

## Read Novel Bullied To Love By Amal A. Usman Chapter 26

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I am back home or rather, my new home. Mama said she had all our things moved while I was at work, and is hoping I won't mind moving in. How can I mind? I have my father and brother back in my life; there is nothing more I could wish for. I walk to the kitchen to check if mama is there so I can say hi.

"Hi, mama,"

"Hello, Katherine," Oh my God, mama just called my full name. I am in deep s\*\*\*; because mama never calls my full name except when I have done something wrong.

"Where were you last night?" She says with a straight face.

"Mama, I can explain," I say stepping close to her to try and calm her down.

"I am listening,"

"I went out with Enzo. I know you are going to say, 'why did I not tell you before leaving.' But the thing is, I did not plan to leave with him last night. I had a dream and called Enzo. When he heard me crying on the phone he came straight away. I asked him to take me to his house because I did not want to wake anyone. I am sorry I did not tell you. I know I must have almost caused you a heart attack when you found out from the guard that I left last night. And with uncle knowing of my existence, and all, making it not safe for me. I am so sorry for giving you a scare; I never meant to." I say hugging her to let her know I am sorry.

"I know you are old enough to take care of yourself. But I just like knowing where you are to make sure you are safe. Because like you said your uncle knows about your existence and that is not good." she says hugging me back.

"I know. I love you," I say pecking her cheeks.

"I love you too," she says kissing my forehead.

"Alright, let me go and change before Papa comes back so I will be ready."

"Alright, sweetheart."

I walk upstairs to change into a pair of jeans and a shirt with a couple of sneakers. I walk downstairs to meet mama and talk to her about something when the reason why I want to talk to her starts calling me.

“Hey, love,”

“Hi, mi amore, have you gotten home?”

“Yes, I have. How are things holding up at work?” I say while walking to the kitchen.

“Work is fine, and I think I have found someone to be my assistant so you won’t have to worry yourself.”

“That’s great, honey, I pray she lasts long.”

“You never know, she might. But that’s not the only reason I am calling. I am calling to tell you that my best friend Zino is in town and was thinking of having dinner together. Are you free tonight?”

“Yes, I don’t have anything planned; what time is the dinner?”

“It’s at 7:00 pm. But mi amore, I won’t be able to pick you up, because I will be leaving the office a bit late and the driver won’t be available. Do you mind coming yourself?”

“No, not at all, I will be there on time.”

“Alright honey, bye, talk to you later.”

“Bye love,” I say, dropping the phone on the counter. As soon as I put my phone down, mama speaks.

“I am guessing that was Enzo.”

“Yes, it was him; he was inviting me to dinner tonight.”

“Alright, but I wanted to ask you something before you went upstairs to change. What kind of dream did you have that you needed Enzo to come all the way here” She says looking at me with curiosity in her eyes

“Mama, I remembered everything, and it was just too much for me to bear and I felt like talking to someone about it. So I called Enzo, but he did not even let me speak, and the next thing I knew he was here in less than 10 minutes.”

“I am so sorry you had to remember everything in one night. I can bet it was too much to handle, dear, but I promise with time you will feel better.” Mama says holding my hands giving it a warm squeeze.

“I do feel a little bit better; Enzo helped me last night. He is the reason I was able to wake up this morning smiling,” I say smiling remembering all the encouraging words Enzo said to me.

“I am not surprised he did; he loves you, dear.”

“I don’t know mama.”

“Why would you say that?”

“Because Enzo might be the most amazing guy I have ever seen, but he has not told me and I fear he might not.”

“Don’t worry, honey he does, and when he realises it he will tell you at his own time, so don’t stress yourself.”

“Alright if you say so, mama, but when did you know you loved Papa?” I say and look up to see Papa at the entrance of the kitchen. He gives me a sign to not let mama know he is here. Her back is facing him so she can’t see him.

“That’s easy. As you know, your papa and I had an arranged marriage so it was not easy, but your papa is amazing. When I first married your papa, I did not like him. We hardly even spoke to each other. I found him to be a very proud man. But the day I saw him take a bullet for me, even though he didn’t know me that well, that’s when I knew there is more to him than just a proud man. From that day on I started seeing your papa in a different light, and before I knew what was happening I started having feelings for your papa. But when I knew I loved your papa was when I was pregnant with your brother. The way he handled the news that we were expecting was not what I expected and it just made me realise I was in love with him all along. I did not just know it, because trust me, if it was left to your papa he would have me all to himself.” mama says smiling as she remembers all her memories with papa, as he comes up behind her and kisses her.

“That was amazing love,” papa says.

“How long were you standing there, listening?”

“Long enough, sweetheart.”

“Are you ready dear?” papa says to me.

“Yeah”

“Alright, let me just change, then we can be on our way.”

