

## Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 8

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#### 08 By Chance Part 2

Emma.

I was led into a VVIP lounge with only Tomas there. The moment I stepped in, he came to hug me. I cringed at his touch, but I had no choice.

"I hope they are treating you right?" He said, and I nodded. There was no point telling him what was really happening in the place. We suffered everything except for the beating. No one touched us with silver whips, thanks to Tomas's arrangement with them.

"Come sit next to me," he said, sitting on a couch. We were not allowed to sit on the customer's couches, so I shook my head and remained standing.

"Forget about the rules, Emma. You are exempted when you are with me," he said, and I reluctantly went to sit with him.

Tomas played with my hair and kissed me on my lips, then breathed in my scent. "I am sorry I did not move quickly. I do not know why my phone was switched off. I placed it on the table at home and found it switched off when I returned. I am sorry, Emma," he said, sounding genuinely broken. Then he held my hand and kissed it. "I have discussed with Don Marcelo, and he is willing to release you to me," he said, and I frowned at him.

"What about my family?" I asked, and he shook his head. "He refused. He said they will be treated well, but he will only release you to me if I make payment as agreed," he said, and I frowned at him.

"After you pay him all that money? Why would he still want to hold on to my family?" I asked, and he bowed his head. There was something he was battling with.

"I do not know how you will take this," he said, but I urged him to speak. He looked at me with heartbreak and concern.

"Apparently, slaves are allowed to gamble their way out. It is a way of tricking them into more debts. The games are rigged. Once they put a mark on someone and he or she does not know how to walk away from a losing game, they get the person," He said, and I frowned, not understanding what he was trying to say. "Your father's debt was Eight hundred thousand Leer, which I planned on using money from my trust fund to pay, but as of this morning, his debt tripled. Two million four hundred thousand Leer. Apparently, your father gambled last night, putting all on the line." I could not let him finish his sentence when I screamed. I screamed with all my might. He covered my mouth and held me. I began to cry. Why were we cursed with the bastard? What kind of an idiot is he? How the hell could anyone pay two million four hundred thousand Leer? There is no way we can come up with that money. That is ninety-five years of servitude multiplied by three. It is beyond our life span. It is forever. We will be in this hell forever. "They are only allowing you to come with me because I offered to pay them four hundred thousand," he explained, and I cried. "What about my brothers? Please, Tomas, you

have to help them. My parents can remain. I do not care, but my brothers, I can't leave them here. I cannot be happy knowing they are here. I will do anything you want, please, take my brothers out too." I pleaded with him, and his eyes filled up with tears.

"I can't. Emma. I do not have that much, and now that Veronica knows what I am planning with you, she has been blocking my moves." He confessed, and I looked at him.

"Veronica knows?" I asked, and he nodded.

"I told you I love you, Emma. Everything I said that day was out of anger and stupidity. I am still in love with you. Alpha Gibson has no choice but to let me since he, too, has a mistress. They are unhappy, but I cannot remain unhappy with Veronica. She will always be my wife and Luna, but my heart is yours, Emma. Please let me pay this money and take you out of here. While you are out of here, we can work on helping them." he pleaded with me. It wasn't a happy decision. I could not imagine leaving my brothers in this hell hole. If they stay any longer, they will ship them to somewhere I would not reach them. "Please.." I said, and he shook his head.

"I cannot make a promise I cannot keep, Emma. I do not want to continue coming here like this. The killings have increased, and any night could be a war night. I am risking a lot coming here. I will give you time to think about the offer. Once you decide, you can tell Tikka or Heather to contact me, and I will come for you," he said and stood up. I knew he was telling the truth, but I also knew I could not leave my brothers behind. I knew I would eventually have to turn it down.

The scary part was that once we lost Tomas's support, we would experience the real hell. What we were experiencing was unbearable; I dreaded the future.

I returned to our quarters, stunned at what Tomas had told me about my father. My mother troubled me to tell her what happened, but I could not bring myself to tell her or anyone what her mate had done. I just sat on the mattress in the room and wept. I was conflicted. A big part of me wanted to go and slit my father's throat. That part was bigger than any other part of me. Somehow if the bastard had died earlier, we would not be in this mess.

My mother got short with me for not responding, but I remained silent.

TWO DAYS LATER.

Tikka brought me lovely sexy clothes. She also told me to wear some make-up and look nice. According to her, a prestigious guest was coming to discuss business with Don Marcelo in the WVIP. According to her, I would be serving them. I hated serving the Don. He was a pervert that could not keep his hands to himself. I could not stand him. I wanted to pretend to be sick to pass, but I knew it might affect me in future, so I complied.

I got ready, and Tikka sent me and another girl, Ashely, who was a Rho, to serve the Don and his important guest. Ashley's story was similar to mine, but she wasn't pleasant. She picked on the omegas and created a click for herself. I did not like that we would work together, but that was how fate wanted it.

We went to the lounge to wait. Don Marcelo finally walked in with his guest. To my surprise, it was the stranger on the bus. What was Declan's look-alike doing with the underground boss? He looked at me, but he did not recognise me. I did not know if it was good or bad. Ashley had gone to greet the Don, trying her best to occupy his

attention so he could take her to bed tonight, while I remained fixed to the spot waiting for my orders. I was always frightened around the Don, and this was not a different day. "Serve us my usual," Don Marcelo ordered, and we went to make his mix of Scotch whiskey and amaretto. I was nervous about serving the stranger, but I kept myself together. I bent to place the glass on the table when he said something that made my heart skip. "Lavender and honey," He said, repeating what Declan had said in my dream. I was grateful Don Marcelo wasn't paying attention. My hands were shaking as I stood up to ask him if he would need anything else. He grabbed my hands to steady it, and I felt a jolt of electricity move through me. He looked at my hands and my face. He seemed confused. Then his eyes landed on the silver collar on my neck, and anger replaced his confusion. I was petrified, so afraid that my eyes were tearing up. I did not know what to do or say. I did not know what would happen.

"Emma?" he asked, and tears rolled down my cheeks because I wasn't expecting him to remember the name I had told him on the bus. After all, he had not asked for it, and he did not tell me his either. I nodded gently with our eyes fixed on each other. It was as if he was seeing me for the first time. He had not paid attention on the bus, but he was looking now.

"Avert your gaze, Omega!" Don Marcelo said, finally seeing what was happening, "If it weren't for your benefactor, I would have had you flailed for being so bold," he chastised me. I bowed, pulled my hands away from the stranger's, and stepped back. "Don Luca, you seemed smitten by the omega," Don Marcelo said, and I could not believe I had finally heard his name. It wasn't Declan like in the dream. It was Luca.