

The Love I Kept Forever

A Journey Through Timeless Devotion

Honey



BlueRose ONE .com
Stories Matter

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Honey 2025

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



BlueRose ONE
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

Author's Instagram Id:

@THELOVEIKEPTFOREVER

ISBN: 978-93-7310-839-1

Cover Design: Shubham Verma

Typesetting: Sagar

First Edition: October 2025

Contents

Chapter 1	
A Holi That Never Came	1
Chapter 2	
The Day That Idiot Entered My House	8
Chapter 3	
That Idiot Takes Over	15
Chapter 4	
Losing My Space	24
Chapter 5	
A Brother I Never Had... Or Did I?	36
Chapter 6	
The Dandiya Night	40
Chapter 7	
A New Normal	44
Chapter 8	
A day with him	48
Chapter 9	
The Market The Magic	55
Chapter 10	
Back to reality	58
Chapter 11	
The Confession	64
Chapter 12	
Butterscotch	69

Chapter 13	
I become jobless.....	78
Chapter 14	
Why I call him Kachua?	82
Chapter 15	
Our First Kiss.....	92
Chapter 16	
The Moment	101
Chapter 17	
The Quiet Nights	108
Chapter 18	
Dream or reality?	115
Chapter 19	
Love or affection?	132
Chapter 20	
Why I am running?	138
Chapter 21	
Seven days of valentine	147
Chapter 22	
When Reality Hits.....	183
Chapter 23	
The Cab, The Choice.....	187
Chapter 24	
Good bye.....	196
 From the Writer's Heart.....	 205

Chapter 1

A Holi That Never Came



The cab moves forward, but my heart stays behind.

I sit with my arms wrapped around myself, staring out the window as the city passes by. The streets are quiet, like they know what I'm doing. Like they can feel the heaviness in my chest, the tightness in my throat, and the tears that won't stop falling. Everything is quiet.

Too quiet.

It's as if even the roads, the buildings, the air... know I'm running away.

Running from him.

Running from my Kachua.

Running from my family.

Running from every version of me that once smiled.

My phone is silent. My bag is light. But my heart is heavier than it has ever been.

I'm not just leaving a place.

I'm leaving a piece of myself.

"I am leaving him.

Leaving Kachua."

The words echo in my mind, but they don't feel real. They don't seem like mine. How can they, when every part of me wants to stay?

Tomorrow is Holi.

People will laugh, throw colours, take pictures.

I had never played Holi in my life. Not properly.

I never had someone to play with.

Every year, I just took a small amount of colour and gently put it on my parents' and brothers' faces. That was it. I never went out.

But this time, with my Kachua, I wanted it to be different.

I had imagined it a hundred times —

I'd be running, and he would chase me with colours and water. We would laugh like kids.

He'd throw colour from behind.

I'd stop, take a little colour from my cheek and softly rub it onto his face — slow, sweet, like it meant everything.

I just wanted that one Holi.

With him.

But life doesn't care about love.

Society doesn't stop for your dreams.

And parents don't always understand the heart.

He never asked me to stay.

And I never asked him to stop .

That's the kind of love we had .

My mother always talked about my future — like I was a project, not a person.

His family always knew where his path was going — and I was never a part of that road.

No one said it out loud.

But we both heard it — in silences, in expectations, in goodbyes we never said.

So today, in this cab, with tears falling quietly,

I am not just leaving him.

I am leaving everything we could have been.

And no one will ever know.

The cab slows at a red light, and for a moment...

the world pauses.

Everything outside looks bright, colourful — people laughing, buying colours, planning their Holi.

But inside this cab, I am crumbling.

It doesn't feel like a new beginning.

It feels like I'm leaving the last piece of myself behind.

What we had wasn't a relationship.

It didn't have a name, no label, no promises.

No future.

Yet here I am, sitting in this cab, feeling like I'm walking away from the most important part of my life.

Six months.

That's all it took for him to become my comfort, my calm, my everything.

I didn't want a forever.

I just wanted a little longer.

A few more days.

One Holi together.

A couple more long walks, quiet stares, silly fights, and small smiles.

But forever isn't made for people like us.

We live under the same roof.

We breathe the same air.

We pass by the same walls.

Avoiding him will be impossible.

I will see him again — maybe in the kitchen while pouring water, maybe near the door while tying my shoes, maybe at night when I sneak into the hall to cry — and he'll be there.

And every time our eyes meet,

I'll pretend.

Pretend I don't feel anything.

Pretend I don't remember how safe his silence made me feel.

Pretend I don't crave the way he used to look at me without saying a word.

Pretend that his presence didn't become home to me.

I don't hate you, Kachua.

I never could.

And I know you don't hate me either.

But this distance...

it's my choice.

Maybe to protect you.

Maybe to protect myself.

This isn't a breakup.

Because we were never officially together.

And it's not the end of love.

Because love never ends.

I wipe the corner of my eyes. Kajal smudged. My lips tightly pressed, trying to stay strong.

I look like someone who has just lost a war.

And maybe I have.

Outside, the world continues like nothing happened.

Inside this cab, my world is quietly falling apart.

I wonder what Kachua is doing right now.

Maybe he's playing Sudoku again, one hand tangled in his hair, slowly rolling that same stubborn strand.

Or maybe he's lost in his favourite subject — history — the one I could never stand.

Maybe he's attending some lecture, scribbling notes with that annoying focus of his.

Or maybe just scrolling through reels of tasty food, like he always does when he's hungry.

Or he's buried in one of those boring biographies that I never understood the obsession for.

Whatever you're doing...

I know one thing for sure —

you're not thinking about me.....

Suddenly, while lost in my thoughts, I realize my left hand is resting on my right wrist — on the bracelet.

It's broken again.

Second time.

“not again”

I stared crying more now.

The first time, it was Kachua who fixed it.

A memory flashes in my mind — his fingers holding it gently, carefully, with that usual calm in his eyes.

His hands — rough but soft, always careful when it came to me.

He didn't ask too many questions.

He never interrupted me, no matter how silly I sounded.

He just *listened* — like every word I said mattered.

He understood even the parts I never spoke.

And now... I am leaving him behind.

I blink fast, trying not to cry.

This is the right decision.

That's what I tell myself again and again.

Society will never accept this.

Our families have already written different stories for us.

There's no "us" in those stories.

But if it was really so simple...

Then why does every part of me want to *turn back*?

The cab driver glances at me through the rearview mirror.

He doesn't ask anything — just watches, like he's waiting for me to say where I'm going.

Truth is... I don't know.

I know I'm running away from *him*.

That much is clear.

But *where* am I going?

The traffic light turns green.

The cab moves forward.

And with it, a piece of me stays behind.

I close my eyes.

For a moment, I go back to the day he came into my life.

Back then, I never wanted him to be around.

And now...

I don't know *how* to let him go.....

Chapter 2

The Day That I did Enter

My House



I still remember the first day he's about to come into my life.
And honestly? I don't want it to happen. Not at all.

I've just come home from work, drained, desperate to collapse on the bed and forget the world. My shoes are off, my bag's tossed aside like a forgotten memory, and I'm about to fall onto the softness of my sheets when—

"A boy is coming to stay with us. He'll be living here to study."

Wait. What?

I freeze mid-step, staring at my mom, making sure I didn't hear that wrong.

A boy?

Living here?

In OUR house?

I blink, trying to process this.

My parents—who practically interrogate any guy I talk to, who don't even *trust* my brother when he brings home a friend—are now *letting a random guy live with us*? And not in some far corner of the house either. His room is *right in front of mine*.

What. The. Hell.

Did someone drop them on their heads or something?

I stand there, unable to speak, my mind screaming in protest, but my mouth can't find the words.

I don't know if I should laugh, scream, or just pack my bags and leave. I hate it. I hate this idea. This is my home. My bubble. My safe space. And now it's invaded.

I roll my eyes so hard I feel like I might see my past lives.

I ignore Mom's voice, marching past her like a queen who refuses to acknowledge nonsense.

Maybe if I pretend it's not happening, it won't actually become real.

Spoiler alert: it becomes real.

"Listen," Dad says, his voice firm, like I'm a kid who needs to be taught a lesson. "The boy is not like you. He's serious about life. Do you know he got a job with a six-figure salary? But instead of wasting time like your generation, he chose to study more. He wants to do something meaningful."

Study? Really?

I mean, who does that? Most people would run for the hills once they land a good job. But this guy? He's got a high-paying job, and instead of enjoying the fruits of his labour, he wants to *study more*?

I roll my eyes, a smirk on my lips. "So? Let him be a professor somewhere else. Why does he have to live here?"

Dad doesn't even catch the sarcasm. Of course not. He's too impressed. Too proud.

"He could've kept his job and made even more money, but no—he wants to learn. He thinks knowledge is more important than money."

Oh, really? I mean, sure, knowledge is great, but money isn't bad either. So, whatever.

"Good for him," I say, crossing my arms. "Still don't get why he's coming here."

Dad sighs, exasperated, like I'm the problem. "Because he needs a quiet place to focus. His parents trust us. He'll live here, study, and build his future."

I almost burst out laughing. *Quiet place?* In this house? With me around?

Mom finally speaks up, as if she's about to calm me down. "It won't affect you. Just keep doing your work like usual. You come home tired at night anyway, so it doesn't matter if someone's living here."

Right, because that's how it works. Just pretend like everything's fine when a stranger's breathing down your neck all the time. No more blasting my music in the living room. No more dancing around in oversized T-shirts, no bra, without worrying about someone walking in.

And the worst part? These are the same parents who've always warned me about boys, who never let me talk to anyone—now they're bringing one into our house? Seriously?

Just as I'm about to lose it, my younger brother runs up, waving a badminton racket in my face.

"Come play with me."

Yes. Yes, please. Playing badminton sounds way better than standing here and listening to another lecture about how I'm ruining my future.

I hurry down the stairs, feeling the cool evening breeze kiss my face. I need to escape before Dad can say more. His words still hang in the air, heavy, like a weight on my chest. But the moment I step outside, the world feels different—lighter. The sky is getting darker, but for a minute, I forget everything. The stress. The frustration. The whole mess of it.

We play, laugh, and tease each other like kids again. Like it used to be. No expectations. No worries.

For a few moments, it's just us—no one else.

"Do you even know his name?" my brother asks, swinging his racket with all the focus of a pro.

I shake my head. "Nope. Don't care either. All I know is some 'sanskari topper boy' is about to ruin our vibe."

He grins like he's in on a secret. "Bet he'll try to study on the terrace while we're blasting music."

"Good. I'll turn up the speaker volume to full blast every night."

We laugh. Loud. Unbothered.

And then he leans in, all dramatic. "What if he's a spy? Like a secret agent?"

I raise an eyebrow. "Or worse... what if he's one of those super serious, silent types who stares at everyone like we're disturbing his peace?"

"Ugh." He makes a face like he's already disgusted. "Then I'm locking my PlayStation."

"Same." I flick the shuttlecock back across the net, grinning. "And my snacks."

He smacks it back with a grin of his own. "Operation: Annoy the Guest begins soon."

We both crack up laughing.

Right now, it's just us against the mystery guy. Whoever he is.

And then

FINALLY,

Dad shows up.

And no, he's not alone.

Behind him...

There he is.

The guy.

The one who's going to live in my house.

Dragging his bags behind him like he owns the place.

I freeze.

This is him?

The boy who's going to stay here? In my house?

He looks... too chill. Too calm.

Slow steps. Calm face. Not a single sign of nervousness. Who walks into a stranger's house like that? Like it's just another Tuesday for him?

Like he's doing us a favour by existing.

He doesn't even look at me properly. Just this slow, annoying nod. No smile. No "Hi, I'm the new guy who's invading your space." Nothing.

Oh, great. A mute gentleman.

Height same as mine

not smart

a boring face

and of course bhaiya ji type vibes.

I stand there, sweaty, holding my badminton racket like an idiot, just watching this whole drama unfold in front of me.

And then, like the cherry on top of this disaster cake, Dad beams at him like it's Diwali.

"Look at him!" Dad says, proud father mode activated. "Arav is an engineer but still wants to crack a government job. You should learn something from him."

Excuse me?

Learn from him?

From the guy who walked into my home like he's starring in a slow-motion movie scene? The one who hasn't even bothered to look me in the eye yet?

Dad literally pats his back.

PAT. ON. THE. BACK.

He's known him for two seconds. **TWO SECONDS.**

"Feel like it's your home. It is your home now," Dad says to him, grinning.

And I just... I lose it.

Internally.

Because yeah, why not just adopt him? Hand him the keys to my life. Hell, give him my room, too, while you're at it.

But I don't say anything. I don't even look at him again.

I just stand there, nodding like some lifeless robot, while my brain is screaming:

"WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME?!"

I don't care if he's smart.

I don't care if his name is Arav.

I don't care how "disciplined" he is.

I don't care if he eats books for breakfast.

I just want one thing.

For him to leave.

For him to get out of my house.

Better yet?

Out of my life.

Before I lose it completely.

Chapter 3

That Idiot Takes Over



From the moment he steps inside, everything changes.

It's not loud. There's no slam of the door, no bags thudding to the floor. Hell, he doesn't even breathe like someone important. But somehow... it still feels like the world has tilted. Like he walked in and suddenly, my place doesn't belong to me anymore.

He greets everyone with a soft, perfect "Namaste," like he's here for a puja, not to ruin my life.

Wow. Look at him. So sweet. So humble. So... *sanskari*.

Where's his Oscar? Seriously, someone hand the boy a golden statue already.

"And the award for Best Entry by an Uninvited Main Character goes to..." I think to myself, but I can't say it aloud.

Dad's eyes light up like he's found treasure.

"Feel like it's your home," he says, patting his back like they've been best friends for years.

Home? He just walked in! Should I start knitting him a welcome sweater now?

I just stand there, frozen, watching this full-on welcome-home celebration unfold in *my* house, while I stand like an unwanted extra in my own scene. The world is moving in slow motion, and I swear the ceiling fan is even smiling at him.

I roll my eyes so hard, I honestly think they might fall out and bounce away.

Why is everyone acting like this guy is some magical creature? He studies. He doesn't talk back. He probably wakes up before the alarm just to thank God for another productive day.

Great.

No one asked me how I felt about a full-grown stranger moving in. No one checked if I was okay with him invading *my* space, *my* mirror, and let's not even talk about my Wi-Fi. No, I'm just supposed to shut up and adjust—like the nice, sweet girl I'm definitely not.

And then it hits me:

His room? Right across from mine.

Perfect. Can this get more *cinematic*?

Now, every morning, I'll open my door, and BAM—there he'll be. Standing there all neat, all quiet, like some walking ad for "Good Boys Who Steal Your Spotlight."

I look at him. Not with interest. Not with curiosity. Just full-on *burning fury*.

He feels like a gifted mosquito sent by karma to ruin my peace.

I cross my arms, trying to mask the volcano building up inside me. “Need help with your luggage?” I ask flatly, using all my acting skills to keep the scream that’s building in my throat from bursting out.

He turns to me, flashing that polite smile. “No, I can manage.”

OF COURSE YOU CAN.

Mister “Handles Everything With Grace.”

He probably irons his socks before coming to visit. He probably thanks the furniture when he sits down.

Just then, as if the Universe is really trying to test my patience, Dad’s voice rings out behind me.

“Go bring him some water.”

WHAT?!

Is this a joke? Am I his maid now? His official welcome committee?

I storm to the kitchen like I’m about to monologue as a villain in a bad movie.

My grip on the glass is so tight, I might shatter it. One glass. Just one. That’s all he’s getting. No smile. No warmth. Just cold water and colder vibes.

I return like a thundercloud in leggings, holding the glass out like it’s a punishment. This is war. And somehow, the enemy is winning hearts.

Meanwhile, my mom floats around the kitchen like it’s Diwali morning. Lights aren’t on, but her face? Glowing. She’s making fish for him—his favourite. Not mine.

Asking if he likes sweets. Offering snacks. Smiling like he’s some long-lost prince, finally returned after fighting a war.

What the hell is going on in this house? Did we adopt him? Did I miss the group discussion where we voted him in?

I lean against the doorframe, arms crossed, staring like I'm about to throw the entire kitchen out the window. Furious. Tired. Annoyed down to my bones.

This boy has been here for two minutes, and somehow, he's the centre of everyone's universe.

And there he is.

Sitting straight. Hands folded in his lap. Soft voice. Folded hands.

Greeting every relative like he just won "Most Cultured Human Alive." Like he's walked straight out of some boring sanskaari-boy commercial.

"Respects elders. Doesn't speak unless spoken to."

Ugh.

And the worst part?

He hasn't even done anything wrong.

That's what makes me even angrier. Now I can't even hate him properly.

No tantrums. No ego. No attitude. Just this silent, slow-moving "ideal boy" walking around MY house like it's his destiny.

Too calm. Too composed. Too freaking much.

God, I'm so tired.

Tired of work. Tired of expectations. Tired of pretending to be okay when everything's falling apart inside.

And now? This guy. This new human-shaped tension, breathing my air like he belongs here.

And it only gets worse.

The room he's taking? My room.

When I walk past it, my chest sinks.

My makeup still on the counter. My hairbrush. My little things scattered around, untouched—like ghosts of my past life.

But what hurts the most?

The mirror.

That full-length mirror I begged my parents to buy. The one I'd stand in front of every night.

Trying on outfits. Talking to myself. Sometimes just staring—thinking. Processing. Surviving.

After exhausting days at work, that mirror was my only listener. My diary. My therapy. My silent witness to breakdowns and glow-ups.

And now? He's there.

In front of it.

Existing. Sitting like nothing has been taken from me.

I want to scream.

But instead, I turn to my dad—rage crawling under my skin.

“Why can't he just rent a PG or something?”

My voice is low, but it has venom.

Dad doesn't even look at me.

Doesn't blink. Doesn't pause.

“Because we're helping him,” he says flatly.

“You should learn from him instead of complaining.”

That's it.

I clench my jaw so tight I think I'll snap a tooth.

Helping him? Cool. Let's just hand him my wardrobe too. Maybe my identity. Why not just adopt him and rename the house after him while you're at it?

This isn't kindness.

This is theft—slow and polite, but theft nonetheless.

“Learn what? How to take over someone else's home like it's yours?”

But he—Mr. Calm—just accepts everything without a single complaint. No frustration. No fight. Nothing.

And that makes me hate him even more.

Because the real problem isn't him.

It's that my life, my space, my mirror... aren't just mine anymore.

And the worst part?

I can't even talk to myself like I used to.

Not in front of that mirror. Not like before.

That mirror was my safe place. My escape. My silence.

Now it reflects both of us. And I hate it.

That first night with him in the house is strange.

Not just because he's here—but because everyone's treating him like he's some VIP guest straight out of a movie.

At dinner, everyone's eating, laughing, talking like it's a festival.

And then... I see it.

He's eating with his mouth open.

My stomach twists.

How could someone so calm, so “perfect,” be so careless?

No manners. Just chewing like the world didn't exist.

Like no one was watching.

It's disgusting. Embarrassing.

I want to disappear under the table.

I don't even finish my dinner that night.

Every bite tastes like betrayal.

And just when I think it can't get worse, he stands up, picks up his plate, and casually walks to the kitchen.

HIS. OWN. PLATE.

Cue dramatic chaos.

I watch Mom's face go pale as she chokes on her water. The whole world slows down for a second, like we're in a bad sitcom. Her hand flies to her mouth in panic, and her eyes dart around like she's looking for an escape route.

"No, no beta, don't do that! Just leave it, I'll do it!" she practically yells, flapping her hands like she's trying to signal for help.

Dad, of course, jumps in with his concerned-parent act. "You're here to study, not to do dishes!" His voice is too full of *concern*, like he's trying to protect this boy from some terrible fate, like *dishwashing* is a fate worse than death.

And then, this boy.

This *over-polite*, *over-sanskaari*, I'm-better-than-you-pretending-to-be-human boy? He looks up at them, all calm and composed, like he's about to solve world hunger or something.

He smiles, so effortlessly, so *perfectly*.

"It's okay, uncle. It'll just take a minute."

And then—*HE DOES IT*.

He washes the damn plate. He rinses it like he's done it a thousand times. His movements so slow, so careful, like it's the most peaceful task in the world. He doesn't even seem to notice the whirlwind of chaos he's just caused. He wipes his hands off, clean and neat, and walks back to the table like he hasn't just completely shattered everything I've ever known.

Frozen. I'm frozen. My spoon is halfway to my mouth, and I'm just sitting there, processing.

Did this boy... *did he just skip over all the basic rules of living in an Indian household?* And he did it *with a smile*. A smile that says, "I'm the good boy, look at me, I can do everything right, because I'm perfect."

Meanwhile, I'm still here, with my mouth open, brain malfunctioning. My eyes are wide, not believing what I'm seeing. *Is he for real?*

And then, the icing on the cake? Mom, the one who has *never* asked me to do a dish in 23 years, suddenly turns into the chore police.

"From now on, you'll also wash your plates," she says, her voice like a judge handing down a verdict.

I blink. *Wait, what?* Excuse me?

I've been living here for 23 years. *23 years*, and this has never even been suggested. But this boy? He washes ONE plate and, boom. The whole family dynamic shifts. Apparently, now I'm supposed to *learn* from him.

My heart is *fuming*. I'm holding my spoon so tight, my knuckles are white, and I swear I can feel the heat of frustration rising in me. The audacity. I can't even wrap my head around it. *I'm about to explode*.

All I can think is, *Please, for the love of God, just leave.* Go back to wherever you came from, wherever you decided to break all the rules and make everyone bow down to your ridiculously calm, perfect demeanor.

I don't care about your backstory. I don't care about your "study habits" or how you're apparently a saint. All I care about is this: *You are in my home.* Messing with my space. Taking my parents' attention like it's your rightful place.

And the worst part? I'm just sitting here. Staring at him. Holding my breath. Because if I scream, I'll be the crazy one.

I want to scream at him. I want to throw a fit. I want to punch the walls, set the table on fire—anything, really. But instead, I just sit there, watching him exist in my world like he owns it. Like I'm the one who doesn't belong.

