

Read Novel Bullied To Love By Amal A. Usman Chapter 21

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The next morning Enzo drops me back at the hotel to finish up with some of the arrangements. I am deciding where the dance floor should go and which band would play at the event when one of the planners walks towards me.

“Hello ma’am. Are you and Mr Costanzo going to open the dance floor on Saturday night?” she asks.

“First off please don’t call me ma’am, my name is Katherine. It makes me feel old and I’ll have to talk to Enzo about that,” I say wondering why in God’s name she would ask that. But I am guessing our relationship has gone public. Not that I have a problem with that. It makes me happy knowing that everyone knows we are together.

What she says gets me thinking. Will Enzo want to do the opening dance with me for such a big event. The last time—or rather the only time we danced together—he made it clear that it was only because of the children, but he is a changed person now. I don’t really know if he will mind us dancing. But even if we are going to dance, I will need to go for some serious dancing lessons. If he agrees to dance with me then I will make him take the dancing classes with me. So it won’t be like last time where I was just following whatever he did.

“Alright, Katherine, but please let me know before Friday. Also, if you and Mr Costanzo need a dance teacher I know the best one in town, and she is free this week.”

“Hook us up for this afternoon,” I tell her with a beautiful idea in my head.

“Alright, I will be back in a second with her address.” She says, walking away.

I arrive at the company after a morning full of work. Joan said he is in a meeting, so I am waiting for him in his office. She also said she has not been finding it easy doing two jobs. While I am waiting for Enzo in his office, I decide to give her a helping hand.

I hear someone walk into the office. Without even looking up I already know it’s Enzo when my nostrils are filled with his amazing cologne, which I am getting addicted to.

“Ciao Bella, to what do I owe this wonderful visit,” he says hugging me from behind while leaving a kiss on my cheek.

“I did not know it is a crime to come and visit you,” I say

“Of course not, you can visit me anytime you like,” he says, taking his seat behind his desk.

“I know, but something brought me here,” I say smiling at him.

“And what might that be?”

“I was thinking, why don’t we dance as well for the event. But then I remember I s*** at dancing. So that’s why this afternoon you and I are going for dancing lessons.” I say praying Enzo will agree.

“No, we don’t need dance lessons because like you said you s*** at dancing, so we are not dancing,” he says chuckling a little.

“ENZO! Stop laughing at me. I want to dance this time, not like last time when I just did what you told me. That’s why we are going to this cla** this afternoon and tomorrow. If not...” I say trying to stay determined so he won’t have any choice but to agree to go. Although, I don’t know what to use against him if he does not agree.

“If not, what?” he says, laughing at me.

“No kissing, no hugging, no cuddling, Nothing!” I say remembering how much Enzo loves having me close.

“No, you can’t do that, that’s not fair.”

“Try me,” I say feeling very confident that I have won this fight.

“Fine. I will go with you,” he says accepting defeat.

“Thank you; you won’t regret it,” I say, standing up to hug him.

Enzo and I arrive at the dance cla** venue. We walk to the front desk to ask for our reservation. The lady at the front desk smiles at us before speaking.

“Hi, I am guessing you guys are Mr and Mrs Costanzo.”

“Yes, we are but...” I am not able to correct her about my surname when Enzo stops me by whispering some words in my ears.

“Why do you want to correct her? Don’t you like having my surname?” He says, looking deep into my eyes as if he is searching for something. He is also looking a little hurt that I don’t want to bear his surname.

“Enzo, I did not say I don’t like having your surname. What I am trying to explain to her is that we are not married.” I say trying to make him understand.

“What if we were?” he says with a big smile on his face.

“Are you asking me to marry you?” I say feeling my heart beating a million beats in a second. Is he asking me to marry him? Isn't it too early for that? Please, he should not ask me right now because I won't know what to say. I know I have strong feelings for Enzo, but 'MARRIAGE'... I don't know how to answer to that.

Enzo is not able to reply to my question, when the lady who I am guessing is the dance instructor walks out, with a high-pitched voice that could kill a person with just one scream.

“Hello, my name is Sarah. I am your dance instructor. Please follow me,” she says, leading us upstairs.

We go upstairs and walk to the second door on that floor. She opens the door and asks us to step in. We step into an empty room with mirrors everywhere.

“Alright, this is the room we will be using for the next two days. Since this is a rush event, we will skip the basics and learn the main dance steps.” Sarah says, getting a little too close to Enzo for my liking.

“I am going to demonstrate with Mr Costanzo, then you watch what I do and copy me when I am done.”

They start dancing; she explains every move they are doing until something odd happens. I am noticing 'Miss whatever the hell her name is' starts to rub herself against Enzo. At first, I don't say anything because it's ballroom dancing and there has to be body contact. But the next thing she does just pisses me off. I didn't even know I would react like a mother hen, when I walked up to her and push her hands away from Enzo.

