

Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 5

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Emma.

ONE MONTH LATER.

A human restaurant finally reached out to me and said they had a free spot. I visited them a few months ago, and they were fully staffed then. The manager promised to call me when they needed help, and I doubted it would happen. I guess I was wrong.

They told me I could come for the interview on Monday or Wednesday. The salary they were offering was decent. I might not be able to get a human degree with it, but I could cater for myself.

I told my brother about it, and Tevin gave me money to use the bus instead of walking. I was so excited and thanked him. I was too eager for the job and decided I would go there on Monday.

I called Heather using the pay phone and told her about it. She was so happy. She offered to bring me money for transportation, but I told her not to bother that my brother had taken care of it. I knew she was happy for me.

I woke up very early in the morning, excited about the interview. They called me and offered me the Book Keeper's position which meant I had gotten it. I just had to find a way to make sure my pack did not find out that I would be working with humans. Although Alpha Gibson had his hands full, some overzealous people in the pack could make insignificant things such as an Omega working for humans a serious matter. I had lived off my brothers long enough. They were not complaining, but I was too old for that. It was time to get up and do something with my life.

I showered and got dressed for the day. I was up early, so I contemplated walking to the venue. That way, I could save money and use the bus back. The money given to me could only pay for one way trip to the restaurant. I contemplated what to do. I had two options: walk to the interview and return with the bus or go with the bus and return on foot. One thing I was sure of was that appearance mattered, and even though it was a waiting job, I knew I would have to look my best. So I decided to take the bus. I did not want to appear tired, sweaty and out of breath when I arrived at the restaurant. I also did not want them to know how desperately I needed the job. If anyone knew I walked there, they would know I was desperate because my house was far from the place.

Tomas had not stopped disturbing me, and Veronica knew about it because she started threatening me too. Soon I suspected he would become aggressive about it. He had been sending me presents lately, telling me how sorry he was and that he had made a big mistake. Of course, I knew he did. Most alpha males needed women that would be submissive to them, especially a fake Alpha like Tomas. He needed to feel like a man. Where Veronica might challenge his masculinity, I was utterly submissive, helping his ego to swell. Now he had to face reality.

Alpha Gibson's mistress was an Omega; to me, everyone knew why. As insignificant as we may be, the pack needed us. When everything got heated, we calmed things down. Being with an omega is peaceful and serene. We aren't domineering and do not exude any form of authority, so people are effortlessly comfortable around us. Tomas was bound to miss me because of the peace and pleasure he experienced being with me. I would have considered his offer if he was forced to be with Veronica, did not say those horrible things to me and had not treated me the way he did. Thanks to his words and behaviour, I was over him, and there was no way I was going back to him.

I got dressed for my appointment and went to wait at the bus stop. I asked a human woman at the bus stop when the bus would arrive, and she told me I had missed the first one and that the next one would be there in an hour. I wanted to hop on the first bus, but I rarely took the bus, so I could not remember the time schedule.

I sat on the bench waiting for the bus. While I waited, I thought of Declan and wondered when next I would see him in my dreams. In the last dream I had, we went to a party, and we danced. I was wearing a beautiful velvet red dress that he had bought me, and he had made some comments. I did not know how my mind was making shits like this up, but it was blissful. We danced, and just as always, he told me not to forget him before I woke up.

As blissful as my dreams were, mystery man Declan never told me he loved me, and I never told him I loved him. It wasn't weird, but I would think that my mind would have that part sorted. For some reason, our conversation never went in that direction, but I had somehow fallen in love with the man in my dreams. It might be a crush or infatuation, but it was there. My eagerness to meet him in my dreams meant some feelings were lurking around the crevice of my hardened heart.

I was still in deep thoughts when the bus finally arrived. I was too excited to pay attention. I hopped on the bus and went to sit close to the window in the middle section. The moment I sat down, I had a deja vu feeling like I had been there before. It was possible, but the feeling was too strong for me. I looked around to figure out what was unique about the bus and if I would find anything that could help me understand the Deja vu, but there wasn't anything. Soon I stopped bothering about it and sat tight as the bus moved and stopped at the various bus stop to pick up passengers. Fingers crossed, that job was definitely mine.

