

“It’s True When Love Gives Everything and Demands Nothing in Return!”

The Eternal Love

Part - I

A Novel
by Meet Patel

Let's Get Started...

"Darling, you're the golden flames of hope in a snowy world, you make flowers bloom with every breath you take, you're the one that the stars wished for.!"

If that day, that call, wouldn't arrived on my phone, I'd not be able to experience the thrill that's the true love brings to my life, the affection of someone who I always wanted to be with, the care from someone that my inner child always wanted to have, the trust that I got about myself, and the faith I started to have on the time and destiny. I always wanted to be the best, if you were not there, I'd not be even there to be the best. It'll always be less, thanking you for what you've given to me. I don't miss you often, as you taught me that I shouldn't do that. Believe me, Now I care about myself, which you asked at the end, the most and I've kept myself safe from everything. Your Aariv no longer wakes up at 1 PM, which you always hated, instead before the sun rises, also doesn't stay awake till late at night, and yeah of course, he eats vegetables and simple food, as you always complained about. But still, there's an empty space within me, which doesn't allow me to go for someone else, love someone else, or accept someone else to take that place, I've never found someone worthy of that place after you, and I don't think someone will, that's why I couldn't fulfill your last wish that I should get married to someone after you left. And trust me, I am happy, not depressed or sad, and it's not that I no longer love you, it's just that I will not love anyone, except your love, and that's myself. Thank you for your wonderful memories. I'll cherish them forever!

With Love::

Meet Patel

The Appreciation

To love and win is the best thing.
To love and lose, the next best!

There have been the best of times, and worst of times throughout our journey. Many people left, and some got closer, and few stayed. I would love to thank My mom, it's all your hard work that made me what I am today, and hopefully, I made sure that you don't need to do any stuff or work anymore till you are not there. I am thankful to my Dad, for never appreciating, cheering me, or supporting me, and I know you did that to make me independent and just strong enough to withstand any worst of life. My younger brother Preet, I hope you continue enjoying life the way I couldn't. And a Few friends, Bansi, Harsh, Ravi, etc. I thank you for making me feel like a prince. And if you guys are not going to be there, my life serves no purpose. And of course, Thanks to society, without you, I wouldn't have got a chance to improve.

And Thank you lifelong to her, who made me this good, and the person who I am today, without you, I would just have lost it all, in the tragedies of life. You handled everything and protected me at almost everything, and raised me like a child which I never got before you. Thank you!

Thank you so much!

Meet Patel

IN THE LOVING MEMORIES OF HER!

THE TIMELINE

2	Let's Get Started
3	The Appreciation
6	Chap 1: Aariv's Ascent: The Unveiling Dawn of Love
41	Chap 2: Radha's Glow: A Ray of Hope Fading
67	Chap 3: Entwined Fates: The Crucible of Friendship
85	Chap 4: Embraced by Love: A Timeless Bond Severed
123	Chap 5: Journey of the Heart: Navigating the Depths of Love
175	Chap 6: Love's Tribulations: The Agony of Parting
213	Chap 7: Endless Longing: Beyond the Horizon of Love
234	Closer Note from Author!

Chapter: 1

Aariv's Ascent: The Unveiling Dawn of Love

"You're pure when you are a kid. You grow... You learn... Your experience.

You don't have to become what you do not have to be."

I had been aimlessly living my life for so long, never truly understanding the true meaning of love. I was struggling to find a greater purpose for myself, until the fateful morning of May 12th arrived. I was sitting on the bike, on an 11-hour journey to a destination far away from home, accompanying my best friend to help his sister. I knew that this was the time to make the call and I was determined to ask the one question I had been wanting to ask for so long. I nervously dialed the number, and with a trembling voice, asked the life-altering question: "Do you love me dear?".

The frequency of the voice I heard left goosebumps on me. She kept calling me throughout the journey, and kept texting me just to check on me if I was okay or not. I didn't get what that was at that time. All I knew was that she is so loving and caring. She called me around 4:30 AM in the morning and cried. I stopped the bike and talked with her to make her sleep, which I failed to do.

The silence that followed seemed to last an eternity, but finally, after what felt like forever, I received an answer that changed my life forever. At that moment, I felt something I had never felt before - a sense of clarity and purpose I had been looking for all my life. I finally understood the true power of love and the life-altering impact it could have on someone. It was then that I knew I had found my true purpose. Hence, it's a time for me to fall in love and live it like no one else can, even after knowing that it won't succeed.

Love isn't something that can be cultivated over time, although it can certainly grow and evolve with time. It's neither a start nor an end, but rather a feeling that can come unexpectedly and take over one's heart, often without warning. It's an emotion that is deep and meaningful and surpasses all understanding. It can provide a sense of joy, contentment, and security, and can make life more enjoyable. But, unfortunately, love can be easily mistaken for something else. It is important to take the time to identify and distinguish between genuine feelings of love and strong emotions that may be fleeting or misguided. Love should be cherished as a special emotion that should not be taken lightly or wasted on something that is not true love. It's something that should be respected and nurtured so that it can be enjoyed and appreciated for all that it has to offer. In this unpredictable journey of life, the paths of two souls can cross under the most unexpected circumstances, igniting a spark that grows into an eternal flame. As they learn to navigate the complexities of life together, they discover that love, when genuine and nurtured with patience and kindness, becomes their greatest strength.

*"God never gives half-heartedly;
He tests us to make us realize what we still lack."*

Let me talk about myself a bit. Myself, Aariv, being in the business sector, I inherited my business acumen from my great-grandfather, who passed away when his younger son was just 8 years old, my grandfather. After his death, no one in his family wanted to pursue business and they became financially destitute. His children were not educated, and the people who had been managing his finances looted all his money. His cousin took over the business and became wealthy.

Before he died, he gave two houses to his two brothers and two to his two sons. His elder son wanted both of the houses for himself and his two children. Fortunately, his elder sister intervened and the younger brother was given a house. But unfortunately, the elder brother took the best lands and gave the worst, infertile land to his younger brother, who was known for his politeness and kindness.

My father, living in a village, was deeply in debt inherited from that chaos and struggling to make ends meet. His life was far from luxurious he was supposed to have, with limited food and shelter being all that he could provide for himself and his family. At the tender age of sixteen, he was already burdened with the responsibility of taking care of his family, since his father was unable to do so. He married at the age of nineteen, and although he was still struggling financially, he was determined to make the best life for himself and his family that he could. He worked hard to make sure that his family was provided for and could live comfortably, despite the difficult circumstances.

They wished and prayed fervently for a strong and capable son who could bring them out of their destitute and desperate situation, and provide them with a life of joy, security, and contentment. They desperately longed for a son who could be the light at the end of the tunnel, a beacon of hope that would free them from their cruel and unfortunate circumstances and that established a burden of responsibilities on his son when he was born.

On the morning of the 3rd of May, the family was blessed with a child. And he was given the zodiac sign of Leo, a sign of strength, courage, and ambition. It was as though the sun was shining down its rays of hope, granting the family a chance to reclaim their lost luxury and a way to lift them out of their suffering.

However, the new addition to the family wasn't as lucky as had been hoped, as he was plagued with illness from the day he was born until he was four years of age. Despite this, the family never gave up hope, believing that the sun's light would bring them newfound joy and strength.

From a young age, I was exposed to tales of kings, queens, and kingdoms from his grandparents and great-grandfather. My great-grandfather was known for his generosity and refusal to turn anyone away. He was married twice and, despite being told that if he built four houses, he would die before completion, he disregarded the warning and built a business empire. Sadly, his prophecy came true and he passed away at the age of 31, leaving his children when they were too young.

This experience made me believe in the power of stories, fairy tales, love, relationships, wars, and rule. I often found myself pondering why I had been born into a family where my values, beliefs, and dreams did not align with theirs. I felt lost in a world that seemed to be moving in a completely different direction from the one I wanted to pursue. I questioned how I could find my place in this unfamiliar landscape and make sense of my own destiny. I was determined to make my own path, no matter what others around me think. I began to search for answers and find my true purpose.

Loved by all - my family, friends, relatives, school, and community - I was raised as a true gentleman, without any bad qualities. My lower-middle-class family did their best to fulfill all my needs and wishes. As I grew up, my family's fortunes changed and they were able to live a classic life, with all of the amenities that come from wealth. I was the epitome of goodness, with a character so sweet and loving that it endeared me to all who knew me. I was given many nicknames, the most popular being Radhey, a symbol of true love, like the one who is of Radha.

I was the kind, polite, and well-mannered child in my community, a trait which was appreciated by everyone around me. People who called me 'Radhey' didn't know that it was actually my given name; it was a name that was connected to my origin and was meant to serve as an identity for me. It was also a special symbol of my love for Radha, as it was a name that I was given when I was a baby. I had several other nicknames, which I was also known by, but Radhey was the name that was closest to my heart and the one that he was most fond of since it was the one that signified my origin and my love for Radha.

Time was flying, and I arrived at school, excited to learn. I quickly acquired knowledge and developed myself in sports too. Whatever I did during my schooling, I did with one aim: to be the best at all I do. I said that even if he was cleaning the school's garden, it would be the cleanest and most organized.

My only goal was to achieve whatever academic results my father wanted, without any chance of failure. I was an excellent student and a topper in the batch, but I was failing in the education of real life without realizing it. I was interested in finding information about my great-grandfather after listening to his great works. People from low classes and castes from nearby villages and cities praised him, but there was no picture of him as I always wanted to be the same as he might have been.

I searched vigorously, but none of my living family members had seen him or had any image of him in their minds. Everyone said one thing: he must have a look, have a heart and nature like me. In a generation where people don't even touch people from some of the low castes, my great-grandfather used to have tea or food at their homes, touch their elders' feet, feed them food, and donate whatever is being asked to. I know that I won't be able to find that again ever in life, but I can create something similar to him, within me!

Love for me was never just about romantic moments; it was a vital force meant to touch every part of life. Since I was little, I believed that my role in this world was to spread love's warmth, to comfort those struggling through life's tough storms. This was about more than just being there for someone romantically; it was about easing others' burdens, turning their grief into happiness, and keeping the promises I made. Even when times get tough, I wanted to show the strength love can offer, a dependable strength that stands firm no matter what.

In life's vast mural, my purpose spread out like a colorful tapestry, stitched with threads of love and care. I saw beyond just personal bonds; my heart was set on a kind of universal love—a healing force that could mend the deepest wounds, connect the widest gaps, and light up the darkest spots with hope. I wanted to turn everyday moments into something magical, to light up the world with the steady glow of love.

My goal was big; I didn't just want to tweak how individuals saw love—I wanted to transform how we all think about it. I hoped to show that even in a world full of challenges, it's possible to stick to your path of love and kindness. The foundation of my belief was that love could turn even the toughest curses into blessings, guiding us through life's complexities with dignity and a heartfelt smile.

As the years went by, I pursued higher studies with great enthusiasm, making many new friends and thoroughly enjoying life. My often fun-loving behavior caused me to neglect my studies and my grades began to drop, resulting in me no longer being able to attain my goal of becoming the topper of my class. I was beginning to take the first steps towards entering the real world and leaving the comfort of my school-focused mindset behind. I wanted to demonstrate to my parents that I was still doing alright and that I was able to make something of myself.

I received numerous proposals and, in the interest of being ethical, I proposed to many individuals as well. However, those who rejected my advances, I eventually became their love interest later on. It was an interesting journey of self-discovery, as I came to understand the power of a sense of humor and its ability to bring people closer.

To that date, forming deep connections with friends had been natural for me. Until the day I encountered someone who was no ordinary companion, but a friend who required hard work, dedication, and an entire year's worth of effort! Yes, I was determined to cultivate the perfect friendship. I tried to get her attention in every possible way, but none of my attempts seemed to be enough to gain her favor.

Gradually, the two of us began to talk more and more each day, until the day of my birthday struck. She gave me a wallet, yet I had nothing to offer in return. It took a full year of trying my utmost to build this special bond, but in the end, I finally managed to accomplish my goal - to nurture a deep and genuine friendship!

I was taken aback, feeling a sudden surge of emotions as I remembered that my friend had been by my side ever since the fateful day when she saw me tumbling down the stairs to the principal's office while skipping class. Despite my mischievous behavior, she had stayed loyal and dependable, a true friend. Even though I knew she cared for me, I was hesitant to question the nature of our friendship, scared that it might alter the dynamic we had cherished.

She had never made a move before, and I had never made a move either. But on a special day, just an ordinary Tuesday, my friend finally mustered the courage to express the sentiments they had been harboring for a long time, "Hey, I've valued our friendship for a long time now. So, will you be my lifelong friend?"

I was taken aback, but deep down inside, I was happy that she finally had the courage to express her feelings. I took a deep breath before responding, "Yes, I would be honored to be your lifelong friend." A wave of relief washed over her as they heard my response, and the two of us embraced in a warm feeling, sealing the deal that we would be lifelong friends.

In the tapestry of life, true friendship stands as a masterpiece woven with threads of trust, understanding, and unwavering support. It goes beyond the surface, transcending the boundaries of time and circumstance. True friends are the anchors that steady us in the turbulent seas of life, offering solace in times of distress and celebrating the joys that color our days.

One hallmark of genuine friendship is mutual respect. Friends honor each other's individuality, embracing the uniqueness that each brings to the relationship. There is an unspoken agreement to allow growth and change, understanding that the journey of self-discovery is an integral part of the human experience. True friends offer constructive criticism, not to tear down but to build up, fostering an environment where both can thrive. Empathy is the lifeblood of true friendship. It is the ability to walk in each other's shoes, to feel the highs and lows of the other's emotional landscape.

In moments of pain, a true friend lends a compassionate ear and a comforting presence. In moments of joy, they rejoice genuinely, amplifying the happiness. The shared laughter and tears become the foundation upon which the castle of friendship stands tall. Moreover, trust forms the bedrock of authentic camaraderie. A true friend is a confidant, a keeper of secrets, and a guardian of vulnerabilities. Trust is not just about reliability in times of need; it's about entrusting someone with the unfiltered essence of one's self, knowing that it will be handled with care and respect.

In the journey of life, true friends become a chosen family. They stand by us when the world turns its back, providing a safe haven where authenticity is cherished. The beauty of true friendship lies not just in the shared moments but in the silent understanding that words cannot capture. It's a bond that withstands the tests of time and emerges stronger, an invaluable treasure that enriches the tapestry of our existence.

Friendship between a girl and a boy, often hailed as an enigma, is a testament to the transcendent nature of human connections. It challenges stereotypes and societal norms, illustrating that camaraderie knows no gender boundaries. The dynamics of such friendships are nuanced, evolving into a unique blend of companionship, understanding, and mutual respect.