“Next time you want to touch what's mine make sure I am not there, b. ***Because next time it won't be just your hands I will remove, and trust me you won't want that.***” I say giving the b the worst glare in the world.

“Enzo lets go; dance cla**es are over,” I say, pulling Enzo's hand to get out of this place.

We walk out of the building and straight to the car. I tell the driver to get us out of here before I do something to that woman in anger.

“How can that woman touch what's MINE? Who does she think she is?” I say asking no one in particular.

“Cool down babe; its fine” Enzo says, smiling beside me like everything is fine.

“Why are you smiling? Isn't it your fault that she is rubbing herself all over you?”

“How is it my fault?” Enzo says, smiling more like he loves the fact that I am angry.

“You are too handsome and who wouldn’t fall for all of this,” I say raising my hands while talking. Not caring I just basically told him to his face how I feel about him and that I find him deeply attractive. Something I wouldn’t do at any other time, but today with all the anger in me I couldn’t care less.

“So, because I am handsome, it’s my fault?” he says laughing.

“Yes, because I don’t want to share what’s mine. You are mine, and mine only.” I say letting the anger boost my courage to say what’s in my mind.

“Yes, I am yours and only yours so you don’t have to be jealous, love,” he says pulling me into a hug still laughing a bit.

“I am not jealous; I just don’t like sharing what’s mine,” I say finally realising I just behaved like a jealous girlfriend, even though I won’t admit that to Enzo.

“Whatever makes you happy, love, and you were amazing out there,” he says pecking my forehead.

“Thank you, I try to keep what’s mine, Mine,” I say, laughing a little remembering how I behaved at the dance cla**.

After the whole dance cla** fiasco, I get two text messages. One from mama, and the other from Sofia. I open mama’s first, it says: I should be home on time that we have something to discuss and it’s vital. I wonder what she wants to tell me that is so important. I hope it’s nothing serious or anything terrible. Maybe it might be good news. I open Sophia’s message, which says: she is in town and this time with her fiancé. I am so happy I can’t wait to see her and her fiancé. I reply mama that I am on my way home, and Sofia that the three of us—or maybe four with Enzo as well—should meet up sometime for dinner or something while they are here.

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I say bye to Enzo one last time before stepping into the house. While walking inside I remember I said I was going to ask mama about the dreams I have been having and if they mean anything. I will ask her after she finished telling me her news.

“Mama, I am home,” I say as soon as I step into the house.

“I am in the kitchen,” she says.

“Hi, mama, how was your day?” I say while I take a seat in the kitchen.

“It was fine; how was yours?”

“It was good mama. You texted that there was something important you wanted to talk about.”

“Yes, you know how you always wanted to meet my boyfriend?”

“Yes, I have been asking that for the past two weeks.”

“We are going for dinner at his house today,” she says smiling.

“Are you serious? I am finally going to meet the man that has made mama so happy the past month?” I say smiling.

“Yes, you are. Now go and look for something to wear while I fix an afternoon snack.”

“Alright,” I say, walking out of the kitchen.

I am making my way upstairs when the doorbell rings. I walk to the door and open it to see William.

“William! Oh my God! I can’t believe it’s you, come in,” I say, moving away from the door so William can come in.

“I’m so happy you are here. Why didn’t you call before coming? I am sure you are going to say you wanted to surprise me and all.” I say all at once feeling so happy he is here.

“Yes, I wanted to surprise you, and it worked. I even went to your workplace last week since I knew you worked for Enzo, but his secretary said you were not around. So, I decided to swing by the house this week since she said you would be back this week. How have you been since the last time we saw each other?” he says, smiling at me.

“I have been fine and I want to apologise for what happened the last time we saw each other. I am sorry for the way Enzo behaved.” I say.

“It’s fine; you don’t have to apologise. You did not do anything wrong.”

“Even though I still feel like I have to apologise and I am sorry for what happened”

“It’s fine; I am not angry.”

“Alright if you say so. So, tell me how life has been for you. Anything I need to know as your little sister,” I say smiling

“Life has been good, work has been great, and I even met someone.”

“Did I hear you correctly? You met someone. The William that is never serious about any woman, other than the fact that you sleep around with any woman that comes your way. YOU met someone?” I say looking at him in disbelief.

“HEY! You make it sound like I have slept with all the women in the world.” he says laughing.

“How sure are we that you haven’t,” I say laughing too.

“But wait, are you serious?”

“Yes, I met her last week. Her name is Joan,” he says with adoration in his eyes.

“Seriously, you met her last week? And if I am not mistaken you must be talking about Enzo’s secretary.” I say looking at him with more disbelief, while shaking my head.

