

# *Written in Our Stars*

WRITTEN BY  
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Stories Matter

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# About the Author

Dr. Sana Ali is a woman of many talents and a heart full of compassion. A Doctor of Medicine by profession, she is also the acclaimed author of the inspirational bestseller *Unbroken: Finding Strength Through Life Struggle*. Her words have touched the lives of many, offering light in times of darkness and strength in moments of despair.

Known for her sweet nature and healing presence, Dr. Sana is not only a medical professional but a true caregiver of hearts and souls. Whether through her stethoscope or her pen, she believes in the power of love, empathy, and hope. Her deepest desire is to help people heal—not just physically, but emotionally and spiritually.

A passionate writer, a devoted doctor, and a dreamer who believes in kindness, Dr. Sana pours her soul into every story she writes. Her novels are more than just fiction—they are reflections of resilience, love, and the quiet strength that lives within us all.

Through her words, she reminds us that even in a world full of uncertainty, love remains our most powerful cure.



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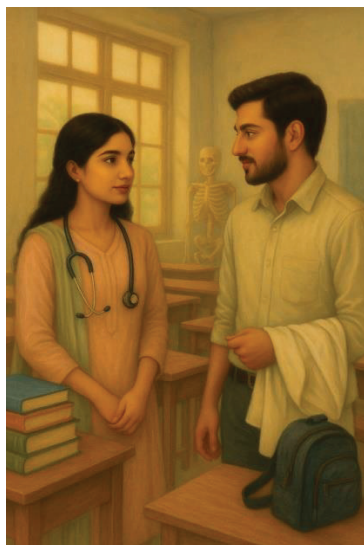
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# Chapter 1

## **The First Glance**



The campus buzzed with new beginnings, new faces and the start of yet another semester. Autumn leaves danced across the walkways of Al-Noor University. Their orange and golden hues mirroring the bright, hopeful energy in the air. Freshers wandered the

grounds in search of classes, of friendships, and something more.

Rehan Ahmed adjusted his backpack, trying to shake off the first-day nerves that clung to him. First day of university—new city, new people, new everything. He wasn't here to make friends, not really. He had promised his mother that his focus would be on studies. "Medicine first, everything else later," she had said with a kiss on his forehead.

He entered Lecture Hall B-1, a spacious room already filling with students. He scanned for a spot in the back row and found one. As he was sliding into the seat, he noticed her.

Asma.

She walked in with a quiet confidence, hijab wrapped neatly, her gaze sharp and focused ahead. There was something about her—quiet but magnetic. She wasn't trying to stand out, but you could not notice her. Maybe it was the way her eyes held unspoken stories. Maybe it was just the way time seemed to slow down when she passed by him.

She sat three rows ahead of him.

Rehan shook himself. "Don't get distracted," he muttered.

But distraction had already taken root.

After the lecture, he found himself lingering near the exit. She was chatting with another girl, laughing at something. Her laughter sounded like the chime of distant bells. When she turned to leave, their eyes met—just for a second.

But in that second, something shifted.

Neither of them knew then, but that glance would be the first of many. It would lead to conversations under moonlit skies, shared dreams, and moments so fragile and beautiful they would haunt the years to come.

Along with heartbreaks that would tear their souls apart.

## *Chapter 2*

# **Rain and Revelation**

First week of college flew in a frenzy but Rehan couldn't stop thinking about Asma.

He saw her in the library, in the cafeteria, even walking through the garden path that curved behind the science block. She was always with friends, always smiling, and somehow always felt untouched—like a distant star in the night sky. Beautiful, bright, and too far away.

But fate has its own ways..

It was a Thursday afternoon when the sky suddenly broke into rain. Students scattered, shielding their heads with notebooks and bags. Rehan, caught near the old courtyard, rushed under the arched stone hallway—and found her already there.



Asma.

Alone, her sleeves damp, and a gentle smile playing on her lips as she looked at the rain. She didn't notice him at first.

Rehan hesitated. Then took a breath.

"You like the rain?" he asked, surprising even himself.

She looked at him, startled, then smiled. "I do. It reminds me that not everything broken needs fixing. Some things are meant to fall."

He blinked. That was not the answer he expected.

"I'm Rehan," he said, extending a slightly wet hand.

“Asma.” She shook it. “First-year medicine?”

He nodded. “You too?”

She nodded in return. And just like that, the silence between them softened.

They talked about classes, professors, and their shared hatred for biochemistry. Rehan learned she came from a small town like him, that she missed home-cooked food, and that she had a little brother who adored her.

Asma learned that Rehan was the eldest of four, that he had lost his father young, and that he wanted to be a doctor not for the money or prestige but because he had once watched a doctor save his mother’s life.

That conversation, born under rain and out of a coincidence was just the beginning.

They didn’t exchange numbers that day. They didn’t need to.

The universe had already decided—they would keep meeting. Again. And again.

And every meeting would pull them closer into a story neither of them were prepared for.

### **When Words First Met**

In a glance, the silence broke,

A moment breathed, a smile spoke.  
Not thunder loud, nor lightning bold—  
Just quiet warmth that took its hold.  
A simple “hi,” a trembling sound,  
Yet all the universes unwound.  
The heart, once guarded, dared to sway,  
As shyness slowly slipped away.  
Eyes held stories, lips held grace,  
Time stood still in that shared space.  
Each word unsure, each laugh a thread,  
Stitching thoughts we never said.

# Chapter 3

## **The Library Window**

The following weeks blurred into a monotone routine—classes, notes, study groups—but for Rehan and Asma, it was the in-between moments that mattered.

It was the small nod across the cafeteria.

The smile exchanged at the lab door.

The quiet hello in the morning when their paths crossed at the corridor that always smelled faintly of chemicals and old books.

Rehan, once so focused and silent, found himself looking forward to their accidental meetings. But deep down, he was waiting for a moment when it wouldn't be accidental anymore—when he could talk to her without needing fate's permission.

That moment came in the most unexpected place: the library's top floor.

It was late afternoon. Most students had already departed for the day. Rehan climbed the winding stairs



to the quietest section, hoping to find a reference book for his anatomy assignment.

And there she was.



Asma, sitting near the large window overlooking the courtyard, sunlight spilling across the pages of her open book. Her hair tucked neatly under her hijab, eyes deep in concentration, fingers absently twirling a pen.

He almost turned away.

But she looked up. And smiled.

“You again,” she said softly.

“Me again,” he replied, his voice warm with a mix of nerves and joy.

He hesitated, then sat across from her.

“What are you reading?”

“Nothing serious,” she said, turning the book toward him. It was a collection of Urdu poetry—Faiz Ahmed Faiz.

“You like poetry?” he asked.

“I live in it,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper. “It’s the only place where feelings don’t need permission.”

That line stayed with Rehan.

They talked until the sky outside turned pink. About literature, their childhoods, how both of them felt a little out of place in the world. It was the kind of conversation that doesn’t happen often and rarely with a stranger—raw, gentle, and unguarded.

That day, Rehan realized something he had been denying to himself.

He was falling for her.

Not just because she was kind or beautiful. But because she saw the world the same way he did—quietly, deeply, and with wounds she didn’t speak of.

And Asma? She saw something in him too.

But her heart held a secret. One she hadn't spoken of. One that she feared might one day break them both.

# *Chapter 4*

## **Her Silence, His Restlessness**

Rehan couldn't sleep that night.

Tossing and turning, his mind replayed every word, every glance, every moment from the library. He had never felt this way before—like the world made just a little more sense when she was near.

But over the next few days, something had changed.

Asma became distant.

She still smiled when they passed in the halls, still nodded during lectures. But the warmth in her eyes was gone—like someone had quietly closed the window to her soul.

She stopped coming to the library. She didn't reply when he waved across the courtyard. And when he

waited by the old stone hallway after class, hoping to catch her on the way out—she never came.

Rehan told himself not to overthink it. Maybe she was just busy. Maybe exams were stressing her out. But deep down, he knew.

She was pulling away.

Finally, after three days of silence, he saw her sitting alone beneath the banyan tree near the old administration block. A place student rarely went.



He walked up quietly, unsure if he should even be there.

“Asma?”

She looked up. Her eyes were red, not from crying. It was something deeper. A tiredness that doesn't come from mere lack of sleep but from carrying something too heavy for too long.

“Are you, okay?” he asked.

She forced a smile. “I'm fine.”

“You're not.”

There was silence between them. A long one. The kind that stretches time and space and fills it with unspoken pain.

“I can't do this, Rehan,” she finally said.

“Do what?”

“This. Us. Whatever this is becoming.”

He felt the sting in his chest. “Why?”

She looked away. “Because I wasn't made for soft stories and happy endings.”

Rehan sat down beside her, leaving a respectful distance.

“I don't care about endings,” he said. “I just care about now. About you.”

She looked at him then, really looked like she so desperately wanted to believe him. Like she wished the world was that simple.

But whatever she was hiding, it kept her from saying yes.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, and stood up.



Asma walked away, leaving Rehan sitting beneath the banyan tree—lost, confused, and aching in places he didn’t know could hurt.

And that night, for the first time since they met,  
Rehan realized:

Love doesn't always begin with joy. Sometimes, it  
begins with pain.



# Chapter 5

## **A Letter Never Sent**

Days turned into weeks. Sorrow has a way of stretching time till it feels endless.

Rehan tried to bury himself in textbooks, in study groups, in anything that would distract him from the soft echo of Asma's words: "I wasn't made for soft stories and happy endings."

But her absence lingered like a shadow. Always at the edge of his day.

She still came to class, sat quietly, answered when asked, and left before anyone could start a conversation. It was as if suddenly there existed an impenetrable wall between herself and the world.

And Rehan? He stood on the other side of that wall every day, wondering what was it that she saw in it that made her so afraid to love.

He started writing.

Not essays or notes.

But letters.

To her.

Letters he never gave her.

Pages filled with questions he was too afraid to ask aloud.

“What are you running from, Asma?”

“Why do you smile like you’re hiding something?”

“Why does it feel like your heart is waiting for permission to break?”

One letter in particular stayed with him.

Asma,

You said you weren’t made for happy endings. But I don’t want an ending. I just want to sit next to you when the rain starts and tell you it’s okay to be broken. Because I am too.

We don’t have to name what this is. We don’t have to promise anything. Just let me be the one who stays when everyone else leaves.

You don’t have to love me back.

But please, don’t shut me out.

He folded that letter, slipped it into his journal, but never gave it to her.

He saw her one afternoon by the campus fountain, sketching in her notebook, alone as always. He wanted to walk up to her, to sit beside her like before—but his legs just didn't move.

Because now, he feared that even kindness might scare her.

Sometimes, love isn't about holding on.

Sometimes, it's about waiting—silently, painfully—until the person you love stops running from themselves.

And Rehan? He was willing to wait.

Even if she never came back.

# Chapter 6

## **The Night She Cried**

Winter crept in slowly, blanketing the campus in cold winds and quieter evenings. Students wore layers and walked briskly between buildings. The once-lively courtyards now silent under the gloomy grey skies.

Rehan still saw Asma in class, still watched her vanish as soon as the lectures ended. He tried not to let it hurt, but it did—every day a little more.

Until one night

It was well past midnight when Rehan left the library after a study session that went on for too long. The campus was quiet the only sounds were the wind rustling through dry leaves and the occasional bark of a distant dog. As he walked past the old science building, he heard something.

