

# **THE UNCHARTED ROMANCE**

*Story of Love & Inspiration...*

READING SAMPLE

**WRITTEN BY  
SUBHANKAR ROUT**

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*Printed and bound in India.*

Dedicate this book  
to my lord and friend Jaga



Who is the first reason to make  
this journey possible.

ॐ कृष्णाय वासुदेवाय हरये परमात्मने,  
प्रणतः क्लेशनाशाय गोविंदाय नमो नमः ॥

♥ Maa ♥

॥ Jai Jagannath ॥

॥ Om Namah Shivaya ॥

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## Author's Message

*In an age busy with social media, I sincerely thank you for picking up a book to read; It's my first novel. I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude for believing in me and taking the first step toward this book. Your support means a lot to me. I am truly dedicated to providing you with an entertaining, amazing, and inspiring experience through the pages of this romantic novel.*

*To be honest, this venture marks a significant milestone in my creative journey. While I've previously explored my passions through short movies and music albums as a Director, Editor, and Writer, this is my inaugural foray into the publishing world. Your support and encouragement have been invaluable throughout this journey, which has been filled with its fair share of ups and downs, making it an unforgettable experience.*

*As you begin your reading journey, I want to extend an advance apology if you happen to come across any mistakes. My intention is never to offend or hurt anyone's sentiments. Your understanding and support mean everything to me, and I'm committed to refining and perfecting this work in future iterations.*

*I would like to take this opportunity to express my heartfelt thanks to my parents, my family, and my lord for their unwavering blessings and well wishes. A special shoutout goes to my dear friend from B. Tech, Abhishek Rath. This book might never have seen the*

*sight of day without his invaluable assistance and support, during the publishing process.*

*My elder sister, Miss Priyanka Nayak, who is working in the position of Assistant Manager at a public sector bank, deserves special mention. Despite her busy schedule, she graciously dedicated her time to editing and proofreading this book, ensuring its quality and coherence. My friends SPS Balgopal Namta and Dibya Ranjan Sethy, also hold a special place in this journey. They were the first readers of this book. In my moments of self-doubt and demotivation during the writing process, they stood as my pillars of strength. Their unwavering support and encouragement have been a driving motivation for me, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.*

*Let's embark on this literary adventure together, with the hope that it will touch your heart and enrich your soul.*

*Regards,  
Subhankar Rout*

*“Before you open the pages of a romantic novel, remember: some offer genuine inspiration through real and relatable stories. There may be some items that seem uninteresting, but they are based on reality. So, stay true to yourself as you embark on this reading journey.”*

*-Unknown*

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# *Prologue*

*In the midst of a heavy downpour in my beloved city of Mumbai, I find myself sitting in the car with Ria, my dearest companion, with luggage packed for a one-week vacation, along with my faithful guitar. The raindrops dancing on the car window have a mesmerizing effect on me. Oh, dear! My flight is at 10:10 am, but alas, my misfortune led me to believe it was scheduled for 11:10 am. Thanks to Ria, I sent her my boarding pass via WhatsApp. Sadly, I skipped breakfast as well. It's now 9:15 am, and missing the flight seems inevitable.*

*Nevertheless, I manage to overcome various obstacles and take different routes to reach the airport by 9:40 am. Phew! There are still many formalities to complete, such as check-in and baggage scanning. Thankfully, my communication skills come in handy as I politely request the police and other passengers to let me break the queue. Finally, I find myself at the gate of my departure.*

*But wait! My airline crew just informing that, the flight has been delayed by 35 minutes. Oh, well! Might as well make the most of this time and indulge in some expensive airport coffee. It's the only option, after all. Sipping the hot coffee, I enjoy the view under the comforting shelter of the airport's AC. Oh, I almost forgot about my*

*guitar! Checking on it. You may think why it means so much to me. This six-year-old instrument holds countless memories.*

*Let me share some of those cherished memories with you. It's about my childhood friend, no, my brother. This guitar has been a witness to all our adventures. Whenever life seemed dull, we would come together and create magic through our music. Our favorite spot was the park, where we would serenade the beautiful birds, hoping to capture their hearts with our melodies. Sharing Instagram ids. Ha-ha... those were the days!*

*Despite the distance between us now, video calls have kept us inseparable. He now lives out of state with his wonderful wife, kid, and parents to support his professional life, but whenever he visits his hometown, we make sure to catch up and revisit our old memories.*