Contrary to popular belief, friendship between a girl and a boy is not always laced with romantic undertones. It is a bond built on shared interests, common values, and the genuine enjoyment of each other's company. These friendships break free from societal expectations, allowing individuals to connect on a level that goes beyond the superficial. Trust plays a pivotal role in friendships between the genders. It's about relying on each other, not just in times of need but as dependable allies navigating the complexities of life.

The absence of romantic entanglements fosters an environment where trust can flourish, unburdened by the complexities that often accompany romantic relationships. Communication becomes the cornerstone of these friendships. Open and honest dialogue dispels misconceptions and fosters a deeper understanding of each other. Such friendships thrive on the ability to express emotions freely without the fear of being misunderstood or misconstrued.

I was overwhelmed with joy when she finally expressed their affection. We continued our deep connection, forming strong feelings for each other as friends, taking care of each other, and missing each other. Most importantly, we valued each other without realizing that our friendship was just beginning to bloom. We planned to spend more time together and deepen our bond. It was one of the most satisfying achievements for me. But I didn't know what true friendship is, neither did she.

One evening, after a few months of being close friends, I was intently studying for an upcoming exam when my phone suddenly lit up and began to buzz. I looked down and saw a flurry of notifications and calls, all containing the same word: "Congratulations!" I was taken aback, having received such well-wishes for achieving good results in the past, but nothing like this had happened recently. Curious, I opened up a message from my friend's sibling, who had been a friend of mine since we were children. With a big confusion, I read the words, "Congratulations on your engagement!"

What the heck?! Frankly, seriously? I was confused about what had just happened. I checked all the messages, and they all seemed to be related or similar to the one I had just received. I had just gotten engaged to someone else! Holy shit! For the guy who had never thought of getting married, never imagined a wedding, it was my own.

The news, 'Janhavi and Aariv just got engaged' spread everywhere, despite me being in another city far away from home. I had never seen her and was unaware of her existence. It sounds like a movie plot, but it's true. Perhaps, Maybe our fathers saw a movie with a similar story and decided to get their children married.

However, they should be aware that I was only 16 years old and could be charged under the child marriage acts. I rejected the proposal instantly when I heard the news, but not really! It was not my decision to get engaged, nor the rejection. I said to my parents that I don't want to get married for now, as it was not my age for that. I still had a lot to achieve in life and many dreams to fulfill. I was not interested in the girl, not even knowing a little bit about her, only her name. I was unaware of the fact that a girl named Janhavi even existed. I clearly rejected the idea to all those who texted me to congratulate me. It felt like my life had taken a new direction, one I was not aware of, one that would change my entire life and alter the road I was currently on.

The night before, my parents had said they weren't mad about me getting engaged or married without my consent. They said I should focus on my studies and not be swayed by what people say. I was proud of them for saying this and was relieved that I wouldn't have to worry about getting married soon.

But the next morning, my mother called and said the news was true. They had promised me to get engaged to Janhavi, the daughter of my father's best friend. My parents had always been supportive of me and said that I owed them everything, so I had to obey the promise I gave to them.

I was devastated by the news. How could my parents have lied to me the day before? I had been so excited and relieved that I wouldn't have to worry about getting married soon. I felt betrayed and confused, and I was overwhelmed by the sudden change of plans.

I hung up the call and, for the first time in my life, I cried a lot. That evening, I called his mother back and said I would not marry the girl, no matter what. Everyone at home knew that once I made a decision, it's irreversible.

The next morning, my mother and one of my cousins visited me at the hostel to try to convince me to get engaged. I insulted my mother for the first time and firmly said no. After several hours of trying to persuade me, my mother left, disappointed. She told my father what happened at the hostel and my father called me, telling me to pack his bags and come home as I was no longer going to continue my studies. For me, a career was the top priority in my life.

I visited his home the next day without any bags, and that too in anger. I had a bitter fight with my parents and my entire family who were against my decision. They tried to convince me of the engagement, using tactics of emotionalism such as I'm a stigma to the family, I didn't respect my parents, I'm the worst son someone can ever have, "log kya kahenge!" and so on.

But, once I decide something, even in a wave of anger, nothing or no one can change it, not even Gods. I won't think twice about sacrificing whatever is needed to stay on my decision. Finally, my father concluded that I will no longer be part of the family and will leave the home. I won't continue my studies if I reject her and there'll be no relationship with me anymore. I was disappointed and broken that day, as my life was taking an unexpected turn. I had to take it, no matter how I would sustain it.

One day, you'll understand why it all happened - the difficult nights, the lonely mornings, and the countless hours of trying and failing; the suitcase of unprocessed emotions and the unending series of wrong decisions; the thresholds that felt like swamps and the many losses that made no sense; the unaccounted number of setbacks and the inexplicable list of regrets; the heartbreaks that came without warning and the people who left without saying goodbye; the desperate prayers to God and the occasional loss of faith; the frequent urge to disappear from the world.

The pain, the confusion, the disorientation. The scars, the uncertainty, the anxiety. The loose ends, the roadblocks, and each one of the million dilemmas. The months and years of figuring it out, the lost opportunities, the several thousand 'almosts', and the many eternities of waiting - one day, when your stars align as they're meant to, the universe will graciously show you its purpose. And when that special moment arrives, you'll know you've always been in the right hands - that you've only ever cried to laugh and survived to live.

"And once again I smile when I want to cry...

I stayed quiet when I had so much to say..."

It's natural for you to want to fix things, keep the peace, and be okay all the time - it can be a lot of pressure to carry on your shoulders, and it's perfectly understandable when you need to take a break. You should never feel ashamed or guilty for dedicating some time to look after yourself - it's just as important as looking after others.

Additionally, don't forget that it's okay to lean on your friends and family, too. It can be hard to ask for help but don't be afraid to reach out when you need it. It's essential to recognize that everyone needs a break sometimes and that it's important to take care of yourself before you can take care of others. Remember that love is a journey, and sometimes it can be messy and complicated. It's okay to have doubts, to feel lost, and to question everything.

It was heartbreaking for a child, barely 16 years old, to turn away from the place he called home and walk to the station alone. Many of my neighbors and family members tried to stop me, but my determination was unwavering. I had to leave, and I didn't look back. By the time I had reached the station, 12 kilometers away, it was already late evening.

Unfortunately, there were no buses that night to the city of my hostel and I had no other option but to spend the entire night without shelter or food. The next morning, I awoke early and prepared myself for the long journey ahead. I had never been away from home for such a long period of time, and I felt a sense of apprehension as I boarded the bus, unsure of what my new life would have in store for me. I'd been living in a hostel for the past six months, and it had been a difficult experience, but I knew I had no other choice if I wanted to pursue my dreams. I was determined to make the most of this opportunity and to show my parents that I could make it on my own.

After a couple of hours, I arrived at the hostel, completely exhausted and having not eaten since the day before. The event I had just experienced was something I had never thought of in my happy life up to that point. I felt lost and confused about what to do and how to make the rest of my life meaningful.

I suddenly felt like I was going to have to confront it all on my own, without the guidance and support of my family. I thought I might never get to go back home, never see my beloved grandfather who had cried when I left, nor my younger brother ever again. I felt like I would never get to experience the love of my parents again.

All of these thoughts kept racing through my head, making me cry a lot and making it difficult for me to focus on my studies. I didn't know how to solve the problem or how to get rid of the tragedy that had befallen me. I was completely alone and had no one to turn to; I was facing it all by himself. I had no idea what was ahead of me, but I knew I had to stay strong and keep going if I wanted to make it through. I tried to commit suicide couple of times but lacked the strength to do so. I had dreams to fulfill and work to do on Earth, for which he had descended.

I cried a lot and didn't visit college for almost a week, worrying about how I would pay my tuition and manage my finances. My teachers eventually called me through my friends, and I returned to college the next morning. I left during the first break and went to the library instead of the hostel. There, I found a book called "Immortals of Meluha" and read it in one sitting without taking a break to drink water. I took the other two parts of the trilogy with me to the hostel. To stay away from thoughts of suicide and negativity, I started reading self-help books.

A month had dragged by without me uttering a single word to my father. Calls from my mother were all that I had during that time; she was trying to persuade me to agree to the arranged marriage with Janhavi. To make ends meet, I was taking on assignments and projects for other students, yet the fees for the upcoming semester were a major worry for me. Fortunately, my friend came to the rescue and managed to arrange the fees, which I later repaid.

Finally, my father stepped in and generously paid the fees in order to encourage me to tie the knot with Janhavi. I was filled with a conflicting mix of emotions towards the entire situation, but in the end, I was compelled to accept the marriage proposal and the financial assistance that came along with it. I was also cognizant of the fact that my father had my best interests at heart, and that the only reason he had taken such a step was to ensure his son's well-being.

I was experiencing a mix of emotions, which can be dangerous. It can be difficult to decide whether to stay or go, to hate or love, to blame or appreciate. It doesn't mean you must always follow your parents' advice, but it can be beneficial for you as they'll never think of anything wrong for you.

But, that also doesn't mean that you've to follow it blindly, it should align with your life's purpose. I used to tell my parents this, but I realized I had to go beyond that and make something of my life.

Sometimes it takes a moment to get out of the feeling for someone and sometimes it takes several lives and still, you fail to do so. The feeling of the first love is unforgettable, yet sustainable. You undergo a complete transformation after two moments in your life: the first heartbreak and the last.

The first heartbreak is a tough lesson to learn, and it can often come with the wrong choice or person. It can change you in many ways: you move from a child to a boy with a newfound level of maturity, with a better understanding of feelings and relationships. You also gain a newfound focus on your own life and career, with knowledge of what to look for in a relationship the next time, and an appreciation for how false feelings can be, how someone can be bad, or how wrong or mean you can be. It can be a difficult experience, but it can also be a valuable one, giving you a better understanding of yourself and your needs, and helping you to make better choices.

*"I don't know what destiny has planned for us;
But I know one thing, I can't unlove you; You'll always have my heart."*

Learning to say "No" is essential for success. To be the best, you must equip yourself with the necessary skills, knowledge, practical wisdom, and focus that will help you achieve your goals. Going the extra mile and doing things out of love rather than revenge will help you stay motivated. It is important to also keep your personal and professional lives separate; this will help you remain emotionally stable and laser-focused on your ambitions. Moreover, setting clear boundaries helps you use your time and resources more effectively, keeping you aligned with your goals.

Saying "No" to anything or anyone that does not add value to your life, that does not help you grow, that diminishes your self-respect, that distracts you, that makes you sad, or that wastes your time and effort is crucial. Doing this will help you stay on track and make the best use of your resources. Maintaining a positive outlook and being focused on your goals will ensure you are successful in the long run.

I had to walk for an hour every day, without fail, in the evening after the incident. During these walks, I contemplated my life and the steps needed to escape my situation, pursue my dreams, and seek revenge for what had happened to me.

I also took the opportunity to reflect on my daily experiences, reading books and jotting down my thoughts in a newly started daily diary. The incident had a major impact on my studies, the consequences of which were far-reaching. My grades dropped drastically from a remarkable 98.5% in the first semester of college to a mere 80%, a huge blow that shook me to the core.

I had to face the disappointment radiating through me, tears welling up in my eyes. Though the feeling was familiar to me, I refused to let it get the best of me. I shifted his attention from the mere pursuit of marks to developing a deeper understanding of life, spiritualism, ethics, relationships, family and values and so on. I started reading a lot of books on the same subject.

Day by day, I grew wiser and eventually read over 1000 books. The solace and knowledge I found within those pages helped me gradually improve my grades. I transformed into a different person, with a newfound sense of self-worth and a deep appreciation for the power of knowledge. Resika, a close friend of mine, had been at odds with Jahnavi even before the incident. They both lived in the same hostel, and Jahnavi was aware of Resika's feelings for me.

Jahnavi reported this to my parents, which led to me rejecting Resika. Devastated, Resika believed she had lost me forever since we had never met in person before or after our friendship. She harbored resentment towards Jahnavi for this, but the truth was more complicated. I later realized that what I initially thought was love was actually just attraction. However, Resika revealed to me years later that her feelings for me were genuine love. Unfortunately, due to Jahnavi informing my parents about our relationship, my friendship with Resika came to an end.

Jahnavi was overjoyed upon hearing this news, while Resika sobbed in the corner of the hostel. Meanwhile, I walked along the road, listening to melancholic songs, reflecting on the journey we had shared. Overwhelmed by why I had to leave everything and everyone I loved, I questioned life's challenges. Little did I know that these challenges were actually stepping stones leading me to my life's purpose. I realized that without a concrete plan, I had to trust the natural flow of life, knowing it would eventually guide me towards my destiny.

Desperately searching for the purpose of my life, a sense of identity, and answers to the endless puzzles, I felt increasingly lost. Both Jahnavi and her parents, as well as my own parents, were searching for me, eager to bring me back home and arrange my engagement.

On the other side, Resika was in despair over losing me. Our bond had grown so strong and sudden that the thought of never seeing each other again was unbearable for her. She struggled to comprehend my sudden disappearance and had countless unanswered questions she longed to resolve. I will forever carry the guilt of leaving her in the midst of this chaos, as it was the only way to protect her reputation in society.

Love & Attraction!

We often mistake attraction for love. Attraction is what excites us, filling us with a sense of adventure and thrill. It can make our hearts beat faster, and our bodies flush with adrenaline. On the other hand, love is a more gentle emotion. It is comforting, providing a sense of security and contentment. So, instead of looking for a face that brings excitement, we should look for a smile that calms our heartbeat.

We should search for the person whose mere presence brings peace and serenity. Don't look for eyes that can keep you awake; look for the shoulder that can make you fall asleep. If we miss someone in their absence, it's likely a sign of attraction. But if we miss ourselves in their absence, it's a sure sign of love.

When we find ourselves missing the person, it's a sign that we feel whole and complete when we're with them. You may see many faces each day. If one of them catches your attention and stays in your mind, that's the attraction. But if everything you see reminds you of that particular face, that's love. When we think of our loved ones, we don't just see their face. It is accompanied by a feeling of warmth and security that we experience only in their presence.

We know that we are safe and can be ourselves around them. These feelings of love and attraction are both important in a relationship, but it is the love that will sustain it over time. Desire, fear of loss, social approval, easy to betray, hurt, needy, compromises, sacrifices, guilt, and hate are some traits of attraction; compassion, perfect trust, togetherness, loyalty, healing, contentment, uplifting, abundance, forgiveness, and unconditional love are traits of true love. Attraction sets boundaries, while love gives freedom. Attraction leads to lust, love, and courtesy. Attraction breeds doubt, love fosters trust. Attraction brings ego, love brings humility.

