me and made me sit on his lap. Heather looked at me a bit worried, she knew what was going on in my heart, but I smiled to let her know I was okay. It wasn't long after we arrived that Teressa came to join us. She looked great in her red bikini. I also saw she had bleached her hair. "What do you want?" Aldo asked her, and she frowned at him. "Aren't we friends? The least we can do is hang out." She said, and I realised Aldo did not like her.

"Couples only," he said, and I wanted to laugh. "We did not come here with you, so you better know your place and leave," he said, warning her, and she looked at Luca, then me.

"How many more months do you have, Emma?" She asked, trying to hurt me, and I smiled at her.

“Four, then I am gone,” I said as if it was the best thing. She wanted me to be hurt, but my reaction shocked her.

“Even with Emma gone, I will never marry you, Teressa. I will never marry anyone, so you are just wasting your time,” Luca said coldly, and I was worried because I knew he was telling the truth.

“The next time you send your boys to my wife again, I will take it as a threat and come after you. We came here to have fun; you should excuse us. If you want to discuss business, take it up with Gerald,” he said, dismissing her, and she left quietly. Heather laughed, and Aldo joined her. Teressa had made a fool of herself.

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Chapter 27

27 End Of The Vacation

Luca.

I knew Emma wasn’t joking when she requested to be my mistress. I was hoping it wouldn’t come to that, but it had. I could see it in her eyes. She was battling her emotions just as I was. I wasn’t angry at her when I walked away. I was mad at myself for putting her in a situation she would think so low of herself. Aldo sensed something was wrong, but I hid it from him. When Teressa approached us, I was surprised, but I chose to pass away the time by hearing what she had to say. She claimed she saw us by accident, but I knew my mother was behind it. My mother wanted me to start courting Teressa immediately, and I was mad at her. Teressa told me that Emma and her friend were partying with some men, knowing how easily I got jealous. It got to me, but who was I to get jealous? As much as I wanted to go to where she was and drag her away from the men, I knew she would be free to do as she liked in a couple of months. I also knew that my reaction to her request was what led her to do that.

When I returned to the room, I was surprised to see her sleeping in bed. I figured the party was what it was, just a party and nothing more. She was faithful. I lay next to her. I wanted to wake her up and make love to her, but I doubted it would be the right thing to do after the awkward moment we had. So I leaned to kiss her. Her scent filled my sense, and I was suddenly overcome with the urge to claim her as mine. My inner wolf wanted to own her; my heart was hers. I knelt over her and stared at her. My body was moving on its own, and I fought with all my might. If she hadn’t woken up, I might have sunk my teeth into her flesh, and everything would be history. It took a bit to calm down, and I knew she knew; she saw it, but to my surprise, she acted as if it were nothing. We had fun at the Gazebo. When Teressa interrupted us and asked Emma about her time with me, it hurt to hear her answer it so freely. I began to suspect she was over me. After all, she had gotten over Thomas, who was her first, and they dated for three years. Why can’t she get over me, whom she had been with for only eight months? As much as Teressa pretended she wasn’t interested in me, her action showed otherwise. I did not want her spoiling our holiday, so I told her to leave us. Since Kyle was going back

the next day, we decided to stay up partying. Aldo seemed to be taken by Heather, but I chose to mind my business. Heather did not know, and neither did Emma.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

The vacation was fun. Emma never had any serious talk with me and avoided us having profound moments altogether. I was grateful for her effort, and I was glad that she allowed us to have fun and create memories without complications. Aldo and Heather were spending a lot of time together, leaving Emma and me most of the time. I could not complain; in fact, that was what I wanted. I wondered if they would ever have anything serious or if Aldo would decide to let Heather go like me. How and where they chose to take their relationship was entirely up to them. Emma and I retired early and spent the rest of the evening making love before we fell asleep. I woke up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom. I finished what I was doing and was about to exit the bathroom when Emma linked me.