*Today is a special day because I am going to meet him in Bangalore, and I am incredibly excited to finally meet his newborn baby boy in person. The baby is just 8 months old, and although I've seen him virtually, experiencing his presence in real life will undoubtedly be amazing. I affectionately call the baby "Golu," and believe me, my dear reader friends, he looks seriously so cute. Now, I've been feeling a void in my heart due to the impatience of not being able to meet my dear friend and brother, Ansh, whose full name is Anshuman Rathord.*

*Surprisingly, our bond extends to our partners as well. Ansh's wife and my girlfriend, Ria, have become very close friends, bringing even more joy into our lives. Oh, did I mention Ria is my girlfriend? Well, I just revealed that in the flow of the conversation! But that's just our Indian culture—being open and honest with each other. Speaking of Ria, we're taking a leap of love, and this month, we'll be*

*tying the knot! Yes, it's a love marriage, and I believe in choosing both a career and a life partner of my own accord. Through this, I help to make me more responsible and never be able to blame my parents as well.*

*Now, I sense you might have a question in mind - What about Ansh? Is his marriage arranged or love-based? Let me tell you, my Friend Ansh, is a fascinating character throughout my life. I've witnessed his transformation from a carefree boy to a responsible man, and his love stories have been nothing short of intriguing. Yes, you heard it right—not just one Love Story; it's Love Stories!! And obviously, most of the stories were unsuccessful. **I remember one of his most fascinating and unique affair when he fell in love with an elder girl.***

*Oh, you can't imagine the twists and turns that gave a delightful turning point in his life. So today, get ready to dive into the world of this charming and romantic guy! But hey, before we go any further, let me make proper introductions. I am Satyavrata, your enthusiastic narrator, and the one stealing the spotlight in our romantic adventure is none other than my wonderful Brother Ansh!*

*So let's get into it.....*

*Anshuman Rathord (Ansh) is a young and ambitious software Engineer who resided in the busy metropolis of Bangalore. Being an engineer may not be groundbreaking, but the experience of engineering is truly remarkable. Anshuman found it to be a truly remarkable experience, filled with both the best and the worst moments one can imagine.*

*Ansh hailed from a middle-class family, his father owning a grocery shop business. Surprisingly, despite his background, Anshuman attended the finest private institutes in his state for his schooling, intermediate, and graduation. You could wonder why he didn't attend public schools since he came from a middle-class background. No Friends, no, It wasn't because he was a bad student or bad in studies. Coming to the story of his father, He faced many issues during his own study and career in childhood due to their poor financial condition and large family. After getting married, his father made a firm decision to provide the best education for his child. So he believed that studying in these esteemed institutions would shape him into an exceptional individual.*

*On the contrary, Ansh was a diligent learner. He studied hard not out of personal choice, but because he feared the disciplinary measures that his parents, armed with their formidable stick, would employ. By the way, let's not name those private institutions here; they aren't paying us for any advertising! (Laughs)*

*But Ansh's story doesn't end with his academic pursuits. During his school days, he faced numerous hurdles and difficulties, especially in the realm of friendships. His peers criticized him frequently because of his unfavorable attitude. However, judging him purely on his past experiences would be a mistake. Anshuman had grown into a competent leader, capable of managing a huge team and delivering excellent outcomes, much like Krishna expertly guided the Mahabharata fight. Yet, during those formative years, he lacked a specific aim, not because he had no ambitions, but because he had too many. He found inspiration in films, kind of "Anything He sees, the next day He wants to be".*

*Complicated, isn't it? Let's move to an interesting part.*

*Amidst his multitude of aspirations, there was one particular aim that tugged at Ansh's heart – he longed to be a romantic guy. Yes, you heard that right! And would you believe it, this fascination with romance even traces back to his early days in Standard II. In those innocent days, Ansh watched a film called "I LOVE YOU" and, in those days, despite being a student of the state board, learning English words was very fascinating. he bravely uttered those three magical English words to a girl. Little did he know the consequences that would follow, as his daring act prompted the principal to summon his concerned parents. Needless to say, the situation was quite a predicament!*

*He had again fallen head over heels in love during his 12th, all because it was the latest trend in relationships. And alas, as a result, he ended up securing a third division in his board exams. Curiously enough, he never pointed fingers at her but cast the blame upon himself. And you know, this particular mishap led him to face countless obstacles when it came to conquering interviews at top-notch MNCs.*

