

ROMANTIC
AUTHENTIC
MEMORIES OF A
TIMELESS LOVE

MehRam



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

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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Final message to him

About the Author

Chapter 1

The Voice That Stayed

I was working on school admissions, calling parents and discussing educational opportunities for their children. In our small city, most people knew one another, and many families were already familiar with our school's management.

Among the countless calls I made that season, one call became unforgettable.

A confident and respectful voice answered from the other end. I introduced myself and politely enquired about his children's education, their current school, and his plans for their future studies. What began as a routine admission call soon turned into a conversation unlike any other.

Instead of ending the discussion after answering my questions, he became curious about me. He asked where I was from, about my family, and about my work. Later he admitted that he had never expected such a professional and thoughtful conversation from someone working in a small-town school.

It was the first time I heard his voice.

At that moment, he had not yet decided where to admit his children and asked me to call again the following week.

When I followed up, he politely informed me that he had chosen another reputed school for their admission. Although our professional conversation had reached its conclusion, he insisted that we should meet in person. Until then, we had only been voices connected through a telephone line.

A few days later, while I was at a bank near his workplace, he called and invited me for a brief meeting. Curious, I agreed.

That meeting revealed another side of him. Along with his business partner, he was preparing to launch a new venture in the city. They offered me an opportunity to join their team.

The offer was generous in spirit but lower than my current salary. With gratitude and respect, I declined.

At that time, however, I was already searching for new opportunities. I felt restricted by the lack of growth in my institution and wanted to learn more. Leadership fascinated me, and I wanted to challenge myself.

So I applied for a position nearly eighty kilometres away from my hometown.

I was hopeful but uncertain.

To my surprise, I was selected.

Even today, I do not know why I chose to share my appointment letter with him. Perhaps some invisible connection had already begun to form between us. During our conversations, I had discovered that we shared similar values—discipline, patriotism, and a deep respect for education.

There was another connection.

Years earlier, he had studied in the very school where I had studied after him. The mention of that school awakened old memories. I could still see a timid little girl standing beside a large corridor window, carrying countless fears and insecurities.

That girl was me.

I had struggled as a child. Learning did not come easily. I battled difficulties that later I understood as symptoms of

dyslexia. Yet despite those challenges, I was full of life. Summers were spent exploring fields and forests with my elder brother and his friends, collecting jamun, raw mangoes, and jungle jalebi. Nature was my classroom, and curiosity was my companion.

Perhaps that shared background made me trust him enough to send my appointment letter.

When he received it, he immediately congratulated me. Later, he called while I was travelling back home.

The bus was crowded, noisy, and uncomfortable, but none of that mattered. I excitedly shared every detail of my achievement, speaking with the enthusiasm of a child who had just won a prize.

Looking back, I often wonder what was pulling me toward him.

We had spoken only a few times and met once.

Yet after every conversation, I found myself replaying his words in my mind.

One sentence, in particular, remained with me.

"Sorry, we couldn't afford you at such a high salary."

To many, it may have sounded like a simple remark.

To me, it felt different.

For the first time in years, I felt recognized.

Valued.

Respected.

Those words awakened a kind of self-love I had never experienced before. It felt as though I had won a battle—not against the world, but against my own doubts and insecurities.

I had always been a dreamer. I carried no fixed expectations from life, yet I dared to dream big. Among countless people I had met, he became the one who touched something deep within my soul.

A few days after I joined my new institution, a message appeared on my phone.

It was from him.

He wanted to know how my new job was going.

He asked about my routine, my challenges, and my adjustment to the new environment.

At that time, I was travelling back and forth every week while searching for accommodation before permanently relocating. The transition was exhausting, but my management was supportive.

Gradually, I discovered another coincidence.

My school director happened to be a good friend of his.

Earlier, he had attended the inauguration of our preschool section. Later, when the primary section expanded, I was offered a leadership opportunity. Eager to learn, I accepted the challenge.

Then came a day I still remember clearly.

It was 3rd June

Our team was travelling nearly three hundred kilometres away for a training programme. During the journey, my phone rang.

His name appeared on the screen.

To my surprise, my heartbeat quickened.

I answered.

After hearing about the training programme, he simply asked me to keep him updated about my day through messages.

It may sound ordinary.

But for me, it was extraordinary.

For the first time in my life, someone genuinely wanted to know how my day was going when I was far away.

That concern felt warm, Comforting, Safe.

A feeling I had never experienced before.

Slowly, our conversations became part of everyday life.

Calls turned into messages.

Messages turned into long conversations.

We shared our struggles, our dreams, our victories, and our disappointments.

Whenever I faced difficulties, I sought his guidance. He listened patiently and responded with calmness and wisdom.

Neither of us ever said the words, "I love you."

There were no dramatic confessions, No promises, No declarations.

Yet something beautiful was quietly growing between us.

Day by day.

Month by month.

Without realizing it, our lives had begun to intertwine, and what started as a simple admission call had slowly become one of the most meaningful relationships of my life.

Chapter 2

The Sunday, That Became My Forever

15th July was not just another date on the calendar for me. It was the day my heart finally met the love it had been longing for. Even now, when I close my eyes, I can still feel every emotion, every touch, every heartbeat from that unforgettable Sunday.

That morning, his message arrived asking me to meet him in my working town. The moment I read it, my entire body filled with nervous excitement. Memories of our previous meetings, our lingering hugs, stolen kisses, emotional conversations, and the growing closeness between us came rushing back. We lived eighty kilometers apart, carrying our relationship through distance, phone calls, and endless waiting. He lived in my hometown, and the thought that he was traveling all that way just to see me made my heart race uncontrollably.

That evening, I dressed carefully, almost like a young girl going to meet her first love. I wanted to look beautiful for him. Every time I checked myself in the mirror, I smiled shyly, imagining the way he would look at me. Inside me lived a mixture of excitement, nervousness, and a deep emotional longing I could no longer hide.

I had imagined we would sit in his car for hours talking or perhaps spend time quietly in a hotel café. But when he arrived, he surprised me completely. He told me he had arranged a private place for us — his friend's house. His friend lived alone and was out of town, and the caretaker had handed him the keys earlier.

The moment we entered the house, silence surrounded us.

The first room had a simple couch where I sat trying to calm my trembling hands. We talked casually about our day, pretending to be normal, but both of us knew there was something much deeper flowing between us that evening. My heart was fighting inside me — part nervous, part excited, part afraid of how deeply I already loved him.

For the very first time, we were completely alone under one roof.

I started talking nonsense because of my anxiety, and he smiled nervously too. Then slowly, without saying much, he moved closer to me. His eyes held the same longing I had been carrying for months.

And then he kissed me.

The moment his lips touched mine, the world around me disappeared completely. His kiss was deep, passionate, and full of emotions that words could never explain. Months of distance, waiting, and hidden desires melted into that single moment. I felt myself sinking into him emotionally before physically.

His arms wrapped around me possessively yet gently, as if he was afraid to let me go. My fingers tightened around his shirt while my heartbeat grew louder inside my chest. Every kiss became more intense than the last, every touch awakening emotions I had never experienced before.

I had never felt so desired.

His fingers moved softly across my body, sending shivers through my skin. He looked at me as if I was the most

beautiful woman he had ever seen, and for the first time in years, I truly believed it.

In that moment, I stopped fighting my feelings.

I surrendered myself completely to love.

Still holding me close, he slowly led me toward the bedroom beside the living room. The room was softly lit, with a large bed neatly arranged with sheet and pillows. It almost felt as though destiny itself had prepared that room for our story.