“There are three human men in the room with guns,” she said, and I was on alert. I remembered I kept my gun by the nightstand. I was grateful it was loaded. Humans were not as fast as us. Whatever I needed to do had to be quick I exited immediately, and Emma was naked and on her knees. As she had told me, there were three of them, and they had masks on. “What do you want?” I asked the men, gearing to aim for the nightstand where my gun was. They laughed, but my alpha aura intimidated and confused them. I had that effect on humans too, and it was to my advantage because something told me if it wasn’t for it, both Emma and I would have been dead. The one holding a gun to Emma’s head was about to pull the trigger when I moved quickly and knocked him out of the way, pushing both of us towards the nightstand. Shots were fired, and Emma shifted and attacked them. I broke the neck of the guy I struck and reached for the nightstand. The instant I picked the gun up, I heard a gunshot and a whimper. I turned quickly and fired two shots at the other two men. My aim was good, and I got them in the head. I was very fast, so they could not compose themselves and shoot me. They fell, and I saw who whimpered; it was Emma. She had blocked a bullet meant for me with her body. I screamed immediately, carried her wolf, and placed her on had come with silver bullets. So I knew it was a werewolf that sent them. She was unconscious, and this was a human establishment. I could not take her out in wolf form. Aldo and Heather entered our room, and Heather ran to her friend wrapped in bedsheets while Aldo was in shorts.

“What happened?” he asked me, looking at Emma’s wolf on the bed and the three men that had attacked us on the floor.

“She took a bullet for me; we need to find the wound and take it out now. She is unconscious.” I said and ran to the cupboard and brought the first aid kit Emma had forced me to bring. My hands were shaking, and my eyes were filled with tears. I began to search her white fur. Heather helped me, and we finally found the bullet hole on her side. My hands were shaking, so Heather took over and helped take it out. Emma’s heart was still beating, but she was unconscious, and I did not know what to do. Heather continued to check to make sure that was it. “What did they want?” Aldo asked me, and I was too distraught to respond. He shook me a bit, and then I yelled at him.

“I don’t know! I don’t know! I went to the toilet, and they silently broke in and made

Emma go on her knees. I rushed out immediately, and the man was about to pull the trigger when I pounced on him in my human form. Emma shifted and tackled the other two men to buy me time to get the gun I came with. It all happened fast. I think one of the men aimed their gun at me when I tried to pick my gun up, and Emma blocked it with her body." I explained. I had never been distraught in situations like this before. I had always been able to keep calm no matter the problem. But here I was coming apart. Emma had taken my heart complete. I realised what I was afraid of had finally happened. I put her life in danger. "Just that bullet hole. She will be fine," Heather said. She had been crying too because I saw her wipe away her tears. Aldo pulled her close, and I realised they were together when the incident happened, which explains why they entered together and why Heather was in sheets instead of a nightdress or pyjama. I looked at Emma's wolf and prayed to the goddess to make her okay. This was why I did not want to stay with her. I will bring her nothing but death. My life is dangerous, and Emma does not deserve this. "Do you think it's the Gallos?" Aldo asked, and I did not know. There were too many things going on at once.

"It could be anyone," I said, and Heather wiped away her tears. "Teressa," she said, and I shook my head. "They wouldn't have tried to kill me if it were Teressa. They wouldn't have given me time to come out of the bathroom. They would have shot her and left before I came out of the bathroom. They were skilled and came prepared. They let themselves into my room quietly, and their guns had silencers. It wasn't Teressa. Whoever sent them wanted me dead. Killing Emma would have been a bonus. My alpha aura slowed them down and gave us a chance to act, "I said through gritted teeth and looked at Emma. She was regaining consciousness, so I linked her to shift back to her human form, and she shifted but remained asleep.

