

## Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 14

We arrive at my house shortly after our conversation. I walk straight inside to my room to change while he waits for me in the living room.

I change from my office suit into a black gown that stops before my knees with a wide v-neckline showing a little of my cleavage but not too much. As soon as I am done I walk downstairs.

“I am ready, we can go,” I say, walking into the living room. Enzo does not say anything for a while. He looks lost in his thoughts, and I start to think maybe I look bad.

“Enzo!” I say trying to bring him back to earth.

“Yes, Yes,” He says speaking like he was caught doing something wrong.

“I said I am ready.”

“Oh, yes, let’s get going then,” he says walking out of the door faster than normal.

I give him Joan’s address as we step outside and get into his car to be on our way.

We arrive shortly after and I wave Enzo goodbye before entering Joan’s house. I walk up to her doorstep and ring the bell. I wait for her to answer the door. Joan opens the door after the bell rings three times.

“You came! I am so happy; I can’t wait to have fun tonight, and you look amazing” she says smiling, while pulling me into her house.

“Thank you,” I say walking into her house.

I must say her place is charming and homey. We take the stairs to her room. Her room is beautiful with a queen size bed on the left with two side tables, two doors which I am guessing are her closet and bathroom.

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By 7:50p.m. she is done dressing and doing our makeup. I did not do my makeup at home because I did not want to keep Enzo waiting for long. Joan is wearing a black leather skirt with a white top and leather boots. We walk downstairs to take Joan's car to the club.

We get to the club by 8:00p.m. Luckily for us, Joan knows someone, so we did not have to stand in line. We just walked in with Joan's friends, who are people from work.

We take a seat in the far corner of the club. Joan orders drinks for us as that is something I know nothing about. I hope she does not give me something I can't handle. I am taking a sip of my drink when a guy with brown hair and a s\*\*y body—but not as s\*\*y as Enzo, and why do I have to always compare every man to him ahhh!—walks up to me with a big friendly smile on his face. 'I must say he is handsome, though.'

"Hi, I am Chris, do you mind if I join you?" he says, giving me his hand to shake.

"Hello, I am Katherine, no I don't mind at all," I say, shaking his hand so as not to seem rude even though I clearly don't know who he is.

"I work for the same company with you and Joan, but in the marketing department."

"Oh, that's nice."

We continue talking and getting to know each other. I must say he is a fun person to talk to. He even asks me to dance, which I gladly say yes to.

We are on the dance floor, when I feel his hands finding their way around my waist. At any other time I would break his hands before he feels my skin, but tonight I am going to have fun and do things I don't normally do. Before Chris's hands go around my waist entirely I hear bone cracking behind me. I turn around to see Enzo beating up Chris. 'Oh my God, what is he doing here? Why is he beating up Chris? I have to do something before he kills Chris!'

"Enzo, please stop," I yell trying to stop his hands from hitting Chris's face, but to no effect.

"DON'T YOU EVER TOUCH HER AGAIN," He says still punching the s\*\*\* out of Chris.

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"Enzo! I am begging you, please stop," I say shouting like my life depends on it, with tears falling down my face. I still try to get his hands off Chris but to no avail.

He finally notices me and stops punching Chris. He drags me outside the club and straight into his car. Because I'm afraid of what he might do to me, I decide it's best to shut my mouth till he cools off. So many things are going through my head like, 'why in God's name did he beat him up?' 'Is he jealous or what?' I hardly think he is jealous because he has never shown interest in me so, 'WHY, WHY, WHY, DID HE BEAT HIM!?!'. I want to ask him but the way he is driving and breathing so hard, like he wants to kill someone, I think it's better I wait until he has cooled off.

In less than thirty minutes we stop and Enzo gets out of the car and opens the door for me

“Get out,” he says as soon as he opens the car door.

I step out without saying anything. I look up to see where he brought me. I see a very tall building; it looks like an apartment complex. I am guessing this is where he lives.

He starts walking towards the entrance, not caring if I am following him or not. I follow him because it's not like I can stand here forever. He enters the building and walks straight to the elevator, at least this time he waits for me before we take the elevator up to wherever it is Enzo is taking me.

