

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 7

I woke up this morning with a killing headache from all the crying. I walk to the bathroom to do my morning routine. When I have finished taking a shower, I stand in front of the mirror to look at my reflection. I look like dead meat. I tell myself I must stop crying every day because of that a**hole. He is not worth my tears. I have to prove to him that he can't control my life. I have to be very strong. If not, he will know he is getting to me. I have to prove him wrong. Once I walk out of this hotel, I intend looking like the happiest person on this planet and not just my usual self. I am going to put on some makeup to make myself feel good and put the most elegant clothes on. I think it's high time I stop letting him always win and walk all over me like he owns me. I need to stand up for myself or this terror will never end. I step out of the bathroom to get ready for today; I have a feeling today is going to be good and hopefully work in my favour.

I have been looking for what to wear for the past hour. If I hadn't woken up early I would have had to wear anything I found. I am about to give up when I see a sky-blue top sticking out from my case. I pull it out and remember I packed a black skirt with a little slit to go with it and red heels to make it perfect.

Once I am ready, I walk out of my room. I go straight to the kitchen to find something to eat. I walk over to the cupboards to see if there is any flour. Maybe I could make some pancakes. I am trying to reach the top shelf to get the flour. I have been hopping up to try and reach without any hope. I am about to give up and look for something else to eat when someone casts a shadow over me. I feel him reach up over me and get me the flour. I turn to see a shirtless, s**y looking chest with sweat dripping from it. He blocks my whole view and is all I can see. I am guessing he just finished working out.

“Hey, here you go. Now you can stop hopping in my kitchen,” he says before walking out the kitchen leaving me breathless and in shock from the beautiful view of his s**y body.

I bring myself back to reality and start making the pancakes.

I finish making pancakes, sausage and eggs and I am sitting in the kitchen eating the fantastic breakfast I made.

I hear his voice on the phone reminding me I did not make any for him. I did not want to make breakfast for him as he will just use it as an excuse to insult me or my cooking. Better to be on the safe side, besides I don't care if he eats or not.

He walks into the kitchen with his phone still at his ear and asks me where his breakfast is. I am about to say, I did not know if he would have wanted to eat, so I did not make any for him when a better answer comes to mind.

“I never knew being your personal a**istant meant making your breakfast too,” I say with a sweet smile planted on my face.

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I take my coffee mug and walk out of the kitchen before he is even able to process what I said. I don't know why I just tried to piss him off this early in the morning, but it felt nice. I can't let him always get to me. I think it's time I stand up for myself. The little girl he knew in high school is gone. The new me is re-born today. I hear footsteps walking behind me, I prepare myself for what he has to say, but to my surprise he pa**es me and does not say anything.

“Get your things we are going to the office,” he says, walking out the room not caring if I am following him. He must be pissed off that I did

not make breakfast for him. I am so proud of myself right now; one for Kat zero for Enzo.

We arrive at the office after thirty minutes of driving. We step into the building and take the elevator up to the floor his office is on.

I hope today is not going to be like yesterday, where I did nothing all day. Not that I am complaining or anything, but it gets boring at times when you sit in one place for almost the whole day.

Today is nothing like yesterday. Since we got to the office he has done nothing but give me work non-stop. I think he is doing this because I did not make breakfast for him. It's not like it's my duty. I can choose to make him breakfast if I want to or not. I think he is making me work like a machine also because of what happened yesterday. When I accepted his mom's offer, to show me around Sicily. If he is still pissed then that is his business, because I am tired of following his orders when it involves my personal life. The only reason I have been putting up with him is that I need his money to be able to pay mama's hospital bills. If it were not for that I wouldn't hesitate to show the real me and go all tiger on him, and he couldn't have stopped me quitting yesterday.

The best idea just popped into my head. I will be the best a**istant there is and once I have enough money, I will leave the company without telling him. I know he won't allow me to quit, but what if he comes looking for me. 'OH GOD' I don't know what to do to get out of this hell.