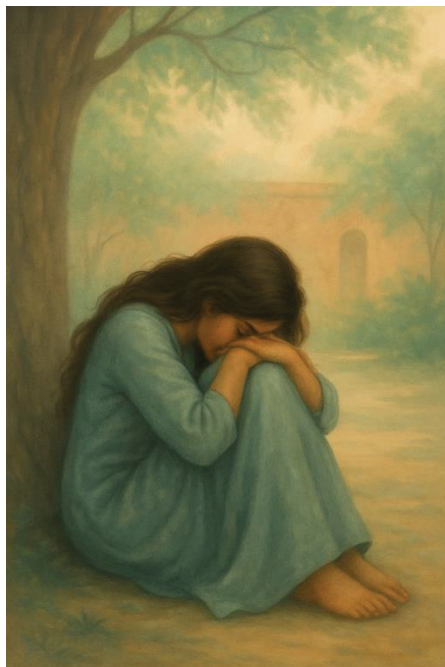
A quiet sob.

He stopped.

Something made him follow the voice.

Behind the building, near the stairwell that led to the old lab rooms, he found her.

Asma.



Sitting on the ground, her arms wrapped around her knees, face buried, shoulders trembling with the weight of tears she had kept hidden for far too long.

“Asma?” he said softly.

She looked up, startled. Her eyes swollen, her voice shaking. “Rehan... please go.”

He didn’t.

Instead, he sat beside her, not saying a word. Just there. Like he had promised in that letter she never read.

Minutes passed.

And then, like a dam breaking, her voice came out in pieces.

"I didn't want you to see me like this," she said. "Strong girls don't cry in the dark."

"Strong girls," Rehan said quietly, "are allowed to break too."

She turned to him, eyes full of pain. "You don't know what I'm carrying. You don't know what it's like to feel like you're on borrowed time in someone else's story."

"Then tell me" He said. "Let me carry some of it too."

She shook her head. "My parents... they have already chosen someone. Back home. Someone I'm supposed to marry after graduation. Someone I've never even spoken to."

The words hit Rehan like a punch to the chest.

"I didn't want to feel anything here. Not for anyone. But then you came. And I hated you for it."

"Why?" he asked, voice barely a whisper.

“Because you are making me wish for something I can never have.”

Silence fell again. Cold, quiet, aching.

Rehan looked at her, the girl with the gentle voice and the guarded heart, and with his own heart silently shattering, said, “I don’t want to take you away from anything. I just want you to know... you’re allowed to want more.”

She didn’t reply.

But for the first time in weeks, she didn’t walk away either.

She just sat there beside him, in the cold night air, and let herself cry without shame.

And Rehan? He stayed.

Because sometimes love is not about saying the right words.

Sometimes, it’s just about being the one who doesn’t leave when the night gets too heavy.

### **The Night She Cried- Poem**

The stars were still, the moon hung low,

The wind forgot which way to go.

Beneath the dark, she curled in pain,

Her silent tears like summer rain.  
No voice to scream, no strength to speak,  
Just broken sobs and shoulders weak.  
Yet in the hush, the sky leaned near  
And held her sorrow without fear.  
For sometimes strength is not in the fight,  
But in letting go beneath the night.



## Chapter 7

### **A Love That Couldn't Speak**

The days after that night changed something between them. There existed a new fragile seed which has taken root among them.

They didn't talk about what happened. They didn't need to. There was a new quietness in their connection—deeper, like a river that runs underground.

Asma still kept her distance in public, still avoided lingering looks in crowded places. But sometimes, when no one was around, she would find Rehan in the library and sit across from him. She wouldn't speak much. And wouldn't he.

But intention has a language of its own. And a peculiar thing about intention is that it keeps pushing. Pushing the boundaries.

They started leaving notes inside textbooks—short, quiet exchanges hidden between pages of anatomy and pharmacology.

“Coffee or chai?” she wrote one day.

“Chai. Always.” he replied.

Once, he left a line from her favorite poet:

“Mujh se pehli si mohabbat mere mehboon na  
maang”

And she returned the next day with a simple  
scribble under it:

“*Main chahti bhi nahi.*”

I don’t want that kind of love either.

For Rehan, every word he read written by her was  
a treasure. And every smile—a promise, even if  
unspoken.

But even in those tender moments, the truth  
loomed over them.

She was promised to someone else.

Every step forward felt like walking across a bridge  
that had no end, just a fall where it halted. But neither  
of them could stop.

Because love, real love, doesn’t always wait for  
perfect circumstances.

One evening, as the sun melted behind the  
horizon, Rehan finally asked her, “Do you love him?”

She was silent for a long time.

Then shook her head.

“I don’t even know his last name.”

Rehan clenched his jaw. “Then say something. Do something. Break it.”

“I can’t,” she said. “It’s not just my decision. It’s my family. My mother. She sacrificed everything to raise me. I can’t throw away her trust for something that might not last.”

Rehan looked at her then -not with anger, but with heartbreak.

“You think I won’t last?”

“I don’t think I can afford to find out.”

She stood up, brushing her palms against her dress.

“I wish I met you in a different life, Rehan.”

He didn’t stop her this time.

He just watched her walk away—again.

And as the light faded, Rehan understood:

Sometimes, love isn’t lost because it dies.

Sometimes, it’s lost because life wins.

# Chapter 8

## **The Letter She Found**

Final exams arrived like a sea storm, turning the campus into a blur of late-night cramming, silent libraries, and bleary-eyed students fuelled by caffeine and stress.

Rehan and Asma barely crossed paths.

Not because they didn't want to but because everything had become too fragile, too dangerous. Each eye contact shattered the wall Asma was trying so hard to keep up.

But silence didn't stop love from lingering in the quiet corners of their hearts.

One cold evening, Rehan sat in the far end of the library, his journal in front of him. The same one where he had written letter after letter to her, always sealed between its pages, never shown.

And maybe it was the exhaustion or the hopelessness but that evening, he tore one out.

The one he had written weeks ago, the one that had nearly broken him.

Asma,

Do you know what hurts most?

It's not that I can't have you. It's not that someone else will. It's that you'll walk through this life believing you don't deserve to be fought for.

You think you're protecting your family, and maybe you are. But who's protecting you?

You've built walls so high that even your own heart can't breathe inside them.

I'm not asking you to break the world for me. Just let me be the one person who sees you fully and stays anyway.

I don't want a perfect ending. I just want a chance.

—Rehan

He folded the page gently and slid it inside the poetry book she once read—Faiz Ahmed Faiz, her favorite.

Then he returned the book to the shelf where she always sat.

He didn't expect her to find it.

He didn't expect anything at all.

But two days later, he walked into the library and stopped dead in his tracks.

She was sitting in that same spot by the window.

And the book was in her hands.

She didn't look up when he approached. Just kept her eyes on the letter clutched in her fingers.

When he finally sat across from her, she spoke first.

"You weren't supposed to care this much."

"I tried not to," he whispered.

She closed the book, clutching it to her chest like something sacred.

"I leave in two months, Rehan. I can't change that. My family has already made the arrangements."

He said nothing.

"I can't promise you forever," she continued. "But maybe... I can give you now."

He jolted. His heart skipped.

He didn't speak. He just reached across the table, slowly, and she placed her hand in his.

For the first time, there were no walls between them.

And sometimes, once is enough.

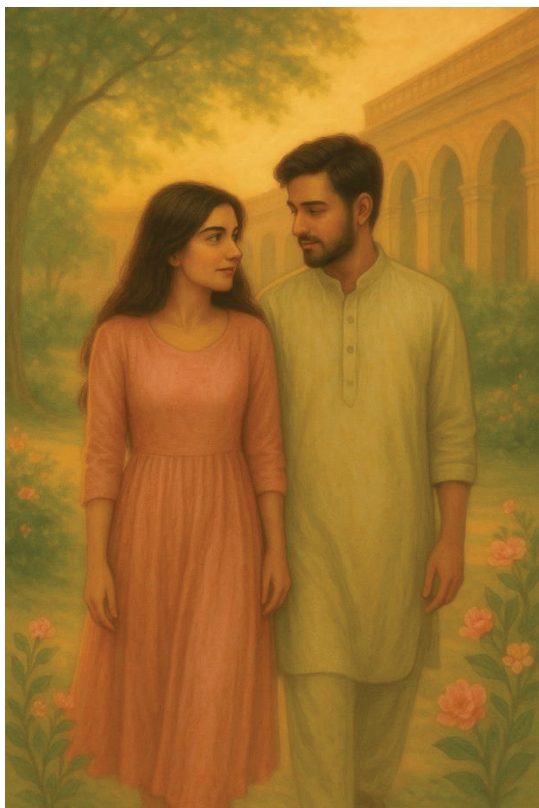
# Chapter 9

## **Borrowed Time**

The days that followed were both the sweetest and the most painful Rehan had ever known.

For the first time, he and Asma stopped pretending.

They stopped walking alone when they wanted to walk together. Stopped stealing glances and instead let their eyes meet without shame. There were no grand declarations, no public gestures, only quiet moments that carried the weight of all they had held back for so long.



Study sessions turned into long walks.

Cafeteria tea breaks turned into whispered laughter.

Every evening became a secret chapter of their story, written in borrowed time.

They talked about everything—childhood memories, the smell of rain, their favorite books, what



scared them most. But they never talked about what came after.

Because after was a thief waiting at the edge of their joy.

One afternoon, as the sun dipped behind the college buildings, painting the sky in shades of gold and longing, Asma rested her head on Rehan's shoulder for the first time.

"I used to believe love was weakness," she said softly.

"And now?" he asked.

"Now I know it's the only thing that makes me strong enough to let go."

He wanted to ask her not to.

He wanted to tell her to run away with him, to fight for this, to burn every tradition that stood between them.

But he didn't.

Because love, real love, doesn't demand. It honors.

So, he simply whispered, "You don't have to let go yet. I'm still here."

She closed her eyes, breathing in the moment like it might be her last.

“I know,” she said. “That’s what makes it so hard.”

As exams ended and the campus slowly began to empty, the countdown began.

Two weeks until she would leave.

Every moment they shared after that felt like sand slipping through their fingers.

They didn’t speak of the future.

They simply held tightly on to the now.

Sometimes, love isn’t about forever.

Sometimes, it’s about how deeply you feel—before the clock runs out.

# Chapter 10

## **The Last Day**

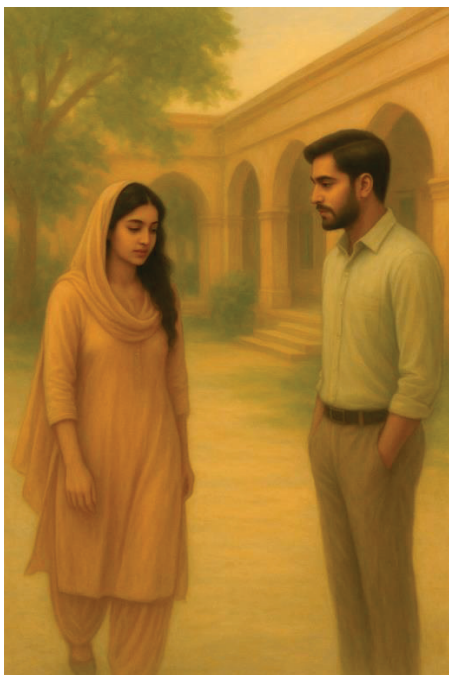
The campus was quieter than ever.

Suitcases rolled across the courtyard. Final hugs were exchanged. Laughter rang hollow, hiding the ache of parting underneath.

Rehan stood near the front gate, hands in his pockets, watching the world slowly empty. But his eyes were searching for only one face.

Asma.