When you're in love with someone, you want them to be yours, happily. It's not just about your happiness; you want them to be a part of your life wholeheartedly. You don't expect anything in return. It's all about giving, be it love or sacrifice. Your focus is always on your partner's happiness. You'll let them go if needed and leave their fate to take its course, without putting any undue pressure. For you, it's all about the other person. For the first time in your life, you're prioritizing someone else's needs above your own.

Love is wonderful and can make you a better person. But there's another truth: the closest feeling to love is hate. After a breakup, your love will turn into unjustified hatred. Love is eternal and never fades, whereas attraction is fleeting. Maturity is understanding that first impressions are not always indicative of love; they are often just attraction or Pehli Nazar me Pyar Nahi Sirf attraction Hota hai!

Love remains, even after it's lost. Attraction, however, is only present until it's gone. One who grasps the profound line about love and attraction by Gautam Buddha comprehends life. Physical attraction is commonplace, but mental, intellectual, and spiritual bonds are uncommon.

*"When you like a flower, you just pluck it.
But when you love a flower, you water it daily"*

- *Gautam Buddha.*

The distinction between Attraction and Love is quite subtle, yet it can be easily differentiated. In Love, one will undoubtedly feel a strong affection for one beloved, often accompanied by selflessness and dedication. This is quite different from Attraction, which is a physical or emotional reaction that can cause interest or desire but does not necessarily involve a strong bond.

To put it simply, Love can exist without Attraction, but Attraction cannot exist without Love. It is possible to feel Attraction towards someone without having Love, yet Love is impossible to feel without Attraction. It is also possible to feel an emotional Attraction towards someone, which is often more powerful than physical Attraction.

Love: A deep and enduring affection for someone is a strong emotional and personal connection that grows over time. It is characterized by feelings of caring, appreciation, support, and respect, and is not affected by any factors.

Attraction: A desire for someone, which can be physical, intellectual, or emotional, can be intense and passionate. However, it may not be long-lasting and can change over time. It can also be easily influenced by external factors.

Amidst the confusion and distress, someone else entered my life - Gauri. She brought a spark of joy and helped me forget my miseries, focusing on the positives. Gauri's presence was so lively and uplifting that it could instantly change my mood, though I never realized her intentions were solely to make me smile a bit more.

Despite the distressful situation I was in, Gauri was able to give me hope and lighten the burden of my life with her caring and encouraging words and acts. She was always there to listen to me and provide comfort and strength - something I had been searching for a long time. She taught me to see the joys in life, no matter how small, and to be grateful for what I had. God always sends you a protecting cover while testing you with challenges!

It was Deepavali, a few months back. Around 9 PM, I was sleeping with my father, who was watching a comedy show. Suddenly, my phone rang. It was an unknown number. I answered, asking, "Who's there?". A soft, passionate voice replied, "Happy New Year! Pehchana? Soch ke batao ki Kaun hai hum?"

I wanted to say 'No' but ended up wishing them a happy new year too. I told my father it was a friend. To stay nice!! I got out of bed and came outside and opened WhatsApp. I texted the number to find out who she was.

Let's go a couple of months into the past. It was Navaratri, a festive season. I accidentally called a phone number saved in my phone as "Nirav". My other friend informed me that the number I dialed wasn't Nirav's, but belonged to an aunty. I immediately deleted the number.

I was confused when the reply came from that number, revealing that the person was Gauri, the daughter of that aunt I called a few months back. After a few minutes, I blushed inside, realizing that the girl that my friends had been trying to pursue was the one who just reached out to me. I was aware of Gauri's existence in my society, but I had never been interested in her. All of my friends had been vying for her attention, but I had chosen to do things that the others weren't doing, so I wasn't part of the race.

We had a chat that night, a conversation that would mark the start of our friendship. Although it was our first official introduction to each other, it felt like we had known each other for longer. The chat lasted for about half an hour, and ended with both of us feeling a strong sign of friendship between us. After the conversation, I fell asleep while still talking to her. A few days later, after my vacation was over, I returned to college, but the two of us kept chatting every day, becoming ever more comfortable with each other, forming a connection that would last for years to come.

I and Gauri began to give each other more time and attention. Eventually, we stopped chatting and started making phone calls, especially in the morning and late at night. My face lit up when I saw her name on the screen. Whenever my phone rang, I hoped it was her. I would even skip classes just to talk to her longer.

I would leave the exam hall early, away from my friends who teased me about her, so I could call her in peace. This was a great relief during my worst phase of life.

Almost a month had passed, and now the first thing I did each morning after waking up was to await her call. She had become my alarm, with the snooze feature enabled. She would call me every 5-10 minutes until I was fully awake, and if I didn't wake up even after a few attempts she would put the phone down and wait until I eventually woke up and got out of sleep mode.

During this time, she would have her breakfast, and then she would call me again to have a conversation full of love and comfort, until I was completely out of bed. She would always wish me a perfect morning, so that I could start off my day with a smile on my face. Maybe it's a sign of love, but it's not, it's a situationship.

For the whole day, every month, I followed a regular pattern: talking to her. She would call me to make sure I was awake and ready for the day, reminding me to take a bath, to have breakfast and to leave for college. I was always grateful for her reminders as it made sure I was on track. During lectures, we would talk in between breaks. This would often help me to get a better understanding of the topics being taught.

After college, we would talk until I reached the hostel. This was often a time where she would share stories about her day and I would talk about the things I learnt. We didn't talk every day, but most of the time when I was free, I would be found on the phone with her.

On a hot summer day, we agreed to meet for our first time together. I traveled a long way to see her, taking the bus without telling anyone. She brought chocolates for me, but I hadn't thought to do the same. We talked for a few hours

about her studies, life in the hostel, and Jahnavi's matters. Then we had lunch together. This was the first time I had ever met someone like this. Afterwards, we both returned to our respective hostels, but we began seeing each other regularly on weekends. I would travel for a long time to be with her, and although our parents were not in favor of our bond, we continued to meet.

One day, I was leisurely strolling around with Gauri in the park when Jahnavi saw us. She was filled with rage and quickly called my parents, leading to yet another heated argument with my parents. These verbal clashes had become a common phenomenon, occurring on a weekly basis. My parents had a dim outlook of our relationship, and it was a trying time for the two of us. But in spite of all the opposition, we still managed to meet up and encourage each other. Through our unwavering determination and strength of will, our efforts were eventually rewarded and we were able to remain together.

Jahnavi is an exemplary individual who has been brought up to be polite, caring and well-cultured. She has always had the support of her family and has demonstrated loyalty to them. She had a deep and sincere affection for me in her life and was determined to marry that person for 7.5 years. Despite my refusal to marry her, she still remained committed, even claiming that she could not live without me and fasting on Mondays. She was convinced that she would only marry me and no one else, and was willing to go to any lengths.

She asked why I was rejecting her, even after I had said the reason multiple times: I didn't want to get married. But she was determined to claim the reason. This question reached a level of frustration when she asked it for the 100th time. I wrote a 10-page report on the reasons why I rejected her, with the intention that she would accept the facts and improve herself; imagine the frustration I would have had.

Instead of growing based on that, she said I should accept her because her family was from a higher financial class. This hit me hard. I decided to never get married to her, no matter what I had to lose. I started researching how I could uplift my family's financial health to higher than her, to answer her back. This eventually made me a startup enthusiast - to take revenge for that single line.

The tragic moment came when Janhavi told my parents about meeting Gauri in the park. Later that night, I found out that Gauri was Janhavi's roommate. Holy shit! This was an epic awkwardness that can happen in a relationship when you come across someone you didn't want to see every time you try to meet the person you always wanted to. We continued their conversation, and Gauri felt she was in the middle. Jahnavi started hating her, but not openly, but from behind. The situation became increasingly tense as Jahnavi's dislike for Gauri grew.

Her love was steeped in deep respect for her family's beliefs and traditions. Growing up, she learned to cherish the paths her parents deemed best for her, a love that conformed to the familial roadmap, a pledge to honor their expectations. In her heart, this love took on a special hue, a devoted color that molded itself around her family's wishes, rooting deeply in the significance of those familial ties. She believed firmly in fulfilling her parents' desires, not out of obligation but from a genuine conviction that it was the right thing to do.

Yet, beneath this layer of duty, a whisper of inquiry persisted—was this love genuinely hers, or merely sculpted by others' expectations? While she tread the well-worn path of family traditions, part of her silently pondered her own choices. Her heart was warmed by the bonds of kinship, yet there flickered a subtle yearning for personal freedom.

This love, intertwined with respect, carried forward the traditions and directives of her ancestors. It was a type of love that seamlessly fit into arranged marriages, a melody composed by forebears. And although there was honor in adhering to these traditions, part of her longed to forge her own path.

This form of love, while rooted in commendable family expectations and traditions, might not embody the purest expression of affection. True love often springs from a personal and heartfelt connection that transcends imposed expectations. The love she felt, while noble and aligned with her family's values, might lack genuine depth.

True love involves an intimate understanding of one's feelings and the liberty to choose a partner based on personal compatibility and mutual affection. Her experience of love, albeit sincere, was somewhat scripted by familial expectations, potentially eclipsing the discovery of her own true emotions.

In such situations, individuals might find themselves adhering to societal expectations rather than pursuing a love that truly reflects their individual essence. True love encourages exploring personal desires and fostering a bond that resonates deeply with one's innermost self.

While her love was undoubtedly heartfelt, it is crucial to recognize the significance of personal choice in the pursuit of love that deeply resonates with one's own true feelings. True love often requires a journey of self-discovery and the bravery to pursue relationships that mirror authentic emotions, rather than simply conforming to predetermined paths.

She often stood at a crossroads, torn between the comfort of the familiar and the allure of the unknown. Her love, rich with history and duty, sometimes felt like a garment tailored for someone else—a fit perfect for tradition but restrictive for the soul.

Until that date, it was as if I was completely alone in my battle with tragedy, family, or society. Then, I found someone who supported me in everything I did, and in my decision not to get engaged to Jahnavi or anyone else I didn't want to, who comforted like a shelter in the heavy rain, one who asked how I was, how was my day at the end of each day.

That person was none other than Gauri. Due to a lack of wisdom and self-awareness, I began to feel a sense of care and concern for her, and she was attracted to me since that call on the New Year, or perhaps even before that. Jahnavi had a fight with Gauri, pushing her further into a relationship with me.

But then, Jahnavi discovered what was going on between us. Whenever I was going to meet my paramour, she would complain to my father. I was clever, creating fake tickets and changing buses halfway to deceive my father when he called me back home. I have done all the possible things to hide that from her, but as you know nothing can be hidden permanently.

The season of love, Navratri, had arrived and playing Garba and Raas was a popular attraction. I accidentally saw Janhavi at the Garba event. Fortunately, Gauri took my hands and led him to her home, where her mother made me a cup of tea I would never forget. An awkward moment!!

That night, I played Raas-Garba with Gauri for the first time. This caused jealousy in Jahnavi, who left the place in a rage and complained to both her and my parents about what had happened at the event. The next morning, I was scolded by my parents for going against their will in public. After just another fight, I returned to the hostel. We met each other a few times after that incident and it felt like something special was developing between us.

Everything seemed to be going well in my life now, and I was elated after so many months of being alone to have someone to share my life with. Everyone of my friends wanted someone like that in my life and I got it, so people started talking about our relationship. Gauri's parents were happy with our relationship, but unfortunately, Jahnavi's parents were not.

As they both resided in the same hostel and even the same room, it created a hassle between Gauri and Jahnavi, leading to them fighting several times. One day, Jahnavi called me and said negative things about Gauri. Likewise, Gauri also called me to complain about the same. This went on for a few days. Out of frustration, I called them both in a conference call and said that they could do whatever they wanted, but to leave me out of it. I'd broken my bond with Gauri.

A few months had passed and it was Ganesh Chaturthi. I accidentally ran into Gauri again when I visited the place with one of my friends, who was there to meet his fiancée. It turned out that Gauri was a friend of his fiancée. The two of us stood away from the point of their meeting. My friend called me over and his fiancée called Gauri to come over and join them. I joined them and made a bet that Gauri wouldn't greet me, but I lost the bet.

She came to me and asked after my well-being. We went to dinner together, leaving our friends behind. We got back together for a few months, until the incident happened. Jahnavi and my parents visited Gauri's parents and scolded them, and told them to keep their daughter away from me. This led to a devastating breakup of us. Until then, I was not fully aware of my feelings for her. But slowly, the pain of separation grew deeper. I realized it was love.

But was it really? No! It was an illusion of love. Just because she was my Humsafar in a difficult time, and showed me compassion and care, doesn't mean it was love. Love has many components, compassion and care are only two of us.

After that fateful evening, my behavior began rapidly deteriorating. It was a stark contrast to the good boy image I had portrayed before. I engaged in bitter conversations, and even arguments and fights, with my friends, family, relatives, and eventually with society at large. The incident had a deep and lasting effect on me, taking me three or more months to recover.

During that time, I had to make numerous sacrifices - family, relatives, and many friends - which only added to the burden I was carrying. Nonetheless, despite the dark clouds that loomed over my life, I eventually managed to find my way back to a semblance of normalcy.

I struggled so much that I became a strong, resilient person. People said I had no emotions, feelings, or care. I cried all night at the bus station when I realized I couldn't go home for the festival. I went days without good food because of that incident, and I hated that moment for the next 7-8 years. I also hated my family for not supporting me, and even God for allowing these to happen.

I got a tattoo after all these incidents. Everyone eventually emotionally left me, including those I wanted in my life. My parents told me to leave, so how could I think someone I just met would be there forever? The tattoo had five hearts with the words "Hate Love" to remind me to stay away from anything I love, or anything that loves me. I never knew it will be a part of my destiny that will be helping me after even so many years later.

Five Hearts: Picture this—five hearts lined up, starting from bright red and full of life on the right, fading to completely empty on the left. It's like a little life lesson wrapped up in a graphic: No matter how much you love something, whether it's a steamy

romance, your bank account, or just life itself, everything winds down eventually. Stuff leaves, people leave, and hey, that's life. You start with a lot, and you end up with zilch.

These five hearts? They're like a nudge not to get too clingy. Love things, sure, but keep your own space. Enjoy the ride, don't sweat holding on too tight, and when things change, just roll with it. Remember the good times, cherish the laughs, and keep collecting those awesome memories.

“जिंदगी की राहों में अक्सर ये होता है, फैसला जो मुश्किल हो, वही बेहतर होता है।”

Ordinary children who work hard, stay focused, and develop extraordinary qualities can become kings. However, many princes are lazy and cowardly and still ascend to the throne due to their family's privilege. But, if a prince works hard and develops exceptional qualities, they could become the king of all kings and even approach godhood. This prince would reign supreme over all kingdoms.