I am busy doing some paperwork the devil gave me when his secretary walks in with more papers in her hands. That's it I have had enough of his b*****. I am going to see him and put an end to this. I can't be suffering all my life just because one idiot wants me to. But then again if I show my real self now my plan won't work, and I won't be lucky to

make enough money and run away. He might not care to even look for me but I have to go with my plan, even if there is a fifty percent chance of it working. I am about to walk back to my office when the doors open to his office with him standing there looking at me with my hand up, about to knock on his door.

“What are you doing in front of my door? Didn’t my secretary give you some files?” he says with a frown on his face as he looks down on me.

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“I-I- I wanted to ask you if I could go for lunch,” I stammer, saying the first thing to pop into my head because I can’t tell him my beautiful plan.

“You can, but once you are back, get back to work,” he says as he walks past me.

I came back from lunch five hours ago. I have been working non-stop. I thought coming to Sicily meant less work, but I was wrong. It meant more work because it seems like the files here have not been attended to in the last five months. Since my encounter with Enzo in front of his office I have not heard or seen him, and boy am I grateful. I get a call from Enzo saying if I am done with my work that the driver can take me back to the hotel. I don’t have to wait for him because he still has a lot of work to do.

I left the office around 7 p.m. I was getting tired. I took a bath and changed into my nightgown when I got back to the hotel. Because I am staying in the same suite as my boss, the nightgown feels too short for comfort. I got a call from Enzo’s mom while I was at the office. She said something came up that’s why she was not able to take me out today, but she promises me she will tomorrow.

I walk to the kitchen to look for something to eat because if I don't eat right now, I could die from hunger. I check the fridge and like this morning it is fully stocked with different ingredients and food. The cupboards also are fully stocked. I am too lazy and tired to cook anything, so I decide to prepare the fastest food that I can find to quickly kill my craving. I am going to make noodles; fastest meal ever. Ten minutes later my noodles are ready and I am sitting in the kitchen enjoying my meal. I hear the door open and close. Enzo walks in looking like he just came back from a fight. His tie is loose, and his suit is hanging on his right shoulder. He looks nothing like a business tyc*** but more like the bad boy next door and s**y as hell. Work must have eaten him up for him to look like this. I feel sorry that I did not cook for him, but if I made noodles for him they would have been cold by now. He walks out of the kitchen after picking up a bottle of water. I will make something for him to eat, he must be hungry. Since it's late and I am too tired to actually cook, I decide to make special noodles for him with other ingredients to give it more taste.

After twenty minutes I am done. I made noodles with sausage and chicken and some veggies. I put it on a tray and walk to his room. I hope he accepts it.

I knock on his door and after a few seconds I hear a faint 'come in,' he must be really tired. I can hear it in his voice. I walk inside and freeze, because what I see can make me wet my pants.

Enzo just stepped out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist, his hair still has water dripping from it, falling onto his beautiful chest and that V line... 'oh my God' I think I am going to faint. How I would love to run my hands all over his body. I realise I am staring when I hear Enzo speak up.

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“Like what you see?” he says with a s**y smirk on his face

“No, I came to give you dinner, I hope you like it,” I say not admitting that I was staring. I set the food on the bedside table. I try to walk out of his room before he says anything but it’s too late, he speaks up before I reach the door.

“I thought you said making food for me was not part of your work.”

“Yes, I remember saying that and I meant it. I made this out of the goodness of my heart, not because I have to.”

I walk out before he can reply as I can’t bear being in the same room with him knowing he has nothing on under the towel. ‘OH my God’ what am I thinking of—when did I start having these naughty thoughts. I guess since I have a s**y boss. In the future I will make sure to work for an old man. If I always work for a s**y guy, is this how I will react by admiring his body? That will not do me any good. But I can’t help my reaction when I saw his s**y body. That’s why every time I see him, he leaves me breathless. Do I Like my boss? NO-NO-NO. I can’t like my boss!. Have I forgotten how he ruined my life in high school and is still ruining my life? And it’s not even professional. A personal a**istant and her boss are not meant to have any relationship other than work. I don’t like Lorenzo even though that is a lie, but I have to do something about my feelings before they turn into something I can’t control.