





# INNOCENT HEART

Book by

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## Preface

This story holds a special place in my heart, having been working on love for over three years. The journey from its beginning to completion was long and arduous, filled with moments of self-doubt and the ever-present fear of failure. Yet, despite the challenges, I found the courage to persevere, and the result is something beautiful,

‘Innocent Heart!’

'Innocent Heart' is a tale that blends the boundaries between dreams and reality, crafted from the fragments of my imagination and the small fragments of reality. It's a story that delves deep into the intricate dance of love – a love that knows no bounds.

It's a story where an Elder sister finds herself emotionally giving her younger brother the courage to live. It's a narrative fuelled by love, affection, and the courage to defy fate.

Now, it's time to share this story with the world, to let its words touch the hearts of others and inspire them.

Writing 'Innocent Heart' has been a monumental achievement, and I am eager to see how it touches the lives of those who read it. Thank you for joining me on this journey into the world of love, courage, and the beauty of dreams.

Come let's fall in love with love!



# Innocent Heart

Stay a little longer



“Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome onboard Flight 4r22 with services from Mumbai to Hyderabad. We are currently third in line for take-off and expect to be in the air in approximately seven minutes. We ask you to please fasten your seat belts at this time and secure all baggage underneath your seat or in the overhead compartments. We also ask that your seats and tablet trays be upright for take-off. Please turn off all personal electronic devices, including laptops and cell phones. Smoking is prohibited for the duration of the flight. Thank you for choosing Fly-up Airlines. My name is Ishan. Enjoy your flight.”

*Ishan.*

*When I hear his name, my heartbeat increases. I forget everything else, and I can only think of him. The way he acts like a small child when he's around me is endearing. I love him not just for who he is but also for the person I become when I'm with him. I feel secure, and it's a different kind of feeling. Even today, a smile appears on my face when I remember the day we first met. He was like a mama's boy, and I could feel his sweetness. His memories will never be erased from my mind. I don't know where he is, but I miss him, his love, and the way he used to hug*

*me. I miss everything about him. He makes me feel seen even in a world that's blurry. I feel peace even though I know I have thousands of problems to tackle. And I hope he is a gift, an unmatched irreplaceable gift. Part of me knows that I never gonna meet him again, feels sad. That's what my life was when he is not part of my life.*

*He is the right person who changed my life at the right time.*

*I opened my eyes flight landed in Hyderabad. It's been 3 years since I left Hyderabad to build my career.*

*Vicky is waiting for me to pick up.*

*Vicky and I were cousins. we have 4 year gap, but even though I don't give him the respect that he is my elder brother, we used to fight and be like we are of the same time of life.*

*“Aadya! here. To your left.”*

*As I kept my mobile near my ear and held my luggage in my left hand, I turned to the left, and there he was, standing in front of his Black Mercedes. He was dressed in*

*shorts and a T-shirt, waving his hand from a distance and walking towards me..*

“Give me your luggage. Do you want to drive?” he offered.

“Yeah, sure,” I replied.

“here is the hospital?” I asked.

“I'll guide you on the way,” he said.

We arrived at KPR Hospital. My brother had been admitted there after ingesting some poisonous liquid the previous night, which was the reason for my trip to Hyderabad. My parents had spent the entire night taking care of him in the hospital.

“Excuse me, may I know the room number of the patient Nani?” I inquired at the reception desk.

“Sure, he is in room 102, on the upper left corner,” the receptionist replied.

“Thank you,” I said.

*I climbed the stairs, and there was my dad, sitting on the sofa, his glasses in his hands, lost in thought.*

“Dad!” I called out.

He saw me in front of him, took a deep breath, wiped his watery eyes, and raised his hand to put his glasses back on. He stood up and asked, “Aadya! How are you?”

*I simply hugged him. It had been three years since I had last seen him, and he looked tired. I rested my head on his chest.*

“I am okay, Dad. How are you?” I asked.

“Good. I am good,” he replied, kissing me on the head.

*I didn't know what the doctors had told him, but I could sense his inner chaos. What could I say to someone who had always been the most important part of my world? Someone who had held my hand when I was little, guiding me along the way. What words could express my gratitude to someone who had stood by me, helping me grow, providing love, strength, and support, shaping me into the person I have become today? How could I convey that I would be there for him for the rest of his life?*

“I LOVE YOU, DAD,” I whispered.

*“Love you too, dear,” he replied, and at that moment, our love and bond spoke volumes, that’s beyond words.*

“Dad, you go home with Vicky. I’ll take care of things here,” I said.

“Okay. Your mom hasn’t eaten anything since yesterday,” he replied.

“Yeah, she’ll come with you,” I added.

*I opened the door, and there she was, standing at the table, preparing juice for Nani. There were a couple of oranges and apples on the table, along with a knife. I hugged her from behind.*

“Amma...!” I called out, resting my head on her shoulder.

“Aadya!” she responded, kissing my head.

“Do you want some juice?” she asked.

“No, Mom. You have it,” I said, pulling her to sit on the couch beside me. I held her hands.

“What happened, Mom? What made him do this?” I inquired.

“Love. He fell in love with someone, and she didn't accept his love. That whole night, he didn't even talk to us. He kept saying one thing repeatedly, 'Nobody loves me.' I knew something was wrong, but I thought he was a 17-year-old kid and could sort out his problems. But he found a different solution,” Mom explained.

*Just then, someone opened the door, and it was Vicky who walked in.*

“Pinni (aunty), shall we go home?” he asked.

“Yes, Mom, you have to go. Have some food and rest. I'll take care of Nani,” I insisted.

“But I don't want to,” Mom replied with an emotional voice.

“Maa, it's not negotiable. You haven't eaten anything since yesterday. You have to go,” I urged.

“Pinni, let's go. Come on, come on!” Vicky said, taking Mom's hand.

“Bye, Aadya,” Vicky waved.

“Bye,” I replied.



*Nani was sleeping, with an oxygen mask on and glucose being administered simultaneously. It was the first time I had seen him in such a state. My eyes couldn't hold back tears, and my heart raced uncontrollably. Witnessing my brother in his most vulnerable condition, struggling to hold onto life, made me profoundly uncomfortable.*

*I took a seat beside his bed, carefully holding his hand. There was a clip on his index finger, so I patted his hand gently and stared at him for a couple of minutes. Then, he woke up.*

“Aadya!” Nani whispered.

“Nani, how do you feel now?” I asked.

“Better,” he replied.

*I stood up from my chair and kissed his forehead. As I did this, his eyes welled up with tears, and I gently wiped them away.*

“I miss you, Rah,” he said.

“I miss you too, Nani,” I replied.

“You've gained weight, huh? Eating a lot,” he commented in his weak voice.

“When you get better, we'll eat together,” I said, a smile spreading across my face.

“I miss you...” he repeated, his voice filled with longing.

*I didn't know what to do, and then I noticed the television in the room. I remember how we used to argue about watching Doraemon because I wasn't a big fan, but he was. He had forcefully made me watch it, and now I occasionally watched it.*

“Do you want to watch Doraemon, your favourite?” I asked.

I switched on the TV, and we watched Doraemon together. My intention was to see a photo of her.

“Nani, where is your mobile?” I inquired.

*He pointed towards the table in the right-side corner. I went over and checked out the gallery. I began randomly asking about his friends while showing their photos, and eventually, I saw a photo of Nani with a girl. I wasn't sure if she was his girlfriend, but there were many photos of them together. She looked adorable. Short hair, a big smile, large eyes, and a sharp nose. She seemed*

*like the perfect girl, a blend of Keerthy Suresh's cuteness, Samantha's smile, and Alia Bhatt's looks. In many photos, they looked like they were about to kiss each other.*

“Nani, who is she?” I pointed to her photo on the mobile.

“My best friend,” he replied.

“Ah, is she the one you love?” I asked.

“But she doesn't love me,” he sighed.

“Nani, let me say something. You love her, right?” I continued.

“Yes, but she doesn't love me,” he repeated.

“So, You are expecting out of love. Nani, listen, life doesn't end when someone rejects you. Many people want you in their life. Have you ever thought about Mom, Dad, me, or anyone else? We all love you so much.”

“If something is not meant to be yours, let it go. You have a long journey ahead.”

“But I love her so much,” Nani confessed.

I smiled at him.

“Love is not just about saying 'I love you.' It goes beyond that magical word. You feel it, and when it's real, both of you are ready to accept each other. Saying 'I love you' is the ultimate expression. Nothing comes after that; it's like being the richest person in the world, where you can do whatever you want, and everything seems small. Similarly, 'I love you' is a powerful phrase that makes everything else seem insignificant. Learn to spend quality time with the person you love – share jokes, have late-night chats, take cute walks, engage in endless conversations – until you both feel like you can't live without each other. That's love, and note that it can happen without ever uttering that magical word. Here, there's no need to say it; you both just understand each other. But this might take years to happen, and if it's true love, you won't regret spending years of your life with her. It's a love story for the ages.”

*We sat in silence for ten minutes, and Nani closed his eyes, appearing relaxed.*

“Nani, would you like to hear my love story?” I asked.

“You have one? Then why not?” Nani replied.

“Someone more than myself. Maybe it’s because of him who I am today is I am”.

*You know, our hearts are incredibly innocent. All they desire is love, and I'm still alive because of it.*

## INNOCENT HEART



September 19, 2009

*For the first time, I was going far from home, and you were just five years old. Mom was crying, and Dad didn't want me to leave. But I was happy because I was going to start my own life.*

*You know, Nani, it's not the same as for boys; we have certain constraints. Even though our parents gave me the freedom to live independently, it felt like something was holding me back. Maybe it was my age, urging me to soar higher than the boundaries they had set.*

*I don't know for sure, but I was excited about my upcoming journey to Bangalore. My friend and I had secured seats at different universities in Bangalore.*

September 20, 2009

*I landed in Bangalore from Hyderabad, and it had been quite a journey since my first visit to this city. Whenever I'm on the roads of Bangalore, it feels like a land of culture and a delightful sight.*



*The city is adorned with lush parks and beautiful trees, creating a perfect blend of warmth and coolness. For Dad, Bangalore was primarily a business place, as he had his third branch here. We made our way to the guest house, which was surrounded by lush greenery, making it feel like an environmentally conscious haven.*

*The trees in the veranda stood tall and grand, creating a true paradise with a crystal-clear and cold swimming pool. The sweet melody of birdsong was a rare treat, something I hardly heard back in Hyderabad.*

“Dad, why don't we have a house like this in Hyderabad?” I asked.

“You don't like modern houses, dear,” he replied.

“No, not like that. But this place feels unreal,” I explained.

“This house happens to be your grandma's favourite,” Dad revealed.

“Oh, really? It's mine too,” I admitted.

“So, you love it?” he asked.

“Yes, Dad, why not?” I replied.

“Okay then... I want to tell you something,” he said.

I nodded and gazed at a parrot perched on a nearby tree branch.

“You and grandma will be staying here until you complete your engineering,” he announced.

“But you told me I'd be staying in the college hostel,” I said.

“Your mom doesn't want that, so...” Dad began.

“Mom,” I looked at her, my eyes welling up with tears.

“Please, just for me. If you don't want to stay here, you can go to the hostel, but only after your first year,” Mom replied.

*I understood their concern. I was going to live here, 600 km away from my home. I loved them for accepting my desire to study in Bangalore, so I accepted their proposal to stay with Grandma.*

*“That's my baby!” Dad giggled my hair and went inside the house, carrying my luggage.*

*When I stepped into my room, I was amazed. It felt like the perfect room, creating a sense of calm and peace, making life feel different.*

*The comfy chairs had soft, plush cushions, and there was a bookshelf filled with love stories I adored.*

*Mom knew exactly what I liked. There was a beautiful study table with a lamp and a flowerpot that emitted a refreshing fragrance. The room was filled with vibrant colours as if in full bloom, bringing life and light into the space.*

*On one wall, there was a display of my artwork, a big smile reminding me that I looked beautiful when I smiled, and I should never let go of that happiness.*

*In this room, beauty wasn't just a statement; it was a full-course meal. I fell in love with this room instantly.*

September 28, 2009

*It was my first day of college, and yesterday, Mom and Dad had gone back to Hyderabad. I was feeling really excited, so I woke up at 5 a.m., which was unusual for me. I'm not used to waking up this early, but the excitement got the better of me.*

*In our house, Rajeshwari used to take care of me and Grandma. I called her Razi. Even though she used to show me respect while calling me, I felt a bit offended because she was six years older than me. So, I asked her to call me by my name, and it took her a week to start doing that.*

“Aadya! Come fast,” Razi called from the garden.

“I'm coming, Razi,” I replied.

“Get inside,” she said, opening the car door.

“No, I'll take the bus,” I told her.

“What? No,” she exclaimed, looking surprised and judgmental.

“Please, Razi. Isha is also coming with me,” I explained.

“Did you inform your grandma?” she asked.

“You can manage, I know that!” I replied and ran because I was running late.

“No!” she called after me.

“Aadya... listen!”

*Isha had come to Bangalore the day before, but she didn't know my exact location, so we decided to meet at the bus stop. When I reached there, it started to rain, and our bus was 10 minutes late. We took shelter under the roof.*

*I love the rain, but I was wearing a white dress and didn't want it to get ruined. The air was filled with a refreshing coolness and the scent of wet earth. The trees on the street swayed gently in the breeze, and their branches were heavy with raindrops. The leaves seemed to dance in the wind, and I felt like dancing too. The sound of passing cars and the splashing of water gave me a sense of independence. I stood there, experiencing a side of the world I had never felt before.*

*While standing there, I noticed a small puppy shivering in the rain, searching for a dry spot. It seemed stuck. I thought, "Aadya, you must help. said inner me." So, I*

*approached the puppy and picked it up. It was so cute, brown and white. As I held it, the puppy moved its head. I brought it closer to me and looked up at the sky.*

*Our bus arrived, and we got on. By the time I reached college, I was completely wet. Well, not soaking wet, but I could definitely feel the dampness.*

*The rest of the day went okay. I'm not a studious person; I'm just an average student, and I don't think I have any exceptional skills. I simply want to enjoy life and explore the world. To be honest, I don't even know my way around the entire cities of Hyderabad or Bangalore, not that I really care, but sometimes I wish I did.*

October 2, 2009

“Aadya! Isha! Wake up!” Grandma called out, moving us by removing the blanket repeatedly.

“Huh... 10 more minutes, Grandma,” I mumbled.

“It's noon, and you're still sleeping. Get up! Come on,” she urged.

We reluctantly sat up in bed, rubbing our heads.

“Grandma, you don't even let us sleep in on holidays. Seriously?” I said, looking at her with a cute, sleepy face, although I could barely see her.

“Yes and no, I won't,” Grandma replied.

“Grandma, you have to help us pick out beautiful outfits for tomorrow night,” Isha chimed in.

“What's special about tomorrow?” Grandma asked.

“It's our fresher's party,” we both exclaimed, moving our heads and hands with excitement.

Grandma quickly covered her ears. “Okay, okay. I'll help you, but first, you need to finish your breakfast and take a bath. Then come to me,” Grandma instructed.

“Okay, Grandma, we're ready,” we said as we headed to her room where she was reading the Bhagavad Gita.

She gently closed the book and removed her glasses. “Alright, let's go.”

*Mom loves shopping and has a separate room for all her costumes. This room was filled with many dress collections, including five mirrors.*

*Grandma turned on the lights, and we opened the cabinet, not sure what to wear. I randomly picked out a pair of white trousers and a white T-shirt, topping it with a brown blazer and a brown watch, along with white heels.*

“Yuck! No, I don't think that looks good. Are you going to a business meeting or something?” Grandma commented.

“Then what should I wear? Formal or party wear? Traditional or classic?” I asked and sat on the couch.

*Grandma slowly got up from the couch, walked to the cabinet, and selected two dresses for me and Isha.*

“Try these,” Grandma suggested.