Papa changes into a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. We walk out to his Mercedes Rosy Brown G-wagon and get in. Once he starts driving, he starts talking.

“How are you holding up, dear, with all the memories coming back?”

"It's been hard, but with Enzo's help I am getting better."

"I am happy to hear that and knowing that it's Enzo, makes me know you are in good hands."

"I am happy you approve of my relationship with him," I say laughing.

"I did not say that," Papa says giving me a funny look.

"I know you, Papa. I might be 22, but to you I will always be your little girl."

"That's right," he says ruffling my hair.

We arrive at the shooting range and we get our guns and move to where we can start shooting. I take a few shots. They're okay, but none are perfect. Papa teaches me how to shoot well, and once he starts talking it's like all my memories of mafia training come back. It made shooting so much easier with all the memories back. After shooting for some hours, papa and I decide to go home. Papa practically made me shoot every type of gun there is, and my body is killing me with all the standing and holding of firearms.

We arrive at home by 6; I go straight upstairs to get ready for the dinner with Enzo and his friend. Before stepping into the shower, I text Enzo, to send me the address of the restaurant.

After showering I pick out a long red dress, it has a v-neckline. I pick out n\*\*\* heels with golden earrings. I apply a little bit of makeup and spray perfume before walking downstairs. I step outside to get a cab, but unfortunately I can't seem to get one. I try ordering Uber, but he takes fifteen minutes before he gets here. Enzo is so going to kill me; I know how much he hates lateness. I text him that I am running a little late, but I will be there soon.

I arrive at the restaurant. I check my time before walking in; luckily I am only 10 minutes late. A guy leads me to a private area where Enzo and Zino are sitting with a lady that looks like she is around the same age as me. Enzo walks up to me when he sees me approaching. He puts his hands around my waist and whispers in my ears before we get to our seats.

"Why are you late? Did something happen on your way?" he asks sounding worried.

"I am sorry I am late; nothing happened on my way. It was just hard to get a ride that's all" I say whispering back in his ear.

"It's fine, as long as you are here now," he says pulling out a chair for me to sit.

"Hi, Katherine," Zino says standing up to hug me before I sit down.

“Hi, Zino, I am sorry I’m late,” I say hugging him back.

“It’s fine; I would like you to meet my wife,” he says introducing me to the lady sitting beside him.

“Hi, I am Victoria. It’s nice to meet you,” she says standing up to hug me.

“Hello, I am Katherine. It’s nice to meet you too,” I say hugging her back before sitting down.

After our greetings, to my utmost surprise, my brother and Sofia join us for dinner. Enzo, Antonio and Zino have been friends for years, but Enzo and Zino have been friends since birth. We all order our food and while we are eating the guys talk about different things that make sense to them while Sofia and I become friendly with Victoria.

She is a lovely lady; she has been with Zino for about two years now. We all had a good time. Antonio asked me to tell mama and papa he won’t be coming home tonight when I get back. We say our goodbyes to everyone, before Enzo and I walk to his car to be on our way. When he starts driving, we start chat about each other’s day.

“So, how was shooting?” he says while stealing a few glances my way.

“It was hard at first, but when Papa told me what to do and how to do it, it was a piece of cake.”

“That’s good; how far are we coming with the event on Saturday?”

“I did not check in today, but there are only little things left to be done. By tomorrow everything should be ready.”

“Alright, but before you go to work tomorrow, please stop by my place.”

“Okay, I will. Your penthouse or your parent’s place?”

“My parent’s place. I am too tired to drive to my penthouse tonight. Here we are.”

“Alright, bye love,” I say leaning in to kiss him.

“Bye, Mi amore,” he says after kissing me back.

## **Read Novel Bullied To Love By Amal A. Usman Chapter 27**

The next morning I get up early. I shower and walk downstairs for breakfast. I am dressed in a grey coast scoop dress. I am carrying a white leather tote bag. I am wearing a pair of blackmail bomb heels, with aviator sunglasses. I remove my heels and wear my sandals since I am walking to Enzo's parent's place, which is just four blocks away from mine.

I arrive at Enzo's house and I put my heels back on before ringing the doorbell. The maid opens the door and asks me who I am before letting me in. I tell her my name, and she lets me in. She says Enzo is waiting for me in his bedroom, to which she gives me directions. On my way to his bedroom I say hi to Mr and Mrs Costanzo. I knock on Enzo's door, but the only sound I hear is water running. I enter and decide to wait for him guessing he is showering. I am going through my phone while I am waiting for him. He walks out of the bathroom with only his boxers on, looking amazing as always. I speak up to reduce the tension in the room.

"Hi"

"Hello, mi amore, I did not know you were coming so early."

"Enzo just because you are just waking up does not make it early. Sometimes I wonder how you can run your business so well, with the way you love to sleep."

"Oh, that is my secret," Enzo says smirking.

"Whatever you say, but what will we be doing before going to work?"

