

When I Saw Her in the White Kurta

I still remember when I saw her in that white kurta for the first time.

Something just clicked inside me. I don't know what it was — but that moment stayed. The way she walked in, that soft white outfit, that effortless simplicity — it just hit different. That was the first time I started feeling something. Something real.

I even told her straight:

“You're looking dammm gorgeous in this white kurta.”

And guess what she said?

“Okay.”

Bas... okay.

I stood there like — are you serious? 😬

For a second I couldn't figure out — is she ignoring me? Is she rude? Or is this just how she is?

But after spending some confusing, emotional, and honestly funny days with her... I got it.

That's just Sana.

Straightforward. Calm. Stone-faced. Zero reaction. Zero drama.



But yeah, from that moment on, something changed.

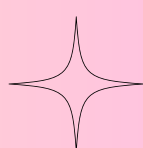
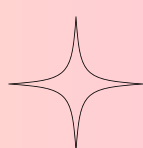
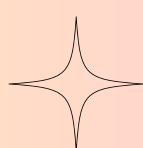
She looked beautiful — not just because of the outfit — but because of her.

The way she carried herself.

And honestly, Sana looks great in everything... but in kurtas?

Especially that white one?

"Man... I can't even explain it. Her whole vibe just goes next level — something words can't really capture."



"She's special to me the way rhythm is to music — without her,
nothing feels complete."

I don't know how to stop admiring her. Seriously. It just happens.

It's not something I do on purpose — it's just... her.

If she's a book, then maybe I'm just a pen.

Not part of her story... but always lying close, hoping to be
written in someday.

And that white kurta?

Yeah... she doesn't wear it anymore.

I must've asked her a hundred times — literally begged:

"Please Sana, ek baar pehen lo... bas ek baar."

But every time — same cold reply:

"faad diya usko."

No smile. No softness. Just boom — heartbreak delivered with a
straight face. 💔

Sana, yaar...

thoda emotion toh dikha do na.

Main banda hi emotional hoon — at least pretend that my words
matter. 😏

But no, madam stays the same — savage level: unstoppable.

But even after all that... I still like her.

Like how the sea loves the moonlight — from a distance, silently,
but endlessly. 🌊🌙

Yeah, maybe she's rude sometimes... maybe she gets angry...

But still — Sana is, and always will be, someone special to me.

Not just someone... the special one. 💖

