

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 13

I have been working non-stop since I got to the office this morning. Today is Friday, which means no work till Monday. I am so happy, but Friday's are my worst working days. I have to finish all my work for the week before going home. And I am not planning on staying late again.

Enzo left very early this morning. He did not even let me prepare breakfast for him. Since I came to the office, I have not seen him all day. I am grateful for that because the Enzo in the office and the Enzo outside of the office are two different people. I still wonder why sometimes.

I am in my office replying to some of Enzo's emails when my phone vibrates beside me. I check to see a message from Enzo saying, 'we have a meeting with one of his investors from London at 1:00.p.m. He also said 'we are going to meet the investor at a restaurant not at the office,' one that I can't even pronounce the name of, and 'I should be ready before 1.'

By 12:40p.m. I pick up all the necessary files for the meeting. I walk out of my office to meet Enzo who is waiting for me by the elevator. We take the elevator down to the parking lot. We both step out of the elevator. Enzo walks over to his Mercedes-Benz Maybach Exelero. 'I must say this car is beautiful' We get into his car to be on our way to the restaurant. We arrive at the restaurant in complete silence throughout the ride.

We walk into the restaurant and ask for our table, his table actually. We walk over to the table and meet a man who looks like he is in his late fifties sitting down already waiting for us. Once he sees Enzo, he stands up from his chair to hug him.

"Hello son, how are you?" the man says with a smile on his face

“I am fine uncle, how has life been for you?” Enzo says with a genuine smile on his face. Wow, so he knows how to smile, I never knew.

“It’s been fine, my dear boy. We should begin immediately, I have a date with your aunt afterwards, and you know how she can be when I arrive late.” He says chuckling while sitting back down.

“Yes, I know how she can be. Let’s begin and this is my personal assistant, Katherine,” he says, finally acknowledging the fact I am here.

I don’t say anything but smile at him while he nods his head. Enzo and I take our seat so we can start the meeting. Enzo asks me to hand them the file for the contract. I stand up from my chair to place the files in front of both of them.

“Uncle, can you excuse my personal assistant and I for a moment,” he says and pulls my hands before I can sit back down.

I wonder what he wants now because I am pretty sure I came with the right files.

“Sure, why not,” His uncle says before Enzo takes me to the back, which I am guessing leads to the restroom.

“Why is your shirt so open? I did not like the way your breast was showing when you were dropping the files on the table.” he says trying to cover up my cleavage.

“I-I-I...” I don’t even know what to say because it’s not my fault my cleavage showed while I was dropping the files on the table. Trust me, it’s only when I bend over that you can see my cleavage—not my actual breasts—so I don’t even know what he is saying. He is just making me laugh, not that I am laughing out loud, though.

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“Here, put on my jacket and make sure this is the last time you wear such a type of shirt. Am I clear?” he says removing his jacket to give me.

“Yes sir,” I say, taking his jacket from his hands. I wear it and cover my cleavage that is showing according to him. I can’t help the few giggles that escape my lips from his unexpected behaviour. We walk back to our table and continue the meeting.

I have been working for the past five hours since we came back to the office. We ended the meeting with Enzo’s uncle hours ago. It is 6 pm in the evening; I am about to finish my work and go home to watch some Netflix and have ice-cream. I am getting my things ready to go home when a knock comes on the door. I wonder who that could be?

“Come in,” I say letting whoever that is in.

“Hi, Katherine, can I have a word with you before you leave,” Joan says with a funny smile on her face. Joan is Enzo’s secretary.

“Sure, why not,” I say sitting back in my seat so we can talk.

“I know we are not close, and I was hoping we could change that. I felt horrible the other day when Enzo embarra**ed you in front of everyone, and I did nothing to help you. Ever since that day, my conscience has not been at peace, so today I decided to meet you and apologise. And make it up to you by inviting you to go clubbing with me this evening. So, what do you think?” she says, looking nervous.

“There was nothing you could have done that day, but to make you feel better, I accept your apology,” I say with a little smile on my face. “I would love to go clubbing with you, but I am supposed to meet up with a friend. Would you mind if I bring her along?”

