

# When Hearts Whisper

A Novel by Athil S.

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## **Dedication**

For the ones who loved quietly,  
healed slowly,  
and found poetry in their pain.

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## **Chapter 1: The DM That Wasn't Meant to Be**

### *Page 1*

Sanjay didn't believe in fate — not until 2:03 AM on a Thursday night, when a message pinged on his phone:

**"Hey... Is this the page that posted the poem about 'missing someone who's still alive'?"**

The account was private. No name, just a profile picture of painted skies and a single bio line:

*Dreaming in pixels. Healing in silence.*

He stared at the message. His heart didn't race — it paused.

Sanjay had been anonymously running @WhispersInInk, a poetry page with barely 300 followers. He never promoted it. He wrote when his chest got too heavy. He never cared for likes or followers — only for truth, raw and aching, poured into lines.

That night, he replied:

**"Yes. I wrote it."**

She replied instantly:

**"It made me cry. But also... made me feel less alone. Thank you."**

He stared at her words longer than he should've. It wasn't just a message. It was a whisper across timelines — from one scarred soul to another.

He hesitated... then typed:

**"Thank you for reading."**

Her name was Sameena.

And that was how it began — not with flowers or glances, but with a poem and two tired souls typing quietly into the dark.

Sanjay didn't sleep that night. He scrolled through her profile — art, photos of books, videos of rain, quotes about healing.

Something about her felt familiar. Like a page from a book he hadn't written yet, but already loved.

And somewhere, between 2:03 AM and dawn, he smiled. For the first time in a long time — not because he was happy.

But because someone, somewhere, understood the language of his silence.

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*Page 2*

Sameena's messages became his favorite notifications.

Each ping was like a pebble in the still lake of his life. Not disruptive, but gently reminding him he wasn't alone.

She asked thoughtful questions: "What does your silence sound like?"

He answered honestly: "Like an old song nobody listens to, but I still remember every word."

She sent voice notes. Her voice was calm, raw, imperfect. She didn't try to sound beautiful. She already was.

One night, she sent him a note at 1:11 AM:

**"Sanjay, you write the kind of pain people avoid. But I want to read it all."**

He stared at that message for ten minutes, replaying it. Not for validation.

But because it felt like someone finally saw the storm he'd been hiding.

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### *Page 3*

They started playing a little game. Each night, one would send a question. The other had to answer honestly.

Sameena asked: "What memory do you wish you could live again?"

Sanjay replied: "The night my dad held my hand during a thunderstorm. He said, 'The sky only shouts when it's afraid too.'"

Sanjay asked: "What's one thing you never say out loud?"

Sameena replied: "I'm scared people only like the version of me that smiles."

In every answer, they unfolded. Layer by layer. Until vulnerability didn't feel like weakness.

It felt like trust.

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### *Page 4*

They planned a meet.

Just coffee. No expectations.

Sanjay wore the only shirt he ironed himself — navy blue, slightly wrinkled, but honest.

Sameena walked in wearing oversized denim and silver jhumkas. Hair tied. No makeup.

When their eyes met, both forgot what nerves felt like.

They didn't shake hands. They didn't hug.

They just sat down. As if they'd done this a thousand times in dreams.

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*Page 5*

One hour turned into three.

They talked about everything — rain, loss, first heartbreaks, favorite chai stalls.

Sameena laughed with her whole face. Sanjay noticed. He also noticed she blinked faster when nervous.

She said, "I don't believe in soulmates."

He said, "I don't believe in endings."

She sipped her coffee and whispered, "Then maybe we believe in the same kind of magic."

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*Page 6*

They started seeing each other more often.

Evening walks. Silent rooftops. A bookstore where they sat and read without buying anything.

Sanjay took photos of Sameena when she wasn't looking.

Sameena sketched Sanjay's silhouette into her diary, captioning it:

*"The boy who feels like a long exhale."*

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*Page 7*

One day, it rained.

Not just outside, but inside Sameena.

She texted him: **"Come. I don't want to talk. Just... be here."**

He showed up. No questions.

