

Flames Of Sizzling Desires Novel

Chapter 19

Keith rushed to the building when he found Cara sitting on the stairs, holding her knees and crying her eyes out. He sighed in relief and the next second flared up in anger, sauntering towards her.

"Why didn't you inform me before leaving the house?" He raised his voice and Cara cried harder.

"Now, why the hell are you crying?" He shouted at her and she flinched.

"Don't shout at me!" Cara said, wiping her tears and Keith's eyes travelled to her injured knees.

"What happened to you?" He reached to her,

holding her bleeding knee, and Cara shrieked in pain.

"I slipped from the stairs!" Cara cried and tried to push Keith, "Don't touch! You're hurting me," She wailed like a child.

"Cara!" Keith glared at her and she quickly zipped her mouth, sobbing like a little child. "Why didn't you call me?" He asked, and Cara showed him her broken phone.

"I broke my phone!" She sobbed, fresh tears blurred her vision. "I asked people to help me, but no one stopped!"

"Okay, stop crying!" Keith comforted her. "Let's take you to a doctor,"

"No... no, doctor. I Don't have money!" Cara refused, shaking her head and Keith huffed, picking her up in his brawny arms.

"So long as you are with me, you're my responsibility!" He said, looking into her eyes and Cara stared at him, his word held promise and Cara seemed to believe him. "Okay?" Keith asked, breaking her train of thoughts.

Cara blinked her doe-like eyes and nodded her head. "Let's go to the doctor!" He said, placing her inside the passenger seat cautiously. "Stop crying!

"I am here," He wiped her tears closing the door and
Cara watched him getting into the driver's seat
next to her.

Alfred Doyle reached the Glazier's mansion located
on the outskirts of the bustling city, away from
noise and chaos. He waited for Cynthia and Isla
Glazier in the lavish living area and the servant
dressed in a white shirt and black skirt appeared
with his steaming hot coffee. Exactly how he likes.

"Thank you, beautiful!" He winked at the servant
and she walked away with a polite smile while he
watched her walking away, swaying her big,

rounded hips.

"So what brought you here after so many days?"

Cynthia Glaziers descended from the stairs in all her glory. She was wearing grey fitted pants matched with a grey designer coat. Her hair was up in a beautiful bun and she walked to Alfred gracefully, taking the seat opposite him.

Alfred smiled. "Where is Isla?" He asked and a brunette around the age of twenty-two appeared in a baby pink crop top and white miniskirt.

"Good evening, uncle!" She smiled sweetly and kissed his cheek, taking the seat next to him while Cynthia smiled, watching her beloved daughter.

"How are you doing, sweetie?" Alfred asked.

"I am good!" Isla gave a gorgeous smile and Alfred ruffled her hair.

"What's the occasion, Alfred?" Cynthia asked again.

"Cara!" Alfred said in a deep voice and the smile faded from Isla's face while a deep frown appeared on Cynthia's face.

"Cara... What about her?" She asked, leaning forward, her face laced with concern.

"She is in a relationship with Keith Wilson!" He

said, pressing his lips and Cynthia laughed, sitting comfortably.

"She has a boyfriend! That beggar has a boyfriend, Isla. You better start working on yourself." She giggled, and Isla rolled her eyes. In her mind, she knew who would perfectly fit her status, and she was just waiting for him.

"Keith Wilson is the heir of the Ascent Group and top-notch police officer of this city!" Alfred revealed, and Cynthia's face turned white.

"What the fuck!" Isla parted her lips in shock. "How did she catch such a big fish?"

"Quiet, Isla!" Cynthia raised her index finger and focused on Alfred. "What's the catch?" She lifted an eyebrow.

"We're still trying to figure it out everything! Cara seems to have a connection with Keith Wilson and Aries Grayson." He said and at the mention of Aries, Isla widened her blue-greyish eyes.

"Aries Grayson!?!!" Cynthia raised her eyebrows.

"The famous hotelier?" She asked, to which Alfred nodded his head.

Cynthia didn't know how to react, and she recalled the last meeting she had with Cara where she got her fired from the job for spilling a drink on her

expensive dress. "We're in big trouble!" She heard Alfred saying, and her eyes snapped back to him.

"You did wrong to let her walk away alive!" Alfred further added.

"Mom, she can't have Aries Grayson. He is mine! You must do something to kick Cara out of the picture." Isla gritted her teeth.

Cara rang the doorbell of Keith's apartment. Janet opened the door, and her eyes quickly widened when she saw Cara in Keith's arms. "Wow!" She smirked, letting them walk inside and Milo barked,

rushing to Cara.

