

Chapter 13

Janet was taken for some regular test, and the nurse was taking her back to her room when she informed about the visitor to her. Janet stiffened and stopped outside her door. "I can manage, thank you!" She smiled politely, and the nurse left her on her own.

Janet drew a deep breath and walked inside. A man dressed in a blue suit was sitting on the couch, cross-legged, reading a magazine. "What the fuck are you doing here?" Janet shrieked and Sebastian smiled, facing her.

"I came to see you, sweetheart!" He said, keeping the book aside and strolling in her direction. "I am glad you're fine!" He tried to hug her, but she pushed him back.

"Don't!" She glared at him and he took a step back, raising his hands.

"I am sorry for what you suffered! But you know, right, that I won't ever try to hurt intentionally?" He asked.

Janet smirked. "You won't hurt me? The man who has hurt me the most is claiming to not ever hurt me intentionally? You still think I'm naïve?" She asked him.

"Why do you always misunderstand me?" He shook his head.

"I do not want to understand you, Sebastian Monreal! Get the fuck out of here or I'll get you arrested," She threatened.

Sebastian smirked, "You can't do that to me!" He pouted and Janet's phone beeped in her hospital gown. She took her phone and looked up at Sebastian.

"Keith is going to be here in ten minutes. I hope you stay!" She said and sat on her bed with a winning smile.

"Of course," Sebastian took the couch watching her with a mysterious glint in his eyes and Janet turned nervous with each passing minute and just as time was about up, Sebastian stood up to leave.

"Leaving so soon, sweetheart?" Janet lifted an eyebrow, mocking him.

"Yeah, actually, I'm not in a mood to kill anyone today." He winked at her and left, closing the door on his way out and Janet stared at the door, her eyes void of any emotion.

Cara took the bus back home, wondering about

her life. "Is it always going to be like this? Will I be always stomped under everyone's foot? Is this how my life is going to always be? Will I never be able to break this cage?" She asked herself.

The bus stopped, and she stepped out, walking to her home, lost in her thoughts. She reached her apartment when the door burst open and her roommate, Lily, appeared fuming in anger.

Cara stepped inside, gulping a lump that formed in her throat, and watched Lily. "Is everything alright?" She asked.

"Two men broke into the house with guns and inquire about you. They checked the house,

turning it upside down! Rest, everything is fine," Lily sneered, smiling sarcastically and Cara looked around the house. Indeed, everything was messed up.

Cara turned to apologise, but Lily gave her no room for an explanation. "I don't want to hear anything! Pack your bags and get out. God know, what illegal stuff you're involved in! I don't want any troubles in life." Lily firmly stated and Cara's face lost all colours.

"Lily, please don't do this to me! I beg you, I've nowhere to go!" Cara pleaded. "I don't have money. Please, have mercy!"

"It's high time you take responsibility! You have got a job now to support yourself. Please leave my house," Lily was adamant.

"Lily, I lost my job! I don't have anywhere to go. Please don't be so heartless. You've supported me a lot in the past. Just bear with me for a few days more!" Cara said.

"And that was my biggest mistake! It was a mistake to take you home. But now I've had enough. It scared the shit out of me when they barged in with guns in their hand?" Lily widened her eyes. "No, just leave the house or I'll call the cops to escort you out!"

"Cop... It must be Keith! Yes, he is the one or who else will barge into the house with a gun!!" Cara thought. "Okay, give me half an hour to pack my stuff," She said. Tears were streaming down her cheeks and Lily moved into her bedroom without exchanging any words.

Cara wiped her tears. She was tired of everything, yet decided not to give up. She moved to her room and packed everything, her books, clothes, and the wind chimes studded with stars. She walked to the door and stopped.

Her eyes swept over the room and stopped at the painting hanging on the wall. She walked over to

the wall and stared at the painting of her mom and dad, which she made in their memory. "I am not taking you both with me, as I know my journey is going to be hard from here and you'll be sad to see me miserable." She said to the painting. "But as soon as I'll find a place to stay, I'll come to take you with me!" She smiled. "I promise I will fight whatever it takes!" She promised to her deceased parents and moved out of the room, closing the door with a heavy heart.

Keith was in a deep sleep when someone rang the doorbell. He groaned covering his face in a pillow

but the visitor persistently rang the doorbell, at last forcing him to leave the bed. Keith rubbed his eyes and walked to open the door, only to find Janet standing outside, holding a basket in which a small puppy was looking at him with wide eyes.

"Who is he?" Keith glanced up at Janet.

"This is Milo!" Janet levelled the basket to her face.

"Milo, this is your mate, Keith!" She introduced.

Keith rolled his eyes walking inside, and Janet followed him. "Say hi to Milo!!" She exclaimed while Keith walked into the kitchen and took out a chilled water bottle.