“Yes, the pretty one,” he says smiling.

“She is my friend, so you better not break her heart. Otherwise, I will break your head,” I say trying my best to sound threatening.

“Haha, I am so scared,” he says, laughing at my attempt to threaten him.

“I’m serious; don’t hurt her!” I say hitting his hand in a playful way.

“Alright, I promise you I won’t. Oh my God, Mrs Luciano, I did not know you were around,” William says standing up to greet mama.

“How are you, dear?” she says waving off the fact he did not know she was in.

“I am fine ma’am.”

“How many times do I have to tell you to stop being so formal with me.”

“I am sorry, Christine,” he says.

“Miss, aren’t you meant to be looking for what you are going to wear to dinner tonight?” Mama says giving me a questioning look.

“Oh my God! I forgot! William, come and help me pick what I am going to wear. I am finally meeting mama’s boyfriend,” I say, dragging William upstairs with me whether he likes it or not, knowing very well he hates it when I need his help with choosing a dress.

William helped me pick what to wear, even though he wasn't interested. We had an afternoon snack together and caught up on everything we have missed in each other's lives in the past years. Apparently he is serious about Joan, and I am more than happy for him. Knowing the type of best friend I have, he must be really interested in her for him to talk about her for more than an hour. I have never seen him serious about any woman before.

I am wearing a long black jersey mermaid evening gown, a v-neck off-shoulder with a leg slit. I am wearing golden earrings with my silver heels and a black clutch purse. I do a little n*** makeup and spray perfume before we leave for dinner.

We are on our way to mama's boyfriend's house for dinner in the jet-black Range rover he sent for us.

Mama is wearing a navy-blue dress with a sweetheart beading bodice with long sleeves.

After about 20 minutes we arrive at his mansion, and just from the outside I can tell the house is beautiful. It is a two-story building with beautiful flowers around the edges of the entrance. It also has beautiful flowers in the middle of the long driveway. From all the windows on the outside I bet there are more than ten rooms in this house.

We step out of the car and walk to the front door. We ring the bell; a girl around my age opens the door and smiles when she sees mama as if she knows her. Maybe she does because it's possible this is not the first time mama is here.

"Good evening Mrs Luciano," she says, moving aside so we can walk in.

We walk into a beautiful house; there is a long staircase with brown and white bannister adorning it. A crystal chandelier, beautiful paintings of nature hanging on the walls, a red and grey carpet in front of the staircase and all the walls in the house are painted white.

"How are you, Vanessa?" mama says to the girl.

"I am fine. He is waiting for you in the living room."

"Alright," mama says and starts walking towards the living room.

We step into the living room. I thought the entrance was impressively beautiful, but that is nothing compared to how amazing the living room looks. The living room has four chandeliers like the ones in the entrance; there are these amazingly done patterned designs done around the chandeliers. The walls are done in a peach and white pattern. There is a four-seater sofa in a grey and white pattern with golden edges, while the single chairs are peach with golden edges too. There is a vintage brown table in the middle of all the chairs and a grand piano. Mama's boyfriend is standing by the piano

with his back to us while talking on the phone. He says a quick bye to the person on the other end once he notices our presence.

He turns around and faces us, he looks very familiar, but I don't know where I know him from until he says my name. It's like a part of me comes alive; memories come back with just one look at him. I can't believe I did not remember him all these years until I saw him again. I did not know I started crying until another person walks up to me and hugs me with all the love I have missed over the years. I can't believe they have been alive all this time. I missed them so much, and I can't be happier that they are alive. But the big question here is 'how'.

"Papa! Grande Fratello!" I say with tears in my eyes as I hug them with all the love I have.

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"I missed you guys so much, but I don't understand how you guys are alive. I watched you both die in my arms. That was the worst day of my life," I say still holding tight to my brother's hands.

"We will explain everything later. But first we eat and entertain the guests that should be here any minute," papa says.

As soon as papa finishes speaking, Vanessa comes to announce that the guests are here. The family that walks into the living room just made this whole night a lot more exciting and confusing, when Enzo and his entire family walk in. The surprise on our faces could not be faked—but only between us children—as our parents don't look fazed by anything that is happening. I am already shocked to see my brother and father, who I thought were dead, alive today. And now I am finding out that my family knows Enzo's family, but the big question is how? Because even though some of my memory is back, it's still a little shady. I can't recall ever meeting Enzo's family when I was younger. Enzo walks up to my Papa and greets him, before walking up to me with the same confused expression on his face as I have on my face.

"What are you doing here?" Enzo says whispering into my ear.

"I should be the one asking you that question. I thought you said you were having a family dinner." I say whispering back.

"Yes, we came to have dinner with my father's friend."

“The two of you know everyone can hear you, right?” Sofia says, wrapped in my brother’s arms.