She arrived minutes later, her bag slung over her shoulder, her eyes tired but calm. She walked toward him, and for a moment, it felt like the world paused—just for them.



“You’re really leaving,” he said, his voice steadier than he felt.

She nodded. “The car’s waiting outside.”

They stared at each other for a long time.

He wanted to say everything. That he loved her. That she didn’t have to go. That she could choose a different life.

But he didn’t.

Because this time wasn’t about what he wanted. It was about what she needed to do.

Asma reached into her bag and pulled out a worn notebook—the one he had once seen her sketching in.

“This is yours now,” she said, placing it in his hands. “It has pieces of me I never showed anyone else.”

He opened it. Inside were drawings of the college courtyard, the banyan tree, pages of poetry, and—on the last page—a sketch of him, sitting under the library window, smiling.

“I don’t know what comes next,” she whispered, “but I know what this was. It was real.”

Rehan swallowed hard. “Will you write to me?”

She hesitated. “I want to... but I don’t want to give you hope when I don’t know what I can give.”

He nodded. “Then just don’t forget me.”

“I couldn’t even if I tried.”

And then she hugged him.

A long, silent, breaking kind of hug.

Then she stepped back, gave him one last smile. The kind that says both goodbye and thank you—and walked away.

And Rehan stood there, holding her notebook to his chest, as the gate closed behind her.

# Chapter 11

## **After She Left**

The days that followed were heart aching empty.

Rehan returned to the library, but it wasn't the same. The corner by the window felt cold. The campus was quieter. The sky felt somehow even gray Even the chai didn't taste like it used to.

He read her notebook every night.

Every sketch, every word, every little moment she had captured on those pages became his way of holding onto her.

She didn't write.

He checked his phone every morning. Nothing. No messages. No missed calls.

Some days, he hated her silence.

Other days, he understood it.

Because some people don't leave because they stop loving you. They leave because they believe they don't have the right to stay.

Weeks passed. Then months.

And still—no letter.

But he never stopped loving her. Never stopped hoping.

He studied harder. Became more focused. More disciplined. But he never forgot her.

And late at night, when no one was around, Rehan would sit under the banyan tree where they had once shared their first broken conversation and whisper into the dark:

“If you ever come back, I'll still be here.”

Some love stories don't end.

They just pause, waiting for the right page to be written.

# *Chapter 12*

## **The Phone Call**

Three months passed since Asma left.

Rehan's life had continued. The days blurred into weeks, the weeks into months. He still felt the ache of her absence, but he had learned to function around it. He had grown, changed. The pain of losing her was now a part of him, woven into his daily routine.

It was a Thursday evening, and Rehan was sitting at his desk in his dorm, preparing for an important presentation the next day. The room was quiet, save for the soft hum of the computer. His phone, as always, sat on the corner of his desk silent.

Until it started ringing.

He picked it up, expecting it to be one of his classmates or a colleague.

He answered.

"Hello?"



“Rehan?”

His breath caught in his throat. His heart stopped.  
“Asma?”

It was her.

He could barely speak, his mind racing. “Where are you? I—why didn’t you call sooner?”

“I—I didn’t know if I should.”

She sounded hesitant, almost afraid. Her voice cracked.

“Why?” he asked, voice softer now.

“Because I didn’t want to hurt you again.”

Rehan swallowed hard. “You didn’t. You never did.”

“Rehan... I... I’ve made a decision.”

His heart stopped again. “What kind of decision?”

“I’m not getting married,” she said, her voice growing steadier with each word. “I told my family I couldn’t go through with it. I don’t know if they’ll ever forgive me, but I can’t marry someone I don’t love.”

A breath he hadn’t realized he was holding escaped him. “You... you can’t?”

“No, Rehan. I can’t.”

There was a pause between them, both feeling the weight of what this decision meant. It wasn't about her, or him. It was about everything they'd sacrificed to get here.

"I've been thinking about you every day," she continued. "I'm scared, Rehan. But I don't want to live my life with what-ifs."

"Then come back," he whispered.

"I don't know if I can. I don't know how to start over. But I wanted you to know... that I'm trying."

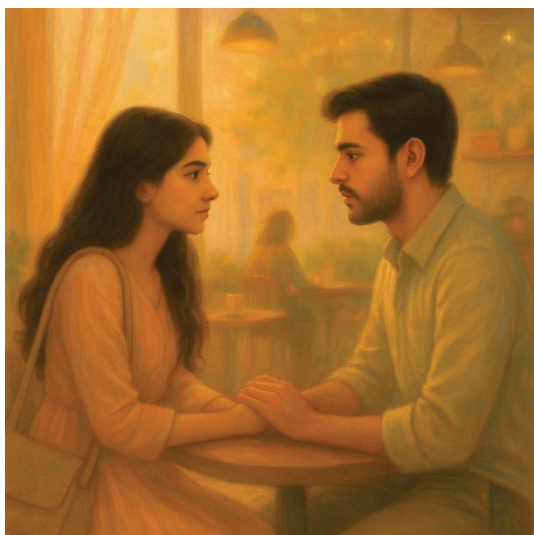
And that was all he needed to hear. The rest, he knew, they would figure out together.

# Chapter 13

## The Reunion

It was a week later when Rehan saw her again.

The reunion was nothing like the movies—no grand speeches, no dramatic music in the background. It was simply two people who had been apart for too long, meeting again in a crowded café, their eyes meeting across the room.



Asma stood up first, and for a moment, neither of them moved. Then, as if something pulled them together, Rehan was on his feet, walking swiftly toward her.

“Hi,” she said, her voice quiet but full of something deeper.

“Hi,” he replied, the word feeling like it held everything he hadn’t been able to say.

They stood there for a long moment, neither knowing what to do next. Then, without a word, Asma stepped into his arms, and Rehan held her even though his heart couldn’t bear if she left him again.

“I missed you so much,” she whispered.

“I never stopped waiting,” he said, his voice thick.

She pulled back slightly, looking into his eyes. “I’m sorry it took me so long.”

He brushed a stray strand of hair from her face. “You don’t need to apologize.”

They sat down together, hands intertwined, the silence between them no longer heavy but comfortable, full of all the words they had left unsaid for so long.

“I don’t know where this goes, Rehan,” Asma said after a while, her voice filled with uncertainty.

“Neither do I,” he admitted. “But I’m willing to figure it out with you. Step by step.”

And that was enough for them. For now.

# Chapter 14

## **The Future They Built**

As the months passed, their love grew stronger. It wasn't always easy. There were obstacles, both internal and external. Rehan's parents didn't fully understand her decision to leave her arranged marriage. Asma's family, though initially disappointed, slowly began to see the strength in her choice.

They both learned the delicate balance between holding on and letting go.

Rehan and Asma moved in together into a small apartment, one that smelled of coffee and the soft hum of their shared life. They worked through their fears, their pasts, and their futures. There were moments of doubt—times when Asma would wonder if she had done the right thing, if her family would ever truly accept her decision. But Rehan was there, always reminding her that the only approval that mattered was their own.

And slowly, they began to build a future, brick by brick. It wasn't perfect, but it was theirs. They

discovered new things about each other every day—small quirks, shared dreams, and the way their hearts beat in sync.

One evening, as they sat together on the balcony, the sun setting in the distance, Asma turned to Rehan with a soft smile.

“We made it,” she said quietly.

“We did,” he replied, reaching for her hand.

“Not because it was easy,” she added, “but because we fought for it.”

He kissed her hand gently, his eyes soft. “And I’ll keep fighting for us, Asma. Every single day.”

And as they sat there, the world around them fading into the night, they knew that love wasn’t about never facing hardship. It was about finding the person you wanted by your side when the storms came—and knowing that, no matter what, they’d never walk away.

# *Chapter 15*

## **New Beginnings**

The weeks after they moved in together were a blur of new routines. Rehan and Asma, though deeply in love, had to find their own balance—between careers, family expectations, and the weight of their past decisions. But with each passing day, they built a life they both never even dared to imagine they'd have.

Asma, unsure of what her future would look like in her family's eyes, worked diligently in her field, determined to prove herself. Rehan, on the other hand, had poured himself into his career, but now, with Asma by his side, he learned to find joy in the smallest of moments. They cooked dinner together, laughed over silly mistakes, and learned to trust that no matter what, they had each other.





But even with the comfort of their shared space, there were still moments when Asma would pause, eyes lost in thought, wondering if they had made the right choices.

“Do you ever wish you hadn’t left?” she asked one evening, stirring the soup she had made.

Rehan paused. He walked over to where she stood and cupped her face gently in his hands. “Not for a second,” he said, his voice steady, but the emotion

behind it undeniable. “I wouldn’t change a thing. Because it led me here. To you.”

Her eyes filled with tears at his words. She leaned into him, seeking comfort, and whispered, “I’m scared of what’s next.”

“I know you are,” he said, holding her close. “But whatever happens, we’ll face it together. That’s the only thing I’m sure of.”

And in that moment, the uncertainty of the future lifted its heavy cloak. Together, they could handle anything.

# Chapter 16

## **The Letter from Home**

One afternoon, as they were sitting on their balcony, enjoying a rare quiet moment, Asma's phone buzzed. She glanced at it quickly, her face changing from contentment to concern.

"It's from my mother," she said, her voice tight with apprehension.

Rehan leaned in, watching her carefully. "What does it say?"

Asma opened the message. It was brief, but to the point:

Asma, your father and I have discussed your decision. We won't accept it. But if you are determined to make this choice, we want you to know that you will always have a place at home. You have our love, even if we don't understand.

Asma stared at the message, her heart a mixture of relief and sadness. She had always feared her family

would never fully support her decision but actually knowing that was different. It felt like the door she had closed had been opened just a crack.

“I don’t know if I should be relieved or sad,” she murmured, handing the phone to Rehan.

“Both,” he said softly. “But it’s a step. Your family is offering you love, even if they don’t understand. That’s something.”

“I never thought they’d even consider it. But now... I don’t know if I can go back.”

“You don’t have to,” Rehan assured her, taking her hand. “You’ve already made your own path. Whatever happens next, I’ll be right here.”

Her heart clenched at the thought of her family’s approval being out of reach, but she knew deep down that what mattered most was the life they were building together, no matter how hard the road was ahead.

# Chapter 17

## **The Test**

Time moved forward. Rehan and Asma found themselves adjusting to their new life, finding comfort in their shared space. But the world around them didn't make the transition easy.

Rehan's family, though mostly silent, began to show their disapproval in subtle ways. The silence at family gatherings grew colder, and every glance from his parents felt like judgment. There were conversations that they never had, but that were always implied.

One day, while Rehan was sitting with his mother in the living room, the subject finally came up.

"You know, Rehan, we didn't raise you for this," his mother said softly, her voice tight with concern.

Rehan had prepared for this moment, but it still hit him like a weight. "I know, Mom. But I'm not the same person I was before."

She didn't reply at first. Instead, she looked at him, her eyes full of a mixture of love and worry.

"I just want you to be happy," she said quietly.

"I am, Mom. I really am."

As much as he wanted to push back, to tell her that she needed to understand, Rehan knew this was the price of living an honest life. He couldn't change their feelings. He could only continue to show them, through actions, that his love for Asma was real.

# Chapter 18

## **A Difficult Decision**

Asma's relationship with her family, too, was still strained. Despite their small gesture of acceptance, the distance between them remained. Her mother occasionally called, but their conversations were attempts to steer her back into the fold of tradition which left her emotionally drained.

One evening, after receiving yet another call from her mother, Asma sat on the edge of their bed, her face in her hands. Rehan entered the room quietly, and halted sensing the weight she was carrying.