"There is nothing we are going to do. I just wanted you to come over, so I will have to drop you off at work," he says, smiling while walking into his closet.

"Are you serious?"

"Not really," he says, laughing like he is hiding something.

"Enzo, please could you tell me the reason you made me come this early morning?" I say, but before Enzo can reply, someone knocks on the door and Enzo says come in like he was already expecting the person.

The maid I met earlier walks in with a pair of clothes in her hands. I look and discover they are workout clothes, and they look like they are for a female. I wonder who they are for. She puts them beside me and walks out before Enzo even comes out from the closet.

"The clothes she put on the bed, I want you to try them on," Enzo says walking out in a workout outfit.

"Why? And why are you not dressed for work?" I say getting confused.

"That is because, mi amore today we are not going to work. Today I am going to teach you how to fight." Enzo says with pride in his eyes.

"Oh, you could have told me last night, I would have prepared. But may I ask why?" I say standing up to walk to the bathroom with the clothes in my hands.

"Because my dear, I realised with your uncle on the loose, you don't only need to learn how to use a gun, you also need to learn how to defend yourself if anything happens."

"Alright if you say so, but I must say someone is becoming a little overprotective," I say smiling.

"I don't think it's a crime to be protective of what's mine," Enzo says, pulling me close to his chest.

"Really! But I can't remember being bought," I say playing dumb like I don't know what he means.

"I did not mean it like that, mi amore," he says making our forehead touch.

"Then, how did you mean it?" I say staring into his eyes.

"I meant you are mine because you own my heart."

"Really," I say with a big smile on my face.

"Yes, mi amore," he says then seals my lips with his in a pa\*\*ionate kiss, making sure I know what he means, when he says I own his heart.

"Now go and change. I will be waiting in the gym," he says after releasing me from the pa\*\*ionate kiss.

"Alright," I say, walking to the bathroom.

I change into the workout clothes, and to my surprise they fit perfectly. I walk out of his room, wondering where in God's name the gym is. Luckily for me I find the same maid from earlier, before asking her for directions, I ask for her name.

"Hi, please could you show me the way to the gym and could you tell me your name?"

"My name is Zoe, ma'am, and just follow me. I will take you there," she says and starts walking.

"Alright," I say and follow her.

"Here it is," she says stopping at the gym door.

“Thank you, Zoe,” I say to her before she walks away.

“You are welcome.”

I walk in to see Enzo doing weightlifting. He has his shirt off leaving him with only workout pants hanging low on his hips, lifting all those weights making him look s\*\*y. I am pretty sure he is just doing it to show off and because he knows how much I love staring at his incredible body.

“How was the show?” Enzo says, dropping the weights and walking up to me.

“Which show?” I say wondering what in God’s name he is talking about.

“This one,” He says, referring to his amazing rock hard abs and biceps.

“You are not serious; I wasn’t even looking,” I say laughing and acting like I don’t care.

“When will you ever accept that you love what you see,” he says laughing too.

“NEVER!!!” I say acting like a little kid by poking my tongue out.

“You are very funny,” he says wrapping his arms around me.

“I know,” I say smiling while wrapping my arms around him too.

“Alright, let’s start. Today, I am going to teach you how to defend yourself in any situation you may find yourself in.”

“The first situation we are going to learn is what to do when you are held at gunpoint. If the person holds the gun to your head from your back, the right thing to do is not panic. I will show you what to do,” he says and walks to one of the drawers in the gym and brings out a gun.

If it were any other time that I see someone with a gun I would probably freak out, but with my memories back it just seems like a regular thing in my life. He removes all the bullets from the gun before walking back to where I am standing. He walks up behind me and puts the gun to my head.

“When held in a situation like this, the first thing to do is not to panic. You should think of away to get the gun out of their hands and take control of the situation,” Enzo says.

“Now I want you to put the gun to my head so I can teach you what to do,” He says, handing me the gun and stepping in front of me.

“Like this?” I say, stepping behind him and holding the gun to the side of his head.



“Yes, then once you notice you have a good angle I want you to strike the person with your elbow, and grab the gun quickly and face the person,” he says and the next thing I know the gun is in Enzo’s hands. He did not even hit me with his elbow, but he still got the gun away from me so fast.

“How did you do that without me noticing anything?”

“It was easy because you were distracted and that’s because you were listening to me. Another thing when the person is distracted, it makes it easy to take control of the situation. Now do what I did.”

### THREE HOURS LATER

Enzo and I are exhausted from all the training and self-defence cla\*\*es. I am lying down on the floor of the gym; I can’t remember the last time I moved my body so much. I can’t even move an inch of my body without feeling pain. I want to shower, eat and sleep. Enzo walks into the room with two bottles of water. I take one and down it without wasting any time.