They had got me on the shoulder, but the bullet had an exit wound. After Emma shifted, Aldo and Heather left us alone. We had men at the resort who came to my room to move the bodies and check them for evidence that might lead us to the person who sent them. I watched Emma sleep peacefully. I promised myself never to let my guard down again. This was supposed to be a holiday, but it had just turned sour. There was no point staying the full ten days. I called Gerald on the phone to make arrangements so we could leave the Island in the morning. I was grateful that I had obliged Emma and come with a gun and bullets. Those men would have killed us if the struggle had lasted longer than it did. I was grateful. We packed our bags the next day and left the Island. I held Emma all through the flight, knowing that if luck wasn't on our side, she wouldn't have returned with me alive. I was grateful and promised myself to find the bastard responsible for it. Emma's healing wasn't as quick as mine because she was an Omega, so she still had slight pain in her side, but I was glad she was alright.

Aldo offered to take Heather to Celio while Emma and I went home. As Emma and I went up the stairs, I decided to let her go. Waiting for the four months to be over will be dangerous, especially when I did not know all the people after me and why. The heat was getting much, and she wasn't built for this life.

"Luca," she said, snapping me out of my deep thoughts. "This is not your fault," she whispered, pulling me back to bed. But I knew it was my fault, and I was the reason she almost got killed. It was time to set her free.

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Chapter 28

28 Letting Go

Emma.

The words came like a knife to my heart. A deep cut that I knew would never heal. Luca stood before me with tear-filled eyes and said he was letting me go.

"We still have four months," I protested, and he ran his fingers through his hair.

"We wouldn't if those bastards had succeeded and you had died. Please understand, Emma. You have to leave. I am cutting off from you, and I will make a public show of it so they will know you are no longer connected to me, and they will stay away from you. This is my cross to bear alone, not yours," he said, and against my better judgement, I began to cry. I knew I promised to close my heart, but it was easier said than done. I couldn't. My emotions were all over the place. I cursed everything. We shouldn't have gone on that vacation. If we had remained home, nothing would happen.

"Luca, I will stay indoors. I won't go out. Please don't do this," I pleaded. I was desperate. I knew he needed me just as much as I needed him, and his heart was breaking just as much as mine, but he was too damn stubborn. I wished I had Aldo or Castelo's number so they could talk some sense into him, but I didn't, and I knew deep down Luca won't budge even with their influence.

"Please do not make this difficult, Emma. You promised no strings attached," he reminded me, and I wiped away my tears and nodded.

"I still have four months, Luca. At least give me time to organise myself and prepare for a life away from here. I do not want to go back to Celio. If I leave today, I will have to return to Celio." I said, hoping to get through to him.

"You can prepare yourself for what you want to do in Celio. You have more than enough in the account I set up for you. I need you to cut off from me completely," he said with a strong voice, and I began to weep.

I had nothing to say. There was nothing I could say or do. His mind was made up. Why was I doomed when it came to love? I got off the bed and walked to where he stood. I wrapped my arms around him and placed my hand on his chest.

"Luca, I want to stay with you. I had never been happy until we got together. I want to remain here with you, by your side as your wife. I will never ask for too much, Luca. I do not care for material things. We do not have to go on vacations; we can stay here but don't do this, please. You say you want to save my life with this action, but you will be killing me this way. I promised not to talk about my feelings Luca, but I have to. I have to lay it all on the line, hoping you will listen and change your decision to end this." I said with my head against his chest. He wrapped his arms around me and kissed the top of my head.

"You might hate me now, Emma, but you will understand in future. Men like me do not live long. If we do, everyone around us pays for it with their lives. I do not want you dead. You will always be in my heart, Emma. I have never loved anyone as much as I have loved you. Being with you made me forget about my cares and my trouble. I have experienced what love and being loved is. It is enough for me, Emma. I cannot ask you

to give your life for this. You are not cut out for this. Please, pack your bags and leave.” He said, and I pulled away and looked into his eyes. I was in pain and was mad that he was too stubborn. He loved me, yet he wanted me to go. Realising I couldn’t get to him, I nodded. I went to the closet and packed only the clothes I came with in the bag I had brought. I changed into the shorts and t-shirt I had had for a long time. If he wasn’t letting us love each other, then there was no point keeping his money or the things he bought for me. I took off the yellow diamond ring and the wedding band he purchased for me.