"I don't know if I can keep doing this," Asma said, her voice muffled. "I want to make my family proud, but every time I talk to them, it feels like I'm letting them down."

Rehan knelt in front of her, lifting her chin gently. "You're not letting anyone down. You're being true to yourself. That's all you can do."

“I don’t know if they’ll ever forgive me for what I’ve done. For choosing you over everything they wanted for me.”

“They’ll come around, Asma. It’s going to take time, but they’ll see that you’re still their daughter. You’re still the person they love, no matter who you’re with.”

Her eyes were filled with doubt. “What if they never do? What if I am alone?”

Rehan cupped her face in his hands, his voice firm. “You’re not alone. You’ll never be alone. Not as long as I’m here.”

Asma felt peace, knowing that no matter how hard things got, she had Rehan. They had each other.



# Chapter 19

## A New Chapter

Months passed, and life began to settle into a rhythm. Rehan and Asma both grew stronger, more confident in their decisions and more at peace with the choices they had made.

One afternoon, as they walked hand-in-hand through the park near their apartment, Asma stopped suddenly. She turned to Rehan, her eyes bright with an idea that had been growing in her heart for some time.

“I want to do something,” she said. “Something for us. Something that feels like our new beginning.”

Rehan raised an eyebrow. “Like what?”

“I want to go back to my family,” she said, her voice determined. “I want to show them that I am still me, still their daughter. But this time, I’m bringing you with me.”

Rehan smiled, pride swelling in his chest. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah. I think it’s time. We’ve waited long enough.”

And so, a new chapter began—not just for them, but for their families. Asma took the first steps toward healing the divide, and Rehan, by her side, knew in his heart that whatever happened next, they would face it together.

Love, they had learned along the way, wasn’t just about being together whether in the quiet moments or in the excitement. It was about standing by each other when the world actively tried to pull you apart—and finding the strength to fight for what truly mattered.

And for them, that was each other.

# Chapter 20

## **A New Chapter (Continued)**

Asma's heart raced the entire week leading up to her decision. Every phone call with her mother seemed to fill her with a mix of hope and dread. Her mother's voice had softened, but the distance was still there. Still, Asma couldn't deny that she needed to make this move. For herself. For her family. And for Rehan.

"I'm ready," Asma said one evening, the weight of the moment sitting heavily in the air. She turned to Rehan, her hands trembling slightly as she reached for his.

Rehan, ever the anchor, gave her a reassuring smile. "You've always been ready, Asma. And whatever happens, we'll face it together."

The following weekend, they made the journey to her parents' home. The house, once a place of comfort, now felt like an unfamiliar battleground. But this time, Asma walked through the door with confidence and a

profound belief in her decision. But there was still a nervousness in her chest that she couldn't shake.

Her parents were sitting in the living room when they entered. Asma's father was the first to speak, his tone distant but not as cold as before.

"Asma," he said, his gaze flickering to Rehan. "You've come back."

"I have," Asma replied, her voice steady but warm. She took a deep breath before continuing. "I know it's been hard for you to understand my decision. But I need you to understand that I'm happy now. This is my choice, and I need you to respect it."

Her mother, sitting beside her father, didn't say anything at first. She just watched Asma with a quiet intensity. Finally, she spoke, her voice thick with emotion.

"You've made your choice, Asma. And we may not understand it, but... we love you. We always will."

Rehan, who had been silent until now, stepped forward. "I want to show you that I care for her, that I'll always be here for her," he said, his words filled with sincerity. "I know things have been difficult, but I hope you'll see that Asma, and I are building something real."

There was a long pause, but then her mother stood and walked toward Asma. She reached out, pulling her

into a tight hug. “You have always been our daughter,” she said softly. “Maybe we don’t understand everything, but you are still the one we love.”

Tears welled up in Asma’s eyes. I It was a beginning. It was hope.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “Thank you for giving me this chance.”

# Chapter 21

## **Moving Forward**

Rehan and Asma's return to her family home marked the beginning of a new phase in their lives. It wasn't perfect, and there were still long conversations to be had, but the distance between Asma and her family had shrunk. Her parents, though hesitant, slowly began to accept that she had made her own choices, but she will continue to be the same Asma they had raised.

For Rehan, the journey wasn't easy either. His family had not yet come around fully, but their silence, though painful, had become something he could manage. He knew it would take time, but he was patient. His love for Asma had become the anchor in a sea of uncertainty, and that was enough for now.

One evening, while they sat together on the couch, Asma looked at Rehan, her face soft but serious.

"You've stood by me through everything," she said. "And I know it hasn't been easy."

Rehan squeezed her hand. "I don't regret a single moment. You're worth everything."

Asma smiled, her heart full. "Maybe someday they'll understand. But for now, I'm just grateful for us."

"We're building our own world," Rehan replied. "And it's everything I ever wanted."

The road ahead was still uncertain, but together, they felt ready to face whatever came next.

# Chapter 22

## **The Unexpected News**

Months passed, and life settled into a peaceful routine. Asma's career flourished, Rehan's professional life began to take off, and their home felt like the true foundation of their shared life.

But then, one evening, just as they were preparing dinner together, Asma received a phone call that would change everything.

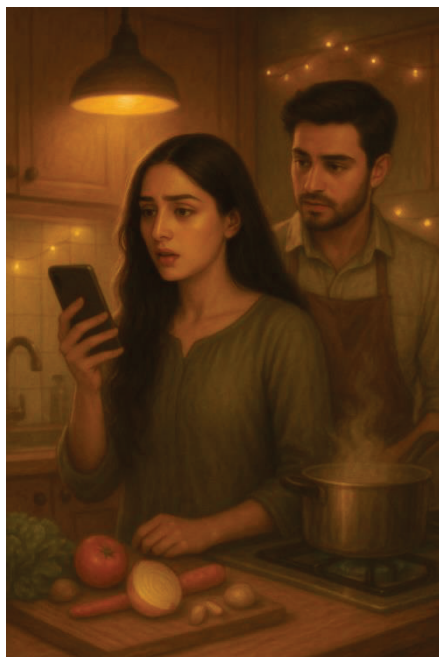
Her mother's voice on the other end was shaky, something Asma had never heard before.

"Asma, I need you to come home. Your father's had an accident."

A cold wave of fear washed over her. "What happened?"

"He's in the hospital," her mother said, voice trembling. "He's stable, but you need to come right away."





Without a second thought, Asma dropped the phone. “Rehan, I—I have to go. My father’s hurt. I don’t know what’s happening.”

Rehan was already on his feet. “I’m going with you. Let’s go.”

The drive to her family’s home felt like an eternity. Asma’s mind raced, and her heart pounded in her chest. Rehan stayed by her side, holding her hand, offering her comfort in the way only he could.

When they arrived at the hospital, her mother was waiting for them in the waiting room. Her eyes were red, her face drawn with worry.

“He’s going to be okay,” Asma’s mother reassured them. “But we’re still waiting for the doctors to say more.”

Asma nodded, feeling a deep sense of relief wash over her. They sat together, the three of them, waiting in silence.

And in that silence, Asma realized something. In the time that had passed since she made her choice to be with Rehan, her family had come to accept that choice—not just for her, but for them as well. The love they shared wasn’t a story of rebellion. It was a story of growth, understanding, and acceptance.

The road ahead would be long, but it was one they would walk together—family and love, intertwined.

# Chapter 23

## **The Promise**

Weeks passed, and her father steadily recovered. The hospital visits grew less frequent over time, and life though still marked by challenges began to feel less uncertain. Rehan and Asma returned to their lives but this time with a deeper appreciation for what they had fought for.

Asma's relationship with her family had grown stronger. They were still finding their footing, but there was a quiet acceptance in the way they interacted now, a quiet understanding that love doesn't always follow the path we expect.

One night, as they lay in bed together, Rehan turned to Asma, his voice soft but resolute.

"I meant what I said before," he said. "I'll always be here. For you. For us."

Asma smiled, resting her head on his chest. "And I'll always choose you, Rehan. No matter what comes."

They held each other in the stillness of the night, knowing that the journey was far from over. There would still be challenges, still be moments of doubt, but they had something that could withstand anything: each other.

The promise they had made to each other was not just a promise of love—it was a belief to fight, to grow, and to never let go.

Together, they would face whatever came their way.

# Chapter 24

## **The Test of Time**

It had been nearly a year since Rehan and Asma moved in together. Their relationship had grown in ways they hadn't anticipated. They had faced challenges—family struggles, personal doubts, and the weight of their past decisions—but they had come out stronger, more connected.

But life, as it often does, presented new hurdles.

Rehan's job had taken him to a different city for a few months. The promotion was everything he had worked for, but it came with long hours and time away from Asma. The distance between them felt strange at first, but they managed. Their weekend visits were sacred; their late-night phone calls filled with longing and love.

Still, as the weeks wore on, Asma couldn't help but feel the growing tension in the silence that had crept into their conversations. Rehan was completely absorbed in his new role, his mind often far when they

spoke, and she couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing.

One evening, after a particularly difficult phone call where Rehan felt so distant, Asma sat on the edge of their bed, her heart heavy with doubt. She didn't want to be the one to voice the fear, but it was becoming harder to ignore.

When Rehan came home that weekend, she waited until they had settled into their living room, before speaking the words that had been eating away at her.

"Rehan," she started softly, her voice trembling slightly. "I feel like we're drifting apart."

His eyes widened in surprise, and he rushed to her side. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know, but I feel like you're so far away sometimes. You're always so focused on work, and I... I miss us."

Rehan swallowed hard, guilt settling in his chest. "I'm sorry, Asma. I never meant to make you feel this way. I've been so caught up in this opportunity, but you're right. I haven't been present."

Her heart ached at his admission. "I just don't want us to lose what we have. I don't want to wake up one day and realize that we've grown apart."

Rehan cupped her face gently, his expression full of remorse. "I love you, Asma. I'll do better. I promise, we'll work through this."

She nodded, grateful for his words, but a small part of her still feared that distance had already begun to take root. Still, she was willing to fight for them. She loved him too much to let it slip away without giving it her all.

## Chapter 25

### **Rebuilding the Connection**

The next few months were about rebuilding. Rehan returned to their home permanently, and they both realised that things needed to change if they were going to make it work long-term.

They started making time for each other again—real, quality time. No distractions, no work, no pressing commitments. They took walks, cooked meals together, and spent evenings in silence, simply enjoying each other's presence. It was during these small, quiet moments that they rediscovered the magic of their relationship, found the little things that had always drawn them together.

One weekend, they decided to take a short trip out of the city, a way to break free from the pressures that had been weighing them down. They rented a small cottage by the lake, surrounded by nature and peace.

The fresh air and the stillness of the woods breathed new life into them both. The unintentionally



clenched muscles started to loosen, and the invisible stress disappeared. As they sat by the fire that evening, Rehan turned to Asma with a smile.

“This is exactly what we needed,” he said, taking her hand in his.

“You’re right,” Asma replied, leaning her head on his shoulder. “It’s easy to get caught up in everything, to forget what really matters.”

Rehan kissed the top of her head. “I’m glad we’re back on track, Asma. I promise, I’ll always make time for us.”

It was a promise he intended to keep. Asma knew that while life would continue to bring challenges, they could face them together, as long as they were always willing to put each other first.

## Chapter 26

### **The Unexpected Proposal**

The following year was filled with small victories and quiet celebrations. Rehan and Asma had grown even closer, their bond stronger than ever. It seemed as if the world had finally caught up with them, allowing them to build the life they had always dreamed of.