“Thank you,” I say after finishing the bottle of water. I try to stand up but fall back down from exhaustion. I wish someone could carry me right now.

“You’re welcome,” he says and lifts me off the ground.

“Ahh, Enzo you don’t need to carry me, I can walk by myself,” I say, wrapping my arms around his neck. Celebrating inside that he is carrying me without asking.

“I just saw you fall back down when you tried standing and this beautiful smile on your face says otherwise,” he says smirking while walking out of the gym to his bedroom.

“I am sure you are going to sleep after eating. When you wake up, I have somewhere I want to take you, so be ready by 7. I will come back home from work to pick you up.” Enzo says, dropping me in the bathtub in his bathroom. I didn’t even realize we had reached his bedroom, let alone his bathroom.

“Alright,” I say, sliding into the luxurious bath.

“When you are done, I will have the maid bring your food upstairs, so you won’t have to stress yourself to come downstairs. I will be showering next door if you need me.”

“Thanks, love.”

“Anything for you mi amore,” he says and walks out of the bathroom.

I spend 20 minutes in the bathtub to help relax my muscles. I spend another 10 minutes showering to wash off all the soap. I walk out to meet Enzo already dressed in his suit. I

walk into the closet to grab one of Enzo's shirts, but I find a pair of clean boxers and a grey shirt on the chair. It brings a smile to my face. I wear them and walk back out to say thank you to Enzo.

"I am already late, so I won't be eating with you," Enzo says as soon as I step out of the closet.

"Alright, and thank you for laying out the clothes for me."

"It was nothing, Mia Regina (My Queen)" he says hugging me while he kisses me on the lips before walking out.

"Bye," I say before he walks out.

I eat the food brought to me and lay down on the bed to try and do some work on my laptop, but before I am even able to reply to an email sleep takes me away.

## **Read Novel Bullied To Love By Amal A. Usman Chapter 28**

### **Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 28**

I am in my dreamland when I feel someone placing kisses on my face. I open my eyes and stare into those deep green eyes. His fantastic cologne fills my nose, and I don't need to be told twice who they belong to.

"Ciao Bella (Hello beautiful)," he says still placing amazing kisses around my face.

"Hey," I say giggling from all the kisses.

"I hope you rested well, mi amore?"

"I did my dear."

"That's good; I am glad you did because we have somewhere to be in the next hour."

"And where might that be," I say sitting up.

"That's for me to know and for you to find out," he says taking off his shirt.

"I am going to take a shower," he says walking into the bathroom.

"Alright, if you say so," I say wondering what Enzo has planned, because the last time he planned a surprise I found myself on a beautiful island, not that I am complaining. I am just very curious to know what he has planned.

“How should I dress? We need to stop by my house so I can change,” I say to him from outside the bathroom, trying to find out where we might be going from how I should dress.

“You can wear anything,” he says from the bathroom.

“Alright,” I say, failing in my plan to find out where we might be going.

I change back into the outfit I wore in the morning while waiting for Enzo to finish dressing. Enzo is wearing ripped blue jeans, a white **button-up shirt with brown shoes** looking **sy** as hell.

We arrived at my house a few minutes ago; I quickly go upstairs to change while Enzo waits for me in the living room. Since Enzo dressed casually I decide to wear a pleated two-tone knitted white and red mini dress; I carry a red leather bag, I wear golden red stud earrings and leather sandals.

We walk outside together and we get into Enzo’s car to go wherever Enzo has planned to take us.

Enzo drives for thirty minutes before the vehicle comes to a stop. I step out of the car and see my life dream in front of me. It looks more beautiful than I ever imagined. We are standing in front of a building with a big sign that says ‘KATHERINE’S’ on it. I can’t believe Enzo named it after me. Oh my God, I am going to cry right now. Enzo is so amazing; words can’t even describe how I feel.

“Enzo,” I say with tears of joy in my eyes while walking into the building.

“What do you think, honey,” he says smiling.

“I can’t believe you actually built the restaurant for me; it’s even more beautiful than in the pictures Enzo, I don’t know what to say.”

“Do you like it?”

“I LOVE IT! It’s so beautiful!” I say walking around the place.

“That’s not all, step outside.”

I step outside and see the car of my dreams. Oh, my God! What is going on? I can’t believe Enzo got me the car I wanted for so long. I don’t even know how to express my happiness. This is fantastic. I can’t believe he is doing all these lovely things for me.

“ENZO! OH my God! I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU GOT ME THE BMW M9. Thank you, thank you, thank you,” I say hugging him very tight while kissing his face all over, to let him know how happy I am.

"I don't even know what to say, is this real? Like is this car mine?" I say smiling so much with tears of joy in my eyes. I kiss him on the lips with so much passion, allowing all my happiness to fill the kiss.

"Thank you so much. I love it," I say still kissing him all over his face.

"You are welcome mi amore, and I am happy you love it," he says smiling.

