

Chapter 19a

I recalled yesterday's incident and my chest felt heavy. It seems someone had put a heavy weight on me.

I glanced at my wristwatch and it shows eight in the morning but yet I didn't call him. Probably he is looking for me. I took my phone to make a call but the battery was dead.

Ughhh!! Everyone turned their back to me. Even my phone is not helping.

I used a public restroom to get refresh and stood in front of the mirror to saw my image. It looks so horrible, my left cheek has been printed by ten fingers. I ran my hands through my face but flinched when I touched the throbbing skin.

I splashed the water over my face and used the hem of my t-shirt to get rid of the water drop on my face.

Time to face him. I let out a long sigh before grabbing the luggage and made my way outside of the restroom but stopped when I saw a familiar face speaking with someone showing them a photo. His hair was totally in a mess like he has raked it many times through his finger. He looked like a lost puppy.

I just stood there watching him wandering here and there showing a photo to everyone. I could assume he is showing them a photo of me. When he turned, our eyes met. Without wasting another second he ran towards me and embraced me in his arms.

He cupped my face but I flinched when his hand contacted my left cheek. He immediately let go of my face and started to inspect me. He eyed me up and down and his eyes landed on my knees where my pant was ripped

open showing my red flesh.

He inhaled deeply before he spoke. "What are you doing here? Are you planning to leave me?" He asked painfully. "You should have called me when those stupid bastards were treating you like trash." His eyes turned into darkness.

I found no words, so I stayed silent. He took my silence as a cue and led me towards his car.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked once he started the car.

"To my place." He sternly answered and sped up the car.

"I can't." I whispered which made his blood boiled in anger but he didn't say any words but his actions said otherwise. His knuckles turned white because of the strong grip he has on the steering.

I have no energy to argue with him so I gave up.

Finally, we reached his room and he made me sit on his bed before walking to the bathroom to bring the first aid kit. He applied the ointment to my wounded knees. I felt the piercing pain erupt through my body but bit my lips preventing me from screaming.

The whole time he didn't look at my face, I think he might be hurt by my action. Once he finished, he took the kit and set them on the nightstand.

"Take rest, I will bring something to eat." with that he left the room not giving any place for any argument.

My eyes are still puffy and red from the long time of crying I had last night, the thinking of what my parent did to me is haunting me and the pain is unbearable cause they are my only family to call, but they hurt me

both physically and mentally that I can't even think in my dream.

After a while, he came and set the food tray on the bed. I didn't even glance his side because I'm not in the mind to eat though I'm hungry." Open your mouth Riya." He raised the spoon in front of my mouth, his voice held so much authority.

I opened my mouth and he started to feed me until I was full.

"I will be back in a minute." He grabbed his car key and walked out of the room. "Where are you going?" I asked.

He shook his head; his back was facing me. I could feel his body tensed a bit, it seems he is controlling himself. "I will come soon." He said and walked away.

When my head hit the pillow I fell asleep. The ringing sound of my phone spoiled my peaceful sleep. I took my phone from the charger and attend the call before looking at the screen.

"Riya, are you okay? I am worried about you. Why you didn't call me when those bastards knocked you out of your house. You should come here." Claire started to give me a lecture. But her final words caught my attention.

"What?" I asked again to confirm whether I heard her clearly.

"Yeah, Riya. He kicked that smart ass of your brother and his nose is bleeding so badly. I am the victim of this scene and I am glad he did this otherwise I would smack your brother's head."

"Huuuhh!!" I heaved a heavy sigh. I have no words for that, and I don't feel pity for him.

"Okay, Claire I will call you back. He has arrived." I bid my goodbye and hung the phone when I heard the footstep approaching the room.

"Did you hit my brother?" I asked once he entered the room.

"He deserved it." Was his only reply.

I averted my eyes from him when I felt the river of tears that are ready to spill.

I was crying the whole day from my heart out and he has given his shoulder to me. He hadn't said any words to me but was stayed with me, stroking my hair gently until I became sober.

"Riya?" He called my name.

I turned my gaze from the ceiling and looked at his handsome face.

"Let's get married." He said sincerely.

I blinked one.... two.... three. Am I heard him clear or this is some sort of my hallucination?

"Say something, Riya." He asked me again.

I have no idea what to say, so I stayed silent.

"You are killing me." he took my hands with his and drew a small circle over my palm. "You are not left alone. I am here for you till my death," He whispered reading my mind.

If he thinks the marriage would take our relationship to the next stage, then I will marry him.



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"I will," I said and hugged him tightly.

He pecked my lips then led the kiss passionately. "Thank you, Riya! You made me alive." He smiled between the kiss. "You are going to be Mrs. Miller Soon."

"I am more glad." My green eyes looked at his mesmerizing baby blue orbs and once again he caught my lips for a passionate kiss.

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