

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 10

I wake up from the sound of my alarm ringing. I check the time on my phone; it's just 6:30.a.m. Why is my alarm ringing now, I still have 2 hours before work starts? I am about to lay back down when I receive a text message. I check it and see it's from my boss.

“Where are you? I hope you have not forgotten we have a meeting at seven this morning, Miss Luciano?”

He has never called me by my name before. He must be in a bad mood. Oh my God, I forgot about the meeting this morning. I have only thirty minutes before the meeting starts and I have not even gotten out of bed. He is so going to kill me today.

I quickly walk to the bathroom to shower and brush my teeth. By the time I am done showering 5 minutes have gone by, meaning I have 25 minutes left. I quickly dress up and run out of the house.

Mama has gone to work, so I have to use the bus, but if I use the bus I won't make it on time. I decide to use a cab, but unluckily for me, I don't get a cab on time. There is no way I am going to get there on time because it's a thirty minutes' drive from my house to the office.

Luckily I get to the office by 7:00 a.m., because I had to make the cab driver drive fast. I walk into the office building. I quickly rush to get to Enzo's office before the meeting starts. I receive a text message, but because I am in a rush, I don't check it. I walk straight to the elevator; I go to the tenth floor, which is where Enzo and my office is. I step out of the elevator and walk straight to my office to get the files and hard drive needed for the presentation. I step out of my office and walk to the meeting room. I open the door, and I see no one inside. ‘I wonder where they are’. Another text comes to my phone this time I decide to check.

“WHERE IN GOD’S NAME, ARE YOU ? IF I DON’T SEE YOU IN THIS MEETING ROOM IN FIVE SECOND, I WILL KILL YOU IF I LOSE THIS DEAL”

Oh, my God, he is going to kill me literally, but I still don’t know where they are having the meeting. I should ask him.

“Sir, please where is the meeting, because I am in the meeting room on our floor and I can’t see anyone inside.” I send the message while pacing up and down waiting for his reply

“You idiot, we are having the meeting in meeting room 5. If I don’t see your face here in the next 5 seconds, know your job is gone.”

Oh Lord, he is going to fire me because I am late. I have to be fast, but even though I am late, it does not give him the right to call me an idiot. a**hole.

I walk back to the elevator and take it to the fifth floor where meeting room 5 is. ‘I wonder why he is having the meeting there.’ That’s really none of my business though, all that is my business is the need to make it before my 5 seconds are up. So he won’t have my head, literally.

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I rush to the meeting room. I open the door and the next thing I know I trip and fall. My hands and knees are on the floor and all the files in my hands slip out. My hair covers my whole face. Thank God I did not fall with my face flat on the floor that would have been more embarra**ing. But what is still embarra**ing is the fact that I just fell in front of my boss and business dealers. ‘I am so dead.’

“Oh my God! I am so sorry! Good morning everyone,” I say getting up from the floor while picking up all the files. I walk straight to Enzo to

give him the files needed for the presentation. The look on his face tells me I will get an ear-full after this meeting. There are four men in the room except from Enzo.

“I am so sorry I am late, sir,” I say to him before walking to my seat. He does not say anything to me but stares at me like he has already planned my death.

“Miss Luciano could you please just play the presentation so that we can start the meeting,” he says with a lot of irritation in his voice.

“Yes, sir.”

I walk to the computer system in the room and plug the hard drive in. What comes up is a video of me insulting Enzo when I was in high school.

Oh my God! I am so going to lose my job today. I made the video the day he was graduating so I could give it to him. And he would not be able to do anything to me because he was leaving—but right now I regret ever making it. I can’t believe I carried the wrong hard drive from the house. I must have switched it while I was rushing this morning. I really need to delete that video from my hard drive. The funny part in all of this is that I never actually gave it to him. I was too scared to.

That doesn’t even matter right now; what matters is I played it in front of investors. He is so going to kill me, to make matters worse; all the investors are trying their very best to hold in their laughter. ‘What am I going to do to get out of this mess?’

I quickly remove the hard drive and plug my phone into the system, luckily for me the presentation is on my phone.

Enzo stands up to start explaining the images that are coming up on the projector screen. He opens the files I gave him and is about to start reading.

“Miss Luciano, I asked you to get the files for the London investors, not the Indian investors.”

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“Oh, sorry, sir. Here you go” I say handing him the files. Luckily for me, I carried all the files because I did not know which investors were coming.

He takes the file from my hands and starts the presentation. I make sure to take down notes of important things said.

It takes two hours before Enzo and the investors decide to continue the meeting another day. We all walk out of the meeting room. Enzo and I are standing in front of the elevator waiting for it to close with the investors taking their leave.

I am about to press the b***on and wait for the elevator to come back up so I could run to my office before I get an earful from my boss. But I am not so lucky because Enzo turns me around to face him.

“HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE? First you come late for the meeting and you walk into the room like you own the place. You trip and fall in front of everyone, gave me the wrong file and to top all your stupidity you played a video of yourself acting like a fool insulting me. You are so lucky you made those videos years ago or I can’t say what I would have done to you. You have not only embarra**ed me but my company too. Just pray they don’t change their minds about making the deal with me. If they do, you will not like what I will do to you. JUST GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, MY BUILDING! I DON’T WANT TO SEE YOUR FACE

AGAIN!” He yells with so much anger in his voice, shouting at me in front of everybody on the fifth floor. He walks into the elevator, leaving me standing there—looking like the biggest fool on earth.

I feel so embarrassed; he insulted me in front of everyone. I am pretty sure they are all going to look at me like a fool. I raise my head to see everyone staring at me. I feel tears start to build in my eyes. I quickly run to the ladies room to cry in private.

While I am crying like a lost toddler realisation dawns on me. What if he meant what he said? ‘Oh my God’ I hope when he said ‘get out of his sight, his building and he does not want to see my face again’ he did not mean he is firing me. It’s possible he does not just want to see my face for the mean time because he is angry with me. I need this job to pay for my mama’s surgery. I have to apologise to him, even though he made a fool out of me. And pretty much made me the head topic of gossip in the office. I need this job more than anything to support mama and me. If that means swallowing my pride then so be it. ‘Trust me if it were another situation Enzo would have gotten an earful from me, but not today.’ I have to go now. I clean my tears and wash my face before walking out of the ladies room.

I make my way to the elevator. I wait for the elevator to arrive. I get in to go up to Enzo’s office. On my way to his office, a thought pops into my head. Why am I not angry at the fact that he embarrassed me in front of his employees and associates, but I am disturbed by the fact that I embarrassed him in front of influential men. I guess because I have come to learn that Enzo will always bully me. It makes me feel like I am useless. Maybe that’s why what he does to me does not faze me or surprise me. I have learnt to live with the fact that nothing I do, or will do, will ever satisfy Enzo or even please him.

The elevator door opens and I walk quickly to my boss's office. Without thinking I open his door without knocking and do the first thing that pops into my head. I go down on my knees and beg for forgiveness. I know kneeling in front of him will give him more power over me, but I need this job badly. I will do anything I can do to keep it.

"I-I-I am-am so-so-sorry, sir, for what happened, I promise you this will be the last time something like this will ever happen. I am so sorry for the video—I made it years ago when I was still in high school. I am so sorry you saw that. I promise you I don't feel that way anymore. Please don't fire me. I really need this job, please..." I say looking down at the floor because I can't stand the look he will have on his face. With some tears still falling down my face from the embarrassment and the fact I might lose my job. He gets up from his seat and comes to stand in front of me.

"This should be the first and last time something like this will ever happen. I have forgiven you, but I will punish you. If I lose this contract I am docking your pay and charging you a fine of % 10,000 out of your salary, making it % 40,000."

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"THANK YOU. Thank you. Thank you so much."

I kiss his hands while saying thank you. I don't know why I just did that. He must be pissed off at me again. I take my time to look up at him from my spot on the ground. As I am looking up slowly, I come face to face with a b**** right in my face. I stand up quickly and act like I did not see his unmistakable erection. Does he have a hard on because of me? But why would he? The next words from his mouth tell me the reason.

"Miss Luciano, I would like it if you could b***on your shirt up because it is making me have a situation here. And the way I would like to deal with it might not be in your best interest."

“Oh sorry, sir, I did not mean to and sorry again for kissing your hands.”

After saying that I quickly walk out from his office before something more awkward happens. It's bad enough that I caused him to have a hard on. 'I CAUSED MY BOSS, LORENZO, AKA THE DEVIL, A b****.' my mind screams. Funnily enough, I am so happy that I have the same effect on him as he has on me. Why am I glad I affect him? It's not like I like the man. I shouldn't be thinking about whether I like him or not. This is not me, what is this man doing to me? How can I be falling for him when he is the one person that has caused me more pain than anyone? I can't feel anything for him but hatred. I have to hate him. I can't actually like him. I won't like him. I need to get a car of my own so things like this won't be happening to me. That has to be after I have paid for mama's surgery, and I still have enough money left.

He said I could keep my job, but I will be getting punishment. Which is docking my pay and my salary could be cut down to % 40,000. I walk into my office and drown myself in work for the rest of the day.

I am checking my emails when I see something strange. I open the mail and read and re-read it.

'OH MY GOD' Enzo has paid % 50,000 into my account. Is that my whole year's salary? Is it a mistake? Do I talk to him or just budget carefully and pay for mama's surgery and maybe buy a car? But why complain? I will make the most of it. I am so happy I have no words. I can't wait to tell mama.