So I keep thinking, over and over: *Please. Just go. Get out of my life. Just leave.*

But the worst part is that I know he's not going anywhere.

No, this is just the beginning of whatever mess he's about to drag me into. And I have no idea how much longer I can keep pretending that everything's fine. Because it's not. None of it is.

Chapter 4

Losing My Space



The next morning, I get ready like I always do, almost on autopilot. My routine is familiar, easy. But then, something freezes me.

I stand outside my room, hand hovering over the door handle, my mind spinning in circles. *Can I walk in like I always did?* This room—*my* room—isn't just mine anymore. The thought hits me like a punch to the gut.

I glance at the comb on the dresser, the face cream that's been there for months, my facewash. Everything I need is inside. But stepping into a place that doesn't feel like *mine* anymore? It feels... wrong.

I take a deep breath. Steady myself. Open the door.

There he is.

Sitting on the bed. Calm. His back against the wall, notebook in hand, pen between his fingers, eyes scanning the pages with the intensity of someone on a mission. His laptop is beside

him, open, but it might as well be a foreign object to him. He doesn't even notice me.

And that's the worst part.

He doesn't even look up.

For a second, I stand there, frozen, like the world outside doesn't exist. In my own room. *My* space, my sanctuary... *He's in it.* And suddenly, I feel like a stranger.

But I force myself to move. I grab my things—comb, cream, facewash—and turn to leave. I don't look at him. *Why would I?* It's *his* space now, right?

I rush to the washroom, the tightness in my chest pushing me forward. I take my comb with me, because even the mirror feels wrong. It's not just the glass. It's *him* now. In *my* space.

I'm already running late for work—what's new?—but today it's worse. Everything feels off. The whole world is moving in slow motion, and I can't catch up.

Then, Mom's voice slices through the chaos. Her words hit like a knife.

"He wakes up at 6 every day. Learn from him, then you won't have to rush all the time for office."

Her voice drips with that *othering* tone, the one that makes me feel like I'm not enough. Like there's something *wrong* with me because I'm not up at 6 a.m. Doing things "the right way." *His* way.

I'm late, again, and it's like the universe is conspiring to make me feel even worse. The day at the office drags on, one endless meeting after another, emails that don't stop coming, pressure mounting like a vice around my chest. I'm working my ass off. But it doesn't matter.

One senior looks at me like I'm invisible. His gaze sharp, critical. It's like no matter what I do, it's never enough. It doesn't count.

The clock ticks on. Another day of *not good enough*. I can feel my patience unraveling. My energy draining. But I push through.

And then, something *small* happens.

I walk down the street, my stomach growling, when I see it: hot samosas, fresh and golden, crispy on the outside and perfect on the inside. It's the first thing today that makes me feel anything—*anything* other than frustration.

I buy four. Two for me. One for Mom. One for my little brother.

As I walk home, though, the little spark of happiness flickers out. Because I know. I *know* there's one more person in the house now.

I get home, set the samosas on the plate, and just as I'm about to grab one, Mom calls from the kitchen, her voice sweet but firm, *so damn firm*.

"Give one to Arav too."

Of course, she does. Why wouldn't she? I'm the responsible little sister, the one who sacrifices everything.

Dragging my feet, I walk toward his room, already bracing myself. The door is *too quiet*, like I'm about to knock on a door to a whole new world. I knock, softly, barely a sound.

He looks up from his books. Calm as always.

"Do you want some?" I ask, my voice tight. My chest feels like it's about to implode.

Without hesitation, like it's the most natural thing in the world, he smiles slightly. "Yes, of course."

What. The. Hell. Just say no please I want to eat that. God please save my samosa pleaseeeeeeeeeee.

No awkwardness. No politeness. No shyness. Just a calm, casual response like it's no big deal.

I stand there, holding the plate with *one samosa left*—my samosa—and I walk away, defeated. My mouth tastes bitter as I mutter to myself, “Great. First my room, now my samosa. What next? My entire life?”

Dinner that night? Forget it. I barely even look at him. I focus on the plate, pushing food around like it's the only thing I can control. I'm the dutiful daughter. I serve everyone. No complaints. No breaks. Just... giving.

The next morning, I walk into that room to grab my hair oil, and there he is. Sitting there, in my space. *Again*.

I stop, breath catching in my throat. “Are you comfortable here?” The question feels stupid as soon as I ask it.

He looks up, calm as ever. “Yes, of course.”

I try again, desperate for some kind of real answer, “How's everyone?”

“Everyone's nice and good,” he says, that calm smile still there, like *everything* is fine.

I pause. He's too perfect. Too calm. “Why didn't you stay in a PG?”

He sighs, the smallest flicker of frustration passing through his face. “I wanted to. But my dad didn't listen to me.”

In my head, I'm screaming, *Why didn't you try harder? Why didn't you push back?* But I don't say anything. I just stand there, feeling this crushing weight of something I can't explain.

I try again. "Doesn't it feel awkward, living in someone else's house?"

He smiles again. A little. "Yeah, a little. But your mom is really nice, so it's okay."

And just like that, it's *okay*. Like everything is perfectly fine. He's perfectly fine. He's at peace in my chaos, and I'm the one suffocating.

And as I turn to leave, the weight of it settles deeper into me. The space in my room. The mirror. The samosas. All of it. Slowly, inch by inch, slipping away.

And all I want to do is scream. But I don't. I hold it in, *again*. I stay quiet.

Because if I speak, the knot in my throat will explode into a thousand ugly words.

And I don't want to be the girl who explodes.

So I swallow it.

The next few days pass like I'm watching my own life from the outside. Like I'm standing behind a glass wall while someone else lives in my house, my room, my routine.

I start getting ready in the washroom now.

Not because I want to, but because I have to.

Because *he's always there*. Quiet, steady, present.

My mirror stares at him now.

Not at me.

It's not just about the comb or the creams or the drawer I now keep closed—it's about everything.

It's the way I can't play music anymore because the second it plays—

Mom's voice cuts in from the kitchen, sharp as a blade:

“Turn it off, he’s studying!”

Oh, sorry. Didn’t realize we were living in a monastery now.

And Dad...

God, Dad.

Dad treats him like royalty.

“Beta, what do you want to eat?”

Every. Freaking. Day.

I don’t remember the last time Dad asked me that.

Or my brother.

Or even himself.

We’ve become background characters in our own home.

And *he*?

He’s the main lead with all the lighting and slow-motion effects.

When he arrived, I thought it would be temporary discomfort.

Maybe some awkward hellos. A few silent meals.

What I didn’t expect was for the *house itself* to shift around him.

Like it opened its arms wide and let him in.

And slowly... it closed the door on me.

And the most infuriating part?

He’s perfect.

Perfect like... the kind of boy people write college essays about.

Perfect like 6 a.m. alarms he doesn’t even need.

Perfect like pressed clothes and respectful greetings and folding his blankets after getting up.

Meanwhile, me?

I'm chaos.

I wake up at 8:30, looking like a raccoon that got electrocuted.

My alarm dies screaming and I still manage to snooze it *five times*.

Then Mom's scream replaces it: "Wake up, stupid girl!"

Every morning is a warzone.

"Where's my other sock?"

"My god, who stole my ID card—again?"

I'm brushing my hair with one hand while fighting my lunchbox with the other, and he's just...

sitting there.

Reading the freakin' newspaper.

Like a monk.

Like he exists on a higher plane of peace and patience.

And despite the mess I am—I still make it to work.

Not always on time.

Never gracefully.

But I show up.

Isn't that enough?

Apparently not.

Because my chaos doesn't match his stillness.

And suddenly, stillness is the standard.

And I...

I am just noise.

It's not just mornings.

It's not just rooms.

It's the way Dad laughs with him now.

The way Mom takes him to buy vegetables and giggles at his jokes.

The way my brother—*my* brother—sits with him and watches boring history documentaries like they're action movies.

I'm standing in the middle of my house and somehow, I feel invisible.

He became the version of me my parents probably always wanted.

And I?

I became the shadow of that version.

Then came the news.

Literally.

No more music.

No horror podcasts.

No playlists with angry breakup songs.

Just loud, annoying, monotonous NEWS—blaring from the TV at 7 a.m.

Like the country might collapse if he doesn't hear the headlines.

And when I dared to question it?

I got the look.

Mom's shut-up-or-I'll-disown-you eyes from the kitchen.

And I did shut up.

I bit my lip. Swallowed my scream.

But when I played even *one* song?

The entire house became a courtroom.

“He has to study.”

“Turn it off.”

“Don’t disturb him.”

“He has class.”

I want to scream:

WHAT ABOUT ME?

What about my peace?

What about my mental health?

But I don’t scream.

I start keeping track instead.

How many days until he leaves?

I start counting like a prisoner with chalk on the wall.

But then...

Somewhere between my lost socks and his folded shirts,
something shifted.

I started... adjusting.

Not accepting.

Not forgiving.

Just... adjusting.

Until one day, I look at myself in the mirror—*not mine anymore*, just the one in the room we share—and decide:

No more hiding in the washroom.

I grab my makeup bag and walk into the room.

Head held high.

Back straight.

He’s there. Of course.

Sitting like always. Calm, unreadable, quiet.

I don't even look at him as I open my compact.

But then...

I hear myself asking, "Are you comfortable here?"

It's not just a question.

It's a test.

A trap.

A scream dressed as curiosity.

He looks up. Nods once. "Yes."

I take a breath. Push further.

"Don't you feel awkward living here?"

He tilts his head, thinks, and says, "Yeah. A little. But your mom is really sweet. So it feels okay."

Your mom.

My mom.

And that's when I know.

She's not just *my* mom anymore.

She's become *our* mom.

And he—he isn't a guest anymore.

He's family.

I don't even remember when it happened.

Maybe the first time she made his favourite sabzi.

Maybe when she started calling him "beta" without thinking.

Maybe when she told him stories she's never told me.

And it hurts.

It hurts more than I can explain.

More than I can admit.

Because he didn't do anything wrong.

He just... existed.

And somehow, his existence pushed me into the background.

One night, I come home completely drained.

Soul sucked out, mind fried.

I press the doorbell, expecting Mom. Maybe my brother.

But when the door opens—

It's him.

He says calmly, "They're not home. Back in 15 minutes."

I freeze.

We're alone.

A boy and a girl.

Two strangers. One house.

My brain goes full Bollywood.

What do I say? What do I do? Should I take a walk? Leave?
Hide?

Then—he speaks.

"So... how was your day?"

So casual. So simple.

And just like that... the drama in my head crumbles.

I walk in. Drop my bag.

"A nightmare," I say, sitting on the edge of the bed like it won't collapse under my exhaustion.

Then I talk.

I talk and talk and talk.

About work. About deadlines. About the evil boss and worse coffee.

About things no one at home ever asks me about.
And he listens.
Not with wide eyes or big reactions.
But he listens.
While folding his shirts. Quietly. But fully there.
And it feels... enough.
For the first time in *days*, someone asked how I was.
And for once—I answered.
Then the bell rings.
Dad's back.
The moment dissolves.
He goes to his room. I go to mine.
But something soft lingers in the air.
And I realize something I didn't want to admit before:
I don't hate him.
I think I just wanted a brother like him.
Someone calm. Quiet.
Someone who listens.
Someone who makes the chaos in my head feel a little less heavy.
Someone who makes this not feel so lonely.

Chapter 5

A Brother I Never Had... Or Did I?

A month. A whole month, and I swear it felt like Arav had been living in our house for years. It wasn't just that he was around—he was everywhere. His presence was like an invisible shadow that followed me into every room. And before I knew it, I couldn't even remember what it was like when it was just me and my space.

The little things started to shift. My little brother, the one who used to glare at Arav from across the table like he was an unwanted guest, had *suddenly* decided Arav was worth his time. They'd sit in the living room, whispering about God knows what, while I scowled from the corner. What happened to my little brother who *needed* me to tell him what to do, huh?

Now, he was *bonding* with Mr. Perfect. It was like watching a drama unfold, but from the *wrong* seat.

And Arav? Oh, he wasn't just a guest anymore. He was the *model child*. Calm, collected, patient. No big brother energy.

No yelling, no messing with my life—just *there* like he belonged.

So one evening, he walks in with this huge stack of books in his arms. It was so ridiculous I had to ask.

“What’s all that?”

“Novels,” he says, dropping them down on the table like it’s no big deal.

Novels?

I tried to suppress the glee that suddenly bubbled up inside me. “Novels?”

I didn’t wait for an answer. I was already all over them—flipping through pages, feeling the fresh ink and paper under my fingertips. It was like I found *my* happy place for a second.

“Why all this?” I asked again, half-expecting some boring, philosophical answer.

He shrugs. “Found them in a trash pile. Someone was tossing them. Thought I’d save them.”

Trash pile? *Really?*

My first instinct was to wrinkle my nose. “Who even reads biographies? Gandhi, really? There’s a *Harry Potter* and an *It Ends With Us* here and you’re telling me you picked Gandhi?”

He laughed. “Yeah, well, you’d be surprised how many people don’t appreciate the classics.”

And just like that, he *sucked* me into his world. I grabbed that book and ran to my room without a second thought. He didn’t just steal my room anymore. He had stolen my heart. And my space. But we don’t talk about that.

But here's the real kicker: As days rolled on, I found myself doing things for him. Things I never thought I would. Making him extra noodles because somehow it just felt *right*. Buying him snacks on my way back from work because—well, who else would I buy them for? My little brother? *Please*.

He had become a fixture. Without permission. Like some unwanted furniture that you can't get rid of no matter how many times you rearrange the room. And I didn't even notice when I started *caring*.

One night, after scrolling through endless Reels where people's brothers were doing cute stuff for them, I said the most ridiculous thing ever. Out loud.

"Why don't I have a big brother?" I muttered to myself.

Then, louder because I *needed* someone to hear me. "Why don't I have a big brother, mom? I WANT ONE!"

Mom barely looked up from chopping onions. "Stop it, Myra."

But I wasn't stopping. "I want someone to fight for me! Yell at boys who look at me the wrong way! Buy me chocolate *just because!*"

I was ready for the usual—mom rolling her eyes, dad laughing like it was all a joke, my little brother not even noticing.

But then there was Arav. The one who had once been a *total inconvenience* was now sitting there, pretending to scroll through his phone, but I could *see* it. That tiny smile tugging at the corners of his lips. Like he was enjoying this, the weirdo.

What was *happening*? Was I slowly... starting to see him as my big brother? The guy who somehow fit himself into every damn corner of my life without me even realizing?

Chapter 6

The Dandiya Night



The moment I stepped into the society...

Boom.

Lights. Music. Madness.

The whole ground was vibrating with energy—the dhols pounding like thunder, kids running, aunties gossiping, and in the middle of it all... me. Still in office clothes, holding my bag, looking like a soggy french fry in a box of jalebis.

My friends spotted me and screamed, “MYRAAAA! Go change, now! Come Fast”

I didn’t even say a word—just ran home like a girl on a mission. Fifteen minutes flat, and I was reborn.

In my favourite lehenga—black with golden embroidery, bangles stacked high, hair flying, eyes lined sharp—I looked in the mirror and smirked.

Tonight, the ground wasn’t ready for me.

The second I stepped into the dandiya circle, it was magic.

People turned. Beats got louder. And something inside me just... clicked.

I wasn't an overworked office girl anymore. I wasn't the girl sharing her space with a silent saint in cotton kurta.

I was the storm.

My lehenga swirled like flames, my anklets told stories, my bangles danced with me. I twirled, I laughed, I shouted the lyrics like I owned the night.

Then... I spotted him. Arav.

Leaning against the wall, in his usual "I am the quietest person of this world" pose.

Calm. Cold. Scrolling on his phone like there wasn't a freaking *festival happening in front of his eyes*.

I waved from the circle. "Record my video!" I mouthed.

He looked confused. Tilted his head.

"How?"

I threw my hands in the air. "JUST. RECORD!"

He raised his phone and hit record. Didn't even hold it properly. Not even watching me.

Twice I shouted, "Zoom in, pls!"

Third time: "Vertical, not horizontal!"

Fourth time: I just gave up. Boys. Ugh.

But you know what? I danced harder.

Not for him. Not for anyone. For *me*.

Two hours passed like seconds. Sweat, glitter, and joy—all mixed into one unforgettable night.

Back home, I casually said, "Send the videos."

He blinked. "How?"

That's when it hit me.

He had the videos.

I didn't even have his number.

So... I gave it. Just like that.

He sent me the videos I uploaded it on status and stories.

Next day when I was in office busy with my stuffs and a headache.

"HELLO" he texted me

seriously me

"hii" I replied

"how much glass of water in one glass of rice?"

"what are you trying to do"

"cook rice, your mom is not here"

"2 glasses"

"thank you"

"do u know to turn on the stove"

"I'm not that dumb"

he said

I thought he may have minded me so I called him and his hello was so calm.

we talked for an hour or so..

And maybe, just maybe... a little wall between us cracked.

Not shattered.

But cracked.

And from there... the tiniest conversations began.

About food. About random reels. About how ridiculous my dance moves looked in slow-mo.

Was this friendship? Something else?

I didn't know yet.

Chapter 7

A New Normal



Diwali was coming up, and my office sent out a “Saree Dress Code” email.

Fantastic.

I had no time to buy a new one. And, honestly? I wasn’t the size I was in college anymore. Back then, I was a size small, now—well, “medium” was my new normal.

That night, with everyone asleep, I decided to give my old sarees a shot. But there was one problem—*who could I ask for help?*

Mom was already passed out, and asking anyone else felt too... desperate.

I glanced towards his room. The door was shut, but I could see the light still on.

I typed the message:

“Video call?”

And then, almost instantly, a reply:

“Okay.”

I hesitated for half a second, but clicked the call anyway.

The moment he saw me, he didn’t miss a beat. “You look beautiful in that saree.”

I froze. Did he really say that?

He went all shy after that, but didn’t back out when I asked for his help picking the right outfit. The problem? My saree kept falling apart. I wasn’t even sure how to tie it properly—and of course, I was trying it on over my night suit, which didn’t help.

By the third time, the fabric had come undone completely.

“Looks like it’s gonna be one of those nights,” I muttered, staring at the mess of cloth around me.

He laughed. Not just a little chuckle, but an actual laugh. Arav—*laughing*.

“Maybe try pinning it,” he said, still grinning.

“I’m not even sure how to do that,” I said, exasperated. “This saree is out to get me.”

And yet, something felt different. The guy I once thought was just a nuisance—taking my space, stealing my mirror, invading my life—was now, well... helping me.

It was weird.

I hesitated, but asked anyway: “Are you really comfortable here? I mean... with *us*?”

He smiled. “Yeah, everyone’s nice. Even you.”

I smirked. “Even me?”

“Especially you.”

“Really?”

He shrugged. “You keep asking me if I’m comfortable. It’s thoughtful.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Oh no, you misunderstood. I only ask so you’ll say you’re uncomfortable and then I can tell my parents to kick you out.”

His jaw dropped in mock betrayal. “What? That’s why you keep asking? Here I thought you actually cared about me.”

I grinned. “Now you know.”

He shook his head, laughing. “Unbelievable.”

And just like that, the weirdness of the situation faded. The guy I once couldn’t stand now felt... normal.

The next morning, I rushed to get ready again, but the saree betrayed me once more. Half-frustrated, half-laughing at my own ridiculousness, I gave up.

I grabbed a simple one-piece dress and got dressed in a hurry. But there was still one last hurdle. The zipper.

It was one of those dresses with a low back, and the zipper? Impossible to reach.

I stood in front of his door, debating whether I should just deal with it myself. But I couldn’t. I knocked.

He opened the door, looking surprised. “What’s up?”

“Can you zip this for me?” I asked, voice barely above a whisper.

He blinked, then nodded. “Yeah, sure.”

He stepped behind me, and I felt his fingers hover near the zipper. It was like one of those wire loop games—if he touched the sides, the buzzer would go off. And this felt like one of those moments.

His fingers brushed my skin, and he jerked his hand back like he'd just touched fire. He slowly zipped it up, trying his best to avoid me, but we both knew the tension was there.

"Done," he said, his voice quieter than usual.

I turned around, but neither of us said anything for a second. There was something hanging in the air, like we both knew something had shifted but didn't know how to say it.

"Thanks," I mumbled.

And just like that, it was over. But somehow... everything felt different.

I wasn't sure when it had happened, but somewhere along the way, Arav had become a part of my routine, a part of my home. It wasn't just *me* anymore. He was here. With us.

It felt like a new normal.

Chapter 8

A day with him



One evening, he said something unexpected.

“I’m tired of being in that room all day. It’s suffocating.”

I looked at him, surprised.

He always seemed calm... settled. But maybe I was wrong.

Maybe sitting in someone else's house, stuck between being a guest and not really belonging—was harder than it looked.

I nodded slowly. “Want to go somewhere?”

He didn’t hesitate. “Yes.”

All night I was busy in thinking where we can go .

The next day, I did something bold.

I bunked work. For the first time in forever.

We met at the metro station, and I don’t know why—but I felt weirdly excited.

The first place I took him?

A temple.

I still don't know what made me choose it. Maybe I just wanted peace myself. But what will he think about it like I am working as a tour guide for him and showing temples rather than something interesting .

But as I watched him stand there, quietly folding his hands, eyes closed, completely lost in his prayer...

A thought popped into my head.

Why is he so cute?

I immediately shook it off.

Not cute. Peaceful. Calm. That's it.

Yeah.

After that, we walked to a park nearby.

I pulled out a small lunchbox I had packed that morning.

"No need to waste money," I said, handing him a sandwich.

"Home food tastes better anyway."

He took it with a smile, and we sat on a bench under a shady tree.

That's when I noticed something.

He talks.

Not too much. Not like me.

But when he does, his words feel... honest. Like he actually listens. Like he actually sees people.

And I listened.

And for once, I didn't feel like running home or rushing to work.

starting to understand each other.

For the first time, we had a real conversation.

And in the middle of it, he dropped a bomb.

“Your mom... she talks really good about you,” he said quietly.

