

Chapter 11

"So tell me, Mrs. Kean. How it could be Karan's fault when he hadn't touched the strand of that boy's hair?" Kayish questioned using his good authority tone that made Mrs. Kean goes nervous. She was sweating profusely and fidgeting her finger as not able to answer his questions.

"You know what? You are wasting my time unnecessarily calling me here while he hadn't committed any mistakes." Then he eyed me accusingly.

"Like mother like daughter." He muttered under his breath, somehow I managed to hear what he said.

"Mr. Miller, Don't accuse my child, it was just an accident. Well.. If your nephew hadn't come between Sweety and that poor boy, they wouldn't have in this situation." I fight against him.

"Please both of you calm down, now you two are behaving like children." Mrs. Kean begged us to stop killing each other.

When I was about to protest, the school principal entered the room and walked towards us where I, Mrs. Kean and the arrogant was seated.

I have met him when I came here to get Sweety's admission. That time he behaved so nicely as he was one of my old friends from High school.

"Hello Mr. Miller." he shook Kayish' hand politely completely ignoring my existence.

Okay--- I didn't expect this.

"Mr. Paul, can you explain what's going on here and why are you wasting my time?" he asked folding his hand against his chest.

"I'm sorry Mr. Miller. I don't know that Karan is your nephew. If I had come to know earlier, I would have dealt with them personally. I am really sorry for that." he apologized as he caused him difficulty despite all he did was actually correct.

I shook my head disappointedly. If he has money that doesn't mean their fault has to be hidden.

"Mr. Paul. We both are very well aware that it was the three of their fault. You can't tell him that it's only Sweety's fault." My motherhood won't bear if she senses any trouble on her daughter's name.

"The main reason for the fight is his nephew, not my daughter. But who hurt at the end? It was my baby. So don't accuse my child who didn't do anything." I raised my voice in front of them.

The actual incident is when Sweety entered her first class the boy I don't know his name, tried to befriend her by asking her name but Karan jumped in between them and shoved the boy away that caused the fight between the three small bundles, in the end, Sweety slipped down on the steps.

Thank God! The steps were no longer than three. Or else what would I do.

"Miss. Kader, I am talking to him so please stay quiet." Mr. Paul barely raised a voice.

Then why the hell did you call me here?

Kayish gave me a smirk and turned his attention towards the principal. "May I believe it won't happen next time?" Kayish asked the principal.

"Of course it won't happen. Please!" The principal apologized once again.

Nowadays, Sorry has no means I think.

Innocent people are being blamed for the crime actually when they were afraid to kill a bug where all the rich bastards were being praised for their sins even when they are doing all the criminal activities. What a stupid society.

"Ok then. I will leave." He said and gave me a pointed look before he walked out of the room.

"I'm sorry, Miss. Kader. I have no other option for doing this. He is one of the sponsors of our school. We can't lose his support." Alas! He is the man I met on the first day. So he comes back from his cage.

"If we go against him, there is a chance to lose the fund from their organization." The principal explained once he went far away from our sight.

I nodded my head as a comprehension. "Yeah! I understand. But from here only the kids are learning good things." His face slightly bowed down.

"But again because of those stupid rich headed people, kids are turning like them like an arrogant, heartless human being. The only reason is they have enough money to buy the whole world." I fisted my hand and if Kayish had stood here, of course, I would have punched his face.

"No wonder, where we missed to raise a good generation. We provided them whatever they are asking and protect them whenever they do unforgivable sins even it costs a life." Mrs. Kean gave me a weak smile all the way nodding her head.

"And it is lead them to do criminal activities," I confessed genuinely.

"Miss. Kader, Sweety looks more fragile. I suggest she can take bed rest for a week." Said the principal ashamed of meeting my eyes.

"Yeah! Sure. Thanks!." I lifted her in my arms and walked out of the school campus. When I reached the parking area, I came to meet the furious red looking eyes which belong to none other than Kayish.

Karan slipped out of Kayish's arm and ran towards us. "I am really sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you." He sobbed. Oh! My poor boy! My heart mellowed seeing him like this.

"Shh! It's Okay. Your friend is fine." I kneeled in front of him and rubbed his hair.

Even though I felt angry towards this boy I forgave him in a second because he has no idea what he did and he is a kid who needs all our loves, after all, he is not like his arrogant uncle.

Kayish stood beside Karan and embraced him in his arms. "Don't cry. Boys never cry for a thing, especially over a girl. You need to be strong." Such a thickhead arrogant dumb pingo.

"For God's sake! He is a kid. Let's him do whatever he wants, don't rule him." I found my voice partially screaming at him.

"It's not your fucking business you whore! Don't come near him and bring the whore of your child. Got it!" He yelled and dragged the boy to his car.

What he just called---

I stood there dumbfounded. How dare he! Anger built through my body but I controlled myself for the sake of Sweety.

So, he didn't identify his own daughter. How comes in the world someone cannot realize his own flesh when she was standing in front of his eyes? Such a clown.

As he was overwhelmed with his blind fits of anger and hatred for unknown reasons, he didn't realize who he was cursing.

I agree. Sweety inherited all my features except her eyes. And I am glad her behaviour is absolutely like mine.

"Mom don't cry." Sweety tucked my pant and I realized I have been crying for a long.

"No, baby. It's just dust I got in my eyes." I wiped my tears. "Shall we go?" She nodded her head.

We both climbed into the car and I drove the car to our apartment. I have to apply for leave for three days to look after Sweety, I mentally took a note.

Somehow I feel happy. Sweety is all mine, not his. And he is not going to have her no matter what happens.

When I reached our apartment I phoned Eric's mom which I got from Mrs. Kean. Yes! The boy's name is Eric William.

I apologized from my side for her misbehaviour and Mrs. William gladly accepted my apology. She too apologized for her son's misbehaviour. We bid our goodbyes and disconnected the call.

Ahh! Today was a hectic day.

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I could say those five days were stress-free. I and Sweety enjoyed our time as how we used to have in California. No office stress, no worry, and no arrogant boss.

When mom Daisy came to know about Sweety's small encounter with her school, she started to worry a lot. She even booked a flight to come here but her health condition got worst and was suggested to take a bed rest by her OB.

I assured her that we are doing good and I called her every day until she certified that we were absolutely fine and not lying.

Sunday Evening, I brought Sweety to the children's park. She was so happy and played with other kids, her heart-warming smile is enough for me to keep me alive.

Money can't buy that happiness. Sometimes, I used to feel guilty for separating her from her dad. But he is not worth it.

For these three years, she didn't ask about her dad and I am glad she did. She acts so smart than any five years old kids do. 2

I will fulfil her every wish and bring the happiness that she deserves into her life.

"Bye! Take care." I dropped Sweety to her school and kissed her forehead. "Bye Mommy." She waved her hand as we bid our goodbyes.

After a fine 30 minutes of travelling, I reached my office and entered the building. Payal gave me a knowing look saying I'm late but who cares. I twisted my lips and gave her a nod.

"Hey, where have you been?" Juliet asked once I reached her cabin.

"Juliet, I went to drop Sweety in her school."

"At least you have to inform us. Go there! He is waiting for you." She said looking at his office.

"I will deal with him later," I told her and directly walked inside my office.

Before I get a chance to set my things on the table, a hand roughly pulled me against the wall and pinned my hands above my heads by his one hand; his other hand has a tight grip on my waist.

"Let me go, you sticky bastard!" I yelled and wiggled to get rid of his strong grip but in no vain and I gave up.

"You Whore! You cheater! You bloody slut!" He became to call me by name like he is a certified gentleman.

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