

## Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 18

By the end of the week, I had spent the best time of my life, making amazing memories with Enzo. Every day we did something new. The next day after seeing all those beautiful fish, Enzo took me to this amazing waterfall and dared me to jump in it. Which I did, and it felt amazing. We went hiking, which was kind of scary but fun. It still feels like I am dreaming. I can't believe everything that has happened to me in just one week. I pray that if I am dreaming I never wake up. I am brought back from my thoughts when I hear Enzo calling me.

"Katherine. Katherine. KATHERINE," He says stepping in front of me

"Sorry what were you saying," I say coming back to the real world.

"I called your name three times. What were you thinking about?"

"Oh, its nothing."

"I know you too well to know it's not 'nothing.'" Enzo says clearly seeing through me.

"Fine, I thought what if I wake up and everything is a dream," I say, deciding to tell him my thoughts

"And why would you think like that."

"It's because this past week has been so amazing that I am starting to think it is all a dream," I say wrapping my arms around him.

"Really, then after this tell me if this feels like a dream or not"

"After wh..." before I can finish my sentence, he kisses me, bringing a big smile to my face.

“Now tell me if that felt like a dream or not,” he says smiling while he holds my face in his hands

“No! I don’t think I am dreaming” I say smiling back at him

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“Alright then, let’s be on our way.”

After 10 hours of being in the air, we finally arrive back at New York by nightfall. As soon as we land, Enzo gets a call from someone and he does not sound happy. Even though he is speaking Italian, I am still able to make out some words, though my Italian is not that good. I can make out the words ‘uccidere’ (kill) and ‘Sarò ci molto presto’ (I will be there very soon). It makes me a little worried, wondering why Enzo would say ‘kill’ in a sentence. I should trust Enzo. Maybe he was trying to scare the person, which I am pretty sure worked.

“Bella, do you mind if I drop by the hotel? There is some business I have to handle there.” he says as soon as he gets off the phone.

“Sure, I will tell mama I won’t be coming home soon,” I say taking my phone out of my bag to call mama. But she beats me to it when my phone starts ringing and it shows mama as the caller.

“Hello, mama, I just arrived at the airport,” I say walking a few feet away from Enzo. We are currently waiting outside for them to finish putting our bags in the car, so we can be on our way.

“Hi, sweetie, how was your flight? I am guessing it went well.”

“It was fine mama; I was about to call you and tell you I might be coming home a bit late.”

“Oh, that’s fine, just get home safe.”

“I will, but mama, why did you say get home safe not come home safe. Are you not at home?”

“No, I am not. I am at my boyfriend’s place for the weekend.”

“BOYFRIEND! He has reached the stage of boyfriend? That’s good. I need to meet this so-called boyfriend one day soon.” I exclaim.

“Sure honey, you will. I promise you will very soon,” she says laughing.

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“I pray so!”

“Bye sweetie,” she says.

“Bye mama,” I say and hang up. I walk back to where Enzo is standing.

“Enzo, I am ready. We can be on our way.”

We get into the car to go to his hotel. I wonder what is wrong. It must be severe because the frown on Enzo’s face says it all. Maybe I should ask him since we are a couple now. That even brings me back to the topic of what we are? I am not saying I am expecting anything too serious, but we just spent a whole week together. At least that gives me the right to ask what we are. I will ask him that later, for now, let me ask him what is going on.

“Enzo, what’s wrong?” I ask him while placing my hand over his right hand. He puts his hand in a fist like he wants to beat someone up.

“Nothing you should worry yourself about,” he says looking out the window, not even sparing me a glance. I won’t say I am surprised by his behaviour, but I expected more after everything that has happened between us.

“Sorry for asking,” I say, removing my hands from his to give him some space.

“Why are you saying sorry? You did not do anything wrong.”

“I did. I crossed the line by asking what is wrong when it’s clearly none of my business or even my place to ask.”

“And why would you say such a thing?”

“Because you just practically said it to my face,” I say raising my voice a little, feeling a bit angry with his questions. He is acting like he did not say anything wrong.

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“Oh, my dear, that is not what I meant. I am sorry if I made you feel like that.” he says taking both of my hands in his, while his other hand makes me face him.

“But you made it sound like that,” I say trying to sound angry, but just one look into those beautiful green eyes makes all the anger I felt disappear.

“I am sorry, my dear, I did not mean to upset you. You have every right to ask but I don’t want to worry you with these types of things.” He says while placing a kiss on my forehead as he pulls me into a hug.

“Alright if you say so,” I say trying to drop the topic even though his words were harsh, but his intentions were good.

We arrive at the hotel and walk straight to the elevator to go to the floor, where I am guessing the problem is. But I am wrong when I hear Enzo say,

“I will drop you off at the penthouse while I go and handle the situation. I hope you don’t mind?”

“That’s fine; I don’t mind.”

“Alright sweetie, the code is 10920,” he says once the elevator comes to a stop

“Alright, bye and be careful,” I say while stepping out of the elevator.