When I finished packing, I went to the bathroom to wash my face, returned to the closet, and brought my bag

“What is that?” He asked me, confused.

“What I came with,” I said, and he was stunned.

“If I keep any of this stuff, it would be too painful to bear. You can sell them or give them away. I will not need fancy stuff where I am going.” I said, wiping away fresh tears. Then I handed him the rings and the Atm card. “It’s your money, Emma,” He said to me, and I shook my head.

“No, Luca. It is your money. Since our contract is over, it is only best I return everything to you,” I said. When he refused to take it, I placed the items on the dresser.

“Emma, please,” he said, and I stopped him. “If you can’t listen to my pleas, then why should I listen to yours? I was fine before this; I will be alright. When am I leaving?” I asked him, and he looked at me long and hard. I could see him fighting himself, but I knew there was no way he would let me stay. It was over. I knew he did not sleep through the night. “Emma.” he said, and I shut him up. He wasn’t going to tell me what I wanted him to say. “I know you are sending me away to keep me safe, Luca, but know this, if you die, I will follow you to the afterlife. I will only be safe if you stay alive, and that is a promise. I won’t bother you or stalk you. I know you want a clean break, and I promise to maintain my silence and distance but if you die, know that what you did today will not matter or count because I will follow you.” I said to him, and he was in shock. He searched my eyes, but I remained firm in what I said. He moved closer to me and cupped my face in his hands.

Both our hearts were breaking, and it was his fault. He bent and arrested my lips with his. I poured my heart into the kiss, and he did the same. Soon he lifted me up, and I wrapped my legs around him. I wanted to commit everything about being with him to memory. He laid me on the bed with dark wolf eyes. It didn’t take long for us to undress. He went down on me, and I tugged at his hair and moaned his name. I knew this would be the last time, so I wanted everything. I wanted it all. I wish I could get a claim, but I knew it would never get that far, so I intended to take what he was offering and savour it. I came, and he buried himself into me and pumped. It was different. His love was deep and painful. He maintained eye contact with me, and my heart was breaking so much that I looked away because even though I was wrapped in pleasure, the pain in my eyes made tears of both pain and pleasure fall. I did not want him to stop. I wanted to savour it and remain in a paused scene for the rest of my life, but soon we both came, and the moment was over. I sat up in bed and wept, then went to dress up. I knew he did not mean to make love to me; it was a goodbye kiss that turned steamy.

“Gerald would drive you to Celio. I hope you rethink leaving and stay there. Celio is under me, so you will always be safe there.” He said, and I wasn’t really listening

anymore. I picked up my bag, and he took the bag from me immediately and pleaded with me to take everything he had given me, but I refused. He had done enough. I reminded him what he had told me about the jewellery, and he was silent.

“Your mother would be elated. At least some people would get some joy out of this,” I said with a painful smile. “Well, if you ever change your mind any time soon, I will be at Celio,” I said, and he smiled at me, but the smile wasn’t genuine, I saw his pain. We stepped out of his bedroom together, and I realised it was truly over. I will never sleep on that bed or call it our room again. It was fun while it lasted. I had a rough and good time. It was time to move on. As I descended the staircase, I prayed to the goddess to not make me an Omega in my next life. Whatever sins I had committed in my previous life were paid for in full now because there is nothing worse than losing love.

His mother smiled at the foot of the stairs, and I smiled at her. Catalina had tears in her eyes. When I got to the foot of the stairs, she hugged me. “Please stay in touch, Emma. Call me,” she said, and I nodded. I asked her to write down her number on a piece of paper because I had left the phone Luca got me. I would use Tevin’s phone to stay in touch with her when my heart heals. She did as I said and hugged me again.

“Tell your father to stay away from debt. People don’t get lucky twice,” Lacy said, and I smiled at her.