Oh my God, don’t tell me her fiancé is my brother, could this night be any more interesting. I feel like my life has turned into one of those telenovelas you watch on Telemundo. That after everything that has happened in one’s life you will find out that everyone is connected to you in one way or another.

Enzo and I stop talking and look up to see everyone staring at us while we thought we were having a quiet conversation.

“Now that the two of you have finished talking, it’s time for dinner. All questions will be answered after dinner,” my papa says.

We are all sitting in the living room after dinner. I am sitting on a four-seater sofa with Enzo to my left, and Sofia with my brother on my right. We are all waiting for my mom and Enzo’s mom to return from the kitchen so the explanation can begin. Our mothers walk in and sit on a two-seater while papa clears his throat and starts speaking.

“Katherine, I know you have a lot of questions that you would like to ask but let me tell you a story first. It might answer your questions,” papa says.

“The story goes like this. It started the day I was made the president of the north-west region of the Italian mafia group. I came to pick you and your brother up from school that day, when your brother and I got shot. If you can remember—you were 12 years old while Antonio was 16. After we got shot I told you to go and get help, but by the time you came back I was not there anymore. The next time I woke up I did not see you again, so I guess you came back after Fedrigo had already found your brother and me. I was in a coma for two years. It’s all thanks to Fedrigo and his wife—who did not give up on me—that I can see you again, my dear. After I woke up I asked Fedrigo to help me find you and your mom. Because I did not have a picture of you and your mom, and our house got burnt to the ground, it wasn’t easy finding you both. I am guessing that because of what happened your mom had your identities **changed to prevent anyone from finding you guys. So even after giving him your names it was like finding a needle in a haystack, but I did not stop searching. I looked for you and your mother for ten years. Untill one beautiful afternoon in Sicily, when I saw you and Fedrigo’s daughter walking down the street. I wanted to approach you, but I was not sure it was you. So, I had you followed and when the agent told me you stayed in America and lived with your single mom, I knew it was you that I saw that day. Your brother and I travelled to New York to meet you and your mom. We met your mom. But when we were about to visit you at your office we noticed we were followed. We decided to lay low till we found out who was following us before meeting you. I had already put your life in danger once and I could not do that again. When we found out who had us followed, we knew we had to kill the b* to make sure you are safe. We planned to kill the b* and reunite with you when everything was over, but our plans got changed when he found you. We knew the**

only way we could protect you was to let you know we're alive, so that we can kill the b** together."** papa says, smiling at the end.

"Wow, I don't know what to say. This is a lot to take in. But you guys are alive and there is nothing more I could wish for. But I have one question. Why do I not remember?"

"I can answer that," mama says.

"Please explain," I say.

"After you watched your father and brother die in your arms and we could not find their bodies, life became hell for both of us. We searched everywhere for their bodies but found nothing. You never gave up though; I told you we had to move to Spain because our lives were in danger. When we moved to Spain we had accepted the fact that they died because apparently, someone found a body with your father's tattoo on him. You were devastated beyond repair; you grieved for more than a year. You blocked everyone out of your life.

Your grandfather and I were scared we were going to lose you, so we asked you to join your grandfather and handle the family business. We were happy you were doing better by taking your mind off things, but we were wrong. By the age of 14, you became a teen again. You believed, although they had found your father's body, that did not mean your brother was dead. So you killed, tortured and harmed anyone who knew or was related to the people that killed your father. It became too much.

The only thing you knew by the age of 16 was revenge. One day your grandfather found a place in America where hypnosis is used to help erase memories. He said we should go and try it. It worked for some while, but anytime you saw something related to your father and brother the memories came back and the urge for revenge came back too. To make sure your memories wouldn't come back again, we moved to America where there was nothing related to your brother and father.

And instead of making you think your father and brother died in a plane crash, we made you believe they never existed. It worked. But once in awhile you would dream about them and ask questions. I would lie to you that you always wished you had a brother. That's why you had those dreams.

You always believed. I am sorry I lied to you all those years but what you became was something no mother will wish for her only daughter. I know you might hate me for making you forget the most important people in your life, but honey I only did it because I love you." she says, tearing up at the end.

I quickly rush up to her and give her a big hug while I try to stop her from crying.

"I don't hate you, I could never hate you. You did what any mother in your shoes would do, and I love you for that. So stop crying, because you are making me cry too," I say while wiping her tears away.

"Alright honey," she says, hugging me while pecking me on the forehead.

"But papa if uncle already shot you guys why did he want to kill me?"

