

## The Secrets Of Meera by Flameillumination Chapter 6

Everyone around the entire office was silent because of fear. They heard Arthur chiding at some girl. Neha wanted to help her senior but was unable to move due to panic and anxiety.

Arthur's impolite and harsh words made her comprehend why everyone called him rude and arrogant. The condescending idiot was holding her responsible for everything that happened. The fun-loving, happy-go-lucky nature of Meera vanished and furious Meera emerged.

"Really! All this is my fault. No, no, you being an idiot is your mother's fault, not mine. I don't have eyes behind my back, but you have these buttons on your face, these violet-coloured buttons and you are supposed to use them while walking," screamed Meera.

"Shit!" whispered Neha in a concerned voice. She knew Meera rarely got angry. She was always kind and fun. She constantly tried to make others happy and helped them get rid of their sadness and anger but when she used to get angry no one could control her. She would stop only after she ripped apart the person who made her angry.

"How dare you ta-" Arthur was shocked as no one ever screamed at him.

"Shut up. I'm not finished yet. Who the hell do you think you are? I said thank you for saving me and you want me to apologize to you. For what may I ask? For you being an ass or for treating you like a normal person. I see now that you are a devil, the most annoying, most irritating, most arrogant idiot I will ever meet in my life. And let me give you some advice-

"Number 1 – leave early for work so you are never late even if YOU bump into someone.

“Number 2 – try to look forward while walking instead of burying your large head in a phone.

“Number 3 – try to take responsibility for your actions and stop blaming everyone else for YOUR fault.

“Number 4 – if YOU have butterfingers, give your expensive items to your assistants to handle, and if you do not trust them don't buy things you can't take care of.

“Number 5 – if I wanted to get my morning walk, I would choose a beautiful open garden or park, not this shithole.

“Number 6 – shun your riches and become poor, because poor and pathetic people at least know when to say sorry and when to say thank you.

“Number 7 – if you are so worried about losing your data, try backing them up.

“I can list a few more points but I think it's enough for today unless you want me to humiliate you even more. And...” The entire office was flabbergasted, stupefied. There was a pin drop silence. No one spoke for minutes. Arthur was hooked, he kept staring at her without blinking once.

Meera's every word was like cracking of a whip. Word after word from her mouth was like a deep cut to the heart. And then the man standing next to Arthur decided to interrupt her which was a big mistake.

“That's enough. You have said a lot. Do you even know whom you are talking to?” He stopped her midway as he found the way she was talking to his boss, very insulting.

She turned towards him and asked, “And who the hell are you?” A handsome man was standing in front of her. He was as tall as Arthur. He too was muscular with a well-defined chest and shoulders. His shirt buttons were working overtime to make sure his chest muscles were completely covered, and his grey jacket was open.

“My name is Ryan Brown. I am the corporate secretary. And you cannot talk to our Boss like this,” he replied.

“So, Mr Brown, did you see how I let you complete your sentence? Do all of you have the tendency to interrupt a person when one is talking? Or can you let them finish their thoughts,” she asked Ryan in an eerily calm tone which made him shut up.

She then turned towards Arthur and looked at him with angry eyes. “No doubt your company saw a marginal decrease in profit in past years, specifically for past 2 years because you are unable to take responsibility for your stupid actions. And Mr Secretary or Personal Assistant, whatever you are, never ever interrupt me, ever again. For your kind information, I have no desire to know who the hell I’m talking to. What I know is; he is wrong and has no right to blame me. If it would have been my say I would have whipped him in his childhood just to teach him some manners. I don’t care whether he is the Queen of England or the President of the United States; I’ll give him what he deserves. Please pick up his damn expensive phone before he steps on it and breaks it even further, no one knows he might even blame the floor for pressing the phone against his foot hard resulting in the total annihilation of his beloved custom-made PHONE. Now if you and your band of fools will get out of my way, I have important matters to attend and unlike you, I like to be on time for all my appointments.” Her eyes never left his gaze. Even though she addressed Ryan the whole time she kept staring directly at Arthur.

Arthur and people standing near him including Ryan moved aside while staring at her in shock.

She moved next to Ryan and muttered, “you dropped your jaw, pick it up.”

Arthur’s mind couldn’t register the scene that just unfolded in front of him. No one talked to him like that his entire life. Even when he was little, he was the Boss of everyone. Now a stranger just shredded him in mere minutes, and he couldn’t reprimand her. She rendered him completely speechless. Still stunned, he and his subordinate moved towards the turnstiles.

All his staff were trying to hide their smiles as for the first time in forever someone pointed out Arthur’s fault in front of him without any fear.

Fuming, Meera was about to step outside the office when suddenly...

“Di blood!” Neha shouted.

“What?” Meera turned and asked in a surprised tone.

“You are bleeding.”

Arthur stopped with a sudden jerk after hearing these words. His halt was so impromptu that Ryan bumped into his back. Arthur immediately turned towards M

eera.

Meera casually lifted her right elbow and saw nothing on her arm, and then she lifted her left elbow and found a deep cut in her forearm which was about one inch long.

“Holy Cow, how the hell this happened?” Exclaimed Meera.

