

Chapter 12

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

"Let me go!!!" I yelled through gritted teeth.

"I will but I need an explanation for this before I consider to-," he said, his piercing baby blue eyes boring into mine. I know what is he looking for and I don't ever give him what he wants.

"I don't need to answer any of your filthy questions. So it's better to take your hands off me." I gritted my teeth. If he thinks he can rule me as how he wants then I will feed him his own dash.

"Tell. Me." He tightened his grip leaving me no option from screaming. "Shut up you bitch!!!" He proclaimed anger roared through his voice, a vein popped up on his neck.

I gulped down. Past life memories flood through my mind that made me cringe internally and I surrendered myself to him.

"When you got rid of me, I went crazy," I began to speak. His grip loosened but he didn't let go of my hand.

"I felt betrayed. Anger, anguish, sadness, hatred everything..... I mean everything towards you filled my nerves." My eyes became glossy but I blinked them back to keep my sanity on the bay.

"I went to bars and began to drink just to forget you and remove you from my heart, especially, from my body---" I gulped down. "And it became my daily routine. In no time I fell for drinks and consumed whatever brand I had until I lose my self conscious." I would have done it if I wasn't

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pregnant at that time.

"One day, after a week of your betrayal, I met someone in the bar. He seemed very nice and loyal unlike you." I said those words looking at him.

He looked away for a second and again met my eyes. He clenched his jaw but said nothing so I take this as a clue to continue my lies which I had prepared, the moment I saw him in the welcoming ceremony.

"We spent days and nights together and I revealed my pregnancy to him. He was so happy to start a family with me and supported me through my whole pregnancy."

My eyes welled with tears when my brain recalled the memories of my past life as how I suffered loneliness throughout my pregnancy; no one was there for me.

"We were even planning to get married once Sweety was born. But things slipped out of our hands and turned into another way over a night." Please Riya we can stop here. My heart begged me to stop when the incident on the night stood in front of me like video clips.

"He met the accident when the night I gave birth to Sweety. I don't know whether to be happy or sad. He was not blessed to see my daughter's face."
"

Remembering that horror night brought a shiver down to my spine and a pool of tears rolled down through my cheeks. It's still haunting me through my dreams.

I don't want to remember that night, not in my life again. I had lots of restless nights and I'm getting tired of this.

His grip on my hand loosened again and even before he realizes, I

retreated my hand from his grip and wiped my tears.

These tears are as fresh and hard as I had on Jan 2, Sweety's birthday. I didn't think of it before that it has still an effect on me but yes, it is a sensitive topic.

He blankly looked at me before his lips formed into a sinister smile. "Fate also decided that you have no right to be happy. So It separated you from your loved ones. Isn't it?" He is so happy to see me broken.

This time I smirked though my heart shattered into pieces. I never show my weakness in front of him.

"Who said I am not happy?" I raised one of my brows and challenged him through my eyes.

"What did you think Mr. Miller? I would break down and end my life for a worthless bitch like you?" I mocked. "Hugh!! You are too wrong, then. I have moved on and found my own happiness. No fakes, no betrayal, only a love."

"I have my own daughter to be happy with, but for you? What do you have? Please don't tell me you have enough money to buy the whole universe." I asked sarcastically raising both my hands in the air.

"Because money won't buy happiness and you don't deserve to be happy in your entire life," I said every word in slow motion.

"If you get your answer, you can leave. And one more thing, don't ever call my daughter by name. She was born between two true loves and I love her more than anything in the world."

"Miss. Kader if you forget..." He began to speak but stopped when we heard a click sound on my door.

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"Ahh...sorry to interrupt you sir but your dad is waiting for you." Juliet informed half opening the door.

"Leave. I will come." He said harshly. "What's now?" I heard him mutter under his breath while giving me one hard glare before he walks out of my room.

I let out a long audible sigh that I'm holding since I'm started to frame everything with lies, and clasped my shivering hands together to calm my pounding heart.

I can't believe this. I just narrated him a story and he believed all those lies. Oh, God!. How did I get into this?

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When I reached my apartment, I brought Sweety from Miss. Jaden who was in her mid-sixty and very kind personality especially to kids.

She has no kids so her husband abandoned her and divorced. After that, she moved here to New York and worked in a daycare as a caretaker.

She has retired from her job a month ago but still continuing her job from her home. She considers this as her passion. Sweety and Miss Jaden are so close since we moved here. She used to call her granny.

"Okay baby, it's time for dinner. Come on! Dinner ready!!" I yelled from the kitchen.

"Yes! I'm coming." She giggled and I heard tiny footsteps approaching the kitchen. "Mommy, I will take this." She helped me to set the food on the table.

Haven't I told you that she acts so far than any five years old kid do?

When I was about to bring soup from the kitchen, I heard a doorbell ringing.

"Sweetie... baby can you see who has come?" I yelled from the kitchen.

"Okay mom," she replied in her baby voice and I found myself smiling.

"Mom!! A pregnant aunt is standing in front of our door. May I open the door?"

I furrowed my brows. Who has come at this time? I set the soup on the table and wiped my hands at the edge of my shirt.

I opened the door and froze once I saw who is standing in front of me. To my surprise, she too froze on her spot and looked at me with wide eyes.

I can't blame her, she couldn't have expected me here but somehow I expected this day will come but not too soon, at least, by today.

I opened the door widely for her and she stepped in. For a second, I forgot that she is Karan's mom.

"I can't believe my own eyes, it was you. How are you Riya?" she asked in a friendly tone.

"I'm fine Rachel, how are you?" I asked politely.

"Good. I hope we are still having that good bond. Aren't we?" Her eyes shone with confidence.

"Yeah! Sure." I nodded my head and gestured for her to come inside. She will me and took a seat on the couch in front of me.

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"Why are you here at this time?" I asked bluntly. For that, she raised her perfect eyebrows with confusion.

"I mean late this night." I managed to rectify the query.

"Oh!!! He was sticking me around all the time." She said looking at her son. "I was getting tired of him, so I got your address from Mrs. Kean but I hadn't expected to see you here." She shrugged her shoulder but the contentment in her eyes was very clear to read by me.

I gave her a small smile. "So you both would have met in the school right?" She asked.

"I'm sorry for him." she gave me an apologized look once she earned the answer from my Silence.

"It has nothing to do with you," I assured her then we heard giggles from the kids. We both looked at them who were playing happily.

"She is just like you," she whispered losing into herself. It seems she has a mental debate inside her mind.

"Yeah, except her eyes," I said to her.

"How old is she?" She asked curiously.

"Almost three and a half." My heart picked a race. Why is she asking this?

She furrowed her brows together as to debating herself whether to let out her query. "Riya, by chance..." She began but Sweetie came and sat on my lap, distracting me from her questions.

"Ahh?" I asked once again.

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She looked at her phone and gave me a warm smile but it didn't reach her eyes. She seems confused.

"Okay, Riya. It's getting late. We have to go, Mark is waiting for us." She stood up from her place.

"Okay then. Bye!!"

"Bye!! See you later." She gave me a side hug because of her rounded belly and kissed Sweety on her cheeks.

"Eww!!" Sweety pouted and wiped her cheeks. "She reminds me of.. ahh.. nothing." she shrugged.

"Bye Sweety." Karan waved and they both headed towards the elevator. She gave us one last glance before entering the elevator.

Somehow I felt uncomfortable under her eyes. What if she...

No, it can't be. I convinced myself. After that, we both started to have dinner.

Oh, God! I didn't even ask her to join us. Where are my manners? I mentally facepalmed.

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