She was curled on the floor. Hair messy. Eyes red.

He sat beside her. No words.

And in that silence, she whispered, "You make even my worst days breathable."

He held her hand.

And in that moment, love didn't need a confession.

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*Page 8*

Sameena gave him a small handmade gift — a box filled with 27 folded paper stars. Each star had a line from one of his poems.

"I read them when I forget how to feel," she said.

He opened one:

*"You can't lose someone who became part of your breathing."*

He didn't cry.

But he did look at her the way people look at miracles — gently, with disbelief.

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*Page 9*

One evening, Sanjay whispered, "I think I'm falling for you."

Sameena smiled. Then paused.

"Sanjay... I already fell. The day you made silence feel safe."

They didn't kiss.

They just touched foreheads.

Two storms, finally resting.

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*Page 10*

Their love wasn't loud.

It was in the way Sanjay sent her playlists for different moods.

It was in the way Sameena made space on her desk just for his notes.

It was in the good mornings and voice notes and memes at 2 AM.

It was love — not in grand gestures.

But in soft, everyday repetitions.

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*Page 11*

But not all days were perfect.

Some days, she went silent.

Some days, he overthought every word.

One night she messaged:

**"What if I'm too much? Too broken?"**

He replied:

**"Then I'll be the glue. Or the arms. Or the poem that tells you you're enough."**

She didn't reply that night.

But the next morning, she sent a picture of the sunrise.

Captioned: *"You remind me of this. Constant, even after dark."*

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*Page 12*

Sanjay once asked, "What does peace look like to you?"

Sameena replied, "A room where I don't have to shrink to fit in."

He said, “Then let’s build it. Even if it’s just with words and Sunday mornings.”  
She smiled. Because no one ever offered her space before — only silence.

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*Page 13*

They had a playlist. Not of love songs. But of songs that healed.

“Ek Tarfa” when they missed each other.

“Ilahi” when they wanted to escape.

“Tu Kisi Rail Si” when words failed.

Each song — a timestamp of emotions too fragile to say aloud.

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*Page 14*

One day, she sent him a drawing of a boy holding a balloon shaped like a heart.

The caption read:

*“He gives pieces of himself, hoping someone calls it love.”*

Sanjay stared at it for hours.

Then replied: “He just needs someone to hold the balloon with him. I will.”

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*Page 15*

She was afraid of attachments. He was afraid of being forgotten.

Together, they wrote letters they never sent. Journals filled with 'almosts' and 'what-ifs.'

But somehow, it was still real.

Because feelings don’t wait for perfect timing.

They just bloom — wildly, unexpectedly.

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*Page 16*

Sanjay once whispered, "If you leave, don't forget the poems."

Sameena said, "I'll never forget the poet."

They didn't say 'forever.'

They said 'as long as we can.'

Because some love stories don't need promises — just presence.

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*Page 17*

Sameena painted stars on her ceiling.

She said, "So even on my worst nights, I remember light exists."

Sanjay added tiny poems between them:

*"You're not lost. Just on pause."*

*"Scars are just healed thunder."*

They made a universe of hope inside a rented room.

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*Page 18*

Arguments happened.

Once, Sameena cried because he didn't reply for six hours.

He said, "I was drowning."

She said, "You could've reached for me."

They sat in silence, both realizing — love isn't just about feeling.

It's about responsibility.

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*Page 19*

Sameena asked, "Would you still love me if I couldn't speak?"



Sanjay replied, "I'd write you letters until my hands forgot how to shake."

He meant it.

Because even in her silence, she was poetry.

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*Page 20*

They shared passwords.

Not to spy.

But to say — here, hold my fears. I trust you.

Sameena's notes app was filled with unsent letters.

Sanjay's browser had bookmarked her art.

Two lives, gently braided.

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*Page 21*

One night, he texted:

**"What are we?"**

She replied:

**"Two people who found peace in each other's noise."**

And that night, peace had a name.

It was whispered like a prayer — Sameena.

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*Page 22*

Sameena whispered once, "What if one day, we change?"

