

## Forced Marriage with CEO

### C - 4 # Say, YES by \_urvashi

#### 4 # Say, YES

"No, I can't," Myra retorted stubbornly.

"Raima, you messed up everything," Aarjav shouted at Raima angrily and gave her deadly.

"I'm not going to marry a father of a five-year kid," Raima muttered gritting her teeth. She proceeds angrily, "I don't have any hobby to be a mother of a readymade wild kid."

"I will deal with you later," He muttered back and it was clear that Raima is going to hear worse from his brother for the first time in her life.

"Now, Myra... I don't want to hear anything from you. Get ready and meet the Black family," Aarjav orderly whined.

"Bring her down, by hook or crook," Aarjav urged and left the room with his father. They can't leave the guests alone for more time.

Tanu and Raima looked at each other smiling wickedly. They steered close to her. Myra gulped hard while crying continuously.

"Mom, doesn't she remember, she has a mother, who is sick, mentally disabled?" Raima mocked and laughed at her situation. Myra lowered her head.

"Yes, honey, she is an ungrateful and selfish bitch," Tanu Kapoor raised her voice a little adding her wrath on her.

"After the death of her father, you brought her here, you paid the fees for the treatment of her mother, paid for her food, clothes and also pay for her studies," Raima added fuel to Tanu's anger.

"Even, the clothes, she used to wear are all mine and they are branded and expensive. You loved her and took care of her as your daughter and now she says no for a mere matter, Mom?" As Raima said these words, Tanu got excited. She furiously narrowed her eyes at Myra.

Raima was just seeking an opportunity to show tantrums to Myra. The face, which was soft for a while ago had now become quite ugly. Raima is such a horrible and her wicked countenance made her more terrible.

"Yes, honey. First, her father passed away, the savings of her father was not enough for the treatment of her mother, we paid for the surgery of her mother. Later on, Grandpa comes. But after all, we are taking care of her since she went to the university," Tanu reminded her of the things that happened five years ago.

Myra cried more and more remembering her past life which was not so rich but full of happiness. She covered her ears not to hear anything from them.

"She couldn't even sacrifice a little for us," Raima pouted as she was feeling so bad for her. Myra was feeling guilty about it. She was a burden on them since her father died. If her father was alive, then her life would not be like this.

"Aunt, Raima, I will marry anyone you say, but I can't leave my country, my Mom is here. She has nothing except me in this world. She will die without me. I will marry anyone, whomever you will say, but not to this Man, he is not Indian and once I will marry him, I have to leave India forever. Please, don't do this to me," Myra begged to join her hands in front of them while her tears were streaming uncontrollably.

"If you will stay here, do you think your mother will be alive," Tanu lost her mind and shouted grabbing her throat.

It was not a big problem to marry someone but she can't marry a man who is not living in India. Once she leaves India, what about her mother? Her mother is the only reason for living life.

"I will stop paying medical fees of your mother. You bitch, say yes to marry Mr Black," Tanu threatened her and left her throwing on the floor. Myra coughed hard as she couldn't breathe when she held her throat.

"Say yes, bitch! You have been a curse to our family. First, your mother came and took my uncle with him. Then you came and he died. After that you became a burden on our grandpa, it wasn't enough, he also died. Then you came to be a burden on us. You are useless as a stone, we cannot expect anything in return from you. You are an insensible bitch, who doesn't care about her family," Raima cursed her and she cried more and more.

"Just one call and your mother will be out of the care centre," She saw her phone to Myra. Myra was startled but she was still begging not to force her. She can't do this. Indeed, she is ready to do anything they say but she can not marry a person not living in India.

Tanu wasn't kind, she dialled a number and showed Myra the screen of her phone. She put the phone call on speaker.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Myra's eyes went wide and her heart was drumming with fear.

"Hello," The voice came from another side after three ringing sounds.

"No, I will do as you say," Myra shouted running towards Tanu and grabbing her phone to cut it down. Raima and Tanu laughed wickedly.

"That's a good girl," Raima chuckled and Tanu patted Raima's back.

Myra was glaring at those bitches in front of her who had made her life worsen till now. She said yes till they were showing fake concern towards her. They are always searching for an opportunity to manipulate her. If the problem was about only her, she would run away far from her but what about her sick mother. She can not afford such higher medical fees.

"Get ready and come downstairs, guests are waiting to meet you," Raima ordered flooding her hands to her chest.

"And yes, I have lied that you went to help someone in a medical emergency. We are waiting," Tanu snapped and both mother and daughter left her alone in the room.

She cried pulling her legs to her chest. When a thought comes to her mind about her mother, she trembled. She crawled towards the drawer and opened it. Taking her family photo from the drawer, she looked at her happy family.