"Oh, you don't know?" he says looking a bit surprised

"No"

"Even when your uncle shot your brother and me, he still could not become president. The new rule states that the only way he can become president is if all my children are declared dead. And everyone knew you were alive, but you were not of age. That's why no one asked you to take the seat waiting till you were 18. But before you became 18 you and your mother disappeared, so he became president. I am sure you are wondering why I did not take back my seat as president and kill your uncle, since he tried to kill me. I was about to go back when Fedrigo asked me something that saved my life that day. He asked me; 'Isn't it odd that nobody from the council bothered to look for their president's body or investigate why their president got shot?' After he said that I decided to find out why no one cared. He was right because my death was not planned by only your uncle, but by half of the council. So, the only way I could claim back my seat was to get more alliances. For the past ten years I have been getting all the alliances I could, but it has not been easy. But I am now ready for war against your uncle and his people." papa says with a lot of pride.

"Wow, this is a lot to take in," I say, knowing I have a lot of catching up to do.

"You have all the time in the world, sis," my brother says.

"Thank you so much, Mr and Mrs Costanzo, I am so grateful to you for finding my Papa and brother. You are the reason why I can see them after so many years, and I am more than grateful for that," I say with tears in my eyes.

"You don't have to thank us. We did what good people in our place would have done." Mrs Costanzo says, smiling at me.

"Alright, since everything has been cleared up tonight. I think we should be on our way then," Mr Costanzo says while getting up with his wife beside him.

"We will walk you to the door," papa says while mama walks with him to follow them to the door to say goodbye.

"Sweetheart, I didn't know he was your father. I swear I am just finding out. Please don't hate me." Enzo says as soon as they walk out of the living room.

"Baby, I know you didn't know and I could never hate you," I say smiling at him.

"Thank God," he says while he release's a breath of relief.

"I would stay longer honey, but we all came in one car so I have to go, but call me if you need anything," Enzo says as he walks towards the door.

"I will honey, bye," I say kissing him before he walks to the car.

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"ANTONIO" I shout my brother's name as I walk back inside the house.

"How may I be of service, little sis," he says walking out of the kitchen with food in his mouth.

"I just missed you so much. I feel bad I forgot you even existed. I feel like the worst sister in the world," I say not even realising I'd started crying.

"Shhh, it's not your fault. Please stop crying. You will make me feel bad for not finding you and mama sooner. I missed you too." he says kissing my forehead while making us a sit on the couch.

"I love you so much, please never leave me again, even though my memories are still coming back little by little. I can't go through what I went through again." I say hugging him very tight.

"I love you too, and I won't leave you again." he says hugging me back.

"Alright, enough sad talk. Tell me about your life and I mean everything," I say trying to cheer up our moods.

"Fine! I know what you want to hear," he says giving me a mischievous look.

"Since you know why stop wasting time and talk." I say feeling very eager to hear about how he and Sofia came to be.

"Since you only care about my love life..., here goes my story; After I got shot and I could not find you and mom I locked everyone out; I did not talk, eat or do anything. I even found it hard to sleep because knowing they found some bodies they could not identify after our house burnt down, I kept thinking what if you and mom were am*** them. It was an unbearable and very dark time for me. The only person who was able to

bring me back to life was Sofia. Sofia helped me so much when I was finding it hard. She was the only reason I was able to move on from the dark side and have hope in life again. I love her more than anything in the world.” he says smiling with adoration in his eyes.

“Oh my God! I can’t imagine the pain you went through, because not knowing can be very frustrating. I am happy we are together now, and I am more than happy Sofia was the one who helped you through everything” I say smiling with tears in my eyes.

“But can you explain to me why you were angry when you found out you got her pregnant,” I say remembering Sofia telling me about her boyfriend—who turns out to be my brother—was not happy she was pregnant.

“What! A man can’t be selfish with his fiancé? I love Sofia, but I did not want to share her yet, not that I never want to have a baby. I was not just ready for a baby. But I am more than happy she is carrying my child.” he says with pride.

“Alright, I thought you were like all those men that did not want children. And I am happy you are happy that she is pregnant.”

“Thank you, sis, but right now I am tired, so I am going to bed. Good night, sis” he says.

Since I am alone I walk into the kitchen to find mama so we can be on our way. But what I see makes me wish I had called out or waited when I find them kissing. I make a sound with my throat to let them know of my presence.

“I would love it if you guys could keep it to the bedroom,” I say walking into the kitchen.

“Sorry honey, were you looking for something?” mama says releasing Papa from a tight embrace

“Yes, I was wondering when we are going home.”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, we will be staying for the night. Do you mind?”

“Not at all,” I say smiling.

“Ask Antonio to show you your room,” papa says and walks out of the kitchen with mama.

