

## Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 12

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Thank God I came back to the office because you won't believe the amount of work I had to do. I am done working by 8p.m. I have been waiting for a cab for the past hour. I decide to walk since I can't get a cab; it's not like it's that late at night.

I am walking down the street when I feel someone following me, but every time I turn back I see no one behind me and trust me, I am not paranoid. When I feel something I am always right. I think it's a gift but that is not the problem right now. Who the hell is following me and why is it that every time I turn back, I don't see anyone. I decide to increase my steps and walk faster. A slick black car pulls up in front of me. Because it's dark, I can't see who is inside the vehicle.

'Oh my God' What if I get kidnapped like all those mafia novels I read. A s\*\*y car pulls up in front of you and the next thing you know, you are thrown into the trunk of the vehicle. Then you wake up in an abandoned building with a dangerous, s\*\*y man that looks like he can kill you in a blink of an eye.

The driver's door opens and someone gets out, but because of fear my legs aren't doing the smartest thing they should be doing in such a situation. Which is to run like my life depends on it. The streets are dark, so I can't make out his face. From the way he is walking it is enough to tell me that this is a man of power. He opens the pa\*\*enger's door, and the light from the car reflects on his face.

'OH MY GOD, you won't believe who it is, IT'S ENZO'

"Get in," he says while he opens the door for me.

Without saying anything I quickly get in, because of the shock that maybe the person following me all this while was Enzo. It won't make sense though, why would he follow me on foot then later come up and tells me to get into his car? He goes back to the driver's seat and starts the vehicle immediately without saying a word.

"Why did you pick me up? Is something wrong? Why are you going this way. I doubt you live around here?" I say as soon as we take off at full speed. It is scaring me a bit, but I decide to say nothing because of the serious look on his face.

"Right now I can't say anything. I need you to trust me and listen to everything I say," he says while taking a few glances at my face. I nod my head, not knowing what to say.

I won't lie despite all the things Enzo has done to me in my life; there is one thing I know. He won't kill me, so for this time I am going to trust him. Maybe he knows that someone was following me, that's why he came to pick me up. But when you think about it, how would he even know someone is following me? Is Enzo into some kind of business that I don't know of? I hope he has not done anything stupid to put his life in danger or mine.

Because of the rate of the speed he is driving, the car comes to a halt very quickly. I look out the window to see we are already at my house. I open my door and step out. Before I can turn back and say thank you for the ride. I look up and see Enzo standing on my door step. I walk up the stairs and open the door. Before I even invite him inside; he steps inside and starts looking around like he is looking for something. That is not even what is funny to me right now, who the hell gave him permission to enter my house and search it like a cop. I am about to ask him what he is looking for when he speaks up.

“Where is your mother?”

“She travelled out of town.”

“Good,” He says as he walks upstairs and comes back with a few wires in his hands.

“Where did those come from, and why is it good that my mother is not around. Please, could you explain things to me? I am so confused right now.”

“Right now is not the time to explain, but you have to trust me. When the time is right, I promise you I will explain everything to you. But for now, I have to stay back and make sure you are safe.”

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“Why do you need to stay to make sure I am safe?”

“All I can tell you now is that I have a lot of enemies. They will do anything to hurt you to get to me. As long as I am alive I can’t let that happen.” He says as he picks up his phone and starts barking in Italian to the person on the line. He walks out of the living room and into the kitchen.

Oh my God, this means I am not safe; mama is not safe either. Let me call her and find out if she is alright. I grab my phone from my bag and dial her number. Once she answers, my heart stops beating madly.

“Mama, how are you? I hope everything is fine? How is Chicago?” I say while pacing up and down the living room.

“Kat, why are you asking all these questions? Is something wrong? Why do you sound so scared, did something happen? And to answer your question, everything is fine dear.”

“Nothing is wrong, mama. I just wanted to make sure you are fine.”

“Alright, dear, I won’t push you to talk right now, but I know something is wrong.”

“Thank you, mama. Have fun in Chicago.”

“Bye, my love.”

“Bye,” I say, hanging up the phone as Enzo walks back into the living room.

“Do you mind if I stay over to make sure you are safe?” he says while he steps in front of me, leaving little distance between us.

He wants to spend the night over to make sure I am safe. Even though he is mostly annoying, arrogant, ruthless and mean toward me; knowing that he wants to spend the night over makes it hard for me not to fall for him.

“Yes, of course, you can. Let me prepare the guest room for you,” I say while I make my way up the stairs to get the guest room ready for him, which is actually my room.

I am done arranging my room for Enzo. I walk back downstairs to inform him.

“The guest room is ready, follow me this way.”

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He does not say anything and just follows me up the stairs. I walk over to mama's room after showing him the guest room, aka my room, but he does not need to know that.