I blinked. “What?”

“She says you’re a really good daughter. That you’ve done more than anyone expected.”

I stared at him.

My mom?

My mom? The same woman who never forgot to remind me how lazy I was? How late I woke up? How careless I acted?

That mom?

She was proud of me?

I didn’t say anything. I didn’t even know what to say. It felt like someone had flipped a switch in my heart. All this time, I thought she only saw my flaws—but she was praising me... behind my back.

It was the biggest shock of all.

And just when I thought I couldn’t be more surprised, he started telling me how he ended up in our house in the first place.

“That morning,” he began, “I went to meet your dad at his office.”

I stayed quiet, listening.

“I didn’t know what I expected... I just knew I needed a place where I could focus on my studies. Where things were stable.”

He paused for a second, remembering.

“Your dad didn’t say much. He just listened. Then made a call. I didn’t know what he was talking about until he looked at me and said—‘You’ll stay with us.’”

Just like that.

No hesitation.

No drama.

No let me think and get back to you.

He continued, “By noon, we came home together. He had already made the decision. I was moving in.”

I imagined it. That afternoon when I wasn’t home. My parents casually sitting with him over lunch while I had no clue my world was changing.

“But honestly,” he said, “it didn’t feel real. I didn’t feel like I belonged.”

That hit me.

Because even I didn’t feel like he belonged.

“Later that day, I told your family I was stepping out to buy a few things,” he said, “but truth is... I just wanted to get away.”

I was surprised. He never showed any discomfort. He always looked so calm—so settled.

“I got on the metro. Called my brother. Told him I couldn’t stay. He gave me a number, said to call a friend who might help.”

He looked down, playing with the edge of his sleeve.

“I checked out a PG. It was small, but it felt peaceful. I told the owner I’d move in the next morning.”

That’s when I finally spoke. “But... you didn’t.”

He looked up. “No. Because when I got back that evening, your dad stopped me. He had already spoken to that PG owner.”

“What?” I asked, shocked.

He nodded. “He told me to go back home. To your place. He said he’d come with me later to check that room out—but till then, I had to stay at your house.”

That night, I packed my things and left for this house.

And I stepped into your home—without knowing how much it would change my life.

And for the first time since he arrived, I didn’t hate it.

I just stared at him.

So, this wasn’t a slow decision. It wasn’t carefully discussed. It was sudden. Instant. Decided. Between fathers.

And I? The girl whose room was taken, whose routine was flipped, whose life had quietly changed?

I wasn’t even part of the plan.

But now I understood something I hadn’t before:

He didn’t ask for all this either.

And maybe... just maybe... we were both trying to adjust to a life we hadn’t chosen.

We talked a lot that day. And when we ran out of words, there was silence. But it wasn’t awkward—it was comfortable.

No, it wasn’t love. It wasn’t anything like that.

I had just spent the day with someone I barely knew, someone who lived in my house, and for the first time, I actually got to know him.

He wasn’t bad. That was enough for me.

And from that day on, I stopped worrying. My mom wasn’t alone at home—she had someone to talk to, someone who looked out for her.

And somehow, that made everything feel a little better.

Just like that, everything feels okay.

For him.

For me.

For us.

The person who once felt like an unwelcome guest in my home—has somehow become a part of my life.

Just like family.

I didn't even realize when it happened. When my annoyance turned into conversations. When awkward silences became comfortable. And when I started looking for him around the house.

We talk a lot now—more than I ever thought we would. But there's something about him that never changes. He barely speaks.

One day, I ask, "Why don't you talk much?"

He hesitates, looking at the floor like he's trying to find the right words. "I want to, but... I don't know. I just don't have the courage."

I frown, my mind racing. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know," he sighs. "I used to talk a lot. But here... I just can't."

I stare at him, trying to make sense of it. He's such a good person—so calm, so composed. But this? This quietness? It's not what I expected from someone who fit in so well with everyone else.

"You weren't like this in college, were you?" I ask, trying to find the old him.

"No," he admits, his voice low. "I was different back then. But now... I don't know why it's harder."

Maybe it's the change. Maybe it's the adjustment. Whatever it is, I know one thing for sure—he's different. Different from everyone I've ever met.

For a second, I think... he's so perfect.

But then, no. Not for me.

What the hell am I thinking? That's impossible.

He's not my type at all.

He likes history—boring.

He barely speaks—boring.

He doesn't listen to music—boring.

His dressing sense? Completely different from mine.

His way of thinking? Like an old man.

And worst of all? He doesn't even know how to cook.

There's absolutely no reason to even think about him like that.

No. Never. I could never love him.

We're just too different.

But he's a good friend. We talk a lot, and I feel comfortable around him.

So, I hold out my hand and smile.

I try to act casual. But my heart feels too loud in my chest.

Chapter 9

The Market The Magic



I told myself, I'm not buying anything today. Just a quick walk through the market. No shopping. Nothing. Just vibes. But the moment we stepped in—him beside me, his hand brushing mine by mistake (or maybe not by mistake?)—everything changed. The market was the same, noisy and crowded. But today... it felt like I was walking through it for the first time. Because I wasn't just in the market.

I was in his presence.

He held my wrist lightly, pulling me through the chaos. "Watch out," he said, and placed his hand on my shoulder like it was the most normal thing ever. But my heart? It skipped an entire paragraph. That one second of contact lit something inside me I didn't even know existed.

And I swear—no one else was allowed to touch me now. His hand, his protectiveness, his calm in all that rush—uff, I was gone.

I kept walking closer on purpose—"accidentally" bumping into him, brushing arms, even fake-tripping just so he'd catch me again. what type of acting I did that day, but it worked. Because every time he looked at me, there was this softness. Not love. But something close. Something dangerous.

Then we passed the first stall.

"I want thissss!" I said, holding up a shiny little dream disguised as a bag.

He didn't even blink. "Do you need it?"

"...no."

"Then we're not buying it."

Rude. Disrespectful. And hot.

We moved to another shop.

"Omg look at this mirror thingy!"

He raised an eyebrow. "You already have three."

"I don't have this one."

"But you don't need it."

"I want this!" I squealed, holding up a shiny bracelet.

He looked at it, then at me. "Do you need it?"

"...no."

"Then we're not buying it."

Bro. Someone stop him he is behaving like an old man now

Sir, I didn't ask for a life coach

BUT. Here's the plot twist—

Even after all his 'No's, warnings, and logical lectures, I still ended up buying 5-6 bags full of totally useless-but-absolutely-cute stuff. Keychains I'll never use, diaries I won't write in, and a frog-shaped lamp that doesn't even work.

He looked at me carrying all the bags, shook his head, and said, “You’re impossible.”

I smiled.

Because that’s exactly what I wanted to be—impossible for him to ignore.

For four hours, we roamed. And for the first time. I walked. With him. Step by step. Not ahead, not behind—just beside him. It felt safe. It felt new.

He was still boring, overly sensible, annoyingly logical. But he was my safe spot in that chaos. My personal traffic controller in the crowd. My bag-holding villain. And my little peace in the madness.

It wasn’t love. But it was something.

And sometimes, something is more than enough to get completely lost.

Like If anyone else had told me what to do, I would have broken their head. But with him, I felt like a kid—stubborn yet taken care of. I didn’t mind. In fact, I enjoyed it. It felt nice, having someone handle me softly, guide me gently, without forcing me.

I had never let anyone do that before.

And now, I wasn’t even questioning why.

Chapter 10

Back to reality



The cab rattled down the cracked pavement, the engine grumbling like a wounded animal. I pressed my forehead against the cool window, watching blurred visions of the city slip by. Each passing streetlight flickered like the memories I tried to suppress, illuminating the storm brewing in my heart. I stopped my mind for sometime to not get hurt by his memories again

"Just breathe. It's time to be free," I whispered to myself, my voice barely breaking the hum of the engine.

The driver glanced at me through the rearview mirror, but I didn't meet his eyes. I was lost in a whirlwind of thoughts.

Would he even notice I was gone? Would he care?

But that was over now.

Because no matter how much I wished things were different, reality would never allow it. He was not mine to keep. I was not meant to stay.

"Why can't I just forget?" I muttered, wiping away a tear that betrayed me, slipping down my cheek before I could stop it. "Why does it have to hurt so much?"

"Why did you have to be so perfect?" I whispered, staring at the passing streetlights. "Why couldn't you just be boring? Then I could walk away without this pain."

The driver turned on the radio, flooding the car with a cheerful tune. It felt like mockery.

"Turn it off!" I snapped.

He gave me a quick, startled glance through the mirror. "Sorry, miss."

I sighed, pressing my fingers to my temple. "It's fine. Just... too happy for me right now."

As the cab snaked through the streets, my mind refused to stop. "Maybe if I just explained it to him one more time," I murmured. "Maybe if he could see how complicated it is—"

I clenched my fists.

"Damn it," I muttered, biting my lip. "Why does love have to be so complicated?"

Lost in the Distance

"Any nearby park?" I said to driver, my voice quieter now.

"A park? But the weather is harsh today," he pointed out.

I glanced out the window. The sun was blazing, and the streets shimmered under its ruthless heat. But I didn't care. I needed silence. I needed space.

"No matter," I replied. "I still want to go somewhere peaceful. Then I'll decide where to go from there."

The driver sighed but nodded. "Okay, got it, ma'am. I'll drop you there."

I plugged in my earphones, drowning myself in sad songs. I closed my eyes, trying to block out everything—the noise, the traffic, the ache in my chest.

Minutes passed.

Then, suddenly, a hand waved in front of me. I flinched.

I pulled out an earbud and heard the driver say, "Ma'am, here's your destination."

I exhaled and nodded. "Thank you... and sorry for wasting your time."

He gave me a small smile. "Everything will be alright, ma'am. Don't think too much."

I wanted to believe him. But how could I, when every part of me felt like it was breaking?

I paid, stepped out, and found myself in an unfamiliar place. The sun burned against my skin, making me regret my choice for a second. But then I spotted a tree with just enough shade to give me some relief. I walked towards it, sat beneath, and let my thoughts take over.

Life without him is already hard. It's only been three hours... how will I survive this?

And then, my phone buzzed.

A notification.

"When will you come?"

My breath hitched.

Kachua.

Before I could think, my fingers moved on their own, ready to type a reply. Ready to tell him everything. That I wasn't okay. That I missed him already. That I didn't know how to do this.

But then—No! Stop!

A voice inside me screamed. You can't do this. Not after coming this far. Not after making this decision.

Another notification popped up.

"Everything is alright, Kabutar."

My heart clenched.

I could hear his voice in those words, calm and steady, just like always.

And suddenly, I was back in time, lost in a memory

That night still haunted me.

A day when Dad came home drunk, stumbling through the door with anger burning in his eyes. His voice was loud, sharp like a knife.

"You're the worst daughter! Look at others and then look at yourself! You're a loser!"

The words slammed into me like a punch to the gut—sharper than any slap, colder than any silence.

Something inside me shattered. A splintering crack that echoed through my soul.

★Am I really a loser?★

The question looped in my mind, relentless and cruel.

Maybe I am.

I'm not good at school. I don't win awards. I don't make anyone proud. I'm just... bad. A bad daughter. A disappointment. A failure wrapped in skin.

My vision blurred as tears welled up, burning hot with shame. My breath hitched. Then came the sobs—loud, messy, uncontrollable. I stumbled to my room, slammed the door shut, and collapsed into the corner like a broken thing.

I hugged my knees to my chest, trying to hold myself together as the pain pressed down on me, thick and suffocating.

Why wasn't I enough?

And then—*ping!*

A message. The screen lit up.

"Video call?"

It was him. Arav.

The only one who ever made me feel truly seen. Truly understood.

"No, not in the mood," I typed back, wiping away the tears still fresh on my cheeks.

"Why? I wanna show you my outfit for tomorrow."

His words made me pause.

I sniffled.

I remembered that day—how he'd helped me pick out a saree. How he'd made me feel beautiful in my own skin.

Maybe... this would help. A little distraction.

I accepted the call.

And the moment his face filled the screen, he said, softly, "You are not a loser."

I froze.

"Even I've learned so much from you," he continued, his voice steady, soothing, like a balm on an open wound.

"Just look at yourself—you're amazing at so many things. You take care of your parents. Your mom told me how much you do. And that portrait you made—the pigeon family? It's beautiful. You're... really, really amazing."

My breath hitched—and I broke again. But this time, his words didn't let me fall apart.

They held me together.

"Everything is alright."

"Myra you are amazing"

His voice was gentle, like a whisper on a quiet night.

"I'm here. Don't worry. Everything is okay."

And from that night on, those words became my lifeline.

Whenever the world turned cruel, when I doubted myself or felt small, I heard his voice again—Everything is alright, Myraaaa.

And somehow... I believed it.

Chapter 11

The Confession



The days passed like that—our rhythm becoming something sacred.

Morning glances exchanged through the mirror. Shared breakfasts that turned into quiet rituals. Pretending we weren't so close when Mom was around—but the moment she left, his eyes always found mine again.

But work was different. The office felt colder without him. Days dragged. I barely had time to text, and even that small silence gnawed at me.

One day, despite seeing him that very morning, I felt an ache I couldn't explain. Like something inside me was untethered.

Then my boss scolded me—harshly. Publicly.

I tried to hold it together, but the words cut deep.

And as soon as I got a moment to breathe, I called him.

My voice trembled as I poured it all out.

"Ignore them," he said, with that same calm strength.

"They're witches. Don't let them break you."

"But—"

"No buts. Myra is strong."

Just like that, the pain loosened its grip. The world didn't feel so heavy anymore.

That evening, something shifted inside me. I needed a break.

Without overthinking, I booked movie tickets—for me, my brother, and Arav

A distraction. A chance to breathe. To feel normal.

"When will you come home?" he texted

"2 min" I texted

"please fast " he said maybe he is in hurry.

"you missed me ?" I replied and regret if it will be awkward but then,

"too much " he said

When I came to home he opened the door I don't know what storm was inside me I went to his room he was combing his here to get ready for movie I hugged him.

This was the first time I hugged him and he was still or maybe shocked. I was so tired I did that and then " I am sorry " I said and left.

I entered to my room and started regretting what the hell I did right now?

why am I making It complicated .

Why the hell I did that.

I wasn't in my control how did it happened.

Is it

No shut up Myra

Myraaaaaaa

Myraaaa

Myraaaaaaaaaa

Myraaaaaaaa

the way he call me not Myra always Myraaaaa

wait not again why am I thinking about him.

Myra lets get ready now.

but why did I hugged him what will he be thinking now

should I tell him it was the first time I hugged someone?

or should I tell him whatever happened was because I was not in control.

wait what Control maybe he will think more if I use this word not in control.

I was busy in my thoughts when my brother knocked.

lets go do u want to finish this movie at home?

I got ready and went out he was acting normal.

We booked a cab.

He was sitting beside me and closer this time.

our shoulder were in touch and I don't know why I was felling something

something like a current .

[18:56, 7/30/2025] Honey Sinha: At the theater, he sat beside me. The lights dimmed, and the screen flickered to life.

I let myself sink into the story—until I felt it.

A touch. Soft. Barely there.

His fingers brushed against mine, tentative. Testing.

Then, slowly, he held my hand.

A spark.

A shiver danced up my spine, but warmth bloomed in my chest.

My brother was right there. I should've pulled away.

But I didn't.

Instead, he gently shifted our hands down, hiding them in the dark.

And for the next two hours, we held onto each other—like letting go would shatter something fragile between us.

His thumb brushed my skin now and then, each stroke sending a ripple through me.

Something I couldn't quite name.

Something new.

Something... intoxicating .

As we walked back from the movie, the night air was cool, but my heart was warm. I couldn't stop thinking about the way he had held my hand, the way his fingers had played with mine so gently, yet so deliberately. Every touch still lingered on my skin, sending little sparks through me.

I turned to him, mischief dancing in my eyes. "Will you say it now?"

He knew exactly what I meant. His silence, the way he looked away with a small, knowing smile—it was proof that he felt the same. That moment in the theater wasn't just a random impulse. It was something more.

He let out a small chuckle, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Are you a coward?" I teased, smirking.

He glanced at me, eyes soft but playful. "No... but when I'm near you, I become one."

My heart did something strange—something between skipping a beat and doing a little flip. I didn't expect that answer. It wasn't just a joke or a deflection. It was real. Honest.

As we walked, we passed by a wine shop, the neon sign casting a dull glow on the street. He looked at it, then sighed dramatically. "I really need that to tell you."

I rolled my eyes. "Drama king."

But deep down, I knew what he meant. Saying it out loud—admitting what we both already knew—wasn't easy. For either of us.

Still, I wasn't going to let him off the hook so easily. As we neared home, I nudged him lightly. "Hii, coward," I whispered teasingly.

He shook his head, a small, embarrassed smile creeping onto his lips. His shyness was adorable, and somehow, it made me feel powerful

Chapter 12

Butterscotch



The days passed, and I realized something—whenever my mood was off, he had a way of fixing it. Sometimes with words, sometimes with ice cream.

One evening, we were putting up LED lights. He needed a torch, so I went to his room to grab his phone. As I picked it up, it buzzed with a call. He took it, spoke briefly, then placed it down without locking the screen.

I glanced at it.

And then—I saw it.

My name in his contacts.

Butterscotch.

A slow, sweet warmth spread through my chest.

I bit my lip, my heart racing. He had saved my name as Butterscotch.

The name of my favourite ice cream. The one I had shared with him that night.

I smiled.

Maybe I was more than just a friend to him. Maybe... I was something sweeter.

One day when I was coming back from work he was waiting there already.

We walked for a while and He suddenly stopped by an ice cream cart. "Do you want one?" he asked, his voice soft.

I smiled. "Of course. Butterscotch." My favourite.

He took chocolate.

Curious, I asked, "Do you really like chocolate ice cream?"

We were back on the road, walking side by side, the streetlights flickering above us. He licked his ice cream before answering, "I never tried butterscotch."

I stopped in my tracks. "Wait, never?"

He shook his head.

Without thinking, I held out mine. I had already taken a few bites, so I turned it, offering him the untouched side. I hesitated, wondering if he'd take it.

For a moment, he just looked at me, then at the ice cream, and then—he smiled. A small, knowing smile that sent a strange warmth through me.

And then, instead of taking the untouched side, he gently turned it and took a bite from the side where I had eaten.

My heart skipped.

I blushed.

And then—he did too.

The world around us blurred. The streetlights, the distant chatter, the cool night breeze—none of it mattered anymore.

It was just us, a shared ice cream, and a moment so sweet it made my heart ache.

Maybe it was just ice cream.

Or maybe, it was something more it was.

When we were done doing lights for diwali

That night, I hesitated before texting him, "Do you...?"

He interrupted immediately. "Yes."

"I didn't even finish my sentence."

"I got you."

"Do you also...?" I tried again.

He cut me off again. "Yes."

I sighed, smirking. "I want to hear it from your mouth."

He hesitated, suddenly shy.

"Come on, say something, coward!" I teased.

Something in him changed.

"Don't call me that," he warned.

I grinned. "Coward, coward, coward."

I must've wrote it over a hundred times, laughing through my exhaustion. But then, my smile faded.

"It's late. Let's sleep," I mumbled.

I turned my phone off, curled up in bed .

The Morning After

When I woke up, my phone was flooded with messages.

"Hey."

"Listen."

"Listen, I'm saying—"

Then, my breath caught.

"I love you."

Again.

"I love you."

i love you

i love you

I LOVE YOU

I LOVE YOU

ι ίσνε γου

i love you

i love you

i love you

I LOVE YOU

I LOVE YOU

i love you

i love you

i love γου

"I love You "

"I LOVE YOU  "

"I LOVE YOU   "

"I  love  you"

" i love you "

"  I love you "

"I Love you  "

"I  U"

"I  you"

"I LOVE YOU ❤️"

| ㄥ ㅍ V ㅈ YOU

I LOVE YOU

i love you

i love you

i love you

| ㄥ ㅍ V ㅈ YOU

I LOVE YOU

lovgi ๑๐๙

23:52

i love you

23:53

【i】 【l】 【o】 【v】 【e】 【y】 【o】 【u】

23:53

i love you

23:53

iLove you

23:54

+ Love You

23:54

I Love You

23:54

i love you! ❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

23:54

This is the exact message I got from him

Something warm spread in my chest.

Happy hormones. Happy me.

Everything was just happy, happy, happy.

He had finally said it.

And now, I was the one blushing.

The Feeling of Love

I stared at the message.

"I love you."

So many times. So many fonts. So much effort.

I wanted to reply, but... how?

What could I say that would match the way he had said it? It had to be different, special—just like him.

But I didn't type anything.

And he waited.

I saw his name pop up again.

"Reply?"

I read it. But still, I didn't reply.

He must've thought I was upset. Maybe he was overthinking, panicking a little. But I wasn't angry. I was just... stuck in this moment, unsure how to make it perfect.

Instead of replying, I got ready for the office like usual.

For my final touch of makeup, I walked to the other room—the one where Kachua was now settled. He was sitting there, quiet as always, but his eyes followed me.

I could feel his gaze.

I glanced at him through the mirror, and he was still watching.

Our eyes met.

For a second, everything else disappeared—the room, the morning rush, the outside world. Just me, him, and this silent conversation through the mirror.

And then, without thinking too much, I lifted my hand and made a small finger sign.

I opened my index finger to make letter I

Opening my index finger and thumb to form L

And with the little finger and index finger was U.

"I love you."

His eyes widened.

And then—he blushed.

A deep, warm red crept up his cheeks.

And that was it.

I ran.

I ran out of the room because I was blushing even harder than he was.

My heart pounded, my hands felt warm, and my face was probably glowing pink.

I had never felt this before.

This... this was love.

And love really did feel different.

Love isn't just an emotion—it's an experience. It's something you don't realize when it begins, but when it hits you, everything changes.

It's the way your heart races when you see their name pop up on your phone. The way time slows down when they look at you, and suddenly, the world feels quieter. It's the warmth in your chest when they do something as simple as remember

your favourite snack or listen to your endless rants without a single complaint.