*We took the dresses in our hands, and they were traditional and quite heavy. We started getting dressed, and Grandma picked out matching accessories for us. We were thrilled with how we looked.*



*I wore a red lehenga, and Isha wore a white one. We both loved our outfits, and Grandma told us to leave our hair down and go easy on the makeup, and we agreed to her suggestions.*

October 3, 2009

*It was at 6 pm we reached the place where the event was happening. Nature is turning out dark all the lights were on and everything looks beautiful Trees were covered in light. And the music is on to set the stage on fire with their dance performances.*

*Isha met their old friends they were talking about something, and I was just listening.*

*Suddenly, it's blustery. the brown dry leaves from the tree were flapping, looking like a rainbow of leaves because of this light. flower started to gravitate, and I looked around having a glance at nature. then something struck my heart, At first sight, I saw him for the Second time. he is fully covered in a black outfit with a black suit and shiny shoes holding some papers something that I don't care about. His hair is*

*still wet I think he just had a shower (with a little smile on my face) He is shining like a star in the night light. his smile made me smile back and stunned by his presence as he stands out from the crowd. I was looking at him like a small baby looking at a toy and the next thing that came to my mind was to own that toy. That's Woo.. that's too fast Aadya. What? But. But what? Ah...! don't know he is not going out of my mind. everything flew away except him.*

*And the music starts on the stage.*

*Saying*

*Pehli nazar mein kaisa jaado kar diya*

*Tera ban baitha hai mera jiya*

*Jaane kya hoga, kya hoga kya pata*

*Is pal ko milke aa jee le zara*

*Main hoon yahan*

*Tu hai yahan*

*Meri baahon mein aa, aa bhi ja*

*O jaan-e-jaan dono jahaan*

*Meri baahon mein aa bhool ja*

*Ojaan-e-jaan dono jahaan*

*Meri baahon mein aa bhool ja*

*Baby, I love you*

Yeah! I think it's from the movie Race.  
'Pehli Nazar mein', Hmm.. What timing Sir  
Ji? DJ boy read my heart. Said my inner  
voice.

Wait....

"When you saw him for the first time?"  
asked Nani.

"I saw him in Riya's marriage" I replied.

January 18, 2009

*It's a destination wedding in Goa.*

*We came to the wedding late by one day and the set is a tone for the entire celebration was nothing less than spectacular.*

*A wedding is not just a ceremony but it's a grand celebration of love and union, a symbol of tradition and customs passed down from generation. From the lively music to the vibrant colours, from the mouth-watering cuisine to the glittering jewels, everything is just perfect, and I am ready to enjoy it.*

*In the Sangeeth ceremony, I saw him for the first time. It's in the night he is in his white kurta with white pyjamas. I fell for him. I don't know who he is. But, he is about 50 meters away from me I am just looking at him pretending that I am not even looking at him.*

*He is sitting on the round wooden chair which is in front of the big table there were many food items on the tables. His right hand is on the table, and he is holding a glass of juice in his other hand.*

*He took a sip as he didn't break his eye contact with the play that was going on. That juice gave him a white moustache.*

*I am just observing everything that he is doing and my heart is saying just go and talk to him. But I don't know what to say.*

“Hi”.

No, it's too formal. What if he ignores me?

My inner voice says, “Aadya just ask him for a dance.”

No, I can't take it if he rejects me.

*In the meantime, I noticed that she wiped his mouth, which was covered with juice, and he smiled. I couldn't help but smile too. I'm not sure why I smiled; maybe it was because he smiled. After that, they left, but I didn't know where they went, and I couldn't find them that day.*

*That night, I had trouble sleeping because I didn't do what I wanted to do. I missed my chance, and all I could think about was him in my dreams. I saw him for an hour, but I didn't make a single move. Maybe it was my ego, that feeling that many girls have, that "boys should make the first move." But when there's a connection, it shouldn't matter who initiates the conversation.*

*The next day, I searched for him everywhere but couldn't find him. I did see his mom a couple of times, but I didn't know what to say to her. I couldn't just blurt out, "Aunty, I've fallen in love with your son." No, that would be a terrible idea. saying something like that to an Indian mother could get you slapped in the face. So, instead, I decided to become friends with her.*

January 20, 2009

Wedding day.

*I took the initiative to help serve the food, joining my dad and many others. When his mom came in front of me with a plate, I struck up a conversation with her. I also grabbed a plate of food for myself and sat beside her, trying to strengthen our bond. We laughed together several times, and to be honest, it was easy to talk to her because she was an artist, one of the great artists in India. Her husband was Major Arjun Singh, an Indian soldier. She was from the bride's side.*

“Aunty, where do you live?” I asked.

“We live in Delhi. That's where I was born and brought up,” she replied.

“Wow, that's great. Do you have children?”  
This was my way of getting to the point.

“Yes, I have one child. He's currently studying at Bangalore University.”

“Oh, that's great. I thought Goa is near Bangalore, so why didn't he join us tonight?”

“He did, but he had to go back to Bangalore yesterday because of some exams.”

“Did you join Bangalore University for him?” Nani asked.

“Well, in a way. I wrote the entrance test, and I cracked it. It's as simple as that.”

October 3, 2009

*We were near the stage, and to be honest, the event wasn't very interesting. But then, a sweet voice caught my attention.*

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” he began.

*I turned around, and there he was, hosting the show. “My name is Ishan, and I am your host tonight.”*

*Finally, I know his name, Ishan. I had tried to ask his name before, but she hadn't revealed it. My heart started racing as he stood in front of me, and I couldn't hear anything he was saying. What a sweet name and his presence was captivating. How could a guy be so attractive that I couldn't take my eyes off him for even a second?*

*His hair was perfectly styled, and he casually brushed it away from his eyes multiple times, making it look effortlessly cool. This guy had some serious swag. He looked confident and comfortable on the stage, the complete opposite of me. I couldn't speak like him.*

*His charming eyes and his mild smile had everyone captivated. He spoke as if he was*



*singing a melody, and his voice was like honey. He was like a calm and composed ocean, and I was swept away by his presence.*

*He walked confidently, cracked jokes, and his sense of humour was on point. Everyone was enthusiastically listening to him because he spoke so well and looked incredibly cool.*

“Wow! What a guy! He looks perfect, doesn't he?” Isha exclaimed.

“What?” I replied, trying to play it cool.

“Yes, maybe I've fallen in love with him,” Isha confessed.

“With whom?” I asked, pretending as if I didn't know.

“Seriously, Aadya? Everyone is talking about him, and you ask as if you don't know.”

“Eh... It's a waste of time.”

“I wish I could be in your university for this man. Huh...”

“Isha, can you please stop obsessing over him?”

“Eh... No worries.”

*I didn't want to discuss about him too much with Isha because the more we talked, the more she think about him, and she might actually fall in love with him. I didn't want that, so I pretended to be unaware of him.*

*Later, in the parking area, he saw us, and our eyes met. He was far away, but it felt like he was looking right at me. I don't know why, but when something strange and exciting happens, my heart beats faster than ever, like I'm Usain Bolt.*

*Unexpectedly, he started walking towards me. Maybe he was coming for me, and that made me nervous. I ran towards the car, and he started running too. It was all so suspicious. Had he seen me watching him? I didn't know. But all I could think was that I needed to go.*

*I told the driver to hurry, and thankfully, we left that place. Was he really coming to meet me? Why did I run away like that? Why couldn't I take the opportunity to talk to him? He didn't even know me. What if he*

*asked why I was staring at him? No, he couldn't do that. But what if he did? Even though he didn't ask, what if he questioned me at the university one day?*

“Aadya,” I suddenly woke up.

“We've reached home,” said Isha.

*It was midnight, and I was hungry, but I didn't feel like eating. I took a cold shower because the whole situation made me feel like I'd messed up. Maybe he recognized me from the wedding. What if he asked me, "Why were you running from me?" No, he wouldn't. But why had I reacted that way? I was in the middle of the shower and just wanted to relax. So, I stood under the shower for over an hour, lost in thought.*

*I couldn't sleep either. I didn't know when I eventually fell asleep, but it took me longer than usual. All I knew was that he was my senior, and his name was Ishan. Maybe Ishan Singh, because his father's last name was Singh. And, of course, I had to find him.*

October 10, 2009

*Today was a holiday for only the first-year students, and I decided it was the right time to find him. I had been searching for the right opportunity since the day I first saw him.*

*I went to college and started looking for him. However, I had no idea where to start. I was new to this university and this place, so it took me some time to explore. Despite coming alone, I still felt like a freshman. I didn't want everyone to know that I had fallen for him.*

*I thought about asking Isha to come with me to search for him, but it didn't make sense considering how I had reacted to his cuteness.*

*"Hey Ishan, dear Ishan, where are you, Ishan?" I muttered as I passed through block after block. It felt like he was getting closer to me, and my heart was racing as if he was right inside me.*

*I searched the entire day, but I couldn't find him. His absence left me feeling sad. I returned home with a lot of disappointment, and the same restlessness plagued me at*

*night. It wasn't because he was trying to meet me, but because I hadn't met him. When you have nothing to do but think about someone or something, your mind can play tricks on you.*

*Is he single? What if he has a girlfriend? Even just imagining this made me feel emotional because I didn't want to lose him. I tightly held my pillow, feeling his presence in it, and it made me feel like he was with me.*

*It was strange because we didn't even know each other, yet it felt like he was my everything. I eventually fell asleep, still consumed by thoughts of him.*

October 16, 2009

“Aadya, shall we register for the photography hackathon tomorrow?” Isha asked.

“I'm not really interested, but I guess it's a good way to skip classes. Why not?” I replied.

“So, is that a yes?” Isha inquired.

“Yeah, sure. But what do we have to do there?” I wondered.

“There's a cash prize and the opportunity to have our photos on the university's annual magazine cover page for the best pictures taken within 24 hours,” Isha explained with excitement.

“That sounds cool. What's the plan, then?” I asked.

“We need to register for it, and I've already signed us up, so no worries,” she said.

“Wait, you registered for us?” I asked, surprised because she hadn't even mentioned it to me.

“Yeah, I just told you that you had to come, and you agreed,” she replied with a smile.

*I could see the excitement in her eyes. She was really looking forward to the event, probably because she was photogenic and the idea of a 24-hour hackathon intrigued her. I was excited too, even though it was something new for both of us.*

*We didn't know who our teammates would be for the event, and the thought of spending the entire night taking pictures with strangers sounded crazy. It was a new and exciting challenge for us.*

October 19, 2009

*We arrived at the college a bit early and were all set for the SR-109 CAPTURE THE ART hackathon. A large poster at the university entrance made it easy to find the event's location.*

*As we made our way to that block, we were greeted by colourful decorations and well-organized posters showcasing some of the world's greatest photos. Some of these photos were so impressive that I couldn't even recognize them; perhaps they were the work of our super seniors. It all looked very cool.*

*Near the entrance, there was a small setup that resembled a stall with a group of four people wearing black T-shirts and blue jeans. Their T-shirts had "CAME CLUB" written on them, accompanied by a decent logo, indicating that they were probably the*

*club organizing the event. We were about to walk past them casually, not realizing that we needed an entry pass to enter the event.*

“Excuse me, you need to take an entry pass,” the girl from the group told us.

“Sorry,” I responded.

“I year?” she asked.

“How did you know?” I inquired.

*I knew they could easily tell that I was a first-year student by the way we were behaving, so I asked to start a conversation. However, she didn't respond and just smiled while holding a piece of paper.*

“What's your name?” she asked.

“I'm Aadya,” I replied.

*She then looked at Isha.*

“Isha!” said Isha.

“Yeah, they're already registered,” she informed one of the guys sitting in front of a PC.

He said, “Ah, Isha is in team 15, Room number 106 in this block. Rani is your



partner. If you have any doubts, there are mentors in the room to help.”

He then turned to me and asked, “What's your name?”

“It's Aadya,” I replied.

“Aadya is in team 5, Room number 201 in this block. Ishan is your partner, and if you have any doubts, they'll be clarified there.”

*I was taken aback when I heard the name Ishan. Was he participating? I had no idea.*

“Sorry, may I know the name of my partner again?” I asked out of curiosity.

“Yeah, it's Ishan,” he replied, looking into my eyes this time.

“Okay,” I said.

*He nodded, and another person handed me a bunch of cards.*

“What's this?” I asked.

“Quick, pick one,” he said.

*I randomly picked a card, and it read 'BEAUTIFUL GIRL PORTRAITS.'*

“Thank you. Your clicks must match the statement given to you,” he said.

*I was totally confused. First of all, it was Ishan. I couldn't tell if it was really him or someone else. I was overwhelmed and felt a sense of nervousness. My heart raced, and I couldn't quite grasp what I was feeling. I was not just somewhat nervous; I was extremely nervous.*

*Finally, I made my way up to the second floor, but I was hesitant to enter the room. Oh my God, it was him—Ishan. We were going to work together. He was holding a camera and capturing shots of nature outside the window. I was about to faint. He hadn't noticed me, and I had planned to approach him.*

*But my brain seemed to stop working. I stood there, frozen in front of the door, staring at him. There were three teams in each room, and while you could stay in the room, you also had the freedom to explore the university to find the best locations for your photos. The other team members were looking at me, and the room fell silent.*

*Ishan glanced over to see what had silenced them and saw me. He put his camera aside and stood up. He was tall, wearing black jeans, a yellow sweatshirt, and white shoes. His messy hairstyle was perfectly imperfect, which I loved. He gave me a small, surprised smile and nodded his head slightly in greeting. I smiled back and nodded in return.*

*He approached me, extending his hand in welcome, and said, "Welcome."*

*I couldn't contain my happiness. The person I loved so much was making all the moves, and I was loving it. I couldn't take my eyes off him as he led me to the spot where all his equipment was.*

*We sat down on the sofa, and in front of us, there were a couple of camera lenses on the table. Ishan placed his camera on the table and started the conversation.*

*"So, Aadya, right?" he asked.*

*"Yes, Aadya Agarwal," I replied.*

*He smiled lightly and looked into my eyes before shifting his gaze to the cameras. Nodding, he said, "Ishan. Ishan Singh."*

“I know,” I responded.

“What?” he seemed surprised.

“I mean, I saw you that day when you were hosting the event.”

“So, you know me.”

“Not much, really...”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Okay.”

“So, you're a photographer.”

“Yeah, I love photography. I've loved it since I was a child.”

“By the way, what was the concept given to us?”

“Portrait. Female beautiful portrait,” I informed him.

“Oh, that's interesting.”

*He seemed a lot like me, but I was taking the initiative to keep the conversation going. He appeared somewhat introverted and shy to talk.*

“Shall we go outside, into the garden?” I suggested.

“Sure, why not? I feel the same way,” he agreed.

*As we turned our attention to the garden, we were greeted by an array of colours and scents. The flowers were in full bloom, their petals swaying gently in the light breeze as if they were saying hello to both of us. The sweet fragrance of roses and lavender mixed with the earthy scent of freshly cut grass filled the air. The garden was a true oasis of tranquillity and beauty, a testament to the wonders of nature.*

*As we walked along the path, passing under the shade of beautiful trees and surrounded by fragrant blossoms, I felt a strong desire to talk to him more.*

“What a beautiful place,” I said.

“Yeah, it's... refreshing,” he agreed.

*The frustrating one-word answers! You know, those responses that make it difficult to keep a conversation going. I wondered what Ishan was thinking. Was I boring him? Did he find me annoying? I kept bringing up topics, and he simply answered each question without much elaboration. It felt*

*like an interview, with me asking all the questions.*

*I wished Ishan would speak more, stop staring at me, and say something. I loved the sound of his voice, especially when he called me by my name.*

“Aadya!”

*Wow! My heart skipped a beat when he said my name. Wait, did he just read my mind?*

“Aadya!”

“Yeah?” I replied, feeling a bit flustered.

“Do you mind if I take a couple of pictures of you here?”

“No worries, let's do it,” I said.

*He proceeded to capture a few shots of me against the backdrop of the beautiful natural surroundings. The sunset, the garden, and the company of Ishan all combined to create a breathtaking scene that would forever remain etched in my memory.*

“Ishan, can we grab some coffee?” I asked.

