

## Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 6

After a couple of hours of my beauty sleep, I hear someone waking me up. I open my eyes to see a set of beautiful hazel green eyes, and I am wondering who those beautiful eyes could belong to. I focus my eyes to see it's the devil and my smile turns into a big frown. I sit up straight to answer him because whatever the time is, I don't want another lecture from him. By the looks from outside it seems it's late because it's already dark.

"You have to get ready in the next thirty minutes. We are leaving soon, and I hate lateness," Enzo says before walking out of the room.

I walk to the bathroom to get ready. I shower for fifteen minutes and do my makeup. Nothing too serious or heavy as I am not a fan of makeup, but the way my eyes look from all that crying I need some makeup. I put on a silver dress with a deep v-neckline, which is not too formal, but perfect for a dinner.

When the thirty minutes are up, I am ready to go. I walk out to meet Enzo, so he won't have a reason to tell me I am wasting his time. I walk out to see Enzo looking s\*\*ier than ever. He is wearing one of his Armani suits, with his Rolex wrist\*\*\*ch, which could blind me with how much gold there is on it. He looks as handsome as ever. How I wish he were a better person at heart, then maybe it wouldn't hurt so much that I admire his beautiful face.

"Are you ready?" Enzo asks.

"Yes, I am," I say while we walk out of the room.

We walk to the lobby, and I finally get a good view of the hotel, it is marvellous. The most beautiful hotel I have ever seen; words can't even

describe it. We walk out of the hotel and wait for them to get the car so we can be on our way.

We arrive after almost 2 hours of driving. We step out of the car and I see a huge, beautiful house with different kinds of people going inside, looking fabulous in their beautiful dresses and well-tailored suits. I look at myself and feel like I am a little underdressed for the occasion. Enzo comes around from his side and steps in front of me.

“Let’s get in. I have already wasted enough time. We don’t want to keep my parents waiting. Do we?” Enzo says like we did not argue a few hours ago.

We walk inside, and I am gifted with a glorious view of a beautiful mansion. I try to keep up with his brisk pace as we walk through the hallway. We arrive at a ma\*\*ive door with gold doorknobs. He turns the doorknob and opens the door and I see a ballroom with different people already dancing to the sweet music playing in the background.

“Sit here and don’t move until I come back. Am I clear?” he says.

“Yes sir,” I say, thinking what an a\*\*hole he is, thinking he can control me. If it isn’t for the fact that I don’t know where I am I would have gotten up and left.

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I have been sitting here waiting for him for what seems like hours—although I am pretty sure it’s only a few minutes—but I am bored. I have been getting funny and strange looks. Some look like they want to eat me up. Maybe what I am wearing is too exposing, although I have only a little cleavage showing.

I am playing a game on my phone when I feel someone's presence. I look up to meet a good-looking man with green eyes similar to, but not as handsome, as Enzo. He looks like he is in his late fifties. Why must I even compare Enzo to whoever this handsome man in front of me is? I feel he is waiting for me to speak, so I give him the honour and speak up first. "Hi, can I help you?"

"Hello, I am Mr Fedrigo Costanzo," The handsome man says.

When the surname sinks into my brain I quickly get up to shake his hands so as not to seem rude. Now I understand where Enzo gets his handsome looks from.

"Good evening, Sir, my name is Katherine Luciano. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine. May I ask why such a beautiful lady is sitting alone?" he says with a beautiful smile on his handsome face.

"Oh, I came with someone. He said I should wait for him, he went... Oh, here he comes."

"Oh, so the lucky man tonight is my son."

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

I remain standing while we wait for Enzo to reach us before saying anything more. Because I don't think he would like me talking to his father, but it seems his father does not care. I hear him ask me a question I wish he did not ask, because I do not know how to answer his question.

"What is your relationship with my son, if you don't mind me asking?" Before I can answer a voice already beats me to it.

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“She is my date for tonight, father. Don’t you have other people to meet? I can keep Kat company now.” he says, while I still try to understand why, when anyone asks him who I am, he says I am his date. After he spoke to his father, his father does not leave. He says something which has me thinking.

“Wow, son! This is the first time you ever brought a girl home. Wait till I tell your mom.” he says and walks into the crowd to return with a beautiful lady.

She looks to be in her early forties with a pretty smile on her face. Once she gets to me, she pulls me into a bone-crushing hug which leaves me stunned. I hug her back even though I don’t know who she is. But from the way Mr Costanzo is looking at her with love shining in his eyes, I am guessing she is his wife. She releases me from the hug and examines me from head to toe with a genuine smile on her face.

“Hello, I am Elizabeth but you can call me Liz. I am Lorenzo’s mother. I am so happy to meet you. He has never brought a girl home before.” She looks at Enzo, “Son, I can see your father was not lying when he said you brought a lady home. I am so happy. This means there is hope of you getting married one day, after all.” Elizabeth says.