Oh, my God, I forgot to get my pyjamas before showing him the room. Meaning I have to walk back to my room to get it. I walk back to my room, and I knock on the door. I hear faint come in and step into the room. I walk in to see Enzo only in his boxers. And boy is he drop dead s\*\*y. I could stand by the door all night just looking at his body. I can imagine how it will feel to have my hands all over those abs of his. I am sure it will feel amazing. I wonder if there is anything like too s\*\*y because if there is, he is too s\*\*y. Damn he is so s\*\*y! Trust me, words can't even describe it.

"Wow, I never knew a woman could gawk over my body for so long," he says with a smirk on that handsome face of his.

I hear Enzo's voice, and that's when it clicks that I must have been staring for a while for him to say that. I feel so ashamed of myself right now. I can bet he will soon find out that I am attracted to him. Trust me, who wouldn't be. But I can't give him the satisfaction that I was gawking. I just love it when I kill his ego.

"Who said I was gawking, trust me I have seen better," I say even though I know that is a lie but still say it to kill this man's ego.

"Keep telling yourself that, you might believe it soon," he says, clearly seeing through my lie.

I don't say anything, so as not to embarra\*\* myself more. While I try to remember the reason I came here. I look around, wondering why I came.

"If I may ask, what are you looking for?" Enzo says

Oh, I remember now,

“I came to get my pyjamas for the night,” I say recalling the reason why I came.

“I thought you said this was the guest room, or do you keep your pyjamas in the guest room?” he says with a smile on his face. He already found out it is my room.

“I kind of lied about there being a guest room. It’s actually my room. I am sleeping in my mom’s room; I am sorry I lied to you. I did not think you would feel comfortable if you knew it was my room.”

“It’s alright, Bella, you don’t have to apologise for it and knowing it’s your room makes it more comfortable for me, actually,” he says with a beautiful smile on his face.

“That’s great. I am happy to know you are comfortable in my room. I will get my pyjamas and be on my way.”

I walk to my closet and get my pyjamas before walking out of the room. I did not allow him to see what pyjamas I carried because my pyjamas include shorts, tank tops and short gowns. It’s always been mama and me, so I never cared to buy long pyjamas, but right now I am starting to hate the fact I don’t have long ones.

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I couldn’t sleep all night. I have been tossing and turning in bed all night. I can’t sleep knowing that my boss, who is a very s\*\*y man, is sleeping in the room next to me. And not to mention I am attracted too, and maybe I even like him. I turn to the clock on the bedside table; it is 1:30 a.m. I decide to go downstairs to make some tea before trying to get back to sleep. I have to be at the office early, so I need to get some sleep.

I walk to the kitchen and boil some water for tea. I make the tea and sit on the kitchen stool.

I bought tea to help me sleep at night when I started having some strange dreams. It started after I got back from Italy.

I see myself between the ages of five or six and I see a man standing with a boy around the age of ten. He is saying bye to me in Italian while I board a plane with mama. It's weird because I feel like it's not just a dream. I feel like it's a memory—like it happened to me some time ago—but I can't remember.

The part which scares me the most is what I keep shouting. I keep shouting these two words, as I am dragged away, 'Papa' and 'grande fratello.' Grande fratello means big brother in Italian. I need to find out if my dream could be a memory. This will mean I have an older brother, and I am Italian. My father must have been Italian, for me to be having the type of dream that feels like a memory.

The most unusual thing is when I went touring in Sicily and visited some places, I felt like I knew those places. Like I had been there before.

Which is weird because I can't remember ever travelling to Sicily before? I think I have to ask mama about my father Maybe she would be able to explain to me why I am having these types of dreams.

I am brought back from my thoughts when I see a s\*\*y body walking down the stairs into the kitchen. He is looking s\*\*y as ever in just his boxers and vest. I am probably sure he just wore his vest because he was leaving the room. And because I don't have clothes that would fit him. You can't blame me; it's only mama and I that live here. Right now, I wish he wasn't so s\*\*y; maybe I won't have to force my eyes away from his beautiful body.

“Why are you up, Bella, you should be sleeping.” The s\*\*y body that is Enzo, says.

“I couldn’t sleep, so I came to make some tea to help me sleep. And you, why are you up?”

“I heard something so I came to make sure it was not a stranger, but you should get some rest before tomorrow” he says, looking around the kitchen maybe still checking if someone is here other than me

“Oh”

“Yeah and since it’s just you, I will go back to bed but, Bella, you should get some sleep before tomorrow. You will need it.” he says and walks out of the kitchen, leaving me surprised.

Did the Lorenzo I have known almost all my life show that he cares for me, without a snarky comment spoiling it? Trust me; he has made me feel like I mattered before and every time the feeling comes crashing down when he acts like the a\*\*hole he is. Even the fact that he is in my house because he wants to keep me safe still feels unreal to me. I can’t believe it, that’s why it makes it hard for me to still hate him for all the bad things he has done. All the little ways he shows he cares for me makes me feel very special and loved. Something I have never felt from a guy except William, which is pure brotherly love. So it’s different from what I feel for Enzo. I take my tea and walk back to my room and try to go back to sleep. I pray I wake up on time later this morning, not wanting to receive an earful from Enzo if I am