“What did you say?”

“I said, Ishan.”

“Sounds good.”

*Phew! For a moment, I thought he didn't like me calling him by his name. Thank goodness that wasn't the case.*

*We entered a retro-themed café, and he ordered two traditional cappuccinos for us.*

“A dry cappuccino (with more foam),” he specified to the waiter.

*I knew he was watching me while I pretended to study the menu. This time, I wanted him to initiate the conversation, but his eyes seemed to be conveying something unspoken.*

“So, where are you from?” I finally asked, breaking the silence.

Of course, he remained mostly silent, so I continued, “I'm from Hyderabad. And you?”

“I'm from Delhi.”

“My mom loves Hyderabad. She's an artist and used to visit Hyderabad frequently.”

“That's interesting. Your mom is an artist?”

“Yeah, she's painted more than 65+ paintings in her lifetime. She's one of the most famous artists out there.”

“That's awesome. She followed her passion.”

“Actually, she was interested in painting since childhood, but it wasn't her career. She was a housewife, and with my father's encouragement, she started filling her hands with colour. From then on, she filled our family with more beautiful colours than ever.”

“Wow. Your father must be amazing. He loves your mother a lot.”

“Much more than that.”

“What does your father do?”

“He's a soldier. He's currently a major stationed in Ladakh.”

“Wow, that's great.”

“He loves serving the country, and I admire him a lot. The way he is... everything about him inspires me. He finds solutions to my problems in ways I can't even imagine.



Maybe that's why I share everything with him.”

“What about you?” Ishan asked, turning the conversation back to me.

“Sir, your coffee,” the waiter interjected.

“Thank you,” Ishan acknowledged.

*I took the cappuccino in my hands and took a sip. Ishan did the same, and we paused our conversation for a moment.*

“You didn't tell me about your family,” Ishan reminded me.

“Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot you asked.”

“Yeah, you're invested in your coffee,” he teased.

“See, I was the one who invited you for coffee, so I have to enjoy it,” I replied with a smile, holding the cup in my hands.

*He smiled. His smile is beautiful. Maybe to see that beauty I have to crack many jokes.*

“About my family, my father is a businessman, and my mom loves my father, that's simple,” I said.

“Haha, that's a great way to put it,” Ishan chuckled.

“Yeah,” I replied with a smile and took another sip of coffee. “Cappuccino is great.”

“Yeah, it's good,” he agreed.

“By the way, what kind of business is your father into?” he asked.

“Well, it's a type of business. We have a company called 'Interior Design,' and we have branches in multiple states. My father mostly oversees them. The only hard work he does is signing documents, but I'm not denying the fact that he worked very hard to get to this position. My mom occasionally suggests some interior designs for our projects when she gets bored.”

“That sounds lovely! So, you're rich,” Ishan said.

“Not that much.”

“You feel like you want more,” he continued.

“Not exactly.”

“So, you don't want to be rich?” he asked, teasingly.

“Oh my god, you...” I smiled, interrupting him. “You’re not allowing me to finish my sentence,” I said.

“Ah, I see. Please, go ahead,” he said.

“What?”

“The sentence you wanted to complete,” he prompted.

“It’s all their hard work. You don’t get anything without hard work, and they deserve everything they have,” I explained.

“Okay,” he smiled and nodded.

*We spent more than an hour in the café, but it felt like only 10 minutes. Sometimes, when you’re with someone you love, time seems to fly by. I was getting to know the wonderful man I had fallen in love with, and I was loving every bit of it.*

*As time passed, we connected even more. He was talking to me, and I felt like we had all the time in the world. We had over 12 hours to complete the event, but honestly, I didn’t care about that. All I wanted was to be with him. Unexpectedly, we ended up on the same team, and my feelings for him continued to grow.*

*In the evening, as we sat in the garden, admiring the beauty of nature, he surprised me by giving me a round black hat.*

“Aadya, let's take some pictures with this hat,” Ishan suggested.

*I felt so free and playful around him that I started striking silly poses, making him laugh. Seeing him smile was my favourite thing.*

*Sitting on the ground, I held the hat on my head and smiled as he took a picture of me.*

*As the day was turning into night, the stars began to twinkle like diamonds in the sky. The moon cast a gentle glow from above, crickets chirped their song, and the breeze whispered a nearby melody. It felt like rain might be on the way, as the breeze seemed to say, "Hey, Aadya, rain is coming for you."*

“You love rain, right?” Ishan asked.

*How did he know I love rain? Could he read minds?*

“How do you know?” I asked.

“Girls usually love dancing in the rain, so I guessed,” he replied.

“Great guess, but not everyone likes the rain. I do, though.”

“Thank God I'm right,” he said with relief.

“Haha, lucky boy!”

“What?” he said, laughing.

*I joined in his laughter. Just then, my phone rang, and it was my grandma. Did I have to tell her that I was with the person I loved?*

“One moment,” I told Ishan.

“Sure,” he replied.

“Hello, Granny,” I answered.

“What are you doing? Having fun?” my grandma asked.

“A lot. Just had dinner and came outside. Did you have your dinner?”

“Yeah!”

“It seems like you're having a lot of fun. Don't break the rules,” she advised.

*I smiled. Did she somehow know that I was with a boy at this event? Regardless...*

“Okay!”

“Good night then, bye dear.”

“Bye, cutie.”

*Suddenly, it started raining, and I ran toward the roof where Ishan was standing. He was staring at me, and my hair was already half wet. He really had a habit of staring. Maybe he forgot what he wanted to say.*

“You said you love it?” he asked, referring to the rain.

“I do, but do you?” I questioned.

“To be honest, not so much. But if you want, I'm sure I can join you.”

*Oh my goodness, he made a move!*

“You'll join me? For me?” I raised an eyebrow and smiled.

“Not like that,” he said.

“Oh, you don't want to,” I replied with a suspicious look.

“What?” he asked.

“Oh, wow, you don't know what I'm saying,” I said with a pretend angry expression.

“You...” he began.

*And then he smiled, just as I had expected. When you don't have much to say, all you can do is smile, and he was doing just that.*

“Then join me,” I invited.

*He pulled an umbrella from behind him, and I burst into laughter.*

“You think you can just stand there holding an umbrella?” I challenged him.

“Of course, yes! Why not?” he responded confidently.

“Oh, let's see,” I said playfully.

“Why can't you join me under this umbrella until we get to the middle of the road? I mean, it looks nice,” I suggested.

“For whom?” I questioned, suddenly feeling a bit dominated. I immediately realized it and silently apologized to myself.

“I mean, it looks great for me to take a picture of you,” he clarified.

“Okay,” I agreed.

*For the first time, we were standing so close to each other. I could feel it. The rain fell gently, creating a symphony around us. As he stood beside me, it felt like we were in perfect harmony. My heart started beating faster, like a drum in my chest, because in his presence, I felt blessed and somewhat nervous.*

*I was mesmerized by the way he moved, the way he cared about me, and the way he showed respect.*

*As we reached the middle of the road, he looked deep into my eyes. His eyes held a world of wonders. They seemed to say, "I love you," but maybe that was just my own feelings coming through.*

*He began to speak in a voice lower and more sweetly than before, with a slow, almost intimidating tone.*

“Aadya.”

*Oh God, the way he said my name made me feel a rush of pleasure. I felt like I might*



*faint. Something was happening to me,  
something I couldn't quite comprehend.*

“Hmm...” I replied, my voice barely more than a whisper.

“I'll stand outside and take a picture of you. You just hold this umbrella,” he instructed in that tantalizing tone.

*I couldn't handle this anymore – the weather, the intimidation, the sweet words. I felt like he was moving closer, and he held my hand. I knew that if he took one more step, I wouldn't be able to resist kissing him. And I couldn't even begin to think about what might happen after that. I silently begged the universe to keep him away from me.*

*He left the umbrella in my hand and stepped back. Then I saw the most beautiful man ever. He is not handsome he is beautiful as heck.*

“Aadya! Look up and slowly take off the umbrella”

*I followed his instructions moved the umbrella slowly backwards and allowed these tiny water drops to kiss my face. After*

*a minute I was completely immersed in the love of the rain and his too.*

*He was so happy I think he got what he wanted he was smiling and looking at the camera.*

*He came towards me took my hand into his and moved his head with excitement*

“Come on,” he said

“Where?”

“One second”

*I just followed him I don't know where I am going but I love every second that I am experiencing. He took me under the tree and just jiggled his hair.*

“I just want to show you the pictures; their camera may be damaged, so,” he said, looking into the camera and removing the plastic cover he'd tied to protect it from the rain.

“What?” I replied with a cute kind of angry expression.

“Sorry! Look how beautiful you are.”

*I simply stared at him. As the rain poured from the sky, his eyes remained fixed on me in the camera. I could feel his love for me captured in that camera. There were a few raindrops on his face, slowly making their way down, which he wiped off.*

*His eyes told a story of adoration as he looked at me through the camera with admiration. His wet hair felt like soft fur that I longed to move back myself.*

He looked at me and tilted his head upwards, silently asking, "What do you think?"

*I shook my head and communicated in sign language, saying nothing. He rolled his eyes towards the camera and said, "Look."*

I peered into the camera and exclaimed, "Wow, that's astonishing!"

"Isn't it beautiful?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's out of this world," I replied.

"Only a beautiful girl like you can pull it off,"

*Holly smokes! Did he just flirt with me?  
That complement wow!*

“What did you just flirt?” I questioned; a bit taken aback. Shouting.

He was a bit farther from me, so I shouted, “Ishan!”

“Yeah!” he shouted back.

“Did you just flirt with me?” I inquired.

“What?” he responded, approaching me and grabbing my hand.

“What did you just say?” he asked with excitement and exhaustion.

“No worries, nothing,” I replied.

“You know what? I just want to dance with you,” he declared.

“Now?”

“Right now. Right here,” I replied, sounding doubtful.

“Heck yes!” he proclaimed with unwavering confidence.

He pulled me into the rain. “What?” I said, a mixture of happiness and fake anger.

“Please, Aadya, just once,” he pleaded.

“What? You think I will dance with you?”

“You will,” he stated confidently and pulled me closer.

He came even closer, his intimidating voice tingling in my ears as he asked again, “Do you want to dance with me?”

This time he held both of my hands. I simply nodded in agreement.

*As the music of the rain began, the warmth of his touch sent shivers down my spine. We began to move, our bodies merging as we floated across the rain-soaked ground, lost in the rhythm of the rain. His hand rested on my waist, pulling me closer with every step. I lost myself in him, realizing that I would never forget this dance, this night, this man who had stolen my heart with a single touch.*

“Thank you,” he whispered in my ear.

“Shall we go?” he asked.

*I nodded yes, and we made our way to the room assigned to us. His classmates were surprised to see us. They exclaimed about how we were outside in the rain, thinking we'd get drenched. He showed them the photos, and they were stunned.*

“Wow! Aadya, you look stunning.”

“Thank you.”

“Wow! I want photos like these too,” one of them said.

“Ishan, you don't like rain and getting wet, so how did you manage to do this?” another asked, clearly amazed.

“And this one with the hat looks phenomenal,” one of them commented, steering the conversation in a new direction.

*Even I too understood he didn't like rain when he carried an umbrella with him but, he changed himself for me? Maybe I thought I would take a small nap and I said you guys just carry on and I will just have a small nap. The whole day I didn't sleep and now feeling too dizzy and tired. And then we completed the event and we were done. waiting for the winners which takes a couple of days.*

*Early in the morning. Birds are chirping and the warm light of the sun just hits my face and makes it refreshing.*

“All right then bye Ishan” I looked into his eyes and said.

“Bye!” he nodded with a small smile on his face.

“Aadya! Thank you for giving me the best day of my life.” He said with a low and shy voice.

*I smiled and looked into his eyes put my hair back into the ear and said*

“My pleasure Mr. Ishan Singh Thanks for being a gentleman.”

*He laughed and said*

“My pleasure Aadya Agarwal.”

*I get into the car that's been waiting for me. he stayed there until I got into the car. I was sitting in the car looking into his eyes he was holding the top of the and looking me into the window.*

“Bye!”

“Bye!”

October 20, 2009

*I directly jumped onto the couch and relaxed.*

“Aadya, get up. You should not sleep like this. Have some food and take rest, dear.” Grandma pulled my hand and took me into the bathroom, closing the door.

*I got myself ready and had lunch with my grandma, which was paneer with chapati. It was delicious. Afterwards, I went to my room, slept until 7 p.m., and then came back downstairs.*

“Good morning,” I greeted.

“Did you have enough sleep?” Grandma asked,

*still reading the Bhagavad Gita. She took off her spectacles and set the book aside. I sat next to her, and she asked Razi to get some coffee for me. She gave me a tasty, hot, and refreshing cup of coffee.*

“How was your day?” Grandma asked.

“It was great!” I replied.

*As I recounted everything to her about how I enjoyed the day, I realized I hadn't mentioned Ishan. She didn't seem to care much about what I was saying. All that seemed to matter to her was that I was*



*sneezing continuously. She commented,*  
“Have you been in the rain last night?”

“Somewhat,” I replied.

She touched my forehead and observed,  
“See, your temperature is so high. You spent  
a lot of time in the air, I think.”

“No, not like that. But yeah, I feel like I  
have a bit of a fever.”

*She held my face with her hands and  
reassured me that she would take care of it,  
running her hand through my hair.*

“Razi, bring some food for Aadya,” she  
instructed.

*She fed me with her hands and gave me a  
tablet. Later, she came up to my bedroom  
and sat beside me. We both had our supper. I  
was lying down, covered with a thick  
blanket. She was reading, as she loved to  
read. Perhaps out of curiosity or just a  
desire to connect with her, I asked her a  
question.*

“Grandma, have you ever fallen in love?”

“What?” she exclaimed.

“I mean, do you have any love stories from when you were my age?”

"So, who was that man you spent the whole night with yesterday?"

*I understood that she was trying to find out if my question was related to my experience with Ishan. Maybe it was my mistake. I shouldn't have asked such questions to such intelligent people.*

“Ah, not like that,” I stammered.

“Are you afraid to talk to me about him? So, you love him,” she deduced.

“No!” I protested.

I didn't know what to say. Maybe I was afraid of everything falling apart if I admitted to my feelings. I denied it again, saying, “No.”

“Then what are you afraid of?” she asked.

“Who said I'm afraid? Okay, it's Ishan. Ishan Singh, my co-partner in yesterday's event. We were given a task to take a picture of a beautiful girl's portrait, and in the process, we spent the whole night in the rain.”

“You spent your whole night in the rain?”  
she asked, sounding surprised.

“Um, not exactly like that,” I tried to clarify.

“What? Aadya, this is wrong. I completely disapprove of what you did, and I will not accept anything like this again.”

“I'm sorry, Grandma. I promise not to do it again.”

“Sleep. Goodnight.”

“My bad. Goodnight.”

*I was so tired that it felt like the first time I had slept all day, and I quickly drifted off to sleep again.*

October 22, 2009

*I'm back at the university after a couple of days, and this time, I feel like I've made many connections. Some people are there to wave and say hello from the corners, while others are there to talk to me when I'm alone. I've made connections with people who guide me in my way of life. Just one event has led to all these connections. More*

*importantly, I got to meet him, spend time with him, and get to know him better.*

*One day, Ishan greeted me with a bag in hand as he walked into the class.*

“Hi!” he said.

“Hi! You're coming this way,” I replied.

“Yeah! Is there any problem?” he asked.

“No, not at all. I was just wondering where your classroom is,” I replied.

“It's in block 8, third floor, room 314,” he said.

“I see,” I replied, realizing that we were quite far from each other. My classroom was in block 4, second floor, room 210.

*We exchanged a few words about breakfast, our journey to the university, and other small talk.*

“I think today they'll decide the yearbook cover,” Ishan mentioned.

“Let's hope for the best!” I replied.

“I'll treat you if we win,” he said.

“Sure, let's see,” I replied as we reached our respective blocks.

*He still had four blocks to go to reach his destination.*

“Okay then, bye!” he said.