One evening, while they were out for a walk in the park, Rehan stopped unexpectedly, his hand slipping into his pocket. Asma, caught off guard, looked up at him.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, noticing his nervous expression.

Rehan smiled sheepishly. “I’ve been thinking about something for a while now... and I can’t wait any longer.”

Before Asma could react, he got down on one knee. His eyes locked on hers with a tenderness that made her breath catch in her throat.

“Asma,” he began, his voice steady but filled with emotion, “you’ve been my heart and soul since the day we met. And I want to spend the rest of my life showing you how much you mean to me.”

Asma’s eyes welled up with tears as she listened, her chest tightening with emotion. “Rehan...”

“Will you marry me?” he asked, pulling out a small velvet box with a ring inside.



Asma felt a rush of joy flood through her, and without a second thought, she nodded, her voice a whisper. “Yes. Yes, of course.”

Rehan slid the ring onto her finger, both of them smiling as if the world had just aligned in that one perfect moment. They kissed, the world around them fading away.

For a brief moment, everything felt perfectly right—like they had finally found their place in the world, side by side.

# Chapter 27

## Wedding Bells

The months that followed were filled with wedding plans, excitement, and a whirlwind of activity. But throughout it all, Rehan and Asma never lost sight of what mattered most: their love for each other. They had faced their struggles, but each challenge had only served to strengthen their relationship even more.

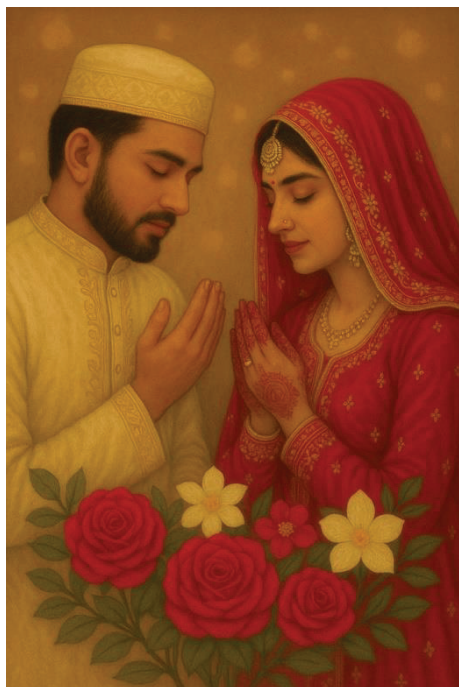
The day of the wedding arrived, and it was everything they had imagined—intimate, beautiful, and full of love. Asma walked down the aisle, her heart racing, her eyes fixed on Rehan, who stood at the altar, waiting for her. His expression was one of awe, as if she was the most precious thing in his world.

When they exchanged Qubuul hai in nikah, their promises were not just words. They were declarations of everything they had fought for—love, trust, and a future built on a foundation of understanding. Then they said few lines, to make each other, feel special.

“I promise to love you, in every moment, through every challenge,” Rehan said, his voice thick with emotion. “And to always choose you, no matter what life brings our way.”

Asma’s voice was resolute as she spoke her vows. “I promise to stand by your side, to cherish every moment, and to never take what we have for granted.”

With the exchange of ritual, they were finally bound together - in every aspect of their lives.



As they walked down the aisle as husband and wife, their hearts full of joy and anticipation for the future, they knew that the road ahead would not always be easy. But with each other, they could face anything.

And so, their love story continued—one of hardship, growth, and unwavering commitment.

# Chapter 28

## **The Depth of Love**

As their wedding day drew closer, Rehan and Asma's relationship deepened. They spent their days making plans, discussing their future, and reflecting on how far they had come. It wasn't always easy but the foundation of trust they had built over the years was unshakable.

One evening, as they sat in their living room, Rehan reached out, taking Asma's hand in his. "We've been through a lot, haven't we?"

Asma smiled, a nostalgic look in her eyes. "Yeah, we have. But I wouldn't change a thing."

Rehan's voice was soft but earnest. "You're everything to me, Asma. I know we've had our share of struggles, but I believe we're stronger for it. And I promise, no matter what, I will always choose you. Always."

Asma squeezed his hand. "I've chosen you, too. Every day, for the rest of my life."



# Chapter 29

## **The Unspoken Promise**

Three months ago, A week before the wedding, Asma found herself alone in their apartment, standing in front of the mirror, her wedding dress laid out on the bed. She traced the intricate lace and delicate fabric with her fingers, feeling both excitement and nerves bubble inside her. This wasn't just the start of a new chapter—it was a commitment, a promise that she was ready to make.

Her phone buzzed on the nightstand, and she picked it up to find a text from her mother: "I'm so proud of you, Asma. We may not always understand each other, but I love you."

A warm smile spread across Asma's face, a mix of relief and joy. Despite everything, her mother had come around. It wasn't perfect, but it was enough. That was all she could ask for.

As the days flew by, the anticipation grew. The night before the wedding, Rehan and Asma had their

final conversation as fiancés. They sat together on the couch, both wearing casual clothes, the weight of the upcoming day heavy in the air.

“I can’t believe it’s almost here,” Asma said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Rehan turned to her with eyes full of love. “I’ve never been more certain of anything in my life. Tomorrow, I get to marry you.”

Asma’s heart swelled. “Ditto”, she said grinning.

They both knew the road ahead wouldn’t always be easy, but they were ready to face it together, hand in hand. No matter what, they would always choose each other.

# Chapter 30

## **The Wedding Day**

Before the wedding The morning of their wedding dawned clear and bright. Asma could hardly contain her excitement. Surrounded by her closest friends, she got ready with a mix of emotions. There was joy, yes, but also a quiet sense of fear—fear of the unknown, fear of expectations, fear of what lay ahead. But in the deepest part of her heart, she knew she was doing the right thing.

When she finally stood in front of the mirror, fully dressed in her wedding gown, she felt a deep sense of peace. She was ready. For this new chapter. For the life she would build with Rehan.

The ceremony itself was beautiful, everything Asma had dreamed of and more. Surrounded by their loved ones, they exchanged lines, promising to love and cherish each other forever. Rehan's voice cracked as he spoke his vows, his love for Asma palpable in every word.

As they shared their first kiss as husband and wife, a cheer erupted from their guests, but for Asma and Rehan, time seemed to stand still. This moment, this promise, was all that mattered.

# *Chapter 31*

## **A New Beginning**

The days following their wedding were filled with happiness and adventure. They spent their honeymoon in a quiet coastal town, far from the chaos of the city. It was the perfect escape, a time to relax and enjoy each other's company without the weight of the world pressing on their shoulders.

But even in the tranquillity of their new life, challenges loomed. Rehan's job required him to travel frequently, and Asma's career continued to grow often leading to late nights and constant work. Yet, every time they came together, they were reminded of the strength of their bond.

Their first month as husband and wife were filled with adjustments. They had to navigate the realities of married life, balancing their careers, personal time, and their relationship. But they had learned that communication and compromise were the keys to making it work.

Asma looked at Rehan one evening, a soft smile on her lips. "I think we're doing okay," she said.

Rehan wrapped his arm around her. "We're doing more than okay. We're building something real."

And with that, they continued to build, brick by brick, the life they had always dreamed of.

## Chapter 32

### **The Unexpected Challenge**

Just when they thought everything was settling into place, an unexpected challenge came their way. Asma was offered an incredible job opportunity—one that would require her to move to a new city, away from Rehan.

It was an opportunity of a lifetime, but the timing couldn't have been worse. Asma found herself torn between her career and her marriage.

"I don't want to leave you, Rehan," she said one night, tears welling up in her eyes. "But this job is something I've worked for my entire life. It feels like the right thing for me."

Rehan looked at her with understanding, his voice steady but tinged with concern. "I want you to chase your dreams, Asma. But I don't want us to drift apart. We've worked so hard for this, and I don't want to lose what we have."

Asma's heart broke at the thought of leaving Rehan behind, but she knew that she couldn't let this opportunity slip by. The decision weighed heavily on her.



# Chapter 33

## **The Decision**

In the end, Asma decided to accept the job offer. The decision was difficult, and the path ahead seemed uncertain, but she knew that this was her time to grow. Rehan supported her fully, even though the thought of being apart was painful.

“I’ll support you, no matter what,” Rehan said, his voice filled with love. “But we have to promise to keep fighting for us, even from a distance.”

Asma nodded, her voice barely a whisper. “I promise. We’ll make this work.”

And with that, they faced their new reality—apart but connected by love, and committed to building their future, no matter what the distance.

## *Chapter 34*

### **Long-Distance Love**

The first few months of long-distance were harder than Rehan and Asma had anticipated. They spoke daily, of course, but it wasn't the same. The physical distance between them seemed to widen the emotional distance as well, though neither would admit it.

Asma's new job was demanding, and she often found herself working late into the night. Rehan, too, was caught up in his own responsibilities, though he tried to make time for her. Still, there were moments when loneliness crept in, and the warmth of her presence felt like a distant memory.

One evening, after another long workday, Asma collapsed onto her bed, staring up at the ceiling. She missed Rehan more than she could put into words. The emptiness in the apartment seemed to echo with her longing.

Her phone buzzed, and she quickly picked it up to see a message from Rehan: “I miss you. Can we talk tonight?”

She smiled softly, her heart swelling with affection. “Of course. I miss you too.”

They scheduled a video call later that evening, and when Asma finally saw Rehan’s face, her heart skipped a beat. Despite the miles between them, his smile still had the power to make her feel at home.

“Hi,” she said, her voice soft.

Rehan’s smile widened. “Hi, beautiful.”

They talked about everything—about their days, their work, their friends, and the things they missed about each other. It was a routine that, though comforting, couldn’t replace the closeness they had once shared. But for now, it was enough.

After the call, Asma sat by the window, watching the city lights twinkle in the distance. She knew that the distance wasn’t permanent. They would find their way back to each other. They always had.

## Chapter 35

### **The Strain of Separation**

As the months wore on, the strain of being apart began to take a toll on both Rehan and Asma. They had always been able to rely on their connection, but now, that connection was a fragile thread, stretched thin by the distance between them.

Rehan had his moments of doubt especially when work required him to travel for weeks at a time. He would return home, only to find that Asma was too far away to share those quiet moments with him. They both tried to keep their spirits high, but there were nights when the silence between them felt overwhelming.

One particular evening, after a long day of work, Rehan sent a message to Asma, as he often did when he felt the weight of the distance: "I miss you. I wish you were here."

She responded almost immediately: "I miss you too, Rehan. More than I can say."

They had become accustomed to the routine of talking every day, but something was missing. They weren't just physically apart; there was an emotional distance that neither could ignore. It wasn't that they didn't love each other—it was that life had gotten in the way. The demands of their respective careers, the long hours, the loneliness—it all began to wear them down.

The night before one of Rehan's longer trips, they had a serious conversation about their relationship. Asma's voice trembled as she spoke, "I don't want us to lose what we have, Rehan. But I can't keep going like this. I need more than just messages and phone calls."

Rehan sat up straighter, his heart heavy. "I know. I feel it too. But what can we do? We both have our careers, and we're doing what we can."

She shook her head, her eyes glistening with tears. "I don't want to just survive this, Rehan. I want to thrive with you. But I'm scared that we'll lose each other in the process."

Rehan was silent for a long moment. "I don't know what the future holds, Asma. But I can't imagine it without you. I'll try harder. I'll do anything to make this work."

She nodded, swallowing back her tears. "Me too. We just have to figure it out."

But even as they promised to keep fighting for their love, there was a lingering fear between them. Would their love be enough to withstand the distance? Only time would tell.