Standing there together, nervous and breathless, we looked at each other silently. He touched my face gently before pulling me into another long kiss that made my knees weak. Slowly, carefully, we removed the barriers between us, not with haste, but with tenderness and admiration.

For a brief moment, he stood behind me before the mirror, his arms wrapped around my body while our reflections stared back at us. I shyly asked him to click a photograph so I could keep the memory forever. Smiling softly, he whispered in my ear, **“Some memories are meant to stay in the heart, not in a phone.”**

And he was right.

What happened afterward was not simply passion — it was emotion, trust, comfort, longing, and love flowing together. Beneath the soft sheets, he touched me as though he wanted to memorize every part of me forever. His kisses lingered on my skin, slow and meaningful, making me tremble beneath his embrace.

Every moment felt intense yet incredibly tender.

The room filled with our uneven breathing, soft whispers, and emotional confessions spoken between kisses. Sometimes he simply held me close against his chest while my fingers traced his skin slowly, listening to the rhythm of his heartbeat. Other times, the passion between us grew stronger, overwhelming us completely.

I buried my face against his shoulder while he held me tighter, calming my nervousness with soft words and gentle affection. Never before had I felt so emotionally safe and passionately desired at the same time.

Time lost all meaning inside that room.

For nearly thirty beautiful minutes, we remained lost in each other — wrapped in warmth, love, and intimacy that neither of us wanted to end. The world outside no longer mattered. There was only him, only me, only the beautiful ache of finally belonging to someone emotionally and completely.

At thirty-five, for the first time in my life, I understood that love could feel this beautiful.

Not rushed.

Not forced.

But deeply emotional, comforting, passionate, and unforgettable.

When exhaustion finally slowed us down, we lay beside each other quietly, trying to catch our breath. My head rested on

his chest while his fingers played softly with my hair. Neither of us wanted to speak because words suddenly felt too small for what we had shared.

After a while, he kissed my forehead gently and moved toward the washroom. I slowly gathered my clothes, still feeling the warmth of his embrace on my skin. Even while getting ready to leave, I kept looking back at him, wishing time would stop for just a little longer.

But the hardest moment came when he finally left.

Watching him begin the long eighty-kilometer drive back home made my heart ache painfully. I wanted him to stay beside me longer. I wanted one more hug, one more kiss, one more hour with him. But responsibilities were calling him back, and I knew his work was important to him.

Even today, the memory of that Sunday still gives me goosebumps.

The warmth of his touch.

The safety of his embrace.

The passion in his eyes.

The way he loved me that evening.

Everything still lives inside my heart like the most beautiful dream I have ever known.

That Sunday was not just our first intimate meeting.

It became the most unforgettable birthday gift life had ever given me — the day I stopped feeling lonely and discovered what it truly meant to be loved.



Chapter 3

Friendship Day: Where Love Became Prayer

Some memories are not measured by grand celebrations or expensive gifts. They are remembered because of the feelings attached to them. Friendship Day became one such memory for me—a day when love, friendship, faith, and companionship blended into one beautiful experience.

I was returning to my hometown because the next day was a holiday. Deep inside, I wanted us to spend some time together away from the noise of daily life. Recently, a magnificent temple complex had been built between our towns. The place was still unexplored by many people and offered a rare sense of peace and serenity.

For Friendship Day, I had purchased a diary for him.

It was not an ordinary gift.

I wanted him to fill its pages with the moments that made his life meaningful, the memories that deserved to be preserved forever.

When he arrived to pick me up, I asked him to drive toward the temple. The roads leading there were narrow and unfamiliar. As he carefully maneuvered his car through the winding path, he laughed and asked,

"Where are you taking me? Are you planning to kidnap me in this remote place?"

I burst into laughter.

"Just wait," I replied. "You'll love it."

And he did.

As we reached the entrance, a magnificent gateway welcomed us. Beyond it stretched beautifully maintained gardens, peaceful pathways, and a series of temples surrounded by silence and devotion.

The atmosphere felt sacred.

As we entered the first temple, he suddenly looked at me and asked a question that caught me completely off guard.

"Are you planning to marry with me here?"

For a moment, my heart forgot how to beat.

A thousand emotions rushed through me at once.

Outwardly, I responded with playful mischief and shyly avoided giving a direct answer. But deep inside, a quiet voice whispered a truth I was not yet ready to speak aloud.

I wanted to remain by his side forever.

That day, I had placed a small kumkum bindi on my forehead. I noticed him looking at me differently, with affection and admiration that made me blush. His eyes seemed to say things his words never did.

We continued exploring the temple complex and eventually reached a beautiful water tank where a gentle stream flowed

continuously. The playful child hidden inside me suddenly awakened.

I splashed water toward him.

He warned me to stop.

I splashed again.

His expression shifted from surprise to amusement as I laughed uncontrollably.

The truth was that somewhere inside me lived a little girl who never wanted to grow up completely.

Mere dil ke kisi kone mein ek masoom sa bachcha bado ki dekh kar duniya bade hone se hai darta.

In some corner of my heart lives an innocent child who still hesitates to grow up despite watching the world around her.

That day, I wanted to live every moment fully.

Every smile.

Every laugh.

Every second beside him.

Together we offered our prayers.

Afterward, curiosity made me ask him what he had prayed for.

He smiled and replied, "For everyone's happiness."

I prayed, "For his happiness, health, and prosperity."

His prayer included everyone. Mine included him only.

Because somewhere along the journey, he had become my world.

Standing before the deity, I silently offered another prayer.

I believed deeply in the divine power that guides every life. Yet in my heart, I had begun to see him as the person through whom I experienced love, strength, guidance, and comfort. He had become my closest friend, my mentor, my support system, and the person whose happiness mattered more to me than my own.

My feelings often reminded me of the great stories of devotion I had grown up hearing—Radha's love for Krishna, Parvati's devotion to Shiva, and the mutual respect shared by Rama and Sita. Their stories were not merely about romance but about trust, respect, faith, and companionship.

That was the kind of bond I wished to nurture.

Before leaving, I gave him the Friendship Day diary.

It was a simple gift.

Yet it carried countless unspoken emotions.

Even then, I struggled to find words capable of expressing what I felt for him.

Some feelings are too vast for language.

As we sat together later, memories from our earlier days returned to me. I remembered

Our First Kiss in the Rain

Even today, whenever the clouds gather and the scent of rain fills the air, my heart quietly returns to that unforgettable evening—our first kiss.

The monsoon had painted the world in shades of silver and green. Raindrops danced endlessly on the windshield of his car while soft thunder echoed in the distance. We were alone, sheltered inside that small space, listening to the rain create its own beautiful melody.

I was sitting in the back seat while he occupied the driver's seat. The road ahead had disappeared behind a curtain of rain, so he pulled over at a quiet corner. The world outside seemed to pause, leaving only the two of us and the rhythm of the falling rain.

He wanted to tell me something.

The rain was loud, almost playful, refusing to let me hear his words. Curious, I leaned forward, trying to catch every syllable. My heart was calm one moment and restless the next, unaware that life was about to gift me a memory I would carry forever.

As I moved closer, he gently held my face.

For a brief second, time stood still.

The thunder outside faded. The rain disappeared into the background. The entire world seemed to narrow down to a single heartbeat shared between us.

Then his lips met mine.

It was not a kiss that could be measured in seconds. It was a feeling—soft, unexpected, and powerful enough to change something deep within me. A spark passed between us, as sudden and bright as the lightning flashing across the dark sky outside.

My eyes closed instinctively.

The rain continued to fall on the car roof, but another kind of rain seemed to pour into our hearts—one made of affection, trust, longing, and emotions neither of us could fully express in words.

There was no need for conversation after that.