“Bye! See you with the magazine this evening at 4 o'clock under the big tree near block 1,” I said.

*I smiled as he moved forward, and he turned around and waved his hand. I did the same, feeling a sense of happiness.*

*At 4 o'clock in the evening, I found myself under the shade of a huge neem tree in front of block 1. There was a beautifully carved marble seat encircling the tree, offering a cool and refreshing place to sit. As I was new to the place, I took a moment to appreciate the surroundings, placing my bag aside.*

*I scanned the area, waiting for Ishan to arrive. I was the only one there for some time. After a while, I spotted him running towards me with a magazine in his hand. His excitement was evident.*

“Oh my God, I can't believe it's me,” I exclaimed.

“Yeah!” Ishan nodded, brimming with excitement, happiness, love, and pride.

“Look at how beautiful you look in this,” he said, showing me the magazine.

*It was the portrait from the rainy night. In the photo, I was holding my umbrella backward, exposing my face to the rain. My face was adorned with fresh raindrops, and my smile was perfectly captured. I could see those tiny droplets kissing my face in the photo.*

“Thank you Ishan thank you so much!”

“I have to thank you for being such beautiful.”

*He just called me beautiful. ...*

“Really! You are stunningly gorgeous.”

“Thank you, Ishan ”

“Where is my treat then?”

“Coffee?”

“Just coffee?”

“I mean as of now.”

“Okay!”

“In two minutes, I will bring it here. Let’s enjoy this beautiful moment with this beautiful nature.” He said.

“As handsome man wishes!” I said.

*I daringly made a move. I don’t know what he is going to say but I said it. He blushed and smiled at me...*

“2 minutes!” he said and went into the canteen.

*Under the shade of this big tree, we sat together side by side in a moment so rare. To be frank, it’s the first time.*

*But amidst the tranquil whispers of leaves overhead. Awkwardness enveloped us, like a cloud of unspoken dread.*

*Our world stumbled, fumbled, lost in the cool breeze. What to speak next? And I am unable to find the answer.*

*Silence settled between us, stifling the ease. The branch above us is like judgemental eyes. Witnessed our discomfort, our heart’s heavy sighs.*

*I felt like silence ruled our worlds.*

*We completed having coffee and after some time we were ready to go. This feels new. He is not like the person I talked him to that night any way he made a move.*

“Fine, then it’s too late. Shall we go?” he said

“Sure! Bye Ishan”

“Catch you later!”



After 8 months

*As time passed, days crossed. We were lost in each other. We used to spend a lot of time with each other and came across the newly invented smartphone where we started messaging each other all day. We used to talk daily for hours and hours and feel like minutes maybe it's love. I know I love him so much this bond we developed this entire year is unforgettable he is such a caring, lovely, cute times romantic feels like a complete package of husband material. As the days passed the love grew exponentially we never proposed to each other. I want to do that. I want to make him mine. I don't want to lose him, maybe if he doesn't love me back I just want to tell him that I have feelings for him.*

*It's been a year that we are together and the whole university feels like we are lovers, not this idiot knows or maybe he doesn't want to bring it. his laughter, like a melody, echoes in my ears, filling my world with joy and banishing all fears. In his embrace, I find solace, a divine sanctuary, A haven where our hearts entwine and love's secrets*

*intertwine. A year of cherished memories,  
and a love that won't abate.*

*I'm waiting for the perfect day to propose to  
him.*

*Diwali....*

*Yeah! Maybe Diwali... I thought for a  
second and I invited him to my home to  
celebrate Diwali.*

“Aadya! You said that you'd like a scalp  
massage,” said Grandma as she stood near  
the door, holding a bottle of almond oil.

“Yes, sure, Grandma. Why don't we go to  
the garden?” I replied.

“Come on, then. I'll be waiting for you,” she  
said.

I was lying on the bed, lost in thought about  
everything. I got up, adjusted my dress, and  
headed out. Grandma was sitting on the  
garden couch, enjoying the beautiful sunset  
and the cool weather. It was the perfect time  
to relax. I sat under the couch next to  
Grandma's legs, making it easier for her to  
massage my head.

“Grandma,” I began.

“Yes, dear?” she replied.

“I want to ask you something,” I continued.

“Go ahead,” she said.

“You have to answer honestly,” I insisted.

“I will,” Grandma assured me.

“Did you ever fall in love with someone when you were my age?” I inquired.

“The same question again?” she chuckled.

“Oops, you remembered?” I replied.

“I don't have a love story to share. I was married to a man at a very young age, your grandfather. Until then, I didn't know much about the outside world. He taught me many things. He believed that I could achieve anything and that I wasn't limited to just being a housewife. He supported me at every step, and I fell in love with him. He was protective, loving, and always wanted me to succeed. He never let go of my hand, and when he did, that's when he made me the strong woman I am today. He showed me how to run a business, take care of your father, and more. I still follow his guidance,” Grandma shared.

“Did you ever feel like you miss him?” I asked.

“Every day, even now, I miss him. Some part of me always thinks about him, lives by his words, and cherishes his presence,” Grandma replied.

“Do you still believe in love?” I asked.

“Yes, of course. I've seen your mother and father fall in love. You know, this house is the first design your mother created. My son, I mean your father, used to be romantic in front of me, thinking they were out of my sight. They love each other,” Grandma smiled.

I smiled too, feeling the warmth of love in the air. Then she asked me a question.

“What about you, dear?” she asked, casually massaging my head.

“What?” I replied.

“I know you're in love with someone,” she said.

“I don't know if he loves me back, but I love him, and I've never asked him,” I confessed.

“Why don't you ask him?” Grandma suggested.

“I'm afraid of losing him,” I admitted.

“When you both love each other, you won't lose each other, no matter what challenges you face. But when you don't love each other, even small conflicts can create distance that's hard to bridge,” Grandma wisely advised.

*I nodded in agreement, appreciating her wisdom. She finished massaging my head and said, "Go on, take a shower."*

*As I got up and started walking into the house. I thought why don't I ask her that I am willing to invite him for Diwali? Shall I... Eh... I will*

“Grandma,” I said

*She turned back.*

“I thought...I invite him for Diwali. What do you say?” I said

“Sure, why not? Let him come.”

*I smiled widely and said*

“Thank you”

*She too gave me a big smile, and I went into the shower.*

*All I am getting is his thoughts in the shower. What should I wear that day? How to propose him? What to say? What outfit does he choose?*

*What grand maa will talk to him?*

*In the warm cascade of water, my thoughts swirled, blending desire with anticipation. The steam-kissed, air enveloped me as I stood beneath the gentle rainfall felt that day he was about to kiss.*

*I felt him as I closed my eyes like he was standing in front of me. what! did he see me naked? Not that I cared but I saw him close enough that I could kiss him in the most romantic way that ever possible. But, I don't know how to kiss. Water droplets caressed my skin, each one a gentle reminder of the imminent touch I yearned for. As the streams flowed down my body, every droplet made me feel his touch. Tickling me. cuddling me. with that water; they seemed to echo the flowing emotions within me. The shower became a sanctuary, a sacred space where my fantasies mingled with reality. As I*

*touched my body it felt like touched his hands. I felt like he tightly pulled my body closer to him. Not closer touching his body. Felt like my forehead was touching his chin and giving me some vibration in my body saying that something was going to happen. As his hands ran over my back. My waist became small in his hands. I don't know how to express but I don't want to come out of this I increased the hot water tap to feel him more than ever I felt. As water made us both wet his outfit also became wet as he slowly moved back his hair and moved his hands up to my face sliding up from my back. Holding it gently. It suddenly shifted onto my stomach. It felt like something tickling down my waist. Don't know why? I stood on my toes. it increased some of my height as he moved down his lips and touched my nose. His wet and soft lips gave me the sense of passing 1000 volts of energy. I forgot that then we completely touched each other my tits touching his wet shirt.*

*I can see his chest through his shirt. I kept one of my hands on his chest to move his little back because his chest pressed mine to pop up.*

*But I couldn't in fact, my hand on his chest moved to his back without my consciousness and pulled him even closer.*

*This time my entire upper body is laying on his.*

“Aadya! It's been an hour since you were in the shower.” Said Grandma knocking on the door.

“Yes grand maa coming,” I said.

“Come out fast! Food is waiting for you” she said standing outside the door.

*As the water slowly ebbed away, I stepped out of the shower, my body adorned in the delicate fabric of desire. But I can still feel the witness created inside me. The stage was set, the scene was crafted, and my heart pulsed with anticipation. I wrapped myself in a towel, my mind still filled with his thoughts and his romantic yearnings, eagerly awaiting the arrival of my love, who would soon grace the day and fill it with his emotions in my house.*



November 1, 2010

“Ishan, I have something special to ask you. Would you like to come over to my home for Diwali this year?” I asked as we sat under the tree. He was engrossed in writing something in his books, while I anxiously held my bag on my lap.

“Oh, that sounds wonderful! I'd be happy to celebrate Diwali with you and your family. It's such a significant and joyous occasion,” he replied without looking up from his book.

“Look into my eyes,” I said, turning his head towards me and holding his gaze.

“Hmm, what?” he responded, meeting my gaze.

Oh no! I shouldn't have touched him. I lost my words and quickly drew my hands away.

“I mean, you are coming, right?” I asked again, flustered.

“What, you don't want me to?” he teased.

“Okay then, when are you coming?” I asked.

“You tell me,” he said, still focused on his writing.

“Fine. Do you want anything special that day?” I added.

“Let me think about it. But, before I answer, you have to say yes to my question,” he stated, causing me to stand up with my bag in hand.

“Yes. Now, what's your question?” I replied.

“I want to see you in a saree that day,” he said, giving a fake smile while peering curiously into my eyes.

“Oh, I'll think about it,” I responded, and I began to move away from him. My car had been waiting for me for quite some time, so it was time to go.

As I turned around, I couldn't help but blush, and my face turned beet red.

“Bye, Ishan,” I managed to say.

He put his books aside and walked with me, saying, “You said yes! And now this?”

“That's my prerogative, Ishan,” I said with a small smile and a playful look.

“Alright, then I won't come,” he retorted and stopped walking with me.

“It's up to you, but you might miss seeing me in a saree,” I teased.

“In that case, you've convinced me,” he said, joining me again.

“I said I might,” I replied as I opened the car door and took a seat inside.

“You will, Aadya.”

I smiled at him through the window, though it was more of a coy smile, and I said, “Goodbye, Ishan.”

“Goodbye!” he waved with a hint of confusion, still not entirely sure of my answer.

November 2, 2010

*The room is filled with colourful fabrics as I stand in front of my closet, staring at a variety of sarees hanging on hangers. I run my fingers gently over the vibrant patterns and textures, my face reflecting a mix of excitement and confusion.*

*Which saree should I choose?*

*my mind becomes a whirlwind of thoughts  
as she contemplates each saree, envisioning  
myself wearing them.*

*The red silk saree would be a classic choice,  
symbolizing love and passion. It's elegant  
and traditional, just like the essence of  
Diwali. But maybe it's too predictable. I  
want to stand out and make a statement.*

*my gaze shifts to a vibrant yellow saree with  
intricate golden embroidery.*

*Yellow represents happiness and prosperity,  
and it would bring a vibrant energy to the  
celebrations. It's bold and eye-catching, but  
will it suit me?*

*I take a step back, my eyes drawn to a pastel  
blue saree adorned with delicate silver  
embellishments.*

*Maybe...*

*This green saree. Yeah! It's stunning.*

*The dark green blouse matches the light  
green and gold shiny finish giving the  
freshness to live a new life. I also found  
beautiful necklaces which match the saree  
and yes I think it's perfect.*

*I kept it aside and chose all the things that matched the dress.*

*Grandma also said there was a small pooja ceremony that day. So, I think it's perfect.*

November 5, 2010

*The entire day, I had been eagerly awaiting his arrival. I kept seeing him everywhere—in my dreams, in the form of my grandma, even in the faces of strangers who reminded me of him.*

*As the clock approached 4 in the afternoon, the time I had asked him to come, I was glued to the main door, filled with anticipation. I had imagined he might arrive in a special outfit, but to my surprise, he showed up in casual attire.*

*He strolled into the house with his royal Enfield Interceptor, a sight that suited him perfectly. The motorcycle's striking red colour and the way he wore his sunglasses added to his charm. The wind tousled his hair, seemingly whispering, 'You are*

*handsome.' His shorts only made him more captivating.*

*He casually parked his motorcycle and held a bag in his hand, presumably containing his outfit for the occasion. He then walked up to me, slowly removed his sunglasses, and greeted me with a warm, "Hi, beautiful!"*

*What? Did he call me 'beautiful' oh my god I can't just... What made him change in this way? This was the first time that he is behaving too romantic. I kind of love it but, today. He is going to meet everyone but behaving this way is kind of scary.*

*As we entered the house, Ishan continued to compliment me on my outfit, flirting playfully. His comments made me a bit nervous, and I questioned his sudden change in behaviour. I asked him what was going on, and he replied,*

*"I am saying you look beautiful in this outfit."*

*Started flirting with me.*

*"Thankyou"*

*We nodded our heads and as we moved into the house*

“I thought you would be in your outfit.”

“Yeah! But you said the pooja begins at 7 o clock in the night so I thought why can’t I just take time here.”

“Cool. nice. Nice shorts Tho...”

“Thank you it’s just for you.”

*What? Has he lost his mind all of a sudden  
Speaking this way makes me feel scared.  
what shit is he going to make in front of  
everyone?*

“Are you all right” I stood there looking into his eyes.

“Yeah! Absolutely perfect.”

“Then what made you to behave this way?”

“It’s you”

“What did I do”

“You said that it’s your wish and it’s my wish”

*Now I got it...*

“But, I didn’t say I won’t...”

“What you are talking about,” he said with a smile

*I got that he got it and he was pretending that he didn't get it. So, I did the same as he did as I didn't get it,*

“No worries. My bad” I said and I moved forward.

“So, you are wearing a saree today?” he said with curiosity and excitement.

“No. I won't”

“You just said that...”

“What did I.”

"Welcome, Ishan," my grandma greeted us as we reached the main door.

I was surprised by her warm welcome, and Ishan received her blessings as he touched her feet. It seemed like he scored some points with my grandma, which made both of us happy.

“God bless you,” said Grandma.

“Ishan what do you like to have tea, coffee, juice, milk,” said grandma



*Before he answered his question I answered that's my bad but happened.*

“He loves coffee.”

*Both of them looked at my side as I made some crime. He raised his eyebrows and gave me a gesture saying ‘What did you just do?’*

I said

“Ah... I mean... love to have coffee. Why make a lot of work for Razi so? He chooses what I choose.”

*Shit... Aadya! You totally failed you are just making it uncomfortable for him.*

“Sorry, my bad! You guys continue...” I said and a pause of confusion.

“I have some work out there. See you...” I said and I went inside I don't what I have but I don't want to be there...

*I left them to chat, and while I was in my room, I reflected on my behavior. I realized that I had unintentionally put Ishan in an awkward situation by instructing my grandma to be tough on him. However, I also appreciated how he handled the*

*situation and how he could win anyone over with his love. That's what I like about him. The way he gives respect, the way he talks, the way he handles every situation I so mature enough that he can be a husband today. I showed him his room he loved it. He followed me to my room.*

“What?” I said

“No. simply. Like... Just to see your room.”

*I stood in front of him as I opposed him to enter. I love him to see my room. but, it's a girl thing we should not be so obsessed by them.*

“Eh... serious Aadya!”

“Why not?” I said.

“Please!” like a cute little boy.

“Mr Ishan Singh it's not your room to enter whenever you want.” I looked into his eyes very hard, I mean very hard.

*He smiled. I am blushing too. I love it. The feeling of me being loved by him.*

*Don't know. he is doing everything that I want him to do.*

*He didn't care about my words all I want is the same.*

*He entered my room and was stunned by seeing my photo on the wall.*

“Wow!” with a wide opening mouth and widened eyes.

“Is that you?” he said.

“Yep!”

“You look stunning.”