The elevator comes to a stop; we walk out of the elevator into a beautiful penthouse. The foyer is painted all black, the living room is painted all white with black chairs, and the dining area is painted dark brown with light brown chairs.

“When you are done admiring my house, I want to make something clear to you. What happened tonight should never repeat itself again, because if it does, I won't only break his face.” he says with much anger in his voice.

“WOW! Really? Because the last time I checked I am a free woman and I can do whatever I want. So you have no right to tell me who I can dance with or not, or have the right to beat up any guy I am with.” I say yelling the last part in his face because I have had it with Enzo and his nonsense. I don't see any reason why he should beat up a guy just because he danced with me!

“I DON’T f\*\*\*ING CARE! You. Are. Mine! So When I Say No Guy Will Touch You, I f\*\*\*ing Mean No Guy Will Touch You. Because You Are Mine!” he yells back at me

“That’s it!!! I have had it with you! Every time this ‘I am yours, I am yours, I am yours.’ I AM NOT f\*\*\*ING YOURS! You don’t OWN me. The only thing you do is make my life a living hell. Don’t you have a heart? You can’t tell me deep down in your heart you feel nothing, not even a little pity for what you do to me. First, you stop me from having even one friend during my entire high school years, even though we were not even cla\*\*mates. But you made sure I had no-one even after you left. Now you want me to end my relationship with the only friend I have ever made in my life because according to you, William is a bad person. Please, Please, just this once tell me why you hate me so much? Because I cannot remember doing anything to gain so much hatred from you. Please, I am begging you, if I ever did something wrong to you, I am pleading, please, please, please forgive me because I am tired of all this suffering.” I say as I break down into tears and fall to my knees.

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I did not know where all that came from, but I am happy I finally let it all out. I hear footsteps coming towards me, but I don’t care to lift my head. I am too exhausted to lift my head up right now.

I am raised from the ground and forced to look into the eyes that make me feel a thousand things in a second. The man who is the reason I keep tossing and turning all night long. Surprisingly, the only man I have ever been attracted to in my life. I stare into his beautiful eyes without saying anything because I don’t think there is anything to say anymore. The next thing that happened was not something I ever saw happening in my whole life.

HE KISSES ME!

AAAHHHHHHH! I am mentally screaming right now. I can't believe what just happened to me. Something I thought could only happen in my dreams, not that I have dreamt of it happening. But he is really kissing me and trust me, I am not dreaming. After what seems like hours—but I am pretty sure it's just minutes—we pull apart and stare into each other's eyes. I look into his eyes and see so much adoration in them. I never knew he felt the same way about me all this time. By just staring into his eyes, I can tell he feels something profound for me, but I am pretty sure he can't put his finger on it.

“I don't hate you. I could never hate you because you are MINE and MINE ALONE. When I say you are mine, I don't mean I own you; you are your own woman. You are the strongest woman I have ever met. You always stand up for what you feel is right and those are the things I like about you. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever laid eyes on. You have the prettiest smile I have ever seen. You make me feel things I have never felt before for a woman. I know you might not believe me when I say I could never hate you, but it's true, because you are mine.” he says with so much sincerity in his eyes, while holding my face in his big hands. He uses his thumb to wipe away the tears on my face.

“Then why do you treat me bad, because I just don't understand. If I make you feel the way you say, then why do you act like you hate me, and why are you just telling me this now?” I say in between tears.

“The reason I act this way is because it's the only way you give me your attention. I don't know if you can remember back in high school. The first day, I tried to talk to you, all you did was act like I wasn't even there. But when I bullied you, you gave me all your attention. That's why I act the way I act, to get your attention. Why I am telling you now is because I can't see you with someone else. I can't see you cry. Seeing you cry just breaks all these walls I have built around my heart.”

“Oh my God, you could have tried other ways besides bullying! Maybe ask me out on a date or something.” I say in between tears, but these tears are tears of joy, not hatred.

Because finally, I realise that my feelings were not one-sided. That he feels the same way I do. Although he did not say ‘I like you too’ he said it in his own words. ‘YOU ARE MINE’. Even though I used to hate him say those words, now that I know his meaning, I love it when he says it because ‘HE IS MINE TOO.’