Cara hissed in pain as Keith gently dropped her down on the couch and stopped Milo from jumping on her. "What happened to her?" Janet reached them.

"She hurt herself!" Keith answered, and Cara showed her knee and scratches on her elbow like a small girl. Keith suppressed his smile, watching her pouty lips and head to his room to take a shower and make some important calls.

"I just realised I haven't introduced myself properly. I'm Janet!" Janet stretched out her hand Cara shook hands with her.

"I'm Cara," She smiled politely and Janet sat next to her. "I'm sorry for the other day! You got hurt because of me." She pressed her lips.

"It's alright, it wasn't your fault." Janet smiled, and she watched Milo appearing with a yellow ball in his mouth and petting against Cara's thigh. "I see you both have bonded well!" Janet said and Cara looked at Milo, caressing his back.

"He is adorable! Always ready to play." Cara smiled and threw the ball in the air and Milo jumped to catch it.

"But he wasn't like this before you!" Janet said and Cara knitted her eyebrows, looking back at her. "He

was the most miserable dog of the adoption centre. The lady said he was suffering from depression since he was brought. He just used to eat and sit in the corner, never taking part in any activities. They felt as if he was waiting for his master to come back!"

Cara's eyes filled with tears when Milo reached her with a ball again and Janet noticed the sudden shift in her mood, but chose not to react and question her.

Keith took a long shower and walked out, wrapping a towel around his waist. His abs were on the

show as he rubbed his hair with another towel when his mobile phone started ringing and it was his senior from the police station. "Yes, sir!" He picked up the call.

"How is Cara?" He asked.

"She is fine, scraped her knees, but she's alright now!" Keith answered.

"Can she come to the police station tomorrow to record her statement?" He asked.

"Umm... Sir, I think we should let her rest for a few days. We still have time before the trial and the witness is with us. I'll bring her to the police station

later." Keith said and his senior was convinced. He ended the call and his stomach grumbled. He quickly changed into shorts and a comfy t-shirt and walked out to join the ladies.

"Hey, Let's order pizza!" He said and looked at Cara. "What would you like to have for dinner?" He asked, and Cara went silent. It was the first time someone was taking her liking into consideration. "Cara?" Keith walked to her, and she blinked her eyes.

"Bacon cheddar cheeseburger pizza!" She blurted out her favourite pizza. Her eyes twinkled and Keith stared at her excited face while Janet

observed everything with a glass of wine.

A smile crept on her lips, watching their brewing chemistry, and she took a sip. "I would appreciate it if you ask me as well!"

"I know what you'd like!" Keith answered.

Cynthia Glazier was smoking while taking a long walk in the garden. She was deeply stressed about Cara and her relationship with Keith and Aries when Isla walked next to her. "Mom!" She called her. "Are you thinking about Cara?"

"Yes! Something doesn't seem to be right." Cynthia said, taking a long drag from her cigarette.

"I don't care, mom! Just keep her away from my Aries. He is mine, and I'll kill her if she ever tried to step in my way." Isla sneered, clenching her jaws.

"You won't do anything, Isla!" Cynthia glared at her.

"I know what to do to keep her out of our life! I'm just waiting for the perfect time. But right now, we have to see what's in her mind!"

New Orleans,

Aries threw the stack of money on the bed next to the woman he brought last night and the latter took the money quietly. "Thank you for your service!" He said, and the woman gave a smile.

"I have got a meeting, so show yourself out before I come back," He said. His grey eyes met with her hazel eyes and it reminded him of the night when he kissed a stranger. A shift in his mood didn't go unnoticed by the woman as Aries quickly looked away to compose himself.

"Do I remind you about the woman you were talking about last night?" She asked, and Aries clenched his jaws.

"Don't poke your nose in my matter!" He said and left the suite, closing the door with a loud bang. He rested his head against the door when he felt his phone vibrating in his pocket.

"Hello," He picked up the call.

"So, how was the night?" Simon asked.

"It didn't help!" Aries sighed. "Fuck! I've got to find her. I won't be at peace until I track her down." The line went silent. "Hello?" Aries said and Simon sighed on the other side.

"Aries, would you listen to my advice if I suggest you something?" He asked.

"I would listen to anything that can give peace to my mind!" Aries said.

"If she is in your destiny, no one can snatch her from you. But if she is not, you'll never find her!" Simon said.

"But how will I know if she is in my destiny? What a piece of absurd advice!" Aries shrieked.

"Believe it or not, life has a mysterious way of reconnecting people!"

