

The Secrets Of Meera by Flameillumination Chapter 15

Chapter 15 The Blame Game

Daniel came running to the dance floor, wiping sweat oil his forehead.

“Arthur, you need to talk to Anthony. He is announcing to the world that *you* fought him over Meera. What did he do to her? Where is she?” blabbed Daniel in a single breath looking around for *Meera*.

“She left,” said Ryan who was standing beside Arthur. Arthur was still looking at the door, “What do you mean she left? What happened? Where did she go?” asked Daniel, “Not only that moron Anthony, but Boss is also determined about making *your* job *and your* life difficult.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“As per his nature, he said some things to her and she left the ball in anger.” Ryan was looking at Arthur in disappointment, “What? I thought I only had to deal with Anthony, now I have *to* deal with *you too*. Why can’t you try to be nice for once in your life?” Daniel scolded Arthur. “My thoughts exactly.” Ryan approved. “Are you two done?” Arthur snapped at both and left the ball thinking about how he hurt the one girl he never wanted to hurt. She was the only one after Alice whom he *wanted* to *show* his true nature, but he could not remove the veil of disguise he carefully crafted all his life. With a heavy heart, he reached his house, sat on the couch thinking about the *moment* he made Meera cry. Sip by sip he emptied his glass of whiskey but even the alcohol was unable to lift the pain from his heart. He moved to the bedroom and let his body fall on the bed with a soft thump. After tossing and turning for long, he finally fell asleep. Brrr... Brrr. His already fast-beating heart ran faster. He woke up with a quiver after hearing the phone vibrate. “Shut up,” Arthur mumbled in his sleep and turned on his side, facing away

from the phone. Brrr... Brrr. His phone kept vibrating. Grudgingly, he picked up his phone and tried hard to read the name on the phone's display. Caller id showed 'Ryan'. The moment he was about to pick up the call, the vibration stopped. He saw 15 missed calls in his phone's notification. Ryan continuously called him. Arthur suddenly was worried about why Ryan kept calling him. Just a few seconds later, Ryan called again, Arthur picked up the call and asked in a sleepy voice, "what? What happened now? Why are you calling me at-" he tried hard to make out the time on his bed clock"-at... 3.43 A.M, bloody hell! This better is an emergency, Ryan." Ryan's voice emanated out the phone, "Boss! You need to come to Anthony's place, now."

"What? Why?" Arthur was still half asleep, and Ryan was not making any sense. "I can't say on phone. We are waiting for you here," Ryan replied in a mysterious voice. "We?" The word 'we' woke him up. He knew who Ryan was talking about. "Yes sir, please come fast," importuned Ryan. "Ok. I'll be there in 15 minutes." He was wide awake after the phone call. Arthur got out of his bed in a hurry, dressed in a white V-necked t-shirt and blue jeans, and raced his car to G49, Ivey apartments, Backlit Street, where Anthony lived. A swarm of people was running in and out of his house. Police cars were parked all around his place flashing red and blue lights. Arthur got out of his car and ran towards Ryan. "What happened here? Why did she call me?" He asked Ryan who was talking to a police officer. It looked like Ryan was summoned directly from the party as he was wearing the same suit. "Look who is here. Welcome! Mr Arthur Guild. Please answer me this, why does everyone who is associated with you gets hurt all the time, one way or the other. First your father, then your fiancé, and now your CFO," approached a tall, smart lady and spoke. She had a pretty but taunting smile on her face. She was wearing light brown pants, a white shirt, and a dark brown jacket, and her hair was tied in a tight bun. Her badge was visibly hanging from the belt while her walkie and service gun

were inconspicuously hidden with her jacket. “You know his father died of cancer,” enlightened Ryan. “Ryan!” Arthur signalled Ryan to keep quiet and then addressed the lady. “Detective James, are you implying something?” “Just Abhirati, please. I think our relationship is far too old to be formal, don’t you think,” assuaged Detective James. “Detective Abhirati James, would you mind filling me in, what happened here? Why am I being summoned in the middle of the night?” chided Arthur. “Oh, I love this part. You are the prime suspect in a crime... again.”