“Thank you so much! Yes, bring your friend. You won’t regret it, just come to my house by seven tonight so we can go from there together. I will send you my address, just put your number here,” she says and gives me her phone to put my number in.

After I finish talking to Joan and telling Enzo I am going home, I take the elevator down and walk outside to wait for my ride to come and pick me up. Sofia is in town and is helping me go car shopping tomorrow. I am so happy I can’t wait to get my ‘own’ car. My ‘first’ car with my ‘first’ pay-check, the firsts are so many.

While I am standing outside waiting for Sofia, a sleek black and white limited edition Bugatti Veyron pulls up in front of me. The driver buzzes down the window, while I wait to see who is inside. I am expecting to see Sofia because she said she might ‘steal’ one of Enzo’s cars to pick me up, but I am stunned when I see someone else.

“Sofia was not able to make it, so she asked me to pick you up. I hope you don’t mind” he says while rubbing his neck like he is scared I will say no.

I am so confused that I forget how to speak. Did Enzo ask me a question like a rational human being? ‘Oh my God I think I have died.’ I wonder what happened to Sofia that she could not make it. Most of all, how can I ever say no to such a nice car.

I am so deep into my thoughts that I did not notice when Enzo stepped out of the car and came to open the door for me to get in. I wonder why the sudden change in his behaviour. ‘Did he eat something bad or hit his head somewhere?’ I mentally ask myself.

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I get into the car and wait for him to get in. He gets in and starts the car. There is too much tension between us, so I decide to speak up.

“Thank you for picking me up but may I ask what happened to Sofia?” I say while playing with my fingers.

“Don’t mention it; Sofia’s car broke down on her way here.”

“Oh, she should have called me, I would have gotten a cab instead of waiting for her.”

“Really, so you don’t like the fact that I picked you up and her phone died after she called me,” he says raising his eyebrows with a smirk on his face

“No-no, I did not mean it like that. What I meant is that if you had not come to pick me up, I would have waited for her till God knows when. I guess it’s not her fault since her phone died.”

“Oh, so you do like the fact that I picked you up,” he says with a full grin on his face. I wonder why he is smiling like he just won a trophy. It’s not like I said, ‘I am happy I entered your car.’

“Neither did I say that,” I say smiling back at him as I watch his smile fade from his face.

“What were your plans with my sister this evening?”

“We were meant to start looking for a car online. I would like to buy one this weekend.”

“Oh, so my personal assistant finally realised that she needs a car so she won’t be coming to work late,” he says, smiling. I wonder why he is

behaving so carefree? Like we are old friends that are trying to catch up with each other.

“HA-HA-HA, very funny,” I say, deciding to go with the flow and see how things are going between us.

“So, what is your favourite car or rather your dream car?”

“BMW M9,” I say.

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“Wow! That is a very nice car!” he says.

“But my budget does not stretch that far, so I am looking for a not too expensive, but reliable car,” I answer.

“Since my sister is not here, do you have any other plans tonight?” he says, asking like he actually cares how I am going to spend the rest of my evening. This seems very weird coming from someone like him.

“Joan invited me out tonight.”

“Oh, and where are you guys going?” he asks becoming more interested in my night-time affairs.

“We are going clubbing,” I say seeing no harm in telling Enzo.

“Oh really, may I ask which club,” he says, and I start to wonder if he is just asking out of curiosity or if he has another reason.

“I don’t know. After I go home and change, I am going over to her place. We are going together from her place.” I say wondering if he will ask me

to ask Joan which club. Then I would know for sure that he is not just asking because he is curious, but for another reason.

“Alright then, I can wait for you to change then drop you off at her place,” He says acting a bit too nice for the Enzo I know.

“No, it’s fine. You don’t have to do that” I say totally wondering what is wrong with him tonight.

“It’s fine, I don’t mind” he says with a small smile on his face.

“Alright then if you say so,” I say not wanting to stretch the matter for long.