Caring house for a pet girl

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This is a story about a guy who owns a stripperclub and a girl who is traveling far away from home, these two people get involved with each other and the girl ends up living with the guy, while she doesn't know anything about his lifestyle he is living a double life, but after meeting her he starts to feel diffrent about things, now one year later, the girl is already back home, and both of them are recalling the events that happened, both from their own perspective.

Published on
Booksie

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Caring house for a pet girl : Chapter 1

About 3 am, middle of July

Waves, that just with a little touch from this soft breeze suddenly seem so alive.
Lately I find myself walking here every night, just to clear my mind.
It has already been a year ago, yet it seems to be only part of my imagination.
Very much changes have taken place this year, here I find myself so calm, living a completely different life.
Step by step, I follow some path with no destination in mind, if I keep walking like this where will I find myself when the sun starts to rise?
Certain memories are managing their way to the surface of my mind, suddenly I get distracted, but they pop up again and again in some common pattern.
That girl, I never even knew her name, yet she managed to make so much change.
To be more specific, for me, in my life she made some big changes, after I met her nothing has been the same.
And its because of her, only because of her that I find myself here, on this hour deep in the night walking cluelessly around, trying to relax my mind.

Everything about her seemed unusual, she was like a total stranger who could make you feel as if she had been around for ever.Her eyes, the way she stared, the way she acted and reacted, the little silences, and how she suddenly popped up from nowhere.
Meeting her was by no doubt coincidence, yet I feel as if she would have been send to me, but the reason behind it, I can't seem to figure out.
The scenes lively take over my mind, then I think about the start, the very first time we met.

Around 8pm, 1 year ago, somewhere in June

I remember this life very well, it's not something to be all too proud of, but on those days, well actually not even that long ago, I felt invincible, as if the world was mine.
Of course it was nothing but usual for someone like me, with this kind of lifestyle to feel this way.
I had some business going on, the dirty kind of business, but back those days that didn't matter to me.
Together with a friend we owned a club, to be more specific, a stripper club.
Anyways, that is not exactly the thing that I want to remember, the thing I rather want to bring in light is her, how we first met.
I was on my way to my club when I suddenly saw this little lady walking by, all by herself.
This little charming foreign girl, who clearly had come from very far away.
The way she dressed, the way she walked, the way she looked, everything was so new for me, she looked as if send from a different planet, yet she didn't look lost at all.
As if she would have had a natural inborn gift that allowed her to find her own way through every place she was, didn't matter if she had been familiar with it or not.
Our paths crossed, I saw her walking closer and closer and could not help but to look at her, her eyes, they were staring to me as well. She was staring at me with deep eyes, as if she was trying to send me a message, but the meaning of this, I could not grasp, it only made me feel very confused.
She kept staring at me, until our paths had stopped crossing.
I was astonished, and felt that I could not just let her go, so I decided to go back.
I turned around, and walked in her direction.
The words that came out of my mouth, came out with no thoughts, before I realized it I asked her if she was lost.

Chapter 2

About 7pm or was it 8pm? month: unknown

I miss those times, those days that all I did was walking around on the other side of the world, experiencing new things, and meeting new faces.
How I daily stepped in the subway and went out on a random station, just to let myself get surprised by coincidence.
Was I afraid of getting lost? Actually I didn't believe in such a thing as getting lost, I would rather describe it as getting to know a place you have never been before.
That's basically the reason why as soon as I had earned some money I decided to travel, somewhere far away from home.
Far too many things happened, many people crossed my life, but of all these new faces there is one I often remember.
This person, no he was not that special, if I compare him with others he was not special at all, but what made him different was his extremely good soul, and how he helped me out when I needed it the most.
This person is someone I am still thank full to, and so I basically keep him in my memory.
What he did in his free time, what he did for living, I don't know anything about it, and practically I don't know this person at all.Even though there were many things weird about him, I never wanted to ask him, I never wanted to steal his privacy, and so I just trusted my feeling which told me he was a very noble human being.

The first time we met, it was actually nothing special at all, and if later I would have never needed his help, I'm sure not even the smallest trace of him would be held by me, in my memory.
That day, just like many days I was exploring this big city far away from home, many people walked by, and just like I use to do I kept exploring the faces.
What would these people think? Are these faces I find myself looking at happy faces, or troubled faces with many worries in mind?
I kept walking and walking when I suddenly got approached.

Are you lost? A question from a stranger that was surely dedicated to me.
I looked at this new face that was trying to fulfill some way of communication with me.
I kept looking at him without saying any words, then I kindly smiled.
I am sorry, I hope you didn't take it as a rude question.
I didn't really know how to respond to this, so I just replied with a little head shake.
What are you doing here?
Since I had plenty of time, and actually enjoyed talking with strangers I told him about my trip and we started a long conversation, after some time he interrupted my story to ask me if I was fancy for some coffee.
There we were, drinking coffee and talking about things of life, well practically I was talking about my life, he didn't tell so much at all, but he seemed to be interested so I kept talking and talking.
Time kept passing by, how much time had we spend talking? Maybe 3 hours or so, he got called and an I could hear someone yelling on the other side of the phone, what the conversation was about, I don't know since they spoke in their own language.
This happened to me often, not speaking their language was actually like a little handicap, but one that was very easy to bare, so I didn't really mind.
He told me he had some emergency coming up, he left me his phone number and disappeared.

11pm,Still that same day in June

When I asked her that question, I could not really tell what she was thinking, she never really reacted though. But actually, I could tell she was not lost at all, the reason behind this question was never curiosity in first place, I just asked this because there was just something I had to say, and it was the only thing that popped up. She quickly opened up to me and started to talk and talk, this went on for hours and I almost forgot about my job, when I suddenly got a phone call.This call basically made an end to our conversation, I left my number behind hoping to hear from her again and left to work.
There my friend was, angered by my absence, some trouble had taken place in our club.
Someone who visited our place so now and then had had a fight with one of our ladies, and had badly hit her. Things were already solved though, when I arrived there was no trace left behind of the incident that had taken place before, well except the angered behavior of my friend of course.
Further that night nothing really happened, it was just the usual kind of night like most of them, no more troubles.
The moon started to move aside to make place for the sun that had patiently been waiting for it's turn to shine. It was time to close, I went home and prepared myself for a long sleep.

Back then this was my daily, or actually I could better say "nightly" pattern.
During the day I guess there was so much life, kids going to school, many men working in the office, some people walking around.There were so much activities to do, but none of any kind was related to me, because I was just wandering around in my dimension of dreams restoring my energy for a new fresh night.

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