But there is a saying that, "the worst happens for the best". God gives the hardest battles of life to His best players. I was supposed to be a Mechanical Engineer, but ended up founding a company in my second year of college. Jahnavi's statement that her parents were far richer than my family made me realize my passion for entrepreneurship. I wanted to become my own boss and a businessman, like her father, as I saw it as the only way to become rich.

I started a company of smart energy meters with a production house and office far away from the city where I was studying. I was joined by two of my cousin's friends, who were skilled in production but needed help with the business and management side. I frequently traveled to the city, while still studying, without my family knowing. We ran the company successfully for almost 2 years.

Unfortunately, I still loved my profession. One day, when I was about to finish my third year of college, I found out that my partners, who were situated far away, had made a deal and made one of their relatives an investor in the company with a 50% stake - without informing me.

I only found out a week later when I visited the office. They said they hadn't told me because they thought I would reject it, and wanted to let me know when they met me in person. I was disappointed and threw all the documents away in the office. I had planned for the company I had created and came for, but left the startup without any money in return, costing me more than two lacs. I realized I shouldn't have trusted unknown friends for business without knowing their background.

I returned to college and continued my studies. Despite my academic achievements, I still felt unsatisfied with my life, so I decided to take matters into my own hands. I started writing about the knowledge that I had acquired from my experiences in the business field, as well as the things I had not yet learned. I was also aware that, while I had acquired the skills to start a business, I wasn't as well-versed in how to properly manage and maintain it. As a result, I was determined to develop myself further, both personally and professionally, in order to become an entrepreneur.

During my final year of college, I started my own startup regarding home and agricultural automations, with friends I had known for a long time. I developed many skills, acquired knowledge about startups, met new people, and established business relations. I even presented my startup at IIM, one of the most reputed places. Meanwhile, my business partners spent their time playing mobile games. One friend of mine worked hard, but this made him lose interest in this too. I was tired of pouring funds into it anymore. Even though running it for 2 years, there was not

a single time where someone from my family showed up and asked how I am doing, do I need any help? Etc.

A day came and I wound up my startup. Unfortunately I had registered for a presentation earlier and went to present, unprofessionally dressed and with an unprofessional look. Previously, when I had gone to present, the reviewers had usually gotten a cup of coffee before me. I would then present my pitch on the stage, dressed formally to look professional. This time, however, I asked for the coffee before them and sat on a bench, closed the presentation desk and presented verbally about the business idea without even looking at it.

Surprisingly, I won the competition with prize money of 20 Lakhs, which was fundraised with an office at the smart city being developed at one of the cities. Despite the great opportunity that this presented, I refused the offer, citing that the startup was no longer viable. After this rejection, I made my way back to my place. I felt a mix of emotions, with pride and joy in his heart for winning the competition and disappointment in myself for not seizing the opportunity that they presented.

I started living a life of hell, searching for a job. I struggled a lot with my family, as there had been plenty of issues earlier. I sometimes used to have only a wafer and sleep without proper food. I used to travel 50 km to work everyday. After months of hard work and dedication, I finally got a job with a pay of 10 thousand a month, without having to travel 50 km to the office.

My life changed drastically, as I shifted from being an entrepreneur to a lower labor-class employee. This job brought some respite to my financial woes, but at the same time, it was a reminder of how difficult my life had become and the struggles I had gone through to get to where I was.

Not everyone deserves you. It may sound cocky or conceited, but you need to know who actually deserves you and who should lose you. Respect is the foundation of any relationship, and those we lose are never truly lost. Let people prove they deserve you. You'll soon realize how quiet conversations become when it's not you who initiates them. You'll also see how much more willing people are to meet you halfway when you don't go all out for them.

Don't let your love for someone make you overlook disrespect. Your feelings are valid and you have the right to enforce your boundaries. You don't need anyone's approval; you are capable of amazing things. Believe in yourself and never let insecurities control your life. Remember, you can't pour from an empty cup - take care of yourself first.

"If you feel strongly about someone, be it love or hate, express it to them directly. Don't spread rumors or talk negatively behind their back.

That's not ethical."

Never be enough for the wrong person? It's not your fault. Some people have difficulty accepting real love because of their fears. Let them go. A better love awaits you, and you deserve to find it. Whatever is meant for you will come to you without you having to be someone or something you're not. It'll fit perfectly into your life and make you realize that what's left behind was never a loss.

One day, you'll be grateful for having moved on and walked away, as it will be the reason why you're finally someone's priority, not just their convenient choice. Trust the process of letting go and moving forward. Embrace self-discovery and growth. The right person will come at the right time, appreciating the real you.

A year had passed since I had last been in a cafe, a place of solace that I used to frequent to find peace of mind and comfort. This time, however, I found myself in an expensive restaurant, yet I was alone. As I looked around, my eyes were instantly drawn to an innocent-looking girl, and I felt a strange warmth and comfort within me that I hadn't felt in a long time.

Her presence had a magical quality about it, and it seemed as though she had changed my life in an instant. She had somehow managed to fill my emotionless personality with newfound comfort and hope. The connection between the two of us was undeniable, and I knew that my life would never be the same again after this. But, I couldn't help but feel a deep admiration and appreciation for her and the immense impact she had on me just out of her sight. It was just precious.

Soulmate!

Some souls instantly click, like two pieces of a puzzle that fit together perfectly. Whether you're lovers, best friends, soulmates, or something so special that words can't quite explain it, there is an unmistakable connection that you share with this person. You accept them wholeheartedly, without judgment, and they would never let you be anything other than your beautiful, imperfect self. The moment you meet, you know that you were meant to cross paths, and that this bond is unbreakable. Whenever you're with them, you feel safe and calm, like you have come home. You feel grateful for the connection that you have found, and for the kindness, softness, sincerity, and unconditional love that they share. They are your happy place, your comfort, your sunshine, your everything, and you genuinely couldn't imagine a life without them in it. They are a blessing, a gift, and you feel blessed to have them in your life. No matter how many years pass, you know that this bond will stay strong. You will always feel connected and you will always feel loved. You will never take this

precious connection for granted, and you will always be grateful for the happiness they bring. No matter how far apart you are, you know that your souls will always be intertwined. They are the missing piece that completes you, the person who understands you in ways no one else can. The love and connection you share with them is a rare and beautiful treasure that fills your heart with joy. You cherish every moment spent together, knowing that your souls were destined to find each other. Their presence in your life brings a sense of purpose and fulfillment, and you are forever grateful for the deep bond you share.

They are the missing piece that completes you, the person who understands you in ways no one else can. The love and connection you share with them is a rare and beautiful treasure that fills your heart with joy. You cherish every moment spent together, knowing that your souls were destined to find each other. Their presence in your life brings a sense of purpose and fulfillment, and you are forever grateful for the deep bond you share.

Chapter: 2

Radha's Glow: The Ray of Hope

"And times, I secretly kissed you thousands of times through your pictures on my phone screen before I ever met you."

It was late in the 90s, in the cool, serene month of November, when an angelic figure graced the earth, her arrival celebrated with warmth and wonder in a small village near the birthplace of Aariv. Her presence was nothing short of enchanting; even the most stoic hearts softened at the sight of her. The villagers, regardless of age or station, found themselves drawn to her in ways they couldn't quite articulate. She wasn't just beautiful in the traditional sense—there was a rare glow about her, an air of grace that set her apart. It was as though the heavens themselves had sent her as a reminder of purity, kindness, and the simple joys of life.

She was the daughter of the village doctor, a man known for his gentle demeanor and tireless service to the community. But even his reputation seemed to pale in comparison to the aura she carried. Her every movement was deliberate yet delicate, her laughter like the first notes of a bird's song at dawn. There was an innocence in her eyes, wide and curious, as though she could see the world not for what it was but for what it could be. Her mere presence seemed to inspire hope, as if she carried within her the promise of brighter days to come.

The villagers couldn't help but marvel at her impeccable behavior. Even as a child, she displayed a maturity and kindness that were rare for her age. She would greet elders with a respectful nod, share her sweets with other children,

and soothe anyone in distress with a soft touch and a few carefully chosen words. Her actions were never for attention or praise—they were instinctual, born from a heart that genuinely cared for everyone around her.

Her father, seeing her for the first time, was struck by a feeling so profound that it rendered him speechless. After what felt like an eternity, he whispered the name "Radha," his voice trembling with emotion. The name felt predestined, as if it had been written in the stars long before her birth. Radha—what a name of love, strength, and eternal grace! The name carried with it centuries of meaning, of devotion and perseverance, qualities that seemed perfectly suited for her.

The name itself was a reflection of something profound. A waterfall, when it flows with the current, is called Dhara—a beautiful sight, no doubt. But when it defies gravity, pushing against the natural flow to create its own path, it becomes Radha. It's a symbol of strength and determination, of standing firm in the face of adversity. To those who knew her, Radha wasn't just a name—it was a prophecy. She was destined to stand her ground, to challenge the norms, and to shine even in the darkest of times.

And yet, Radha's significance went beyond strength. She was a reminder that the essence of life isn't in leaving behind your origins but in embracing them. One who leaves the comfort of familiarity may not be Radha, but one who returns with wisdom, resilience, and love certainly is. Her existence seemed to embody this very philosophy: a perfect balance of grace and courage, rooted in tradition yet capable of inspiring transformation.

As she grew, the villagers began to see her not just as the doctor's daughter but as a beacon of light for the entire community. Her laughter brought joy to those burdened by life's hardships, her empathy a balm for the weary. She

wasn't just a child of the village; she was its heart, its promise of hope and resilience. To those who knew her, she wasn't just Radha—she was a symbol of what it meant to live with purpose and love, to stand firm in the face of challenges and to inspire change, not through force but through the quiet power of kindness.

In Radha, the village found its pride, its inspiration, and its definition of beauty—not just the beauty of appearance but the kind that radiates from within, leaving an imprint on every soul it touches. She was a child, a dream, and a reminder of all that humanity could aspire to be. And as her story began, it carried with it the promise that her name would one day become more than a symbol; it would become a legacy.

She was the kind of person who didn't need to do anything grand to make a difference—her very presence was enough to change the way people felt about the world. Her father, seeing her for the first time, couldn't help but say, "She's got a heart that will show the world a new way to live. Brave, kind, and capable of changing everything." He wasn't exaggerating. Radha had a way of staying true to herself, and in doing so, she made others want to be better versions of themselves. She wasn't just a daughter or a friend—she was a spark of inspiration in everyone's lives.

As she grew up, Radha turned into the cutest, chubbiest little girl anyone could imagine. She had this round, adorable face and an innocent smile that could melt even the grumpiest hearts. People couldn't help but adore her. She wasn't the kind of child who demanded things or threw tantrums—she was polite, sweet, and just so easy to love. Her kindness wasn't forced or calculated; it came naturally to her, like it was the only way she knew how to be.

Radha was a star in every sense of the word. At school, she was an excellent student, the kind of kid who topped every class without breaking a sweat.

But she wasn't all books and studies—she was also an incredibly talented dancer. When she danced, there was a quiet elegance about her, a grace that seemed far beyond her years. She was calm, composed, and always in control, even when the world around her wasn't.

Her eyes were her secret weapon. Big, expressive, and full of unspoken emotions, they seemed to do all the talking for her. If she ever got caught up in trouble—which wasn't often—one look from those eyes, and all would be forgiven. It was impossible to blame her for anything. She was so innocent, so genuinely good, that even if something went wrong, people would just assume it wasn't her fault. And they were probably right—Radha was never the one to cause trouble.

But for all her charm and brilliance, Radha was also a crybaby. She'd cry over the tiniest things—spilled milk, a broken pencil, or even if someone scolded her gently. Her tears came easily, but they were never manipulative. If she cried, it was because she felt things deeply. Her emotions ran right beneath the surface, and she didn't try to hide them. And while her crying could sometimes be frustrating, it was also endearing. It reminded people that she was, at the end of the day, just a little girl trying her best to navigate the world.

Radha was tougher than most people gave her credit for. Life threw some big challenges her way, things no child should have to face, but she stood strong through it all. Sure, she'd cry about it, but once the tears were out, she'd pick herself up and keep going. That was her secret—she felt everything fully, let it out, and then moved forward with a quiet strength that surprised everyone around her. Radha wasn't just admired for her talents or her kindness—she was loved for the way she made people feel. She had this rare ability to bring light into even the darkest corners of someone's life.

One evening, she discovered a wounded bird near her home. With utmost care and compassion, she nursed the injured creature back to health, forming a unique bond that showcased her innate kindness. Her love for nature extended to her frequent visits to the nearby riverbank with her grandfather. These outings became cherished moments filled with laughter, exploration, and shared joy. Radha's connection with her grandfather during these excursions contributed to her love for the environment and instilled in her a deep appreciation for the simple pleasures of life.

One of Radha's most cherished memories with her grandfather was their visit to a nearby farm. As they entered the farm, the aroma of fresh soil and the sound of chirping birds filled the air, creating a sense of tranquility. They would spend entire days exploring the vast fields, immersing themselves in the beauty of nature and the wonders of agricultural life.

Radha's grandfather, a wise and experienced man, would guide her through the farm, sharing his knowledge about different crops and farming techniques. He would explain the importance of sustainable agriculture, teaching her about the delicate balance between farming practices and the preservation of the ecosystem. Radha listened with rapt attention, absorbing every word, and marveling at the intricate relationship between humans and the land.

As they walked through the fields, Radha would run her fingers through the wheat stalks, feeling the texture and marveling at the abundance of nature's bounty. Her grandfather would point out various crops, explaining their growth cycles and the hard work that went into nurturing them. Radha's eyes would sparkle with curiosity as she learned about the different types of vegetables, and grains that grew on the farm.

One quiet evening, Radha stumbled upon a tiny wounded bird near her home. It was shivering, its fragile body trembling with fear and pain. Without hesitation, she scooped it up with the gentleness of someone holding a precious treasure. Over the next few days, she nursed it back to health with unwavering care—feeding it, whispering soft reassurances, and creating a warm little nest for it. Watching the bird eventually take flight again brought her immense joy, but it also left her with an unshakable bond with nature. That moment wasn't just about saving a bird; it was about discovering her own boundless capacity for love and compassion.

Her connection to the natural world wasn't just limited to that evening. Her fondest memories were the times she spent by the riverbank with her grandfather. Those were their sacred moments, filled with laughter, stories, and quiet reflections. They would wander barefoot along the cool, wet sands, throwing pebbles into the water and letting the ripples spread endlessly, much like the lessons he taught her. These outings weren't just fun—they were the foundation of Radha's deep appreciation for life's simple, beautiful pleasures.