“Thank you!” yeah I am waiting for this. I want more come-on, Ishan.

“Such a beautiful room like you Aadya!” he said and took a big pause as the having he glanced at the entire room.

“I can't stop myself from looking at you Aadya. How one could be such cute that makes me fall in love with you.”

*Holly Smokes. What did he just say? Like he fell in love with me. did he just say that? I got chills. My body started to levitate. Don't know why my body is electrified. Everything I am experiencing is new to me. don't know why every small thing about him makes me feel extreme. am I obsessed a lot with him?*

“What did you just say?” I asked him as if I didn’t know.

“You look lovely. I said” he said.

“Thank you that’s a compliment.”

“Absolutely a compliment. what do you think then?”

“Nothing”

*The time has come Grandma is calling us for pooja and that’s about to begin. I told him to get ready and I went into my room. as I am getting ready. I set my hair free, it’s looking beautiful because of the styling that I did yesterday. Maybe I have to make her my hairstylist, she made me look cute. The green saree, it’s the perfect selection I made. the saree perfectly blended into my body in fact, it gave me the perfect ratios of curves. I love looking at myself in this saree. The light green blouse with sleeveless, and the saree is in a blend of dark green with gold shine in it, I also found the matching necklace which is fully covered with silver and diamonds it rests just below my neck. I started putting on light makeup and yeah! Done with it. I felt*

*like something was missing. Damn... It's jumkas I mean earrings. It was too late everyone was waiting in the pooja for me so without causing any delay I went downstairs. I think there were 15-20 people in the pooja. The priest told me to be in the pooja and grandma guided me in the process of making that pooja through me. As I took harathi and gave it to everyone that's the last part of the entire pooja ceremony. At last, the priest kept the tilak on my forehead exactly between my eyebrows not too big but, perfect enough to look beautiful.*

*I was looking for Ishan. He is playing outside with the kids. The streets were adorned with vibrant lights, and the aroma of sweet delicacies wafted through the air. Among all this splendour, there stood a handsome man with crackers in his hand.*

*My heart skipped a beat as I laid eyes on him, wearing a white kurta, which accentuated his charming features. The pristine white fabric seemed to radiate purity and grace, complementing his gentle demeanour. As I move forward surrounded by the diyas and mesmerizing glow of fireworks, my thoughts transform into his*

*poietic expressions, etching themselves in the depths of my soul.*

*A reflection of his soul shining so brighter as he gave me eye contact, his eyes, like twinkling stars above, filled my world with warmth and love. The flickering flames danced in the gaze, igniting a fire, a love that never fades.*

*His smile, its a moon's gentle glow, illuminated my path, making my heart aglow. With each word speaks a melody unfolds.*

“Aadya!” he shouted in my ears.

“Yeah!”

“You are looking gorgeous.” He said it with love. I can sense it.

“Thank you, Ishan” with a big smile and shyness.

*He was staring at me for more than 10 minutes. I was playing with the kids and crackers as if I didn't notice him. After a long gap, a word came out of his mouth*

“Thank you”

*I looked at him. His look enchants my spirit,  
as love takes hold.*

*In his presence, I was overwhelmed. I smiled  
and rolled my eyes back to the beautiful  
lights out there making the night sky a  
dreamland.*

*Time passed very quickly It was 10 pm we  
all had our dinner and everyone was  
leaving. As Ishan is packing his bag.  
Grandma told me to give him a return gift I  
don't know what's inside the pack not even I  
care about.*

*I went up to his room. knocked on the door  
he suddenly opened the door. We were  
standing so close to each other that I think  
there was about a 10-inch gap between us. I  
pushed him inside.*

*“Packing your bags?” I said.*

*no response from him so, I turned around he  
was standing right next to me. this time even  
closer. I can feel his warm breath on my  
face.*

*“Yeah!” he said*

*In that brightest room, where silence  
embraced.*

*My heart raced; anticipation interlaced.*

*He drew near his breath against my skin.*

“Are you feeling something?” he said in a low phase almost romantic.

“NO!” I said when my heart is pumping faster than it should, my eyes are staring longer than they could, and chills are getting faster than they can.

*I can sense a symptom of desire about to begin. We both started speaking in a low romantic voice where there was no one but felt like whispering.*

*As we moved inch by inch closer, my body became a heat releaser, and my soul took flight, in that moment, the world faded from sight. I just forgot that I am in my house.*

*He touched my hands. He is about to take that gift in my hands.*

“Gift?”

*I then saw I still had that gift in my hands.*

“Sorry!” felt like embarrassing.

*But, at that moment out of nowhere, my hair started leaning forward.*



*He moved back some hair that was blocking my face. His touch, gentle as a soft cool breeze, Sent shivers down my spine, a tender tease. Electricity sparked where his hand met my face, a current of passion impossible to forget.*

*“You are more beautiful than you are Aadya!” he said.*

*I am just looking into his eyes. I lost words.*

*In the stillness our heartbeat became one, time stood still. As he holds my face I am prepared that he is going to kiss me.*

*His lips started glowing like strawberries.*

*“If you stare a few more seconds I may....”*

*Before he completed his sentence I locked our lips.*

*Yeah! I kissed him. Don't know why I did that at that moment all that wandering in my mind was him kissing me. but he didn't.*

*In that kiss, words whispered unsaid, a language of love, felt with hearts instead.*

*In that moment's breath, time suspended, as our hearts merged, a love transcended.*

*I think we last for 10-15 seconds maybe I don't remember exactly. then I realised I kissed him. With a surprise, a sight of trust begins we don't know what to do next.*

“Sorry! It happened out of my....” A pause looking at him.

“I messed up” with fear in my voice.

*I am inhaling rapidly through our mouths. Felt like I lost a lot of energy and felt free.*

*I can't speak because I am shivering out of fear it's easy to kiss him in my dreams but in reality, damn, a little kiss gave me a tension that I couldn't even imagine.*

*After silence filled the response. Maybe he understood that. He held my back, pulled me closer, hugged me, kissed my neck and said.*

“I wish you feel the same as I feel.”

*I didn't get what he said. All I understood is he was not upset with that.*

“Bye Aadya!”

“Gift...” with a low and dreamful voice.

“What?”

“You dropped the gift,” I said again with a low voice.

*he took the gift in his hands and said thank you looking into my eyes. I nodded my head forward. he smiled.*

“So...” he said

“So...” I said.

“See you then!”

*I totally forgot that he has to go. I moved a step back and looked at his back which is packed and he is adjusting the gift in the tightly packed bag. Yeah! It found its right place. We came down the stairs. Grandma is sitting on the couch watching television and she muted the audio as we came down.*

“Took hand full of time inside,” she said

“Nothing. Aadya just helped me in packing my back” he said

*as we reached the main entrance. He turned around and said*

“Bye, Grandma!”

“Bye, dear!” she said and smiled.

*That night is full of his dreams and that moment. It's 12 o'clock in the night and grandma is sleeping and I can't sleep I am bouncing here and there on my bed, holding pillows, moving around. Don't know what I am doing. 2 o'clock in the night not even feeling sleepy.*

*I don't know what I am doing I am roaming here and there I thought why don't I go to the room we kissed? I went there I jumped on the bed looking at the spot where we collided I lay on the bed then something stuck on the bed. Under the pillow. I took it into my hands. It's a diary I think he forgot his diary. I kept it aside and messaged him 'You forgot the diary and I will give this to you Monday in campus.'*

*After 10 minutes I felt like opening it.*

*No that's wrong. You should not do that.*

*I pulled my hands back. My brain is always looking at the diary. It's 3 o'clock at night. I opened the diary lying on my bed.*

## The Diary

Dear Diary,

Do you believe in love at first sight? But I do. Today I felt like she stole my heart. In a vision of white, she danced with delight, a radiant spirit, a captivating sight. For the first time, I thank God. for the traffic in Bangalore. me standing opposite to her felt her joy, her innocence, her love, and her smile, I think for the first time I found rain beautiful because of her and I never want to stop that rain.

The rain cascaded, like nature's serenade, as she twirled and swayed, in the rain's parade.

What I love is. she was holding a small puppy in her hand that nestled in her hands so dear, her joy contagious, erasing every fear.

At that moment time stood still and frozen. Even, she made me a frozen rock of love. Filled with her actions. Damn! I regret that I am not carrying a camera. Felt like I missed the perfect beauty of the world. As the universe whispered in my ears 'She is gorgeous', love arose through increasing my heartbeat.

Her laughter echoed like a melody pure, her smile brought a smile to my face standing meters away from her.

Her eyes are like a window to a secret realm  
I can see the treasure inside from the reflection of droplets on her eyelashes.

As she slowly blinked her eyes the droplet didn't want to leave but slid and settled on her face giving her a shiny glow in the rainy blow. I loved every second that she enjoyed.

Her dance in the rain, a dance of freedom, a reflection of love's ethereal embrace.

I felt a pull, a magnetic force so strong, a connection so deep, it couldn't be wrong.

In her presence, my world found new lights as the sparkle of lightning behind her made her look like an angel. A kaleidoscope of colours, so vibrant and bright.

Her innocence and warmth, a balm to my soul, love at first sight, I couldn't control.

For in that moment maybe destiny played its role to have a glimpse of a beautiful lady in this world. Flipping her hair as the story untold.

So, I stepped forward to join in the dance.  
Even though I hate rain. Such a pully  
magnet she is for some time I lost my world  
and became a soldier for her princes.

In a split of seconds, everything vanished.  
The red light turned green. The beautiful  
road turned empty. Everything happened in  
just one blink of an eye. The sound of the  
horn is so loud that he is telling me to park it  
aside.

It's like a dream everything became normal.  
But, the only thing is I can still see her when  
I close my eyes. A love blossomed and a  
moment to remember.

She is not allowing me to have other  
thoughts except her. Even now on this plain  
paper, I can see her face dancing on my  
words. She is smiling I am too...



Dear Diary,

It's been 3 days that I have been waiting for her near the bus stop. Nothing changed over the days, except my outfit. The same place my eyes were eagerly waiting for her to see. But I didn't find her over the days. The noise filled with silence without her. I imagined her eyes, like emerald seas, reflecting my soul, bringing me peace and giving me hope that I could see them again. Her smile was a beacon that brightened that day still giving hope to my darkness to light up. I thought she could be in one of the houses nearby so, I started searching for her. Through the winding streets and nearby houses, I extended my search like a love filled with her thoughts, her eyes, her lips everything that reminds me when I close my eyes. Each dwelling I passed, I couldn't help but wonder, if she resided yonder. I sneaked through the gates, a curious gaze, searching for her, amidst life's maze. In each house, I passed by I felt like keeping a mailbox hoping for her to read.

‘Oh...dear beautiful lady my heart is searching for you your presence is remained as if it's the only show that's been showing since I saw you. Your smile can make everyone smile. Your dance can make peacocks fly. That's because you dominate them as if you are the only dancing peacock in the rain.’

I searched everywhere but I couldn't then I thought this could be the smallest love story ever in this world.

She made fell for her and she never know.

Dear Diary,

Do you believe that I found the girl that I have been searching for a week? She stood right in front of me. in the midst of the university fest's dazzling display.

I saw her this time she is an angel overloaded with beauty. With a cute face.

Amidst light and sound, she stood out, a vivid sight, in her red dress, captivating, igniting my heart ignite. I stood still looking at her Damn! I could have made a move and talked to her.

Her waist, a glimpse of grace, gently embraced. That I can see her belly button. She is perfectly curved. It looked like a bullet point in a soft cushion.

Her hands rolled with shiny dupatta, giving the look of beautiful jewels. In her red dress, she started shining with the lights.

Her hair cascades freely a river of silk unbound, a symptom of loose strands, as love's whispers resound.

Her innocent face is a canvas that is untouched by strife, reflecting purity, and embodying a precious life.

At that moment the world around me faded away, her presence like a Kohinoor diamond grabbed my whole attention and was prettier than that.

Her smile again I completely lost between her cheeks. Maybe her lips are soft red lips.

I can't describe her more but, she in her red dress is the beauty that I ever imagined. I tried to meet her this time I think she saw me. I walked faster to meet her but, she left in her car. Black Mercedes. Is this how lucky I am?

Dear Diary,

I finally found her. Her name is Aadya. First-year CSE. So, I am her senior. As I am thinking about how can I meet her. Ram told me about the event he is conducting for the college year magazine. So, he told me to participate. Then I decided what if? She participated in the event.

So, I asked Devi to convince her and participate in the event. It's a big story that went through her friend Isha. As I thought she participated in the event without her knowledge I am making her my co-partner in the event.

I think this is the only way I can talk to her. What I can do as a completely introverted person is to meet her and say hi! My name is Ishan! Your senior. What if she ignores me? So, I thought this might work. Because we have to spend 24 hours together. 'Spending quality time with the person you love makes the other person love you back'. Wow! well said Ishan! Sometimes you are your motivation.

So, I am eagerly waiting for tomorrow. I can meet her. I can talk to her. Even thinking about the day giving me chills.

Dear Diary,

Is this what I felt, love... today I looked into her eyes. Her eyes hold the power to ignite galaxies within me, kindling a fire that burns with an everlasting ardour. With every blink, they compose symphonies of passion, conducting emotions that surpass the boundaries of words.

Oh god, it's beautifully made maybe those were the beautiful eyes I have even seen that beautiful curve of her eyelashes, and the way she blinked her eyes slowly in that rain. It whispers the silent love.

They sparkled like stars on a moonlight night.

You know I don't love rain but her cute innocent eyes made me lose myself in front of her standing under the small umbrella. I forgot that my shirt was partially wet it made me move closer.

Her eyes like a window to the world untold, reveal the stories her heart doesn't hold.

Made me feel like she was hiding something.

As her hair started to become wet she gradually transformed into the cutest girl ever. The little messy, little wet, lovely smile is inviting me to feel them. I felt like I was about to kiss her.

Her lips were painted a tender pink, adorned with droplets, glistening like a shiny orb. They shimmered like a precious jewel, kissed by nature's grace. Her lips started glowing with perfect innocence.

Holly Shucks! when she looked into my eyes with that innocent wet face I don't know but, my heart signalled me with its phase. In the split-second thundering started and she shined like a star in the sky. brought me back to life and gave me a beautiful idea to capture her beauty. That day when I saw her for the first time in the rain I regret myself for not carrying a camera. today the same thing happened and I did not let it happen again so, I stepped a little back and made her feel the rain. Those were the most beautiful visuals I saw from the lens.



I saw that beautiful smile. A masterpiece unfolds, a symptom of beauty where love is purely defined. With a gentle curve, lips unveil a treasure, a glimpse of heaven's grace, an everlasting pleasure.

At that moment her face became a work of art, with little drops kissing her face gently when she was completely exposed herself to the rain.

My happiness had no bounds when I saw those beautiful snaps clicked by me. I was completely invested in joy. I took her by my hand into the rain to dance. Maybe, she felt it little worried but, but... what? I don't know I did thank God she didn't hit me with anything for holding her hand. She started smiling after some time then the breath I was taking made some sense. That I am still alive to dance with her.

The rain felt like a blessing from God with thunder claps for my love. With every step we took, I felt like my world was filled with her steps. Everything seemed blurry, looks blurry, maybe my eyes became a DSLR camera but I didn't worry, my heart was in a hurry to dive into her beautiful haze, leaving only her and me at that moment.

The touch of her hands in mine sent me electric waves through my body, causing my heart to experience

*“kon jane kaisa tere-mere hai connection...*

*Lag gaya 440-volt chume se tere...*

*Lag gaya 440-volt chume se tere... ”*

The thunder felt like a disco light adding a touch of drama to the moment, In that moment our eyes locked, and in that exchange time seemed to stand still.

As we are completely immersed in rain and coldness I can feel the warmth escaping from me, afraid of her.

You know I am afraid of talking to girls but she doesn't and I made it not for her to think that I am confident.

Her nose is a delicate hill that looks slimmer than any of those out here.

God took the perfect time to make her in perfect shape and everything was fixed perfectly like fruit salad a mixture of emotion and colours. That still blames me for not having tasted her.