The silence itself spoke volumes.

When I finally looked at him, I saw the same wonder in his eyes that I felt in my own heart. We both knew that something precious had begun in that moment. The world outside remained drenched by the monsoon, but inside the car we were drenched in something far more beautiful—the first gentle shower of love.

Years may pass, seasons may change, but whenever rain touches the earth, I find myself returning to that quiet roadside, that parked car, that flash of lightning, and the unforgettable feeling of our first kiss.

Some memories fade with time.

That one never will.

One memory always made me smile.

There was a day when a network outage disrupted communication throughout the region. Neither of us could send messages through our usual application. I kept checking my phone repeatedly, wondering why he had suddenly disappeared.

Unknown to me, he was doing exactly the same thing.

Later, when communication was restored, we discovered the truth and laughed endlessly about our misunderstandings. He thought I had blocked him.

I thought he had become busy with his work and service to society.

The incident taught me something important.

Trust had already become a natural part of our relationship.

I had never doubted him.

Not even for a moment.

Somewhere deep within, I knew that our connection rested on sincerity and faith.

As our friendship deepened into something far more meaningful, I realized how profoundly he had influenced my

life. He had helped me rediscover confidence, happiness, and self-worth. Through his presence, I learned to appreciate myself more fully and to embrace life with greater courage.

Friend.

Guide.

Mentor.

Companion.

Love.

No single word was sufficient to describe what he had become in my life.

Looking back now, I feel immense gratitude.

Gratitude toward God for bringing our paths together.

Gratitude for every conversation, every lesson, every smile, and every memory.

And gratitude for the Friendship Day when two people walked through a peaceful temple, offered simple prayers, shared laughter like children, and unknowingly created a memory that would remain sacred forever.

Some gifts are wrapped in paper.

Some gifts arrive in the form of people.

For me, he was both the most unexpected and the most beautiful gift life had ever given.



Chapter 4

A Few Beautiful Moments without Expectations

Life moved forward, and after a year, I finally returned to my hometown for work. By then, he had become an inseparable part of my journey. Through every struggle, every uncertainty, and every difficult decision, he remained beside me—not always physically, but emotionally.

Whenever I doubted myself, he reminded me of my worth.

Whenever I felt lost, he encouraged me to trust my abilities.

Whenever I felt weak, he reminded me of the strength I carried within myself.

More than anyone else, he taught me to value myself.

One day, our institution organized a cultural program. For the occasion, I decided to wear Maharashtrian traditional attire. Excited and nervous, I asked one of my friends to help me with my dress and makeup.

As she adjusted my jewelry and arranged my *lugda*, my thoughts wandered toward him.

They always did.

By then, my world had quietly begun revolving around him.

While getting ready, I remembered the days when I would pray for his well-being and silently wish for his happiness. Those emotions had become a part of me.

Standing before the mirror, I completed my look with a small touch of sindoor-like red color as part of the traditional costume. As I looked at my reflection, I found myself whispering his name in my heart.

My friend clicked a few photographs.

In those pictures, I stood near a doorway and looked out from a balcony, waiting.

When I saw the photographs later, I could not help smiling.

The images looked as though a newly married woman was waiting for her husband to return home.

My friend laughed and said,

"You look like Deepika Padukone in Bajirao Mastani, waiting for her Rao."

Her words made me blush.

Perhaps she had unknowingly described exactly what I was feeling.

Not because I expected anything from life, but because somewhere in my imagination, I had built a small world where he and I belonged together.

Later that day, we managed to meet briefly.

The moment he saw me, I noticed a spark of surprise in his eyes. He smiled, and for a moment, I felt as though all the effort I had put into getting ready had been worthwhile.

Yet behind that smile, I sensed something else.

A quiet struggle.

Something he never openly spoke about.

One thing I learned about him over the year was that he carried his battles silently.

No matter how close we became, he rarely spoke about his own pain.

Through messages and conversations, he always focused on others—helping, encouraging, guiding, and supporting people around him. But when it came to his own worries, he built invisible walls.

Understanding him became a lesson in listening beyond words.

Often, his silence spoke louder than any conversation.

His eyes revealed emotions that his lips never expressed.

Whenever we met, I would instinctively look into his eyes, searching for answers to questions he never voiced.

Was he worried?

Was he tired?

Was he hurting?

Most of the time, I already knew.

That was the beauty of our connection.

Many things remained unspoken, yet somehow understood.

His eyes never lied to me.

And neither did his heart.

There were moments when I tried to make him talk about his struggles. Sometimes I insisted. Sometimes I pleaded.

But he always responded in the same way.

He did not want anyone else to suffer because of his problems.

That was who he was.

A man who cared deeply for others.

A man who spoke respectfully to everyone.

A man who found happiness in helping people.

A man who carried his burdens quietly so that others could smile.

Yet life is often unfair to people with such hearts.

Kindness is frequently mistaken for weakness.

Generosity is taken for granted.

And those who give the most often receive the deepest wounds.

Many people misunderstood him.

Many people hurt him without realizing it.

And when I look back honestly, I must admit a painful truth.

Among those people was me.

At the time, I did not understand the impact of some of my words.

I did not realize how deeply they affected him.

I spoke from my emotions, my frustrations, my fears, never fully understanding the battles he was already fighting within himself.

Today, when I remember those moments, a deep ache fills my heart.

Not because he complained.

Not because he blamed me.

But because he never did.

He silently absorbed the hurt and continued to care for me with the same patience and kindness.

That realization hurts more than any accusation ever could.

Sometimes love is not measured by the moments we receive.

Sometimes it is measured by the moments we regret.

The moments when we wish we had been more patient.

More understanding.

More gentle.

More aware of the pain hidden behind someone's smile.

Even today, when I think of him, gratitude and guilt often walk together in my heart.

Gratitude for the love, guidance, and support he gave me.

And guilt for the times I failed to understand the depth of his silence.

Perhaps that is why some people remain unforgettable.

Not because they were perfect.

But because they loved us sincerely, even when we did not fully understand them.

And among the most beautiful moments we shared were those that carried no expectations—only companionship, trust, and a quiet promise that neither of us ever needed to speak aloud.

Chapter 5

The Evening We Stole from Time and the Night We Never Wanted to End

Some meetings remain special not because of where they happen, but because of the emotions attached to them.

One such memory takes me back to Pune.

Both of us had work commitments there, and after weeks of planning, we finally decided to meet. He had thoughtfully booked a hotel room in advance under my name. I arrived in Pune a day earlier for a professional workshop, while he was scheduled to join me the following day after completing his own work.

When I entered the magnificent five-star hotel, I felt completely overwhelmed.

The grand entrance, the sparkling lobby, the elegant reception area, and the constant movement of well-dressed guests made me feel as though I had stepped into a world I had only seen in films.

It was the first time in my life that I had entered such a luxurious hotel alone.

My heart raced with nervousness.

The cost of a single night's stay was almost equal to half of my monthly salary. For someone who had spent years building her career step by step, it felt unreal.

Since I had a few hours before meeting him, I decided to explore the city.

I wandered through Pune's historic landmarks, soaking in the stories hidden within its streets. When I visited Shaniwar Wada, my imagination carried me into another era. The tales of Bajirao and Mastani had always fascinated me.

Standing there, I smiled to myself.

Perhaps every person in love imagines their own story reflected in legendary romances.

That afternoon, I found myself waiting eagerly for him.

I reached a café inside a shopping mall and ordered a coffee while watching people pass by. Every few minutes I checked my phone.

Then suddenly, I saw him.

A tall familiar figure walking toward me.

For a moment, my heart forgot all logic.

