

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 3

One month has gone by since I started working here and trust me it's been hell.

Nothing I ever do is right. I either forget to fax a file to someone, or I got the wrong number. Let's not even talk about the coffee. It's either too hot, too cold or just horrible. He is a severe pain in the a**. I wish my boss could be someone with a heart, not the devil in human form.

My phone vibrates, I look to check what he wants now, but I am surprised when I see it's a text from my bank saying % 5000 has been put into my account by Enzo. I am amazed he is paying me so well. It's almost worth him making my life a living hell while working for him.

I look at the time and it is time for lunch. I am in the elevator on my way to get myself some lunch when I hear my phone ringing.

"Hello, sir, what can I help you with."

"I need you in my office now," he says loud and clear in my ears while he hangs up before I can say anything.

I walk towards his office and knock on the door. I hear a 'come in.' I step inside and see him doing some paperwork.

"I need you to go to the address written here and get my suit for tonight and use this credit card to get a suitable evening dress for yourself," he says.

"Alright, sir, but I don't need your money to get myself something for tonight. I have my own money. Thank you for the paycheck."

“I did not ask you if you have your own money. I am telling you to use my card, so use it. And you are welcome about the paycheck.” Enzo says.

I am about to protest but knowing him it will be a waste of time, so I pick up the paper with the address and the credit card to be on my way.

I am about to enter the shop to pick up Enzo’s suit when I hear a tone go off on my phone. I check to see a message from Enzo saying, ‘that I better not dare be late bringing his suit.’

I roll my eyes and walk into the shop. I collect Enzo’s suit and walk to another shop in the mall to start my search for the perfect dress for tonight. I hope and pray he will like whatever I get.

I have been to so many shops looking for the perfect dress I almost give up when I finally find one for tonight. I forgot to ask Enzo what the event is. I will ask him when I get back to the office to drop off his suit.

I am back at the office to give Enzo his suit. I get on the elevator and walk to his office. I knock on his door and wait for a response but don’t get one. After knocking and waiting for an answer for a few minutes I decide to walk in and check if everything is alright, as the secretary downstairs did not say he went out for lunch. I step inside to see no one at his desk. I decide to hang the suit up thinking maybe he went to use the restroom.

“You are given the rest of the day off to get ready for the night,” he says, once I’m about to turn the doorknob to walk out.

I got a fright when I heard his voice out of nowhere, but realised it was coming from the door of his private bathroom.

“Alright, thank you,” I say, walking out.

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I forgot to ask him what the event is, so I send a text asking him. He texts back saying the event is a charity event, and he will be picking me up at 8:00 p.m. from my house.

After I get home, I shower and put on my makeup and my new dress. I have finished with my makeup and dressing by 7:56 p.m. I am so happy I am ready before he got here. I'm wearing a black off-the-shoulder gown which hugs me around the hips and flows down. My makeup is modest with red lipstick.

The doorbell rings, which means he is here and that is my cue to leave.

"Bye mom, I'm going. Make sure to take your pills before you go to bed. Bye, I love you." I say to mama before walking out the door.

"Bye dear, have a great time," she says from the kitchen as I walk out.

I walk out to see Enzo leaning on his car wearing an Armani suit that fits his body nicely. 'Boy, does he look s**y.'

I walk over to meet him so we can go. He opens the door for me.

"Thank you," I say while getting into the car. He goes around and gets into the car.

"Are you ready?" He says, putting on his seat belt while smiling at me. I wonder why he is smiling at me. I smile back so as not to seem rude.

"Yes," I say with a smile on my face.

We arrive after thirty minutes of driving. I see a vast, beautiful hotel with lights all around it and a big sign which says COSTANZO, which means he owns the hotel. ‘Wow’

“You own the hotel?” I ask with my brows raised.

“Yes,” He says with a s**y smirk on his face.

“But I never knew you had a hotel. I have not seen any file which says you do.”

“There are so many things you don’t know about me, Bella.”

I walk into the hotel to see a very elegant foyer. We enter a hall full of people. Everyone here looks rich in their beautiful dresses and suits; you can tell they were not bought from a high-street store.

We’re walking to our seats when Enzo says, “You look beautiful,” while sliding his hand around my waist, shocking me to the bone. I turn to see the devil with a beautiful, genuine smile on his handsome face. I smile and try to hide my face so that he won’t see my cheeks turning red and realize how he affects me.

