

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 5

He smiles and hugs me back. How I have missed him!

“How are you? How long has it been since I saw you? I missed you so much; even mama misses you too.” I say releasing him from our hug.

“I am fine, and I don’t know how long it has been since I last saw you, but I missed you too,” William says.

I am about to talk when I hear someone clearing their throat behind me. I look up and see Lorenzo looking at me as if I did a despicable thing by saying ‘hi’ to William. His hand goes around my waist like we are a couple; and he smiles at William, but it’s not a genuine smile.

“It seems you and my personal assistant have met before, which I don’t like very much,” he says, not even caring that William is standing right in front of us. I remove his hands from around my waist.

“William and I are friends, we went to the same university. I don’t understand what you mean by you don’t like him. It’s not like me being friends with him is any of your business. Is it?” I say while raising my eyebrows, not caring that we are in public discussing such a topic or that the person we are talking about is standing right in front of us.

“Your friend here is not one of my favourite people. You can’t be friends with him, because you can only be friends with whom I say you can be friends with,” he says with venom in his words.

Who the hell does this guy think he is, saying I can only be friends with people who he wants me to be friends with? If he thinks he can choose my friends, then he has another thing coming. What an asshole!

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“Wow, I never knew you had so much power over my life that you can tell me who I keep as friends. You did not care to inform me about that when I became your ‘assistant’.” I say back to him while crossing my arms over each other. I wait to hear what nonsense he will say next, because what he just said pissed me off.

He can ruin my life at work, but he has no say about who I keep as friends. Because I allowed him to do too much to me in high school does not mean I am going to let him do it to me again. Enough is enough! Not that I said that out loud.

“It seems you two have a lot to talk about. I will call you Kat, just give me your number,” William says giving me his phone.

I take his phone from his hands and put my number in, even though Enzo watches with murderous eyes. Before I can say a proper goodbye to William, I am dragged away like a piece of sack and thrown in a car. He gets in with me and tells the driver to take us to our hotel.

“We have a lot to talk about young lady. I am so pissed off right now. Just pray I feel better when we get to the hotel, because if I don’t... what I plan on doing to you won’t be good, Bella.”

The drive back to the hotel was the most awkward ride I have ever had in my life. Now and then I feel him staring at me, but every time I turn to look I see him looking out the window.

The car comes to a halt, meaning we are at the hotel. I wonder if he is still pissed off. Before I can pick up my handbag and step out, I feel a pair of hands drag me out from the car. We take the elevator to whatever floor we were going to. I did not care to check which number he pressed. We step out of the elevator and in a flash I find myself dragged into a room in the hotel, which must be where we are staying.

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“What you did today should not ever repeat itself, because if it does you won’t want to see the bad side of me,” he says breathing hard like he is stopping himself from doing something he will regret.

“I don’t understand why you are so angry! It is not like we have any relationship other than work. I am your PA, not your girlfriend. If I want William as a friend, you don’t have a say in it! Since when does our professional relationship involve my personal life. You don’t have a say in my personal life and the faster you get that in your head the better for you.” I say with confidence.

I feel like I have won this battle. For the first time since I have known Enzo, I’m standing up for myself. But the next thing he does makes all my confidence go down the drain.

The next thing I know, I am thrown against the wall with Enzo’s hands pinning me to the wall. I can scent his strong cologne all around me and what a beautiful scent he has. I can’t believe myself! I am pinned to the wall with an angry Enzo looking at me like he is about to make dinner out of me. And all I can think of is his beautiful scent and my body’s response to his proximity.

“I want you to listen to me loud and clear. Since the day you started to work for me your life became mine to do with as I wish. If I say you can’t talk to William, I mean **YOU CAN’T TALK TO HIM**. Have I made myself clear?” He yells, while at the same time looking deep into my eyes like he is searching for something. What I see in his eyes is someone who is keeping something to himself. Whatever it is, it’s eating him up bit by bit. I even forget he was talking to me till I hear him breathing hard and close to my face.

“Yes, you have made yourself clear, but can I ask why?” I say not knowing what else to say. Because it is clear that if I said no, his reaction could be worse.

“Since you must know why, your so-called best friend is a very dangerous man. You don’t know the type of person and business he is into. Trust me when I say you don’t want to know.” he says with ease, as he gives me a little space.

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I want to ask him what type of business he is into, but I decide not to as I’m afraid of his reaction. Also, I don’t know what to say to what he just told me.

But then something else he said made me realise he is right. The day I started working for him was the last day I had my freedom. Before I know it, I feel tears falling down my face. I remove his hands to leave so he won’t see me crying. I find the bathroom. I get inside and cry out my pain because there is nothing I can do other than cry. I weep for what feels like forever, but then I get up and tell myself he is not worth my tears. I walk over to the sink and wash my face with water. I look at myself in the mirror and realize I look like s***. I clean myself up so he won’t know I have been crying. I walk out of the room to see him doing something on his laptop like nothing happened, and he didn’t just tell me he owns me. What an a**hole.

“Please, I would like to go to my room and rest, can I have my room key,” I say, leaving no room for further conversation.

“You are staying here just in the other room. The room on the right is yours. Don’t sleep for too long, we will be attending a party tonight.”

Enzo says, but I don't say anything. I walk into the room to the right so I can get away from seeing his annoying, but gorgeous face.

I walk inside and find all my things already moved into the closet. I guess the driver brought our stuff while we were at the office. I walk up to the bed to sleep before I have to go out with that devil.