They were not rich but at least they were happy and enjoying every moment of life. She still remembered the days, she had spent with her parents.

# Flashback...

Her father, Kishan Kapoor loves to join Army. He tried but couldn't join due to some family problems. So he joined the police force. His first posting was in Mumbai, the city of dreams. His father, Mr Ram Kapoor was very proud of his son. He was a successful businessman, still, he chooses to serve the Nation.

One day, Kishan met Rashmi a beautiful girl. He fell for her and asked her to marry him. She sheepishly accepted her proposal. Neither Rashmi's family accept them nor Kishan's family and they got married against their family.

They started their new life in Mumbai. Kishan was at a higher post, so he earned enough to survive. They were rewarded with a beautiful angel after a few years, they gave her a name, Myra. She was looking like Rashmi.

Myra was always brave, intelligent and smart though beautiful. She was proud of her father. She was in the final year of her high school education. She topped not only in the class but also in the district.

When she came back home, she saw so many police vans on the road of their house. The house, her father purchased for them. The police's vehicles are common for her but that day, there was something different. There were so many cops, but none of them put on their hats, they held their

hats under the forearm. Although she knows everyone, none of them smiled at her, neither lifted their gaze.

Something was wrong. Her happiness faded immediately and the fear and sadness covered her heart and brain. She left her bag in the car, which her father hired for her. She ran inside the house with weird feelings. Her heart was beating rapidly and she was scared of this scene. She had never witnessed this kind of scene.

She met thousands of cops in her life and knows everyone but none of them was so sad or as gloomy. All of the cops whom she met were always joyful and tried to make her smile. Then why today not?

She was frozen at the door, her beloved father was lying unconscious on the floor covered in a white piece of clothes.

"Daddy..." Her shout choked under the throat when she sees her broken mother. She cried a lot and her eyes were swollen. Her hairs were messy and like a nest of a bird. Her snowy white skin turned red due to crying continually.

Last night, her father left at midnight due to some emergency. She waved at him sadly and pouted complaining against him, "Daddy. My result is going to be declared tomorrow."

He promised her kissing her forehead, "I promise that I will be at home before you will come back after school get her result."

"Pinky promise?" She asked hopefully as he used to go on work for weeks, her father crossed his finger with her and promised her that he will be back. And he is now lying dead. Her eyes are not ready to believe it.

In the morning, her mother cooked her favourite breakfast. She checked outside more than ten times if her father comes or not.

"He will be at home as he promised you, now come and have your breakfast, otherwise you will be late for school," Her mother called Myra while she was wandering in the corridor waiting for him.

She stumped her feet and came towards the dining table. She had her breakfast with her mom. How much she was happy in the morning?

Why just in a few hours everything has been changed? Why God is so cruel to them?

She rushed to her father and hugged him crying hard. She has lost her lifeline. She cried hard when someone's gentle touch held her shoulder. She looked up to find her Grandpa standing behind her.

She never met him before but she knows him as her father always kept her updated about every member of their family.

"Dadaji..." She whispered and tugged herself in his arms. Oldie and granddaughter cried hugging each other.

After a day, her mother's health became worse. They admitted her to the hospital and got to know that she had a brain stroke. The doctor asked them for surgery.

She was passed through surgery immediately and after recovering, she lost her mental stability. Myra doesn't know anything about the money, from where it comes and how it was spent. She just wants her mother back with her.

On the day, when her mother was discharged from the hospital and was moved towards the mental sanitarium, she met Tanu Kapoor who behaves so polite when Grandpa was around.

From that day her destiny was fated with this family and her life was miserable till now. But she tolerates everything for the sake of her mother. She needs money and the Kapoor family is her last hope.

# Flashback Ends...

She kissed the photo of them and gave his father a brave smile, "I'm the only daughter of Mr Kishan Kapoor, how can I be so fearful? I'm strong like you Daddy. I will not cry. I won't give up easily. I will never leave my Mom, Daddy. I promise I will never leave her."

Still, she cried and brushed off her tears immediately. She placed back the photo in the drawer and got up. Grabbing a pair of clothes, she sauntered towards the bathroom.

Washing her face properly, she donned in white pencil jeans and a dark red tank top. Applied a little make-up to give a glow to her face. Still, her eyes were red due to crying. Her hair is open and free jumping on her hips when she walks.

She breaths deeply and sighs before leaving her room. She thinks, "I don't know where my destiny is leading me. But I will fight till the end. I will meet Mr black and will tell him everything about the reality. Then whatever he thinks and does. I will say No to him directly. I hope he will understand me."

With a heavy heart, she moved towards the stairs and slowly stepped down without looking at anyone though all the pairs of eyes were flickering at her.