“Hi, my name is Katherine, it’s a pleasure to meet you. I am honoured to be in your house.” I say to the lovely lady in front of me with a smile on my face.

But I am still confused by what she just said, ‘I am so happy to see you. He has never brought a girl home. I am so happy; this means there is hope of you ever getting married. ‘What in God’s name could that mean? Does she think because he said I am his date that we are in a relationship?

No! That is the last thing that will ever happen between this living devil and me. He might seem like an attractive man with a handsome face but dating him is an entirely different thing.

“The pleasure is all mine. Come along, I think I need to give you the grand tour of my beautiful house since my son has neglected to give you one,” she says while she tugs my hand.

“Mama, that won’t be necessary because we are already on our way out.” he says before I am even able to open my mouth.

“That is sad,” she says turning to me, “because my dear I would like to know more about you. What about tomorrow if you are not busy? I could show you the beautiful places all around Sicily. So, what do you say?”

I speak up this time before him. I think two can play the game. If he stops me from seeing William then I am going to piss him off by accepting his mother’s offer. I know he will not want me to go, but by the way he looks at his mother I don’t think he would like to ever see her upset and I am going to use that to my advantage.

“Yes, I would love to,” I say with a big smile on my face. Enzo looks down at me with murder in his eyes, about to execute me as soon as we leave. To keep p\*\*\*\*\* him off, I add salt to the wound because payback is a b\*\*\*\*\*.

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“What time should we meet tomorrow? I am free from 2:00p.m., and I am so sorry that we are already on our way. I would have loved to spend the evening with you.”

“Perfect. I will stop by the office to get you by 3:00p.m. and I know I would have loved it too, but it seems my son has other plans for tonight. See you tomorrow,” she says and hugs me with a peck on both cheeks.

I do the same before walking out with Lorenzo. Enzo is angry because of me. This makes me feel so good as there is nothing he can do about it.

We are back in our hotel room. He has not said anything since we left his parent's place. I am walking to my room when he turns me around with such force, I hit my head on the wall from the impact. Pinning me to the wall with his hands I am unable to move. From the look on his face he is imagining stabbing me to my death. I'm careful and don't move as I don't want to make him angrier than he is already.

“What were you trying to do tonight? Why in God's name did you accept my mom's offer? You and I know that we are not in a relationship. I only told my papa you were my date because he seemed to like you. I did not want him to look at you like you're an outcast, or worse, think his son is someone that loves to take his personal assistant everywhere he goes. Since you accepted my mom's offer, you have to act like my girlfriend with her. I love my mom too much to drop her hopes that I have finally found someone, not knowing you are just a hired puppet.” he says despairingly.

‘I did not ask you to take me so don't you dare use that excuse with me.’ I think to myself, not out loud. I do not know what to say or do. Enzo just told me to my face he hired me to make me his puppet, someone he could always make fun of just like in high school. The next thing I know I feel my eyes getting watery, but I remember that I swore to myself that I would never cry in front of this devil. It will only give him more satisfaction so I push back the tears. I have to give him a piece of my mind, because I can't always let him bully me.

“I did not ask you to take me to your parent’s house. You took me there on your own. If you like, then keep lying to yourself that you only told your father I was your date because he seemed to like me. Or that you did not want him to look at me like I am an outcast or think his son is someone that loves to take his personal assistant everywhere he goes. Because you do take your personal assistant everywhere you go! The funny part is, even though I don’t know your father very well, I know he does not seem like the type to look down on someone. I am not surprised you said you hired me as your puppet. I was waiting for the day you were going to tell me the real reason you hired me. I am so happy you have now, it will be easier for me to do this. ‘I QUIT!’ I want to go back to New York first thing tomorrow morning. Please call your mom and explain that something came up and I won’t be able to make it tomorrow.” I say, feeling very proud of myself.

I am about to move from his grip when I feel his hands tighten on mine, which I am sure will leave a bruise. He tells me to my face how much control he does have over my life.

“You think you can quit when you feel like it? Sorry love, it’s not like that. If I remember correctly, you signed a contract which states you cannot leave this job unless I fire you and I’m not thinking of doing such any time soon. So, if you know what is good for you, go inside and sleep because you have a lot of work to do tomorrow. Don’t worry about my mom. I will tell her something came up. Now, leave my sight before I do something I will regret.” he says without saying anything about the other first things I mentioned. Like I never said it anything, except that I want to quit. I am not surprised he ignores the other things I said, because what can he say? But that means I will have to spend my life working for this b\*\*\*\*\* until he is tired of making my life miserable. He releases my hands and I quickly walk to my room to cry myself to sleep, because there is nothing else I can say or do right now.