One of her most cherished memories was visiting the nearby farm with her grandfather. The moment they stepped onto the land, the earthy aroma of fresh soil mingled with the cheerful chirping of birds, wrapping them in a cocoon of tranquility. For Radha, the farm was a magical place where every corner held a story. Her grandfather, wise and patient, would walk her through the fields, pointing out crops and explaining how they grew. His voice, filled with both pride and wisdom, made every detail fascinating—whether it was the life cycle of wheat or the delicate balance between farming and nature. Radha hung onto every word, her curiosity lighting up her eyes like a thousand tiny suns.

She wasn't just an observer—she became a part of the farm. Her small hands would run through the wheat stalks, feeling their roughness, marveling at their abundance. She would laugh as playful goats nibbled at her scarf and would stroke the soft noses of the cows, finding a strange kind of serenity in their calm presence. Feeding the animals with buckets of water and handfuls of feed became her favorite activity. These moments weren't just chores—they were acts of connection, teaching her the interdependence of humans, animals, and the earth itself.

Her grandfather, ever the storyteller, often shared tales from his own childhood and the struggles of farmers. He spoke of unpredictable rains and relentless toil, but also of resilience and hope. Radha listened with wide-eyed wonder, soaking in his stories like a sponge. Their time together wasn't just about learning—it was about bonding. They would sit under the shade of a large tree, sharing homemade snacks and watching the world move at its own unhurried pace. Those simple moments, filled with love and gratitude, became treasures Radha carried in her heart forever.

Her grandfather adored her, and the feeling was mutual. He would take her everywhere, buy her chocolates, and spoil her with little surprises. They shared so many adventures together—from river rafting to playing with their mischievous pet, from laughing at old TV shows to walking hand-in-hand through the fields. To Radha, he was more than family; he was her guide, her storyteller, and her safe haven.

But life, as it often does, has its way of changing things. One cold winter evening when Radha was just 12, her grandfather passed away suddenly due to a heart attack. The loss was incomprehensible. She stood quietly in the corner of her home, her tiny frame shaking as she cried along with the rest of the family. She

kept looking at his empty chair, as if waiting for him to return, knowing deep down he never would. The world felt a little less warm without him, and she couldn't help but wonder if she'd ever feel that same love and care again.

It was during this time of grief that I visited Radha's home for the first time. My uncle, a close friend of her father, brought me along to pay our respects. The house was somber, filled with an unbearable heaviness. But amidst it all, something simple and extraordinary happened. Radha prepared tea for the guests—a task that seemed small but carried a deep, unspoken weight. When I took my first sip, I froze. There was something familiar about the taste, something I couldn't quite place. It felt like *déjà vu*, like a memory from another life. My eyes instinctively searched the room, trying to find the person who had made it, and when they landed on Radha, something clicked. It wasn't just tea—it was a reflection of her, of her love, her essence. And in that moment, I knew she was someone who could leave a mark on anyone's soul.

Radiant Face!

Radha's face was a canvas painted with the hues of innocence, each feature telling a story of purity and beauty. Her eyes, large and expressive, held the universe within them. They sparkled with an untarnished brightness, reflecting the curiosity and wonder of a soul unburdened by the complexities of the world. Behind those eyes, there lay a realm of dreams and aspirations, a sanctuary of untainted hopes.

A delicate nose adorned her face, perfectly complementing the soft contours that framed her innocence. It was a nose that seemed to have been crafted by the hands of angels, adding to the overall charm of her countenance. When she smiled, which was quite often, her nose crinkled ever so slightly, revealing the joy that emanated from the depths of her being.

Her lips, a gentle curve of rosy softness, held the power to convey warmth and kindness. Whether she spoke or smiled, those lips were a testament to the purity that resided within. When she laughed, it was as if the melody of joy itself had found a voice in her laughter, a sound that could brighten the darkest corners of any heart.

The canvas of her face was adorned with the most endearing element – dimples. When Radha smiled, those tiny craters appeared, adding a touch of playfulness to her countenance. They were like secret doorways to her inner world, inviting those who witnessed her smile to step into a realm of unfiltered happiness.

Her skin, soft as the petals of a blooming flower, glowed with a natural radiance. There were no layers of artificiality; instead, her skin bore the authenticity of someone untouched by the masks of the world. It was a testament to the beauty that arises when one embraces their true self.

Radha's hair, cascading in gentle waves, framed her face like a halo. Each strand seemed to whisper tales of simplicity and grace. There was a timeless elegance in the way her hair fell, a reminder that true beauty doesn't demand attention but effortlessly captures it.

The overall composition of Radha's face was a masterpiece of purity. Her innocence was not merely a lack of experience; it was a choice to see the world with untainted eyes. Her cuteness was not a superficial quality but a reflection of the genuine joy that colored her every expression. And her beauty, oh, it was not confined to the physical; it emanated from the depths of her soul, a beauty that transcended the boundaries of conventional standards.

In Radha's face, one could find a sanctuary of purity, a reflection of the divine artistry that goes into creating something truly beautiful. It was a face that left an indelible imprint on the hearts fortunate enough to witness its radiance, a face that embodied the essence of an angel walking among mortals.

While, her father was praising me in front of everyone a lot for being a unique and very scholar at schooling, for having polite and kind nature, for being someone who respects everyone, and for being an heir who will bring back the fortune of his home. Who thought that the guy who just visited her house, but didn't see her nor did she, turn out to be a loving and caring partner for her? But you might not know that the meeting was not merely a co-incident, it was something pre-defined

Radha's schooling years were characterized by her unwavering dedication, sincere pursuit of knowledge, and a steadfast commitment to her studies. She displayed a remarkable level of discipline and focus, consistently excelling in all academic endeavors she undertook. She possessed a pure and untainted perspective, completely oblivious to matters of love, relationships, marriage, or even friendships with boys. These concepts remained entirely foreign to her as she navigated through the educational landscape.

One day, a grand cultural event where she participated in a dance performance. The school auditorium was abuzz with excitement as students,

teachers, and parents eagerly awaited the cultural extravaganza. Radha, with her natural grace and talent, had been rehearsing for weeks, pouring her heart into every movement. As the rhythmic beats filled the air, she took the stage, adorned in vibrant traditional attire, embodying the spirit of the dance. Her performance was nothing short of enchanting. With every twirl and gesture, Radha transported the audience into a world of artistry and expression.

Within the confines of her educational environment, she found solace and companionship in books, which became her most trusted allies. The classroom itself served as a sanctuary, providing her with the perfect setting for intellectual growth and exploration. She wholeheartedly embraced the pursuit of knowledge, immersing herself in various subjects and achieving a level of excellence that was truly remarkable.

Radha's childhood was filled with simple joys and cherished moments. At home, she would spend hours playing with her younger sibling, creating imaginary worlds and embarking on exciting adventures together. Their laughter and innocent mischief filled the house with warmth and happiness.

During her school days, Radha was known for her dedication and enthusiasm. She actively participated in extracurricular activities, such as debates and quiz competitions, showcasing her intelligence and love for learning. She would often be seen engrossed in books, eager to expand her knowledge and explore new ideas.

In the classroom, Radha had a close-knit group of friends who shared her passion for education. They would study together, support one another during exams, and celebrate their accomplishments as a team. Their camaraderie created a nurturing and encouraging environment, where each individual thrived and grew.

Outside of school, Radha enjoyed spending time with her family. Weekends were often filled with outings to parks, picnics, and family gatherings. These moments created lasting memories and reinforced the bond between Radha and her loved ones.

Radha's childhood dream was as pure as the morning dew on a flower. From a very young age, she aspired to become a doctor. It wasn't just a wish; it was a shining star in her eyes, guiding her towards a future where she could heal and bring smiles to people's faces.

In her little world, filled with innocence and dreams, Radha imagined herself wearing a white coat, a stethoscope around her neck, and a warm smile on her face. She envisioned helping those who were sick, comforting them, and making them feel better. Her heart was set on a path of compassion, driven by the simple yet profound desire to make a positive impact on the lives of others.

Every time someone asks her, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" her eyes would light up, and she would proudly declare, "I want to be a doctor!" The thought of being able to bring healing and hope to those in need filled her with joy. Her journey toward this dream began with the innocent belief that doctors were like real-life superheroes, curing illnesses and spreading happiness. She is the epitome of purity and innocence.

The Eternal Soul

Within the depths of Radha's being resided a soul that glowed with an ethereal light, a luminescence that transcended the confines of the physical world. Her inner realm was a sanctuary of emotions, dreams, and a profound connection with the universe.

At the core of her soul was a wellspring of compassion, an endless reservoir

of kindness that flowed freely to touch the lives of those around her. It was a compassion that didn't discriminate; it embraced both friends and strangers alike. Radha's soul was a beacon of empathy, radiating warmth to dispel the shadows of sorrow that others carried.

Her dreams, like celestial bodies, orbited within the vast expanse of her soul. Each dream, a luminary in its own right, illuminated the path of her journey. Radha dreamt not only for herself but also for the collective aspirations of a world where love, understanding, and harmony prevailed. Her soul was an artist, painting visions of a brighter tomorrow on the canvas of her dreams.

In the quiet chambers of her innermost self, resilience stood tall as a guardian. Radha's soul bore the scars of trials and tribulations, each mark a testament to the strength that lay within. It was a resilience that didn't merely withstand challenges; it transformed adversity into stepping stones, paving the way for her evolution.

A melody of joy echoed through the corridors of Radha's soul. It was a song composed of laughter, shared moments, and the simple pleasures of life. Even in moments of solitude, her soul danced to this joyous tune, finding bliss in the symphony of existence.

Love, in its purest essence, dwelled as the heartbeat of Radha's soul. It wasn't confined to romantic notions but extended to encompass familial bonds, friendships, and an overarching love for humanity. Her soul was a reservoir of love, an unending source that replenished itself with every act of kindness and shared emotion.

Within the vast cosmos of her soul, curiosity shone as a guiding star. Radha's inquisitive spirit sought to unravel the mysteries of life, to understand the intricacies of the human experience, and to connect with the universal truths that transcended the tangible world. Her soul was an adventurer, embarking on journeys of self-discovery

and enlightenment.

Spirituality, like a gentle breeze, wafted through the sacred spaces of Radha's soul. It was a connection with something greater than herself, an acknowledgment of the divine thread that wove through all of existence. Her soul embraced the sacredness of each moment, finding the divine in everything.

Outside her academic pursuits, Radha's life was a vibrant tapestry woven with love, and at the heart of it all was her younger brother. Their bond was the kind that movies try to capture and fall short—it was magical, unbreakable, and the foundation of some of the happiest moments of their lives.

As kids, they were partners in every sense of the word. On sunny afternoons, the world outside their little home became their playground. With a blanket tied around his neck like a superhero's cape, her brother would declare himself the protector of their imaginary kingdom. Radha, of course, would be the mastermind—plotting daring escapes, inventing treasure maps, and leading them on wild adventures through their backyard. They'd dig up "hidden treasures" (which were usually old coins or shiny pebbles) and celebrate their discoveries like they'd struck gold.

Rainy days were even better. The living room would transform into an elaborate blanket fort—an impenetrable fortress of pillows, fairy lights, and snacks they'd sneaked from the kitchen. Inside their fortress, Radha would hold a flashlight under her chin, creating spooky shadows as she made up thrilling ghost stories that left her brother wide-eyed and clutching her arm. But as soon as the thunder outside roared a little too loudly, he'd whisper, "Are you scared?" and

Radha would laugh, pulling him into a hug. "Not when I have you," she'd say, and just like that, they'd feel invincible.

Books were their shared escape into worlds beyond their little town. Radha was the storyteller, and her brother was her biggest fan. Every night, he'd grab his favorite storybook, climb onto her bed, and demand, "Make it exciting!" And she always did. With her dramatic voices, exaggerated expressions, and wild hand gestures, she brought every story to life. She'd make dragons roar so fiercely that he'd hide under the blanket, only to peek out with a grin as the brave knight triumphed. Sometimes, they'd laugh so hard at her silly interpretations that their mom would poke her head into the room and say, "It's bedtime!" But they'd just stifle their giggles and keep going, whispering the rest of the story under the covers like it was their little secret.

Radha wasn't just his playmate and storyteller—she was his protector. There was this one time when a bully from their school cornered her brother on the playground, teasing him for being smaller than the other kids. Radha, who was never one to tolerate injustice, stormed over like a warrior going into battle. She stood in front of her brother, her hands on her hips and her eyes blazing. "Say one more word, and you'll regret it," she warned. The bully, taken aback by her fierceness, stammered something unintelligible before backing away. Her brother looked up at her like she'd just saved his world. "You're the best, Didi," he said, and she ruffled his hair with a proud smile. That day, Radha wasn't just his sister—she was his superhero.

Their bond extended far beyond childhood adventures. As they grew older, they became each other's greatest support system. Whenever her brother struggled with schoolwork, Radha was there, sitting beside him with endless patience. She'd break down math problems into simple steps, cheering him on every

time he got something right. "You're smarter than you think," she'd say, and he'd believe her because, to him, her words were as solid as the ground beneath his feet.

But it wasn't just academics. Her brother turned to her for everything—navigating friendships, dealing with heartbreaks, or just making sense of the confusing world around him. "What should I do?" he'd ask, and Radha would listen, really listen, before offering her advice. She didn't just give him answers; she gave him the confidence to figure things out for himself.

One of their favorite moments together happened years later, when life had gotten busier, and they didn't have as much time to spend together. On a lazy Sunday afternoon, they sat on the terrace, watching the sky shift from blue to gold as the sun set. "Do you ever miss the old days?" he asked, leaning his head on her shoulder. Radha smiled, her heart full. "I don't miss them," she said, "because we're still the same, you and me. And we always will be."

Even as life pulled them in different directions, their bond remained unshaken. Whenever her brother needed a boost of confidence or a reminder that he was never alone, he knew he could count on Radha. She wasn't just his sister; she was his best friend, his guide, and the person who always believed in him, no matter what.

One of Radha's fondest childhood memories was the weekend rides she shared with her dad. Every Saturday morning, just as the city was waking up, they would hop on their bicycles and set off to explore its hidden corners. It wasn't about where they went—it could be a bustling market, a serene park, or even a quiet alley they hadn't noticed before. What mattered was the journey, the feeling of freedom as the cool breeze brushed past their faces, and the endless conversations that filled the air. Her dad would point out little details—a mural on

a wall, a street vendor's colorful cart—and share stories that always made her laugh or think. For Radha, those rides weren't just outings; they were adventures that made her feel connected to her dad and the world around her.

As Radha grew older and moved to the city with her mom for school, those weekend bicycle rides became rare. Yet her dad made sure their bond stayed as strong as ever. Every weekend, without fail, he would visit them, bringing with him the same warmth and joy that had defined her childhood. These visits were like a breath of fresh air for Radha, a reminder that no matter how much life changed, her dad's love and presence remained constant. The three of them—Radha, her mom, and her dad—would sit together, sharing meals, laughter, and stories. It was in those small, simple moments that Radha felt the true meaning of family.