"But baby, not that I am complaining or anything, I am just wondering what made you decide to buy a car for me."

"Oh, it was the day you came late for dinner with my friend. I realised that maybe it was high time I got you the car you always wanted."

"Oh, thank you."

"You are welcome, amore."

We walk back to the car, but this time it's actually cars. I look at Enzo, and without saying any words he drops the keys in my hands.

"Where are we going?" I ask before getting into MY CAR. It seems so foreign to call a car 'mine' but it also feels amazing.

"My house or do you want to go home?"

"No, I will just call home and tell them I won't be coming home tonight."

We arrive at Enzo's house; I park my car next to one of Enzo's cars. Once we step out of the cars, I have a smile on my face, which makes him shake his head while smiling back at me.

"I can see someone is enjoying her ride."

"Oh yes, I am," I say, walking towards where he is standing.

We take the elevator into Enzo's penthouse; once we are inside the first thing that comes to my mind is to eat.

"I am so hungry I could eat a cow right now," I say once we step into the penthouse.

"Really?" Enzo says, looking at me before he starts laughing so much that I have to join him realising what I just said.

"Of course not! What do you take me for," I say still laughing at my statement.

"It's not me who said it," he says raising his hands in surrender before walking to the kitchen.

"Whatever. Is there anything in the fridge I could eat?" I say following him to the kitchen.

"I don't know, what do you feel like eating?" he says folding the sleeves of his shirt up.

"Anything with chicken will do fine," I say, wondering why he is asking.

"Alright, in the next hour, my lady, your dinner will be served. So, just sit back and relax," Enzo says with a British accent sounding very s\*\*y and funny.

"Thank you, sir," I say with a British accent which makes us fall into a feast of laughter.

"Are you seriously cooking?"

"Yes, I am."

"I never knew you could cook," I say surprised.

"It's one of my hidden talents," he says smirking.

"Hmmm, I would like to know all your other hidden talents."

"Don't worry you will find out one day," he says winking at me.

"Alright, what can I help you with?"

"Nothing, I don't really need you to help me."

"I want to; I can't just sit down and watch you do all the cooking; I have to help too."

"Okay, if you insist. You can start with the chicken while I prepare the rice."

"Alright," I say walking to the fridge to get the chicken to start.

One hour later, Enzo and I have finished making rice with vegetables and baked peppered chicken. After eating, we go to the bedroom to sleep. I am changing into one of Enzo's t-shirt instead of one of the nightgowns bought for me, when Enzo speaks up.

"Mi amore, can I ask you something?" Enzo says looking a little nervous.

"Yes, honey, you can" I say, sitting down on the bed to hear what he has to say.

"Why are you not upset about the fact that I am in the mafia and I did not tell you," He says, bending toward me while holding my hands in his.

"I was angry at first, but then I remembered. Being in the Mafia and dating someone from outside is a big risk to take. So I thought if it were me that was in your shoes, I would do the same. But I still feel like maybe you did not trust me enough to tell me, and it hurts, baby." I say feeling hurt he did not tell me, and the next thing I know I am crying. I am sure you are wondering why I am crying now and not before. Well, it's because until Enzo mentioned it, I never gave it a serious thought. Now that I have, it hurts thinking he did not trust me enough. And it hurts more when the person you love does not trust you enough to tell you the type of business they are in. Oh my God, did I just say I Love Enzo? Oh my God, I love Enzo. I can't believe I have come to love him so much that him not trusting me hurts. I can't believe the one man in my life who has caused me pain, can make me feel a million things in a heartbeat and make me the happiest woman. Sometimes I ask myself how I can love a man who has caused me so much pain. Enzo might not be the sweetest person I know, but he does not need to be, to make me fall in love with him. When I stare at Enzo, my breath always leaves me. Then I also remember the amazing little things he has done for me, and I can't help but fall in love with him. I love Enzo. I have never loved any man in my life the way I love him. But thinking about it, it's not today I started to have strong feelings for him, and admitting I love him is just confirmation of how I really feel about him. But I can't blame Enzo, because if I were a spy it could have gone wrong if he told me. So me being angry with him won't be reasonable of me, but at the same time I have the right to be.

"Baby, please stop crying. Seeing you cry is hurting me. I am so sorry I did not tell you, but I was scared that if I told you, you would leave me knowing the kind of business I am in. I never meant to hurt you; I am so sorry." he says, wiping away my tears.

"So, it's not because you don't trust me? And why were you scared I would leave you? Enzo, even though my family and yours are into the same business I would not have left you, even if I was not into the business " I say feeling better knowing he did not tell me because he was scared I would leave him, not because he did not trust me.

"You saying it now makes me wish I had told you, my love. I am sorry I did not; I was too scared to tell you. I could not afford to lose you." he says hugging me close.