Love is in the smallest details—the way their voice lingers in your mind even when they're not around. The way their laughter feels like your favourite song, the one you never get tired of. It's in the moments you can't explain, like when they touch your shoulder, and for a second, it feels like the most natural thing in the world, yet it sends a current through you.

Love isn't always grand gestures or dramatic confessions. Sometimes, it's a simple "Did you eat?" or a quiet "Take care." It's the comfort of knowing that even in silence, even in distance, there's someone who understands you without you having to say much.

And when you realize it—when you truly feel love—it's overwhelming. It's shy smiles, blushing cheeks, a racing heartbeat, and the urge to hold onto every moment. It's the fear of losing, but the joy of having, even if just for now.

It's different for everyone, but one thing is for sure—when love happens, you feel it. And nothing is ever the same again.

From that day, getting ready became something special. It wasn't just about looking good—it was about being seen by him. I started choosing my outfits while stealing glances at him through the mirror, waiting for his silent approval. Whenever I asked which dress suited me best, he would give his usual answer: "You look beautiful in everything." And every time I touched my makeup brush, he would shake his head and say, "You don't need it. You're already perfect."

We started sharing more—our mornings, our meals, our quiet moments. One evening, as we wandered through the park, I told him everything—my office stories, my little complaints, the things that made me smile. And, as always, he listened

carefully, nodding at the right moments, his quiet presence making everything feel lighter.

And whenever we were at home I sit with him in the blanket watching movies.

not romantic of course but thrilling, action holding hands together.

Chapter 13

I become jobless



That day was a nightmare.

No matter how much effort I put in, it was never enough.

My senior, furious for reasons that had nothing to do with me, scolded me in front of everyone. Her words cut deeper than they should have, maybe because I was already exhausted, maybe because I just wanted to be appreciated for once.

I tried to hold back my tears, but they betrayed me.

It wasn't fair. I had done everything right. And yet, I was humiliated.

By the time I grabbed my bag and bottle, I had made up my mind—I was done.

I stormed out of the office, calling my friend, on the way. "She's a witch," I spat angrily. "I swear, if I ever see her outside, I'll—" "Breathe," he interrupted. "You know she's just taking out her frustration on you. It's not your fault.

"But it didn't help. I was still angry, still humiliated, still hurt.

When I reached home, the house was empty.

Good. I didn't want anyone to see me like this.

My emotions were overflowing, my hands shaking. Without thinking, I walked straight to his room.

And I hugged him tightly. Too tight

I didn't think about what he would feel, what he would say. I just needed it. Just for a moment. Just to ground myself.

He didn't say a word. He didn't move, didn't question me. He just let me be. Let me take whatever comfort I needed.

After a minute or two, I pulled away, not looking at him, and walked back to my room. The tears came again, harder this time. I buried my face in my pillow, letting the weight of the day crush me.

Hours passed. The house remained silent. I stayed curled up in my bed, trying to erase the shame, the anger, the pain.

And then, late at night, thirst pulled me out of bed. I opened my door, moving quietly toward the kitchen. The dim glow of the refrigerator light flickered as I reached for a bottle of water.

And then I turned around.

He was there.

Before I could react, he stepped forward and wrapped his arms around me.

It wasn't like before. This time, it was him.

My hands stayed by my sides, frozen. But he held me.

And that feeling... it wasn't just warmth. It wasn't just comfort.

It was heaven.

He was always there for me, in every low moment, in every silent breakdown. Even when I didn't say a word, he understood.

And just like that, life moved forward. I joined a new company—new people, new environment, new challenges. But one thing remained the same.

ARAV.

Even without words, his presence felt like home.

For a few days, my parents were away, leaving just me, Kachua, and my little brother at home.

Every morning, my brother left for school early. And me? I would still be asleep.

But then, like clockwork, there was always a gentle knock on my door.

I'd open it, and before saying a word, we'd fall into a hug—a silent, warm embrace that felt like the safest place in the world.

Then, in his usual calm voice, he'd say, "Go get ready."

And just like that, my day would begin.

He brings groceries and I cook because he even don't know how to cut onion.

He asks me from which side an onion can be cut.

I am even not a good cook so I cook watching recipe online.

And we eat and watch movies whole day I rarely sit on bed or chair now.

I am always on his lap.

he always pat on my head and show a lot of care and love.

brining water, serving food, and helping me in washing dishes.

and after completing a movie together, he starts studying and I focus on other things.

Whenever I don't feel good I go to his room hug him tightly and sit for a while.

it give more then comfort or I can say Sukoon.

But we always keep distant when my parents are at home.

My dad is very strict.

even if I cook something he ask my brother to give him.

I wasn't allowed to enter his room when dad is nearby.

But with mom it was different she made us feel like, Yes he is a part of our family but better then her own children.

she always used to treat him like he is the only one and we are step kid.

She always says my Arav will do this.

Learn from him, look at him how he keep his room clean.

Chapter 14

Why I call him Kachua?



Every thing was going well until he was about to go back to his home for some day.

When I came to know he had to go for a function and he was booking a train, I was praying that it would get cancelled or no seats be left or something... but he can't go. He has to be with me.

And this happened—his train actually got cancelled. And another time, his ticket wasn't confirmed.

But after one more day, his ticket got confirmed.

“Only 3 days left, Myra,” he said to me...

And I don't know why, but I started giving him more time. I started texting him more. We had dinner together, and after that I wanted to go with him for a walk, to talk.

And I always prayed that the ticket should get cancelled or something should happen.

And to him also I said, “Please don't go... please don't.”

And he said, “Even I don’t want to go, Myra. But this is important for me.”

And I can’t force him to not go to his own house. It seems like selfishness.

And yes—I was selfish.

SELFISH.

I wanted him near me only.

I wanted him to be with me, to listen to me... the way he always does. But he went.

When he leaves his room, I’m in mine. Pretending to sleep.

But the moment I hear his footsteps fade... my chest starts to ache again.

It’s not dramatic. Just a quiet, sharp kind of pain.

The kind you get when your heart wants to scream but your mouth stays shut.

I think too much.

But still... it’s okay.

That night, we talk. A lot. Until maybe 3 a.m.

Our days are busy, but somehow, we always find each other at night. Through video calls, whispered laughs, sleepy eyes.

It becomes our thing.

Until one night... he doesn’t answer.

The call rings. Then stops.

I stare at the screen, confused. Sad.

And then—angry.

He texts, *Call me*.

So I do.

But this time, I fight.

Really fight.

“You’ve changed since you left,” I say.

“You’re bad.”

“You don’t love me anymore.”

“I’m not important to you now.”

I throw every fear I’ve ever had right at him. No filter. No soft edges.

And that same night... he comes back. Just to say sorry.

When he looks at me with those stupid, soft puppy eyes and talks in that quiet voice...

It’s like everything inside me just melts.

He asks about my food. My parents. My health.

Then pours out a stream of *sorry s* and *I love yous*—in every language he knows.

It’s ridiculous. And so, so cute.

He even starts doing sit-ups on the terrace to apologize.

“Someone’s gonna see me and laugh,” he says, breathless.

I tell him, “Do 50.”

He says, “I can barely do five.”

Still, he tries.

I stop him at ten. I can’t watch him struggle like that.

Every time he messes up, he promises, “I won’t do it again.”

But somehow, we always circle back to the same place.

Another day. Another “Sorry.”

So I joke, “No more sit-ups. Do 50 push-ups now.”

He groans, “I can’t do 50.”

But just because I said it... he tries.

And he *does it*.

Even he's surprised.

We laugh. It's silly. But in that moment, I think—

Maybe he'll do anything... just to make it right.

I wait for him to come back.

Maybe he waits for me too.

When he finally returns, I go to the metro station to pick him up.

I see him. And I hug him. Hard.

I don't care who's around.

I don't care who's watching.

He laughs nervously and gently pushes me back, mumbling,
"This is a public place..."

But then he takes my hand. Softly.

"You want to eat something?" he asks.

I know he's hungry too.

We go eat South Indian food together.

Then we come back home.

I feel like a child.

Like I've just found my favourite lost toy after searching for days.

Back at home, I sit on his lap like a kid.

He holds me—one arm under my knees, the other behind my neck.

Like I'm breakable. Like I'm his whole world.

And I start crying.

I whisper, "You won't go again, right?"

He looks me in the eyes and says softly, “I won’t go.”

He doesn’t cry.

But I know he missed me.

I saw it in his texts.

In the way he’d sneak out of his house just to hear my voice.

In all the tiny things he did, even when he didn’t know I was noticing.

And I realize something.

I can’t live without him.

Not even for a single day.

In between all of that—there were the slow replies.

He’d see my message, then type. Then stop.

Think. Type again. Delete.

I told him, “I’ll buy a pigeon, write a letter, and throw it towards me . It’ll be faster than how you text. U don’t deserve a phone”

He laughed. Said, “I already have you, *Kabutar*.”

My pigeon.

From then on, that silly nickname stuck.

And when I called him slow like a turtle—because of his replies, and because he wears so much green—

That stuck too.

It was childish.

But somehow... deeply us.

from then he stared calling me Kabutar not Myraaaaa or Myraaa.

and I called him kachua.

Sometimes I look at him and think—*Kachua* fits him perfectly.

He's slow. Not the kind that frustrates you, though.

The kind that waits. Listens. Thinks before speaking.

He takes his time with everything—food, feelings, even replies.

He's not in a rush to chase the world.

He's just... present.

Healthy, soft, warm. Chubby in the sweetest way.

Not too tall. Not too loud.

Just *there*—a quiet comfort in human form.

He's deeply rooted in his culture.

He folds his hands when he greets elders. Touches their feet.

Lights incense in the morning.

Sings along to old songs like he's lived a hundred years before this one.

He's *home*.

My *Kachua*.

And then there's me he named me Kabutar.

Bold. Loud. Always ready to jump, even if I don't know where I'll land.

I don't stay in one place.

My mind is always flying—towards new ideas, wild thoughts, strange dreams.

Rules were made to be tested, and I never wait for permission.

He calls me *Kabutar*.

A pigeon with no fear of heights.

Always fluttering, always moving, always chasing something.

And the funny part?

The *Kabutar* fell in love with the *Kachua*.

And the *Kachua*—the slow, calm, steady soul—waited long enough for the *Kabutar* to circle back home.

We're opposites.

But maybe that's why we work.

I show him how to fly.

He teaches me how to land.

We are not the same.

Not even close.

He's soft-spoken. I'm loud without trying.

He listens. I react.

He breathes through storms. I *am* the storm.

I fight—easily, emotionally, sometimes even over nothing.

And yet, he never walks away.

Not once.

He stays.

He fixes things.

Every time.

It's like he has this quiet superpower. He understands me—even when I don't make sense to myself.

He doesn't raise his voice.

Doesn't throw words like knives.

He just looks at me, nods slowly, and says, "Tell me what's wrong."

Even when I push him away, he pulls me back with softness.

He is... too nice.

And I'm too impatient.

He's the kind of guy who reads history books and watches long, slow documentaries about things that happened before we were even born.

Boring movies. Biographies. Black-and-white war films. News.

And somehow, he finds beauty in them.

Me? I design clothes like they're art. I live for colors, chaos, wild patterns.

My world is fabric, sketches, thread and scissors.

I talk with my hands.

I dream out loud.

I make mood boards at 2 a.m. and forget where I placed my coffee five minutes ago.

I love horror movies—the scarier, the better.

He can't even watch the trailer.

He hides behind a pillow and says, "What's the point of scaring yourself on purpose?"

I laugh every time.

I tell him, "You're like a librarian who got stuck dating a circus girl."

He tells me, "You're like fireworks in a museum. Loud, unexpected... but somehow beautiful here."

We don't match.

Not on paper. Not in playlists. Not even in movie preferences or songs.

I like English songs, raps and he I don't even remember what he had listened it was too boring for me I cant even listen to.

And yet...

He brings calm to my chaos.

I bring color to his quiet.

We're like two puzzle pieces from completely different boxes—shaped by life in opposite ways—but we still fit.

So when I say he's my *Kachua*... it's not just a joke.

It's who he is.

Slow. Wise. Steady. Soft.

And when he calls me *Kabutar*, I know he means it in the most loving way.

A wild heart. Restless wings. A soul that's always chasing the sky.

But maybe that's what love is.

Not about being the same.

Just about holding on, even when everything about you says *we shouldn't work*.

Because somehow... we do.

And whenever he says Kabutarrrrr..

that mean I have done something stupid again and he is angry for that but when he see me he can't even say a word.

Never knew I will fall for someone this much deep.

I like his eyes I can stare at them whole day small brownish eye. Although my eyes are much beautiful then his but he never look at my eyes whenever he did he starts looking here and there and says its hard to contact with your eyes. But he is also afraid of my eyes whenever I show him my big eyes he stops everything and starts looking for anything he did wrong.

I love him

more than anything

we are falling more. No one can handle me never but the way he do, I literally listen to him.

I always do argue but with him whatever he says seems perfect.

Chapter 15

Our First Kiss



It was one of those strange days. I had a terrible headache, and my scalp was itching badly. In desperation, I decided to apply some neem paste to my head. I asked Kachua to get some neem leaves for me. He quietly brought them and went back to his room to study.

I ground the leaves into a paste, applied it to my hair, and then sat beside him.

Back then, we were only comfortable holding hands. Even that felt like electricity running through my skin. But something was different that day.

As we sat together, he suddenly leaned in and kissed me gently on the cheek. His fingers brushed slowly across my face, making my heart race. I blushed, not knowing where to look.

I stood by the door, ready to leave for my bath, but something tugged at my heart.

A small, nervous thought echoed in my chest:

I want to kiss him back.

Just one soft kiss.

I turned, walked toward him quietly. He was sitting with his eyes half-lost in thought, unaware of the storm inside me. As I leaned in—slowly, carefully—my lips aimed for his cheek.

But fate had its own timing.

He turned his head at the exact moment, and suddenly... our lips met.

For a second, I froze.

His lips were warm, soft, and so close I could feel his breath mix with mine. My eyes widened in shock. This wasn't what I had planned—it was clumsy, unexpected... yet strangely perfect.

I pulled back in a rush, my breath shaky, heart hammering in my chest. My face burned with the heat of embarrassment. Why the hell it happens to me only. I just meant a small kiss on cheek the way eh did that's all but no things are never simple for me.

But then—he looked at me.

Not with confusion. Not with surprise. With something else. Something that I never expected.

He reached out, gently placed his hands on my waist, and without a word, pulled me closer. His touch was sure, yet so tender it made my chest ache.

This time, when his lips met mine, it wasn't an accident.

It was slow... deliberate... and full of emotion we hadn't yet dared to speak.

His lips moved against mine in the softest rhythm—no rush, no force. Just the two of us, suspended in a moment we didn't want to end.

My hands found his shoulders for balance, but it was his closeness that truly held me. The world outside disappeared—there was only the warmth of his kiss and the flutter of my heart.

After a few seconds, he pulled back just slightly, a teasing smile on his lips.

"Neem is bitter," he whispered, his voice low and playful.

I laughed quietly, breathless, my forehead resting against his. But before I could say anything, he pulled me into him again—and kissed me once more.

Longer this time. Deeper.

His hands held me as if I might slip away. My body leaned into his as the kiss deepened, not wild, but meaningful—like he was telling me something without words.

That kiss wasn't just about lips touching.

It was about trust. Longing. A connection that had finally found its voice.

When we finally let go, we didn't need to speak.

The silence between us said everything.

He stepped back, smiled playfully, and said, "Neem is bitter." I laughed awkwardly and tried to move away, but he pulled me in again... and this time, the kiss lasted a minute or two. After the kiss, we both stayed silent for a few seconds.

He was still holding me, and I could feel my heartbeat going fast. I didn't know what to say, and I think he felt the same.

I looked down, still feeling shy. He smiled a little and said, “Neem is really bitter.”

I laughed softly and said, “You’re the one who kissed me. And still loving neem.”

He smiled again but didn’t say anything. The moment felt warm and a little funny too, like something special had just happened.

I slowly moved back and said, “I should go wash my hair.”

He nodded, still looking at me like he was thinking about something. But he didn’t stop me.

As I walked away, my heart was still racing.

It was my first kiss—and even though it wasn’t planned, it felt real. It felt like something I would never forget.

After that first kiss, something between us changed.

It became harder to stay away. Every time we found a quiet moment—when no one was around—he would gently pull me close. His arms would wrap around me tightly, like he didn’t want to let go.

Sometimes he’d grab me suddenly, catching me by surprise.

And every time he kissed me, it was deeper than the last.

Our bodies would press together, and I could feel how close we really were. I didn’t understand it fully at first—but there was something about him, something I could feel against my leg. It was hard, and it was his.....

It felt strange... awkward in the beginning. I froze the first few times, unsure what to do. I was shy, nervous, and confused.

But he would look at me softly. His hands would move slowly down my back, not rushing, just holding me like I meant something.

Then the kiss would begin again.

It wasn't soft anymore. It was full of need, like we had waited too long.

His lips moved against mine faster, harder. I tried to catch my breath, but I didn't want to stop.

Neither did he.

We kissed like we didn't care about anything else. Like we were trying to feel every emotion through that one moment.

His fingers in my hair, my hands on his chest, our bodies pulled so close there was no space left between us. It was hard to breathe—but we didn't stop.

Five minutes passed, maybe more. Time didn't matter.

The only thing I felt was his kiss, his touch, and my racing heart.

Even one day I said my heartbeat is very fast.

I took his hand.

Placed it gently a few inches below my neck on the left side.

"Feel this," I said.

My heart was racing. Way too fast.

And I wanted him to know.

I wanted him to *feel* what he does to me.

I regret it now...

why the hell I did that

His hand didn't stop there.

It moved.

Downward maybe 2-3 inches down.
And before I could even process it—
He was holding it.
And everything inside me just froze.
It was quiet.
Heavy.
So, so awkward.
I didn't know what to say.
My brain was screaming, *Why the hell am I a girl?*
Why does being vulnerable sometimes feel like giving away
too much?
It wasn't planned.
It wasn't some romantic movie scene.
It was confusing. Real.
A line crossed that I didn't even realize we were walking.
And in that moment,
I wasn't bold.
I was just...
A girl. I really felt that I'm a girl
Feeling awkward.
Questioning everything.
And the worst thing he asked me "Are you okay?"
Like, *really?*
In that exact moment, when everything feels so awkward and
my brain's screaming,
No, I am definitely NOT okay,
but all I can do is nod.

Because what else do you say when your heart's pounding,
your face is burning, and he's just held your breast without
warning?

I want to scream.

I want to disappear.

But instead of saying yes or no, I just say,

"I don't know."

The absolute worst question and the world's worst answer,
award goes to me.

We went to our rooms and there my overthinking goes on...

I was talking to myself

I don't know what I was thinking.

Maybe I wasn't.

I just wanted him to feel my heartbeat.

The way it thudded like a warning, like a secret I couldn't say
out loud.

So I took his hand.

Gently.

And placed it on my chest—just a little below my collarbone.

But then...

His hand moved.

Slid downward.

Slow.

Intentional.

Until it landed on my breast.

And he didn't let go.

My breath caught.

Not in a cute, romantic way.

In the kind of way that makes your lungs lock up and your body freeze.

It wasn't supposed to happen like that.

I wasn't ready.

My brain was already spiraling, and then he had to go and ask the worst thing possible.

"Are you okay?"

God.

Those three words hit harder than his touch.

Am I okay?

I should be.

We're close. We've shared everything.

This wasn't a stranger. This was *him*.

The one who holds my hand when I overthink.

The one who says sorry even when I start the fight.

The one who *stays*.

But in that moment I....

Caught in something too fast.

Something I didn't ask for.

He didn't do it to hurt me. I know that.

But it still left something weird in the air.

A silence that wasn't peaceful this time.

A closeness that suddenly felt sharp.

I wanted to scream,

Why did you do that?

Why couldn't you just feel my heartbeat and stop there?

Why'd you make it messy?

But instead... I went quiet.

And he went quiet too.

And once something changes like that...

You don't really go back.

Even if you want to. Because nothing about this moment feels like *us*.

It feels like a glitch.

Chapter 16

The Moment



We're finally alone.

The door closes behind us.

And just like that, the world quiets.

No voices. No background noise.

No one knocking.

No interruptions.

Just him.

And me.

And all the things we haven't said yet.

There's a shift in the air—so subtle I barely notice it until I feel him move.

Or maybe I moved first.

I don't know.

But suddenly, we're too close.

Breath mixing.

Eyes locked.

And then—

he kisses me.

Not gentle.

Not careful.

Hungry.

Like he's been waiting to do it. Like it's been *killing* him not to.

My back hits the wall.

His hand finds the curve of my waist.

And I lose the ability to think.

I just *feel*.

Everything.

His lips crash into mine again, deeper this time.

My hands slide up his chest, curl into the fabric of his shirt like I'm trying to anchor myself.

But it's useless—

I'm already falling.

He trails kisses down my jaw,

my neck,

my collarbone—

and my entire body responds like it knows exactly where this is going, and it's *ready*.

His hand slips beneath my shirt.

Slow.

Sure.

His palm moves up, spreading heat wherever it touches.

And then—he cups my breast.

Fully.

Deliberately.

And suddenly, it's not just a kiss anymore.

It's a line.

One I've never crossed before.

My heart stumbles.

I can hear it in my ears.

Fast. Loud. Desperate.

I should stop him.

I should say something.

But I don't.

Because the truth is—

I don't want to.

I trust him.

And more than that—

I *want* this.

Not because I'm reckless, but because he makes it feel safe to want something this intense.

He lifts me like I weigh nothing.

Like he's done it before in his mind a hundred times.

My legs wrap around his waist, and our bodies press so tightly together that I feel him—

hard, real, *there*.

It hits me like a shock.

I gasp.

His breath hitches.

He walks me to the bed, sets me down gently, and then hovers over me.

Not as a man who's about to take something,
but as someone who just wants to *be close*.

Then he looks into my eyes—

really looks—

and says, quietly:

“Are you okay?”

Kabutar”

I’m unsure.