# Chapter 36

## **The Decision to Reunite**

The strain of their long-distance relationship reached a breaking point when Asma was offered a new opportunity in the same city as Rehan. It was a job that she had dreamed about for years, a chance to take her career to new heights. She had to decide between staying in her current city or moving back to Rehan.

The decision wasn't easy. Asma had built a life for herself in her new city, and the thought of leaving everything behind was daunting. But the more she thought about it, the more she realized that her heart was with Rehan. She had missed him too much to stay apart any longer.

She called Rehan late one evening, her heart racing as she spoke. "I have made a decision, Rehan."

He listened intently. "What's going on?"

"I've been offered the job of a lifetime in the same city as you. I've been thinking about it, and I think I

have to make a choice. I want to be with you, Rehan. I want us to be together again.”

Rehan’s voice softened, filled with relief and joy. “Asma, are you serious? I can’t believe this.”

Asma smiled, her heart soaring. “I’m serious. I don’t want to do this long-distance anymore. I want to build a life with you.”

Rehan let out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. “Then come home. Come back to me.”

The decision was made, and within weeks, Asma packed up her life once more and moved back to Rehan. It was a leap of faith, one that was filled with excitement, hope, and the promise of a future together. No more distance. No more loneliness. Just them, side by side.



# Chapter 37

## **The Decision to Reunite (Continued)**

After that conversation, everything felt uncertain. Asma and Rehan were at a crossroads, unsure of what the future held. The distance was starting to feel like a wall they couldn't climb, and neither of them knew how to tear it down.

Then, a few days later, Asma received an offer she hadn't expected—a promotion that would require her to remain in her city, but it came with more responsibility and more pressure. It was the kind of opportunity she had worked toward for years. But the thought of staying apart from Rehan for even longer was too much to bear.

That night, she called Rehan, her heart pounding. "I got the promotion. But it means staying here, away from you. I don't know what to do, Rehan."

There was a pause before Rehan responded. "I've been thinking about it, too. I don't want to hold you

back, Asma. But I can't imagine my life without you. Maybe it's time we stopped pretending this distance isn't taking a toll on us."

The words hung heavy in the air, but they were the truth.

Asma closed her eyes, her voice trembling. "I want to be with you, Rehan. I want us to be together. I'll take the job, but I can't keep doing this long-distance. It's not enough anymore."

Rehan smiled, a sense of relief flooding him. "Then come back to me. I'll make it work. I'll do whatever it takes."

And with that, Asma knew what she had to do. It wasn't just about the job, or the promotion—it was about their love, and the future they wanted to build together.

Within weeks, Asma packed up her things once more. The decision had been made, and as she boarded the plane back to Rehan, she felt a wave of peace wash over her. They were finally going to be together again.

It wasn't just a new chapter; it was a fresh start.

# Chapter 38

## **New Beginnings**

Asma's heart raced with anticipation as the plane touched down. It felt surreal, she was stepping into a new chapter of her life, one where the uncertainties of the past few months would finally be put to rest. When she saw Rehan waiting for her at the airport, a sense of peace washed over her. He stood there, smiling as if he would gladly wait for her forever.

"Welcome home," he said softly, his eyes warm and familiar.

She ran into his arms, holding him tightly, feeling the reality of her decision settle around her like a comforting blanket. The distance had been too much, but now, standing in front of him, she knew that this was where she belonged.

Rehan took her hand, his fingers entwining with hers. "Are you sure about this?" he asked, his voice filled with tenderness.

“I’m sure,” Asma replied, her voice steady and resolute. “We’ve been through so much, and I can’t imagine going back to the way things were. I want to build a life with you, Rehan. I’m ready.”

They smiled at each other, an unspoken promise passing between them. It wasn’t going to be easy—they both knew that—but they were ready to face whatever challenges came their way, as long as they were together.

## Chapter 39

# **The Struggle of Adjustment**

The first few weeks of living together again were filled with a mixture of joy and adjustment. Asma had missed the small things—the way Rehan made coffee in the morning, the way he would smile at her over breakfast, the way they'd share silly conversations late into the night. It felt like everything was sliding back into its rightful place.

But as the honeymoon phase began to fade, reality set in. Asma had her new job to focus on, and Rehan, while happy to have her home, was also dealing with his own career pressures. The routines they had once shared were now disrupted by the demands of their individual responsibilities.

One evening, after a particularly long day at work, Asma found herself sitting alone on the balcony, staring out at the city lights. She had missed so much in the time they had spent apart. She had missed the feeling of

being truly connected to Rehan and she wanted to make sure they could rebuild that bond.

Rehan joined her outside, his presence comforting, but filled with a quiet tension. “What’s on your mind?” he asked, sitting down beside her.

“I don’t want to lose this,” Asma said softly, her eyes on the horizon. “I don’t want to lose us, Rehan. I’ve waited so long for this moment. But... it’s different now. We’re both so caught up in our careers.”

Rehan sighed, understanding her concerns. “I know. I feel it too. But we’ve got to make it work. We’ve already been through so much, and I know we can handle this. We just need to make time for each other. I need you, Asma.”

And so, they made a pact. No matter how busy their lives became, they would carve out time for each other, even if it was just a few moments each day. They knew that their love was worth the effort. Always.

# Chapter 40

## **Moments of Clarity**

Asma and Rehan began to settle into their new life together as time passed. Their careers were thriving, but the strain of balancing work and love was still present. They had their ups and downs, but the commitment to each other remained strong.

One quiet Sunday morning, Asma woke up to the soft sound of rain tapping against the windows. She smiled as she looked over at Rehan, still asleep beside her. The peace of the moment felt like a gift—a rare moment of stillness in the whirlwind of their lives.

She gently brushed a strand of hair from his forehead and whispered, “I love you.”

Rehan stirred, his eyes opening slowly. “I love you too,” he replied, his voice still thick with sleep. He pulled her closer, his arms wrapping around her.

For a moment, they just held each other, allowing themselves to savor the simplicity of being together. Asma felt a deep sense of contentment that she hadn’t

felt in a long time. Despite the challenges, despite the moments of doubt, they had found their way back to each other. And that was enough.

“Do you ever think about the future?” Asma asked, her voice soft.

“All the time,” Rehan answered, his gaze steady. “I want to build a future with you, Asma. I want to see where life takes us, together.”

She smiled, feeling a sense of peace settle in her heart. “Me too. Whatever happens, we’ll face it together.”

As the rain continued to fall outside, they remained there, in that quiet moment, knowing that they had finally found a way to make their love work. It has never been easy, but it was always worth fighting for.



# Chapter 41

## **The Unexpected Challenge**

Just when things started to settle into a comfortable rhythm, life had a way of throwing new challenges their way. Asma's career continued to soar, and Rehan's business was expanding but with success came more pressure. Their time together became even more limited as the demands of their work seemed to take over their lives.

One day, after an exhausting week, Asma came home late to find Rehan already in bed, his laptop open in front of him as he continued to work. She sighed, quietly changing into her clothes before sitting down beside him.

"Rehan," she said softly, her voice tinged with concern. "You need to take a break. You've been working nonstop for days."

He glanced up at her, his expression weary but gentle. "I know, but there's so much to do. I can't afford to slow down."

Asma reached out, touching his arm. "I get it. But I miss you. We don't have to do this all the time."

Rehan rubbed his eyes, clearly exhausted. "I want to be with you, Asma. But I also want this to work. I want us to have everything we've dreamed of. And right now, that means putting in the hours."

She looked at him, her heart aching. She understood his ambition, but she couldn't help but feel like she was losing him again.

"I don't want us to lose what we have," she whispered.

He turned to face her fully, his gaze softening. "We won't. I promise you, we won't."

But even as he spoke those words, Asma couldn't shake the feeling that the distance between them wasn't just physical anymore. It had changed in ways they hadn't anticipated.

# Chapter 42

## **The Breaking Point**

As time went on, the stress of their ambitions began to wear steadily on their relationship. Asma was facing pressure at work, her responsibilities growing by the day. Rehan was busy managing his growing business, often staying late or traveling for work. Their relationship, once filled with intimate conversations and shared dreams, became overshadowed by their hectic schedules.

One evening, after yet another long day, Asma came home to an empty apartment. Rehan was still out for a business meeting, and she felt a pang of loneliness hit her. She had tried to stay busy, to focus on her own projects, but nothing seemed to fill the void left by his absence.

Her phone buzzed with a message from Rehan: “Sorry, babe, I’m going to be late tonight. I’ll make it up to you.”

She stared at the screen, her chest tightening. It wasn't the first time he had said that. He had promised to make time for her countless times, but more often than not, it seemed like his work came first.

As the night wore on, she found herself sitting on the couch, staring at the empty space beside her. The weight of the distance between them felt heavier than ever. She couldn't shake the feeling that love wasn't enough to bridge the gap anymore.

When Rehan finally returned, it was late, and he was exhausted. Asma was sitting in the living room, waiting for him, her heart heavy.

"Hey, I'm sorry," Rehan said as he entered, his voice apologetic but distant. "I know I've been working a lot lately. It's just... everything is so overwhelming right now."

She looked up at him, her voice barely above a whisper. "I get it, Rehan. But I can't keep doing this. I can't keep waiting for you to be here."

He froze, the words cutting through the air. "What do you mean?"

"I mean... I feel like we're living separate lives. I don't want to keep waiting for you to find time for me. I miss us, Rehan."

There was a long silence before he spoke again, his voice filled with regret. "I don't want to lose you, Asma. I really don't."

"Then we need to find a way to make this work. I can't keep pretending that everything is fine when we're both drowning in our own worlds."

They both knew that something had to change, while neither of them knew exactly what that change would look like.

# *Chapter 43*

## **The Crossroads**

In the weeks that followed, Asma and Rehan spent many sleepless nights talking about the future. They both loved each other deeply, but the truth was undeniable—they were growing apart. The pressure of their careers, the long hours, the constant juggling of responsibilities—it was all taking a massive toll.

One evening, after another difficult conversation, they found themselves sitting on the balcony staring out at the city together. Asma's heart felt heavy, but there was also a sense of clarity growing within her. She had spent so much time trying to make things work, trying to fit herself into a life that no longer felt like it was hers. And Rehan, too, seemed to be struggling with the same realization.

"I don't want to lose you, Asma," he said softly, his voice filled with sorrow.

“I don’t want to lose you either,” she replied, her voice quiet but firm. “But I think we need to decide what’s more important. Our careers, or us?”

Rehan’s gaze met hers, and for the first time in a long time, there was no hesitation in his eyes. “I don’t know what the answer is. But I do know this—without you, nothing else matters.”

Asma smiled softly, her heart swelling with love for him. “I feel the same way. But we can’t keep going like this. We have to decide what kind of future we want to build.”

And so, they sat there together, knowing that whatever decision they made would shape their lives forever. It was a crossroads, a moment of truth. Would they choose to fight for each other, or would they go their separate ways, chasing dreams that no longer aligned?

# Chapter 44

## **The Choice**

Asma and Rehan's conversation on the balcony lingered in their minds for days. They both knew the weight of the decision that lay ahead. No matter how much they loved each other, something had to give. Their careers, while important, were no longer enough to justify the strain they were putting on their relationship.

It was a rainy Sunday when Rehan sat down with Asma, his eyes filled with both resolve and uncertainty.

"Do you think we're too far gone?" he asked, his voice heavy.

Asma looked at him, her heart aching. She had spent the past few days trying to ignore the truth, but now it was unavoidable. They had been living in a state of constant tension, and the truth was, they had somehow lost the intimacy that had once bound them to each other.