"It's okay Enzo, I understand how you felt and I am not going anywhere. I am here to stay." I say making him look at me, so I could stare into his eyes, and show him how sincere I am.

"Mi amore, I don't know what I did to deserve such an amazing woman like you. I promise you I won't ever keep anything from you from now on. Knowing that you will never leave me has made all my fears go away." he says with a big smile on his face.

"I am happy about that," I say smiling knowing he won't keep secrets from me anymore. And it has also made all my fears of thinking maybe he did not trust me go away.

"Come let's go to bed," Enzo says pulling me into the bed.

“Good night Mi amore,” I say meaning the words this time.

“Goodnight, Regina del mio cuore (The Queen of my heart),” he says kissing my forehead.

## **Read Novel Bullied To Love By Amal A. Usman Chapter 29**

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It's Friday, one more day to the ball I have been planning for a week. Everything is ready for the ball. The only thing missing is the dress I am going to wear, and that's why the girls and I are going shopping later this afternoon. I finish with all the last minute arrangements at the hall before I take my car to meet the girls at the mall. I am meeting up with Sofia, Joan and Victoria. It feels so good to have a car now; it makes moving around so much easier.

I arrive at the mall and walk to the store where Sofia said they are at. I say hi to the girls before taking a seat to rest a little before I start the search for the perfect dress.

I have been to five different stores, and so far I have not found 'The one' like Victoria likes to say. We enter a new shop; I see the dress I have been looking the whole time. I ask the shop attendant to get me the dress to try it on. I try it on, and it fits perfectly. After trying on the dress, I ask her to pack it up for me.

After a day full of work and shopping, I get home, eat and go to sleep hugging my bed like it will run away from me. I am sleeping in Enzo's house because I am too tired to drive home. I am trying to get deep into my slumber when I hear noises coming from downstairs. I look to my left and see Enzo is still not in bed. I walk downstairs to find out if everything is alright. I go downstairs to see Enzo and some guys in black suits in a heated conversation. I am guessing they are his bodyguards because two of me wouldn't even make one of these men. I decide to go back to bed since it seems like it's nothing serious, but Enzo calls me making me come to a halt on the stairs.

“Mi amore , is that you?” Enzo says.

“Yes, it's me,” I say walking back downstairs.

“Please come here for a minute.”

“Alright, I am coming,” I say walking down the stairs.

“I would like you to meet Mack; he is the head security in charge of tomorrow's event,” Enzo says introducing me to the biggest guy in the room.

"Hello, I am Katherine," I say offering my hand for him to shake.

"Good evening ma'am," he says shaking my hand briefly.

"How are you?"

"I am fine thank you."

"We were just discussing how to increase security for tomorrow," Enzo says.

"Oh, that's good. I should leave you guys to it then," I say, turning back to go upstairs.

"No, we need your help."

"Oh! What can I help you guys with?"

"We need a description of what Carlos looks like."

"Oh, how my uncle looks. He is a six-foot-tall man, with dirty blond hair; he has sea blue eyes and a scar on his left eye.

"Is this him?" Mack says showing me a picture of Carlos.

"Yes, that's him."

"Alright, thank you, ma'am."

"You are welcome. Is there anything else I could help with?"

"I think that's all for now, amore."

"Alright, I will leave you guys to continue. Bye."

"I will be up soon," Enzo says.

I am getting comfortable in bed when Enzo walks in. He changes into his PJ'S and joins me in the bed.

"Are you sleeping, mi amore?"

"No my love," I say turning around to face him.

"I hope everything is okay?" I say placing my hand on his face.



“Yes, everything is fine, but I wanted to ask, ‘why is it that your uncle is so reluctant to kill you?’ Because, I don’t see why he should be coming after you when your father is still alive.”

“I don’t know about that, but I guess we will find out in time.”

“Alright, if you say so. Let’s get some sleep, tomorrow is a busy day. Goodnight, mi amore,” he says kissing me.

The next morning I wake up early and go to Enzo’s hotel to make sure everything is ready for this evening. I go back home after making sure everything is set up. Papa wants to talk to me before tonight’s event. I hope it’s not something I should be worried about. I drive home after getting something to eat on my way. I step inside the house while announcing my arrival.

“Papa! Mama! I’m home.” I say, walking towards the kitchen.

“How was your day, dear,” Mama says pecking me on the cheeks.

“It was fine, mama, and I brought food on my way home,” I say placing the food on the table.

“How is my Guerriero (Warrior) doing?” Papa says.

“I’m good, papa, how was your day?” I say picking out a plate to get something to eat.

“It was good.”

“Papa, you said there was something you wanted to talk to me about before tonight’s event?” I say walking into the living room with my plate of food.

“Yes, I wanted to ask you if you know why your uncle is out to kill you even though he knows I’m not dead.”

“I have no idea, papa.”