But I hold her waist the wetty-covered waist.  
I thought of touching her waist but, my hand  
pulled me back saying she will hit me hard.

Do you believe that I felt like my heart  
started to fall off from its position because  
of its speed.

I don't know what I did my body is doing  
everything I am just lost in her beauty.

Our bodies move as one in a graceful sway.  
Raindrops adorn us like a liquid stars. Our  
laughter mingled with the pitter-patter  
sound, echoing through the air like a melody  
profound. With every moment our hearts  
align, a dance of love guided by nature's  
design

Thank you I whispered In her ears.

What can I say, I became empty. This was  
the most beautiful day of my life. It even not  
letting me sleep maybe I feel like the inner  
Ishan is still lost in that moment and doesn't  
want to come out of it.

Dear Diary,

It's been 8 months since we know each other. We are enjoying our company. Every time I am feeling like she is the one and I don't know how to express, what to express? What if I express? I love the way she is maybe she loves me. don't know but, I can say she loves spending time with me, she loves having a tasty coffee under the tree near block 1 with me, I feel something when she looks at me and gives that cute angry, little funny, some intense, with the blend of innocence. I can still picture her face as a beautiful rainbow blended with emotions.

Going through her pictures made me fall again and again for her. Some of them are weird and funny too but, kinda cute. Every time my screen lights up with her image smile drops on my face.

In every bit of my heart, she holds a special space. Afraid that expressing my felling may push me away. Yet, within the silence, my love speaks in its way.

I feel like love is not just a word it's the  
essence of understanding, getting deeper and  
we are getting closer. I love her enough to  
let me hold it back.

I still feel that moment when our breathe  
sync in the gentle whisper of love under the  
lightning sky.

November 6, 2010

The Miraculous Unveiling

Wow, he wrote everything...

*In the stillness of the night, as the moon cast its ethereal glow into my room, I found myself lost in a sea of thoughts and emotions. The hour struck 2 a.m., yet sleep eluded me, my heart danced with a symphony of anticipation and wonder. I lay on the bed, nestled amidst the crumpled sheets, clutching my pillow as if it held the secrets of the universe. Out of excitement to say I Love him too. out of excitement to meet him. I am doing every damn thing I could do. A soft sigh escaped my lips, carrying with it a delicate mix of nervousness and longing. It was in this suspended moment that he, the man I love, had revealed his innermost desires.*

*His words echoed in my mind, I grabbed my phone and took a picture of that beautiful love diary. I was enraptured, caught in a trance-like state between dreams and reality.*

*I got down from the bed and looked out from the window everything feels exciting and new. The stars outside my window seemed to twinkle in celebration as if acknowledging the cosmic alignment of my love. Tears started glistening in the corner of my eye. I remembered the days I was confused about how to express my love and to felt the same.*

*I took out my phone scrolling through his pictures. How can someone hide his love? Wait... I too did the same. But, is it possible for men? Now I can see the love on his face. God! I didn't even see love in his eyes till today. But, the days back images filled with love, the way he looking at me, everything hitting differently. The sheer enormity of his affection overwhelmed me, leaving me breathless, my spirit soaring with newfound wings.*

*I knew that I would forever carry this moment, this enchanting night, deep within my soul. No longer would I drift in the uncertainty of one-sided affection, he had bestowed upon me a gift of immeasurable worth.*



*He called me in the morning I flipped through the diary the entire night and he wrote a lot it took me a sleep of time to cover.*

“Hello!”

“Aadya have you seen my book in your room.”

“You brought a book. What’s up with that?”

“It’s a diary. Eh...I mean yeah! I...I kept it on the bed.”

“Okay.”

“Can I come to your home? Now. ”

“What? Little busy. Meet your evening in the café. 7 clock sharp”

“What?” he said.

“Bye..!”

“Okay!” with disappointment all confused in his voice.

November 7 2010

*He was already waiting for me at the café, and I could see him through the window from outside. As I opened the door and entered, his eyes were fixed on the entrance. He greeted me with a fake smile as I stepped inside. I carried a medium-sized black leather bag, just big enough to fit the book perfectly. I was dressed casually in track pants, a t-shirt, and a jacket, as it was a cool day, and the café was conveniently close to my house.*

*Ishan, on the other hand, was in his white shirt paired with black pants and a loosely hanging tie that seemed rather unnecessary. The top button of his shirt was undone, revealing a glimpse of his chest, and he had tucked in his shirt. As I took my seat in front of him, he handed me the café's menu, even though I was quite familiar with the offerings here. I signalled the waiter for two "Belgium chocolates with extra nuts" and glanced at Ishan, who ordered a cappuccino. I raised an eyebrow, silently questioning his choice with my eyes.*

*"Just, too much sweet," he said.*

‘ok! One cappuccino and one Belgium chocolate with extra nuts’ *as I ordered he leaned back into the chair.*

*Resting my hands on the table.*

“So, what’s up? Looking great in formals”. I said looking into his eyes. With a little smile not too much to be fake but enough to be real. He was blushing.

“Huh... not much, just completed an interview about the project we’re working on.”

“Oho...is it approved”

“don’t know”

*At that moment our order is right on the table. I took my chocolate shake into my hands and his in his hands looking at the coffee he said*

“You too looking cute in these casuals” and had a sip.

*I was holding my milkshake in my hands and my elbows were resting on the table holding it in both hands straw in my mouth As he said that I raised my both eyebrows took it out from my mouth and said*

“Thankyou!”

*He was not making proper eye contact, as if he had made a mistake and knew I was observing it, yet he pretended to be oblivious to his surroundings.*

*Our conversation had its awkward moments. It felt like we were meeting for the first time, and neither of us knew how to sustain a conversation for an extended period. We both struggled to find words to fill the silence. As the first hour passed, we exchanged glances and forced fake smiles.*

*Time started hitting 8.*

“So, let’s go then,” I said.

“Okay,” he got up from his chair and moved forward holding his blazer which till then hung on the chair.

“Yeah..”

*As he opened the door for me. we came out of the café. Looking at the empty road that stretched out beneath the tall trees. As the moon cast out the gentle glow along with the street lights everything seemed silent.*

*A cool breeze whispered through the leaves, whisper them softly, and carried with It the fragrance of blooming flowers nearby.*

*Our footsteps echoed the faintly in the stillness. They stroll along the deserted road. He was holding his blazer and walking I was waiting for him to ask about the diary. But, inner me forcing me to express my love to him. but how? I never did this before. I don't know how to propose.*

*In the meantime, when my mind is jumping through all these questions. He gave me his blazer. I felt like why? he gave it to me. I thought it was cold out there and he wanted me to wear it don't know. Why was he behaving so weirdly and tensed? I took it into my hands in the next second he kneeled and looped my shoelaces and tied them with gentle precision. My eyes sparkled with a mixture of surprise and affection. What this fellow is doing? In that, I felt like a wave of warmth. I felt like no one had ever done this before and what? I don't know how to react. He became a symbol of care, thoughtfulness, and willingness to go to extreme miles for me. maybe it's the right time to say.*

*As he stood with a little smile he was too close and I could sense the warmth of his breath. I am staring at him. He too continued to stare back.*

“What happened?” he said flashing his eyebrows.

*My heart is not in my control and I...*

“I’m sorry. I’m just crazy, I just really want to say. That... ah... will you share life with me?” I whispered softly with tension.

“What?” widened his eyes.

*He came much closer with surprise...*

“I didn’t get you?” whispered with love.

“I LOVE YOU!” I said it.

*I didn't care about what would happen next, even though I knew he accepted me. He seemed more obsessed with me than I was with him. Still, a heavy feeling weighed on my heart when I uttered those words.*

*I returned his blazer to him.*

“Bye Ishan.”

*He stood frozen, seemingly experiencing ten times the shock I felt when I spoke those*

*words. His surprised gaze remained fixed on me. I didn't turn back because I was certain he would come after me.*

*In my mind, I pictured him rushing towards me, declaring his love. I continued walking, anticipating that moment.*

“Aadya...! Aadya, wait...!” he cried out, sprinting toward me. I relished that moment.

“What?” I gazed at him with curiosity.

“I've been waiting for a long time to say...”

“Go on.”

“You didn't give me the diary...”

“What?”

*I pulled it out from my bag and tossed it into his hands. His response instantly ignited my anger.*

*"Go to hell. I hate you..." I boiled. This time, I didn't hold any expectations from him. I was so furious it felt like I could explode right then and there.*

*At that instant, he pulled my hand and then pulled me closer like I touched his chest. He came forward to kiss me'. I stopped I kept*

*my hand in between our lips like in one of those movies.*

“Are you Serious Aadya?”

“Absolutely!”

“Sorry”

“Go to Hell! I am leaving...”

“Okay, Jannu!”

“Yeah! You guessed it right!”

“Angry Filmy Bird.”

“Haha... no worries” I walked away.

*As we walk on the darkest road surrounded by massive trees. I started holding his hand and then slowly it happened he kissed me I don't know how it happened. But finally, it's one-one.*

*He kissed me for 2 minutes maybe almost and I was not ready for it like a surprise goosebumps.*

*My heart skipped a beat, time seemed to collapse as our lips softly met. The world around me faded into the dreamland of my love. Moon became too shy to see us as we invested in ourselves.*



*Each moment felt like an eternity, a stolen  
fragment of time where our souls  
communicated in a language beyond words.*

*And took a breath.*

*As we slowly pulled back, breathless and  
wide-eyed, the world came rushing back.  
The trees stood tall as if applauding our  
courage, while the darkness told don't work  
it's a secret no one knows.*

“I love you! In every second of my life, I  
love you until my last breath,” he whispered,  
cradling my head in his hands.

*He made a move to rest on my lips again.  
This time I closed my mouth with my hand.*

“Hold on Mister Ishan Singh. It's time to  
go...!”

*He pulled himself back and smiled... I can  
see his teeth. Smiling a lot.*

“Sorry...”

*I gave him a fake smile. Like a sarcastic fake  
smile...*

“Bye!”

May 9, 2011

*It's been four months since we are in love with each other. Through seasons blooming and moments shared, a symphony of laughter, and affection bared. With each passing day, our bond takes flight, a therapy woven with the colours of his love so bright.*

*In his eyes, I see my universe, a sanctuary where my soul has grown, four months seem short-lived, a mere heartbeat.*

*I thought this was the final year of his being on this campus so, what if we have a memorable trip together that we feel every moment of life.*

*So, I went up to Ishan. He was searching for some book that he couldn't find so he is completely invested in finding that book.*

“Babu...”I said.

“Hmm...” looking into the rack full of books.

*He moved to the next rack so, I too moved along with him. I stood opposite him on the other side of the rack.*

“It's your last year, isn't it? I miss you,”

“Of course...”

“So, what if we plan a long trip to commemorate our entire college life?” I suggested.

“Got it, I found the book,” he replied.

“Silence...” the librarian interjected.

“Sorry!” he said, glancing at the librarian. I settled into a chair near the table, but he seemed to be preoccupied with something else.

*After about 10 minutes, he finished his work and approached me. I was engrossed in my reading, although I couldn't recall exactly what it was. He came up behind me, kissed my head, and held me gently.*

“My lucky charm!” he whispered with affection.

“Baby... what's the matter, baby?” he inquired in a sweet voice, leaning closer to my ear as he rested his head on my shoulder.

“Shhh... reading,” I replied.

“Harry Potter books!” he remarked and took the book from my hand.

“Listen, let's go to Goa...”

“No, I'm not interested,” I replied.

“Sorry... I love you, baby! I know you're just kidding. What I'm proposing is a 5-day trip to Goa by car.”

“Five days, huh... no way!”

“When there's a will, there's a way. Think about it this Saturday morning.”

“Ishan, but...”

“Bye! I have some work to attend to. I'll call you later. Good night. Bye.” Tightly hold my hand and passed his energy.

May 14, 2011

He was in his car It's a convertible car I think Audi A3. Resting one hand on the door other hand on his hip waiting for me.

as I came outside he suddenly gave a surprising look removing his sunglasses.

“Waho... in shorts ah.. ”

*I was wearing a black t-shirt oversized with blue denim shorts which are 2 feet above my knees and my hair was flying for his reaction. I glowed up with a smile.*

*As we were moving my hair started becoming messy so I tied it up into a ponytail. He was looking at me.*

“You are trying to distract me. I may crash because of your beauty.” He said

“Aha..! Who told you to see me...”

“How can I not. that big and beautiful thigh. Anyway, you have beautiful thighs baby.”

*I gave a fake smile.*

“Stop being funny Mister Ishan Singh.”

“Before you say something I have one rule to follow.”

“ Oh... specially my edition. Go on miss”

“No kissing, no touching nothing physical just enjoying the moment.”

“Too many in the name of one rule,” he said

*I gave a sarcastic smile. While he was looking at me.*

“Uhh... can you say what you mean by going physical?” he said

“Can you please stop talking about that?”

“I think you started.”

“Sorry sir. My bad.”

“Sometimes your cuteness overloads Aadya. I kinda like it.” He said looking at me.

“What do you mean?” I said looking at him

“I mean I understood what you said.” He said without looking at me while concentrating on driving.

“Why Ashwan? Why?”

“Ashwan? Who is he?”

“Someone like you always irritating his girlfriend.”

“Ashwan why irritating beautiful women?  
Make love!” he said.

“What?” I exclaimed.

*I punched him on the left arm which was on  
the steering.*

“Ouch! Is that right? Want to make love  
baby?” he said smiling like an idiot. I can  
see his 32 teeth. How can someone laugh  
that big?

“I am Going to kill You. If you even try to  
do that.”

“Relax! You are Imagining a lot Aha...”

“I Hate You!”

“But, I still love you!”

“Go To Hell...”

“For you, hell is also a dreamland dear.”

“Nice. Do you want me to clap” I said

“Of course, if you want to...”

*We reached Goa at noon After lunch we  
checked into our room which is on the fourth  
floor maybe it was room 402. I don't  
remember exactly. I fell in love with the*

*room it looks like a timeless delight. Classic heaven where love whisperers every corner. The walls adorned in hues of creamy delight, as if the moon itself had lent its soft light.*

*A plush sofa, inviting me to rest. Its cushions are like clouds embraced with gentle care, welcoming our souls to share the love they bear.*

*The hall looks pretty big with a television in front of the sofa. And I love the interior design with everything done perfectly.*

*I love plants a lot and I can see the beautiful little and big plants set in the classic white pot. Undoubtedly love it. That gave me an idea of how my future house should look like.*

*As I entered the bedroom. a grand bed, the centrepiece of the romantic domain, spacious and inviting, where love's dreams remain to be real.*

*The moonlight dances through the transparent glass. Wow, that sea view I can't even forget that beautiful view of the beautiful night view of Goa.*



“I love this room.”

“Mee too. It was selected by my mom.”

“Woah! This feels like a dreamland... I have never been in a room that has a transparent sea view from the inside with a sofa in front of it.” I said.

“Me too”

“So, your mom knows about our Goa trip.”

“Yeah! Of course, why not.”

*It's 9 pm the night we decided to watch a movie it's an action film. I don't love action much my world is full of fantasies In fact, I didn't stop him from playing a movie.*

May 15, 2011

*I wake up. Razi used to give me a coffee when I woke up so, now I am too lazy to make it on my own but I made it. He was still sleeping on the couch in the hall as he continued watching the movie yesterday and I did so, I slept in the bedroom.*

*I removed the blanket that he covered fully  
and tried to wake him up.*

Mmm... he is sexy. he removed his t-shirt  
and slept I didn't even know. but, that body.  
Uff... I can't describe it perfectly. It's  
perfect...

He woke up

"Good morning," I said holding a cup of  
coffee in my hand and standing in front of  
him resting my left hand on my waist.

Firstly, he is half Naked and  
secondly...Nothing but he is tempting me.

"Ah...Your t-shirt."

He wiped his eyes while sitting on the sofa.  
He stood up and put his T-shirt on.

"I am tempting you!" he said in a sleepy  
voice.