Neha hurriedly exited through exit gates and ran towards her.

“Let me see. Ohh it’s a deep cut. I think you’ll need stitches. I wonder how this happened.”

Suddenly a girl screamed, and everyone looked in her direction. A pretty, full-figured girl with burgundy-coloured hair, green eyes, very well dressed in a white blouse and dark blue linen skirt was standing next to Arthur and looking at his hand in fright.

“Oh my god, sir, there is blood on your sleeve as well,” she said.

“What are you talking about, Holly?” asked Arthur and started inspecting his hands.

He thoroughly looked for cuts on his wrist but there were none, yet his sleeve was smeared with blood. It took him a moment to contemplate that the blood on his sleeve belonged to the girl who just scolded him in front of his entire office, and she got hurt due to the fault of his sharp-edged cufflinks. A sleeve of his pristine white, three-piece suit and matching white cufflink had turned red. He felt guilty for being the reason for someone getting hurt. His mind started acting quickly.

“Call doctor Pear and ask him to get here ASAP. Get this lady and first aid kit to my cabin now,” he ordered Ryan urgently.

“Yes sir, right away. Holly! You contact doctor Pear, I’ll handle her,” strategized Ryan.

Neha covered Meera’s wound with her handkerchief and tried hard to stop the bleeding. Ryan cautiously approached them.

“Excuse me, ma’am. I need to you come with me,” Ryan requested Meera to accompany him in a humble tone.

Meera ignored him and concentrated on stopping the blood flow.

“Is there a hospital around?” Meera asked Neha.

“Ma’am please, listen to me. We have already called a doctor for you. We just need you to come with us,” Ryan pleaded again before Neha could reply.

Meera gave him a death stare but spoke nothing.

“Sir! Doctor Pear is on his way. His ETA is 5 minutes,” Holly informed Ryan.

“Please ma’am, let me apologise on behalf of everyone and for everything that happened today. If you could follow me, we can help you. We have a first aid box with us,” one could hear the defeat in his voice.

“I’m not interested in your sorry or your first aid box or your effing doctor. I can take good care of myself. Thank you very much,” she snapped at him.

Arthur watched the whole exchange, and his patience slowly wore out. He walked towards Meera, stared in her eyes and without warning lifted her in his arms and started walking towards his personal lift. Everyone stood at their places, surprised and shocked, not even Meera got a chance to think about what happened to her.

“Would anyone open the damn lift for me?” Arthur shouted.

Few people ran to his aid, but Holly reached first, pressed her key card to open the lift, and accompanied him. Meera was so shocked that she kept staring at Arthur’s face unable to utter a single word. The lift reached the top floor where Arthur’s office was situated. Holly kept pressing buttons

and opening doors until he reached his cabin. Arthur placed Meera gently on his sofa. Ryan entered with the first aid kit and handed it over to him.

“Bring Jordan up without any delay as soon as he enters the premises,” Arthur ordered Ryan. Ryan nodded and ran downstairs.

“I’m sorry but this might sting a bit,” he said to Meera, very humbly.

She kept staring at him without blinking, unable to process what occurred in the last few minutes. She didn’t even feel the burning sensation of antiseptic liquid. He pressed hard over her wound after cleaning it to stop the bleeding. Meera was still staring at him. Arthur gazed back at her and took in all her beauty and cuteness. Her small, round face with beautiful big eyes and full lips were enough to make one’s heart beat faster. A strand of black hair was flowing gently at her face. Involuntarily his hands moved towards her face and placed the loose strand behind her ears softly.

“Sir, Dr Pear is here,” Holly announced the arrival of the doctor. Ryan was right behind him.

“Jordan! It’s a huge cut.” Arthur stood up from her side and went up to the doctor and spoke with concern.

“Let me see, you please calm down,” he assured Arthur and moved towards the sofa. He sat next to Meera and said, “hello! My name is Dr Jordan Pear. May I take a look at your cut?”

There was no answer, she was still staring at the space where Arthur was sitting a few seconds ago.

“Hello! Hello! Miss! Hello, miss!” Jordan waved his palm in front of her to break her hypnotic state.

Meera regained her senses and replied, “Oh! Yes. What?”

“Ok, you are with me; now let us take a look at your injury.”

The good doctor took her arm in his hands and observed the cut.

“Did you clean the wound Arthur?”

“Yes.” Arthur nodded but he was still worried about her unstoppable blood flow.

“Good. Nice thinking.”

“But why blood is still oozing out?” Asked Arthur with worry.

“You cleaned the wounds well, but it is a pretty deep cut, I think she may need a stitch or two.”

“What? Stitch? No way, she is afraid of needles,” said a male voice. Everyone turned and saw two people entering Arthur’s cabin. Neha walked in along with Oliver. Everyone stared at Oliver’s well-built body as if a short version of The Thinker himself walked into the room.

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Her fingers were running over the slowly fainting scar. Her wound was completely healed but the scar was not completely faded.

“Why won’t anyone answer me? What do you want from me? Hello! I helped you when you needed me, although it was fake. But I still helped you. Say something, say anything. Hello!” She kept screaming at the door but still, there was no answer.