But in the middle of all this fire,
he still pauses to protect me.

I nod.

Not because I know how far this will go.

But because I know I’m safe wherever this leads.

He leans down again, slower now.

Unbuttons my shirt.

One.

By.

One.

His fingers don’t rush.

His eyes don’t wander.

It’s like he’s studying me.

His lips find my chest, my ribs, my skin.

Every kiss asks permission.

Every breath he exhales against me makes my whole body ache.

My back arches.

I grip the bedsheet with shaking hands.

It's overwhelming.

Not because it's too much.

But because it's too real.

And then—

..

.

a loud knock.

The doorbell.

We freeze.

He pulls away.

I sit up fast.

Both of us breathless, stunned, flushed with something that doesn't have a name.

I fix my shirt with trembling fingers.

My skin still burns where he touched it.

My lips are swollen from his kiss.

I open the door.

It's a delivery guy.

A small package in his hand.

He looks at me like I'm calm.

Like I'm composed.

Like I didn't just almost hand over parts of myself I've never given away before.

I take the box.

Shut the door slowly.

And when I turn around—
he's still standing there.
Staring at me.
His eyes don't ask for more.
They don't need to.
They say, *I'm here. Still here.*
He walks over.
And wraps me in his arms.
Not to continue where we left off.
Not to claim anything.
Just to *hold me*.
Tight.
Firm.
Unmoving.
My face presses against his chest.
And for the first time in a long time,
I feel something I don't let myself feel often—
peace.
Sukoon.
Because what happened wasn't just about desire.
It was about trust.
About how he asked before he continued.
About how he stopped before I even needed him to.
And maybe that's what love is.
Not the heat.
Not the kiss.
But the *pause*.

The *question*.

The arms that hold you when you say nothing—
but still feel *everything*.

Chapter 17

The Quiet Nights



Days started passing differently. I wasn't unemployed anymore.

Because of my work, we didn't get much time together. I would come home late, and by then the house was full—everyone around, voices, lights, distractions.

We didn't talk much anymore. Just little things—1 or 2 teasing lines before sleeping, some eye contact, and silence.

But I don't know why...

Even after all that, something inside me wanted to be close to him again.

At night, when the whole world slept and the noise disappeared, I would lie awake—thinking. Feeling. Missing.

It was around 12:30 or 1:00 a.m.

One night, I couldn't control the feeling. I quietly walked through the house, tiptoeing so no one would notice, and went into his room.

He was lying on his bed—half-asleep, eyes a little open. He didn't say anything. I didn't say anything either.

I just went to him... and hugged him.

He pulled me in without a word, and I rested my head on his chest.

We stayed like that. Quiet. Still. Warm.

For a few minutes. Maybe an hour.

My eyes closed.

My breath slowed down.

But my body? It was shaking.

I was so nervous, afraid someone would find out, that I was doing something wrong—but at the same time, I didn't want to leave.

His arms around me made me feel protected. And lying on his chest, hearing his heartbeat...

It felt like peace. Like home. Like the safest place I had ever been.

And even if it lasted only a short time,
it was perfect.

I did this again. Once. Maybe twice more.

But then the fear caught up to me.

The pressure. The guilt. The risk.

And one night, I didn't go.

I wanted to. My heart begged me to.

But I stayed in my own bed, eyes open, missing the feeling of him under me, around me, beside me.

I stopped.

But deep down,

I still remember the comfort of those stolen nights.

And I still miss the way I felt in his arms—like I was finally where I belonged.

The other day

I wasn't feeling well that day, so I didn't go to the office.

The house was quieter than usual, and for a little while, we were alone again.

No one between us. No rush. Just us.

And maybe that was all it took.

Because the moment I sat beside him, something inside me gave up.

The distance we had kept for days... it disappeared.

He leaned in. I didn't stop him.

His lips touched mine—soft at first, then wild.

One kiss turned into two, then into something we couldn't name anymore. We were lost. Together.

He opened the buttons of my shirt again, but this time I wasn't that shy.

I was just like him now—shameless.

I pulled his T-shirt off, my hands shaking but confident.

His kisses landed on my cheek... my neck... my forehead... then down to my chest.

When he kissed my breasts, I lost my breath. My body wasn't mine anymore—it was floating, trembling, surrendering.

Then he moved lower.

His lips pressed gently on my stomach, and I couldn't help the way my fingers clutched his hair.

I closed my eyes—because I always do during kiss—but this time they closed tighter, like I was escaping this world and falling into his.

And then...

His hand slid under my shorts.

I gasped.

“Oh shit,” my mind screamed.

“I haven’t even shaved.”

“even I neither touched myself.”

“I am already wet.”

what the hell this boy is doing please say him to stop stop stoooppp my brain was scolding me.

But I was dizzy, breathless. His fingers were moving with purpose, and my body couldn’t handle the heat.

It was too much. Too fast. Too deep.

I opened my eyes, panicked—but when I looked at him... his eyes were closed too.

He wasn’t in control anymore.

And honestly, by then...

what did it even matter to stop, when the damage was already done?

He pulled himself closer to me—hard, rough, intense. I felt him fully.

He groaned against my neck, and my body arched in response.

And then suddenly—

“Oh fuck,” I whispered under my breath.

He ruined my shorts.

A mess.

Wet.

Embarrassing.

Ugh. Now I'd have to sneak them out and wash them before anyone saw.

Ew.....

Next day

It was the middle of the night.

I was asleep, lost somewhere between dreams and tiredness, when I felt him.

His voice was soft, playful... familiar.

"Kabutarrrr..."

"Kabutarrrr..."

"Kachua is here... wake up, my bacha..."

And then—a flood of kisses.

On my cheeks, my forehead, my hair—like he had missed every part of me all at once.

I was still half asleep, but I smiled. Even in sleep, I knew it was him.

His arms were already around me, pulling me close, like I was something precious he was afraid to lose in the night.

I opened my eyes slowly.

He was right there. Hugging me tightly. His warmth wrapping around me like a blanket.

Then, without waiting, he kissed me.

On my lips.

But this time...

he didn't stop.

His lips moved with intention—slow, deep, breath-stealing.
I was still sleepy, barely aware of where I was... half-naked,
confused between dream and reality.
And the line between both was starting to blur.
I didn't know what to focus on—
The comfort of his arms,
The fire in his kiss,
Or the storm in my chest that wouldn't calm down.
And then—he pulled my shorts down.
Skin met skin.
The shock of warmth made me freeze.
My breath caught. My brain started saying stop him this time
otherwise I will kill you.
Everything suddenly felt too real.
He paused. His voice broke the silence.
> “Can I bring condoms...?”
I snapped out of it.
> “What the fuck?” I whispered. “We’re not having sex!”
There was a pause.
I turned to look at him. His eyes were wide, nervous too—
not lustful, not pushing. Just... scared.
> “Still... I’m afraid, Kabutar,” he said quietly. “What if it
happens?”
I stared at him—half mad, half melting.
> “Okay... if you feel so. But I don’t want to have it. It
pains.”
And then... he surprised me again.
He nodded, kissed my forehead gently and said—

> “Don’t worry. I’ll never force you.”

And as he said...

he never did.

He lay back down, pulled me close, and held me like I was everything he needed.

No pressure. No guilt. No rush.

Just warmth. Breath. Love.

That night, nothing happened.

But everything happened.

And from then on, this became our quiet routine.

Those late-night hugs.

Those kisses.

That comfort of skin against skin, without the need to cross the line.

We didn’t need to go all the way to feel close.

Sometimes just being held like that, being wanted like that—was enough.

Kachua and Kabutar were enough.

I am in love with him.

Chapter 18

Dream or reality?



Days slip by, quiet but heavy with unsaid things. Like everything's balanced on a fragile thread I can't quite see.

It's Sunday morning. I wake up with the sun sneaking through the curtains, a book in my hand, ready to get lost in another world. I head to the park, find my favourite bench, and sink into my novel.

Then, he shows up—fresh from his run, sweat still glistening on his skin. He sits beside me, close enough to feel the warmth radiating off his body.

He gave me a flower not purchased but plucked. I put them in my novel.

His phone rings. The screen flashes a name: “Brotherrrrr.”

He hesitates, then declines. Again. Then silence. He slips the phone into his pocket like it's nothing.

Something twists in my chest. I watch him, trying to read what he's not saying. But he's calm, collected—like the storm is somewhere else.

Monday comes. I'm rushing out the door to the office when I see the missed calls again. That same name flashing on his screen. This time, I don't ignore it. My gut tightens.

There's something messy, it whispers.

But then another voice inside me pushes back: *He loves me. He cares for me. I've seen it—how he looks at me, how he holds me. This can't be anything more.*

Tuesday hits,

I came back exhausted from office and his phone buzzes with a message from that same number.

You should brush your teeth with oil and salt. It looks yellow.

I blink, confused. He wasn't there

I saw a Video call last minute with that number.

I never wanted to go through his privacy but I did I opened his privacy folder and found pics of a girl wearing specs.

a lot of pics of that girl.

My mind stops working the moment I see her

Not just once, but again and again. And then group photos. She's there with him. Smiling, close. Familiar.

I freeze.

Because when I asked him, *really* asked him about his past, his ex... he told me she was just a story.

He said he studied in a boys' school, that stuff like this wasn't allowed in our village.

And I believed him. Blindly. Wholeheartedly.

Three months in, and I'm uncovering calls, video chats, pictures — all hidden away, like secrets buried too deep to face.

My head spins. My heart aches. I don't know what to feel.

Betrayed? Angry? Confused?

I don't react. I just turn and walk away, straight to my room.
He comes back later. My phone buzzes—*hello Kabutar*—but
I see it and ignore it.

Seconds pass. Then another message.

What happened?

Kabutarr

Kabutarrrr...

I'm drowning in silence, but his words keep pulling,
desperate, searching.

And all I can do is sit there, trying to figure out what the hell
this all means.

Kabutarrrrr

Kabutarrrrrrrrrr

Kabutarrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Kabutarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Kabutarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Kabutarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Myra

Myraa

Myraaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Myraa

My phone buzzes like it's begging for my attention.

I finally type back, fingers trembling:

"What happened?"

Then comes the truth, raw and sharp like a knife—

"You don't know? You are ignoring me Myra"

"I know whose name you have saved as Brotherrr."

"Why are you doing this to me, yar?"

"Did I do something wrong? Why me?"

"It's not like what it looks.

She texted me, I just replied."

I stare at the screen. The words don't make it any easier.

She *texted* him? That means... there's really a girl.

So I say it, bitter and trembling,

Then go reply to her. Go reply to your ex.

His message pops up again, defensive:

She is not my ex. She stopped talking to me. Now she's texting again.

My brain explodes.

Stopped talking?

Not ex?

"Then what the hell am I?"

"I love you.kabutar"

"And you're with her." I said

"she stopped talking. It's her mistake, not mine.

Why am I the one feeling used?"

I type back faster than I think:

"I never used you. Kabutar"

She's your past.

She had problems at home.

That's why she wasn't able to text.

When I came here, I felt alone.

No one to talk to.

And that's when it hits me like a punch:

I'm the third person.

It's not like that, he says.

I'm going. Bye.

I don't wait. I grab my phone and walk out.

I find him at the park, sitting there, eyes glassy and heavy with tears I've never seen before.

My heart breaks open in a way I didn't expect.

I swallow the pain and say,

It's okay. Just block her. Tell her you've moved on. Let's stop this here.

His voice cracks,

I can't do that.

What do you mean you can't do that?

I can't tell her.

Then just block her.

No, I can't.

Then leave me.

I start to walk away, but his hand catches my arm.

I can't do that either.

The tears aren't falling from his eyes, but they're there—
heavy, silent.

Mine fall like rain, unstoppable.

I don't want to be with someone who used me, I whisper.

He doesn't say anything. I don't look back.

I walk away, heart shattered, leaving him—and us—behind.

I slam the door shut, my hands trembling so hard I can barely lock it. The room feels suffocating, like the air itself is thick with betrayal. I drop to the floor, knees pulled to my chest, and the tears come crashing down—hot, relentless, unstoppable.

“Why me?” I scream into the emptiness, my voice cracking, raw with hurt. “Why does this always happen to me? Why can’t I be enough? Why can’t I be the one he chooses?”

Every sob tears through my chest like a knife, ripping open wounds I thought were healing. My heart feels like it’s shattering, each broken piece stabbing deeper than the last.

I clutch my head, fingers tangled in my hair, desperate to silence the chaotic storm inside. But the pain is louder than any scream I could make.

I’m drowning—in betrayal, in confusion, in loneliness. And God, it feels like no one sees the mess I’m becoming. No one hears the silent screams behind my tears.

“Why me?” I whisper again, voice barely audible. But this time, the question is heavy with shattered hope, with the bitter truth that sometimes, love hurts so much it breaks you completely.

I’m shattered. Not just a little—I’m completely, irreparably broken.

Breathing feels impossible, like every inhale is scraping my lungs raw, every exhale just pulls more pain inside.

I’m crying like I’ve lost myself—like the pieces of me are slipping through my fingers and there’s nothing left to hold on to.

It’s like I’m trapped in a nightmare I can’t wake up from. Every second feels like a slow torture, and I’m begging,

praying it's all just a dream—that when I open my eyes, none of this is real.

But it is.

And still, I wait.

Waiting for him to come back. Waiting for him to hold me like I'm the only thing that matters.

Waiting for him to say the words I crave like oxygen—
“You’re the one I chose. You’re the only one I love. It’s always been you.”

I gave him everything. Every part of me—my heart, my trust, my body, my soul—laid bare and unguarded.

And yet... he’s still fighting for her.

That cuts through me deeper than any knife.

It’s a pain so raw it’s like my chest is being ripped open, bleeding out all the love I thought was ours.

How do you hold onto someone who’s already halfway gone?

How do you love when the one you love is already loving someone else?

I want to scream until there’s no voice left. I want to disappear, to vanish into the nothingness that’s swallowing me whole.

But all I can do is sit here, broken and hollow, waiting for him to come back and choose me—before I’m completely lost.

I lay down crying losing my control from my body I punched the wall.

He came back. But he didn’t come to my room.

He walked straight into his and shut the door like I didn’t even exist.

And that's when I lost it.

I couldn't sit still. My heart was racing, my hands ice cold. I needed to know. Needed to *see*.

I walked over, the hallway spinning beneath my feet. His door was open, and he was on a call... laughing softly, murmuring something I couldn't catch.

I didn't even ask. I just took his phone.

And there it was. *Brotherrrr*.

Her again.

I opened the chat—

“Baby...”

Everything inside me went silent. Like the world paused. Like my own heartbeat didn't want to hear it.

I walked out, his phone still in my hand.

He came running after me.

I slammed my room door, shaking with rage, pain, betrayal.

She was still on the call.

With a voice I didn't recognize as my own, I said:

“Look... I'm in love with him. And he loves me too. I hope you understand. Please... please leave us. It was all going fine. Why did you come back? Why now? Why him?”

My voice cracked.

“I beg you. Just go. Leave my love with me.”

He pushed the door. Once. Twice.

The lock broke.

He snatched the phone.

She had already cut the call.

But he heard. He heard everything I said.

I was crying. Shaking. Bleeding inside.

He stood there. Quiet. No hug. No softness. Just... cold.

Then he said,

“She can even cut her nerves.”

And I—

“But I loved *you*,” I whispered.

And then he said it.

For the first time in three months, he didn’t say “*Kabutarrrr*,”
or “*Myraaaa*.”

He said it straight.

Clear. Cold.

“Myra.”

My name.....

He turned around and left the room.

No explanation.

No cuddle.

No comfort.

He locked his door behind him.

And I... I collapsed.

Face down on the bed, crying like a child—like someone
who had just lost everything they built.

I don’t even remember when I fell asleep.

Tears soaked into the pillow. My heart kept screaming inside.

I hadn’t even eaten—barely touched my lunch at the office.

I came home starving... and fell asleep on an empty stomach.

The Next Day

When I opened my eyes, his door wasn't locked.

Mom said he'd gone for his classes.

But I was scared. Terrified. I didn't even know *what* I was afraid of.

I texted him:

“Where are you?”

Hours passed. No reply.

Then finally—

“Iskcon temple.”

My fingers shook as I typed:

“I’m coming there.”

He replied,

“No. I’m coming back.”

I brushed, changed, and ran out.

I asked him to meet me at the metro station.

And I brought something with me—a letter.

Because my mouth was useless now. I couldn't speak without falling apart.

So I wrote. Poured everything into those words.

When I met him, I handed him the letter.

He didn't read it right away. Just folded it and slipped it into his pocket like it meant nothing.

We went to a mall.

He didn't talk.

Didn't hold my hand.

Didn't even look at me properly.

And when I tried to hold his hand—just once—he pulled it away. Like I was a stranger.

In the letter, I had written:

“I’m sorry for misbehaving. This is your call now. I won’t force anything. But if you’re tired, if everything feels too heavy, I’m still here.

You can choose to leave, but if you need a hug... I’m here. Always. Whether you choose me or not.”

And still, he said nothing.

After an hour, he mumbled,

“She called my friends. They talked... but they’re on my side.”

And every time another call came, he left me alone.

Again and again.

I gave him space. Of course I did.

But he...

He acted like I was the one who ruined everything.

Like *I* was the villain.

Like *I* was the mistake.

He walked beside me like I was nobody.

Like those nights in each other’s arms meant nothing.

Like the “I love you” were just noise.

And I swear—

That was the loneliest I have ever felt... standing right beside the person I love.

Just to make his mood better I went to buy some chocolates for him.

he may like and brought some candies from a candy shop without even knowing it was too expensive.

like for me who had only 500rs as saving I bought a small amount of candies for 250.

just to make his mood better I gave him and he didn't reacted.

he said "I'm tired of all these I don't want to choose any of you either I want to get rid of all these stupidity."

Why not first made me fell in love and now it was a stupidity. I felt embarrassing that I was loving a guy who made me feel it wasn't even love.

"That's your choice of course I just don't want you to be sad. Lets go home now."

we went back and I gave him his space.

I pray to god with tear full in eyes " if he is mine please gimme back, this I the first time I felt something like this, I really felt love the feeling if love and I cared for a person without thinking even I will get something in return or not."

"if he is not mine please help me to get out of this relation then, I know it will hurt and hurt and hurt and then one day it won't."

"The pain I feel today might be the joke I tell tomorrow."

"Maybe in the future, I'll look back and realize this wasn't the end, but the beginning."

but even after motivating myself. Somehow somewhere it is hard right now

"God... why? Why did You bring him to me if You were going to take him away?

I was already broken, already tired of fighting with life...

and then You sent him.

For the first time, I felt I was not alone.
I thought You finally answered my prayers.
But no... You played with me.
You gave me love only to snatch it away.
You gave me hope only to crush it into pieces.
Tell me, why do You hate me so much?
Why is it always me who is left crying, begging, bleeding
inside?
Am I that bad?
I didn't ask You for anything, God.
I only asked You to let him stay.
Was that too much?
Did I deserve this kind of betrayal?
I trusted him more than myself.
I gave him my heart, my soul, my everything.
And today... I feel like nothing.
Like I don't even deserve love.
Like I'm a mistake.
Do You even see me, God?
Do You see me crying every night, holding my chest because
it hurts so much I can't breathe?
Do You see me shaking, asking myself why I was not enough
for him?
If this is life, I don't want it.
If this is love, I don't want it.
Take everything, God... just don't leave me like this.
I can't live like this anymore.

I can't."

I slept on the floor with pain.

Next day,

He was again not in his room.

I went there and tried to find something any clue anything I check his bag.

I don't even know what I was looking for. Maybe peace. Maybe proof that I'm overthinking. But instead—I find it.

A love letter.

Folded like it's sacred. Like it still matters.

Next to it, a customized calendar—pictures printed on each month like memories were meant to be displayed. I flip it open, casually, thoughtlessly.

And there he is.

Smiling.

Feeding cake to her, fingers near her lips like it's the most natural thing in the world. And on that cake, her name, spelled like it owns the moment.

Tanvi.

So bold. So loud.

He's beaming—like the kind of happy that doesn't need to be explained. The kind of happy I thought he only had with me.

Her face...

I know that face.

From the photos buried in his privacy folder. The ones I found once, back when I still believed he had nothing to hide.

Now I know.

It was always her.

The gifts. The love letters. All saved—delicately. Like they're pieces of a love he never really let go of.

And I'm just... here.

Somewhere between her past and his present.

I can't breathe right. I can't think.

And yet, I keep digging.

I open his laptop.

Just a flicker of a thought—"Maybe he logged out of WhatsApp."

But no.

Of course not.

It's open. Waiting. Like fate was daring me to look.

And the messages—

Fifteen.

No, thirty.

No—forty. At least.

The screen doesn't blur from my eyes. It blurs from the tears I keep pretending I'm done crying.

But I'm not.

Because her messages...

They're *honest*.

Raw.

Painful in a way that makes me feel like I'm intruding on something sacred.

"Why did you do this to me, babe?"

"Wasn't my love enough for you?"

“I loved you with my whole heart. My soul.”

“Why did you change?”

Each message hits like a confession she didn’t get to say out loud. And she said it to him. Not knowing that someone else—me—would be reading it, feeling it, bleeding from it.

And suddenly I realize—

I’m not the victim here.

Not this time.

Because *she* loved him.

She still does.

So much. So much that I can feel the ache in every line she sent him.

And me?

I’m the silence between their love letters.

The pause.

The interruption.

Because he never even replied to her. Not a single message.

Or maybe he did.

Maybe he called her.

Said everything I’m scared to imagine.

My mind spirals because that’s what pain does—it doesn’t wait for facts. It just builds stories with the worst-case endings. And maybe I *am* overthinking. Or maybe I’m finally seeing the truth I’ve been trying so hard to avoid.

And it’s this:

I’m not the one he was fighting for.

I’m the one who was *in the way*.

I’ve already cried for hours last night.

Told myself I wouldn't cry again.

Told myself I was strong enough to carry this weight.

But here I am—

Tears falling like they've been waiting for a reason.

And now they have one.