*It's true, my friend, that a single sheet of paper can't alter anyone's future. However, for a certain period of time, it gives you regrets as you see others getting good opportunities while you are left behind due to securing a second or third division in your academic journey. To prove yourself worthy, you have to work hard and put in more effort to enhance your skills in the sea of competition.*

*Well, well, well! Anshuman, the brave soul, decided it was time for a makeover. He's been trying to distance himself from all that drama. However, sometimes he can't resist flirting with the beautiful girls! Ah, the heart wants what it wants! And yes, after some years he even found himself in a relationship with an elder girl (gasp!). But fret not, dear friends, this time he's become the master of his*

*emotions, wielding the power of limits, so they never dare attack him again! Take that, pesky emotions! By the way an interesting thing is, I am the man behind it.*

*So let's move to something different love story of Ansh with an elder girl.*



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## CHAPTER 01

# The First Glance

*Sometimes, God gifts us with unexpected smiles that paint the most vibrant threads in our minds.*

Let me take you back to a lovely period when Ansh and I were living in the wonderful city of Mumbai, namely in Kurla West, around five and a half years ago. Our days were filled with work and excitement where the rhythm of life resonates with the beats of tradition, there emerges a festival that transforms ordinary streets into vibrant displays of devotion and celebration, The Ganesh Chaturthi. It is not only a festival; it's a spectacle, a carnival of joy that Mumbai embraces with open arms and open hearts. But guess what? On that very day, it turned out to be the Marriage Anniversary of Ansh's beloved Department Manager, who was incredibly dear to him.

In Mumbai as Ganesh Chaturthi is a joyous festival. He had to decide whether to attend his manager's party or the Chaturthi celebrations. Ansh had been juggling a hectic schedule, tirelessly working for the past two months, sometimes even skipping meals and spending sleepless nights on projects. This busy routine had caused him to put aside other interests, including love and relationships.

So, we both Mumbaikar roamed around different pandals and explored our schools and colleges with delight. But as the day progressed, Ansh surprised me by saying, "Hey Satya, let's attend that Anniversary party. My manager has called me thrice this morning, and it would be unfair if I'm not there. Besides, it'll be great to be together at the celebration."

Feeling a warm sense of connection with Ansh, I agreed, and we made our way to the anniversary party. As Ansh entered the venue, his colleagues swarmed around him to offer warm greetings. He introduced me to them, who were a wonderful bunch. Anshuman, or Ansh for short, was not only charming but also incredibly caring, always putting others' needs before his own. He truly was a fantastic team player, which is why he shared such a close bond with his colleagues and even with his manager.

But Suddenly, I noticed something unwanted over there.

Let me tell you the tale of that enchanting night when destiny played its delightful game! Picture this, my dear friends,

I found myself at a splendid gathering, a feast of laughter and joy. Amidst the vibrant hues of the party, my eyes caught sight of an ethereal Night angel, adorned in a dress of shimmering blue, her hair cascading freely like a waterfall of silk. Her eyes, oh, those charming eyes, gazed in the very direction where we stood, and there it was—a captivating smile as if the stars themselves were dancing on her lips!

It's Unbelievable man! You know my friends; I'm quite experienced in matters of the heart. Following the direction of her eyes, I knew right away that she was looking at my dear friend Ansh.

Ohh, my Ansh, my heart swelled with joy! It had been years since he had shown interest in anything beyond work. And here was this

unknown girl, smiling at him. The feeling was filled with romantic movies, and love was in the air!

Now, my dear readers, do not jump to conclusions. A smile doesn't always mean love. I pulled Ansh aside and shared my observation with him. Surprisingly, Ansh admitted to having noticed the same thing, but he didn't want to overthink it. "Yes, Satya, I noticed it as well, but she could be smiling for another reason. You're overanalyzing things."

It seemed like Ansh was also expressing some interest, but hey, he did comment, "By the way, yes, she's not as beautiful as some of the other girls I've met in different cities, but in this crowd, This bird can easily findable for her attractive look."

Still, I couldn't shake the feeling that there might be some mutual interest between them. An idea struck me, and I playfully challenged Ansh to talk to the girl. He's usually serious when it comes to challenges, thanks to his male ego that developed after his heartbreak in 12th grade. He wasn't like that in college. He used to be a pure and humble person, but after his breakup, he became very serious about his self-respect, which appeared to others as ego.

I dared him to approach the girl and strike up a conversation with her. Even a single line would be enough. He had to do it or otherwise, he'd fail the challenge.

Let's see where this romantic adventure takes my dear friend, Ansh!