Sanjay took her hand and said, "Then we'll meet each other again. Where we left our truth."

Because love isn't about staying the same. It's about growing, without growing apart.

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*Page 23*

Sanjay watched her paint in silence.

She looked at colors the way people look at memories — carefully.

He whispered, "Your hands are magic."

She replied, "No. They just remember what pain taught me."

And he realized — her art was her way of bleeding without a wound.

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*Page 24*

They sat by the sea.

Waves crashing. Hearts listening.

Sameena said, "If I die first, will you write me?"

He smiled sadly. "I already am."

And she knew — she'd live forever in his lines.

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*Page 25*

One morning, Sanjay made her breakfast.

Burnt toast. Overboiled chai. Lopsided smile.

Sameena laughed, "This is terrible."

He said, "But it's made with hands that love you."

She took a bite — and swore it tasted like home.

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*Page 26*

They visited a temple. She prayed. He watched.

Afterwards, she asked, "Don't you believe?"

He said, "I do. I just call my prayers 'poems.'"

She held his hand tighter.

Because faith comes in many forms. And sometimes, it's shaped like a person.

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#### *Page 27*

Sameena got sick.

Not dangerously. But enough to scare him.

He sat by her bed, writing poems on post-its.

Placing one on her pillow: *"Even your cough sounds like a verse I want to memorize."*

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#### *Page 28*

They had a list:

- Visit the hills
- Write a poem together
- Record a podcast about heartbreak
- Watch stars from a rooftop

They did all of it.

Except the last.

Because it kept raining.

So instead, they watched raindrops race on glass.

Sameena whispered, "Maybe these are our stars."

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#### *Page 29*

One day, they sat in a crowded café.

Everyone noisy. Everything loud.

But in the corner, with hands locked and glances exchanged — they were their own quiet.

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*Page 30*

Sanjay wrote a poem he never posted:

*"You're not my world. You're the silence that holds it together."*

Sameena found it in his notebook.

She didn't say a word.

She just kissed the page.

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*Page 31*

Sameena once said, "If this ends... don't erase me."

Sanjay replied, "Even if it ends — you'll always be the underline of every line I write."

And in that moment, they didn't talk about endings.

They just held on tighter.

Because sometimes, holding on is the most romantic thing two people can do.

***Page 32***

Sameena painted a canvas for him.

It was abstract — waves, stars, and a small figure holding a lantern.

When Sanjay asked what it meant, she smiled.

**"You're the lantern. You don't fix the night, but you make it bearable."**

He stared at it for hours that night.

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***Page 33***

Sanjay wasn't a fan of pictures.  
But she caught him off guard one evening, snapped a photo while he was laughing mid-sentence.  
She showed it to him and whispered,  
**"This is what my peace looks like."**  
That became his favorite picture.

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### ***Page 34***

Sameena had a habit of making playlists.  
One day she sent one titled: *For The Boy With Tired Eyes*.  
He listened to every song. Twice.  
On repeat.  
Because each lyric felt like her fingers brushing against his ribs,  
tapping rhythm into his hollow spaces.

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### ***Page 35***

Their first real fight wasn't about something big.  
It was distance.  
A missed call. A cold reply.  
Two tired people not knowing how to say:  
**"I miss you."**  
It ended with her sending a one-line message:  
**"Can we not lose each other too?"**  
They didn't.

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### ***Page 36***

Sanjay once broke down on a video call.  
Sameena didn't interrupt.  
She just kept the call going,  
showing him the night sky,  
humming softly.  
Later, she messaged:  
**"You're not weak. You're just finally letting someone in."**

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***Page 37***

He memorized her habits.  
The way she bit her lip while thinking.  
The small “hmm” she made while choosing words.  
The way she said “sorry” too often.  
And every time she said it for no reason,  
he’d gently respond:  
**“You’re allowed to take space here. It’s yours too.”**