Because when you realize you've been holding on to
someone who was never holding you back...

That's the kind of heartbreak you don't come back from
overnight.

I'm breaking.

Totally.

Loudly.

And maybe for the first time—*truthfully*.

Chapter 19

Love or affection?



Its 8'o clock now.

He's home.

I hear the click of the door. The keys hitting the glass bowl like they always do.

And for a second, my body forgets we're done.

It reacts like muscle memory—eyes flick toward the hallway, ears searching for the sound of his footsteps.

But this time, I stay in my room.

This time, I don't run.

This time, I remember.

Everything.

The cake.

Her name.

The messages.

The *truth*.

His lies.

And still—some stupid part of me wonders if he's okay.

If he's in his room.

If he's trying to find me.

If his chest is heavy like mine, if he's looking at the door,
waiting for it to open and see me standing there.

But I don't care.

Not anymore.

Because caring made me weak.

And I've already spent enough of my heart writing chapters
for someone who never even tried to read them.

I grab my phone.

No plan. No shoes. Just leaving.

I walk out of the house like I don't live in it. Like I don't live
in *him* anymore.

The air hits my face. It's warm. Too soft for how cold I feel
inside.

I go to the park.

Where we used to sit.

I sit on the bench.

And then—he comes.

I don't even see him walk up.

But suddenly, his arms are around me.

That hug.

The one I wrote about in letter.

The one I told him he could always ask for.

And here he is.

Taking it.

Using it.

Like I'm still *his* to lean on.

And I freeze.

Because my body knows this hug. It knows the shape of him,
the weight of him, the way he exhales like he's found home.

But I'm not his home anymore.

And he's not lost.

He just came back to what was *easy*.

He doesn't speak.

Maybe he thinks he doesn't need to.

Maybe he thinks this hug is forgiveness.

That my silence means I still want him.

But I'm not the girl who gives without question anymore.

Not the girl who fights battles she didn't start just to prove
she's worthy of love.

I gave him a safe place.

And he built someone else a future.

Now he's standing in front of me like I'm the one who has
the power to fix it.

But I don't.

And I won't.

Because this time, the hug he needs...

Is the one he doesn't deserve.

"I am sorry, Kabutari"

"I am guilty this time"

it was enough for me that he realised.

I hugged him tightly

I felt like I got everything in my life I will give him love more than he can expect and he will never go or never find anyone because my love will be enough.

thank u so much god for giving me him back

he's finally mine.

With this he changed his password and everything I can never guess and I also don't want to see because it will hurt me.

"I love u kachua" I said but he didn't replied.

I push him away. Not hard. Just enough to create space. Enough to breathe.

My voice cracks, and I hate that he hears it.

"Was this even love for you?" I ask. "Or just... affection?"

He doesn't say anything.

And his silence slices through me like something sharper than anger, colder than indifference.

I hate that he's quiet.

I hate that I care.

I hate that I'm the one standing here with my heart in my hands while he's... just *silent*.

I swallow. "I told you I was in love. I *am* in love. But now I'm the one stuck here. Because you gave me affection dressed like forever. And I believed it."

Finally, he speaks.

"If I didn't love you," he says, voice low, rough, "I wouldn't have brought you flowers. I wouldn't have snuck into your room at night, even though I was terrified someone would find out. You know how scared I am of that."

I blink. He's not looking at me, but at the floor like it holds every answer he's ever lost.

"I went home, and all I could think about was your face. I only left the house to call you. Or to see you for ten seconds on a damn video screen," he says. "I texted you at 3 a.m. because I couldn't sleep. I never could, when I didn't know if you were okay."

My heart does this thing. This ache and flutter and ache again. He looks up. "If it wasn't love, I wouldn't have cared that you were in pain during your period. I wouldn't have brought you chocolates. Talked to you nonstop just to distract you. I just... wanted you to feel good. Even a little." "And that stained bedsheet?" he continues. "I didn't even care. I just wanted to wash it for you so you wouldn't have to. I didn't do it, but I *asked*."

I stand there. Quiet.

Because I realize something:

He's right.

No one does all of that just for affection.

No one *stays* when it's messy.

No one *asks* unless they care.

His love has never been loud. It's never worn a label or come with a definition.

But it's *been there*. In every gesture. Every moment I didn't realize was him screaming, "*I love you*" without the words.

I nod slowly. A tear falls, and he notices — of course he does. He always notices.

And then he says it.....

"I love you, Kabutar."

My lips tremble. My heart does the thing again. And I don't know whether to laugh, cry, or fall into him like gravity has been begging me to all along.

Chapter 20

Why I am running?



Something feels crawling on my hand.

Fuck yaar I really hate insects.

but then I realised I'm really having tears in my eyes I forgot
I was sitting in park.

"It's okay to leave. It's okay to walk away."

Yes, I love him.

Kachua gave me love, care, and peace.

He listened to me when no one did.

He made me feel special... safe.

But still... he never chose me completely.

Every time I asked him,

"Why can't we think about marriage? Why can't we have a
future together?"

He would go silent... or act scared.

And one day he clearly said—

“I’ll be with you... until you get married to someone else.”

That one line broke me.

What did he mean? That I’m just a timepass until someone else comes into my life?

He said he loves me.

But he hides our relationship.

He doesn’t want people to know.

He says he will fight for me, but never with me.

He’s not ready to take a stand. Not for us. Not for love.

How can I be with someone who isn’t even ready to accept me fully?

And that’s not the only reason I’m leaving.

Last night changed everything.

I went out with one of my closest friends.

When I came back home, my dad was already there. Drunk. Angry.

As soon as I entered, he started shouting—

“You want to become like her?

Married, depending on her husband for everything?

You don’t want to work?

You’ve wasted my money on studies and can’t even earn now?

You’re a loser. A shame.

I regret having a daughter like you.”

I stood there, quiet... broken.

And in that moment, I knew—

I can’t stay here.

I sat quietly in my room that night.

Tears filled my eyes... ready to fall... but I didn't let them.

I had cried too much already.

My heart was heavy.

My chest hurt like someone was sitting on it.

I didn't eat.

I didn't speak.

I just lay down... closed my eyes... and slept with all that pain still inside me.....

The next morning, I knew I had to go.

There was no plan. No goodbye party.

Just a silent goodbye to the life I was leaving behind.

Before leaving, I walked to Kachua's room.

He was still sleeping.

His face looked peaceful... like he didn't know the storm going on inside me.

I sat beside him... placed my hand softly on his back...
and whispered—

“Good morning, Kachua...”

He shifted a little in his sleep... then suddenly opened his eyes.

Half awake, he mumbled—

“Kabutar... my underwear... I left it in your room yesterday...”

...

I froze.

My heart was already breaking... and now I didn't know

I woke up early that morning, but my mom was already there before me.

When I reached my room, I saw his underwear near my bed — right there, clearly visible.

That meant my mom must have seen it.

Oh no... now I really have to run before they throw me out.

If mom finds out about this, she will be furious.

And if dad knows... it will be a disaster.

Why did that idiot have to come last night?

I didn't even remember everything because I was so sad and tired.

But now it all came back.

After everyone was asleep, he came to my room quietly.

He was right beside me, whispering softly,

“Kabutar... Kabutar... look, it's me, Kachua. I'm here. Wake up, Kabutar. I'm here. Look at me, everything will be alright.”

He cuddled me tightly.

He brushed his fingers gently over my lips.

When I woke up, he kissed me on my cheek.

Then he started brushing his fingers softly down my back, holding me close.

He hugged me tight and said,

“I love you, Kabutar.”

Tears filled my eyes again because he was the only one there when dad scolded me.

What would he think of me now?

But he said,

“Don’t mind him. You are an inspiration to me.
You worked so hard. You helped your family financially.
At your age, no one does that.
You’re a great painter, a wonderful dancer, and you sing beautifully.
You do everything so well. You’re amazing—magical.
You’re just wow.”
Then he kissed me on my lips, softly...
He kissed me—
Not like the sweet kisses before.
This time... it was intense.
His hand slid into my hair, gently brushing it away from my face.
He held my face with both hands, firmly, like he didn’t want to lose me ever again.
Then he kissed me —
deeply, madly, breathlessly.
I couldn’t even breathe.
I had to pull back for a second, gasping softly as my chest rose against his.
He looked into my eyes and smiled, that small crooked smile that only he gave me.
And then...
his hand slid down slowly —
resting over my chest.
I wasn’t wearing a bra — it was night, who wears it at home?
But in that second, I wished I had.
Because the way his touch sent a shiver through my body...

I knew I was already losing control.

His fingers moved gently — like he was learning every part of me.

Then, slowly...

his hand slipped under my shorts.

I forgot to breathe again.

I was already melting, already lost.

He looked at me again, silently asking if he should go on.

I nodded.

And then...

He leaned down, kissing me again,

his lips traveling lower —

from my cheek... to my neck...

down my collarbone.

He removed his shirt, slowly... then mine — but not with his hands.

With his lips.

One kiss at a time... one breath at a time...

Undoing me.

Unwrapping me.

Loving me.

My shorts were next — they slid off easily with his fingers grazing my thighs, sending waves through me I didn't know I could feel.

His body was close now — skin against skin.

And then —

he touched me where I had never let anyone before.

Gently.

Patiently.

I couldn't even think.

I just felt.

Felt him.

Felt us.

And then kisses everywhere , his head between my legs

That night was unpredictable

It was unforgettable.

The kind of night that lives in your skin.

The kind that changes something deep inside you.

He held me like I was his world, kissed me like he was starving for years.

And I... I let myself feel everything.

No fear. No shame. No rules.

Just us.

The silence, the heat, the way his touch spoke louder than any words ever could —

I'll never forget any of it.

But I swear to God, this idiot...

He had to forget his underwear.

Really? After all that?

Right there. Near my bed.

Oh. My. God.

Messy. Dangerous. Beautiful.

And unforgettable.

Finally I'm here I don't know what to do or how to face mom now. What if she told everything to dad?

I don't want year 2020 to repeat again. I hate it and after thinking about it I hate everyone every single person of my family, relatives whomever were there at that moment when I, I was beaten like an animal. Slapped punched grabbed my hair and threw me on the floor snatched, kicked on my stomach, what not.

I don't know what to do and how to behave... so I'm sitting here writing everything. I think writing your feeling is way much better than telling to someone who can never understand or just make fun of it.

"Your mom saw that mug Kabutar where are you ??"

Kachua texted me again...

Now nothing's alright and I can never go back to home after this

Because my mother knew.

She had seen me chatting at midnight, had put the pieces together. I could still see the look in her eyes—the silent question, the quiet realization. And worst of all, the proof had been right there in front of her.

The cup.

The birthday gift I had given him, with our photo printed on it. A simple gesture, a small thing, but enough to give me away. Enough to expose the feelings I had tried to bury.

Now she knew everything.

And I was embarrassed. Not because of my love, but because of what it meant—what it could never be.

I couldn't face him.

I couldn't be near him.

I had to stay away.

A sharp pain bloomed in my chest at the thought, but I forced myself to ignore it.

Chapter 21

Seven days of valentine



I'm here sitting in a park with a phone and sharing my feelings and writing continuously.

In front of me far but clearly visible there is a boy who is with a girl holding her hands tightly and maybe he is not letting her go. And she is shouting on him to let her go now.....

It made me feel something, something that made me feel uncomfortable and my breathing was heavy it's hard to breath and I'm not feeling well now .

I took my pills from bag and had it 4-5 pills at a time . After a while I felt better I'm not good mentally I have some problems anxiety issues and sometimes depression.

I really need these pills with me whenever I need it I have them and after a while I feel better atleast felt like I'm breathing now .

That scene where that boy was trying to hurt that girl indirectly or maybe unintentionally. I have passed through

the same where my hand was also holded tight by someone and it was hurting me badly.

That was a bad day for me. Exhausted from work, I just wanted to go home and forget everything. But fate had other plans.

As I walked back from the office, my eyes landed on someone—someone who made my heart pound, not out of love, but out of an emotion far more complicated. His presence was a weight I wasn't ready to carry, yet there he stood, unmoving.

Our eyes met. A silent tension filled the space between us. — He was someone who loved me, but I had never been able to love him back.

In that moment, the day, already terrible, became worse. Because I knew—this wasn't over. My problems had just begun.

He started walking towards me, and fear gripped my chest. My heart pounded against my ribs as I quickened my pace, deciding to ignore him, to pretend I hadn't noticed. But he ran after me, his voice cutting through the noise of the busy street.

He shouted my name, Myra, his voice raw with desperation. People turned to stare, their curious eyes burning into my skin. Embarrassment curled inside me like a knot. I had no choice but to stop.

We hadn't spoken in a year. A year since I told him I didn't want to continue. A year since I begged him to let me go. But he never listened—he never understood. He thought my silence was anger, that one day I would return to him. And so, he waited.

I never wanted him in my life, so I decided to let him go. A year ago, it happened.

He thought I would wait. He believed I would return to him. But he was wrong.

I never wanted him in my life. He was always kind, always gentle—but kindness felt like chains when it came from him. I felt like a pigeon in a cage, wings clipped, trapped in a love I never asked for.

He treated me like I was his. Not a person, not a soul with a choice—just something that belonged to him like a property. He came and held my hand. I didn't want that. I pulled away, pretending not to notice, hoping he would understand.

But he didn't.

Instead, he placed his hand on my shoulder—just like he used to when we were together. But that was then. Not now.

I removed his hand, my body stiff with discomfort. He didn't get angry. He just smiled, like nothing had changed.

"Don't be angry," he said softly. "I'm with you now. Come, let's go eat something."

But I wasn't angry.

I was exhausted. Frustrated. Tired

"I'm done with you," I told him, my voice firm, my patience worn thin.

He looked at me, unfazed, as if my words meant nothing. He always did this—twisted my rejection into something else, something that fit his version of love.

Whenever I missed his calls, he would say things that felt like threats. I'll come to your home. I'll show up at your office. To him, it was love. To me, it was suffocating.

I never wanted drama in my life, never wanted my parents to see the mess he kept creating. But he didn't care. Every day, he was ready to come, to force his way back in, to make sure I could never forget him.

His presence became unbearable—like a shadow I couldn't shake, like a cage closing in. So I decided to end it, to make him understand once and for all.

But he never did.

Again, he tried to hold my shoulder, and again, I pushed his arms away. But this time, he didn't back off.

His face darkened with anger as he grabbed my hand, his grip tightening painfully. I struggled, trying to pull away, but his fingers dug into my skin. I wasn't strong enough to break free.

I took a deep breath and tried to reason with him. "Look," I said, my voice calm despite the fear creeping in. "I don't want you in my life. Can you please just leave without making this worse?"

His jaw clenched, his breathing heavy.

"You are mine," he spat, tightening his grip. His eyes burned with rage, his voice rising as he argued with me, refusing to listen.

I had no other choice.

"I love someone else," I said.

His entire body stiffened. "If that's true, call him. Right now."

Fine. If that's what it took to end this, I would do it.

I dialed my Kachua and spoke, my voice steady. But before I could say much, he lunged forward and snatched the phone from my hand.

My heart pounded. Would he throw it? Smash it in his anger?

Instead, he glared "Unlock it." and hissed,

That was it. My patience snapped.

"This doesn't belong to your father," I shot back. "It's mine."

He tightened his grip, this time holding both my hands. Pain shot through my wrists, but worse than that was the humiliation. People passing by had started staring. Their eyes burned into me, but no one stepped in. No one ever did.

He wanted to talk, but I didn't have time for this. I needed to go home. He was wasting my time, dragging me into something I had already walked away from.

I don't know why, but in that moment, something in me snapped. I yanked my hands free with sudden force, my voice sharper than I expected.

"Go to hell! Just fuck off from my life I'm going ."

His eyes darkened, his breathing heavy. Maybe I should have kept walking, but the frustration boiled inside me. "It was my fault for stopping when you shouted my name," I said bitterly.

Anger twisted his face. He turned away and started kicking the railing, slamming his fists against it like a child throwing a tantrum. I didn't care anymore. I walked away, our paths finally separating.

But then—

"WAIT!"

Still, I didn't wait. I didn't even look back.

I just walked faster, my heart pounding, my legs moving as quickly as they could without breaking into a run. I wanted to get rid of him, to put as much distance between us as possible.

His voice echoed behind me, louder, more desperate. But I didn't stop this time. I wouldn't make the same mistake again. My train was right in front of me—my escape, my chance to finally get rid of him.

I stepped forward, relief washing over me, but just as I was about to enter, I saw him.

He had boarded too.

He had entered another coach, but from inside, he was making his way toward me. My chest tightened—he wouldn't stop. He never did.

Thinking fast, I turned and rushed toward the women's coach. It was my only option. A space where he couldn't follow.

As I stepped there, I finally felt a sense of safety. He stood far, his face twisted with frustration.

He couldn't enter, and from outside, he started shouting, "Listen! Listen to me!"

Another scene. Another moment of embarrassment.

I turned away, ignoring him. But he didn't stop, I saw his expression shift. A smile appeared, but his eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry. Please, forgive me," he begged. "I will never do this again. I'll be exactly how you want me to be. I'll do whatever you say."

I had heard it all before. Empty words, repeated promises.

"I don't want to talk," I said firmly. "Just stay away from me."

His face hardened. His tone changed in an instant.

"I already said sorry! What do you want now? Should I fall at your feet?" He scoffed bitterly. "Fine. I'll do that too. Just say something!"

I shook my head, frustration boiling inside me.

Why didn't he understand?

I didn't want apologies. I didn't want promises.

I just wanted him gone.

Time passed, and my station arrived.

I stepped out, hoping—praying—that this would be the end of it. That I would finally walk away without him behind me.

But He had gotten off too.

He was following me. Again.

He shouted my name, Before I could react, he came running, blocking my path.

His hands grabbed mine, gripping them tightly. I struggled, but his hold was firm.

I was stepping down the stairs when he rushed in front of me, cutting off my way. I tried to move past him, but he wouldn't let me. I had nowhere to go.

Frustrated, I exhaled sharply. "What do you want now?"

His voice trembled. "You are mine. Please, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I just want you to be happy."

I looked him straight in the eyes and said, "I am happy. Without you."

His face fell, but I didn't stop. "You make me feel like I'm your property—just like these plots." I gestured toward the land nearby, empty and lifeless.

His jaw tightened. "Yes, you are my property I care for u. You are mine."

And in that moment, I realized—he still didn't understand. He wasn't listening. He was just repeating the same words, as if saying them enough times would make them true.

He wasn't trying to understand my frustration, my exhaustion. He was holding me like I was just angry, like all he had to do was convince me to stay.

But I wasn't angry.

I was done.

I decided to step back, to escape. I turned and walked faster, heading toward the lift. He followed.

I wanted to run, but I didn't want to create a scene at the station. So I stayed quiet, kept moving. I stepped into the lift, hoping to shut him out. But he entered too.

Again, the same words. The same sorry. But I wasn't listening anymore. My only focus was getting home.

The doors opened. I was almost free. I went to check out, but then—again.

"Don't follow me," I said firmly.

"I will follow you," he snapped. "I'll see where you go. How will you not listen to me? I will come here every day, just to see you."

Panic rose in my chest. I grabbed my phone and called Kachua, asking him to pick me up from the station. He was already there.

I really didn't want a scene, but he wouldn't stop.

What would Kachua think? Would he react badly? Would he have a thousand questions?

I was almost at the station exit where Kachua was waiting, but he was still following. I decided to take the stairs—maybe that way, I could lose him.

But before I could move, he grabbed me.

He held my hand tightly, yanking me back. "We will go from the lift."

And that's when it happened.

I had been holding back. I had tried to stay calm. I had tried to walk away. But this—this was too much.

I pulled, trying to free myself, but his grip was stronger. "I go to the gym," he smirked. "I have more strength. I will never let go of this hand."

Something inside me snapped.

I lost control.

I started shouting.

Not just shouting—screaming.

More than 40-50 people turned to look. But I didn't care anymore.

"DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? JUST FUCK OFF! LEAVE ME ALONE! FUCK OFF!"

My voice shook the air. I didn't even recognize myself.

"YOU MOTHERFUCKER! YOU'RE SPOILING MY LIFE!"

DON'T YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND?! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU? JUST FUCK OFF! LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE ""YOU SICK, OBSESSED MOTHERFUCKER! STOP RUINING MY FUCKING LIFE! CAN'T YOU SEE I HATE YOU?! GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!"

I screamed at the top of my lungs. My head pounded. My vision blurred. My whole body was shaking.

And for the first time—he stepped back.

Farther. And farther.

I kept walking, my legs weak, my hands trembling. I felt like I would faint. But I kept going.

He was gone now .

"Wait! I can't let you go alone. I'll book a cab for you!" he called out again.

I kept walking, my body still trembling, my breaths uneven.

And then, in front of me—Kachua.

Behind me, him.

Kachua stood there, his eyes searching my face, while the man behind me refused to leave. My heart pounded, not knowing what to say, how to explain, what excuse to make.

Kachua didn't ask anything. He just walked up to me, placed a firm hand on my shoulder, and said, "Let's go home."

The moment his hand touched me, relief flooded through my body. I was safe. I was with him now.

I turned back one last time.

He was still standing there, watching. Watching me walk away with someone else.

And then—I never turned back again.

I was still shaking as Kachua rode the bike. The adrenaline hadn't faded, the fear still clung to my skin. He must have noticed because, without a word, he placed one hand on my leg, steadying me.

"He was following me," I whispered, my voice barely audible.

But he didn't ask for details. He didn't want to know what happened. He just said, "Everything is alright, Kabutar. I'm here with you. Everything is okay."

And that was it.

That was all it took.

I broke down.

I started crying—loudly, uncontrollably.

"Stop it," he said gently. "You'll make yourself sick."

I tried speaking between my sobs. "He... he—"

But he cut me off, "Why didn't you tell me? I would have come to pick you up."

I wiped my face on his t shirt.

"You did the right thing," he reassured me. Then, with a small smirk, he added, "But now I'm a little scared of you. My Kabutar is really strong."