I find Antonio and he takes me to the room I will be sleeping in. The walls are painted all white; it has two side tables. One has a vase on it with beautiful flowers. It has a queen-sized bed with white and peach pillows. It has a peach blanket that complements the flowers. There are two doors on the left, one is the bathroom, and the other is the walk-in wardrobe. The bathroom is painted all black. The sink is white with a big round mirror that has black edges. The bathtub is white with black bricks around it, giving it a

beautiful look. Practically everything is white and black. I walk to the wardrobe, it is filled with clothes, and surprisingly they are all my size. I pick out some cute sleeping wear. I change and walk to the bed to sleep when my phone starts ringing. I pick it up and see it's my king that's calling, I quickly answer.

"Hey, my king," I say in a high pitch voice, feeling happy he called.

"How is my princess doing?"

"I am fine, you?"

"I am fine dear; what are you doing?"

"I was about to go to bed, you?"

"Same, but I wanted to hear your voice before going to bed. I miss you in my arms; I wish you were here."

"I miss your arms around me; I wish you were here too," I say smiling.

"If you want me to come I am just four blocks away, honey. I will be there before you blink your eyes."

"As much as I love that, baby, I don't want my papa or brother giving you a lecture on what will happen to you if you hurt me."

"Alright, anything you say, honey."

"Good night, love."

"Good night."

I wake up in the middle of the night sweating and my heart beating very fast. Oh, my God, I can't believe I did all those things to all those people. I feel so ashamed of myself. How could I have been so cruel to all those people who did not know anything but were just in business with that demon that I call an uncle. Thank God I did not kill anyone who was related to us by blood but was only in business with him. I feel so sorry right now; I have to talk to someone. I will call Enzo. I look for my phone and dial his number; it rings three times before he picks.

"ENZO," I say as soon as he picks up. I'm crying with tears falling down my face, just remembering everything I did to all those people.

"Mi amore, what is it? Is everything okay? You don't sound fine. Should I come over? Don't even answer; I will be there in a minute" Enzo says, hanging up before I am even

able to say anything. In less than 5 minutes my phone starts ringing. I answer immediately knowing its Enzo.

“Mi amore, I am outside. Come and open the door.”

“Alright, I am on my way,” I say, picking up a coat I found in the closet and quickly go downstairs, making sure not to make noise while walking downstairs.

I open the front door making sure I don't make a sound while doing it. I enter his car and ask him to drive to his house because I don't want to wake anyone at mine. He does not say anything but takes my hands in his and rubs soothing circles on them. It helps me calm down from all the thinking I am doing. We arrive at his penthouse; I am so deep in my thoughts that I did not notice we had reached it. Enzo comes and opens the door for me. He wraps his arms around my shoulders while I wrap my hands around his body, feeling a lot better having his scent fill my nostrils right now as we walk into the building together. We enter the penthouse and sit on the first chair in the living room. When we are seated I start crying again; remembering all the horrible things I did.

“Enzo I was a monster. I remember everything I did. It was horrible, even though I killed bad people that deserved to die. I still killed them in ways no one should be killed. I killed them like they were animals and the way my memories are just coming back all at once makes it hurt more.”

“Mi amore, it's not your fault. You did not know what you were doing. You were doing what you thought was the best way to deal with your pain. So, don't blame yourself anymore because like you said they were bad people and they deserved to die.” Enzo says hugging me tightly.

“Even so, Enzo, I still feel bad. I feel like I am the worst person in the world right now for what I did.”

“Don't feel bad; it was not your fault. They deserved to die and you should always remember in this business, people will always die. Some might deserve it, some might not, but blood will always stain our hands. We have to be strong because trust me, mi amore, this is just the beginning.”

“You are right honey, they deserved to die and they don't deserve my tears, but that does not mean I am happy with the way I killed them. I will try to live with it because what happened, has happened. The only thing I can do now is to learn from my mistakes and make the real person pay for his sins. Because like you said, this is only the beginning.” I say trying to stop my tears from falling.

“That's my girl, now stop crying,” Enzo says, kissing my tears while hugging me close to his chest.

“Thank you for coming. I don’t know what I would have done if you did not come because everyone was already asleep. And you were the first person that came to my mind to talk to.”

“I am glad you called me. I will always be here to help you, mi amore.”

“Thank you,” I say smiling.

“You are welcome.”

“Come let’s go to bed. I don’t want my baby to get sick,” he says taking my hands in his while we walk to the bedroom.

Read Novel Bullied To Love By Amal A. Usman Chapter 25

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I wake up with someone’s arms around my body. I get more comfortable knowing its Enzo. Then I remember that I am in his house, not my father’s house. I can’t imagine how worried my family is going to be when they wake up and find out I am not there. I get up and look for my phone to call mama so she won’t be concerned, but my morning could not get any more difficult. I pick up my phone and see its dead. I must have forgotten to charge it last night. I will just get home before she wakes up. I have to wake Enzo so we can leave before anyone notices I am not home.

“Baby, baby, baby.”

