

The Secrets Of Meera by Flameillumination Chapter 5

The entire night Meera tossed and turned on the bed after Alice appeared in her dream, again. Sleepless night and jetlag combined together was making her tired and lethargic. But she had work to do and not a minute to waste so she mustered her energy and got out of the bed. After freshening up, she went out to the kitchen where Neha was busy preparing breakfast.

“Good morning. What are you doing up so early?” Meera started the conversation.

“Good morning di!” Replied Neha without turning towards Meera as she was flipping the omelette. She got the egg out of the pan and looked at Meera and said, “oh, you look tired.”

“I was not able to sleep well,” yawned Meera.

“Jetlag?”

“Maybe. Drinking wine yesterday was a bad idea. Well, where is your idiot?”

“Oh, he left early. He had an early morning meeting. They have some new project coming up,” explained Neha while putting the bread in the toaster. Meera went into the kitchen, took out plates and helped Neha by setting the plates on the table.

“He still works in that multinational construction company?” Asked Meera while putting the coffee grinds in the coffee maker.

“Yes, Builders Realm, and there are tea leaves in that counter. I know your morning doesn’t start without tea,” answered Neha. Meera took out

a pot and placed it on the stove for water to boil for her tea. Both girls prepared breakfast, sat at the table, and continued their conversation.

“Both of you did civil engineering and got such high-profile jobs. Look at Liv and me, we have jobs that are nowhere related to our mechanical degree. Maybe we should change our streams,” said Meera while blowing on her hot tea. The sweet and strong aroma of the tea was slowly rejuvenating her.

“You are teasing, aren’t you? I work as Senior Material Research Engineer in research and development department of Guild Corporation.”

“Yeah, and that is related to your degree. You have the word ‘engineer’ right in your position. What do I have to show after my engineering degree and MBA, nothing? Well, MBA helps in managing Spriha but engineering, nada.”

“Stop it, Di!” Neha looked fondly at Meera while grinning like a Cheshire Cat. Her talkative and outgoing senior could make her laugh anytime, anywhere. That’s why extrovert Meera had a large pool of friends. While stuffing her face with food she continued, “so are you ready to meet the beloved and busy New York?”

“Oh yes! Looking forward to meeting NY and falling in love with it,” said Meera.

“Great! Get dressed. We will leave in an hour. You can come with me to my workplace. Oliver can pick you from there and take you to have your meeting with Daniel. Ok?” Neha told the plan after they were finished with their breakfast.

“Why doesn’t Daniel work in your building ?” Meera collected all the utensils and placed them in the dishwasher. They continued their talk in the kitchen.

“Every industry under GC is in a different building. My building has boss’s office, Mr Ryan’s office, finance department, HR, and R&D; Construction firm, building supplies business, real estate development and hotel service industry is in another; and CSR, health and beauty and the IT industry, which we are trying to break in, are housed in another location.”

“Are the locations far ?”

“Not too far, they are only a few blocks apart.”

“Ok, you call Liv. I’ll get ready in a jiffy,” said Meera after they were finished with cleaning the kitchen.

“Done.”

Meera took out a pantsuit that had stripped blazer and black pants and got ready. Her hair was tied in a high ponytail. Neha was dressed in a green shirt and peach trousers. She was busy driving her blue Chevy Malibu while Meera was looking outside the car admiring the view. She had a smile on her face, but her eyes were distraught, as she was thinking about last night and trying to figure out what was about to happen in the distant future.

Neha parked her car in the outer parking area and they both entered the big and beautiful Guild Corporation’s Main building. Meera looked at the building with great praise and awe. A big glass door welcomed them both. A few steps ahead was an open space, constructed with grey marble and oakwood, which was the waiting area decorated with metallic chandeliers,

expensive furniture, and marvellous flowerpots with different plants in them.

Ahead of all that beauty was the turnstiles and a large reception desk. Every employer was provided with a key card and visitors had to get a visitor's card from the reception to gain entry into the building.

Neha swiped her card and shouted from her end, "Di! Please wait in the waiting area till Liv arrives. As usual, he is late."

"No worries. You carry on. Have a nice day," said Meera while folding her jacket sleeve.

"Thanks. But are you sure you will be ok on your own?"

"Really, Junior," she said while shaking her head in disbelief. "Go, I'll be fine. I'll sit here in the waiting area."