“I will miss you too, Lacy, especially the insults. They made this house lively for me.” I said, and her eyes faltered a bit. She looked away and soon started walking away quickly.

“She turned around when she found out how you saved my brother’s life,” Catalina said, feeling sorry for her mother, and I smiled at her. The staff in the house all came to bid me farewell. Luca and I walked out of the house. We had nothing to say to each other; it was over. I got into the car, and Luca shut the door. I could not look at him anymore because tears were streaming down my face. I broke down entirely and began to cry. Gerald got into the car, and the driver drove off. The further the vehicle went, the louder I wailed.

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Chapter 29

29 Getting By Luca.

I roared with all my might. My pain was real, my heart was broken, and my soul had been ripped from me. Why was I doomed? Emma was everything I had ever wanted in a woman; perfect in every way. She was my soulmate, and I had to let her go. I had to let her go, so I do not lose her. There were too many unknown people after me, and she wasn’t cut out for this life. My heart was bleeding. Images of her crying in the car reeled in my mind. All I had to do was change my mind, and all this pain would be gone, but I knew the pain would be worse if I let her stay and she got killed. She bared her heart out and pleaded with me; little did she know I was more in love with her than she

was with me. Why did I have to do well in the family business and rise to the top? I was ambitious, and look where it got me. The one thing I wanted so much, I could never have.

I knelt on the floor in my bedroom and wept. Usually, she would hold and try to console me, but now that it was over, who will do those things? I did not know how lonely I was until now. My life was bleak, and she brought colour into it. She made me feel alive. I wept. I went to the closet where her clothes were and sat in the middle, taking in her scent and crying. She left empty-handed. She didn't want to take anything I got her. I wanted her to keep the ring, but she left that one too. I looked at my wedding band and did not know what to do. Taking it off will be difficult. I knew someone was at the door, but I could not leave the closet to check I was broken.

"Emma!" I roared again. What the fuck had I done? I was tempted to call Gerald to bring her back, but every time I remembered the scene in the hotel room, I would decide against it. What if she had died? What if the bullet had hit her heart? At least she was alive and well. Yes, her heart was broken, but she will heal with time. I wept for a bit. Images of us reeled on my mind, and I never knew a time would come when someone would get to me and touch my heart profoundly.

My problems were too much. There was a faceless mob rising, families that wanted my position and business territories, the Bianchis and their stupid proposal, and the bastard that sent humans to try to kill Emma and me. The problem was much. If only I knew where my problem was from, I would have risked it, but other than Deigo Gallo and Bianchi, the rest were faceless, and that was the most dangerous threat. It could be anyone. I did not know a time like this would come. Somehow I wish I could get a do-over in my life. I would have given the family business to Roberto and run away with my sweet Emma. My curse had somehow become hers.

Emma's warning rang in my head, and something in her eyes stated she meant it. If I dared die, she would kill herself. I remained in the closet for a while and returned to my bedroom. A FEW HOURS LATER.

Gerald finally called my phone, and I answered.

"Hello," I managed to sound hard and unaffected.

"We have dropped her off at her folks," he said, and I knew he was hesitating.

"Say it," he ordered him.

"She cried all the way, alpha. Begged us to turn around a few times and cried some more. It wasn't easy, alpha," he said, and my heart shattered some more. I was responsible for her pain. She said no strings attached, but we were both deceiving ourselves when we said we wouldn't get our hearts involved. I was stupid. The attraction was there from the bus. I knew she was meant for me, yet I still went ahead, thinking I would have the heart to let her go when the time came. I guess my stupidity was what it was, stupidity

I hung up and lay on my bed. I had loved her one last time, and she had let me. I will cherish that moment for the rest of my life.

ONE WEEK LATER.

Catalina walked into my home office. I knew she was scared because I had been cranky since Emma left. Yelling and getting angry at every slight provocation. I had almost killed innocent people, and that pissed me off. I felt myself losing my mind, and there

was nothing that could keep me centred.