One weekend, though, was different. Her dad arrived with an unmistakable twinkle in his eye and a surprise hidden behind his back. When he finally revealed two concert tickets, Radha's heart skipped a beat. It was for her favorite artist, someone she had been dreaming of seeing live for years. Her excitement bubbled over as she hugged her dad tightly, unable to contain her happiness. That evening, as they walked into the packed concert venue, the air buzzing with energy, Radha felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

The concert was everything she had hoped for and more. The artist's voice filled the air, each note weaving magic around the crowd. Radha sang along to every song, her voice blending with the thousands of others, her heart soaring with the music. She glanced at her dad, who was clapping along with a big smile on his face, and felt an overwhelming wave of gratitude. This wasn't just about the concert—it was about the effort her dad had made to make her happy, to give her a memory she would carry with her forever.

As the night went on, Radha danced, swayed, and lost herself in the music, her dad right by her side. The lights, the melodies, and the shared joy created a moment so perfect it felt like time had stopped. When the final song played and the crowd roared with applause, Radha turned to her dad and said, "Thank you for this. I'll never forget it." He smiled and ruffled her hair, his eyes reflecting the same emotion she felt—love, pride, and the unspoken bond they shared.

That night, as they walked back to their car under the starry sky, Radha held her dad's hand like she used to as a little girl. She realized that while life would keep changing, some things—like the love of a father who always showed up—would remain beautifully unchanging.

Another memorable weekend was when Radha's father took her on a spontaneous road trip to a nearby hill station. They packed their bags, filled the car with snacks, and set off on an adventure. The journey was filled with scenic landscapes and breathtaking views, with Radha and her father stopping at various spots to capture the beauty of nature through their lenses. They spent the day exploring the hill station, indulging in local delicacies, and simply enjoying each other's company.

As they watched the sunset together, Radha felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude for her father's love and the special bond they shared. During her high school years, Radha's father also made it a point to attend her school events and performances. Whether it was a dance recital, a debate competition, or a sports tournament, he was always there, cheering her on from the sidelines.

Radha's heart would swell with pride every time she caught a glimpse of her father's supportive smile in the crowd. She used to admire her father a lot, as her father is the most righteous person I have ever come across. His presence

gave her the confidence to shine and pursue her passions wholeheartedly. These weekends spent with her father created a treasure trove of memories that Radha held close to her heart.

They were a reminder of the unwavering love and support she received from her family, instilling in her the belief that she could achieve anything she set her mind to. Looking back on those weekends, Radha realizes that they were more than just moments of joy and connection. They were building blocks that laid the foundation for her future successes and accomplishments.

Radha embodied the purest form of a girl, untouched by the complexities of the world. Her character radiated with qualities that were like rare gems, each contributing to the brilliance of her personality.

Innocence was her crown jewel. Her eyes sparkled with curiosity, and her heart embraced the world with an untainted openness. Radha's pure soul saw the good in everyone and believed in the magic of kindness. She was a living testament to the beauty that resides in simplicity.

Kindness flowed through her like a gentle stream. Whether it was helping a friend in need or showing compassion to a stranger, Radha's acts of kindness were not calculated but a natural extension of her being. Her gestures were genuine, a reflection of a heart that knew no malice.

Resilience was woven into the fabric of her character. Life's challenges might have tested her, but they could not break her spirit. Radha stood tall, facing adversity with a quiet strength that spoke volumes. Her resilience taught those around her the power of facing difficulties with grace.

Radha's humility was a beacon of light. Despite her talents and achievements, she never boasted or sought attention. She was content to shine quietly, letting her actions speak louder than words. Her humility was a lesson in staying grounded even in the face of success.

Love, in its purest form, radiated from her heart. Radha loved not for gain or recognition but because love was her essence. Her love was selfless, encompassing everyone around her like a warm embrace. It was a reminder that the purest form of love requires no conditions.

A time came when Radha stepped into the new chapter of her life—college. She was the kind of girl who had never experienced love or even the slightest brush with romantic emotions. *Arrey, usko toh basic gaaliyan bhi samajh nahi aati thi!* She was blissfully unaware of the world's intricacies, untouched by the complexities of relationships, and utterly clueless about physicality or romance. To her, life was a simple journey filled with academics, family, and friends. Her naivety made her the kind of person who could walk through a maze of emotions without ever realizing she was in one. Most people around her believed she would never develop feelings for anyone, let alone fall in love.

Radha had no idea about the unspoken rules of relationships. Best friend, just a friend, or boyfriend? It was all the same to her. She was a curious mix of innocence and charm, someone who could make people laugh without even trying, yet remain utterly oblivious to the effect she had on those around her. One weekend, in the spirit of breaking free from their mundane routines, Radha and her roommates decided to head out for lunch at the charming Esplendido Café—a spot everyone in the city raved about.

The café was cozy, with a warm glow of soft lighting, vibrant artwork on the walls, and the comforting hum of light jazz playing in the background. Radha, as usual, took charge, confidently placing the orders for everyone, her voice carrying a lighthearted authority that made her friends giggle. The group settled into their table, chatting away, teasing one another, and enjoying the carefree energy that only student life can bring.

When one of her friends cracked a joke, Radha threw her head back and laughed, her voice clear and melodious, like a song you never wanted to end. That laugh—it wasn't just heard; it was felt. It carried a magnetic energy that seemed to fill the entire café, drawing the attention of everyone nearby, including me.

I was sitting alone at a table not far from hers, lost in my thoughts about life, career, and the endless to-do lists that seemed to run my days. But the moment her laughter reached me, it was like the world paused for a second. I turned to see her, and there she was—her face glowing with joy, her eyes sparkling with life, and her smile... oh, her smile. It wasn't just a smile; it was a doorway to happiness, and I felt like I had walked straight through it. In that moment, I wasn't just captivated; I was mesmerized. It was as if someone had flipped a switch inside me, filling me with a sense of peace and joy I hadn't felt in years.

I tried to focus on my coffee, on my thoughts, but it was impossible. My eyes kept wandering back to her. She had this effortless charm about her, a sweetness that made her stand out in a way I couldn't describe. It wasn't just about how beautiful she was—though she was stunning—it was the way she seemed to light up everything around her without even knowing it. This wasn't love at first sight; this was something deeper, something I couldn't quite put into words. After what felt like an eternity, I realized I wasn't just looking at her—I was staring, completely lost in her presence.

As they finished their meal, I noticed her paying the bill with her friends. They laughed and gathered their things, and I knew the moment was slipping away. As they stepped out, I hesitated. I wasn't the kind of guy to follow someone, but something about her made it impossible not to. I watched as she hailed a cab, her friends piling in with her. My heart raced. I thought about following them, even just for a few minutes, to figure out which college she attended or where she lived. But then reality hit me like a brick wall—I wasn't good enough for her. Who was I to think I'd even have a chance? My hand on my motorcycle's handlebar froze for a moment before I turned away, taking the next road instead.

But as I rode back to my hostel, her face stayed with me. That smile, that laughter—it replayed in my mind like a favorite song on loop. I smiled to myself, thinking about how genuine and pure she seemed, and how she had effortlessly etched herself into my memory. I couldn't stop wondering about her, who she was, and how someone so simple and unassuming could feel like a miracle.

Even as I parked my bike and walked into the hostel, I couldn't shake the feeling that this wasn't the last time I would see her. A strange certainty filled me, as though life was about to take an unexpected turn. I didn't know how or when, but I was determined to see her again. And as I lay in bed that night, staring at the ceiling, I found myself smiling—smiling at the thought of her, at the hope of what might come next, and at the possibility that this could be the beginning of something I didn't even know I was waiting for.

Beautiful She!

She is truly a sight to behold. Her beauty transcends the physical realm, as it is not only her outward appearance that captivates, but also the way she carries herself with grace and confidence. Her eyes, like windows to another dimension, hold an enchanting allure that captures the imagination. And when she smiles, it's not just a simple expression, but a reflection of the wisdom and kindness that flows from within her. But her beauty goes beyond what meets the eye. It is a manifestation of her mind, heart, and soul, which overflow with love and light. When she dances, she exudes an unparalleled joy and freedom, unencumbered by the expectations of others.

Her laughter is infectious, filling the air with pure happiness. She is a giver, always ready to lend a helping hand and rarely seeking anything in return. In a world that often tries to mold individuals into a predetermined shape, she stands tall, unafraid to be herself. She radiates warmth and positivity, as if she carries the sun within her. Love and kindness are her constant companions, tucked away in her pockets, ready to be shared with anyone in need. Her mere presence illuminates the surroundings, breathing life and energy into every moment.

She serves as an inspiration to those fortunate enough to know her, a symbol of resilience and strength in the face of adversity. Truly, she is a beautiful soul, and her beauty knows no bounds, reaching far and wide, touching the lives of all who have the privilege of crossing her path.

When I woke up the next morning, the disappointment of the previous night was still there, lingering like a shadow I couldn't quite shake off. It wasn't just the thought of not seeing her again—it was the nagging feeling that I hadn't tried hard enough. I stared at the ceiling for a while, letting the early morning

light wash over me, and then made a choice. *This isn't over. Not yet.* Maybe it was my stubborn streak, or maybe it was the way her smile had etched itself into my mind, but something inside me refused to let go.

With a strong cup of coffee in hand, I leaned against the window and let my thoughts wander. The city outside felt alive, full of possibilities. Somewhere out there, she was laughing, exploring, living her life—and I wanted to be a part of it. The thought sparked something in me, a flicker of determination. If fate wasn't going to help me out, I'd take things into my own hands. I decided right then and there to turn this into an adventure. Life's too short to sit back and wait, right?

By mid-morning, I was out on my bike, the wind rushing past me as I zipped through the city streets. Every turn felt like the start of a new chapter, every corner like it might hold the answer I was looking for. I started with places that felt like her—cozy little cafés with soft music playing in the background, parks where the trees stretched their arms toward the sky, bookstores filled with quiet whispers and the smell of old pages. In every café, I sat near the window, sipping tea or coffee, imagining her walking through the door, her hair catching the sunlight, her smile lighting up the room. At every park, I walked the winding paths, watching the world move around me and wondering if she'd been there too, lost in her own thoughts.

But as the days passed, something strange began to happen. My search for her started to feel less like a mission and more like a journey. I found myself stepping into places and situations I'd never dared to before. One evening, I noticed a sign for salsa night at a nearby dance studio. Now, let me be honest—I had no idea how to dance. The thought of stepping onto that floor terrified me. But something about the idea made me laugh. Why not? Life's about trying new things, right? The first few minutes were awkward, my feet stumbling over every

step, but soon, I was laughing along with everyone else, caught up in the energy and joy of the moment. For a while, I forgot why I was even there. I just danced, lost in the music and the sheer fun of it all.

Another day, I found myself at a workshop on urban gardening. Me, learning about soil and plants? Who would've thought? But the passion in the room was infectious. As people talked about seeds, sunlight, and the magic of watching something grow, I felt a strange sense of calm. Everywhere I went, I met people with stories to tell—students, artists, dreamers—all living their lives in ways I'd never considered before. Each conversation was a spark, each connection a tiny flame that warmed something inside me I hadn't realized was cold.

Days turned into weeks, and my little quest to find Radha became something bigger. I was discovering parts of the city I'd never seen, meeting people I'd never have crossed paths with, and stepping into experiences that felt like they were shaping me in ways I couldn't yet understand. Whether I found her or not started to feel less important. It was as if the search itself was a gift, pushing me to explore, to grow, to live.

But through it all, she was always there, in the back of my mind. Her smile, her laugh—they played on repeat in my head, like a song you can't get out of your heart. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw her sitting at that café, her face glowing with joy, her eyes sparkling with a light that had pulled me in without effort. I found myself wondering about her. What made her laugh like that? What dreams did she hold close to her heart? Who was she when no one was watching?

I'd catch myself smiling at random moments, lost in the thought of her. It wasn't just her beauty—it was the way she seemed so unguarded, so full of life, like she carried a little piece of magic everywhere she went. I didn't know when or how, but I felt it deep in my bones: our paths would cross again. I'd see her laugh

like that once more, hear her voice, maybe even get to know the stories behind her smile. Until then, I'd keep looking—not just for her, but for the way she had made me feel that day, alive and full of hope.

And so, I kept going. Every new café, every bustling park, every bookstore aisle felt like another chapter in this strange, unexpected journey. The city had turned into my playground, each moment an adventure. I didn't know where it would all lead, but for the first time in a long while, I wasn't afraid to find out.

The Unstoppable Force!

She is a force like no other, filled with courage and determination that never wavers. Life throws challenges her way, but she faces them head-on, never backing down. When things get tough, she doesn't give up. Instead, she takes a deep breath, stands up tall, and keeps going. Her strength isn't loud or flashy—it's steady and calm, the kind that makes people stop and admire her.

Her dreams are big, and she works hard to make them come true. But what makes her special is that her dreams aren't just for herself. She wants to make the world a better place for everyone. She puts her heart into everything she does, and people can feel her passion. She's not afraid to try new things or to fail because she knows every failure is just another step toward success.

When she speaks, people listen. Not because she demands attention, but because her words come from the heart. She listens too, always ready to help someone in need. Her kindness shines through in everything she does, whether it's a smile, a helping hand, or a word of encouragement. She believes in lifting others up, and her actions prove it every day.

Her strength isn't just in her actions but also in her warmth. She cares deeply, and that love inspires everyone around her. She reminds people that no matter how hard life gets, there's always hope, always a way forward. She is unstoppable, not because she never struggles, but because she never lets those struggles define her. She is a light in the dark, a reminder that strength and kindness together can change the world.

Chapter: 3

Entwined Fates: The Crucible of Friendship

"The purest form of love, i think is having someone who wants
to learn about you, from you, and with you."

It was a heartwarming summer evening, the kind that makes the air feel softer and the world seem a little brighter. The sun was beginning its slow descent, painting the sky in hues of gold and pink, and the riverfront was alive with the quiet hum of life. Radha and her friends had decided to visit the riverside, a beautiful spot just a few miles from her hostel. They walked along the upper part of the road, laughing, chatting, and soaking in the serene atmosphere of the place. The sound of their voices, light and carefree, mingled with the gentle ripple of the water below.

Coincidentally, I was there too, strolling along the lower path that hugged the riverbank. Ever since I had stepped away from the world of startups and entrepreneurship, my daily evening walks had become a ritual—a way to clear my mind and find peace. That evening, however, was different. There was something in the air, a captivating aroma mixed with the coolness of the river breeze. The

setting sun cast a golden glow over the water, and for a moment, everything felt timeless.