I was quietly humming a song when a familiar voice asked me a very familiar question.

'Hi', he said, and I looked up and saw a guy that looked like Declan brushing strands of his hair back, but he wasn't smiling. I was tongue-tied and in shock. What were the odds that I would see the exact replica of the man I dreamt about? That was when the Deja vu hit me again, and now I knew why. I looked around the bus and realised it was the exact replica of the bus I boarded in which he told me his name. Was I dreaming again? Had I somehow fallen asleep on the bus and travelled to dreamland? If so, I needed to wake up so I did not miss my stop. I pinched myself to wake up, and it hurt like hell. The man looked at me as if something was wrong, and I could not blame him. I was acting like a retard.

"Is this seat taken?" He asked with his deep, husky, masculine voice that got me intrigued from the onset. Not knowing what to do, I decided to answer him the way I did in my dreams.

"I do not know, sir. It depends," I said with a broad smile, and he looked at me as if I were nuts and had confused him.

"I beg your pardon?" he asked, and I did not know what to say because obviously, this was not a dream. Snapping out of the trance I was in, I swallowed my next words and nodded. He was confused, and I pointed at the seat and nodded. Why was I behaving like a retard around this man? He clearly did not know me or who I was. There was no way he was the same man in my dreams. Just because we met on a bus with him wearing the same clothes and asking the same questions as in my dream does not mean it isn't a coincidence. But what were the odds?

He finally sat beside me, and just then, the passengers on the bus began to clap and cheer. I looked in the direction of what they were cheering, and there was a man, on one knee, slipping a ring on a woman's finger. He had asked her to marry him, and she had said yes, just like in my dream. There was no way all this could be a coincidence. I knew all the events in this particular dream by heart, so I braced myself for it.

I know it was crazy, and I was actually meeting this guy for the first time. But he did not give me 'stranger vibes'. I had dreamt about him for three years, so I felt close to him even though I did not know him. Something was domineering about him, and his scent was exhilarating. He was an alpha quite alright, but he was also something else. Something strong and determined. I could not put my finger on it. He also had an aura that screamed danger. I did not know I was staring at him until he cleared his throat. I was embarrassed immediately and looked away.

"A happy day, don't you think?" I asked him, and he completely ignored me. In my dream, that was supposed to be the next line he would say to me, but here I was saying the words trying to make it seem as if I could read his mind. Clearly, he wasn't thinking of that, and I just made a fool of myself.

The bus stopped at my destination, but I was too intrigued to alight. I wanted him to ask me for coffee. I wanted him to be Declan from my dreams. I was eager to experience

that kind of devotion in real life. To my disappointment, the man remained silent, and I think he got uncomfortable with me at a time. I looked around, and there were some empty seats. He could have as well gotten up and sat elsewhere, but he chose to remain. It should count for something, right?

“Hi, I am Emma,” I finally said, hoping he would introduce himself properly. I wanted to know his name, and because he did not know me and there was no conversation between us, I could not ask him that question. That would be too forward, and I was trying hard to respect his boundaries.

To my surprise, he did not answer me at all, and I realised he wasn't my Declan. He might look like him, dress like him. We might have met under the same conditions with the same things happening, but he wasn't my Declan. He was someone else. I had missed my stop because of him, hoping we would have a conversation that would lead somewhere, but none of that happened.

We sat in silence until we got to the final stop. We alighted the bus with the rest of the passengers, and I watched him walk away without saying a word to me.

I did not know my predicament until he was out of sight, and I realised I had no money to go back. The diner was a bit far, and I doubted I would make it for the interview. I was grateful I was given two days. I just hoped no one would come and take my job by Wednesday. I started walking back.

I felt stupid, and I was angry at myself. Although he dressed, looked and sounded like Declan, he wasn't Declan. I should have been wiser.

