

Chapter 18

The pain in my chest is unbearable. He insulted me in front of everyone. What have I ever done to get treat like this? I sobbed hardly trying to control my whimper.

A soft knock on my door snapped me out of the state that I was into. I quickly wiped my tears and leaned on the chair pretending like I was doing work.

"Come in."

Juliet poked her head then entered my office. She set the juice on my table before she took a seat in front of me.

"How many times do I want to remember you that you are not my personal assistant?" I asked her folding my arms against my chest to show her I am perfectly alright as always.

There is no doubt; she would be heard of the news.

"Riya!, There is no need to hide your emotions from me. I think we are good friends, you can tell me." She said emphasizing the word emotions.

"Tell you what Juliet? I am perfectly fine, can't you see?" I raised my hands in the air.

"I can see how frustrated you are." She pointed out.

A lump formed in my throat but I swallowed it hardly afraid of what if I break down in front of her.

Juliet is my good friend and I can trust her but the thing is so sensitive to explain and I don't want to share with anyone.

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It will burry with me when I die.

"Juliet, it's just I am not feeling well and I feel guilty for the loss of this contract. It's worth it for a million dollars, we can feed more employees but I sucked it all." I rubbed my temple.

"But it's not your fault Riya! Nevin, the senior manager just handed the file today morning, and our jerk face boss not ready to hear what you're coming to say."

I looked at her blankly. "Yeah! You are right. He is such a jerk face." I smiled and took a sip of orange juice.

"You look beautiful whenever you smile, be happy Riya because you deserve all the happiness in your life." She gave me a small nod and walked out of my office.

Sometimes she remembered me of my best friend Claire. Oh, God! How badly I missed her. It's been four years since I last met her.

"Miss Kader, come to the conference room, and don't forget to take the file with you." My so-called jerk face boss called me and ordered a thing which was absolutely not my place to do.

I groaned and pulled my hair out of frustration. He and his cocky attitude. He is not going to give up until I will surrender and I am not going to let him rule me around.

I directly went to the 11th floor where all the files were arranged order-wise, to identify them easily.

I slumped my shoulder when I saw the file was kept in the 6th row which is too far to reach for my height.

I looked around for the chair and my eyes landed on a small stool which would definitely help me to get the file.

Hesitantly, I put my left leg on the stool to check whether it could bear my complete weight or not and it bore my weight so I put both my legs and stood on the stool praying to my dear God to save my life if anything happens unexpectedly.

I let out a long sigh when the stool didn't break. I thought it would break the moment I land my both legs and put all my weight on them.

I even imagined the picture of me in the hospital wrapping a giant bandage around my whole body.

I tried my best to reach the file but it was an inch far away from me. Huhh!!!! I was trapped here for a fine fifteen minutes but still, I didn't reach the file.

I gathered all my courage and jumped up to reach the file and for my luck, my hand caught a file but for my bad luck, I slipped down.

"Owwchhh!" I rubbed my back mentally cursing the stubborn file and glaring at the broken stool.

Thank God! The stool is just three-inch height or else my dream would have been fulfilled now.

Slowly, I stood up from my place and looked around to check if anyone saw me in this awkward state. I know, no one is here but I want to confirm it for my own sake.

I adjusted my skirt and blouse then grabbed the file before storming out of the room as to how fast I could.

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I pressed the 2nd floor once I entered the elevator where he asked no... ordered me to meet him.

I hummed my 6th-grade favorite song "Oh God Beautiful, Oh God Beautiful" to get rid of the nervousness because I am left alone in the elevator and it's not a good sign for me.

Oh, God! I am acting like a kid even worse than Sweetie.

I am ready to go out when the lift came to the 2nd floor but the door wasn't opening. What happened to this? I furrowed my brows. I pressed the button but it doesn't work. Holy crap! I'm stuck inside. My body became to shake and soon after I realize what's happening around my surroundings, I met the darkness.

At first, I thought I might have fainted but my eyes are still open and I could barely see anything through the darkness.

It's okay... It will open. Just a second, it will open, I repeatedly told myself but anxiety took over me and I am running out of short breath.

I don't know how long I managed to stay conscious but I felt a small pain behind my head when my body came to contact the floor.

Oh, God! Who is going to take care of Sweetie? I don't want to die. Please help me, I prayed to my dear God before I passed out.

To be continued---