Every part of me wanted to run toward him and embrace him. Yet one look from him reminded me to remain calm. He was accompanied by an old friend and was trying his best to maintain composure.

The situation was almost comical.

His eyes seemed to be silently requesting his friend to leave so that he could finally spend time with me.

A few minutes later, a message appeared on my phone asking me to wait near the mall exit.

As I stood there waiting, he appeared behind me, smiling mischievously.

Within moments we were sitting in an auto-rickshaw heading toward the hotel, laughing like two teenagers escaping from the world for a few precious hours.

The room became our refuge from busy schedules and responsibilities.

Both of us had spent the entire day working and traveling. He was exhausted, yet excited to finally be together.

A Night Wrapped in Love and Longing

In the hotel room when he came out of the shower, his hair still damp and tiny droplets of water shining on his face, he asked softly about protection. For a moment, I was surprised. The desire in his eyes was unmistakable, yet even in that moment, his concern for my comfort and safety came before everything else.

The hotel room felt like a dream. White sheets spread across the bed, large pillows resting against the headboard, and the soft golden light from the lamps gave the room a warmth that made time stand still. But realizing we had nothing with us, he immediately left in search of a medical store.

The area around the hotel was unfamiliar and quiet, with construction sites and office buildings stretching into the distance. There were hardly any shops nearby. Nearly half an

hour later, he returned. He was breathing heavily, his shirt slightly damp with sweat, as though he had just stepped out of the shower once again. Looking at him, I could see the effort he had made. My heart filled with affection. He looked exhausted, yet there was a boyish excitement in his smile that made me laugh.

The seriousness of the moment soon disappeared. We spent time talking, teasing each other, dancing around the room, laughing over nothing and everything. It felt there were no responsibilities, no worries, no future to think about—only two hearts finally sharing the same space.

Slowly, the laughter softened into silence. The playful glances turned into lingering looks. After being apart for so long, every moment together felt precious. We sat close, speaking little, understanding each other without words. It was not merely about physical closeness; it was about the comfort of finally being where our hearts had wanted to be for so long.

For a while, we simply rested together, enjoying the peace of each other's presence. The journey ahead awaited us. By night, we would be travelling back to our hometown on separate seats in the same bus, returning to our ordinary lives as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

Everything had been arranged by him.

At the bus stop, he became almost a stranger again. His careful distance made me smile. We both knew someone from our hometown might recognize us. The bus arrived, and fortunately it was not crowded. Many seats remained empty. He chose a seat near mine, close enough to watch over me, far enough to avoid unwanted attention.

The bus felt surprisingly luxurious. He pointed toward the screen in front of my seat and explained how I could listen to music or watch movies during the journey. I plugged in my earphones and began browsing songs. Music had always been my companion during long travels.

The first song that played instantly transported me back to the hotel room. Every laugh, every glance, every heartbeat of the evening returned like a flood of memories. I felt my cheeks grow warm and instinctively looked away.

He noticed.

"What happened?" he asked with a curious smile.

I wanted to answer, but there were no words. Some memories are too beautiful to explain.

As the night grew darker, exhaustion slowly took over. I drifted into sleep, but somewhere deep inside, my heart still longed for his presence. After some time, I woke and quietly walked over to him.

He looked tired, ready to rest after the long day, yet my mischievous smile immediately caught his attention. I sat beside him and rested my head gently against his chest.

In that moment, nothing else mattered.

The steady rhythm of his heartbeat became my favorite melody. The noise of the bus faded away. The darkness outside the window disappeared. Wrapped in the warmth of his embrace, I felt safe, cherished, and completely at peace.

Neither of us spoke much.

Sometimes love does not need grand declarations.
Sometimes it lives in a silent journey, in a protective glance,
in a hand held for a moment longer than necessary, or in the
comfort of resting your head against the person who feels like
home.

As the bus continued through the night, carrying us toward
our destination, my eyes slowly closed once again. This time,
I slept with a smile on my face, knowing that some nights
become memories, but a few rare nights become a part of
your soul forever.

What remains with me today is not any particular
conversation but the feeling of closeness.

I wanted time to pause.

I wanted to preserve every moment exactly as it was.

The darkness outside.

The gentle hum of the bus.

The quiet companionship.

The certainty that for those few hours, we belonged to the
same journey.

But every journey reaches its destination.

Before dawn, his stop arrived.

He gathered his belongings and prepared to leave.

Watching him step down from the bus felt unexpectedly painful.

The distance between our stops was not very great, yet after he left, every passing minute felt longer than before.

When my stop finally arrived, I carried with me a heart filled with memories.

I reminded myself that love also means understanding responsibilities.

It means accepting distance.

It means allowing someone to fulfill their duties while still holding them close within your heart.

Looking back now, what I remember most about Pune is not the luxury hotel, the grand lobby, or the city itself.

I remember the anticipation.

The laughter. The companionship. The night journey.

And the beautiful feeling of sharing a small piece of life with someone who had become one of the most important people in my world.

Some destinations are remembered for their landmarks.

Pune will always be remembered for a journey of the heart.

Chapter 6

The Storm We Never Prepared For

The COVID-19 pandemic changed the world.

Fear lived in every household. Streets became silent. Families remained separated. Every day brought news of illness, uncertainty, and loss.

Like countless others, we too found ourselves facing a difficult chapter.

Because of the responsibilities he carried in serving others, he eventually contracted the virus and was forced into quarantine at home.

The moment I learned about it, my heart filled with worry.

I prayed constantly for his recovery.

At that time, he was alone. His family had travelled out of town due to urgent circumstances, leaving him to battle illness in isolation.

One day, unable to bear the anxiety any longer, I asked if I could meet him.

He quietly agreed and told me how I could enter without attracting attention. As I quietly entered through the hidden door, my heart pounded in my chest. The house was unusually silent. Walking softly toward his room, I saw him lying on his bed.

For a moment, I stopped.

The man whose smile always brightened my world looked pale and exhausted. His eyes were closed, and his face carried the weariness of days spent fighting illness. Seeing him like that broke something inside me.

I wanted nothing more than to rush to him, hold him close, and take away every bit of pain he was carrying. But fear of being discovered made me cautious. I sat quietly on a chair beside his bed, watching him.

Tears slowly filled my eyes.

Without speaking a word, I prayed. I prayed for his recovery, for his strength, for his health. Looking at him, I realized how deeply I loved him. It was no longer just excitement, attraction, or stolen moments. It was concern, devotion, and the silent wish to see him healthy and happy again.

A slight noise woke him.

As his eyes opened, I quickly tried to hide my emotions. I did not want him to see the tears I had been fighting. But the moment he looked at me, a beautiful smile spread across his face.

It was a smile I would never forget.

For the first time, I was sitting inside the room I had only seen through countless video calls. The room that had witnessed our late-night conversations, shared dreams, laughter, and endless longing.

I walked closer and handed him the fruits I had brought.

He looked at me with that familiar warmth in his eyes. Despite his weakness, his smile remained as gentle as ever.

Unable to resist, I sat beside him.

There are moments when words become unnecessary. When two hearts understand each other without speaking.

I gently held his face in my hands, studying every feature as though I had not seen him for years. He protested softly, worried about my safety, worried that I might fall ill too.

But love often speaks a language beyond fear.

I told him that I could not bear seeing him carry this burden alone. If he was facing a difficult battle, then I wanted him to know he was not fighting it by himself.

There was only us.

His hand in mine.

His heartbeat close enough to hear.

His presence reminding me that love sometimes heals wounds medicine cannot touch.

Those precious moments were not about passion. They were about companionship. About standing beside someone when they needed you most. About replacing fear with hope and loneliness with affection.