“I don’t know,” she admitted. “But I don’t think we’ve tried everything yet. Maybe... maybe we just need to slow down and figure out what really matters. It’s not just about love—it’s about balance. We’ve been running so fast in different directions that we just forgot to look at each other.”

Rehan reached across the table, taking her hand. “You’re right. I’ve been so consumed with building something, I forgot to build us. And I can’t keep going like this, knowing that we’re drifting apart.”

Asma nodded, tears welling in her eyes. “Then we have to decide what comes next. Are we strong enough to fight for us, for what we had?”

Rehan squeezed her hand. “I believe we are. I’m willing to fight, Asma. But I need you to be with me in this, too. It won’t be easy, but we’ll figure it out together.”

For the first time in a long while, Asma felt a sense of clarity. They had a choice—to either walk away or to fight for each other. They chose to fight, to rebuild, to find their way back.

# Chapter 45

## Rebuilding

Rebuilding their relationship wasn't an instant fix. It took time, effort, and a lot of open conversations. They began to prioritize each other, making small changes that slowly turned into visible change.

Asma started carving out more personal time, not just for her work but for their relationship. She and Rehan began to schedule regular date nights—something simple, but meaningful. It wasn't always glamorous. Some nights, they simply made dinner together and talked about their day. Other times, they took a walk through the park, holding hands as they rediscovered each other.

They also learned to communicate in ways they hadn't before. When one of them felt overwhelmed or disconnected, they would talk about it honestly without fear of pushing the other away. Slowly, the distance between them shrank, and the connection they had once shared began to grow again, deeper and stronger than before.

One evening, as they sat on the couch, Rehan turned to Asma with a soft smile. “You know, I think we’re actually doing it. We’re finding our way back.”

Asma smiled back, her heart full. “Yeah, I think we are.”

They both knew that the road ahead wouldn’t be free of obstacles. But for the first time in a long time, they were both on the same path again.

## Chapter 46

### **The Test of Time**

Months passed, and though their relationship had improved, there were still moments that tested their commitment. Both of them were still dedicated to their careers, but they had learned how to balance their ambitions with their love. They supported each other, and as the years went by, they began to dream of a future together, one that was full of promise and potential.

One evening, as they sat in a quiet café, Rehan reached across the table and held Asma's hand. There was a calmness in the air, a peace that they had worked hard to cultivate.

"I was thinking," Rehan began, "we've come a long way, haven't we?"

Asma nodded, her gaze soft as she looked at him. "We have. And it hasn't always been easy. But I think we're stronger for it."

Rehan took a deep breath; his eyes filled with sincerity. “I want to spend the rest of my life with you, Asma. I am happily married with you.

Asma’s heart skipped a beat. She had always known that they had something special, but hearing those words made everything feel even more real. She smiled, her eyes filling with tears of happiness.

“I want that too, Rehan

And in that moment, everything seemed to fall into place. They had weathered the storms, and together, they were stronger than ever.

As they walked hand-in-hand through the streets, their future wide open, filled with endless possibilities. The love they had fought for was now the foundation of something even more beautiful—a life that they would continue to build together, no matter what challenges lay ahead.

## Chapter 47

### **The Calm Before the Storm**

Years later, Asma and Rehan felt like they were finally in a place where everything was falling into place. Their love had deepened, their bond had strengthened, and they were building a life together. Even though there were still obstacles in their way, they faced them together united.

One evening, as they sat together on their balcony, the city lights glittering in the distance, Rehan turned to Asma with a thoughtful expression. He had been quiet for a while, something she had noticed but hadn't yet questioned.

"Is something wrong?" Asma asked gently, her voice full of concern.

Rehan hesitated, then shook his head. "No... it's just... I've been thinking a lot about the future, about everything we've built, and how much I want to keep going forward with you. There's so much more I want to give you."

Asma smiled, her heartwarming at his words. "I want that too. You and me, Rehan, we've come so far."

He smiled back, but there was something in his eyes, a sadness that she couldn't quite place. "I just need to make sure that whatever happens, you know that you mean everything to me."

Her smile faded slightly as she looked at him, sensing that something was off. But before she could say anything more, his phone rang, breaking the moment.

"Sorry, I need to take this," Rehan said, standing up and walking inside.

Asma sat in silence, a sense of unease settling over her. What was he thinking? She couldn't shake the feeling that something was about to change, something neither of them was prepared for.

# *Chapter 48*

## **The Tragedy**

The phone call that Rehan had taken turned out to be the beginning of a series of events neither of them could have foreseen. That night, as Rehan was leaving the office after finishing a late project, a car crash occurred—a tragic, fatal accident. The collision left Rehan badly injured, and though he was rushed to the hospital, the severity of his injuries left doctors with little hope.

Asma's phone rang in the middle of the night, shattering her peaceful sleep. It was a call from the hospital. Her heart sank as the nurse told her, in a calm but urgent tone, that Rehan had been in a serious accident.

The words blurred as Asma rushed to get dressed, her mind racing. She couldn't breathe, her chest tightening with every second that passed. The drive to the hospital felt like an eternity.





When she arrived, she was led into the ICU. The sight of Rehan—pale, bruised, and unconscious—nearly broke her heart. She couldn't comprehend how something so terrible could happen to someone she loved so much.

Tears streamed down her face as she took his hand, the warmth of his skin sending a wave of sorrow over her. She whispered his name over and over, willing him to wake up, to tell her that everything was going to be okay. But he didn't respond.

Hours passed in the hospital room. The doctor came in and explained the severity of the injuries. Rehan had suffered multiple internal injuries, and the doctors were doing everything they could. But his condition was critical.

“Is there any hope?” Asma had asked, her voice trembling with fear.

“We’re doing everything we can,” the doctor replied. “But right now, it’s up to his body to fight.”

And with that, Asma sat there, holding his hand, praying for a miracle. She couldn’t imagine a life without him. Not now, not ever.

# Chapter 49

## **A Love Lost and Found**

The next few days were a blur of sleepless nights, hospital visits, and endless prayers. Asma refused to leave Rehan's side, never once leaving the hospital room. She couldn't accept that the man she loved so deeply might slip away forever.

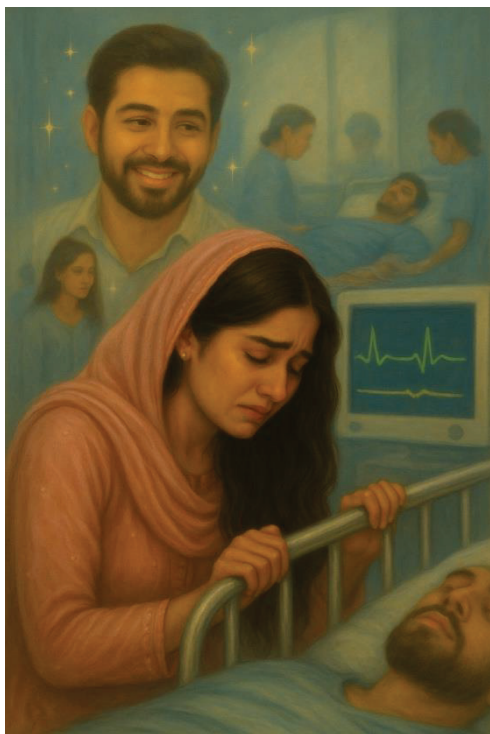
But despite her hope, Rehan's condition continued to worsen over time. There was no sign of improvement, and the doctors gave her little reassurance. His body wasn't responding to the treatment, and the likelihood of him waking up seemed slimmer with each passing day.

One night, as Asma sat beside him, her fingers lightly brushing against his, she whispered, "Rehan, I can't do this without you. I love you so much. Please, don't leave me."

She fell asleep in the chair, exhausted from the emotional toll. In the quiet of the room, the sound of the machines monitoring his vitals became a rhythmic

lullaby to her tired ears. The doctors had told her that it could happen at any moment, but nothing could prepare her for what came next.

The heart monitor's steady beep suddenly changed to a long, drawn-out ominous sound. Asma's eyes flew open, and she saw the nurses rushing in. They tried to revive him, but it was too late. The sound of that monitor would continue to haunt her forever.



Asma felt her world shatter in an instant. She didn't want to believe it. She couldn't.

No. Not Rehan. Not the love of her life. Not the man she had dreamed of building a future with.

Her scream echoed through the halls of the hospital, and as they tried to console her, the reality set in. Rehan was gone.

The following days felt like a cruel twist of destiny which passed in a blur of disbelief. The funeral was a devastating experience—one that Asma couldn't have ever imagined enduring. The life she had so carefully built with Rehan was now just a memory, a painful, haunting memory of what could have been.

# Chapter 50

## **A Twist of Fate**

Months had passed since Rehan's death, and Asma felt like she was drowning in her own grief. She had returned to work, trying to push through the pain, but every corner of her life seemed to remind her of him. The emptiness was unbearable, and she found herself questioning whether she would ever be whole again.

But just when she thought she couldn't take it anymore, something unexpected happened.

One evening, after a long, draining day at work, Asma found herself scrolling through the papers on her desk when something caught her eye—a letter, sealed with a familiar emblem. Her heart skipped a beat. It was from Rehan's lawyer.

She opened it hesitantly, unsure of what to expect. The letter contained a shocking revelation: Rehan had left her a series of video diaries, recorded over the course of their time together. Each video, a gift from him, was

meant to guide her through the difficult moments she would face after his death.

Tears welled up in Asma's eyes as she read through the letter. Rehan, knowing the challenges ahead, had anticipated the very moments she was struggling with. And now, even in death, he was reaching out to her. He had thought of everything.

The first video was waiting for her on the link provided. Asma, trembling, pressed play.

# Chapter 51

## **The First Video**

In the video, Rehan appeared as he always did—smiling, warm, and full of life. “Asma,” he began, his voice soft, “if you’re watching this, then I am no longer with you. But I want you to know this: no matter what happens, I will always love you. And I will always be there with you.”

Asma’s breath caught in her throat as she watched him speak, his words a lifeline in her darkest hour.

“I know that the future will be hard for you. I know it’s hard right now, and I’m very sorry that I can’t be there to help you through it,” he continued. “But I believe in you, Asma. You are stronger than you know. And even though I won’t be there in person, I’ll always be watching over you.”

His voice cracked slightly, a sign of the depth of his feelings for her. “Promise me something: live for both of us. Don’t let my absence keep you from chasing the



life you deserve. You are worthy of every happiness, and I want you to find it.”

The video ended with his warm, familiar smile, and for the first time in months, Asma felt a flicker of hope.

## Chapter 52

### **The Unravelling Truth**

As Asma continued to watch the videos, one after another, she began to see a side of Rehan she had never known. These weren't just messages of love and encouragement. They were detailed recordings of his thoughts, his fears, and his deep understanding of the life they had shared.

But the final video, the last one he had recorded just before the accident, left her with a chilling revelation.

"I've done something," Rehan said in the video, his voice filled with regret. "Something that might change everything. I'm afraid to tell you, Asma, but I trust you'll understand when the time comes."

He looked directly into the camera, his expression grave. "You need to look into the business. There's something there—something I didn't want to burden you with while I was alive. But now... now I need you to find it. It could change everything for us."

Asma stared at the screen, confusion and dread sinking in. What was he talking about? What had Rehan gotten involved in that had led him to leave this message?

The question gnawed at her, and she had already made up her mind. She would have to investigate. But little did she know, what she was about to uncover would alter the course of her life forever.

