And they met.

A stranger

Author.

A tall, giant man crowding inside and pressed himself against the door taking support. Ana craned her neck up to look into his face. His face held cuts, bruises and his forehead was dripping with blood. He was panting heavily to catch his breath. Anna was stunned at her place. The moment she looked into his eyes, she kept staring with

painfully trained on her as he dragged long breaths through his mouth. Something wasn't nice with those bluish iris. They looked so intense as if can see through her soul. They weren't giving her good feelings.

She gulped only to feel her throat dry. With the realization of her parched throat, her senses

wide eyes like he was some kind of ghost. Her mind was numb to react. His blue eyes

Now the warning bell rang inside her head. Fear.

Danger.

back on track. Her mind was back in full alert mode.

She could smell the tension in the air.

At this hour of night who was this man? What if he does anything evil to her?

What will happen to her?

her neck stood up in anticipation.

Her heartbeats drummed in her ears. Goosebumps rose in her body. The hair in the back of

"First...First aid...." The man asked in his deep voice which vibrated throughout her body. His forearm moved distracting her fixed gaze from his face.

something.

looked up at his face.

Oh Ana!

Scrolling her eyes down from his face it landed on his fingers that were tightly gripping his left arm. Blood was spilling out through his knuckles and fell on the floor. Seeing his wound

her eyes widened further and a gasp left from her mouth. Seemes like he got stabbed with

The fear, the danger, the tension, the anxiety everything replaced with concern and worry. For the stranger. "hey, what happened to you?" she cried out with her worried voice.

He was in pain. He needs her help. That's why he knocked at her door. She contemplated.

"How did you get hurt?" She took a step towards him for a close look on his injury and then

The man was injured. Bloods leaking out of his wound.

The veins in his temple throbbed and his muscles locked.

For some reason between all this excruciating pain, her voice felt soothing in his ears. It was filled with concern and care. For him.

His bloodshot eyes glowed at her with such ferocious intensity that it took her breath away.

Will she help him? Or, she will leave him vulnerable like other women.

With that thought he pushed himself away from the door he was leaning and moved

towards her. Hardly had he taken a step when unable to withstand bodily pressures, he was

about to drop down on his knees.

he tried to calm down.

kitten. His eyes were closed.

The room felt eerie silent.

faintly.

call for an ambulance.

blood drenching the area. It was a deep wound.

Ana abruptly rushed and hold his arms. With her support the man leaned back his head on the door in defeat and closed his eyes with a sigh. His adam's apple bobbed up and down as

Uaware of the danger she was inviting the worried girl spread his arms on her shoulder and

tried to help him walk inside. But the man with 200 pounds weight, way heavy for her. Still

"Wait. Let me help you." Anai said hurriedly, her eyes fixed on his pain filled face. Hearing

They were walking taking slow step. All of a sudden the man tripped his one foot over the other, imbalancing and landed on the nearby couch with Ana on top of him. Her hands resting on his shoulder for support.

Gradually she lifted her head away from his shoulder and peered at the person like a scared

The next instance she scooted back from his lap in fright. The hand he was clutching his wound now fell on the side near the edge of the armchair, lifeless.

Did she kill the man with her weight? Blood rushes in her veins at this thought.

"Oh Lord!" She shrieked near his ear. What just happened?

Again pindrop silence prevailed. She gulped the lump in her throat. Sweat beads formed on her forehead.

Nervously she was fidgeting her both hands. She took a step for a close look and rose her

trembling finger near his nose. Hot breath fanning her index finger. The man was breathing,

She placed both her hands on her chest and heaved a sigh of relief. All she needs to do was

Shagging her shoulder she swirled when her eyes landed on the open door. Wrapping arms

around herself, hurriedly she sprinted towards the door. A cold breeze from outside caressed

Moving toward near the couch her legs halted when she saw blood pooled down on the floor

above the floor. The fingers were dipped in blood. One after another, droplets from his

fingers were making a pool on the floor. Even when she looked all around the way he

beside the man. Her eyes flew up on the hand which was senselessly hanging few distance

walked inside held drops of blood as if leaving clue of his way. Finishing her investigation

on the floor her eyes moved back at his frame. She could clearly see the jacket had a cut and

her face. Though the rain had stopped long back but it was still damp outside. Her eyes for a fraction glanced out of the door. It was dark. Even the narrow lane was empty. She locked the door.