"Ok. Bye Senior." She blew a fl

ying kiss towards Meera. She had a big smile on her face but abruptly her face displayed a frightened expression as if she saw something alarming. Meera heard the footsteps approaching behind her. She turned around to see what Neha was afraid of but instead, she bumped into a wall, hit her head on something hard and stumbled back. She was about to fall on her behind when she heard crunch, crash, shatter. Before she could fall something pulled her and she was floating in the air. Her feet were literally hovering over the floor. She rubbed her forehead to ease her pain thus obscuring her vision to the chaos that just occurred in front of her.

"How the hell a wall suddenly sneaked behind me? No, it can't be, it can't be a wall. I was standing closer to the turnstiles and the wall was far behind," she thought. She lowered her hand and looked up. A handsome

but angry face was close to her face and staring at her. All of a sudden, the expression on his face changed, the angry eyes were instantly filled with hope and gentleness and kindness. She kept staring at those eyes.

His face was clear-cut with sharp and precise features. He was a tall, lean, muscular man with a lot of very soft wavy black hair and thoughtful sweet-violet eyes. He smelled like lavender, cinnamon, and sandalwood. It was woody and fruity and spicy and aromatic and pleasant. The prominent forehead on his oval face was being kissed by a loose lock of curly black hair. She tried hard to take off her chestnut brown eyes away from the violet eyes, but it had a commanding yet enchanted hold on her. It was getting harder and harder with every passing second to look away from him.

“Sir, sir, we are getting late for the meeting.” A voice spoke somewhere in the vicinity of the curly-haired man which made her aware of her surroundings.

She knew the face standing close to her. Straight away, she realised that she bumped into Neha’s devil boss, Arthur Guild, the arrogant but rich and powerful, high-profile idiot. The man responsible for all her troubles was standing in front of her. She had to get away from him.

She tried to move a step back but no matter how hard she tried she could not move even a mere millimetre. Some strong force was stopping her from moving away.

“What the hell? Why can’t I move?” She pondered. Then she realised she was moving her feet, but instead of touching the hard ground they were swinging in the air. “Am I somehow suspended in the air? What is happening?”

“Excuse me, sir, we are really getting late. Sir, sir.” The voice spoke again.

Meera followed his sound and found a sculpted, dimpled face staring at her and Arthur with surprise. Then, she looked all around and realised she was enclosed within Arthur’s strong arms, so strong that he was helping Meera to defy gravity. She was dangling with the help of his muscular hand closely, very closely wrapped around her body. She was uncomfortably close to one of the most powerful humans in NY.

“He is handsome. Isn’t he?” A white cloud of smoke appeared, and Alice came out of it.

“Not now, not now,” Meera pleaded.

She struggled hard to get Alice out of her mind. Somehow, she mustered courage and said to Arthur, “um... ahem... hello! I think you can take your hands off me. I’m fine and thank you for not letting me fall.”

Her sound brought Arthur back from his heaven. Those gentle eyes were back to their angry expression mixed with slight embarrassment. He slowly placed her feet on the ground and released her from his grip.

“Oh yeah... sorry... wait what? Why should I say sorry? It’s entirely your fault,” scolded Arthur.

“What?” Meera sounded surprised. His eyes and his words were not matching at all.

“Who are you? And what do you think you are doing standing in the middle of this room? This is not a park or a garden where you came for your morning walk. Are you a moron or are you blind? Can’t you walk with your eyes open? Look at the bloody time, because of you I am late

for my meeting and for me time is money. Who will pay for my loss? You, you pathetic poor people. And look at what you have done; you destroyed my custom-made Phone.” He looked down and she followed his gaze and saw his expensive phone, the screen of which was shattered in million pieces. She now realised that was the crunching sound she heard a few minutes back. Arthur continued his rant, “all my contacts, emails, business details, ohh.... I’ll kill you.”

All Meera could do was just stare at him with her mouth open.

Meera scoffed after remembering how Arthur reacted during their first meeting. The memory of Arthur gave her courage and she stood up to inspect the room and find a way to escape it. The entire room was just walled and had a single door and no windows. She knocked hard on the door but there was no answer. She couldn’t even tell how much time had passed. She wanted Arthur by her side, if not him the least she wanted was some answers.