"Come in," I said to my sister, and she came to sit.

"Luca," she managed, and I looked at her.

"Do not push yourself like this. Emma is tougher than she looks. She can handle our lifestyle. Go and bring her back. There is no reason why you two should be apart. Please, Luca. She was hurting when she left," She said, and I looked at her. I wanted to ask her if she had spoken to Emma but decided against it.

"Stop talking to me about Emma. Tell her to move on when you speak to her because I won't change my mind. It was a contract, and now it is over." I said, and she looked at me. She was about to speak again when I yelled at her. She shook with fear, and I regretted it the instant I had done it.

"I am sorry, Catalina. Please. I have too much to do. Do not speak of Emma again. Whatever was between us is over. Soon she will stop crying and get over it. I promise." I said more to myself than to Catalina. My sister did not say a word but got up to leave. Who was I fooling? My heart was in the same state as Emma's. The only difference was that, unlike her, I dared not break down in the presence of others.

TWO WEEKS LATER

Emma had done an excellent job with the books and organised everything. I doubted I would find someone who could genuinely help me like she did. For now, I will have to do it myself. So I decided to go through the entries to take my mind off the disease plaguing it called 'Heartbreak'. It wasn't long before I found something that Emma did not mention. Why didn't she tell me? These were suspicious transactions, and she did not bring them to my attention. I knew it was deliberate because she made the entries. My father was paying money into three accounts of people I did not know without permission. It was my money. He had wasted all the money left to him by his father. I built this family's business from peanuts, and now he was wasting what I had managed to gather. What I saw did not sit well with me, and I was mad.

He paid monthly money to Karolyn Wallace, Marco Wallace and Randy Wallace. Who the fuck were these people, and why was my father paying them money monthly? Why didn't Emma tell me? This was the time that I would have liked to spank her for this shit, but she was in her father's house. I wanted to call Tevin to ask to speak to his sister, who was still my wife, because I was yet to bring myself to start the annulment process. I planned not to annul the

marriage ever so I would know when she wanted to settle down, and then I will divorce her properly. Keeping her as my wife on paper made my heart bear the pain. Why did she keep this from me? Why didn't she tell me? I knew my mental state wasn't so good, and I was erratic, but I had to confront my father. It was things like this that made me suspicious of people. I angrily left my office and went down the stairs. He was in the living room with my mother, watching television. The moment my parents saw me, they smiled. My father was glad I was out of the office, and my mother was concerned. Ever since Emma left, my mother had been acting weird. She missed Emma in her own way. When you fight with people often and live in the same space, blaming them for everything that goes wrong, you feel it when they are no longer around. My mother had not brought up Teresa since Emma left, and with how things were looking, she would not bring it up. She knew how I felt about Emma, and after Emma took a bullet for me, there was no questioning how she felt about me. She also proved she did not care for

the money, which was what my mother thought she was after initially. I saw regret in her eyes, but it was too late because I had let Emma go so she could have a decent life, safe with a certain future, instead of living on the edge and watching her back every time. "Father, I need to talk to you now," I commanded, and my father frowned at me. He looked a bit confused. Since he was with my mother, I figured there was no point speaking about the issue behind her back, so I spoke up.

"Why are you paying the Wallace money every month? Who the fuck are these people?" I asked him, and he was in shock. He did not expect me to know but too bad for him, Emma was good at her job. I guess that was why she did not tell me; she did not want to create a problem between my father and me. She knew how I would react when I discovered that my father had been secretly paying money that I worked for to strangers. Because of this money and business, I could not have the woman I love in my life. Thinking of the extent of my sacrifice for the family business made me angrier, and I yelled.

"Tell me, god damn it!" I yelled, and he shook.

"Sweetheart, you need to calm down. Your father will answer your question." My mother said, standing up with my father. She turned to my father and placed her hand on his chest.

"Common Theo, tell him. It is his right to know. I, too, am curious to know why you are paying this family money. Are they blackmailing you?" my mother asked, but his eyes showed pure fear. I wasn't the one he was afraid of; it was my mother.

