

The Secrets Of Meera by Flameillumination Chapter 14

Chapter 14

The Chauvinism Daniel elegantly turned her and let her go to the man dancing next to them. Meera's next partner was another handsome face who was in his early forties. The man had a craggy face with deep-seated blue eyes. His chevron moustache with light stubble made his face more attractive. He placed his palm on the middle of her bareback and dug his fingers on her smooth skin. She looked at him in astonishment. She was in his arms, but her eyes followed Arthur. Now he was dancing with a pretty girl with regular features. She was dressed in a beautiful glittery pink dress. She was constantly trying to get closer to Arthur, but he was refusing her advances. He kept signalling Ryan to take over his place, but Ryan completely kept ignoring him. Alice was swaying on the dance floor near Meera along with the music. She was glowing more under the spotlights. Her red hair flowing free made her look like a beautiful phoenix, although a dead one. "Hello! So, you are the girl in the red dress everyone has been talking about?" The man started the dialogue. "Oh really!" replied Meera. "Yes, are you the one who is here for our CSR programmes?" He asked. "Yes." "He would not stop staring at you. Well, neither can you," interrupted Alice. She pointed out that Arthur was still staring at Meera. Alice was moving her hips in a closed dance hold position, but obviously was dancing alone. Meera ignored her and looked away from her. "Pleasure. We have not been introduced yet. My name is Anthony Hunt. I'm one of the board of directors and the CFO, you know the financial head of Guild Corporation," mansplained, the man Meera was dancing with. "Oh, Anthony Hunt. I have heard a lot about you. A pleasure to meet you." "Likewise." Slowly he moved his hand down to the small of her back. She flinched but ignored the uncomfortable sensation she was feeling. "Is it a criterion to be good looking to get selected for Guild Corporation for a job? My God! Just

look at the gene pool they have been accumulating,” observed Meera. “Ha... ha... Thank you. These words mean a lot especially coming from you as you yourself are a stunning piece.” The lust in Anthony’s eyes was obvious. “Stunning PIECE!” The words made her recoil “You should never call a woman a piece, Anyway, thank you for calling me stunning, but these words can’t motivate me to get in business with your company. You’ll have to impress me further with your finances, Mr Financial head,” she lectured and taunted him i just a few words.

“Oh! Believe me, that’s entirely my intention.”

“What is your intention ?” “To impress you of course.” His talks and his touch were making her feel uneasy and miserable.

Her discomfort climbed up a notch when Alice suddenly stopped enjoying and dancing and started repeating, “He killed me, punish him for me. He killed me, punish him for me.” “What ? What do you mean ?” She asked Alice, blit Anthony thought she was talking to him. Anyone would think the same as Meera was the only one who could see and talk to Alice. “Impress you means impress you. I hope you understand” Anthony winked at her. “He is here.” Alice was looking at the floor, blankly staring at it. Meera had so many questions to ask but being surrounded by people hindered her to do so. Why did she suddenly start repeating her words ? Who was here ? Who was she talking about ?

“Please look at me, Alice. Tell me more,” she said in her mind trying to talk to Alice via telepathy but in vain Alice shivered violently and moved away from the dance floor.

Meera closed her eyes and tried to hold the happy and jovial expression on her face. But Alice’s words and Anthony’s hands were making it difficult with every passing minute. His hands were moving up and down

her back the whole time. He then started moving further below, he inserted his thumb in her dress caressing her back That made her forget Alice and concentrate totally on the lowlife creep standing before her. “What the hell do you think you are doing” she screamed in an angry as well as uncomfortable tone. “Trying to impress you, as I said. I’ll give it straight to you, spend the night with me and be impressed with my impressing techniques.” “You know you are making me incredibly angry. I can kick your JV proposal in your ass without any prior intimidation. Now, before you do any more damage to your finances, LET ME GO...”

She tried to break free from his clutches, but it was futile, he pulled her closer in his arms, at an extremely uncomfortable distance from his chest, still moving his hands up and down her bareback She had no idea how to get out of his grip when suddenly she heard a familiar voice. “Excuse me, Anthony. May I?” She turned and saw Arthur standing behind her staring at Anthony with bloodshot eyes. “What? Oh, come on, Arthur she is mine tonight, go and find yourself someone else.” “Mine! What is he talking about? Hit him.” Alice saw Anthony mishandling her and came to help.