“Alright then, and I wanted to give you this” Papa says handing me his golden gun.

“Oh my God! Papa, thank you, thank you,” I say hugging papa remembering when I was little and how much I loved his golden gun.

“You are welcome.”

After I release papa from the hug, the doorbell rings. I walk to the door expecting it to be my beautician. I open the door and see a lady with pitch black hair, grey eyes and average in height.

"You must be the beautician, come in," I say making way for her to enter.

"Yes I am, my name is Zeena," she says giving me her hand to shake.

"My name is Katherine, just follow me so we can get started," I say walking her to my bedroom.

Three hours later, Zeena is done with my hair and makeup. I am wearing a n\* **degrading to Capri evening dress with deep v-neckline on an embroidered bust. I am putting on my shoes when I hear a knock on the door. I open the door to see Enzo standing in front of my room, looking sier than ever in a gloriously fitted designer suit.** I don't know how long we are staring at each other till we hear Sofia's voice telling us to snap out of it.

"Enzo," I say softly.

"You look beautiful, Katherine," Enzo says, staring at me with so much adoration in his eyes.

"Thank you," I say, smiling while a blush stains my cheeks. I will never get tired of Enzo's compliments and how much they affect me.

"Do you need something?" I ask while walking back in to finish putting on my shoes and earrings.

"I wanted to give you this," he says handing me a box.

"What is it?" I say opening the box to reveal a Diamond Tennis Bracelet in a set of yellow gold and claws.

"Enzo this is beautiful, thank you," I say hugging him and kissing him on the lips

"Help me put it on," I say, handing him the bracelet to put it on my right wrist.

"Thank you so much I love it," I say kissing him again before walking out of the room to be on our way.

We arrive at the hotel on time; we walk inside with everyone's eyes on us. If it were any other day I would hide behind Enzo, but today is a new day and from this day on I will live up to my actual name, Valentina Maria Salvestro. I walk beside Enzo with my head held high. We walk around and say hi to some people before the main event starts.

One hour later Papa comes up the stage and gives a speech. The speech is about his return and getting back his seat as president. I am walking around to get some fresh air with Sofia. Sofia is wearing a white and gold lace ball gown. We arrive at a balcony and see Joan sitting there with her head in between her legs.

“Hi, Joan,” I say walking up to sit beside her hoping everything is fine.

“Hey,” she says in a sad tone waving to Sofia and me. Sofia and I share a look, and we both know something is wrong.

“Joan, what’s wrong?” I ask sounding very concerned.

“Nothing,” she says trying to plaster a big fake smile on her face, but even a baby can see through it.

“Joan it is obvious something is wrong, but you don’t have to tell us if you don’t want to,” I say giving her a comforting smile.

“Am scared Kat. I am scared I am going to lose him.”

“Lose who?” I say wondering who she is talking about.

“WILLIAM,” She says and burst out in tears.

“Why?” I say getting confused.

“You don’t know?” she says, looking at me confused.

“What exactly are you talking about? I am bewildered.”

“He is...” She is not able to finish her statement when someone beats her to it.

“I can explain,” William says out of nowhere.

“Oh, I am listening,” I say, getting more comfortable on my seat.

“Not here and not only to you, as I also need to explain to everyone. Can you get everyone? I mean the two families and somewhere we can talk in private, because it’s essential.” William says with seriousness.

“Alright, we will be back,” I say, grabbing Sofia’s hand to get everyone because I have a feeling there is something we all don’t know.

## **Read Novel Bullied To Love By Amal A. Usman Chapter 30**

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 30

I found everyone after a few minutes of looking for them. We are all seated in a private meeting room in the hotel building away from the event hall. Everyone is confused

about why William wants to see us, so we all wait for him to speak before saying anything.

“I am sure all of you are wondering why I have called you all here,” William says and gets a nod or yes from everyone.

“I am here to tell you all who I really am. My real name is Martino Santi Salvestro. I am the son of Valentina Maria Lapaccio.” William says staring at mama who has tears in her eyes just from hearing that name.

“Oh my God, I can’t believe it’s you. I have searched the whole world for you.” Mama says walking towards William or rather Martino.

“I am sorry I did not reveal myself sooner aunt,” he says, hugging mama.

“It’s fine my boy,” Mama says hugging him back with a lot of love.

“Can someone explain to us what is going on here?” I say, wondering how William is related to me.

“Oh sorry, Martino, do you want me to explain it to them, or you want to do the honours?” mama says after she releases him from their hug.

“Aunt you start the story and I will finish it,” William says.