As I left that day, my heart felt lighter.

A few days later, he began recovering quickly. His strength returned, his smile grew brighter, and the exhaustion slowly faded away.

I often joked that perhaps my love had worked better than any medicine.

But deep inside, I learned something important during those difficult days.

Many people suffered during the pandemic not only because of the virus itself but because of the loneliness it created. Human hearts are not meant to fight their battles alone.

He had risked himself while performing his responsibilities and helping others. Yet during his weakest moments, all he needed was the comfort of knowing someone cared.

Thankfully, I never fell ill.

The months passed, life slowly returned to normal, and we continued finding ways to meet in our small hometown. Yet that afternoon remained special.

But another storm was already approaching.

Months later, after several happy days and precious memories together, I noticed changes in my body.

At first, I ignored them.

Then came questions.

Then uncertainty.

Then confirmation.

I discovered that I was pregnant.

The news arrived like a lightning strike.

Part of me felt overwhelmed.

Part of me felt frightened.

And part of me felt an indescribable sense of wonder.

For a brief period, I allowed myself to imagine possibilities.

I imagined a future.

I imagined a tiny life connected to both of us.

I imagined hopes, dreams, and moments that existed only in my heart.

When I shared the news with him, his reaction was different from mine.

He did not respond immediately.

Instead, he asked for time.

Time to think.

Time to understand.

Time to face the reality of a situation that neither of us had truly prepared for.

A few days later, we met and spoke openly.

The conversation remains one of the most painful memories of my life.

He believed that bringing a child into our complicated circumstances would create suffering for everyone involved.

We came from different worlds.

Different backgrounds.

Different faiths.

Different responsibilities.

He feared the consequences that an innocent child might one day be forced to carry.

His decision came from responsibility.

My heart, however, was speaking a different language.

Yet I trusted him.

Throughout our relationship, I had always believed in his judgment.

And so, despite the pain, I agreed.

What followed became one of the darkest experiences of my life.

The physical pain eventually faded.

The emotional pain did not.

For weeks, my heart remained trapped between grief and guilt.

I questioned myself endlessly.

I questioned my choices.

I questioned my strength.

Most painfully, I questioned my own worth.

There were nights when I could not sleep.

Nights when memories replayed repeatedly in my mind.

Nights when silence felt unbearable.

While we were making that difficult decision, I remember looking into his eyes.

Many people would never have noticed it.

But I did. Behind his calm words was pain.

Behind his practical reasoning was heartbreak.

He was hurting too. The decision wounded both of us in different ways.

Perhaps that is why neither of us ever truly emerged unchanged from that chapter.

Something shifted between us afterward.

Our conversations became quieter.

The ease we once shared seemed harder to find.

An emptiness settled into places where laughter had once lived.

I struggled with emotions I could barely understand.

The grief was not only about loss.

It was about the future I had imagined and the future that would never exist.

I carried anger toward myself.

I carried sadness.

I carried guilt.

Most of all, I carried a deep sense of loneliness.

People often know how to treat physical wounds.

They prescribe medicine.

They offer rest.

They monitor recovery.

But emotional wounds are different.

There is no prescription for grief.

No tablet for regret.

No injection for heartbreak.

Healing takes place slowly, often invisibly.

Looking back now, I can see how that pain changed me.

I became impatient.

I became anxious.

At times, I became someone I did not recognize.

The hurt inside me began spilling into other areas of my life.

Not only did I struggle in my relationship with him, but I also found myself becoming distant from people around me.

The sadness I carried quietly transformed into frustration, and frustration often appeared as anger.

There were moments when I unknowingly hurt the very person who had stood beside me through so many difficult years.

At the time, I did not fully understand what I was doing.

Pain has a way of speaking through us when we have not yet learned how to heal.

Today, when I look back on that chapter, I see two people trying to survive circumstances that neither of them knew how to navigate.

We were not villains.

We were not heroes.

We were simply human.

Two imperfect people carrying love, responsibility, fear, loss, and hope all at the same time.

And perhaps that was the hardest lesson of all.

Sometimes life does not break us through hatred.

Sometimes it breaks us through decisions made with love.

And those wounds often take the longest to heal.

Chapter 7

When I Lost Myself and Found Life Again

The months that followed were some of the most difficult of my life.

After the loss, I tried to gather the scattered pieces of my heart and build myself again. Outwardly, life continued. I went to work. I fulfilled my responsibilities. I smiled when required. To the world, I appeared normal.

Inside, however, I was broken.

He never abandoned me during that time. He continued to check on my health, reminding me to eat properly, rest, and take care of myself. Physically, I was recovering. Emotionally, I felt as though I was carrying invisible wounds that nobody could see.

Sometimes he tried to make me laugh.

Sometimes he encouraged me to move forward.

Sometimes he simply listened.

Yet something inside me had changed.

The vibrant woman who had once shared every thought and emotion with him slowly began retreating into silence.

Work became my refuge.

I buried myself in responsibilities, projects, and deadlines because work demanded attention while grief demanded surrender.

Whenever I was alone, however, the pain returned.

Many nights ended with tears soaking my pillow.

Many mornings began with the difficult task of pretending that everything was fine.

Gradually, I started distancing myself from people.

Friends.

Family.

Even him.

Part of me believed that my pain would eventually hurt everyone around me. I became afraid of my own emotions. Afraid of my temper. Afraid of saying things I would later regret.

Yet pain has a way of escaping.

No matter how hard we try to contain it.

Sometimes my sadness emerged as anger.

Sometimes my grief appeared as impatience.

And too often, the person who received the impact of those emotions was the one who had remained beside me through everything.

Looking back, I realize how deeply my suffering affected our relationship.

He was already fighting battles of his own.

Yet unknowingly, I added to his burden.

Slowly, we began drifting apart emotionally.

The closeness we once shared became harder to reach.

Conversations became shorter.

Silences became longer.

And the distance between our hearts grew without either of us fully understanding how to stop it.

Then life presented another challenge.

A year later, I discovered that I was pregnant again.

This time, my reaction was different.

The dreams, hopes, and possibilities that had once filled my imagination no longer appeared.

I felt exhausted.

Emotionally numb.

Afraid of reliving the same pain.

After consulting a doctor and considering the circumstances, another difficult decision followed.

The physical recovery eventually came.

The emotional recovery did not.

The second loss deepened wounds that had never fully healed from the first.

By then, I felt disconnected from myself.

I questioned my identity.

I questioned my worth.

I questioned whether I deserved happiness at all.

The strongest emotion I carried was not anger toward anyone else.

It was anger toward myself.

I stopped seeing my strengths.

I stopped recognizing my value.

I stopped treating myself with kindness.

Instead, I filled my mind with harsh judgments and painful assumptions.

I convinced myself that I was unworthy of love.

Unworthy of respect.

Unworthy of forgiveness.

The more those thoughts grew, the darker my world became.

Depression does not always arrive dramatically.

Sometimes it arrives quietly.

It steals joy first.

Then hope.

Then energy.

Then purpose.

Until one day, you barely recognize yourself.

During that period, I reached one of the lowest points of my life.

Overwhelmed by emotional pain and unable to see a future beyond it, I made a decision that could have ended everything.

Looking back today, I understand that it was not truly a desire to die.

It was a desperate desire for the pain to stop.

Thankfully, life had other plans.

I survived. And survival became the beginning of a new chapter.

At the time, I did not understand why.

Today, I believe that God was not finished with me.

There were still lessons to learn.

There was still healing to experience.

There was still love waiting to be directed toward the one person I had neglected the most—myself.

Recovery did not happen overnight.