“Mmmmm.”

“We have to leave before someone notices I am not at home,” I say, but it is like I am talking to a wall because Enzo only gets more comfortable on the bed.

“ENZO WAKE UP,” I say shouting into his ears.

“WHAT,” Enzo says, picking up his gun from his side table that he kept incase of an emergency.

“Oh, it’s you, mi amore,” he says putting the gun back down.

“What time is it?” he says rubbing his eyes like a little kid, making him look very adorable.

“It’s 6 a.m. and we need to go,” I say, picking up my coat and slip on my slippers, that I didn’t know I wore last night.

"It's still early. Why do you need to go back now?" Enzo says laying back down.

"Because no one knows I left the house. I have to get back before anyone wakes up," I say trying to pull him out of bed.

"Alright honey," he says, finally getting up.

"Let me just shower then we can be on our way," He says, walking to the bathroom.

"You can't shower," I say blocking his way.

"Please tell me why, my dear?"

"Because if you do, there is no way I will get home before everyone wakes up."

"So, you want me to go to your parent's house without even taking a shower," He says raising one of his brows, looking at me like I am crazy this morning.

"Yes, Please. Mi amore," I say trying to get him to the door.

"Alright anything you say, but at least let's brush our teeth."

"Fine," I say, walking towards the bathroom.

After we finish brushing our teeth, we take the elevator to the parking lot. This is the first time I have come to the parking lot, because most times Enzo has his driver waiting at the front of the building. We walk out of the elevator, and I notice there are only exotic cars down here. I am wondering why, because Enzo's apartment building is for his hotel employees too. Do they park their cars somewhere else? Because I don't think their pay is so high that everyone can afford an exotic car. Without thinking, I ask Enzo why there are only exotic cars parked down here.

"Enzo, why are they only exotic cars down here?"

"They are all mine."

"Oh, I was asking because I found it weird that only exotic cars are parked here."

"This is a private parking lot; it's only for me."

"Oh, that explains it!"

We get into Enzo's Bugatti Chiron. Because he wasted time getting ready I ask him to drive very fast. So, in no time we are at my doorstep. I open the door gently, careful not to make a sound, but my plan goes out the window. Mama and papa walk downstairs, and I hear Enzo greeting my parents.

“Good morning uncle. Good morning Christine,” Enzo says to my parents.

“Good morning, dear,” mama says.

“How are you doing, Lorenzo,” papa says.

“I am fine, how was your night,” Enzo says.

“It was fine,” papa says.

Before anyone speaks again, I speak up to let them know of my presence.

“Good morning,” I say, walking towards them to give them kisses on the cheeks. Praying they won’t notice I am just coming back home.

“Good morning, dear,” mama says.

“How was your night, my soldier?” papa says.

“It was fine, Papa.”

“That’s good, honey.”

“Breakfast is served,” Vanessa says, walking into the foyer.

We walk to the dining area to have breakfast. I am so happy they think Enzo is the only one just walking in now, because I can’t have my whole family feeling sorry for me and my mistakes, if I have to start explaining why I left the house.

We are seated for breakfast when papa finally asks the one question I have been waiting for him to ask.

“So, Lorenzo, what brings you here so early?” papa says.

“Kat and I have some business to attend to early this morning,” Enzo says.

“Oh, I see. I am guessing you will be leaving after breakfast.”

“Yes, we will.”

“Alright, that’s fine. But please, I need her back home in the afternoon. We need to go to the shooting range to check if she still has her vibe.”

“No problem, I will have her back on time.”

We finish breakfast and I go upstairs to change without taking a shower, because Enzo said if I dare take a shower he will kill me for not allowing him to have enough sleep this morning. I walk downstairs wearing a white t-shirt with black jeans and my golden sandals. I walk towards the living room to see my brother and Enzo talking. They are speaking in a low tone so I can't make out what they are saying.

"Hey, I'm ready," I say, walking into the living room.

"Alright, see you later Antonio," he says shaking Antonio's hands before walking out the door with me.

We arrived at his penthouse a few minutes ago. Enzo went back to sleep. He asked me to wake him up in the next hour and answer his calls. I am sitting in Enzo's living room, helping Enzo with some of his paperwork when the doorbell rings. I walk to the door to open it without checking, knowing it's Joan because I called her to bring me some files from the office. She walks in and I ask her to put the files on the living room table while I get her something to drink. I walk back to the living room with a gla** of orange juice. I give it to Joan before sitting down to talk to her about something I feel she needs to know, if she wants to have a relationship with my best friend.

"Joan, I would like to speak to you about something?"

"Sure, what is it?"

"I don't know how things are going with you and William, but I just felt I needed to tell you this because I love my best friend and I want to see him happy."