"Why is he here?" He asked, sitting on the couch next to Janet, who was petting Milo.

"Umm... I was in a car thinking about what to buy you for your birthday... then my beautiful eyes fell on the dog adoption centre and I brought you a buddy! You lack loyal people in your life, so I brought a dog. They are loyal companions." Janet grinned and Keith irked more.

"Ha.. ha.. ha.. very funny!" He said sarcastically.

"You know what's the best part!?" Janet smiled.

"The women at the adoption centre said that Milo just eats quietly and stays at one place, never actively takes part in any game. He is the most

miserable dog of their centre." She said, while lovingly petting Milo, and Keith knitted his eyebrows.

"What was the best part, Janet?" He asked.

"That he isn't the most miserable dog. You're more miserable than him!" She exclaimed. "I believe he will enjoy with you! And who knows, he might come out of his depressive state watching you!"

"Take him to your house!" Keith said nonchalantly, and Janet frowned.

"It's your birthday present! You can't say no," Janet argued and Keith gave her a hard glare.

"Janet, I work sixteen hours a day! I hardly have time to look at myself in the mirror. How in the world I'm gonna take care of a puppy?" He shrieked. "Nor I've any staff!"

"But I can't take him home!" Janett countered.

"Then drop him back to the adoption centre!" He retorted.

"You're so heartless, Keith!" Janet shook her head.

"Look at this small baby, he needs to see that the world has more miserable dogs than him and you're just perfect for him, trust me on this!" She tried to convince him, but Keith clenched his jaws.

"Okay, I've got a doctor's appointment, so gotta

go!" She rose from the couch, kissed Milo, and walked to the door.

Keith followed her and once Milo realised she was going to leave him, he too jumped down from the couch and followed her. "Janet, you can't be serious!! What the fuck are you...." Before Keith could complete, she walked out and shut the door in his face.

Keith stood in his place dumbfounded and slowly his eyes moved to Mila, who was staring right back at him, wagging his tail. "Come on, buddy! It seems we are stuck together for a good time." He said, walking inside and Milo followed him.

"Would you like to join me over a glass of wine?"

Keith asked Milo.

"Have you reached?" Sandra asked Cara.

"Yes! But I don't think your boyfriend would like me to stay at your place." Cara said, standing outside the door nervously.

"Oh, come on! It's just for a few days. I know you'll find a job and a place to stay!" Sandra comforted her.

"I am sorry for troubling you, Sandra!" Cara

apologised. "But I'll quickly find the solution."

"Take a chill pill, bitch! And rest for a while," Sandra said, ending the call, and her boyfriend, Rob, opened the door. His eyes stared at Cara, and her beauty mesmerised him.

"Hi!" Cara said nervously. It was the first time she was meeting Sandra's three months old boyfriend Rob who worked at the car service station.

"Hey, come in!" Rob opened the door of their small apartment for Cara. "Um... let me help you!" He took her luggage and accidentally their fingers touched. They walked into the spartan apartment and Cara looked around nervously.

"Would like to drink something?" Rob asked as Cara sat on the couch.

"Water," She answered.

"Here," Rob handed her a glass of water and she drank as if she was thirsty for ages while the former took a seat opposite her and stared at her.

"Are you alright? You're sweating!" He said, and Cara wiped her forehead with the back of her hand.

"I am actually exhausted! I could barely open my eyes now," She said. "Can you please show me my room?"

"Sure," Rob rose from the couch and walked to the spare room. He opened the door and Cara walked in with her luggage.

"What would like to have for dinner?" He asked politely.

"Thanks, but I don't want to eat anything. I just want to sleep and end this day. It's been quite a hard day for me." She said.

"I understand. But if you need anything, let me know!" He winked in her direction with a smile and walked out, closing the door.

Cara changed into something comfy and ended

her night crying silently.

The next morning, she woke tired and sprinted to the bathroom. She took a quick shower and changed into black jeans with a plain grey t-shirt. She was looking for a hoodie in her bag when her eyes landed on the golden belly dance coin belt.

A surreal smile spread on her lips and she took the coin belt out, reminiscing old memories when she learned the belly dance from one of her friends. Though her dad was against it, but later gives in when he witnessed her excitement.

Cara stood back on her feet and looked at herself in a mirror. She wore the coin belt around her waist and quickly pulled her long hair into a bun. She bunched up her t-shirt tied a knot and played Darbuka Drums, a belly dance music on her phone.

She was slowly getting into the vibe, closing her eyes. Her body moved like a snake to the beat of the song and everything just disappeared from her mind, every misery, every worry, every fight. She was in her own world, forgetting about everything.

She swirled like an exotic fairy and her bun opened, her long shining dark blonde hair cascaded down her waist, but she danced carefree, unaware of the

eyes pinned on her.