“You are not helping, shut up,” thought Meera while looking at Alice. “I won’t ask twice, Anthony,” said Arthur in a bitter tone, his eyes were filled with bloody rage which frightened Anthony, and he left hurriedly. Meera was avoiding Arthur’s gaze due to embarrassment. So, Arthur slowly moved a step forward, placed his hand gently on her back and carefully took her hand in his as if she were made of wax and he might destroy a masterpiece if he mismanages her. The closeness to her made him euphoric. Her velvety skin, her captivating smell, her heavenly eyes, her red lips were enrapturing, exhilarating. He wanted to keep looking at her all his life. His touch made her look at his handsome face. “You are safe now,” said Alice and moved away, Ryan approached next to Meera and Arthur with Holly in his arms. “Thank you for being my saviour again.” Meera broke the ice. “Again?” Arthur was confused. “Yes, you

helped me when I was bleeding.” “Hmm.” He was staring at her face with adoration and replying in single words. “Just hmm.” “You are... you are distracting me with your bea...” he realised what he was about to praise her beauty. “You can never compliment anyone, it’s against your nature. You are known as an arrogant, cold jerk, stick to that persona,” he thought. The expression on his face suddenly changed from awe and admiration to arrogance and smugness and full of ego. “What?” she asked. “What? Um... I was about to say sorry on Anthony’s behalf. I can tolerate anything, but if someone touches you... I... I mean if someone touches a lady without her permission it’s intolerable for me. Also, he has been a complete menace; he has some drinking problem, terribly sorry on his behalf.” “Oh! Though in fairness, he had my permission to touch. Anyway, it’s weird to hear sorry from your mouth. I thought you would ask me to apologise for being manhandled and maltreated by your employee,” she teased. “You... you call me arrogant bastard, a devil, but you are... are... are disrespectful. You don’t appreciate that I’m trying to learn from what you lectured me yesterday morning but no, you had to mock me. You know what, on second thought I think you received what you deserved.” “Excuse me!!” Meera sounded offended. “Yes! Look at your damn dress, it’s too easy for a man to feel your body.” He slid his fingers inside her dress touching her sides. “See, how effortless it is for a person to touch you. You deserve that if you dress sexy like this.” His touch ran a current through her whole body. She slightly opened her mouth and let out a loud gasp. “You... misogynist... egotistic... chauvinist pig You really are an asshole and the highest category of a bastard. You think the treatment of a woman should depend on her choice of

cloth. So, in your remarkable point of view, this dress was to entice every man in this room My choice of garments gives a man permission to assault me, right? I am so glad your fiancé died before she could hear your marvellous opinion about women,” she again threw word daggers at him, piercing his heart and cutting him with her every word. She knew he

was a pretentious, condescending man but was hurt to hear his sexist beliefs. She looked at Alice with her tear-filled eyes, pushed Arthur away and walked elsewhere. She pushed her way through the crowd and started moving in the direction of the exit door. “Woah! Woah! You can’t leave. We have work to do. He didn’t mean that.” Alice floated to Meera and spoke.

“He killed you, you silly girl. Wake up, and leave me alone,” she snapped at Alice, removed her mask and chucked it in a corner and hurried outside. Arthur stood in the middle of the dance floor, partnerless staring at Meera. He was sure that he saw her wiping her eyes before leaving the room. Ryan who was dancing next to them, let Holly go and said, “whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What were you thinking? Have you lost your mind? Why everyone is so adamant about making this joint venture difficult?” As Ryan heard every single word of the conversation Arthur had with Meera, he was worried that it might affect the future of their JV. “Please I don’t want any lecture now. I have had enough for a day. I’m going home.”

Meera was sleeping with the lights still on. Even though she was tired and fell asleep, her brain was in active mode. She felt someone standing near her bed. A tall silhouette was visible near the head of her bed. She felt a cold touch on her cheeks. When she felt a tingling sensation on her lips, she ran her hand on her lips and with difficulty opened her eyes. She knew her eyes refused to open as it was still dark, she could see nothing. Next moment she heard a bang and jumped from the bed. The whole room was dark, but she was sure that she left the lights on. She carefully moved to the switchboard near the door and switched on every button her hands could find. She looked around for the source of the sound, but the door was locked as usual. The silhouette was gone. Did she imagine it or was there a man in the room a few seconds ago? She got her answer the next moment when she saw a red mask next to her pillow. It was the

mask she wore at the ball that she tossed in anger. The mask was held together with lots of tapes as it was clear that the bendable plastic mask shattered into pieces when she threw it. She slowly reached towards the mask and frighteningly took it in her hand, looked at it for a few moments. Inside of the mask were the words “for the girl in red, who took my breath away”. She let it drop with fear, jumped on her bed, and hid inside her blanket. But why would someone pick her shattered mask and tape it up? And who was the person who kept every piece of her mask? What does that person want from her? What did he mean by she took his breath away? The questions, the captivity, the trauma, the fear, the yearning for her loved ones, the running back and forth in her memories was hurting her brain.