"I know William might not have said it to me directly when he told me he is serious about you, but I know my best friend enough to know something is wrong. What happens in your relationship is none of my business, but I have never seen my best friend talk about someone the way he spoke about you. That's why I felt I needed to let you know that even though William might not have had the best reputation in the past he is a good guy. All I am asking is for you to make him happy. I know even though he has not known you for long, you are special to him." I say, because I noticed that day while he was talking about Joan that things were not going too well because of his reputation with women. I felt if I told her what a great guy he is, maybe things could finally start going well for both of them.

"I don't know what to say," she says looking a bit speechless.

"You don't have to say anything now, but please think about it."

"Alright I will, and I think I should take my leave back to the office," she says, getting up from the couch.

I walk her to the door and say bye before walking back to finish up some paperwork. After I am done with the paperwork, I walk upstairs to take a shower before waking Enzo up. After I have finished showering, I walk out of the bathroom to the walk-in closet to get dressed. I wake Enzo up to take a shower so we can be on our way. Enzo had someone buy some clothes for me, but in my own opinion it's a whole closet full. It has everything from working outfits, casual outfits, pj's, and even an entire line of Victoria's Secret pants and bras. I decide to wear a casual outfit since I would only be spending a little time in the office. I wear high waist trousers with an off-shoulder crop top. I pick white chunky heeled boots with a quilted purse to finish my look. I am putting on my shoes when Enzo walks into the walk-in closet in all his beautiful glory, making me stare at his fantastic body. Sometimes I wonder if I will ever get used to admiring him, not that I am complaining. I finish putting on my shoes and walk out of the closet to spray on some perfume. I spray Enzo's perfume instead of the one bought for me. You can't blame me; I can never get tired of Enzo's scent.

"I can see you prefer mine to yours," Enzo says, walking up behind me while wrapping his hands around my waist. He is fully dressed.

"Yes, I do," I say turning around to face him.

"It smells better on you," he says, kissing my forehead before picking up his Armani wrist watch from the dressing table.

"I am pretty sure it smells better on you," I say kissing his cheeks before turning back around to put on some stud earrings.

"I don't think so love," he says, walking back into the closet to get something.

"Alright whatever you say, I will be waiting downstairs," I say, picking up my bag and going downstairs to wait for Enzo.

"Let's go," Enzo says coming down the stairs and picks up his keys from the coffee table.

I have been attending to so much work, that I did not know how much time had gone by, until I receive a call from an unknown number which turned out to be papa. He called to remind me about the shooting practice we have today.

I am walking towards Enzo's office to tell him 'bye', when I hear a few giggles coming from Joan's office. I step back to check why, letting my curiosity get the better of me. I realise she is talking on the phone; I wonder to who? I hear her say, 'You are so funny, William'. Oh, so it's William. It makes me happy knowing she took my advice. I continue making my way to Enzo's office. I knock on his door before entering after hearing come in. I walk in to see him on the phone; I sit on the chair in front of his desk and wait for him to finish. He puts the phone down to give me his full attention.

“Hey, mi amore, missing me already?” he says with a boyish grin on his face.

“You know I will always miss you, but I wanted to tell you that I have to leave,” I say smiling.

“Why?” he says forgetting what papa had told him.

“I have shooting practice with my dad.”

“Oh, I forgot. Do you need me to drop you off?”

“No, that’s fine; I will just take a cab or order Uber.”

“Alright honey,” Enzo says, lifting his hands in a gesture to walk over to him. I stand up and walk up to him.

“Bye, baby,” I say kissing his lips.

I am about to walk towards the door when I am pulled into his lap.

“ENZO!” I say his name loud in shock.

“Yes,” he says, hugging me close to him while smiling, like what he is doing is normal.

“This is so unprofessional, what if someone walks in,” I say trying to stand up, but Enzo’s grip around my waist is firm.

“No one is going to walk in and what if they do? You are my girlfriend, so I don’t see anything wrong with what I am doing. If anyone does walk in, I will tell them you are my girlfriend.” Enzo says with so much pride in his eyes.

“Even so, I have to be on my way or I will be late,” I say acting like he did not just call me his girlfriend. I am practically screaming inside me right now. I can’t believe he just called me his ‘GIRLFRIEND’ and said he does not care who knows. I feel so happy right now, finally knowing where our relationship is at.

“Alright, if you say so. But I want you to take my car,” he says finally releasing his grip on my waist, but not before leaving a kiss on my lips.

“I can’t take your car; what if you need it?”

“I will have someone bring me another one,” he says with a smirk on his face.

“There is no need for that; I will take an Uber if you are worried about my safety.”

“No, at least take the company’s driver.”

“Is that necessary?”

“Yes, as far as your safety is concerned.”

“Alright, whatever you say, mister,” I say with a little mockery in my voice.