I stopped to take it all in—the calm meandering current, the birds flying in graceful arcs, and the faint sound of music drifting from a distant corner. It was one of those rare moments when you feel completely at one with the world, humbled and grateful just to exist. I stood there for what felt like forever, mesmerized by the beauty and serenity of it all. Reluctantly, I started walking again, not realizing that my life was about to take an unexpected turn.

As I walked, something caught my eye—a dazzling reflection in the water. The river shimmered with color, a shadow so vibrant and alive that it stopped me in my tracks. My heart skipped a beat, and for a moment, it felt like the entire world had fallen silent. It wasn't just the beauty of the reflection; it was the feeling it stirred in me—goosebumps running down my arms, a strange sense of familiarity, and a slow, deliberate rhythm to my heart. I couldn't explain it, but I knew I had to see who or what had cast such a magical image.

I turned my gaze upward toward the upper road, scanning the path to find the source of the silhouette. And then, for the briefest of moments, I saw her. She was walking with her friends, her laughter drifting through the air like music. Her figure was illuminated by the soft golden light of the setting sun, and her hair swayed gently with each step. I froze, unable to move, completely entranced by the sight of her.

It wasn't until she disappeared into the distance that I snapped out of my daze. I felt a wave of urgency wash over me—I had to see her again. Without thinking, I ran to the stairs that connected the lower and upper roads, my heart racing with hope. But when I reached the top, she was gone. The road stretched ahead, empty except for the fading echoes of laughter.

Disappointment settled over me like a heavy cloud. I stood there for a moment, trying to grasp what had just happened. Was it her? The girl from the café months ago? Her silhouette, her presence—it all felt so familiar, yet I wasn't sure. The thought lingered as I resumed my walk, my mind spinning with questions. Who was she? Where did she live? Did she visit the river often? Could I see her again?

For the next week, I returned to the riverfront every evening, hoping against hope that she would come back. Each day, I walked the same path, my eyes scanning every face, my ears straining to catch the sound of her laughter. But she never came.

Eventually, I stopped going to the river. It wasn't that I had given up—I simply realized that I couldn't force fate. Still, I couldn't forget her. The image of her silhouette in the water, the way it had stopped me in my tracks, stayed with me like a photograph burned into my memory. And the feeling—oh, that feeling. It was the same as the one I'd felt when I saw her at the café, a mix of awe and longing, as if the universe had momentarily paused to show me something extraordinary.

There's a simple truth about boys like me: when we see someone who leaves an impression on our hearts, someone we admire without any selfish thoughts of having them in our lives, we never truly forget them. That memory becomes a quiet corner of our minds, a place we revisit when life feels dull or uninspired. For me, she had become that memory—a fleeting moment of magic, a reflection on the water, and a silhouette that carried with it the promise of something extraordinary, even if it was just for a moment.

An idea of Friendship

Friendship is “Ek tum hi toh ho jise, kuchh bhi kehne se pehele, mujhe sochna nahi padta!” kind of bond between two people. It doesn’t need daily conversation or doesn’t always need togetherness, as long as the relationship lives in the heart, true friends will never part.

*“Dost wo nahi jo jaan deta hai, dost wo nahi jo muskaan deta hai,
Dost wo hai jo tumhare barish me tapke aansu bhi pahchan leta hai.”*

Friendship is not about sharing love interests, your deepest desires, dark secrets, personal affairs. It’s not about whether you’re new or old. A real friend accepts

you as you are. They can encourage you to become a better version of you, but they also help you see the beauty of who you are right now.

Whether in friendship or in love, feelings are very much present and strong. You care for this person and want to spend time with them and maintain a strong connection. But how far can you call this friendship, and when does it become more a question of love?

Friends have a strong bond and support each other, no matter what. With your friends, you laugh, you cry, you talk, you listen – essentially, you do everything you enjoy, together. Each of you trusts and respects the other. When things are going well, or not so well, you share that with your friends.

Love is much the same, but with the addition of a sexual element that isn't a part of friendship. Two friends shouldn't feel sexual desire for each other. Two lovers, however, do. In love, you find all the same codes that you do in friendship, as well as physical intimacy.

When meeting up with a friend, you don't typically worry about your appearance. However, if you're meeting someone you're in love with, you'll want to look your best. It's a common instinct to want to make a good impression when you're meeting someone you have strong feelings for. So, while it's natural to want to make a good impression on someone you have strong feelings for, remember that the best way to do that is by being yourself and letting your genuine personality shine through. After all, love is about accepting and appreciating each other for who we truly are.

Unaware that we had met many ages ago, some years ago, and a few months ago, both of us were on our own journey of life. She was living it, enjoying it, and fulfilling what was required of her, yet miles away from the feeling of love.

Despite being deeply in love myself, I began searching for her on different occasions, especially on weekends. At the time, the craze for social media was high. Everyone seemed to be using it, and I was no exception. I found it to be quite pleasant and decided to take my search for the girl to the next level. I spent countless hours searching extensively, trying to find her by searching for her friend's name and college, as she was a medical student.

Unfortunately, my efforts proved to be fruitless as she wasn't active on social media. I even sent out friend requests to people I knew she might be connected to, in the hope of being connected to her, but even that was unsuccessful. But, I was the guy who would never give up till I get what I want.

I worked for a company and, on weekends, I would visit NGOs and host events for differently-abled people, traveling to different cities. One day, I visited a huge hospital in the same city to look after the arrangements for an event for visually-impaired people. This event included distributing devices and providing training, as well as motivational talks and special guests.

I was one of the few who organized and hosted events for such NGOs. My charismatic behavior always resulted in top-notch experiences. I arrived at the hospital in the evening and, the next day, the event got started. Usually, I was not a good professional with looks, handling the event from the back-end, instead of going on stage and delivering a talk. It was breaking me from inside as I always wanted to be the best and come out on the stage.

However, my colleagues welcomed me to join them in hosting the event with a rocking experience for the visually-impaired people, followed by the distribution of Assistech devices to almost 10,000 of them. Medical students volunteered to make the distribution event easier and faster. Two groups, one of boys and another of girls, were coordinated by my group.

I was great at management and impressed everyone with my effortless management, calm demeanor, and caring attitude. Accidentally, I gave one set of devices to the hands of the girl I was searching for, but she didn't notice me. I was sure she was the one.

I was taken aback as I saw her there; it was a moment I had never expected to experience again. I was aware of the importance of the event, so I was determined to be careful not to do anything out of line, such as following someone or behaving inappropriately. In the end, the event was a success and I was thankful for the opportunity to have been there.

As I was about to leave, I spotted her drinking tea in the canteen near the parking lot. I went over to talk to her and thanked her and her friends for their help. I introduced myself and her friends introduced themselves and her, but she didn't. After a few minutes, they went to the hostel. I left the hospital for work, thinking that she wouldn't be interested in me because she seemed to come from a wealthy family and I was from the middle class.

I couldn't stop thinking about her throughout the day. Her presence had left a lasting impression on me, and I couldn't help but wonder if our paths would cross again. Despite my doubts, I couldn't shake off the feeling that there was a connection between us, something that went beyond social status or backgrounds, something that's purely meant to be.

As I lay in bed that night, I couldn't help but replay the events of the day in my mind. The way she smiled, the way she carried herself with grace and confidence, it all fascinated me. I wondered if she felt the same connection that I did. Did she also lie awake, thinking about our fleeting moments together and the intriguing spark that seemed to dance between us?

She is the one

If you smile when you spot her, she's the one. When your heart yearns to protect her in times of need, she's the one. She's the one you want to laugh with, to cry with, to share your life with. She's the one who makes your heart flutter and your soul sing with joy. She's the one. You know it in your heart; she's the one. The one you can't imagine living without, the one you want to love and cherish forever. She's the one that makes you feel complete, the one that brings a sparkle to your eyes and a smile to your lips. She's the one.

No matter what life throws at you, she'll be there to help you make it through. She'll be the one to lift you up when you feel down and make you laugh when the world seems bleak. She'll be the one you can count on, no matter what. Her love is unconditional and her devotion unwavering. She's the one who will bring out the best in you and make you feel like you can do anything. She's the one you can trust with your heart and soul. She's the one, and you know it in your heart. She's the one you want to love and cherish forever. She's the one that makes you feel complete. She's the one. She is the one!!

She'll be the one you can count on, no matter what. Her love is unconditional and her devotion unwavering. She's the one who will bring out the best in you and make you feel like you can do anything. She's the one you can trust with your heart and soul, the one you want to stand by and support for the rest of your life. She's the one and she will never let you down.

She is the one!

A few weeks passed and I frequently searched social media for her, as I had enough data to find her. I failed a few times, but one day I found her in the suggestions. I realized she was from a nearby place to my native home. I sent her a friend request and it took a few weeks for her to accept it.

Suddenly, a text dropped into his inbox: "I've seen you twice before the event." I asked, "Where and when?" She replied, "The first time was at a cafe when I was having lunch with my friends a few months back. The second time was when I was walking and saw your shadow in the river. You were in deep thought, sorrow or pain, I'm not sure. But I was sure it was you because of the tattoo on your hand that said 'Hate Love with Five Hearts', which I could see from behind." I never thought she had noticed me or my tattoo. We talked for five more minutes before she stopped replying. I fell asleep with a smile of satisfaction and excitement on my face, lost in thoughts about her.

That day, I woke up earlier than usual, feeling refreshed after a good night's sleep, and followed my normal routine. Throughout the day, I tried multiple times to see if she was online and if she was available. I started to think about how I could ask her to meet up again and the possibilities of what our life could be like if we were a couple. I also contemplated how I could start a conversation with her again. I thought about the time we had spent together in the past and all the memories we had made as a couple, imagining what we could experience in the future.

It was the best night I ever had, or maybe the best sleep too, filled with sweet dreams of her. It could have been the starting point of my new behavior and attitude towards life, giving me a new perspective. For a few years, I had been totally devastated by the dull, ordinary life I was having after being an entrepreneur from the depths of my heart, without any excitement, risk, or joy.

Since birth, I had been a flirt, loving everyone who came my way, not in a romantic way, but in a caring one. I was afraid that a relationship or falling in love could ruin my big dreams of proving myself to the world.

I was determined to pursue my dreams, but past failures and relationship problems had slowed me down and made me take calculated steps in life, avoiding any kind of relationship - with relatives, friends, family, or even a girl. Then I met a girl who I thought would change my perspective forever.

I had a magnetic personality and faced many difficulties due to my hard-nosed attitude towards life and people, which was a result of some of the worst experiences I had gone through. I made friends with thousands of boys and hundreds of girls in his youth, yet I couldn't keep the relationship with the one I truly loved.

I had a deep and unbreakable connection with many individuals in both my personal life and college. My friends would go to great lengths to help me and I would do the same for them, no matter what the task. They would journey great distances to be of assistance to me for even the smallest of issues. Whenever my friends were feeling down, I was always present for them and offered my support. My friends were of the utmost importance to me, even more so than my family. I cherished my friends and they felt the same way about me, reciprocating my love and devotion.

We exchanged a lot of short conversations via social media. We followed each other, liked each other's pictures, and I saved her pictures by taking screenshots and storing them in my heart, oh in the storage, too. We talked every few days, as she was focused on her studies and not interested in talking to boys without any purpose.

Her friends at the hostel used to mock her with my name or whenever a message popped up on her phone. They would often call her "Jiju"--a word for brother-in-law in their language--making her shy. Her smile made me feel honored. Our conversation deepened when we discovered we were from neighboring cities. It's surprising how quickly you can feel comfortable with someone you have a connection to, even if they're completely unknown. My friends were unaware of the connection.

A Friend like you

A friend like you is a wonderful thing, a gift like no other in this life, someone with whom your soul can connect and with whom you can share a life of adventure and joy. A friend like you is a mystical force, something that transcends the physical and brings a sense of belonging, of being a part of something larger than yourself. You are a partner in crime, a source of laughter and tears, a safe place to go when you need to lift your spirits and be encouraged. A friend like you is a magical spell, a bond that holds no bounds, no judgements, no envy, and no greed - only an unending source of love, understanding, and trust.

A friend like you is a beacon of light in the darkest of times, providing unwavering support and encouragement. Your kindness and generosity are unmatched, and your ability to always see the best in others is truly remarkable. Thank you for being the incredible friend that you are.

Your friendship is like a warm embrace on a cold winter's day - it brings comfort and solace, making every moment spent together a cherished memory. Whether we're sharing laughter or wiping away tears, you always know how to lift my spirits and bring a smile to my face. Your presence in my life is a constant reminder that

I am never alone, and that I have someone who truly cares about me.

I am grateful for the adventures we've shared, the late-night conversations filled with deep thoughts and laughter, and the countless memories we've created together. From road trips to spontaneous adventures, every moment with you is filled with joy and excitement. You have a way of turning the ordinary into something extraordinary, and I am grateful to have you by my side.

In a world that can sometimes feel overwhelming and chaotic, your friendship is a grounding force that brings stability and peace. You have a calming presence that instantly puts me at ease, and I know that I can always turn to you for guidance and support. Your wisdom and perspective have helped me navigate through life's challenges, and I am forever grateful for your guidance.

You are not just a friend, but a confidant and a partner in crime. We have shared our dreams, our fears, and our hopes for the future. You have seen me at my best and my worst, and yet you have never wavered in your support and belief in me. Your unwavering faith in my abilities has given me the confidence to pursue my dreams and overcome any obstacles that come my way. More friends like you are what this world needs - not only to bring joy but also to offer a sense of hope and inspiration.

Thank you for being the incredible friend that you are. Your friendship has enriched my life in countless ways, and I am grateful for every moment we have spent together.

In earlier times, I was quite open and vocal about his relationships, sharing all the details to anyone who asked, even though we had no real purpose. This time, however, I decided to keep my love interest a secret, not wanting to reveal my feelings until I was sure that they were mutual. I began to gradually reduce

contact with the world, my friends, relatives, and family, while increasing contact with her.

She was busy studying and he was busy pursuing her love and attention, sending her text messages and trying to find ways to make her smile. I imagined how my birthday would be if she called me at midnight, and I could hear her voice wishing me a happy birthday, and telling me how much she loved me. I would have felt like the luckiest man in the world if that had happened.

I began to plan elaborate dates and special occasions, dreaming of spending more time with her. I wanted to be her knight in shining armor, and I was willing to do anything to make her happy. I was so in love that I could not see the reality of their relationship. I was blinded by his feelings, and I was determined to make it work.

I gradually devoted all of my time and energy to her, the source of my genuine smile, which people still say they've never seen him smile. But when she was with me, I was the happiest I had ever been. Every weekend, I would go exploring new places. I would go anywhere with anyone who needed me, or simply for the joy of discovery. I loved to travel, drive, and experience unfamiliar places and people. I drank a lot of tea every day. I wasted time on unimportant things.