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***Page 38***

They planned a trip.  
Just a weekend getaway — trains, cheap hotels, stolen moments.  
It wasn’t about luxury.  
It was about being themselves — fully, loudly, without screens or goodbyes.  
Sameena said,  
**“Even if it’s two days, I want a memory that hurts beautifully.”**

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***Page 39***

That trip changed everything.  
They kissed under a thunderstorm.  
Shared fries at a roadside stall.  
Watched movies curled up under one blanket.  
And when the weekend ended, Sanjay said:  
**“I want my life to feel like this weekend.”**  
Sameena replied:  
**“Then let’s never go back to ‘almost’.”**

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***Page 40***

They started using “us” more often.  
“We’ll try that.”  
“We’ll go there.”  
“We’ll figure it out.”  
It was subtle.  
But powerful.

A small word that carried years of longing  
and the quiet hope:  
maybe this time, love wouldn't disappear.

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***Page 41***

One night, they lay on the floor, earphones split,  
listening to a lo-fi track.  
Sameena whispered,  
**"I don't think I'm built for forever."**  
Sanjay kissed her knuckles and said:  
**"Then let me be your always, one day at a time."**  
She didn't reply.  
But her grip on his hand tightened.

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***Page 42***

Sameena's dad was admitted to the hospital.  
She didn't tell anyone.  
But Sanjay sensed it.  
He called without warning, and she answered in tears.  
"I just wanted one safe person," she whispered.  
He stayed on the call the whole night — silent, steady, there.

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***Page 43***

After things settled, she left him a voice note:  
"You make heavy things feel carryable."  
He kept that audio.  
Sometimes, when the world got too loud,  
he played it on loop  
until it felt like her voice could stitch him back together.

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***Page 44***

They never labeled their relationship.  
Not yet.  
But one night, she asked,  
“If I was a book, what genre would I be?”  
Sanjay replied,  
**“Poetry. Because even your silence has rhythm.”**  
And she didn’t reply — she just kissed him.

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***Page 45***

Sanjay met her friends.  
They asked, “Is this serious?”  
He looked at Sameena.  
She didn’t answer either.  
But her hand found his under the table.  
Fingers curled.  
And that said everything.

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***Page 46***

There was a phase where they stopped texting as often.  
Life got loud.  
But on the days he doubted it all,  
he’d open their old chat,  
scroll to the first time she said,  
**“Thank you for existing.”**  
It reminded him — some people arrive like seasons. And stay.

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***Page 47***

She once wrote a note in his notebook.  
He found it weeks later.  
It read:  
**“If ever you feel unloved, read this.”**  
And beneath that,



**"I love you more than the sun loves the sky — because even the sky gets cloudy sometimes."**

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***Page 48***

Sanjay surprised her with a stargazing night.  
They drove out of the city,  
sat on the hood, watching constellations.  
Sameena rested her head on his shoulder and said,  
**"You're not just a person, Sanjay. You're a whole galaxy that never scared me."**

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***Page 49***

They didn't always agree.  
But even in fights,  
he never raised his voice.  
And she never walked away.  
Their rule:  
**"We're on the same side — even when it's storming."**  
And that kept them whole.

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***Page 50***

Sanjay bought her a tiny ring.  
Nothing fancy.  
But inside it was engraved:  
**"Still. Always."**  
When he gave it to her, he said,  
**"You don't have to wear it on your finger. Just keep it where your heart remembers."**

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***Page 51***

She wore it on a chain.  
Close to her chest.  
She said, "It's my armor."

Because every time life tried to break her,  
that ring reminded her:  
someone once saw every scar, and still chose to stay.

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### ***Page 52***

Sameena wanted to run away some days.  
From pressure, pain, people.  
But Sanjay never told her to “stay strong.”  
He simply said,  
**“If you run, I’ll walk beside you. If you fall, I’ll lie down next to you.”**

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### ***Page 53***

She had her own dreams.  
Not just love — her art, her identity.  
Sanjay never stood in front of them.  
He stood *beside* them.  
Because loving her didn’t mean owning her.  
It meant watching her fly, and cheering the loudest.