I was still shaking. In frustration, I punched my own leg, trying to stop it.

Kachua grabbed my leg, holding it still. His warmth, his presence—it was grounding me.

Then, as if nothing had happened, as if trying to bring me back to normal, he asked, "What do you want to eat?"

I blinked. "You're on a diet," I reminded him, making an innocent face.

"It's okay," he shrugged. "I'll cheat for a day. Now tell me, what do you want to eat?"

I hesitated for a second. Then softly, I said, "Something sweet."

I wasn't someone who liked sweets. I never liked chocolates, except the dark, bitter ones. But he loved sweet things.

And because of him—I had started eating them too.

I was still nervous, my mind tangled in a mess of thoughts. As we walked, I noticed the wine shop on our right. Kachua glanced at me, already knowing I don't drink.

"If you're really that sad, you can go for it," he said, testing me.

I shot him a look—he knew I would never do that. He smirked, as if amused by my reaction.

Then, without realizing it, I started searching for something. Kachua noticed immediately. His gaze sharpened.

"You're thinking about smoking, aren't you?" he said, almost reading my mind.

I stayed quiet. He was right. I didn't smoke, I never did. But every time nerves got the best of me, the thought crossed my mind, like an escape I never actually took.

"I want to smoke," I said to Kachua.

He looked at me and smirked. "Do you remember the day I slapped you, and you ran away? Do you want more slaps, my Kabutar?"

I remember that day so clearly. I was teasing him endlessly, pushing his buttons just for fun. He said something—I don't even remember what—but without thinking, I playfully slapped him. It wasn't serious, just a light tap.

He froze for a moment, his eyes locking onto mine. "No one has ever done that to me before," he said, his voice quieter than usual. There was something unreadable in his expression, but I just laughed.

I did it again. And again. Teasing him, enjoying the way he reacted. But then, out of nowhere, he slapped me back. It wasn't meant to be serious, I know that. But by sheer coincidence, it landed harder than either of us expected.

A sharp sting spread across my cheek, and for a moment, I just stood there, shocked. A sudden anger bubbling inside me.

Without saying a word, I got out of the house, my heart pounding louder than my footsteps.

Okay back to reality

I was still saying

"He held my hand tightly—too tightly. It hurt, but I could tell he wasn't trying to hurt me." I said sobbing .

Kachua was trying to ground me, to bring me back from whatever storm was raging inside me. His voice was calm, soft, distracting me again and again, pulling me back to reality. He tried so hard. And after a while, I was finally in my senses again.

To lighten the mood, we decided to grab something spicy—something he also liked.

Then, out of nowhere, I told him, "I got my salary today. My first salary."

A small smile played on his lips, and I knew what I wanted to do. I took him to a restaurant, ordered sweets—anything he wanted. He deserved that much.

As we ate, I could feel his eyes on me, completely focused. No distractions, no hesitation. Just me. And, for some reason, I liked it. The way he looked at me, like I was the only thing in his world at that moment—it made my heart feel heavy in a way I couldn't explain.

We took some extra sweets to eat at home, and then he started the bike again. I sat behind him, but this time, my heart wasn't racing—it was sinking. A deep sadness settled in my chest.

What have I done?

A year ago, I was the one who let him into my life. He was never forceful, never demanding. He only ever wanted to be with me. And yet, I had been so cruel. I had pushed him away, hurt him in ways I couldn't take back. I had even called Kachua that time —just to prove to him that I was with someone else.

His anger was something I expected, but even through it, he still cared. He still called. And even after everything, his words were soft, simple:

"Love you."

How could he still love me after everything I did? After I humiliated him in front of so many people, I abused him ,after I treated him like he was nothing, he was still here—asking if I wanted to take a cab because I didn't feel okay.

Guilt twisted inside me. I had done him so wrong.

Lost in my thoughts, I barely noticed when Kachua stopped the bike. He turned slightly, looking at me.

"Wait here," he said.

And then he walked away, leaving me alone with the weight of everything I had done.

I watched as he walked away, disappearing into the darkness. The place he went to was unfamiliar, shadowed and quiet, with nothing but his flashlight cutting through the night. I could only see the faint glow of it as he moved further, his figure swallowed by the blackness.

I turned away, lost in my thoughts once again. The weight of my guilt was suffocating. I had hurt him so much, and yet, he was still there Why?

Minutes passed, or maybe just seconds—I wasn't sure. Then, suddenly, I felt a presence behind me. I turned around, and there he was, standing silently.

In his hand, he held a rose.

Not a bouquet. Not a fancy, store-bought flower wrapped in plastic with artificial decorations. Just a single, freshly plucked rose—soft, delicate, and slightly imperfect.

My breath caught in my throat as realization hit me. This morning, I had said it was Rose Day. The beginning of the week of love.

He extended the flower toward me, and without a second thought, I took it. The moment my fingers brushed against the delicate petals, something inside me shifted.

My heart fluttered.

A warmth spread through me, dissolving the weight of the entire day. The stress, the guilt, the overthinking—it all faded, replaced by something softer, something I couldn't quite put into words.

He understood. He always did. Without me saying a single word, he knew I wasn't okay. And instead of forcing a conversation or demanding answers, he simply went and did something that spoke louder than words.

That flower—it wasn't just a flower. It was a gesture, a quiet way of saying, I see you. I care.

I looked at him, my fingers tightening slightly around the stem, and for the first time in a long while, I felt shy. I wasn't used to this feeling—to someone noticing the little things, to someone making such an effort just for me.

I turned my gaze away, hoping he wouldn't notice the way my face warmed. I was shy, and for once, I didn't mind it.

I held him tightly from behind as he rode, my arms wrapped securely around him.

Kachua told me that when he arrived at the garden and carefully plucked the flower, a voice startled him.

"Yes? What do you want?" The owner stood there, watching him with curious eyes.

Kachua hesitated,. "I'm sorry," he said . "But I really need this flower today."

For a moment, the owner studied him, then a warm smile spread across his face. "Go ahead, take it. You seem like you truly need it."

Relief flooded .He nodded gratefully, holding the flower as if it were the most precious thing in the world.

We were talking—about everything and nothing. The tension I had carried all day was gone, replaced by a strange sense of comfort. For once, I wasn't overthinking. I wasn't drowning in guilt. I was just... there, with him.

But deep down, I knew I couldn't leave things unsaid. I had to tell him what I felt.

I took a deep breath, gathering the courage to speak. "I want to tell you something," I began, my voice steady. "I want to talk about everything that happened."

But he didn't seem interested. He simply said, "You were right," and before I could say anything else, he changed the topic—again and again.

I frowned, unwilling to let it go. "I did wrong," I admitted, tightening my grip around him. "I lost control, and I shouldn't have. Abusing someone in public like that... I—"

Before I could finish, he interrupted me.

"Kabutar, you will not say sorry."

How did he know?

I hadn't even said it yet—I was just thinking about apologizing, about admitting how wrong I was. And yet, before the words could even leave my lips, he stopped me.

"Kabutar, you will not say sorry."

His voice was calm, certain, as if he had already read my mind. As if he knew exactly what was going through my head before I even figured out how to say it.

I stayed silent for a moment, trying to understand. How could he always know? Was it the way I held him a little tighter? The way my voice hesitated before speaking? Or was it just him—always understanding me in ways no one else ever did?

Whatever it was, it made my heart feel something unfamiliar yet comforting. He wasn't just hearing me—he was seeing me.

I hugged him, feeling a deep sense of comfort and warmth. In that moment, nothing else mattered—just the quiet understanding between us.

Later, as usual, I changed my clothes and freshened up, trying to wash away the exhaustion of the day—the office stress, the unexpected emotions, and the drama that unfolded.

We had dinner together, talking like nothing had happened. It felt normal, easy, like we had silently agreed to move forward without dragging the weight of the past few hours.

But deep down, something still lingered.

That night, I did something I knew was wrong—not because of the action itself, but because I hid it from Kachua.

I picked up my phone and sent a message:

"I'm sorry for losing control and abusing you in public."

I knew he had already told me not to apologize. I knew he didn't want me to carry this guilt. But I couldn't help it. I had to say it—at least once.

A few minutes later, I got a text.

"I'm not angry. I'm sorry for my behavior."

I read it and paused. He wasn't mad—he never was. And now, instead of expecting an apology from me, he was the one saying sorry.

I didn't know what to reply, so I just stared at the message for a while, lost in thought.

His next message came quickly.

"I want to be with you, please. I told you I'm sorry. Now don't get more angry, just come to me. Okay, tell me—when will you come to meet me?"

I sighed. Here it was again. The same conversation, the same pressure. He wasn't asking—he was pushing.

"I don't want you in my life."

I sent the words without hesitation, but deep down, I already knew how he would respond.

"What did I do wrong? Did I ever abuse you? Did I ever slap you? Tell me what I did wrong. I've always encouraged you. Why do you don't want to be with me when I have already said I'm sorry "

I felt a wave of frustration wash over me. He wasn't listening—he never really did. He was making me feel guilty, as if I owed him something just because he was never

physically cruel. But what about this? This constant forcing, this refusal to accept my words?

"You make me feel worse," I typed.

"You keep repeating the same thing over and over, even after I told you I'm done. You're forcing me to be in a relationship, acting like you own me."

I sent the message and put my phone down. I knew he wouldn't understand. He never did.

Nice! Here's a refined version of your passage with better flow and grammar while keeping your style intact:

He started texting me again and again without a break.

When I turned my phone on, I saw his message:

"I'm coming to meet you tomorrow. Then we'll discuss this topic."

I started thinking—I didn't want any more drama. No matter what I said, he wouldn't listen. So, before things could get worse, I blocked him right after his message.

After blocking him, I let out a sigh of relief, thinking it was finally over. But just as I started to breathe, my phone buzzed.

A new message.

My heart sank before I even read it. Somehow, I already knew—it wasn't over yet.

"Alright, go. I've tried enough—I've done everything to make things right. But if you don't care, then fine. And the day you find someone better than me, just let me know, okay? Good bye forever.

free to talk to anyone, go wherever you want—your choice. After all, if you can go with someone else right in front of me, what can I even say?

Thank you for your love and support—not that you really did much, but still, thanks. At least you taught me a lesson. I'll never make this mistake again in my life.

After his message, I realized something—if you really want to know what someone thinks about you, just make them angry. That's when the truth comes out, the words they've been holding back, the things they never said before.

I had supported him so much, stood by him through everything. But now, no matter what he says, I don't care anymore.

After everything that happened, all I wanted was to hear Kachua's voice. Just a few words from him, something to make me feel like I wasn't completely alone in this. But he was busy—somewhere, with someone, I didn't know. And yet, I waited... and waited.

The silence felt heavier with every passing second. My mind wouldn't stop spinning, drowning me in thoughts I didn't want to have. So, without thinking much, I sent him a picture—the one I had taken of him with the rose he gave me.

A part of me hoped he'd understand what I couldn't say.

After he finally replied. And somehow, like always, we found ourselves back on the same topic.

"Don't say sorry," he kept insisting. "It wasn't your fault. You had no other choice."

And maybe... he was right.

A few moments later, he was there. Right next to me.

Without a word, he sat behind me, close enough that I could feel his warmth. Then, gently, he pulled me closer, resting

my head on his shoulder. His touch was soft, reassuring—like he was silently telling me I wasn't alone anymore.

"Everything is okay, Kabutar," he whispered. His voice was steady, calm. "Your Kachua is here. Don't worry."

And just like that, the weight I had been carrying for so long melted away. My eyes fluttered shut, and for the first time in a long time, I let myself rest—safe, in the only place that still felt like home.

And just like that, I closed my eyes and fell asleep on his shoulder.

Rose Day was finally over—the first day of this week passed in the worst way possible.

I never imagined it would be filled with so much chaos, so many emotions I didn't even know I could feel all at once. From frustration to hurt, from anger to exhaustion—it was all too much. For a while, it felt like the day would never end, like I'd be stuck in that mess forever.

And then... Kachua.

In the end, when everything felt too heavy, when my heart felt too tired to carry any more pain, he was there. Just like always.

Even on a day that had drained me completely, his presence felt like a quiet relief, a reminder that I wasn't alone.

And yet, some things never changed. I had to remind him what day it was. He never bothered to look it up on his own. Maybe that's just who he was. And maybe... I didn't mind as much as I pretended to.

The next morning, when I opened my eyes, I was late for work—again.

As always, Kachua was trying to wake me up, his voice soft at first, then more persistent. But I wasn't in the mood. I just wanted five more minutes... or maybe an hour.

I knew I was getting late, but I still didn't want to move.

And then, before I could protest, Kachua scooped me up in his arms. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and in that moment, without thinking, I kissed him.

I was lost in the warmth of his lips, my eyes shut, my mind half-asleep and completely caught up in the moment. I didn't even realize what was happening.

Then suddenly... water.

A few drops at first, light and teasing, but then—

"Kachua!" I gasped, my eyes flying open as a full stream of cold water poured over me.

He had carried me straight under the shower.

To wake me up.

Now, seriously, who even does that?!

He put me down, handed me my toothbrush—already loaded with toothpaste—and left me alone in the bathroom.

I got ready, but that's when I realized—he hadn't given me a towel.

A mischievous smile crept onto my face. My naughty mood had officially turned on.

"Towel!" I shouted, pretending to be desperate, secretly planning to pull him inside the bathroom the moment he stepped in.

He appeared at the door, holding the towel, but instead of walking in, he just stretched his arm out.

"Here," he said flatly. "And by the way, you have only 15 minutes left. You'll take at least 30 to reach the office. You're already late, so hurry up."

Just like that, my mood flipped from playful to panicked.

I rushed, running from one corner of the room to another, trying to get ready as fast as possible.

While I was bending down, tying my shoes, he suddenly stuffed a piece of bread with butter into my mouth.

"Come fast," he said, already heading toward the door. "I'm starting the bike!"

He always used to drop me at the station, but today... I didn't want that.

Maybe it was because of everything that happened last night, or maybe I just wanted to be with him a little longer. I wanted to go by road.

But Kachua, as always, had his own way of surprising me.

Instead of stopping at the station, he took a different route. Faster. Smoother. And before I could even question him, I realized—he was taking me directly to my office.

He was riding fast, weaving through the streets effortlessly, like he had already decided this before I even wished for it.

In just five minutes, we were there. Only five minutes late.

As I got off the bike, he leaned in, pressing a soft kiss on my cheek.

"Have a good day, Kabutar," he said with a smile. "Love you so much."

And just like that, he left.

I stood there for a second, letting his words sink in, before taking a deep breath. My moment of warmth was over—

now, it was time for a long, exhausting day. My desk was already waiting, buried under a pile of work.

I was busy with work, buried in tasks, but somewhere in the back of my mind, I kept waiting for his message.

But it didn't come.

I mean, I have a job, I'm stuck here all day. He's at home, just studying. Still... not a single text?

I shook my head, pushing the thought away. Maybe he was busy too.

Then, just as I was about to leave the office, my phone buzzed.

A message.

"My big brother is here."

Oh no.

I had only met him once before. He was really nice, but still—now he was there, at my place. What should I do?

After a moment of thinking, I decided to take the road instead of my usual route not ready to take station again .

When I finally reached home, I stepped inside and saw them sitting together. Kachua and his big brother, deep in conversation, casually gossiping .

"So, how's your studies going?" Big brother was asking, his tone calm and curious.

And there he was—Kachua, sitting comfortably, answering like it was just another normal day.

Meanwhile, I stood there at the door, watching them,

Big brother called me inside and asked, "Where should we go to eat?"

A few minutes later, we were sitting in a restaurant. He was talking to me, asking about my health, my job, how things were going—being the caring elder brother he was.

But Kachua?

He was busy flipping through the menu, completely avoiding the conversation.

After we finished eating, I reached for my wallet to pay, but big brother stopped me. "No need," he said firmly, not even giving me a chance to argue.

As we kept talking, I casually asked, "Do you play cards?"

He started answering in his usual, relaxed way, completely unaware of what was happening beside me.

Because just then—5 or 6 messages popped up on my phone.

It was Kachua.

"Don't tell him I play too!"

"He thinks I don't play anything."

"Please, he'll scold me!"

I smirked, holding back a laugh. He was so scared of getting caught!

I typed back quickly:

"Today's Propose Day. Propose to me, then I'll think about it."

Thinking in mind Let's see how my Kachua gets out of this one because his brother is also here how will he do that

Later , he texted me again.

"I said 'I love you' this morning."

I smirked at my screen, my fingers typing fast. "That doesn't count as a proposal. Get down on your knees and do it properly!"

A pause. Then his reply came. "That's not possible here... I've never done anything like that before even my brother is here"

I laughed, shaking my head. "I don't care. Do it, or I'll tell your brother that you spend more time playing games on your phone than studying."

For a moment, there was silence. Then his next message popped up.

"Wait... give me some time."

I smiled, feeling a mix of excitement and amusement. "Take all the time you need."

I was waiting, wondering what he was up to. Suddenly, he broke the silence.

"I... I need to use the bathroom."

Before I could react, he turned to his brother. "Come with me!"

The two of them disappeared inside, leaving me alone. I sighed, glancing at my phone, trying to distract myself. Just as I was about to check his last message again, I heard hurried footsteps.

He came running out.

Before I could process what was happening, he dropped to one knee right in front of me, his face red—whether from nerves or the rush, I couldn't tell.

"I love you, Kabutar!"★★ he blurted out, his voice quick and breathless.★★

And just like that, before I could even react, he sprinted straight into the bathroom, vanishing behind the door—just in time before his brother came back out.

I stared at the empty space where he had just been, my heart doing somersaults. A laugh bubbled up in my chest.

He really did it. In the most chaotic, ridiculous, and adorable way possible—he actually did it.

Got it!

I sat there, feeling warmth spread through me. My heart fluttered wildly, caught between shyness and happiness. An unusual smile crept onto my face, one I couldn't control, no matter how hard I tried.

I replayed the moment in my head—his rushed words, the way he dropped to his knee, the way he ran off like he had just pulled off the biggest stunt of his life.

I pressed my lips together, trying to contain my smile, but it was impossible. My cheeks burned, my heart raced, and for the first time in a long while, I felt like I was glowing from the inside.

So, my second day of this week unfolded in the most unexpected and heart-fluttering way.

It started off like any other day, but little did I know, something so simple yet so special was about to happen. From his playful excuses to the way he nervously pulled off the most awkward yet adorable confession, every little moment stayed with me. The way my heart raced, the shy smile I couldn't suppress—it all made the day feel different, like a memory I'd want to hold onto forever.

Looking back, I realized that sometimes, the smallest gestures leave the deepest impact. And that's how my second day of this week went—filled with surprises, laughter, and a confession that was as clumsy as it was perfect.

The next morning, when I woke up, he wasn't there. The house felt strangely quiet without him. I brushed my teeth, assuming he had gone out for his usual morning exercise.

Feeling hungry, I headed to the kitchen to make breakfast. Just as I started cooking, the door unlocked, and he walked in, his clothes drenched in sweat. His hair was messy, and he looked exhausted but proud of himself.

"I exercised a lot today," he announced, catching his breath. "Look at my stomach now—do you think it's flat?"

I turned to him, raising an eyebrow. Without hesitation, I lifted my top slightly, showing him my stomach. "Look at mine—it's already flat," I teased.

He narrowed his eyes, scanning my waist before smirking. "How many months?" he asked, his tone playful but mischievous.

It took me a second to realize what he meant. My eyes widened. "Excuse me?! I'm obviously not pregnant!" I shot back. "Mine is zero months, but yours..." I glanced at his stomach and grinned. "Yours looks like four months."

His face changed in an instant. "I'm going to take a bath now!" he huffed, stomping off toward the bathroom.

I burst into laughter, watching him disappear

"I said, 'I can't get pregnant from a kiss,'" I laughed.

But then it hit me—we aren't in a relationship. Or maybe we are? I didn't know. We are just... together, without a name for whatever this was.

On kiss day, I asked him about the future. His answer was simple. "Sorry, we can't be together in the future. " "I can't be with you all the time, and that's why I think about stepping back. "

I was too busy thinking about it, lost in my frustration, but my hands kept moving—I was still cooking.

I was lost in the rhythm of the kitchen, when I suddenly felt the warmth of his presence behind me. Before I could even react, his arms slid around my waist, pulling me gently but firmly against his chest. I turned sharply, pushing him away, my frustration rising.

But he didn't let go. Instead, his hands grasped both of my hands, effortlessly pinning them against the kitchen door. The world seemed to freeze for a moment. His grip was unyielding, yet there was something in it—something unspoken—that made my pulse quicken. I tried to wriggle free, but his strength was like a spell, holding me in place.

And then... he did something unexpected. He tilted his head, his breath warm and soft against my cheek. The sensation sent a shiver down my spine. He inhaled deeply, his nose grazing my skin, almost as if he were savoring the very essence of me. My body stiffened, every muscle protesting, yet I couldn't find the strength to push him away.

"You smell so... Nice " he murmured, his voice low and smooth. He was so close, His face hovered near mine. My eyes were closed, maybe out of shyness, maybe because I didn't know how to handle the way he was making me feel. " I just took a bath maybe that's why I smell good "

His nose lingered near my cheek, brushing lightly, sending tiny shivers down my spine. He wasn't in a hurry, as if savoring every moment, every inch of closeness. Slowly, he moved lower, his touch featherlight as he traced a path toward my neck. The sensation was soft yet electrifying, making my heartbeat stutter.

I could feel him breathing me in, as if my scent was something he couldn't get enough of. I didn't dare move, didn't dare open my eyes

"Your fragrance is like an addiction; I can't stay away."

The moment shifted. Despite the warmth of his presence, a heaviness lingered around me, and I couldn't hide it. My mood, clouded with sadness, must have shown on my face because he pulled away. His gaze softened, and for a brief moment, I saw concern flicker in his eyes. He stepped back, giving me space, his movements slow, almost reluctant.

There was a sudden coldness where his warmth had been, a distance that felt vast, even though he was only a few steps away. It was as if my sadness had created a wall between us, something unspoken that hung in the air, making him hesitate. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away, leaving me with only the fading trace of his presence and the ache of what could have been.