It began slowly. With one breath. One prayer. One day at a time.

I started rebuilding myself from the inside.

I began learning about self-love, self-respect, and self-compassion.

I discovered that forgiveness is not only something we offer others.

Sometimes the hardest person to forgive is ourselves.

For years, I had given love freely to others.

I had prayed for others. Supported others. Cared for others.

Yet I had forgotten to care for the woman standing in front of the mirror.

The woman who had survived heartbreak.

The woman who had carried grief.

The woman who had made mistakes.

The woman who deserved compassion rather than punishment.

My journey toward healing taught me that strength is not the absence of pain.

Strength is choosing to continue despite pain.

It is choosing hope when despair feels easier.

It is choosing life when darkness whispers otherwise.

Most importantly, it is choosing to believe that our worst chapters do not define our entire story.

Today, when I look back on those difficult years, I no longer see only loss. I see survival. I see lessons. I see growth.

And I see a woman who fell apart completely, yet somehow found the courage to rebuild herself again.

Perhaps that was God's plan all along. Not to break me.

But to teach me that even the most shattered heart can learn to beat with hope once more.

Chapter 8

The Rebirth of My Soul

Every ending carries the seed of a new beginning.

After years of emotional storms, heartbreak, loss, and self-doubt, a new life slowly began to blossom within me.

This time, it was not the life of another person growing inside my womb.

It was the rebirth of my own soul.

For the first time in years, I began treating myself with kindness, gentleness, and compassion.

I realized something important:

You cannot pour happiness into someone else's cup when your own cup is empty.

Before loving the world, I needed to learn how to love myself.

Before healing others, I needed to heal my own wounds.

And so began a new chapter of my life.

A chapter where I became my first priority.

I started listening to audiobooks and summaries of inspirational books. The first book that deeply influenced me was Emotional Intelligence 2.0.

One lesson stayed with me forever:

Being emotional is not a weakness.

The real strength lies in learning how to manage emotions wisely.

For years, I had judged myself for feeling deeply.

Now I understood that sensitivity was not my enemy.

It was one of my greatest strengths.

Slowly, my perspective began to change.

I became calmer.

More patient.

More graceful.

More compassionate toward myself and others.

The transformation was not dramatic.

It happened one thought at a time.

One habit at a time.

One day at a time.

Around the same period, I developed a deep connection with nature.

I started participating in environmental activities with a simple slogan:

"Nisarg Ko Swarg Banaye, Niswarth Bhav Se."

Let us turn nature into heaven through selfless service.

What began as a small effort gradually became a movement. People started joining our Sunday cleaning drives. We planted trees, cleaned public spaces, and encouraged environmental awareness.

While working with nature, I discovered some of life's greatest lessons.

Trees became my teachers.

A tree stands strong through every season without complaint.

Storms come.

Summer burns.

Winter freezes.

Yet it continues to grow.

I learned resilience from trees.

I learned that the height of a tree depends on the depth of its roots.

The higher we wish to rise in life, the more grounded we must remain.

I learned that a fruit-bearing tree naturally bends downward.

Likewise, truly knowledgeable people remain humble despite their achievements.

I learned that a sapling requires proper care, nourishment, and protection before it can bear fruit.

Relationships are no different.

Love, trust, and companionship flourish only when nurtured with patience and care.

Nature became my silent university.

And every tree became a teacher.

Another book that transformed my thinking was *Attitude Is Everything*.

One idea particularly touched my heart:

A ship does not sink because of the water surrounding it.

It sinks when water enters inside.

Similarly, external challenges cannot destroy us unless we allow negativity to enter our minds.

Those words changed my outlook completely.

Instead of blaming circumstances, I began taking responsibility for my thoughts.

Instead of complaining, I started focusing on solutions.

Instead of dwelling on pain, I focused on growth.

Then came another powerful influence—Dr. A. P. J. Abdul Kalam's Wings of Fire.

His life taught me to dream fearlessly.

To remain humble.

To work hard.

To believe that no dream is impossible when combined with dedication and perseverance.

His words ignited something inside me.

For the first time in years, I felt unstoppable.

The woman who once doubted herself had begun trusting herself again.

I stopped judging people quickly.

I tried to understand them instead.

I stopped carrying unnecessary drama.

I stopped carrying guilt.

I stopped carrying complaints.

Most importantly, I stopped carrying hatred toward myself.

The energy that had once been consumed by grief was now invested in growth.

You might be thinking "What happened to him?"

The answer is simple.

He was.

He is.

And he will always be a part of my soul.

Our relationship changed with time.

The constant messages became occasional conversations.

The daily calls became rare.

The frequent meetings became professional interactions.

And eventually, even those stopped when I made the difficult decision to move elsewhere in search of my own growth and identity.

It was not an easy decision.

For either of us.

When he learned that I was leaving, I saw questions in his eyes.

Questions neither of us chose to answer.

Sometimes love is not about holding on.

Sometimes love is about stepping away with respect.

Without drama.

Without accusations.

Without bitterness.

I chose distance because I never wanted my struggles to become his burden again.

And so, quietly, I walked away.

No calls, No messages, No expectations.

Yet something remained untouched.

The affection. The gratitude. The respect. The love.

Physical distance separated us.

But gratitude never did.

Even today, whenever I look at the moon, I find myself whispering a silent prayer.

"If he is looking at this same moon tonight, may he be happy. May he be healthy. May life be kind to him."

Years have passed.

We are no longer connected through phones or social media.

Yet some connections exist beyond technology.

They exist in memories.

In prayers, In gratitude.

In the lessons people leave behind.

He showed me every color of life.

Love. Joy. Passion. Friendship. Pain. Loss. Growth. Healing.

Because of him, I learned how deeply a heart can love.

Because of him, I learned how deeply a heart can break.

And because of him, I learned how deeply a heart can heal.

Today, when I think of him, there is no anger.

No regret, No resentment.

Only gratitude.

The gratitude one feels for a teacher who changed their life forever.

Perhaps some people enter our lives not to stay forever, but to awaken something within us.

He awakened the strongest version of me.

And for that, I will always be thankful.

A song once expressed what I could never say aloud:

Mera dil bhi kitna pagal hai jo pyar tumhi se karta hai par
samne jab tum aate ho kuch bhi khene se darta hai mere
saajan

"My heart is so innocent that it loves only you. Yet whenever
you stand before me, it becomes afraid to say anything."

Those words still make me smile.

The feeling may have changed its form, but it never
disappeared.

And perhaps it never will.

If love is measured by gratitude, then mine remains endless.

If love is measured by prayers, then mine still reach the
heavens.

And if love is measured by memories, then those memories
will remain with me until my last breath.

For he taught me the greatest lesson of all:

Love is not about possession.

Love is about transformation.

And because of that love, I became the woman I was always
meant to be.

I am unstoppable

Chapter 9

When Love Dreams of Growing Old Together

There are some dreams that are not born overnight. They grow slowly through countless conversations, shared silences, laughter, understanding, and the comfort of knowing that somewhere in this world there is a person who sees life the way you do. Our dream was one such dream.

Many times, while talking, we would mention the songs “Nothing's Gonna Change My Love for You” and “I Wanna Grow Old with You”. The animated characters in those videos somehow felt familiar. The boy reminded me of him, and the girl felt a little like me. We would smile at the thought and imagine ourselves living a life as simple and beautiful as the love portrayed in those songs.

Unlike many dreams that revolve around luxury, status, or material success, our dream was remarkably simple. We dreamed of a life where peace would be our greatest wealth and togetherness our greatest achievement.