"No. You Feel like... but, are you trying to."

"Coffee for me?" he asked.

"After brushing."

"No. In movies like they used to drink  
before brushing I guess."

“They don’t have time to show each and everything. Finish your work Ishan We have a handful of plans today.”

*He shocks his head saying okay miss...*

“I mean... this looks...you. This is too hot to handle. Sorry but, fact. Bit too much.” He said while leaving from there.

I was in my nightdress In white shorts which were maybe one and a half feet below my waist. And a sleeveless short T-shirt. My hair was freely opened to feel the air. And a cream-coloured cup in my hand that matches my outfit.

“I just woke up,” I said.

“Nice,” he said looking into my thighs.

“Want some?” I asked

“What? Seriously!” he was surprised.

“I mean Breakfast... What you? Ishan!”

*Then I realised he was talking about my thighs.*

“Yeah!” he said

Then go...

“Hmm...”

“Ishan!”

“Sorry. Sorry. Sorry...!”

*So, we decided to go to the beach even though we could see it through our window.*

“Do you mind if I am in a bikini?”

“Yeah! I mind a lot. Don’t please...”

“You don’t want to see,” I said

“Not all.”

“Not you either babu...” I said

“You are Ghost and I want to Rost. You know that.”

“What?” I said.

“Just, trying new lines”

“Whatever!”

*We reached the beach and I changed my clothes into a swimsuit in the car.*

*He didn’t see me changing but, when he saw me.*

“Woah!” he was smiling looking at me.

“What? Not good”.

“I think it’s too hot baby.” He said like he was about to faint.

“Should I say like that...”

“Like what?” I asked.

“Ah...you have a perfect sexy body.”

“Thank you. But I think you don’t” I smiled.

*We enjoyed ourselves on the beach as I felt like I wanted to enjoy myself more and he sat on the bank of the beach and writing something in his diary. I came up to him after having a lot of fun playing in the water.*

“Writing diary babu”

I took it from his hands.

“Let me read.”

*Resting my head on his legs, I used them as a comfortable pillow.*

“Dear diary”

*I looked at him. For the first time, I rest on his lap.*

“As the sun started kissing the earth, she began striking my heart with her beauty.”

“What? Sun kissing the Earth. Ishan, don't you think this sounds a bit weird? I just don't understand what you writers think. Like only you guys have the brain. Why can't you just write it as the sunset!” I teased him, laughing.

“It depends on how you feel,” he replied with a smile.

“Whatever. Okay, I'll continue.”

“As the sun started kissing the earth, she began striking my heart with her beauty. Her black swimsuit a canvas for delight, unveiling her beauty, a captivating sight.

Her laughter dances up on the ocean breeze, as playful waves caress her with her gentle ease.

Her spirit is unleashed, wild and unfurls.

With each splash, the water sparkles and gleams,

Echoing the radiance of her glowing dreams.

Her hands, like magic, weave watery spells,

Creating ripples of joy, where happiness dwells.

She dances with grace, like a water Wave,

Her presence is supernatural, like beach Caves.”

*Wha... nice. nice...*

“Her slender figure, embraced by liquid grace,

Leaving trails of enchantment in her watery chase.

She's the queen of the beach, the water's muse, with every splash, my heart she does amuse.” I was amazed.

*The way he wrote about me. this made me feel happy, don't know my enjoyment is crushing out of the fence.*

“You just wrote this looking at me?” I asked.

“No, I wrote this for that girl,” he pointed to another girl dressed in black.

“Oh, I see. Well, you should not hide anything in your heart. I will show this to her,” I said.

*I approached the girl and shared the note with her. She was captivated by it and walked up to him. He was still sitting in the same spot, observing everything I did.*

“Thank you so much, this is amazing. I love you,” she proposed to him, and he couldn't believe his luck.

“Thank you!” said Ishan looking at me.

“I love you please, will you be my boyfriend,” she said.

“Ah... What the fuck?” I said.

“What?” she said.

*I smashed her face.*

“Fuck you bitch. He is my boyfriend. Get lost.”

*He tried to stop me. holding me from behind.*

“Sorry madam! She is mad. It's My bad. Sorry...”

“You are saying I am mad. Idiot.”

*He carried me from the back and took me up to the car. I bet him in his stomach with my elbow.*

“Ouch!” he said.

“Hate you.”

*I sat in the car.*



“Where did you learn to fight?” he asked as he fastened his seatbelt, and we were ready to go.

“What?” I replied, surprised by his question.

“I mean, all of a sudden, you showed your skills, which exactly matched the person who came out of the mental hospital,” he said, casually putting on his shades.

*I couldn't believe what he had just said, so I reacted instinctively. I grabbed his hair, gripping it firmly and pulling.*

“Ouch! My hair...”

“What did you just say?”

“Sorry! Sorry!”

“What? Ah... What?”

“Bae it's hurting yar!”

“Remove those shades! You first remove those shades!” as he removed them I released.

“Feeling like a Bollywood hero after one girl proposing to you!”

He smiled...

“You too cute!” he said

“Hmm... nice nice” with a fake smile.

## NIGHT

*I am deeply invested in watching the DDLJ movie. Of course, he is not into romantic movies he was in the kitchen making popcorn for me. it's 10 pm the night silence is filled with the volume of love, romance, and of course Shahrukh Khan. it had to be just the way it is.*

*I took popcorn from his hands. As I completed eating the movie also came to an end.*

*He laid his head on my lap just I was about to stand up.*

“What?” I asked.

“Just for a little while,” he said.

*We started talking, and I began to play with his hair, running my fingers through his locks. As time passed, he drifted off to sleep on my lap, and I didn't even realize when he had fallen asleep. I continued talking.*

*How cute he looked while sleeping, how innocent he appeared. I found myself falling for him all over again.*

*His lips look like a beautiful petal of a rose I felt like kissing them.*

*I felt an overwhelming desire to kiss him. Leaning in closer, I could feel his breath, and I suspected he could feel mine too.*

"Are you trying to do something?" he said, even though his eyes remained closed.

"What... No. I mean... my legs. They're hurting," I quickly replied, my heart racing, my intent diverted.

*He carried me in his arms into the bedroom. As he gently laid me down on the bed, he moved closer and whispered softly.*

"I'm in a sleepy mood, and I have to carry you to where you'll be sleeping. Ugh... it hurts. It hurts..." he said as he carried me up to the bedroom.

*I couldn't help but laugh as I looked at him. He wasn't looking at me, but I was gazing at him.*

"I love you," he said as he gently placed me on the bed. "I Hate You," I said looking into his eyes.

*I felt like something was going to happen.  
My heart started bouncing faster.*

"I Love You Too..." he said again

*This time I didn't say anything. I was just  
looking at him.*

*He kissed.*

*Out two souls met each other in the silence  
of the night. Lips touched, a union of  
desire's flame, A moment suspended,  
untamed.*

*Softly his lips felt like a butterfly's grace,  
Electric currents traverse with delicate  
pace. Tasting the essence of love's fervent  
bliss, in that stolen breath, a world lost out  
of my vision.*

*Tongues twisted in a passionate embrace,  
speaking a language that needs no trace.  
Exploring the depths of hidden treasures, A  
symphony of sensations, beyond all  
measures.*

*It's a big pleasure. His wet and warm tongue  
in my mouth made my entire body feel wet*

*and everything started opening up like a blossoming flower.*

*He didn't stop kissing me. even though I too didn't come out as one but multiple with multiple pauses. We kissed for a minute and took a deep breath and again took a deep breath and continued. For the first time, I kissed a man for more than 60 seconds. I mean it's not the first time kissing him but this time it's big enough to express.*

*His hands were on my waist as my butt and lower body is resting on the bed I slowly started leaning back onto the bed. He started kissing my neck placing one of his hands on my neck and the other on my waist. Partially resting his entire body on mine. I can feel it. I mean I can feel it. His big thing from his pants it's too hard.*

*I don't know what to say should I stop him? He slowly came up to my collar bone kissing me on the neck. His wet mouth seduced every part of my body. I started becoming wet. Wet enough to forget my heartbeat. Wet enough to trap him in me.*

*I don't know nothing feels like working. His warm gentle touch gives me goosebumps every time it moves.*

*My hands started shivering, tons and tons of heat was released, and I started sweating.*

*He moved back and removed his white shirt. This time his body is prettier than before. He does not have a six-pack but it's in shape.*

*When he suddenly came closer my soul jumped out of my body.*

*Should I do this? Is this right? Ah... damn I don't know. Here is the man I love so much but, I am too scared.*

*With this many questions running through my mind, he was breathing right in front of my face. I kissed him....*

*It was a surprise for him. he kept up with my phase.*

*He held me closer and hugged me tight enough that even air couldn't breathe between us. Even though he didn't stop.*

*Is he going to do that? I don't know even though I didn't stop him.*

*As he moved down to my waist. He kissed my stomach and I vibrated. Then I realised even we too have vibration mode but it's too costly to make it work.*

*Stress! A lot of stress! I mean for sure as his tongue making my whole body*

*wet...wet...and I don't know how to express it.*

*But I am prepared for it even though I don't want to. I don't want to. Really... I don't know.*

*He paused for 10 seconds in front of me very close. Resting his forehead on mine. I can feel it but I can't see it because I closed my eyes.*

“Do you want to do that? Now?”

*I kept silent. Because I don't know. I lost my words in fact, I felt my mind was empty. Nothing in there.*

“We have time right?”

“Hmm...” I opened my eyes gradually.

“We have...” he whispered slowly in my ears.

*I didn't say even a single word I was just staring at him.*

“Shall I say one thing?”

“Go on,” I said in my lowest voice looking at him

“You look beautiful in that swimsuit.”

I smiled.

“But, one regret”

“What’s that?”

“I have not seen you in a bikini.”

“That’s not going to happen.”

“Now or Never...”

“Never ever...”

“You Lier.”

*We exchanged all these words straight*

*Looking into our eyes 20cm away. As I*

*The read object must be 20 cm away to have  
clear vision.*

*Then I felt like just a couple of minutes back  
this man made me fly around all the  
wonders in the world and now looking into  
my eyes as if he did nothing.*

*He kissed me on the forehead*

“Good night baby!”

“Good night!”



2 years later

*Days passed he was busy with his work in Bangalore I completed my engineering and went back to Delhi to learn about interior design with Maa. He was all set to look after the company and he built his startup working really well I didn't want to disturb him while building his career but, his love increased over the years. We talk less but the feeling it's like he is mine and I don't worry about losing him. because I won't lose him. Every day we are dreaming of the day we marry. Living together. Days were sweet on us, and nights were ...like... I miss him.*

*Sometimes I felt like leaving everyone and staying with him my whole life and then the inner me says that you are still young.*

*As technology increased video calls, his pictures, and everything having time in my life.*

*I am not upset about seeing his smile on screen, I am not upset about flirting me on screen but I miss him in my hands. I held him as tight as I could and kissed him as long as I could. Not possible. Huh... for some days life has to run as it is going and we have to see that flow of life.*

## **Months passed....**

*Isha invited me to her sister's wedding. As we completed our college we never met again excluding some phone calls. She came to Delhi for her sister's marriage and It's a 5-day grand Indian wedding and I am in on the 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> Maybe I don't know exactly... Wait yeah...it's the 2<sup>nd</sup> day. Sangeeth.*

*It's a grand wedding. The ceremony is happening in the olden Rajmal palaces I think the rent for 5 days costs more than one crore.*

*It's a majestic house surrounded by a big garden in front. Fully covered with the flowers and their fragrance fills the air.*

*The garden is a haven of calmness and grace, A sanctuary of love, where moments leave a trace. With every step, the earth beneath reveals, A carpet of petals, beneath a sky that heals.*

*Everyone is beautifully dressed and the sound of the DJ made the dancefloor shake.*

*In the evening the show begins exactly when the song starts hitting. I saw him it's Ishan.*

*Yeah! It's Ishan Singh!*

*What is he doing here?*

*I was stunned. Wait...Ishan. Am I wandering in his thoughts I don't know it felt like him. Yeah... It's him.*

*Isha went up to him and they both hugged each other and gave a handshake to all his friends maybe... I don't know who were they.*

*How come Isha knows about Ishan?*

*How did they become this close that they could hug?*

*He didn't even say anything?*

*He is not alone. I think there were 5 of his friends along with him. Right after coming, he started vibing for the Bollywood song that was playing. He was in his blue shiny kurta. As the song started catching its phase he jumped onto the dance floor along with his friends including Isha. All the family members and the guests started clapping they grabbed the attention of the whole garden. I was just watching them from a side maybe they couldn't see me. I mean I am in the crowd. still in shock. what he was doing there?*

*Ho teri malmal ki kurti gulaabi ho gayi  
Ye chali chaal kaise nawaabi ho gayi  
Ooh*

*Balam pichkari jo tune mujhe maari  
To seedhi saadhi chhori sharaabi ho gayi  
Haan jeans pehen ke jo tune mara thumka*

*To lattu padosan ki bhaabhi ho gayi*

*(Balam Pichkari, Yeh Jawaani Hai Deewani)*

*Started blasting the party bombs and Ishan carried Isha holding her waist and lifting her onto the dance floor. He changed a lot. I was stunned looking at Ishan Is this my Ishan who is shy around all people and now he is a complete extrovert, is this my Ishan who doesn't even talk and now he is making fun of everyone?*

*He saw me after a while. He was surprised looking at me. I waved at him with a smile. He waved back opening his mouth with a surprise. He came up to me and hugged me. kissed me on my right cheek.*

*“You here Baby. What’s up?”*

*“Isha my friend.”*

“Woah... she didn't say that?”

“You here?” I said.

“Isha is one of the core members of my company.”

“I See. Nice. Great. Wonderful”

“Okay Okay! Meet you at the dinner baby. I have some work.”

*What?*

*Am I jock*

*Did he say that... I feel like he was not as surprised as I was when everything started questioning about him. Why didn't he just say that he was coming to Delhi for this wedding?*

*Why does he look so confused? Hurry. I feel different. I didn't see this side of him in the last 2 years.*

*That night we didn't meet he didn't even answer my call. Isha called me to her room.*

“Hey!” I said.

*I entered the room she was sitting on her bed and too sat on her bed.*

“Yeah! What’s up.” I said

*She holds my hand miss you Aadya. I hugged her from the side.*

“Long time,” she said.

“Very long time.”

“2 years”

“Yeah!”

*We talked for a while. She said*

“Aadya do you remember that day when I saw Ishan for the first time in the university? I said I fell in love with him.”

“Not sure about that but, yeah!”

“I am working in his startup. it’s been 16 months that we have been working together. Every time I am with him it feels different, secure like he is mine, he protects me, and he takes care of everyone as a mother.”

*My heart started feeling heavy I don't know what's happening but, I am slowly becoming unconscious. But, I know he only loves me.*

“I love him Aadya.”

“Maybe he is in Love. Like any girlfriend. Don't he?” I said.

“No. I think he loves me.” Isha said.

*That's it. when she said this my brain stopped working. Tension in my heart. My eyes were loaded with tears. He doesn't love me? I started sweating. I don't what I am talking but I am.*

“I thought. can you help me,” Isha said.

“Help you what?”

“I am going to propose to him tomorrow night. I am a bit nervous. When you are around I get that confidence.” Isha said.

“Of course, I will.”

“Are you okay? Why your voice feel like you are in pain.” Isha said.

“Yeah! I am perfectly alright.”



“Thank you Aadya. Love you so much” she hugged me.

“Aadya you sleep here now today. Anyway, you are alone and I am too” Isha said.

Next day.

*Ishan called me several times that day, but I didn't answer his phone. I tried to avoid meeting him until that night.*

*The tension in my heart grew as I wondered whether he would accept her proposal. I stayed in my room, not daring to come out, as I feared he might find me.*

That day night....

*As Isha said I went along with her. I said*

"Isha, I'll wait here until he accepts. It's something that needs to happen between you two. He might feel tense if he sees me there," I replied, determined to give them the space they needed.