I cursed at my simple mind as I walked back.

While I walked, I heard a voice call out to me from across the street. I looked in the direction, and it was the Declan look-alike guy. By now, I was annoyed. Disappointed that he wasn't my mystery man, and he wasn't pleasant. I stopped out of politeness, and he crossed the road to where I was standing.

“Hey,” he said, sounding indifferent, “I noticed most of the people here are human. You are a wolf. Do you mind taking me to the alpha's house?” he asked, and I knew that was a big no. Tomas and Veronica might be there, and Alpha Gibson's warning still rang in my head.

“I am an Omega, sir; I dare not go there,” I explained, and he looked a bit confused then it registered.

“Nothing will happen to you if you take me there. I am a guest. He invited me. Worst case, I will take responsibility for you,” he said very calmly. It wasn't rude or insulting, but I knew it carried authority and confidence. There was a possibility this man was a

true Alpha. I contemplated it. I had already missed my interview, and I had nothing to do, so I decided I would take him to the place.

“It’s far from here, sir; we might have to take the bus,” I said, and he shrugged.

“How about a taxi?” he asked, and I shook my head. I could not remember the last time I used a cab.

“That will be too expensive, sir,” I said, trying to be reasonable, and he nodded.

“Let me worry about the cost,” he said, and I nodded, understanding that he had just told me to shut up nicely. I flagged a cab, and we hopped in. I told the human driver where we were going.

“Why don’t you have wolf drivers here?” he linked me.

“We have more humans than wolves in Celio,” I explained, and he was silent.

We rode in silence until we got to the alpha’s house. My heart was in my mouth, but I took the courage to take him in. My heart started palpitating from fear when we walked through the massive gate. Everything Alpha Gibson had promised my father ran through my mind.

“I really should leave now,” I told the guy, and he shook his head.

“The least you can do is walk me to the front door. No one will harm you, Omega,” he said, and I knew I was doomed. I could not bolt because that would make me seem like a coward, and I did not want to seem like one.

Just as my luck would have it, Veronica approached us when we got to the front door. She looked at me scornfully, ignoring the Declan look-alike with me. She was coming from the garden, and we were yet to ring the bell.

“What are you doing here, slut?” she asked me with a bitter tone.

“You have no right to be here. Tomas left you for me; take the hint and leave my husband alone,” she said, and I dared not speak back. I was in a dilemma. I could not walk away even if I wanted to because that would be disrespectful. Veronica was looking at me with murder in her eyes. It wasn’t my fault that she was insecure, but I dared not speak. I felt humiliated in those moments. Although they were not in view, I heard her friends laughing at me. Tears did not fall from my eyes, but I blamed myself for coming there. I was mad. Why can’t I just say no to people? I should have walked away from Declan-look-alike and spared myself this humiliation.

I decided to leave regardless. I had turned to leave when a strong hand pulled me back, and I slammed into a hard chest. His masculine scent filled my scenes, and he crashed

his lips on mine. Kissing me fiercely, I was too stunned to respond. The kiss lingered, and I responded before he broke the kiss. I found myself fixed to the spot, wondering what the fuck had just happened. Mystery Declan had just kissed me, and his lips were damn sweet. He stood straight and smiled at me. I looked up into his eyes, still trying to catch the breath he took away with his kiss.

“I will see you later, babe,” he said, and I nodded like a fool and began to walk away. Veronica wasn’t so smug anymore, and the whole place was quiet. The guy was tall and handsome, and he was domineering. Tomas had nothing on him. While I walked away, I touched my lips lightly and wished I could grab him and do that again. I was smitten by him. I knew he was saving me from embarrassment, but did he think about the effect it would have on me? I had left the place when I realised that I did not know his name nor did I have his number. There was a possibility I would never see him again. The day was messed up, and the only reward I got was the shock on Veronica’s face after the mystery man had kissed me. I might never see him again, but I was grateful to the goddess for such an experience. As impossible as it seemed, I hoped our paths crossed again.