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### ***Page 54***

They tried living apart for a while.  
Different cities. Different jobs.  
But one random night, Sanjay sent a message:  
**“This whole world feels like a waiting room without you.”**  
And she came back the next weekend.  
Not for him.  
But for *them*.

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### ***Page 55***

Sanjay once made a scrapbook.  
Filled with movie tickets, screenshots, sketches, and sticky notes.

On the last page, he wrote:

**"This isn't our history. This is just Volume One."**

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***Page 56***

Sameena told him she wasn't perfect.

Said she's moody, anxious, overthinking.

He kissed her forehead and said,

**"Good. I'm not in love with perfect. I'm in love with real."**

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***Page 57***

They got caught in the rain once.

Instead of running, they danced in the middle of the street.

Soaked. Breathless.

She looked at him and said,

**"If this was a movie, I wouldn't care how it ends."**

He replied,

**"Good thing we're writing our own."**

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***Page 58***

Sanjay met her mom.

It was quiet.

Tea, stories, long glances.

After he left, Sameena's mom said,

**"He holds you like you're made of stardust. Not glass."**

Sameena smiled.

Because that was exactly how it felt.

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***Page 59***

They had a day where everything felt wrong.

Arguments. Tension. Silence.

But at night, he called and said,

**"Can we just sleep knowing we still care?"**

And she whispered,  
**"Even when it's messy, you're still my safest thought."**

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***Page 60***

Sameena once told him:  
**"You know what I want in life? Peace. The kind that feels like warm coffee and your hoodie."**  
He laughed,  
**"That's not a dream. That's just us on a Sunday."**

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***Page 61***

They never needed big declarations.  
No skywriting. No grand proposals.  
Just the little things.  
Shared playlists.  
Soft "text me when you reach."  
And the quiet knowing:  
**This was love — slow, steady, and deep enough to stay.**

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***Page 62***

One evening, Sanjay said,  
**"I don't know where life will take us."**  
Sameena interrupted,  
**"But I know who I want next to me, wherever that is."**  
And that silence that followed?  
It said more than words ever could.

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***Page 63***

They had dreams — different, but not divided.  
He wanted to teach.  
She wanted to travel.

So they made a plan:  
Every city she paints, he'd visit and teach.  
Everywhere love leads — they'll follow.

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***Page 64***

Sameena once whispered,  
**"What if we fall out of love someday?"**  
He looked at her seriously and said,  
**"Then I'll fall back in. Again and again. Until love is tired of running from us."**

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***Page 65***

They stood at a wedding. Not theirs.  
But watching vows being exchanged,  
Sameena squeezed his hand and smiled.  
Sanjay mouthed,  
**"We'll get there. But we're already forever, aren't we?"**

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***Page 66***

One night, he was quiet.  
Tired. Heavy.  
She didn't ask what was wrong.  
She just laid her head on his lap and whispered,  
**"If you can't be strong today, let me be enough for both of us."**

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***Page 67***

They started writing letters again.  
Even though they lived minutes apart.  
Because sometimes,  
**a written 'I miss you' feels like a heartbeat folded into paper.**  
And they both knew:  
Some loves deserve ink, not just pixels.

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### ***Page 68***

Sameena held his face one day and said,  
**"Thank you for never asking me to shrink to be loved."**  
Sanjay smiled, kissed her palm, and whispered,  
**"Why would I? I fell in love with your full volume."**

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### ***Page 69***

Years later.  
They're sitting on a balcony.  
Sun setting. Quiet music.  
She looks at him and asks,  
**"Would you choose me again?"**  
He replies,  
**"Even in every lifetime where we never meet — I'd still look for you."**  
And that's how their story lives.  
Not just in chapters.  
But in every little moment where love whispered,  
**"You're home."**

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## **Author Bio**

Athil S. is a heartfelt storyteller who writes about the quiet corners of love, loss, and healing.

With a deep affection for emotional storytelling, Athil's work often reflects the unseen conversations

between souls — raw, honest, and poetic.

When not writing, Athil finds solace in music, stargazing, and coffee-fueled midnight thoughts.