I sigh calmly

I stood there, my thoughts swirling,

Then, he came again, his arms slipped around my waist from behind pulling me close. His embrace was tight, almost desperate, as if he was trying to hold me together, trying to calm the storm within me. I could feel his chest rise and fall with each breath, steady and strong, as if he was grounding me with his presence. But

It was the kind of hug that spoke louder than words. He wasn't asking, wasn't trying to fix anything. He was simply there, offering his warmth, his support, in the only way he knew how. My body relaxed, a part of me longing for the comfort of his touch, even as the sadness inside me lingered. It was as though he knew I needed him to hold me, not just

physically, but emotionally, to help me release the tension I couldn't shake.

Then a shift from the tenderness to something more playful. He began placing soft kisses along my neck, each one igniting a fire I hadn't expected. The gentle pressure of his lips against my skin made my heart race, each kiss more desperate, more urgent than the last. I could feel myself losing control, my body responding to him in ways I hadn't anticipated.

His hands slid around me, pulling me closer, and in that moment, everything around us seemed to disappear. He turned me toward him, our faces mere inches apart. His eyes searched mine, and there was something magnetic about the way he looked at me—like he was waiting for permission, or maybe just reassurance. Without breaking his gaze, he pressed his nose gently to mine that left me breathless.

And then, he kissed me. The kiss was slow at first, soft and tender. In that moment, nothing else mattered but the feeling of his lips on mine. After that he closed his eyes now he started eating my lower lips I wasn't involved for sometime but then I could feel the heat between us, the undeniable connection, and slowly, almost shyly, I let myself lean into him. My lips, which had been still, began to move against his, responding to the pull of his kiss. It was like something unlocked inside me, and I found myself kissing him back, slowly at first, exploring the softness of his lips, the warmth of his touch and that way everything else faded into the background.

Just as the kiss deepened, a sharp sound broke through the moment—ding-dong. The doorbell. I pulled back instinctively, my heart racing, the sudden interruption. His

expression shifted slightly, a mixture of frustration and surprise, but then he stepped away.

With a final glance at me, he turned and walked toward the door, his footsteps hesitant but steady. I stood there for a moment, still trying to collect myself, my pulse still erratic from the rush of emotions.

As he opened the door, a couple of guests entered. The atmosphere shifted once again, the playfulness now replaced by the quiet tension that had been brewing between us. He smiled and greeted them politely, but I could sense his mind was still partially with me, his eyes occasionally meeting mine with that same unspoken understanding.

I couldn't help but feel the weight of the interruption, a reminder that sometimes, the world had a way of pulling us back from moments we weren't ready to leave.

Today is the third day of the week—Chocolate Day. For the past two days, I had been the one telling him about Valentine's Week, but today, I decided to stay silent.

Let's see if he looks it up or just lets it pass since I didn't mention it.

My friends showed up as a surprise, and for a moment, all my worries faded. Seeing one of my best friends made me so happy—I couldn't stop smiling.

We ate, laughed, had coffee, and just enjoyed the moment. Then, my best friend Shiv suddenly said, "I have a gift for you! But first, go wash your hands."

Excited, I ran off, eager to see what he had planned. When I came back, he handed me something completely unexpected—something so beautiful that I was left speechless.

After they all left, I turned to Kachua and, without thinking, said, "Love you."

He looked at me and simply replied, "Thank you."

My heart dropped. My mood crashed instantly, and frustration took over.

But then again, I reminded myself—sometimes, my favourite person is also the one who ruins my mood the most.

We argued—again. The frustration built up until I couldn't take it anymore. Without another word, I went to my room and locked the door behind me.

I sat there, staring at nothing, feeling the weight of everything. It was about to be my third day without eating chocolates—a small comfort I had unknowingly started missing.

But then I remembered. I had some in my bag.

Without thinking twice, I pulled them out and ate them alone, in silence. Somehow, they tasted different—less sweet, more like a quiet rebellion against everything I was feeling.

Day four—drowning in work, yet every few minutes, my eyes betrayed me, sneaking glances at my phone. Still nothing. No message from him. Not even a single, meaningless text.

It felt weird—like something was missing, like a familiar background noise had suddenly gone silent. Sad, too, but in that pathetic, embarrassing way where you know you shouldn't care this much... and yet, you do.

So finally, I gave in and decided to text him.

"Are you not well? Should I bring medicine for you?" I typed, staring at the screen, waiting.

An hour later, he finally replied. "No need to bring anything. I can take care of myself."

That's when I found out he had a headache.

Without thinking much, I decided to do something for him—something small but thoughtful. I knew his favourite sweets, so after work, I bought them and took them home, feeling a little lighter. Maybe, just maybe, this would make him feel better.

But when I got there, his reaction was... different. Or rather, he had no reaction at all. He didn't even glance at what I had brought. His eyes stayed glued to his laptop, lost in either work or studies. I stood there, waiting for a moment of acknowledgment, but it never came.

At least small efforts should be noticed, right? Just a little appreciation? But no. Nothing.

Still, I pushed my irritation aside, went up to him, and handed him the medicine. "Take this," I warned. "Now."

Without arguing, he took it. And just like that, we were fine again.

That night, we talked like usual, as if nothing had happened. And before sleeping, he sent me a teddy bear emoji with a simple "Good night."

And somehow, that was enough.

The next morning, when I woke up, something felt off. He didn't come to wake me like he usually did. Instead, it was my alarm that pulled me out of sleep.

I got ready, expecting him to show up at some point—but he didn't. His room was still locked. It was obvious he knew I was awake, but he didn't come. Maybe he was busy with his studies.

Still, something felt strange. So, I went to his room.

The moment he saw me, he seemed to notice something was wrong. Before I could even say a word, he came over and hugged me. Just like that.

I sighed into his arms, letting the exhaustion spill out. “I just feel so tired because of work,” I admitted softly. “All I need is this... this feeling. It calms me.”

He held me tighter, and we stayed like that for maybe five minutes—no words, just warmth. And honestly, that was enough.

When I finally pulled away, I felt better. I went to the office like always, expecting another usual day.

But today was different.

He started texting me. A lot. Sweet things. Loving things. Things he usually didn’t say so easily. And for the first time in a while, I felt something light and warm settle in my chest.

He and I were sitting across from each other in the park, the cool breeze making everything feel a little more surreal. He played a romantic song on his phone, the soft melody filling the space between us. Then, without a word, he reached for my hands and held them gently.

My head was down—I wasn’t feeling great, a dull ache making me sluggish—but when I finally looked up, I found him already staring at me. His eyes, steady and unblinking, held something I couldn’t quite explain.

Smirking, I decided to challenge him. “Let’s play a game,” I said. “We’ll stare at each other, and whoever blinks first loses.”

He agreed, and we began.

The first round—I won.

The second—again, I won.

Third, fourth—still me.

Each time, he blinked before I did, his frustration growing with every loss. "Again," he said, determined.

This time, as he locked eyes with me, I quickly picked up my phone and snapped a picture.

He froze for a second, caught off guard. I laughed, looking at the photo—it was perfect. A stolen moment, a quiet kind of happiness captured forever.

It was such a simple date. Nothing extravagant. Just a park, a song, a game. But I loved every second of it.

Chapter 22

When Reality Hits



My phone keeps ringing.

Once.

Twice.

Again.

It's mom.

And I can't pick it up.

I stare at the screen like it's about to explode. My heart is racing. My stomach feels heavy, like guilt is sitting inside me, refusing to move.

She knows.

About me and Kachua.

I might be able to handle that Mug Maybe.

But what I can't handle is the underwear.

I am a mess.

Still holding every memory of what happened just a few hours ago.

And I'm still lying here. Still overthinking.

It's been 3 or 4 hours now and I still can't move.

Ping.

A message.

> "Where are you, Kabutar?"

It's him. Kachua.

My fingers freeze.

What do I even reply?

How do I tell him that I'm running—from him, from his scent, from last night, from my mom, my dad, this entire world?

Because right now, I feel ashamed.

Not because of what we did—but because of what might come after.

The judgement. The questions. The fear.

He said it himself—"We'll be together until you get married."

He meant it. He's serious. He loves me.

But he doesn't talk about forever. He never promises a future. Although he was clear that we can't be together in Future.

And somehow... I agreed.

Because I told myself, it's better than believing in fake promises.

At least he's honest.

At least I know this ends.

But what do I do with this ache in my heart?

Because I want him. Not just now. Always.

And I never say it, because I'm too scared that wanting him forever makes me stupid.

But now that future I avoided is here.

The phone rings again.

Mom...

I pick up this time. My hands shake.

> "Hello?"

> "When will you come? Everyone is here. Dad is asking."

....

My breath stops.

What the fuck.

Why is he asking now?

Why today?

I'm finished.

My brain shuts down.

My heart's racing.

I'm not ready for this.

Not after today. Not like this.

And when she says everyone, I know exactly what she means.

His sisters are there. Kachua's sisters

They're already in the house.

My chest tightens. My body feels heavy.

I imagine their faces, their voices, their eyes looking at me like they know.

What if they know?

God, please.

Please save me this time.

Please. Please. Please.

I take a deep breath.

> “I’ll be there by 4,” I say.

> “Be on time. Roads might be blocked — tomorrow’s Holi.”

> “Okay,” I reply. Soft. Almost whispering.

But nothing is okay.

Everything is spinning.

And I’m stuck in the middle of it, trying to hold myself together with hands that won’t stop shaking.

Chapter 23

The Cab, The Choice



It's already 2:46 PM.

And I have to reach home by 4.

> "Shit," I whisper. "Why didn't I check the time earlier?"

I shout at myself. Angry.

Angry for wasting time. Angry for not being ready.

Angry for being in this situation at all.

I pull out my phone and book the cab.

I put "Home" as the destination.

I write fast as possible in the notes, like speed will save me.

But I sit there, phone in hand, and I'm not even sure I should go.

I'm not sure what will happen.

Maybe my dad will beat me again.

Like he did in 2020.

Maybe worse.

But this time...

I'm tired of running.

> Let it happen now, I say to myself. Let whatever's waiting come. I'm ready.

The cab will be here in 15 minutes.

I stand up. Dust off the soil stuck to my pants.

Sitting on grass is always beautiful until it's time to leave it.

I grab my phone, my bag. Sip the last bit of water left in the bottle.

And slowly, I walk toward the park gate.

The cab is already waiting.

Right in front of me.

That car isn't just a car. It's a question. It's a crossroad. It's everything.

If I get in...

I'll be home in less than an hour.

And at home...

Mom might be waiting with quiet eyes.

Dad might be ready to explode.

> "What's going on between you and him?"

They might ask. Or maybe they won't. Maybe they'll already know.

I'll lie.

I'll say "nothing."

I'll protect him. Because I know I can't protect myself but atleast him .

But he'll be clear.

He'll say he doesn't love me.

He'll escape with clean hands and an empty heart.

And I'll be left, again.

Alone.

Just like 2020.

Where I had to survive on my own while everyone else walked away.

Maybe dad won't even shout at him.

Maybe they'll just tell him to find a PG and leave.

But me?

They'll say get married.

They'll tie me to a stranger before I even understand what's happening.

And just like that—I'll disappear from my own story.

But I still have money.

I still have this moment.

This one window of freedom.

I could walk away, leave this city, start fresh, get a job, live on my own.

I could disappear.

But...

Am I ready?

I stand there, frozen.

The cab is across the road.

So close.

But my feet won't move.

Do I go? Or not?

I want to go home.

But I don't want what's waiting there.

I stand still.

Five minutes pass.

Then ten.

Then fifteen.

I stare at the cab, and the cab stares back.

> "What should I do?"

"Where do I go?"

"How do I save myself this time?"

I ask myself, again and again.

And I still don't know the answer.

Should I go?

Should I not?

I'm standing here, and it feels like time has paused—but inside me, everything is racing.

My heart. My thoughts. My fear.

One second I say yes,

the next second I say no.

Go. Face it. Just go.

But my legs won't move.

Don't go. Just run. Save yourself.

But where will I even go?

I close my eyes and try to breathe—but my chest is tight.

What if dad screams again?

What if mom cries?

What if they ask me questions I can't answer?

What if he says he never loved me?

What if I stand there and no one stands with me?

What if this is just like 2020 all over again?

But then again...

What if it's different?

What if they just talk?

What if I'm imagining too much?

What if...

What if I'm just scared?

I keep looking at the cab.

It's waiting for me.

But I'm not ready.

I look at the road.

At the trees.

At the sky.

At my hands, still shaking.

I'm thinking so much that my head hurts.

And still, I don't know

Should I go?

Should I not?

Ping.

My phone lights up. I check it without thinking.

> "Come home faster. People are making drama after drinking."

Kachua.

And just like that, my breath disappears.

My heart starts beating louder than my thoughts.

Drama. People. Drinking. Home.

It's already started.

The thing I was afraid of?

It's happening right now.

I stare at the message.

My hands are cold.

My stomach flips.

My mind screams,

> "NOW what do I do?"

"Why now?"

"Why me?"

"Why today?"

I feel sick.

I want to run.

I want to disappear.

I want to cry.

But more than anything—I want to know what kind of drama.

Did someone say something?

Is mom crying?

Is dad shouting?

Are they talking about me?

About us?

I can't think straight anymore.

I stare at the cab. Still parked. Still waiting.

And suddenly I feel like it's not a cab—it's a trap.

If I get in now, I'm going straight into fire.

But if I don't go, I'll always wonder what I left behind.

My chest is shaking.

My fingers type without thinking.

I open WhatsApp.

> "What kind of drama?"

"Are you okay?"

No reply yet.

Just blue ticks.

I want to scream.

Should I go?

Should I not?

But now... can I even afford not to?

> "Drama that people are creating after drinking... one guy was fighting near our home,"

he texts again.

I freeze.

So it's not about me?

Not about mom.

Not about dad.

Not about us.

I exhale the breath I didn't even realize I was holding.

> "Thank God yaar," I reply instantly.

"This boy will kill me."

"I thought something happened at home..."

I laugh. A tiny, nervous laugh. The kind that comes out when your heart is still recovering from fear.

And then, without thinking anymore—without overthinking like I always do—

I walk to the cab.

Open the door.

And sit.

No drama. No escape. No running away this time.

I'm going home.

Again.

Back to the place I ran from this morning.

Back to the people I'm scared of.

Back to the questions I don't want to answer.

Back to the same air, the same silence, the same weight.

> "What the hell is going on with me?"

"With my life?"

"I don't know."

I stare out the window as the cab starts moving.

Holi colors already splash some walls along the road.

But inside me, everything still feels grey.

I'm going home.

But I don't know if I'm returning or just surrendering.

Chapter 24

Good bye.....



Was it ever love? Or just a beautiful lie we both agreed to believe?

Myra asked Kabutar.

I don't know but

I still remember that night...

When I cried so hard I couldn't breathe, and without saying a word, he came to my room.

His hands were shaking. His voice was low. He was scared — scared like a child who was doing something wrong, but still chose to do it... because I was crying.

“If I didn't love you, I would've never come here.”

He said that with wet eyes and trembling hands.

“I was afraid... but more afraid of losing you.”

I don't wanna loose you now

I love u kabutar

I love u soo much

Love u n kabutar

Kabutar love u

And that's when I believed him.

The way he cared during my pain,

how he waited at the metro station just to see me,

how he cleaned my tears with awkward hands —

It wasn't perfect love.

But it was real.

I'm not sure about his love but mine was too much.....

I never liked flowers.

They wither too fast. They die too soon.

But the day he gave them to me —

everything changed.

That morning...

After I had my first anxiety attack — after he carried me like a child, sprinkled water on my face,

whispered my name like a prayer —

He came back with trembling hands and flowers he had plucked himself.

Not from any shop.

Not fancy. Just real.

He handed them to me — not on a notebook, not on a table...

But into my palms.

Like he was giving me his heart without saying a word.

I looked at him... and I knew.
He may not say "I love you" out loud...
But his love was louder than most people's words.
That's when I started pressing those flowers into my books.
Every novel I read now carries a piece of him.
Funny thing is, even while reading — I imagine him as the character.
And every song I listen to?
He's there, beside me. Always.
When I want to watch a movie, I only want to watch it with him.
He loves history — I find it boring.
I love horror and action — but he's terrified of darkness.
Terrified enough to never watch horror movies with me.
But still, I sit through his historical documentaries just to see him talk.
Just to see his eyes light up.
I think I fell in love with those eyes.
You know what's crazy?
At first, I never found him smart.
But now... he's the most handsome man I've ever seen.
Especially in a kurta —
Uff. When he wears one, I feel like hugging him so tightly and never letting anyone else see him.
He's mine. Only mine.
And the way I love him now...
It's not dramatic. It's not loud.

It's just deep. Silent. Pure.

I love him like a baby.

I feel safe with him. I feel seen.

I feel me.

I feel every single thing on this earth is beautiful

When he's around, I'm not pretending.

I'm not broken. I'm not lost.

I'm just happy.

And that's love. Isn't it?

"Please drive faster" I said to driver

"Don't worry madam we will reach by an hour" his reply was honest and maybe good for a person like me who is going back and have to be on time although I'm already late by half an hour.

But this hurts when he said I have only an hour left.

my fingers are faster then it was now I have to write more fast but is it necessary to complete this story now I'm not at all able to think my head is just spinning.

my breath its fast seems like I'm gonna get anxiety attack again.

but now all I know is.....

In just an hour, I'll be standing at the gate of my home...

The same place where *he* walked in — uninvited — and yet somehow became the most important part of my life.

I left that home unwillingly, only because he didn't want his parents to know.

Because if they found out, they'd ask:

"Did you go there to study... or for this?"

And just like that, I had to walk away — quietly.

But he...

He made me feel special, in ways I didn't think I deserved.

In the beginning, I used to think *I'm* the lucky one.

Lucky to have someone who loved me like that...

And yes, I *was* lucky.

Because he did love me — more than I ever imagined anyone could.

But the day he told me we couldn't get married...

Something inside me broke.

Still, I stayed.

Because even if the ending was written, at least his care was real.

And sometimes... real care is better than fake promises of forever.

We fought.

We loved.

We built a little world — in just six months.

And that little world changed me.

I was once the girl who never listened to anyone.

Who cried for the love she never got from her parents.

But he made me softer.

He made me love my parents more.

He made me believe — maybe, just maybe — love does exist.

But now... everything is ending.

Our relationship.

Our moments.

Our laughter.

The home we made out of stolen time.

And once again... I'm breaking.

People say it's okay to move on —

But how do I move on from *memories*?

They are tied to me.

To my heart.

To everything I still feel for him.

Maybe we met because it was written in some forgotten corner of fate.

Because otherwise, no one enters your life so deeply — and changes everything.

And now?

Now maybe he'll be asked to find a PG, and I...

Maybe they'll lock me in a room.

Take my phone.

Kill my freedom.

Take away my job.

Maybe they'll even bring a boy and force me into a marriage

—

Saying I misused their emotions, broke their trust...

Just because I loved him.

He'll be somewhere else.

I'll be alone.

And this loneliness — this distance —

It's unbearable.

I cry just thinking about it.

What if this nightmare becomes real?
Maybe we met for a reason... but that reason has run out.
Maybe it's over.
Or maybe... not yet.
But what if he talks to someone else?
What if he moves on?
What if someone else gets to hear that laugh, see that smile?
He's such a foodie — will he eat on time?
Will he be okay?
Will he still smile, or will that brightness fade?
My heart...
It hurts so much.
I can't even explain how much.
It's hard to breathe thinking about it.
I can't live without you, Kachua.
Not when everything happened so fast... all in a day.
I even told him —
If anything ever goes wrong, just say it was me.
Say it was all my fault.
Let them blame me — just stay safe.
But he said, *"I'm not like that. I'll protect you."*
Still... I know I can't fight for us anymore.
My wishes...
My laughter...
My dreams...
All of it is ending.
And maybe...

Maybe this time, they'll beat me worse than they did in 2020.

That time, I was half-dead.

Maybe this time, it'll be worse.

Sometimes I pray to die, just to escape this pain.

But this time, I won't run.

Let it all happen.

Let's see how much more God can take from me.

He's already taken everything:

My health.

My freedom.

My self-respect.

My family's love.

And now... my Kachua.

But before I go... I have one last question for you, Kachua.

If, one day, years from now...

Our eyes meet in a crowd,

Will you stop?

Or will you walk past me like I never existed?

Maybe by then I'll be married.

Maybe you'll be in love with someone else.

But will you stop... just for a second?

Will you remember... us?

Because I'll remember.

I'll miss you — as much as you'll allow me to.

I have always loved you.

My only, my forever — my Kachua.

And I always will.

Your Kabutar still loves you.

And always will.

Even if you're not with me anymore...

I'll still be loving you.

— Kabutar 🦋 to Kachua 🐘.....

From the Writer's Heart



This piece was written in one single day — a day that felt like the end of everything I knew, everything I loved.

The emotions were raw, overwhelming, and pouring out faster than I could even process them.

But it took me six months to come back to these words.

Six months to edit, re-read, relive, and try to make sense of something that never really made sense to begin with.

Because how do you edit pain?

How do you rewrite memories that still live inside you?

Sometimes, someone enters your life so suddenly, so forcefully — without permission or plan — and yet they become a part of you. Not just a part of your routine, but a part of your heart, your thoughts, your future.

You never expect it.

And when it ends, you're left with pieces of yourself scattered in the moments you shared with them.

Letting go of someone like that isn't just hard — it feels impossible. Because you're not just letting go of a person...

You're letting go of the version of yourself that existed with them.

The laughter.

The silly names.

The late-night talks.

The plans — even the ones that were never spoken out loud.

And yet, I chose to write.

Not because I had closure.

Not because the pain is gone.

But because this story deserved to be felt, not forgotten.

Because someone, somewhere, might read this and feel a little less alone.

To anyone who has loved deeply and lost silently —

This is for you.

And maybe... this is my way of saying goodbye too.

Expecting somehow somewhere u will also read this and can feel how much I really loved you.