

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 9

I am sleeping deeply when someone comes to disturb me and my beauty sleep. I open my eyes and meet a pair of hazel-green eyes. I wonder who has these beautiful eyes, and then it clicks to my head it's Enzo. I quickly sit up. Why does he like waking me up like this? He can simply tap me. He does not have to put his beautiful face in my face to get me to wake up. I look out the window to see it's still dark, so I am wondering why in God's name he is waking me up.

"Why are you waking me up? It's still dark outside." I say rubbing my eyes.

"We have to be on our way in the next hour, and you have thirty minutes to get ready. If you're not, I will leave you," Enzo says and walks out.

What is his problem? Did he wake up on the wrong side of the bed? Thinking of bed, how did I get to my bed? Enzo must have carried me. 'WOW' maybe that's why he is angry. But carrying me to my bed when he could have just woken me won't cause him to be angry, or would it? Maybe I should ask him. No-no I don't think that will be a good idea. Let me just get ready before he decides to leave me.

I walk to the bathroom and do all the necessary things to be done. I step out and pick an outfit to wear. I am wearing ripped blue jeans, a brown sweater, and black shoes with my black handbag.

I checked my phone for what the time it was before I went to the bathroom. It was 5:00 a.m. It's 5:25 a.m. now. I have only a few more minutes before we leave, and I have not even packed my stuff.

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I quickly walk to the closet and start putting my clothes inside my luggage. Someone walks into the room; I don't care to look up because I

am trying to zip my luggage as fast as I can. With the extra new outfits, it's giving me a hard time. The person who entered the room walks up to me and helps me close it. I don't need to look up to know who it is, because the strong cologne is enough to tell me it's Enzo.

Once we are done zipping my luggage, I look up to thank him, but no words come out from my mouth once I lock eyes with him. His eyes are so beautiful; I could stare at them the whole day but I know that's not possible. He clears his throat and stands up straight as he picks up my luggage so we could be on our way. What just happened? Did my boss and I have a moment right now? No-No-No I should not be making up things.- I doubt he even sees me as a human being. More like something to meet his need to make my life a living hell.

A FEW HOURS LATER

I am sitting in Enzo's SUV on my way home. We arrived a few hours ago. Enzo has not said a word to me since we left Sicily. I wonder if I did anything wrong or maybe he is just his moody self.

The car comes to a halt; I look out to see my house. I step out and walk to the back to get my luggage, but Enzo gets it for me. I thank him for walking me to my door and also helping me with my luggage. He did not say anything but just got into his car and drove off. What an a**hole, why is he behaving like this? I hope he won't have this nasty att**ude at work tomorrow.

I walk upstairs to check on mama. She is sleeping. I walk back downstairs to get something to eat or maybe cook. Luckily for me, mama already made dinner. I pop my food into the microwave.

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After eating I walk into my room and straight to bed to get some sleep, before I wake up later to tell mama all about my trip.

I am about to go deep into my slumber when I hear my phone ringing. I pick up the phone with much anger as I would like to know who the idiot is that decided to call me when I am about to sleep.

“What!” I say without caring to see who the person is on the line before picking up.

“Is that the right tone to use and speak to your boss?” The person on the line says, and it does not take me more than a second to recognise the voice. It is none other than Enzo.

“Oh my. Sorry, sir. I did not know it was you.”

“How can you tell me you did not know that it was me? Isn't my number meant to be saved on your phone?”

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“Of course sir, your number is saved on my phone. The thing is, I was sleeping, and when I heard my phone ringing, I did not care to check who was calling before picking up. I was already angry with the person who woke me up from my sleep. That's why I spoke in that tone. I promise you it won't happen again. I am sorry.”

“I hope it never repeats itself again. We are having a meeting at 7:00a.m. tomorrow. I need you in the office by six. We need to go through everything needed before the meeting.” he says and hangs up before I am even able to say a thing.

Why does he behave like this? I wonder what his problem is. I just pray he does not have this sour mood tomorrow in the office.