"My office," I told him, and he nodded and followed me quietly, leaving my mother behind. Once we got there, I closed the door and looked at him.

"How did you find out?" he asked me, surprised he was caught. "I had someone look into our books," I said, not mentioning my wife's name. "Please, you can't tell your mother," he said, and I looked at him.

"Now that you are in love and have experienced heartbreak, I can explain.

"Karolyn is to me as Emma is to you," he said, and I staggered. I could not believe what I was hearing

"Is that why you will be sending her and her children money? I get you want to help your ex girlfriend, but you have done enough. The money is ridiculous. If she needs help, let her mate do it," I complained, and he sighed.

"He is missing in action," my father said, and I could not care less. "Still, the money is ridiculous. I gave the Wyatts little money, and they are on their feet. If these people truly understood that you are just helping, they would have gotten on their feet with that money instead of living large. I am blocking you from accessing the fund." I said to him, and he got angry.

"Don't you dare forget that I was boss before you," he warned me, trying to sound like a don, and I laughed.

"To the mafia community, you might have been big. Might have even struggled for power with Mathias Bianchi. Still, we both know financially that you were a bottom-runt boss with no money. I now see how you blew all your money away with limited resources. You frittered most of it on this Wallace woman and wasted all that grandfather worked for. If I hadn't taken over when I did, the world would have known our secret. I am cutting you off from the money, father. Tell your ex to get a job, and the

same goes for her children.” I warned him and walked away, leaving him seething with anger. I did not care.

Luca’s Inferno by Karima Sa’ad Usman Chapter 30

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Chapter 30

30 A Shock

Emma.

I cried so much that I couldn’t breathe. On our way to Celio, I had several panic attacks, and Gerald had to stop the car to calm me down.

“Take me back to Ashfield!” I protested, and Gerald could not say anything. He felt sorry for me. I never knew I could feel this hurt in my life, but here I was, hurting, deep to my soul. It felt like part of my soul had been taken from me. It felt like hell. I had never experienced this level of pain before. A pain that had an impossible cure: Luca. All the emotions rushed through me like fire, and I wailed.

“How dare you, Luca. How dare you do this to us? How dare you say I can’t handle your lifestyle?” I screamed to no one precisely. He had broken both our hearts. I swallowed my pride and pleaded with him not to do this, but he did. Did he have a knack for suffering? I hugged myself and wailed all the way to Celio.

When I entered my father’s house in Celio, I went straight to my room and did not say a word to anyone. I locked the door, sat on the floor and wept.

I refused to come out of my room, and after three days of starving myself, Tevin broke the door to get to me. I did not know I could go that long without food, but I did. Tevin and Bruce refused to fix the lock, and Gilbert was responsible for ensuring I ate properly. I was lifeless.

Heather came to visit, and we sat and stared at each other most of the time. I could not get over him.

“I will talk to Aldo, Emma. I am sure he would get some sense into Luca.” She said, and I shook my head numbly and slowly. There was no use. The Luca I knew had said goodbye and closed his heart. He was probably going ahead with courting Teresa. It really didn’t matter. It was a contract, and he had terminated it before the due date.

THREE WEEKS LATER.

I was beginning to accept what had happened to me. Tomas had tried to see me several times, but my mother blocked him. She said she did not want him in our lives. They knew the Gibsons made Don Marcelo want to hold on to us by all means. My mother protected us and made a public show of it so everyone would know I was not interested in Tomas. I knew Tomas was vindictive, but I did not care what he would do. I doubted if I would ever open my heart for love again.