She blowed a long breath. First of all she needs to aid his wounds and then she should ring up the emergency ambulance number. Otherwise he will die out of blood loss until they arrives. She agreed with her sub conscious.

palm was visible. She spread some antiseptic cream over some cotton and pressed it on the cut. And finally covered his palm with a gauze bandaged it. Next task was to most dreadful part, attending the wound on his arm. For that she needs to remove his clothes. Her eyes broadened with the thought and she bite her lower lip out of nervousness. What to do?

Her mind recalled how some nearby patient would approach her aunt and how she took immediate care of their issues. How Aunt Grace paid equal interest on each patient without any discrimination.

Won't she be doing this someday if she becomes a nurse. Tonight he was just a single patient

but in future there would be more whom she would have to attend without keeping an ounce

With much difficulty somehow she removed the jacket along with the shirt from his body.

The fabrics rested behind his back. Just then her eyes caught the sight of a long cut on the

Instead of attending, her gaze raked his whole body. There were many cuts here and there

She was encouraging herself with pep talk and normalizing her situation.

Overlooking she kept doing her work of undressing him. Undressing an unknown man. It

Hadn't he got hurt in the arm then she won't have to go through this shameful task. She

was her very first time shedding clothing a man.

of uneasiness. What will she do then?

skin near his left abdomen.

rubbed her cheek.

with a bandage.

position for a long.

She feels sad whenever she witness anyone in misery.

She sucked a deep breath and resumed her work.

The phone kept ringing as she looked at herself.

sighed a long breath.

How can one human beings hurt other human being? She thought. He must be feeling pain. She felt an unknown tug in her heart to ease his pain. Her heart twisted and nose tingled. A tear rolled down her cheek. Feeling the wetness she

And lastly came his bruised face. She cleaned his face with the wet towel and applied some

ointment on his left cheek and on the side of his left forehead. Finally wrapped his forehead

Once done she stood up on her feet. Her legs felt senseless staying rooted in the same

'Jesus!' She didn't realize how time flew while attending his injury. His suffering. She strolled towards her room near the study table. Grabbing the cell phone she dialed the number of the hospital where Aunt Grace works.

Stretching herself she checked the wall clock. Its was 4 in the morning.

While comforting the stranger her nightshirt got dirty in his blood.

The phone got disconnected without an answer from the other end.

the girl tried her level to manage using all her strength. The man clearly understood her intention to take him inside. He also tried to walk with the help of her support.

this, his eyes snapped open and stared at her with unreadable expression.

Without wasting any second she quickly entered her Aunt's room and opened the cupboard where she keeps all the medicines. Quickly she rummage through the shelves and collected some antiseptic and cotton with gauze. She entered the kitchen room and filled a bowl of water and took a towel. Both her hands were full with all the things. She returns back to the

Carefully she placed all the things on the coffee table. She kneeled down on the floor beside

him. She dipped the towel into the bowl of water and squeezed to remove the excess water.

First of all, she took his hand and gently and cautiously cleaned it. Now the long cut in his

living room where the senseless man was lying in a sitting position on the couch.

One way out there, rolling his shirt above. But the scar was up near his shoulder. It wont be comfortable neither for him and nor for her to take care. If she wants to get proper access to that part of his wound, she has to do the most horrible task. Task to remove his shirt and jacket. After giving full one minute deliberation, finally she decided. With shaky fingers she kept unbuttoning down. Her eyes glanced at his broad bare chest. And the next second she diverted her gaze feeling all uneasy and uncomfortable.

but the cut in his arm was too deep. He was attacked by someone. Maybe some mob. They might have tried to kill him.

" oh Ana!!! What will you do now?" She whispered to herself biting her lower lip.