

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 19

I walk to the only door on the floor. I open the door with the code Enzo gave me. I step into the penthouse; the living room is painted brown and black with brown couches, a b***** sleek TV in the middle of the living room. I sit down on the seat by the windows so I could look at the beautiful streets of New York. I switch on the TV to catch up on the latest gossip on E-News. While I am watching TV, I decide to call Sofia to tell her I am back and to find out how things are going on with her fiancé and the baby. I take my phone from my bag and dial her number.

“Hey babe,” I say as soon as she picks up.

“How are you? How was your vacation? Tell me all about it,” she says sounding happy to hear my voice and get the details on the trip.

“It was amazing Sofia. It was the best week of my life. Enzo was so nice, loving, caring, to put it short he was the ideal boyfriend. I saw a different side of Enzo, a side of him that I never saw before in my life.” I say smiling while remembering all the amazing things Enzo and I did during the trip.

“Wow, you must have really had fun. I am so happy for you guys. Are you guys officially dating?”

“About that! I don’t know; I would love to ask Enzo where we are at, but at the same time I don’t want to seem like the pushy type. And it’s not like we have been together for a month or so. It was just a week vacation, so I am not going to say anything for now.”

“I totally understand what you are saying. I wish you guys all the best in your relationship.”

“Thank you, and how is the baby doing.”

“The baby is fine. I am at the hospital right now. I will talk to you later. It’s my turn to see the doctor.”

“Alright bye, say hi to the baby for me,” I say, hanging up the phone. I turn my back to see Enzo walking in and not looking very happy.

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“Hey, who were you talking to on the phone,” he says as he kisses me on the cheeks while he sits beside me. He pulls me close to him.

“I was talking to your sister. Is something wrong?” I say wrapping my arms around him too.

“Oh, nothing you need to worry yourself about. Do you mind if you spend the night over? I am really too tired to take you back home.”

“No, I don’t mind at all. I will just send a message to my mom that I will be back tomorrow so she won’t be worried” I say and start texting mama that I won’t be coming home tonight.

“That’s great, now come let’s go to bed,” he says while we stand up from the couch. We make our way to the bedroom.

Once we are in the bedroom, a thought comes to my head. It is something I have been meaning to ask Enzo. I think this is the best time to ask.

“Enzo, can I ask you something?” I say, stepping closer to him to get his full attention.

“Sure, Bella, what is it?” he says, turning to face me. He makes us sit on the bed.

“I have been meaning to ask you since we are... whatever we are. Am I still going to work at the company or...” I am sure a lot of girls might disagree with me about asking Enzo. But I feel like I have all the right to, because I know a lot of men who won’t like the woman who they have relationships with working in the same company as them or especially working for them. So, I asked him so I will know before Monday morning if I will need another job.

“Hmmm about that. I was going to make it a surprise but since you already asked, here,” he says walking to the side table and comes back with some files in his hands.

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I open the files and start reading about things I have always dreamt of happening in my life, but never really saw them coming true till now.

“E-E-Enzo! This is amazing; I don’t know what to say. I feel like the happiest woman in the world right now. Thank you so much, Enzo. Enzo, this is the best thing anyone has ever done for me in my life. Thank you. Thank you so much!” I say pulling Enzo into a big hug while trying to keep my tears at bay. I can’t believe Enzo is building a restaurant for me in his hotel. This is the best thing anyone has ever done for me.

“I hope you like it, even though it’s not exactly how you imagined it to be.”

“I love it; it’s even more than I imagined. Thank you so much” I say wiping the tears from my eyes.

“I’m happy you love it and stop thanking me, you deserve it.” he says, placing a kiss on my forehead. He pulls us deeper into the bed with me in his arms. We rest our backs on the headboard.

“Is that why you were angry when we got back? That it was not ready yet.”

“Yes, I was angry because it was not the way you always imagined it to be, and I wanted it to be special for you.”

“Enzo, it is beautiful. It is more than I have ever imagined it to be. It’s magnificent, but how did you know that I always wanted to be a professional chef and own a restaurant?” I ask, staring into his eyes.

“That’s good, and I want you to know I will do anything to make you happy. About me knowing about your dream of becoming a chef and owning your restaurant... There was a time I went to your office to ask you for some files, and I came across a file on your system saved as ‘Future accomplishments’. Out of curiosity I opened the file, even though it was none of my business. I saw all your plans for owning a restaurant and all the chef stuff you want to learn and do. So, after that day I decided to make your dreams come true. I was going to show you the restaurant when it was done and confess my feelings to you. But everything took a different turn; I am happy it did because I can have you in my arms now.” he says staring back into my eyes while pulling me into a hug.

“So what you are saying is, even if that incident at the club which lead to you taking me to your house did not happen—well we both know the rest of the story—you were still planning on telling me how you feel?” I say smiling,

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“Yes, Mi amore, I was still going to tell you,” he says, smiling back at me.

“I’m happy too that things took a different turn. Good night my king.” I say pecking his cheeks while laying my head on the pillow.

“Wow, since when did I become your king?” He says while laying his head on his pillow too. He puts his arms around me.

“Since the day you stole my heart,” I say feeling very happy that I am not facing him right now, so he won’t see how red my face is becoming.

“Really and when was that?”

“Good night, Enzo, I am not telling you when,” I say closing my eyes so he would think I am already sleeping and won’t ask more questions.

“You can tell me any day you are ready baby,” he says before pulling me into a kiss.

I wake up in the middle of the night from an extra-ordinary dream. It was just like the first one I had when I got back from Italy. But this time it was different, I saw a five-year-old me holding a gun! Not just any gun but a Glock 27. How do I even know what kind of gun it is? I was shooting it like I have known how to shoot all my life. Beside me in the dream was the same man and boy from my other dreams. I still called them father and big brother in Italian, which I never knew I could speak. I have to ask mama about these dreams because they feel so real. And for me to understand Italian every time Enzo is on the phone. There must be an explanation because I can’t ever remember learning Italian in school. Tomorrow when I get home, I will make sure not to forget this time and ask mama.