“Hey,” Kyle said, letting himself into my room. He had visited with his wife, Leana. They were both young and looked cute together. I was happy for my brother but envious at the same time. Why didn’t the goddess tie me to an omega like me? Why did I have to experience heartbreak from two powerful men? The higher I went, the more painful the

fall. Kyle had said 'Hey', and all that was on my mind was Luca. I was in a trans, wondering what he was doing and who he was with. I wondered how he was managing his anger and who was taking care of him. I was tempted to call him just to hear his voice, but I fought against it every time. I knew he wanted a clean break, and I had to be tough enough to give that to him. "Emma, you do not look well; you need to see a doctor and then a shrink. You have been through a lot. First Tomas and now Luca. You need help, Emma," Kyle said, and I smiled at him. I knew I was losing it. I knew I was acting crazy, but I also knew I was normal; it was hard to get by with a broken heart and half your soul.

Leana joined her husband to plead with me for a general check-up at least, so I would know that my health was okay. I agreed to go in a few days so they could leave me alone. Kyle promised to come and pick me up to make sure I kept my promise, and I did not care. I cursed that stupid vacation Luca and I went on. If it weren't for that vacation, no one would have buried a bullet in me and made him panic the way he did.

Convincing him to let us remain together would have been easier, but he had to see me almost die. He had to tend to my wolf and imagine how terrible things would have gone. It was only normal for him to panic and let me go. He did not want to realise his nightmare, but now I was living a nightmare, and there was nothing I could do about it. Kyle came to pick me up as he promised and drove me to the hospital. Everyone there knew my story and pitied me. It wasn't easy being married to the big boss. I did not know if it was pity or mockery, but I did not care. Nothing could hurt more than what Luca did. I did not want to see Declan in my dreams again, even though he was my only comfort, because I needed to close Luca's chapter badly. "Welcome, Mrs Alessandro," Doctor Faye Nikolas said to me. I arched my eyebrow, seeing it as a form of mockery. "It is Ms Wyatt," I corrected her, and she smiled and looked down at the paper in her hand.

She looked at Kyle, and he nodded and told her it was okay. I knew I looked like a mad woman.

"Apart from your malnourishment, you are absolutely fine." the doctor said, and I wanted to get up and leave. "Please feed well and seek therapy for the sake of your baby, Ms Wyatt," she said, but I was suddenly stuck to the seat. How could I be pregnant? I was on birth control.

"That can't be right. I am on birth control," I argued, and the doctor smiled.

"These things happen. Contraceptives aren't always effective. Besides, you might have missed some of your doses," she said, and I remembered the day we arrived at the Island. I had spewed that nonsense about us remaining together and me being his mistress. I had gotten home drunk and missed my pills. I also missed my pills the day we partied because Kyle was leaving. Fuck! fuck! fuck! What was I going to do? I was actually planning on leaving Celio soon. How the fuck was I going to leave without any money or a job? Who will hire a pregnant woman? I did not know how to feel.

"Is there a problem, Ms Wyatt?" The doctor asked, and tears streamed down my eyes. They were tears of pain and frustration. I cursed at fate and what it had done to me. I must have really fucked up big time in my past life for life to deal me a shitty hand like this. "I wasn't supposed to get pregnant," I said, afraid, with a low voice, and they were all silent. Tears began to stream down my face because I did not know what to do.

"Calm down, Emma. Please be calm." Kyle said, but how could I? Luca would be mad if

he found out. He will hate me, and I will be that bitch that tried to trap a man with a baby. "There are options. The pregnancy is just four weeks. You could abort.." The doctor offered, and Kyle shut her up.

"The baby is wanted, Doctor Faye. There will be no abortion," he told her sternly, and she nodded in response.

"Come on," Kyle said, and I felt like a zombie. I just got up like a child and followed him. We walked out of the hospital and got into his car. My tears were flowing; I did not know how to feel. I had a piece of Luca, but was it right? "Emma, you are going to be alright. Luca might have ended the marriage, but you have five men in your life that would care for you. I am sure Tevin, Bruce, Gilbert and father would be thrilled. There was no doubt that you and Luca were in love. The circumstances did not favour your relationship. See this as a blessing. You can give all the love you feel for him to his baby." He said, and I did not say a word. I was numb about it. This was too much to bear.