I often imagined us building a small home in the lap of nature. Not a mansion, not a place filled with expensive things, but a warm home built with love, understanding, and purpose. A home where every wall would carry memories of our journey, where every corner would reflect our values, and where every sunrise would remind us that happiness is not found in possessions but in moments.

Our home would stand amidst greenery, surrounded by trees, flowering plants, and open skies. There would be a swing under a large tree where we could sit together in the evenings, talking about life or simply enjoying the silence. There would be a terrace where we could watch the sunrise

with a cup of tea and count the stars at night. We would hear birds singing at dawn instead of vehicle horns, and the rustling of leaves instead of the endless noise of crowded cities.

But our dream was never about escaping life. It was about living life more meaningfully.

We knew that a peaceful life also requires responsibility, effort, and discipline. We would wake up early every morning before the world became busy. Our day would begin with prayers and gratitude, acknowledging the blessings we had received. This would be followed by yoga and meditation, not merely as physical exercise but as a way of maintaining balance in our minds and hearts.

After that, we would go for a bicycle ride along village roads, breathing fresh air and watching nature wake up around us. Returning home, we would prepare breakfast together because even ordinary tasks become special when shared with someone you love.

Our kitchen would never be separated from our garden. We dreamed of growing our own vegetables, fruits, herbs, and grains as much as possible. There is a unique satisfaction in eating food that your own hands have nurtured from seed to harvest. We would work on our farm together, learning from nature every day. We would understand that the earth gives back generously when treated with respect.

We also dreamed of teaching others about sustainable living. We wanted to help people understand the importance of organic farming and healthy food habits. We wanted to encourage families to reduce their dependence on harmful

chemicals and rediscover the wisdom of natural living. In our own small way, we hoped to contribute to healthier communities.

Education and health were always close to our hearts. Therefore, our dream extended beyond our own happiness. We imagined organizing awareness programs, helping children access quality education, supporting farmers with sustainable agricultural practices, and guiding people toward healthier lifestyles. We believed that a meaningful life is one that creates value for others.

Of course, we knew that life would not always be perfect.

There would be challenges, unexpected expenses, health concerns, family responsibilities, and moments of disagreement. There would be days when we would feel tired, disappointed, or uncertain. But the beauty of our dream was not the absence of problems. The beauty was knowing that we would face every problem together.

A true relationship is not tested during moments of happiness. It is tested during difficult times when patience becomes more important than passion and understanding becomes more important than romance.

We dreamed of being each other's safest place: A place where no explanation was required. A place where silence was understood. A place where mistakes were forgiven. A place where honesty was valued more than perfection.

As the years passed, our love would mature. It would no longer be measured by gifts, celebrations, or grand gestures. Instead, it would be found in everyday moments—sharing

morning tea, reminding each other to take medicines, waiting for one another at the dinner table, holding hands during evening walks, and sitting together on the veranda watching the sunset.

People often think romance belongs only to youth. I believe the purest form of romance belongs to old age.

Imagine us in our seventies or eighties, our hair silver with time and our faces carrying the marks of years lived fully. Yet our hearts would still recognize each other exactly as they did when we first connected. We would laugh at old memories, tell the same stories repeatedly, and still enjoy hearing them.

I have discovered countless ways to love him. Not through dramatic expressions but through simple acts of care, respect, loyalty, and presence. Love is found in remembering what matters to someone. It is found in listening carefully, standing beside them during difficult moments, and choosing them again and again every day.

More than anything, I wish to grow old with him. I wish to walk beside him through every season of life. I wish to celebrate victories with him, face challenges with him, and spend ordinary days with him because ordinary days become extraordinary when shared with the right person. My “Mr. Right”

And if destiny allows, I would like my final moments to be peaceful, knowing that I spent my life loving sincerely and being loved sincerely. To rest my head on his shoulder, feeling safe and complete, would be enough.

Yet even then, I do not believe our story would truly end.

Many spiritual traditions teach that while the body is temporary, the soul continues its journey. Sometimes I feel that our connection cannot be explained by words alone. It feels older than this lifetime, deeper than coincidence, and stronger than distance.

Perhaps our souls have met before. Perhaps they recognized each other long before our minds did.

Perhaps that is why we understood each other without lengthy explanations, trusted each other without conditions, and never felt the need to pretend.

What we shared was not based on appearances, possessions, or expectations. It was built on authenticity, respect, acceptance, and emotional truth.

In a world where many relationships are fragile and temporary, ours felt like a collection of romantic and authentic memories—moments that remain alive in the heart regardless of time.

Whether measured in years, decades, or lifetimes, some love stories are not remembered because they were perfect. They are remembered because they were genuine.

And if there is another life beyond this one, I hope that somewhere, under another sky and in another time, our souls will find each other once again.

Because some people do not simply enter our lives.

They become a part of our journey forever.

Chapter 10

The Love He Could Never Put Into Words

If someone ever asked him what I mean to him, he would probably become silent for a moment, smile softly, and look away.

Not because he has nothing to say.

But because he feels too much.

He often tells me, "I cannot express what I feel in words. Whatever I feel for you is safely kept in my heart."

And I believe him.

In a world where people easily say "I love you" a hundred times a day, he is different. He has never been a man of grand speeches or poetic declarations. Yet, in his silence, I have heard emotions deeper than words could ever describe.

Sometimes I ask him what he is thinking, and he simply smiles. But in that smile, I see a future, a home, a friendship, a companionship, and a love that feels safe.

For him, love is not about speaking beautiful words every day. It is about feeling grateful that I exist. It is about carrying my presence in his heart even when I am not beside him. It is about finding happiness in the smallest memories we have created together.

He once made me realize that not every love story is written through conversations. Some are written through

understanding. Through waiting. Through caring. Through remembering.

The truth is, he remembers everything.

The songs we listened to together.

The dreams we shared.

The plans we made about growing old together.

The little details that most people would forget.

He carries them all quietly within him.

Whenever he thinks about our future, he says it fills him with happiness. Not the excitement of a temporary moment, but the calm happiness of knowing that somewhere in this world there is a person who understands him without explanations.

He may not always tell me how much he loves me.

But I know.

I know from the way he listens.

I know from the way he respects my thoughts.

I know from the way he never judges me.

I know from the way he trusts me with his heart.

And most importantly, I know because he never makes me feel alone.

To many people, love is found in beautiful words.

For him, love is found in beautiful intentions.

His love is like a quiet river—never demanding attention, never making noise, yet constantly flowing, constant, faithful, and deep.

If he could truly open his heart and translate every feeling into words, perhaps he would say something like this:

"You are not just a part of my life. You have become a part of my soul. I may not always find the right words, but every dream I see has you in it. Every prayer I make carries your name. Every happiness feels more meaningful because of you. When I think of growing old, I see you beside me. When I think of peace, I think of your presence. When I think of home, I think of us."

And perhaps that is why our story feels so special.

Because our love was never built on perfect words.

It was built on genuine feelings.

Feelings so deep that even today, he keeps them safe in the most sacred place he knows — His heart.

Chapter 11

The Reunion

Three years.

Three long years had passed since we had last seen each other. We did not know what was happening in each other's lives. Occasionally, curiosity overcame silence and we exchanged a few messages, a brief phone call, or an email. Yet despite the distance, there was not a single day when he did not cross my mind.

Sometimes, when I was alone, tears would roll down my cheeks without warning. There was an ache that never seemed to leave. At times, I could almost feel his pain as if it were my own. People may call it coincidence, imagination, or longing, but I always believed it was something deeper—a spiritual bond. Like the stories of eternal lovers whose souls remain connected even when miles apart.

One afternoon, I received a reply to a long email I had sent months earlier. It was not a lengthy message. It simply mentioned his work and where he was currently staying.