# Chapter 53

## **The Secret Revelation**

Asma threw herself into the investigation, going through Rehan's files, his business papers, and even reaching out to some of his closest colleagues. She had never been a part of the business side of Rehan's life, and she struggled to understand the complicated financials at first. But then, one day, she uncovered something that left her breathless.

Hidden among the files was a massive transaction—an investment Rehan had made, one that had been covered up under layers of paperwork. It was tied to an international deal that could've ruined his business, something that had been kept hidden from the public eye.

But more importantly, Asma discovered that Rehan had been receiving threatening messages in the weeks leading up to the accident. Someone had been watching him, someone who had seen his success as a threat.



In that moment, everything clicked. Rehan's death wasn't an accident. It had been orchestrated.

Asma's hands trembled as she pieced together the truth. Her mind raced as she realized that the man she had loved—and lost—had been murdered. And now, it was up to her to bring justice to his name.

## *Chapter 54*

### **A Love Rekindled, A Future Reclaimed**

With the newfound knowledge of Rehan's murder, Asma took matters into her own hands. She worked tirelessly, using all the resources she had—his contacts, her own professional connections, and the clues she had uncovered—to expose the chilling truth.

The legal battle was long and painful, but in the end, the truth came to light. The conspirators were brought to justice, and Rehan's name was cleared. Asma was left with a bittersweet sense of relief—Rehan's memory had been vindicated, but the pain of losing him continued to linger.



Yet, in the midst of all this chaos, something extraordinary happened. Asma found herself beginning to heal. She took a leave from her work, focused on herself, and slowly started rebuilding the life she had put on hold.

One year later, she stood at a new crossroads in her life. Her heart had healed enough to love again, though it would never forget Rehan. But it was now full of hope for the future. She had honored his memory, and in doing so, she had reclaimed her own life.

One day, as she stood looking out over the city skyline, she received a message from an old friend, someone she hadn't spoken to in years. A reunion was planned, and with it, a new chapter of her life was ready to begin.

Asma smiled, her heart open to the possibility of a future she once thought lost. Rehan would always be a part of her, but now, she was ready to find happiness again. She had learned that love, no matter how tragic, could lead to new beginnings.



# Chapter 55

## **The Final Embrace**

Asma stood at the edge of a beautiful garden, watching the sunset paint the sky in vibrant hues of orange and pink. It had been a long, difficult journey, one that had tested her strength, her resolve, and her heart. The loss of Rehan had torn her apart, but through the darkness, she had found a way to rebuild her life, honor his memory, and, most of all, rediscover herself.

The past year had been transformative. She had worked through her grief with a professional counsellor, uncovered the truth about Rehan's death, and emerged stronger. Along the way, she had learned that while love could be fragile and fleeting, it was also the most powerful force in the world. It was love that had carried her through, love that had driven her to fight for justice, and love that had eventually healed her wounds.

Now, as she stood in this moment of quiet reflection, she realized that the happiness she had once thought lost forever was slowly returning to her life. The

pain was still there, but it was no longer overwhelming. It was now a part of her, woven into the fabric of who she had become—stronger, wiser, and more compassionate than ever.

Asma closed her eyes, feeling the cool breeze on her face. She could almost feel Rehan with her, as if his spirit was still by her side. She could hear his voice, soft and gentle, telling her to live for both of them, to embrace the love they had shared and carry it forward into the future.

Her phone buzzed in her pocket, interrupting her thoughts. She took it out, surprised to see a message from a familiar number. It was from her old friend, Imran, who had been a steady source of support throughout her journey. A constant support since Rehan's murder.

The message read: "I've missed you. We've both been through so much, but I want to be there for you now, in every way. Let's make a new beginning together."

Asma smiled softly. Imran had always been a kind soul, and over time, their bond had deepened. He had been there for her when she needed a friend, and now, he was offering more. It was a feeling that had begun to blossom within her—hope. Hope that maybe, just maybe, she could learn to love again.

She took a deep breath, her heart swelling with emotion. Rehan had given her the gift of resilience. He had shown her what it meant to truly love and to fight for that love. Now, it was time for Asma to take that love and open her heart to new possibilities. She couldn't hold onto the past forever, no matter how dearly she cherished it. Rehan would always be a part of her, but it was time to live for the future.

Imran had asked to meet her in the same garden. Asma felt the warmth of the evening sun on her face as she walked toward him, her heart open to whatever the future held. As she approached him, their eyes met, and in that moment, there was an unspoken understanding between them. They had both been through the fire, but now they were standing together, ready to walk forward.

"I've missed you too," Asma said, her voice trembling with emotion. "And I think... I think I'm ready for a new chapter."

Imran smiled, taking her hand gently. "We both are. Together."

As the sun dipped below the horizon, the sky turned a soft purple, and the world seemed to pause in the quiet beauty of the moment. Asma leaned into Imran, feeling a sense of peace, she had never thought possible. Of course, there would be difficult days ahead. Life would continue to throw its challenges, just as it always had. But now, she knew that love—true love—was

always worth the fight. Even when it seemed impossible, love had the power to heal, to rebuild, and to bring joy.

They walked through the garden side by side, the first step of a new journey unfolding before them. There was a sense of balance now in Asma's heart. She carried the memories of Rehan, but she also embraced the future that lay ahead. Love, in all its forms, had a way of bringing people together, even after the darkest of times.

# Chapter 56

## **The Test of Real Love**

Love, Asma had come to understand, wasn't about grand gestures or perfect moments. It was about standing in the fire with someone when everything else burned around you. It was about choosing them again and again, even when life made it hard.

In her quiet evenings with Imran, she often found herself reflecting on how different her journey had been from what she once imagined love to be. With Rehan, there had been passion and tragedy, with Imran, there was patience and healing. Both had shown her what love could be—different shapes of the same truth.

One night, curled up beside Imran on the porch of their modest home, Asma turned to him and asked, "Do you think love ever stops being tested?"

Imran smiled softly, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "No. I think it just changes form. At first, love is tested by distance, by doubt, by the unknown. Later, it's tested by time, by routine, by

silence. But the hardest test is honesty—the kind that’s raw, uncomfortable, and necessary.”

They had faced those tests. At times, Asma had pushed Imran away, afraid to let go of the past. Imran, too, had struggled with insecurities, feeling like he was living in Rehan’s shadow. But every time, they came back to the center—with their choice to walk forward together. It was their intent to be together which continued to push them forward.

They fought. They cried. They had days of silence. But they never left.

“Every marriage has battles no one talks about,” Imran said, holding her hand. “People post the smiles, the vacations, the anniversaries. But real love shows up in the arguments, in the compromises, in saying ‘I was wrong’ and still showing up the next morning.”

Asma leaned into him, a tear sliding down her cheek. “And real love forgives.”

“Yes,” Imran whispered. “Over and over.”

# Chapter 57

## **A Legacy of Hope**

Years later, Asma stood on a stage at a community event, having been invited to speak about grief, healing, and love. A crowd of young couples, widows, and seekers of hope listened intently as she told her story—not just of Rehan and Imran, but of the woman she became through it all.

“My life has been shaped by two great loves,” she began. “One that taught me the depth of emotion, and one that taught me the strength of commitment.”

She paused, gathering her thoughts.

“I lost Rehan in a moment that shattered me. But his love never left me—it became the compass that guided me back to myself. Through him, I learned that love can be beautiful even in its ending. And through Imran, I learned that love could begin again—even when you think your heart is too broken to try.”

Asma looked out at the sea of faces, many filled with tears.

“True love isn’t perfect. It’s not always romantic. Sometimes it’s messy, sometimes it’s painful. But true love is honest. It’s showing up each and every day, even when you’re tired. It’s choosing to listen, when you’d rather be right. It’s saying, ‘I’m sorry,’ and meaning it.”

A soft silence fell over the crowd.

“Hope,” she continued, her voice steady, “is not a feeling. Hope is a decision. It’s waking up every morning and choosing to believe that love is still possible. That healing is still possible. That you still matter.”

She stepped down to a standing ovation, and in the front row, Imran stood with pride in his eyes and tears on his cheeks. When she reached him, he pulled her close, and in that moment, everything they had endured felt worth it.

They had lived through tragedy, through heartbreak, through silence and sorrow. But they had come out the other side with a love that was unshakable—not because it was flawless, but because it was real.



# Chapter 58

## Happily, Ever After



Years had passed, quietly and beautifully.

The once aching pain in Asma's heart had softened into a gentle memory—a space where Rehan still lived,

not in sorrow, but in warmth. Time hadn't erased him; it had folded him into her story; into the person she had become. His memories no longer caused pain but brought a gentle smile to her lips.

Asma and Imran now lived in a small home nestled near the hills, surrounded by laughter, books, and love. They had built a life that wasn't loud or perfect, but deeply meaningful. Together, they had faced financial setbacks, miscommunication, health scares, and the invisible weight of their pasts—but through it all, they never let go of each other.

One rainy afternoon, they sat on the balcony, a blanket over their legs and two cups of chai between them. Their daughter, Rehana—named after the man who taught Asma to love fiercely—played in the garden below. Her laughter echoed in the rain, pure and alive.

“Do you ever wonder what Rehan would say if he saw us now?” Imran asked gently, his hand finding hers.

Asma smiled, eyes glistening. “I think... he'd say thank you—for loving me when I couldn't love myself. For giving me a second life.”

Imran didn't respond. He only held her hand tighter, knowing there were some truths too deep for words.

That evening, after dinner, Rehana asked, “Mama, is true love real?”

Asma knelt down, brushing hair from her daughter's forehead. "Yes, my love. But it's not always like in the movies. True love is sometimes loud with laughter, sometimes silent in pain. Sometimes, it doesn't stay forever, but it always leaves something beautiful behind."

She looked at Imran, who nodded with tears in his eyes.

"True love," she continued, "isn't just about how it starts, but how it endures. Through loss. Through time. Through change. And if you're lucky, it comes back to you in new forms—wiser, kinder, stronger."

Rehana smiled and hugged them both, never fully grasping the depth of what her parents had lived through—but carrying with her the legacy of love.

# Epilogue

## **The Message and Moral**

As Asma continued to build her life with Imran, she reflected on everything she had learned. The journey had been long, filled with moments of unimaginable pain, but also with profound beauty and love. What she had learned through it all was this:

Love, no matter how intense or fleeting, is never wasted. Every moment of love teaches us something about ourselves, about our capacity for strength, and about the importance of living fully. Grief may be inevitable, but so too is healing. The pain we experience in life can lead us to deeper understandings of our own resilience, and love can guide us through even the darkest of days.

Asma knew that the love she had shared with Rehan would never fade. It would always be a part of her, a cornerstone of who she was. But she also knew that love had no expiration date. It was never too late to find happiness, to rebuild, and to open your heart again.

She had suffered, yes. She had lost. But in the end, love had helped her find herself again. And that was the greatest gift of all.

# *Final Lines*

And so, with hearts that had once been broken,  
they wrote a new story.

A story that didn't forget the pain—but refused to  
let it define them.

A story where love, after everything, still had the  
last word.

Their happily ever after wasn't perfect. It was real.

And that made it beautiful.

The End.

The story ends with a message of resilience, hope, and the healing power of love. Through all of the struggles, the characters grow stronger, finding new love and happiness while honoring what they had lost. It's a tale that reminds us that, no matter the tragedy, love is a force that guides us back to happiness, even when it seems impossible.

With love,

Dr. Sana Ali

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This book is for all those who love deeply, lose painfully, and yet continue to believe in the power of rain, poetry, and healing I am always with you guys.