

## Luca's Inferno by Karima Sa'ad Usman Chapter 9

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##### 09 Damsel In Distress

##### Luca.

Emma's scent had stayed with me since the day I kissed her at Alpha Gibson's doorstep. Although I had done it to save her from the embarrassment, it had stuck with me.

She was sweet and helpful when I met her. She tried to strike up a conversation with me all through the bus ride, but I was undercover and needed to be inconspicuous. That was why I ignored her, but she was amusing. How she kept staring at me when she thought I wasn't looking was intriguing. She would often look away so I wouldn't catch her staring. As much as I wanted to get up and sit elsewhere, her scent filled my senses and gave me a calming peace. She seemed a bit timid and reserved, and I figured her Omega nature was the cause of it. From how we interacted, I noticed she tried to conquer that side of her and be daring once in a while. She was full of life and highly optimistic. The Emma I saw now is the complete opposite of the one I met on the bus. What must have happened that landed her into slavery? I knew Marcelo did not treat his slaves so kindly. Seeing the collar around her delicate neck made my blood boil. Did he have to degrade everyone just because he could? Whatever the girl might have done, she did not deserve this type of treatment. It was inhumane and barbaric. I could see the fear in her eyes. Her eyes looked haunted. The joy in them was dead. I saw her just a little over four months ago. What happened? "Why is she here?" I asked Marcelo, and he hissed at her while she stepped away to stand in the corner waiting for her next order.

"Her father gambled their future away. He is owing a lot of money and can't pay, so I decided his entire family would work to pay me back," Marcelo said and laughed.

"Why will you enslave an entire family for one man's crimes? Why did you not just take the father?" I asked him, angry at his reasons. The girl was innocent and did not deserve this.

"Omega servers are hard to come by, and they are the best for this type of work. Besides, if the father worked for me all his life, he wouldn't have been able to pay me back." He said, and I was mad.

"And who determines how much their monthly wage is?" I asked him, and he frowned at me.

"Please, Don Luca, how I choose to run my business is none of your business." He said politely with a smile, trying not to offend. "When you unlawfully enslave an entire family from a territory under my protection, it becomes my business, Marcelo," I told him fiercely. He looked at me to see if I was serious, then finally spoke. "Well, this girl pissed off the wrong people, and I have been given permission to hold her and her family here for as long as I can." He said, and I frowned at him. "Who did she piss off?" I asked.

"The wife of the next alpha. The current alpha's daughter. Although the husband, whom I suspect is the cause of it, has been trying to pay her debt and buy her and her family

out. I have been ordered not to allow it. I did not have to do much. Her father was offered an opportunity to gamble out of the bind and took it. Unfortunately, the guy was unlucky and

ended up sinking them into more debt. When we told the future alpha how much the new bill was, he bailed, asking to pay for only her, but between us, I will never release her to him. She is pretty," he said, laughing. He took a gulp of his drink, and I became pissed. "How much are they owing you?" I asked him, and he stopped laughing.

"This is none of your business, Luca; please let it go. They are just omegas, bloody slaves," he said, and my rage started building up. He could see it and averted his gaze quickly. "Two million four hundred thousand Leer," he told me, and I wondered how stupid Emma's father was. How could he have owed that much? How was he planning to pay? Her father was a foolish man.

"I will pay you that money. Let them go," I said.

I heard Emma exhale, and I looked at her. It was as if she had been holding her breath all along. Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably, and she knelt down immediately to thank me. She looked thankful and relieved.

"I can't accept that," Marcelo said, and I frowned at him.

"As I said, Omega servants are the best and hard to come by. I can't let them go. Once Tomas is tired of trying, he will give up. I will move them to the pleasure section, where they will make me a lot of money. This is a trivial matter. Please do not concern yourself with it. As you can see, she is cared for," he said. I got angry.

"Do not force my hand, Marcelo," I warned him, and he averted his gaze with respect.

"They aren't your family, Don Luca. You can't pay their debt, or have you forgotten the rules? I respect you because of my dealings with your father. You are still young, you will meet a lot of them. Let her go," he asked me, and I understood his angle. It was valid. Debts can only be paid by family members. Which was why he had the right to enslave Emma's entire family.

It would be easy to let it go and walk away, but looking at her, I knew I would not forgive myself if I left her to rot. I had always said the world would be a better place filled with good people; Emma was a good person. She went out of her way the first day we met. Even though I was a snub, and taking me there would bring her shame and disgrace, she still helped me without knowing who I was or asking for anything in return. She didn't make a pass at me or try to take advantage of me. Seeing how dead her eyes were, I could not let them remain like that. If I let it go, Marcelo would never let them go, so she and her family would rot here.

"I want to speak to her privately," I said, and Marcelo smiled. He knew he had no choice but to grant my request. Crossing me would be bad for him.

"I could give you a room if you like. I am sure Tomas would not mind. It would be an honour for both of them," he said, and I felt disgusted. I could never use a woman like that, especially one broken and defeated like Emma.

