

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 2

I am in the queue at Starbucks to get coffee for the devil himself. I get black with no sugar as he said. I arrive at the company building at 8:54am. I walk straight from the elevator to my office. It is a professional beauty, plain brown with beige walls.

I knock on his door at 9:00a.m. Sharp and wait for a response. After a few seconds, I hear ‘come in.’ I walk in and see him sitting at his desk with his hands crossed over his chest.

“Morning, Sir. Your coffee,” I say as I hand over the coffee. He takes it and puts it on that cla**y table of his.

“How are you, Bella (beautiful)?”

“I am fine, thank you,” I say, and he does not say anything after that. I decide to leave. While turning the doorknob, I hear him speak.

“Bella,” he says, calling me back.

“Sir?”

“There are some papers you need to sign as my personal a**istant. Have a seat. I will get them for you.”

I sit down while he brings out a paper. I read the paper and it states I will agree to work for Enzo for five years without leaving, but he can fire me to end the contract at any time. ‘Wow five years is a long time’. There is no way I am signing this.

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“Did all your personal a**istants have to sign a five-year contract?”

“No.”

“Then why do I have to?”

“I have had various personal assistants who quit the job without even working for a month, so I want to make sure you don’t quit the job. Not that I care, but giving an interview is very stressful.”

I would be lying if I said I was surprised, knowing the kind of person Lorenzo is. He will be difficult to work with. I remember a time in high school when we both volunteered to decorate the gym for homecoming. He was always a pain and refused to do anything I asked, so I ended up doing the work on my own.

I can’t sign it because that would be giving the devil himself permission to treat me any way he wants to. There’s no way I could sign this contract. Then a voice at the back of my mind reminded me of mama lying on a hospital bed with tubes attached to her. I decide to do it for mama. I sign the papers. I could feel his intense gaze scrutinising me. I will do this for mama. I hand over the documents to him and stand up to walk away when he speaks up with that s**y voice of his.

“Come back!” he says after taking a sip of the coffee.

I walk back and stand in front of him.

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“What do you think you are doing bringing me cold coffee!”

“It w-was hot when I bro-brought it...” I stammer.

“Shut your mouth!” his loud voice booms.”I don’t want to hear any nonsense excuses from you. Do you see those boxes behind you? They

are filled with files. I want them arranged in alphabetical order and ready by 12:00p.m. Am I clear?"he says in a harsh voice.

I widen my eyes when I see the size of the stack of boxes behind me. There is no way I am going to be done by noon. I am about to tell him when he says,"I know you are going to say that you won't be able to finish before noon, but the truth is I don't care. I want you to finish and I don't care how you do it." he says coldly and turns around.

I knew there was no turning back because I signed my life away to the devil. I will have to bear whatever he does to me. What a way to start my first day!

I carry the boxes to my office, which is right next to his. I feel like quitting from looking at the amount of work I have to do. I know he will make my life a living hell. I could run away or just quit. But if I leave I could be hit with a lawsuit and I still have mama's hospital bills to pay for. I am not ready to risk it.

I unpack the boxes and start arranging the files. At two minutes before noon I am done, but my body feels like it is about to die. I am exhausted.

I am about to go out for lunch when I get a text from Enzo. It's says that 'I should report to his office immediately.'

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I walk straight to his office, I knock on the door and wait for a response, after a few seconds I hear a 'come in,' which does not come out charmingly. I walk in to see him sitting at his desk.

"Pick up the files on the coffee table and fax them to all the contacts on it," he says not even bothering to look up from the papers in front of him.

“Sir, I am about to go out for lunch. When I am back I will do it,” I say because there is no way he is taking my lunchtime away from me.

“You will not be going to lunch! If you haven’t eaten that is your problem.” he says.

I don’t know what to say to that, so I bend down to pick up the files. I feel someone’s gaze following my movements. I am about to turn around and check who it is when I realize it is just Enzo and me in the office, so that means he is staring at my a**. ‘Oh my God!’ I quickly straighten up. I turn around and see him looking everywhere but at me and acting like he was not just staring. I feel my cheeks burn up with heat, and I know they will be red as a tomato. I quickly rush out of his office. I think to myself, ‘what have I gotten myself into?’