

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Stella POV

After the seminar, I was tired so was Stacy so we went back to her ward to rest. I noticed a guy staring at me all through the seminar. He looked hyper deadly. If stares could kill, I would be six feet (6ft) under by now. I hate people staring at me like that, it creeps the hell outta me. Come to think of it again, he might be a reporter or something. I don't know but they been trying to get me to talk and you know blow up the whole thing but I am not budging for it.

Knock! Knock!! There was a light knock on the door of the ward we are in and guess who it is, the creepy staring man.

"Hi!!!!" He said.

"Please who are you?" I asked him. I didn't want to be polite but then again, if at all he is a reporter, I don't want a tabloids heading that reads 'STELLA PARLOR, THE FAMOUS KING BLAKE'S GIRLFRIEND IS RUDE BECAUSE SHE IS WITH A RICH MAN NOW.' I will faint if at all there is a tabloid like that about me.

"Blake sent me." He said to me. I immediately pulled him out. I didn't want Stacy to start asking me stuffs. I don't know how much longer I can keep it from her. I can not tell her I am getting married to that jerk. Not now when the whole world doesn't know yet, when he has not proposed yet. She will be suspicious but then again, this is enough for her to be suspicious cause I keep avoiding the question.

"What does he want this time?" I asked him almost believing him.

"He asked me to give you this ower for two things. First, to the success of Stacy's surgery and second to the success of the restaurant show and he said the kiss was a marvelous scene." He said to me. I knew he was either some kinda stalker or a reporter, I will act along.

"Is that what he says to a woman he is in love with? Should I just reconsider marrying a jerk like him? Nay, I love him too much to do that. I will just teach him a lesson." I said collecting the ower bouquet from him.

He looked shocked at my statement. Men, I myself am shocked on the statement I just made. The statement that creeps me out the most is 'I love him too much'. What!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I don't love him, I dislike him, I hate his guts. He left after he didn't get the answer he most probably wanted to hear

After the he left, I dropped the ower because I saw him through the rear mirror when he was buying it from the man sitting outside the ward, so meticulous of him. Just as the ower dropped, an old monk came to pick it up for me.

"You two should have never met. it is bad." He said picking up the ower for me. What does he mean by that? I should have never met who? The ower stalker or the ower reporter? He picked up the ower and looked at me. He stared deep into my eyes like he was checking for something. Seriously, what is wrong with men staring at me today? I don't have interest in you guys.

"You dropped the bouquet." He said smiling while handing me the ower bouquet.

"Thank you." I said collecting it from him. Just as I was about to enter the ward, he said something again.

"Stay away from a man in your life and you will know peace. The beginning might be sweet but the middle and end is tragic. You have lost two important people in your life which drove you to erasing some sweet memories leaving you with some bad memories, to nd that happiness which you longed for, avoid that particular man but if you go in pursuit of answers, you might end up dying." He said to me. I looked at him for a while like I believes what he said to me but then I laughed. Is this the best he can come up with? He should have done better. It is either he is a stalker, reporter or a con artist.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked me. Because you are hilarious dude.

"Is this the new method monks are using to scam people?" I asked him and he looked shocked. Seriously, this man is a good actor.

"I am being serious. You need to believe me." He said trying to convince me but I was not moved at all. Hash tag the billionaire's girlfriend should have some money on her.

"How much do you need?" I asked him how much he needed. He looked like he was getting pissed.

"I don't need any of your money. I am just trying to help you." He said to me. Help me? You've got to be kidding me.

"To be sincere, I am living off someone else's money so I don't have enough for you." I said to him and offered him some few dollars but he rejected it even after I persuaded him. I gave up since I knew he wasn't budging for the money. If he doesn't want the money then he gotta be a reporter or he is just so good at acting.

"Okay then." I said and was about to enter the room and he stopped me.

"If you don't stop now, things will get really bad and if you go any further than now, there is no backing out again. That is your fate." He said to me.

"I can change it if at all that is my fate." I said back to him. How far does he wants to go?

"Someone will die." He said to me out of the blue. Okay, that scared me.

"What?" I asked startled at the statement he made.

"I said someone will die and there will be absolutely nothing you can do about it. I don't know who will die but if you don't stop now, even you might be the one dying." He said and was about to walk away before I stopped him with a question.

"Why will someone die?" I yelled the question at him. I was already getting pissed.

"Because that is your fate." He said and walked away form me.

My fate? See who is talking about someone else's fate. Someone dying? I scoffed. Just as I was about to enter, I remembered something. When Stacy was dying, I had a little ashback of two people dying just then, my head started to hurt. I couldn't decipher the memory because it was clashing with that of Stacy's.

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I went closer to the surgery room door and saw how the doctors were not settled and they all looked panicked then I looked towards the direction where Stacy laid and I saw how blood was gushing out of her body. It was uncontrollable. I didn't wait any extra second and went in.

"Sta . . . . . Stac. . . . . Stacy." I stammered. Upon hearing my voice, Dr. Dave said I should go out but I wasn't listening.

"Take her out." He yelled at one of his doctors. They pulled me out of the surgery room and locked me out. I was beyond broken. I became a nuisance instantly. I was not aware of what is going on in my surroundings. I became numb. Questions kept popping up my head. Is she dying? Is that the end for her? Will she never see what Africa and Paris looks like? What is happening to her? Is she alright? These questions were in my head. I was looking for whom to ask but none were ready to listen. I couldn't feel my feet again and fell to the ground and I started weeping. I haven't wept like this in years. The memories I dreaded the most started ooding into my brain.

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I cried as I watched my parent burn to ashes right in front of me. Those guys set the place on re. I was starting to black out too because the smoke of the re was getting to me but all I could care for were my parent who is dying right in front of me. They were literally burning right in front of me and the little me who can do absolutely nothing sat there in the re and was crying. I was about to give in completely to darkness before a young guy came rushing into the re and I felt him carry me before I gave into darkness. I couldn't see his face clearly before the black out.

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Then I remembered clearly the memory I erased from my head. I was about to see the small boy's face before I dropped to the ground. At that point, my head ached more and more. Who is this young guy? I kept pushing and pushing because I want to know who the young man is because only he can tell me who those two adults were and why I was feeling too much heartbreak at that moment and why I am feeling it now but then the memory was too much for my brain to handle so I blacked out. Only heavens knows what happened after.