*I was standing there in the dark. No one can even guess that a person is standing there. In between the big trees.*

*She hugged me.*

*Ishan is waiting there. Don't know why but I felt like they were on the spotlight. The light is bright enough that I can see them.*

*I don't know what they were talking about but, after a couple of minutes. Isha kissed him.*

*That's it. My heart was completely broken. I didn't watch it further. I lost my love. The person I love the most. I started crying without even knowing that I was crying. Tears were flowing like a continuous river. My hands started shivering. I couldn't even walk. Don't know what happened to me. I am in complete shock. I sat there on the bench in the garden. I felt like it was all over Yet the ache within my chest remained untamed, A symphony of sadness, a melody of his thoughts. Everything flashed in front of me. I don't know what to do.*

*Spent over half an hour staring at the darkness. I can't see anything except him. His smile, his voice, his words.*

*Which even more hurting me by saying that he is mine now.*

*"Aadya!" a hand on my shoulder. I wiped off my eyes and looked at him. Its Ishan.*

*"Hy!" I said.*

“What are you doing here?”

“Just. Not feeling well.” I said.

“I have been trying to talk since morning and you are not answering my call.”

“Not like that little stressed.”

“Okay then. Take care Aadya” He put his hand on my head and left.

*What just happened? Did he change? That was when he talked to me. I mean he didn't even say what just happened and didn't even stay for me there. He minded his own business.*

*Again, the tears started flowing. This time with a lot of pain.*

*There is nothing left on the day even for the moon to leave the earth and that's today. He completely walked away from my world. Leaving me a pain in my heart.*

*The next day after completing the marriage I left. Without even saying. I don't know what I did but,*

“Dad! I want to go abroad.” I said.

“All of a sudden. But, why?” asked Dad.

“Please for some days.”

*He kept silent after a big drama made by Mom Finally I made it to London and planned for a year to stay.*

6 months later

*Nothing changed I still had his picture in my heart. But, I learned to control myself. He is my first love and I didn't even feel anyone like him. he is such a great person that he didn't even touch me until I proposed to him. he gave me that space he respects. Don't know why I remembered him. maybe, India always reminds me of him.*

*I look happy, but I am not.*

*I feel confident, but I am broken.*

*You know Nani even though I have a lot of money it feels like nothing because I lost myself.*

*People think I am depressed but I am not because I am in the world where he is with me.*

Summer 2014

“India’s Biggest Art Gallery Presentation”.

*I saw this big poster hanging around the roads. With his mother’s big portrait under it written “ Welcome Amritha Singh”.*

*My heart urged me to talk to her, knowing that it had been five years since I last saw her. I couldn't help but wonder if she knew about my feelings for her son. Despite my fear, I mustered the courage to take that step and approach her.*

“Amritha ji!”

“Yes!” She turned back and gave a little smile looking at me.

“Aadya!”

*She remembered me.*

“Aunty you remembered! Thank God I am surprised.” I freaked out.

“Yeah! Aadya. Ishan used to say about you.”

*Another one but this is something different  
Ishan said about me to his mom.*

*She took me to her home in Delhi.*



“He loves you Aadya! He used to say about you always. And you know when you left him. I saw him crying. That was the first time I saw him crying after he had grown up.”

*She took me to his room.*

“He stayed here for 3 months looking for you. He left his start-up to his friends even though it was making exponential profits he didn’t even enjoy even a single rupee.”

*His room was filled with my photographs.*

“He didn’t cheat on you Aadya. loves you enough to keep you in his heart until his last breath.” His mother said looking at me.

*My tears of joy cascaded down my cheeks uncontrolled. At that moment my soul is truly free, enveloped in a love that was always meant to be.*

“Have you ever asked him? or even listened to him?” she placed her hand on my head

“Think about it Aadya.”

“Aunty, where is he?”

“Ladakh ”

*After my plane landed in Ladakh, I wasted no time. I quickly checked into a hotel, left my luggage, and embarked on my mission to find the address that Ishan's mom had given me. Despite my attempts to call and message him, there was no response, and his mobile remained unreachable.*

“Excuse me! Ah...Ishan Singh.”

“Yeah! It's Ishan sir's house. What do you want?”

“Uh...I want to meet him.”

“Okay! Please wait here, madam.”

*He took me into the garden and in the centre of it there were some costly chairs and a table with a newspaper in front of it.*

*As I sat there.*

“By the way, who are you, madam?”

“Tell him that his wife is waiting.”

“What?” he was confused and looked at me like I was a mad person.

“Sorry madam!”

“Yeah!”

*After a few minutes, he emerged from the house. I spotted him from a distance. He looked completely different, longer beard. Most importantly he shaved his head. I got up from my chair, feeling a mix of shock and emotions. As he approached, I couldn't contain myself and dashed towards him, wrapping my arms around him in a hug. Initially, he didn't return the hug, but I held onto him even tighter, and finally, he hugged me. As we embraced, tears started streaming down my face. I couldn't quite explain the overwhelming surge of emotions, but my eyes were filled with tears. "Sorry!"*

*He hugged me tighter.*

"I am so sorry!" I said again.

"I love You! Now and ever," he said and he started crying don't know why we both cried. But, I saw him for the first time crying in front of me.

"I love You too!"

*As we stood still very close he looked into my eyes and said*

"I didn't do anything wrong."

*Then I realised how innocent he was. His heart is too innocent like a child.*

*"My tears flowed like a river as he gently wiped them from my cheeks with his hand."*

"I know. Sorry!" I said.

"I don't know Isha was in love with me before I say that... I am in love with you she ki...." I closed his mouth with my hand.

"I don't want to listen to anything of anyone," I said

*He nodded...*

*As we are in talk*

"Sir there is someone to meet you," said the person who is working in his house.

"No one today!"

*I moved a little back and gave him the space to give a reply.*

*As he went. I pulled him by his collar and kissed him. I don't want to break that kiss that was the longest kiss we kissed..*

*After a while, I asked him a question.*

"Ishan! Will you marry me?"

“I want to say you something,” he said.

“Go on. Holding his arm in my arms.”

“There is a meeting tonight. So, I may not be available today I will talk about it tomorrow morning at ‘Lamayuru’ is it okay.”

“Of course, as you wish.”

“Okay, then they were waiting for you for a long time. I will leave.” I said.

“Aadya! Until my last breath can you be my Girlfriend?”

I hugged him.

“Sure! Bye, Ishan!”

## Next Day

*I waited for him the entire day, but he didn't answer my phone calls, even though there was no one in his house. I assumed his meeting might have been relocated, but I still held onto the hope that he would show up, so I remained at 'Lamayuru.' Days went by, and I continued to wait for him. I even stayed there the next day, not returning to my hotel. I stayed there looking at the couples imagining us in them. Tears started flowing but, faith in him didn't flow away.*

*I made another attempt to call him, but once again, he didn't pick up. Frustrated, I decided to visit his house again. This time, someone was there at his house.*

“Excuse me! Is there Ishan Singh inside.”

*He looked at me like a crazy person.*

“I mean Ishan Singh. Son of Major Arjun Singh.”

“Uh... madam. He is no more...”

“No more staying here. Then where he is.”

“Ayyo madam! He left this world. He passed away two days ago.”

What? I don't know what to say I...

“Yes, madam. It's so sad; we were even deeply shaken when we saw him that night.”

“But he said there is a meeting that night. When I came here”

“No, they were his doctors. He has been experiencing continuous bleeding from his nose, and at times, it manifests as a cough. The doctors mentioned that it's a condition that can be treated but without a guarantee of complete recovery.”

*I was utterly stunned in that moment, completely shattered. I didn't know what to say to him. I silently walked away from him towards my car, but as I was making my way, I suddenly lost consciousness. I couldn't comprehend what was happening. My vision began to blur, my legs couldn't support me, my body was trembling, and I felt like I couldn't get enough air. I collapsed, and the gardener and a worker rushed to help me. They took me to the hospital, and I ended up spending 2-3 days in the ICU without any awareness of the*

*outside world. Mom and Dad were by my side in the ICU, just like you are now. I was connected to numerous wires, had an oxygen mask on, received glucose, and underwent various treatments. It was a situation very similar to yours, Nani.*

*I felt lost as if I had lost myself entirely. I would often find myself staring at the walls, lost in my thoughts. I was discharged from the hospital after spending a week confined to that hospital bed. Upon returning to my home in Delhi, I found myself at a loss for words, falling into silence. It seemed as if I was alone in this world, isolated by my emotions. Mom and Dad were deeply troubled, witnessing their daughter in such a state of distress. they tried to get me out of his memories but I couldn't because those were stronger than they thought.*

*After some days of staring. My phone started ringing by her name 'Amritha Singh'.*

*I didn't know what to say to her but still, I answered her call.*

*"Aadya! Beta how are you?"*

*"Better Aunty."*



“I had been trying to reach you for a week now. I had asked your mom to convey that I wanted to talk to you once you were fully recovered. However, she informed me that you seemed lost in Ishan's world.”

*I kept silence.*

“Aadya!”

“Aunty.”

“Yeah, beta. It's been three months more than you I am his mother. I saw 24 years of his life. He knew that he was going to die in one month. We talked to the world's best doctors. Nobody could even get him out of his pain. He took a word from me that no one should stop laughing because of me. I saw my best son in those 20 days. Each day, I felt like a part of me died, picturing the future that would never come to pass. Not a day goes by without tears for him, not a single day where he didn't wipe away my tears.

Ishan's world was small, Aadya. He wanted his world to remain joyful, even in his absence. I can't say that I'm alright. How can a parent endure the agony of losing their child? Time is limited for me as well.

There's no assurance of how much time is left for me. But my concern now is for you. You have a long journey ahead, my child. For you, he wrote something, something he wanted me to give you. He never anticipated that you would meet him again. I'm glad he had the opportunity to meet you. The letter is in his room, in the house you're familiar with, in Delhi.”

*My tears started flowing like a river.*

*There is no way to stop them.*

“Take care Aadya! Bye,” she hung up the phone.

*I went to his house. There is no one out there except me and the memories we shared. His room remained unchanged as if frozen in time. My presence was all around – my pictures, my smiles, the snapshots of me, my childish expressions, his love, his affection everything striking me harder and echoing the room with his memories. There is a letter placed on the desk that says*

‘To my Innocent Heart  
Aadya Agarwal’

I don't know how to begin this. I don't know what I am writing I am not a good writer either. I think it's better to say sunset Aadya then we have a lot of time to say other things. I think I should have told you that I love you days before then we could have had enough time to be together.

But, it's not bad. You are a good girl Aadya. Everything you did still jumps in my brain and I sometimes feel like a mad person laughing mindlessly.

You said, Little things matter. That's true Aadya.

I am not old enough to talk about my life but I am sure I have a very short journey in this world my stop is about to come. I am happy that I had a pretty good life. But, the moment when you looked into my eyes and stood still matters. The moment when you and I were dancing in the rain while you between my arms and barefoot on the ground matters a lot. Now I am not worried about me but, about those who worried and loved me. I have been the best son to my parents but I couldn't be the best to you.

My only regret is not letting you know that I am going to die when I am alive of course, at the end of the day you have to know that's what it meant to be. But, at that moment you shouldn't feel like I have cheated on you.

Aadya I love you enough to keep you in my heart even when I die.

This one year I came to know how much I love you, how come one fall for others that they forget them.

I didn't know that I had a brain tumour until and unless that day, I met with an accident. On the streets of Delhi when I was searching for you. Maybe it's destiny to convey to me that I have less time to go.

I think it's the best thing that happened physically because without that I couldn't have known that I was suffering from a tumour and one day without knowing why it happened will break many hearts than this. But, to be Frank, this one year affected me mentally, my mind is just wandering recalling your thoughts.

I know you know I love you.

You know I know you love me.

But I never thought one kiss could separate us one year apart.

I have to say what happened that day. Without even asking me if I love her she kissed me. I never expected that she could do that and even I am not ready for that. I told her about you and even I showed her the cutest pictures of yours that I check every day they add a lot of happiness and a big smile to my day.

She never met me again maybe she was upset. She cried a lot. What could I do? Then I came to know that you and Isha were childhood friends. What a small world!

She said everything right from you were behind the tree and looking at me to the day you left.

Next thing you thought, I left you there alone in the darkness. No not at all Aadya! I was bleeding. When I am stressed a lot blood comes out of my nose and I don't want to tell you about that so, I was hiding me from you, sorry! for not telling you.

My mind feels relaxed when you know the truth and I am sure you definitely know about this.

And now you. You are the most beautiful woman I came across after my mother.

Do you remember Aadya once you told me in love there were no expectations it's just a destiny act and we are playing accordingly, We don't know what happens next but, for that, you should not stop living today for the past you lived or for the future you are going to live. You are right Aadya. Your love is immensely poured on me. Thank you for that. Sometimes when you say this kind of lecture I see my mother in you. Now I am reminding it to you.

You have a long life to go Aadya. It has a purpose. You are still alive which means you should make use of it. Everyone deserves a story Aadya and your story should not stop at this point.

Do you remember once you asked me while you were sleeping on my lap “How do I look?”

the answer flashes every day when I see the beauty of this nature, words aren't enough Aadya to describe you, love isn't enough to show what I feel about you, and eternity

isn't enough time to spend with you that beautiful Aadya. Goddess of my beautiful fairy tale.

It feels weird to say I love you to you Aadya because if I love you why do I say it to you But, if I couldn't do that small thing to your cute actions then they hate me.

When I say I love you I see a smile on your face that I want to see again and again and now are you smiling Aadya? Because I love you Aadya. Your smile looks beautiful.

Keep smiling my Dear!

Yours lovingly,

Your me!



*The whole room fell silent.*

*Nani is trying to say something but he can't.*

*After a while*

“You Miss him?”

*I smiled.*

“No! missing him makes me feel say I can't afford to lose him. he is in my heart.”

“You...Still...”

“Yes, I still love him. only him. That is love! Not expecting out of it but feeling it, If you love someone love them even if they don't because you love them not they don't expect out of love because sometimes they may not feel your love or they may not love you enough maybe even they won't love you. But you should never stop. Love should be pure Nani when they don't feel they don't but it won't hurt others once your love starts hurting others it's not love anymore.”

Let the person be happy even if you are not part of that happiness is called love.

Some people are worth waiting for,  
Some memories are worth remembering,

This INNOCENT HEART!

Is always

In his thoughts.



## About Author



Hello! I am Ashwan, the author of "Innocent Heart." It brings me immense joy to present my debut novel to you, and I sincerely hope you find it captivating.

As an engineering student, I hail from the charming town of Karimnagar in Telangana, India. My passion for storytelling has always burned brightly within me. While I have a multitude of stories to share, "Innocent Heart" holds a special place in my heart. Despite grappling with English as a second language and occasionally stumbling in my writing endeavours, my unwavering desire to create something meaningful pushed me forward.

Thanks to technology it really reminded me that I've never been one to shy away from pursuing my dreams.

This book isn't only born from a creative impulse to become an author; it's born from my earnest wish to share this particular story with you and introduce you to Aadya, the enchanting character at its core.

Though I'm currently an engineering student, I know my path in life extends beyond the classroom. I revel in meaningful conversations with people, even if I'm more of a listener than a talker. Surprisingly, despite my introverted nature, I've always dreamt of standing on a stage, making people laugh, and sharing my stories. Thanks to my journey in engineering, I've had the chance to stand on stage as an event host more than 4 times. By the way, I am an undergraduate and many more to come. It's given me the opportunity to connect with people, something I cherish deeply.

I wear many hats—I'm an artist, a host, a storyteller, a programmer, and a web developer. I may not be a master of all these skills, but I experiment with each of them, always eager to explore new horizons.

I'm thrilled to share my story with you and grateful that you've read it till the end.

Your support means the world to me, and I deeply respect and appreciate you.

Let's celebrate the beauty of love and this wonderful moment together through  
"#InnocentHeart."

I look forward to connecting with you on:

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Part of my heart always waiting for your feedback.

Thank you once again for being a part of this journey.

Warm regards,

Ashwan



Thank you so much

Love you!

Innocent Heart