“Prime suspect? What crime?” Arthur sounded confused.

“What crime? Anthony Hunt was attacked tonight in his house. He is severely injured, and his house was ransacked, pillaged, turned completely upside down. Our team is still trying to find out if anything is missing but without luck. Hunt was the only one who could have pointed that out.” “Anthony was attacked? Is he alright? Ryan! Why didn’t you tell me about this entire thing on the phone? And if he is hurt, how the hell did I become a suspect, that too prime? I was sleeping in my home in my bed when I received Ryan’s call.” He talked back and forth to both Ryan and Detective James. Suddenly, Detective James’s phone rang. After a lot of ‘yes’ and ‘hmm’ she disconnected the phone and turned towards Arthur.

“Now, this is the part I hate. Your allbi checked out; you were inside your house before Anthony Hunt arrived at his house and you left after Ryan called you here. But the thing is, many people heard you threatening Hunt at today’s party. Did you not threaten him?” Said Abhirati with a disappointed face. “What? Threaten? If saving a girl from the clutches of a harasser by showing anger is threatening, then fine I will never save a girl, again. And why are you not asking that that ... what is her name... oh yeah Meera, where was she when Anthony was

nttacked? She has a clear motive to do so.” Arthur was angry at Abhirati for making him the culprit for helping

someone.

“We tried calling her, but there was no answer we asked around and Ryan told us she is staying with your employee. So, we called her, and she informed us that Ms Meera Thakur has not returned home from the party and no one has talked to her and seen her after the party. We can’t register an official complaint about her being lost unless it is 24 hours,” explained Abhirati.

“What?” Arthur who was angry at Abhirati’s lempy blame games was now scared and

worried for Meera as she was new to the town She might be wandering lost in any part of his big town, alone. His heart jumped out of his chest with fear, “She didn’t reach her house. She is new to the city and alone. What have I done? Please, God! Let her be safe,” he thought worriedly.

“Have you even tried to make contact with her?” He was now feeling guilty as he knew it was his mistake that she stormed out of the party without telling anyone where she was going He was the reason she got upset and ran from the party and, she was crying when she left. He felt his whole body going heavy with guilt. His heart was in his throat, he couldn’t breathe because he knew if something would happen to her it would be his fault. He already was living in guilt of not being able to protect Alice and now he would have to live with causing harm to another person. “We have been trying her phone, but it’s switched off. So, we have asked for her number and due to exigent circumstances, we got the permission to trace her number just a few minutes

ago.”

“So are you... considering...”

“Her as a suspect?” Abhirati finished his sentence for him.

She was still shivering inside her blanket. He was too scared to go back to sleep. She still remembered that night when she ran away from the ball. She was shivering the same way she was shivering now. That night she was sad and angry but today she was frightened. Who was the person who came to visit her in the darkness? Why were Mike and Benjamin ordered to take care of her? Why was she surrounded by immense comfort and luxury? All things associated with her were present in the room. The room had white sheets, white walls, which was her favourite colour. The room was not too cold nor too hot, properly

– Chapter 15 The Blame Ganie ventilated. Every product inside the bathroom was the thing she *used*. *Attention to detail*

was spot on. All the signs around her indicated that the kidnapper was *infatuated by her, which scared* her further. Dealing with a kidnapper was difficult but *dealing with a stalker turned kidnapper* was impossible. Even if he succeeded in his plan, *he would never let her go as he* would be obsessed with her. She never had a pursuer in her life, and she *had no idea how to* deal with one. Today he just stood near her bed, who *knows what he would do tomorrow*, She prayed hard to God that those people who found her the night of the ball *were looking for her* right now. She was desperate to hear a familiar voice but all she *had was the sound* of her heart beating fast and loud.