“Alright, it all started when my little sister was supposed to get married. She ran away from home for a month or so before her wedding. She did not want to get married to someone she did not know. Her marriage was arranged like mine. She met a man who she said loved her and took her to Italy. During the time my sister ran away from home I did not hear from her. My father even said she should just come back, that he didn’t care if she got married or not, but my little sister did not come back. When I gave birth to Antonio, my sister finally reached out to me. She told me she had given birth too. I was thrilled. She said she was in Italy. I asked her to meet up with me, but she couldn’t. At first, I thought it was because she was still scared my father would get her married off once he knows her whereabouts, but I was wrong. The man my sister claimed loved her, did not love her. The only reason he took her to Italy was because she became pregnant with his son. Who we all know as William, but his real name is Martino. Once she told me, I started planning a way to get my sister away from that man, but I was too late because she died before I could save her.” mama says and starts tearing up. I quickly walk up to her to console her.

“And the worst part was I don’t even know how she died, but I know it was her lover. Once I get my hands on him I am going to kill him myself,” mama says with hatred in her eyes.

“He might be my father, but I can understand how you feel. My mother died because she was trying to save Mr Salvestro and his family’s life. My mother was the best woman in the world, even though she had the worst husband in the world she still smiled. My father hated me because I loved my mother so much and would not live the life he wanted me to live. I lived the way my mother trained me to. He would beat my mother and me till we wouldn’t be able to walk for days. My mother always tried to leave him, but he was always one step ahead of us. The day she died was a great tragedy for me. My mother and I overheard my father planning to kill Mr Salvestro and his whole family. My mother could not just watch her sister die, so she tried calling her on that day, but our plan did not go as planned. My father caught her and killed her in front of me; it was a nightmare and I will never forgive him for it.” William says with a lot of anger. Joan walks up to him and takes his hands in hers to calm him down.

“After my mother died my father became a monster because he did not succeed in his plans. So he always put all the blame on me and made my life hell. When I turned 18 I ran away from home and went to Spain, where I was able to put my life together.”

“Oh my God, William, I can’t imagine what you went through,” I say walking up to him to hug him.

“It’s fine,” he says, hugging me back.

“I don’t know how I will repay your mother for her bravery, but I can promise you I will find your father and make him pay for it if that’s what you want?” papa says to William.

“It’s okay Mr Salvestro, I would love to do that myself,” William says smiling.

“Alright boy and you can call me uncle, you are family after all,” papa says patting him on the back.

“But why did you not say anything sooner?” I say wondering why he is just speaking up now.

“That’s because when I ran away to Spain I met my mother’s father, who is also your maternal grandfather. He took me in and trained me to run his empire. He told me about your condition; so I felt I could not tell you who I really was when we met at university. I did not want to bring back bad memories and make your situation worse, since you were finally doing better. But when I found out you had gotten your memories back I planned to tell you earlier today, but something came up.”

“Oh, I understand. But can I ask you something?” I say.

“Sure”

“Why does Enzo hate you?”

“I can answer that, love,” Enzo says from behind me.

“I hated William because of who his father is; I never knew he was not like his father. I am sorry for judging you without knowing who you really are” Enzo says, putting out his hands for him to shake as a way of apologising.

“It’s fine, it’s all in the past now,” William says, shaking his hand. Seeing my best friend—who is also my cousin—and boyfriend becoming friends makes me very happy.

“Alright we should get back before someone starts noticing we have been gone for too long,” Enzo says.

“Okay, I will meet you later; I still have some things I want to ask William.”

“Alright honey,” Enzo says, pecking my cheeks before walking out with my parents, his parents, Antonio and Sofia. Joan stays behind with William and me.

“Am so happy we are related” I say squeezing the life out of him with a hug.

“Do you want to kill me, woman?” he says not really trying to get out from my embrace while laughing.

“You are not serious,” I say releasing him from the tight embrace.

“Even though you just explained how we are related, it does not explain why Joan was crying.”

“Oh, about that, she is sad that I want to go to Spain for business after we just had a shootout a few days ago.”

“Oh, that explains it.”

“How come you are so normal even though you just heard him say we were in a shootout a few days ago,” Joan says, looking at William and me like we have two heads.

“It’s totally normal because that is how life in the mafia is, and honey I was born into that life,” I say trying to make her understand why I am not fazed.

“Alright if you say so, but it’s still scary,” Joan says.

“You will get used to it, but it will take time.”

“I pray so.”

“I have one last question for you, William?”

“You are still calling me William, Cousin?” William says, looking at me with his brows up with a smirk on his lips.

“Sorry, Mr Martino,” I say while laughing.

“Better, and will you stop laughing.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good, so what is your question?”

“Who is your father?”

“My father is...” William does not get to finish his statement when we hear gunshots being fired.

The shooting stops after awhile; we walk out to find out what’s happening. Enzo comes up beside me and hands me a gun. We all walk to the front of the hall to see who dares interrupt our night. When I look at who is standing there, I am not so surprised.

“Hello family,” Carlos says with a stupid smirk on his lips.

“That’s my father,” William says beside me. Oh my God! Can today get any more complicated?