## CHAPTER 02

# *The First Interaction*

*A single step taken with courage can  
unfold chapters of a story waiting to be written.*

The evening was filled with laughter and joy as the party continued to celebrate the anniversary. Amidst the jubilation, I noticed my friend Ansh looking a bit lost I decided to approach him since I was intrigued about what was bothering him.

Ansh stood there, taken aback by the notion, and said awkwardly, "Are you crazy or something? I don't know who she is, and how I am going to talk with her?"

I encouraged him to utilize his creative mind, but he seemed unconvinced. After that, I continued to encourage him, saying, "This is why you're so anxious and miserable, my friend. Life is about more than simply a job and money; it is about discovering and experiencing new things. I'm not asking you to propose to her or to make her your girlfriend. Just talk to her without any expectations. If she responds positively, great! If not, just move on. There are plenty of other options, bro."

Gradually, Ansh came around to my point of view, but he still asked me for advice on how to go about it. Feeling the pressure to offer a suitable solution, I racked my brains. As someone with experience in such matters, I came up with an idea and shared it with Ansh.

Suddenly, an announcement rang out at the party, calling all the guests to gather for the Anniversary cake-cutting ceremony. As the couple stood ready to cut the cake, everyone showered their blessings for a bright future. After the cake-cutting, the couple moved to the stage to click pictures with the guests, who in turn gave them their well wishes and gifts.

Seizing the opportunity, my brave friend Anshuman walked confidently toward the stage. Just as he approached, a twist of fate occurred - his manager called out,

"Hii Ansh, come up and meet my wife Gita." Ansh greeted the manager's wife warmly, and his manager introduced him to her.

"Sir, shall we click a picture together, a memory to cherish forever?" Ansh asked politely, to which the manager replied, "Why not, please go ahead."

As the photographer was ready to capture the moment, Ansh took a deep breath and called out to the girl standing nearby, who had caught his eye earlier.

"Excuse me, mam, could you please click a picture on my phone?" he asked.

"Yes, sure! No need to call me mam, just ask.", The girl, in a casual tone, responded.

She took the picture and returned the phone to Ansh. But my dear readers, in every case, Ansh had a knack for feeling a little hesitant before initiating any task. But lo and behold, when he finally took that bold step, he'd carry it forward like a charging rhino on a

mission! An unstoppable force, that's our Ansh, until his excitement for the task began to wane. So Ansh again asked;

"Hey, may I know your name? Since you don't like being called 'mam.'"

"My name is Kavya.", She replied with a sweet voice.

"Nice to meet you, Kavya. I'm Anshuman Rathord.", He introduced himself with a smile,

Kavya looked at him strangely, then left the spot with her friend and Geeta, the manager's wife, to have dinner. However, little did Ansh know that everyone near the stage, including his manager, was secretly smiling, knowing well that my friend had a charming aura.

But I feel really glad that Ansh won his dare, and trust me, he was smiling. When I asked the reason, he just simply said, "I don't know, but I feel a bit happy and light." Anyway, we left that place after just having a piece of cake and skipped dinner because we were really tired from the rush of the day. On the way back home we couldn't stop discussing the encounter - how she looked at him, and many more details.

Despite the joy of winning the dare, Ansh hadn't asked for the girl's phone number, not even her full name. As a result, he couldn't find her on social media, and he refrained from asking his manager about her, fearing it might create a bad impression. Little did he know that she was his manager's relative, and in relation she is the sister of his manager.

Now, the burning question remained: Would Ansh have the chance to meet her again? Would their story move forward, or was this the end of it all? Only time will tell.

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## CHAPTER 03

# *The First Conflict*

*Nurturing self-respect is empowering,  
but beware the pitfalls of an overgrown ego.*

Life went back to its regular rhythm, and we swept the whole 'Kavya topic' under the rug. Two weeks flew by, and then came a golden weekend – yep, it was Saturday around 3 pm. Ansh and I cooked up a plan to hit up the iconic Taj Mahal Palace for the very first time. Now, don't misunderstand, it wasn't a lavish stay, just a lavish meal. Expensive? Well, from my point of view, in this temporary life, you've got to taste the luxurious side of life at least once.

As we plotted and schemed, we secured a table via phone call, a royal repast awaiting us.

Just when our Taj Mahal Palace dreams were taking shape, guess what? Sujeet, Ansh's coworker, called him up. Ansh's manager had a run-in with a road accident near Bandra. Plans crumbled like a house of cards, and while I moved to my uncle's place, Ansh rushed to the hospital solo

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