We were led to a room, and she stood in the corner, afraid. "Do not worry. I am not planning on sleeping with you, Emma. I don't do that. I just wanted you to tell me what really happened and how many of your family members are in here." I said, and she looked at me and nodded. "I got home from work, and they took us away, saying my father defaulted on his payment, and we have to work to pay up the debt." She said in

simple words, and I nodded, realising Marcelo did not lie to me.

“Tomas?” I asked, and she shook her head.

He said if I agreed to be his mistress, he would help us. He has been able to stop them from sending us to the pleasure house. I am grateful for it.” She said with pain in her eyes. It was clear she did not like his offer but was playing along because of her predicament. It seemed like the guy was taking advantage of the situation, and I did not like that. “Okay, I have a proposition for you, Emma,” I said, and she looked at me curiously.

“How will you feel if I give you a one-year marriage contract?” I said, and she gasped with shock. I raised my palms to calm her down.

“I won’t touch or do anything intimate with you for this duration. It is the only way I can get you and your family out of here. That way, you will be related out of here. That way, you will be related to me, and your father’s debt will become mine. I am a very important man, Emma, so you will not be allowed to fool around with your boyfriend for this duration. If you are okay, I will call my lawyer to have a contract drafted and a wedding certificate prepared for you to sign.” I said, and she looked stunned.

“Will I have to live with you?” She asked me. “Yes, for one year, you will have to live with me,” I said to her, and she did not overthink it and nodded. Her eyes were dead, and I couldn’t blame her. She must have been through a lot in Marcelo’s hell.

“Very well then, let us shake on it,” I said to her and stretched my hand forward. She took my hand, and I bowed, brought her hand to my lips, and kissed it. I wanted her to relax a bit. She was a bit tense. Finding I was a mob boss must have contributed to her weariness.

“I promise I will let you go when the time comes. No strings attached,” I told her, and she smiled gently, but it didn’t touch her eyes. We returned to where Marcelo was, and she went to stand at the corner by the wall. Marcelo examined me with his eyes while the other girl gave him a blowjob.

“Here I was thinking you were getting some. Or was she not to your liking? Or was she so damn sweet you came too quickly? He said, laughing and groaning at the same time, grabbing the hair of the chick that was attending to his cock. “No, I proposed, and she accepted,” I said with a smile and raised a drink at him. The girl attending to him gagged. “What!” he exclaimed, stopping the girl from doing what she was doing. He quickly tucked this cock in, and anger registered on his face.

“You can’t do that. That is cheating. I had her first,” he said, and I shook my head.

“No, I had her first,” I replied to him. “I met her three months ago in Celio, and she took me to Alpha Gibson’s house. I wanted to court her then, but she was nowhere to be found. Now fate has brought her my way; I do not intend to let go.” I said, and he looked at Emma scornfully. She looked down, and I noticed she was nervous. “She is an Omega, for fuck sake; tone down the anger,” I warned him because I could see how uneasy Emma was. “What is with you that makes every man lose their head over you?” He asked Emma, and she remained mute, eyes trained on the floor.

“You pay me four million, and she is yours. I own her, so you have to pay her bride price to me.” He said to me, smiling. He was trying to make her expensive, so I would walk away, and he would get to keep her, just as he did to Tomas. But I wasn’t Tomas. I am Luca. The head of the Alessandro household, the Alpha of alphas and the boss of the

Mafia. I do not get discouraged or scared easily. I want her out of Salvatore's clutches, and I will have exactly what I want. I knew how to make him pay for his extortion. I wasn't the boss for nothing.

"Very well, then I will pay you that," I said and sat down on the couch with my phone in my hand.

"Have them prepare her entire family and take them home. I will have my accountant wire the money to you." I said, and I knew he wasn't happy, but he had to accept. "I wonder why she is worth that much to you, Luca. I hope your kindness does not get you in trouble one day. You cannot save every damsel in distress." He said, and I raised my drink at him and gulped it down. "Serve your husband another drink." He ordered Emma scornfully, and I planned on correcting that soon.

"Once you are done. Change your clothes into something more comfortable and less revealing while they gather your family. They will take you home and drop you at your house. I will come and get you tomorrow," I said, and she nodded and kowtowed to me several times. I could feel her relief with a tinge of fear. Emma and the girl serving Marcelo left. As she left, her lavender and honey scent remained in the room, and it filled my senses. How could she smell so sweet to my senses? There was something familiar about her and her scent, but I could not figure it out. Everything I did was on impulse; I just hoped it wouldn't backfire. I should have looked away because I did not know her, but something kept tugging at me to help her. If I had left the club and something happened to her, I would have blamed myself. Saving her from Marcelo was the only way my soul would be at peace.

My actions had spoiled Marcelo's sexual appetite, and I wasn't sorry.

He leaned back in his chair and smiled at me.

"You will always have my respect, Luca, as a true Alpha and a Don, but you need to be careful. Pretty girls come and go. Never get lost in a woman's beauty. It will only bring you hell." He advised, and I leaned forward with a smile.

"Thank you, Marcelo, but I live in hell and rule it," I said and raised my glass towards him. He smiled and raised his in response. Marcello discussed business with me for the rest of the night. He had lost a lot tonight, and I had gained a one-year companionship. How ironic.