That was enough.

We never needed many words.

Later, I called him.

"I want to meet you," I said.

"I want that too," he replied.

The decision was made.

The day before our meeting was exhausting. I had travelled nearly two hundred kilometres for work. By the time I returned home, my body was begging for rest.

But my heart refused.

Before dawn the next morning, I was awake, preparing breakfast and getting ready for my journey toward Nagpur. Between my destination and his temporary workplace lay a brief window of time—just enough for us to meet.

Every delay felt unbearable.

The summer sun was merciless. I missed E-bus by minutes due to unexpected traffic. The heat drained my energy. I survived on juice alone, too anxious to think about food.

Finally, I boarded a Simple Red bus.

As it began to move, an old Hindi song filled the air.

"Mera dil bhi kitna pagal hai..."

I smiled.

The lyrics seemed to understand exactly what I was feeling. My heart was racing with excitement and nervousness. After all, I had not seen him for years.

The journey stretched endlessly. Construction work, traffic diversions, water tankers, bullock carts—every obstacle felt like a personal challenge sent by destiny.

Yet beneath the impatience was joy.

I was finally going to see him.

When I reached the stop, he was waiting.

For a moment, everything around me disappeared.

The noise.

The heat.

The waiting.

There was only him.

He picked me up and suggested we eat something first. We found a quiet café and ordered peri-peri fries and waffles with vanilla ice cream.

We laughed.

We shared food.

We looked into each other's eyes.

It felt less like two adults carrying years of responsibilities and more like two young lovers rediscovering each other.

Time slowed down.

Later, we went to the place where he was staying.

It was simple and modest, but at that moment it felt like a world that belonged only to us.

After freshening up, I stepped out of the washroom and immediately caught his mischievous smile.

I laughed.

Then I walked straight into his arms.

The embrace lasted longer than words ever could.

"Are you okay?" I whispered.

He nodded.

Neither of us needed explanations.

We simply stood there, holding each other.

Years of separation melted away in that silence.

His presence felt familiar, comforting, and safe. I touched his face, noticing that he had hurriedly shaved before meeting me. It made me smile because he still believed appearances mattered, while I had always loved something much deeper—his soul.

There was affection, tenderness, and longing between us. The kind that only grows stronger with absence.

But when our emotions threatened to carry us further, I gently stopped him.

He looked at me, confused.

I smiled and said softly,

"I have found a thousand ways to love you. Let us keep this one for another lifetime."

He did not argue.

Instead, he rested his head on my lap.

And I simply looked at him.

The man I had loved.

The man I had missed.

The man I had travelled so far to see.

Now the reality returned.

I had to leave.

The hour we spent together felt shorter than a minute.

We moved by car towards the bus stop. The journey felt too short, as if time was slipping away from us. He carried my luggage to the bus. There were so many things I wanted to tell him—about my pain, and the truth I had been hiding—but I couldn't find the courage. I didn't want to spoil those beautiful moments with sadness.

As the bus started moving, he immediately called to ask whether I had got a seat properly. His concern made me

smile. I assured him that I was comfortable, while hiding the storm I was carrying within me. He had no idea that I was leaving not just with memories of our reunion, but also with fears I could not bring myself to share.

But I remained silent.

Not because I did not trust him.

Not because I did not love him enough.

But because I loved him too much.

I looked at him one last time.

And left.

Only later would he learn the truth.

The truth was that I am not traveling merely for work.

I was travelling for treatment.

For months, I had been fighting a serious illness.

Every day carried uncertainty.

Every medical report felt like a question mark.

I did not know whether I had years ahead of me, months, or less.

That fear was the reason I wanted to see him.

Not to begin a new chapter.

But to complete an unfinished one.

I did not tell him because I did not want our reunion to become a memory of tears, and fear.

I wanted him to remember the laughter in the café.

The warmth of my hand on his face.

The smile we shared.

The peace of that final embrace.

Most of all, I wanted him to remember that he was loved.

Deeply.

Completely.

Without conditions.

After returning, I finally wrote this story.

The story that had lived inside my heart for years.

And if one day he reads these pages, I want him to know this:

My love,

If life grants us more time, I will treasure every moment.

If it does not, then please do not mourn what could not be.

Be grateful for what was.

You were one of the most beautiful parts of my journey.

Do not stop living because of my absence.

Do not carry guilt because of my silence.

Love.

Laugh.

Travel.

Dream.

Live your life fully.

That is the only gift I wish to leave behind.

Because true love is not measured by how tightly we hold someone.

It is measured by how sincerely we wish them happiness, even when we may no longer be there to witness it.

And wherever my journey ends, a part of me will always be smiling at the memory of that summer afternoon when, after three long years, I saw you again.

Final message to him

My Beloved,

If you are reading this, it means there were some words that remained unspoken when we met. Perhaps I stayed silent because I wanted our last meeting to be filled with smiles, warmth, and love rather than fear and sadness.

For years, even when distance separated us and life took us in different directions, not a single day passed without a thought of you. You were present in my prayers, my tears, my memories, and in the quiet moments when the world around me stood still.

The day we met again after so long is one of the most precious memories of my life. I will always remember your smile, your eyes, the way you held my hand, the comfort of your presence, and the peace I felt sitting near you. For a few moments, all the pain I carried disappeared, and I felt complete.

There is something I could not tell you that day. I was facing a difficult battle with my health, and I did not know what tomorrow would bring. I chose not to tell you because I did not want our reunion to become a memory of sorrow. I wanted it to remain a memory of love—pure, authentic, and beautiful.

Please do not carry guilt, regret, or sadness in your heart. You gave me something priceless: the feeling of being understood, cherished, and loved without conditions. That gift will remain with me forever.

If life grants me more time, I will continue to treasure our bond. If my journey ends sooner than expected, know that I leave with gratitude, not regret. I am thankful that destiny allowed our paths to cross and allowed me to see you one more time.

Promise me one thing: live fully. Love freely. Smile often. Take care of yourself. Do not let my memory become a burden. Let it be a

gentle reminder that somewhere, someone loved you deeply and wished only happiness for you.

You were never just a chapter in my life—you were a beautiful part of my soul's journey.

With all my love, always and beyond,

Yours

About the Author

MEHRAM is not merely a writer; she is a dreamer, a seeker, a healer, and above all, a believer in the transformative power of love.

Her writing is deeply rooted in real emotions, lived experiences, and the silent conversations of the heart. Through every page, she invites readers into a world where love is not measured by possession, but by respect, gratitude, friendship, sacrifice, growth, and unforgettable memories.

A passionate educator, nature lover, and lifelong learner, Mehram believes that every person who enters our life arrives with a purpose. Some become lessons, some become blessings, and a rare few become a part of our soul's journey forever.

RAM - Romantic Authentic Memories of a timeless love is more than a love story. It is a reflection of the human heart in its most vulnerable and honest form. It explores love, friendship, loss, healing, self-discovery, and the invisible threads that connect souls across time. While the story may reflect fragments of the past, present, and future, its true essence lies beyond time itself.

Mehram writes with the belief that some connections cannot be explained by logic alone. They are felt in silent prayers, remembered through cherished moments, and carried within the heart long after circumstances change.

At the center of this story is the idea of Twin Flames — two souls whose bond transcends distance, time, and even

lifetimes. Their paths may separate, their roles may change, and their journeys may take different directions, but the love, gratitude, and memories they share never truly fade away.

This book is dedicated to every heart that has ever loved sincerely, lost deeply, healed slowly, and continued believing in the beauty of authentic connections.

Because some love stories are not written to have an ending.

They are written to become a part of the soul forever.