I am about to sit down when a man who looks to be around the same age as Enzo comes up to us and hugs him like they have known each other for a long time.

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“Who is this beautiful lady we have here, Enzo?” the man says.

“She is my date for tonight,” Enzo says.

I am dumbfounded by his response. I thought he was going to say that I am his personal a**istant, but his date sounds better.

“I am Zino, this fools best friend.” he puts his hand out for me to shake.

“My name is Katherine,” I say while I accept his hand smiling.

“I wish you a pleasant time tonight,” Zino says smiling back at me. After saying something to Enzo he leaves.

Enzo explains to me that it is a dance competition. The men are going to auction their date and dance with her, to raise money for a children’s hospital.

“I hope you are ready because we are going to dance,” he says with a devilish smile on his face.

“No-no-no. I can’t do that. I am too shy and I might fall off the stage or worse, faint while dancing,” I say to him while shaking my head.

“It is too late for that because I already added your name to the list of women that will be auctioned tonight.”

“Please remove my name I don’t want to dance,” I say pleading.

“It is too late. You should not worry. Everything will be fine.”

I keep trying to make Lorenzo remove my name but it is of no use, so I give up and try to think of anything but the fact that I am likely going to make a big fool of myself in front of a lot of people. I think about how I got my first paycheck today which means I can pay part of mom’s treatment. The doctor can start giving her better treatment because the one she is getting is not really great. This way her surgery can be done before it gets to the third stage.

“Katherine!”

I am brought back from my thoughts when I hear my name called over the speakers.

“You need to be on the stage so the auction can start,” the man on the stage says.

“Oh, alright,” I say walking up the stage with various thoughts running through my head. Like, what if no-one bids for me? That will be the most embarrassing thing in my life. What if he even auctions me for a good prize but I spoil everything by falling or doing something else embarrassing?. ‘He will kill me,’ I think.

I am standing with the other ladies who look beautiful in their various evening dresses. The auction is starting. So far three ladies have been bought for good prizes, leaving four more on stage with me. It is my turn. I feel like I am going to faint right on the spot.

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My auction has started with % 5000

Then I hear the auctioneer say, % 7000, % 8000, % 9000, in quick succession.

Out of nowhere I hear a voice say % 20,000!

I look up and meet those beautiful hazel-green eyes that always leave me breathless.

Lorenzo!

He comes up and takes my hand in his.

“Shall we?” Enzo says. But I am too shocked to reply so I nod my head because I never imagined him paying so much money for me. But if you

think about it, it's not for me, it's for the children. So, I better stop fooling myself thinking that he feels I am worth so much. I better try my best to dance and not make a complete fool of myself while doing it.

We start dancing. My body fits perfectly with his and somehow it feels right. His hands around my waist make me feel safe. Something I have never felt except with my mom. We dance for about six minutes before the music dies down and we turn back to our seats.

He says bye to his various friends before we leave. We are on our way to drop me home, when I speak to ease the tension in the car.

“Thank you for the dance, I had fun tonight.”

“You are welcome. But just to let you know—I did what I did for the children—nothing more. The only reason I brought you and called you my date is because I had no other option. I had to come with a date and my sister who always comes with me was busy, so don't start getting any ideas because nothing has changed between us.”

I am not surprised he said such harsh words to me. I thought he was becoming a better person. But boy am I wrong! He is still the Devil personified.

We arrive at my house. I am about to step out when he speaks.

“Don't come to the office tomorrow. Be ready by 10a.m. I'm coming to get you to go to the airport. We are going to Sicily tomorrow for a business trip. We will be going for a week, take enough clothes to last you a week.” he says.

“Alright, sir.” I say and get out of the car.

I walk inside straight to mama's room to make sure she is asleep before going to bed. I open her door and see mama sleeping soundly. I walk into my room to start packing, because if I don't pack tonight, I know I will not pick the right clothes for my unexpected trip tomorrow. Once I am done packing my clothes, I put my suitcase aside and choose a bag for my laptop and other necessary things I might need for the trip. Before I go to bed I set the alarm to wake me up on time to get ready. I also set a reminder to send the money I have to the doctor, and to set up an appointment to discuss how soon mama's surgery can be done when I get back from Sicily.