Who ever thought that one person's arrival could transform your life in an instant? You give up all your bad habits, anything that could damage your relationship with them, and you stop spending time with the wrong people. You start forming good habits, and you focus on your body, clothes, and appearance. You become serious about your career. You start to prefer romantic songs over sad or party songs, now valuing the lyrics more than the music. You go to parks, movies, and shopping. You keep your home and clothes clean. You spend time with the right person.

You start to appreciate the little things in life, like the sound of birds in the morning, the smell of freshly cut grass, and the sight of a beautiful sunset. You stop taking life for granted and start to recognize how special it is. You become the best version of yourself and the person you love the most. You start to understand that life is a journey, not a destination.

Our friendship had started to blossom, though it was mostly confined to social media. Those little conversations, sprinkled with humor and shared moments, felt like tiny treasures. Slowly, our chats grew longer, more personal. And then, the milestone moment came—we exchanged phone numbers. I remember saving her contact, staring at her name on my screen, and smiling like a fool. It felt like a step forward, a connection that went beyond just casual chats online.

My birthday was coming up in a few days, and for some reason, this one felt different. I couldn't shake the feeling that it might be special, though I wasn't sure why. Maybe it was because of her. We had talked about my birthday a few days ago, and I wondered if she would remember. The thought of her calling me at midnight, being the first to wish me, filled me with a nervous excitement. My mind wandered into all kinds of possibilities—what if she used this as an opportunity to confess something? What if she hinted at feelings I was secretly hoping she had? What if, just maybe, she felt the same way about me?

The day finally arrived, and as the clock inched closer to midnight, my anticipation grew. My friends and roommates had planned a little surprise for me. At 12 AM sharp, they barged into my room with a chocolate cake. It was covered in icing, decorated with candles, and on it, they had written: "Happy Birthday Radha." I stared at the cake, my heart skipping a beat at the sight of her name. My friends teased me, laughing as they pointed at the cake, but I didn't care. For a moment, it felt like she was a part of the celebration, even though she wasn't there.

As the candles burned down and I made a wish, all I could think about was her. I grabbed my phone, snapping a picture of the cake, imagining how she might react when I sent it to her. My phone buzzed constantly with calls and texts from friends and family, each notification lighting up my screen. But every time it did, I hoped it was her. With every buzz, my heart raced, only to drop when I saw someone else's name.

I waited. 12:05. 12:15. 12:30. Each passing minute felt like an eternity. My roommates laughed and joked around me, but I barely heard them. My mind was consumed with thoughts of her. Would she wish me? Had she forgotten? Or worse, did it just not matter to her? By 12:39, my phone lit up with her name. My heart leaped. Finally, it was her.

The text was simple: "Happy Birthday, dear." Just four words. No emojis, no extra warmth. I read it over and over, searching for something more hidden in the words. But there was nothing. My heart sank, and the excitement that had carried me through the day came crashing down. I had built up so many expectations in my mind, imagined so many scenarios where this day could have been different, but her message felt distant—like an afterthought.

I didn't reply right away. I couldn't. My friends continued to celebrate around me, but their laughter felt distant, like it belonged to a different world. That night, I lay awake in bed, staring at the ceiling. The words on the screen kept replaying in my mind. "Happy Birthday, dear." Why did it feel so hollow? Why did it hurt so much?

I realized that I had placed so much weight on this one day, hoping it might be the moment she saw me the way I saw her. But it wasn't. And as much as I wanted to brush it off, the ache in my chest refused to fade. That night, sleep

never came. It was just me, the dark, and the lingering thought of her, wondering if she would ever feel the same way I did.

Sometimes it takes a second to respond to your loved one, and sometimes it takes a lifetime. I waited all day for her call, but she didn't even send another text. He was disappointed. The problem with boys who think they've fallen in love due to these signs isn't love, but desperation for her attention. Don't fall for such traps or thoughts. I tried to message her and even call her, but hung up before the call connected. I liked and disliked her photos, and sent irrelevant things just to get the conversation started. This is another sign of desperation for her attention.

At the same time, I was frustrated with life - my career, my successes and failures, my relationships, and my family. I was having trouble living it. I felt like I was in two phases: striving to be successful and working hard without ever feeling like I was achieving the recognition I was seeking. I felt like my life was slipping away and that no one was paying attention to me. This feeling of being stuck in a rut pushed me to start focusing on learning and developing myself, and to become emotionless in front of the external world - except for her, who I had frequent conversations with, albeit not phone calls, but via chats.

These conversations gave me a sense of purpose and helped me to get back on track, but it still took another hour to get back to my focus areas - studies, career, or whatever it is. I was faced with a devastating feeling of confusion and lack of clarity in life, but I was grateful for the moments of clarity I got, no matter how short-lived we were.

I couldn't believe the impact she had on my life. Not only did she leave a lasting impression on me, but she also played a pivotal role in helping me mend my strained family relations and regain the love and affection of my parents. It's hard

to put into words just how grateful I am for her presence in my life and the positive changes she brought about.

Before I met her, my relationship with my parents was distant and strained. We had grown apart over the years, and it seemed like there was no way to bridge the gap between us. But then she came into my life like a ray of sunshine, bringing with her a sense of warmth and understanding of family values.

Through her support and caring nature, I was able to navigate the complexities of my family dynamics and find ways to reconnect with my parents. She taught me the importance of communication, empathy, and forgiveness. She encouraged me to have open and honest conversations with my parents, to listen to their perspectives, and to express my own feelings in a respectful manner.

Her unwavering belief in the power of love and reconciliation gave me the strength to persevere, even when things seemed hopeless. She reminded me that family is worth fighting for, and that with patience and effort, we can heal the wounds of the past and build a stronger, more loving bond.

I will forever be grateful to her for the role she played in bringing my family back together. Her presence in my life was nothing short of a miracle, and I will always cherish the positive changes she brought about. She not only helped me better my family relations, but she also showed me the power of love, forgiveness, and the importance of never giving up on those we hold dear.

As my relationships with family and friends began to deepen and strengthen, so did my bond with her. Our conversations, once limited to chats, became the cornerstone of my day, each message or shared joke weaving a tighter fabric of connection between us. It wasn't long before I realized that what started as a simple friendship was evolving into something far more significant.

Her influence on me extended beyond my family relations; she became a central figure in my circle of friends. She had a unique ability to bring people together, her easy going nature and infectious laughter drawing even the most reserved amongst us out of their shells. Group outings that she attended were always livelier, filled with a warm, inviting atmosphere that made everyone feel included.

As our friendship deepened, I found myself increasingly drawn to the qualities that made her truly extraordinary. Radha wasn't just someone who listened—she heard you, in a way that made you feel seen, understood, and valued. Her empathy wasn't the kind that came with empty words or fleeting gestures; it was the kind that wrapped around you like a warm blanket on a cold day. She listened not to reply, but to understand, and that made all the difference. Her ability to truly be present in a conversation wasn't just comforting—it was transformative.

We would talk for hours, diving into topics we never planned to discuss but somehow always found ourselves exploring. Life, dreams, fears—the things we kept tucked away from the world found a safe space in each other. She had this way of making you feel like you could say anything without judgment, and because of that, I found myself sharing parts of my soul I didn't even realize I'd kept hidden. And in those moments, she wasn't just my friend—she became my anchor, my steady place in a chaotic world.

Her support wasn't loud or dramatic, but it was unwavering. When I spoke about my dreams, the ones that felt too big to chase or too risky to admit out loud, she didn't just nod along politely. She believed in them, in me, with a conviction that sometimes felt stronger than my own. "Why not?" she would say, her tone so casual yet so full of confidence. It wasn't just encouragement—it was permission to

dream freely, to believe that what seemed impossible could actually be within reach.

Her presence in my life felt like a guiding light, one that didn't demand attention but quietly illuminated the path forward. With her, I wanted to be better—not just in the things I accomplished but in the person I was becoming. She taught me that strength wasn't about always being right or having all the answers; it was about being kind, being patient, and finding joy in the small, everyday moments.

Radha had this rare ability to make the ordinary feel extraordinary. A simple conversation with her could turn a mundane day into something memorable. It wasn't about what we talked about—it was the way she made you feel during those talks. Like your words mattered, like your struggles weren't trivial, like you were enough.

Through her, I began to understand the true essence of strong relationships. It wasn't in the grand gestures or the showy moments, but in the quiet, shared vulnerabilities. It was in the spaces where words weren't needed, where silence was comfortable, and where you felt connected simply by being in the same moment together.

Radha didn't just inspire me to pursue my goals; she inspired me to be my best self in every sense of the word. She made me want to be kinder, more understanding, and more present—not because she asked me to, but because her own actions set the example. And somewhere along the way, I realized that knowing her wasn't just a chapter in my life—it was a turning point. She wasn't just a friend; she was the reminder that the best relationships are the ones that make

you better, not by changing you but by encouraging you to find the best version of yourself.

Chapter: 4

Embraced by Love: A Timeless Bond Severed

"You're the single greatest source of my joy. You are the sun of my life and I revolve around you, you nourish me, and you give me life." ❤️

It was 4:22 AM on the 12th of May—a moment I would never forget, a moment that marked a profound change in my life. After an exhausting ten-hour bike journey, I finally arrived in Bhavnagar, a city bursting with culture and life, its vibrancy reflected in the quiet stillness of the pre-dawn hours. The journey had been long, tiring, and riddled with thoughts, but as I reached the outskirts of the city, my weariness melted away.

Towering above the landscape was a magnificent sculpture of Lord Shiva, bathed in the soft glow of the full moon. The sight was breathtaking. The calm, powerful presence of Shiva felt almost symbolic—here was the god of transformation, standing tall, as if silently witnessing the transformation within me. The moonlight cast a serene glow on the scene, while the soft chirping of birds

hidden in the trees welcomed the new day. The air felt alive, as though the universe itself had conspired to create this perfect moment.

An indescribable feeling of love and joy swept over me. The anticipation that had built up over the course of my journey now bubbled to the surface, overwhelming me. She had been waiting—waiting for the moment when I would finally confess what my heart had been screaming for so long. And now, as I stood there, with the first hints of dawn touching the horizon, I felt ready. In my mind's eye, I looked into her warm, soulful eyes and said the words I had been holding back for far too long: "I love you."

Even though we were miles apart, I could feel her emotions like they were my own. I could almost see the tears streaming down her face as she imagined hearing those words. It wasn't sadness—it was joy, the kind that fills every corner of your heart. In that moment, I felt a connection so strong, so real, that the physical distance between us melted away. For the first time in my life, my guarded, stoic personality—the one that had kept emotions at arm's length—was shattered. Love had broken through, leaving me raw, vulnerable, and more alive than I had ever felt.

But it wasn't just my emotions that had changed. I was shaken to my core by her vulnerability, too. During my overnight journey, she had stayed awake, messaging me every 15 to 20 minutes, unable to sleep while I was on the road. Her worry, her pain—it was palpable, and it struck me in ways I wasn't prepared for. When I heard her voice trembling on the phone, her tears spilling out as she expressed her fear for me, I was devastated. She didn't even fully understand what she was feeling—it was the first time she had experienced the raw, overwhelming intensity of love.

Despite her demanding first year of M.B.B.S., where every moment of focus was precious to make her father proud, she had spent the entire night worrying about me. Her dedication, her care—it was something I had never experienced before. The innocence in her voice, the pain I heard in it, still gives me goosebumps every time I think about it. It wasn't just love; it was a connection that went beyond words, beyond understanding. For the first time, I realized how deeply she cared for me, and it left an indelible mark on my heart.

As the moments ticked by, the sun began to rise, casting its warm glow over the city. The moon lingered for a moment longer, as though reluctant to leave, before it dipped below the horizon, making way for a new day. She had spent the night staring at that moon, pouring her heart out to it as though it carried her words to me. And now, as the sun emerged, I felt a shift within myself—a sense of rebirth, of stepping into a new world, one where love had changed everything.

At 5:15 AM, my phone rang. I held it tightly, bracing myself for what I was about to hear. Her voice came through, soft and full of emotion. She hesitated for a moment, and then she said something that would change my life forever. In that moment, everything I had felt, everything I had imagined, came rushing to the surface. Her words were simple, but they carried the weight of a thousand unspoken feelings. And as I listened, the rising sun bathed me in its light, as if blessing this new chapter of my life.

That morning, under the fading moon and the growing warmth of the sun, I realized that love wasn't just an emotion—it was a force, a transformation, a way of seeing the world differently. And with her words echoing in my heart, I knew that my life would never be the same again.

I found you!

I found you. I hadn't expected you, nor was I looking. But somehow, you came to me as if you knew what I needed. I tried to resist, not wanting to let this begin. I was afraid of getting close to someone and having my heart broken again. Still, you were persistent and reached out to me once more. Your words felt real, but I needed to be sure. I had to look into your eyes to see if they spoke the truth. I had to make sure my heart would be safe with you. Please understand, I guard it with all my worth. The moment I looked into your eyes, I felt myself give way. I knew my heart was safe with you and that's where it would stay forever. Thank you for finding me and making me yours. I promise that my love for you will always be at home. I will also promise you this: I will make sure you always feel how much I love you with every touch and kiss. Until I see you again, my love, just know you are always in my heart. That's where I will keep you close to me until the day we never have to part. **Thank you for loving me.**

She called me. Her voice was trembling, raw with emotion, as though she was battling feelings she couldn't quite understand. "I don't know what I'm feeling," she began, her words spilling out in a rush. "There's this sense of insecurity, safety, and concern all mixed up together. I don't know what's happening to me, Aariv. Please... help me. Help me sleep. Stop these thoughts about your safety. My mind won't stop spinning, and I've never felt this way before. Am I sick? Why is this happening to me? Will everything be alright?"

Her words came out in one breathless stream, a confession of confusion, worry, and vulnerability. I froze for a moment, the weight of her emotions hitting me like a wave. My chest tightened as I listened to her, her voice cracking with a pain that was new to both of us. She had always been the strong one, composed,

focused. But tonight, she wasn't. Tonight, she was lost, and all I wanted to do was make her feel safe.

I didn't know what to say at first. How could I? I had never experienced anything like this either. But hearing her like this, so unguarded, so open—it stirred something deep within me. I realized that I couldn't just leave her in this state. I had to do something, anything, to let her know that I was there, that I cared, and that no matter what, she wasn't alone.

When the call ended, I sat in silence for a moment, her words still ringing in my ears. A part of me ached for her, for the confusion and vulnerability she was feeling. But another part of me—a part I hadn't felt before—was at peace. She cared. She cared so much that she couldn't sleep because of me, and that realization brought a smile to my face—a real, genuine smile that felt like it had been hidden for years.

This was me. Aariv. The guy who had never smiled without a reason before. And now, here I was, smiling like a fool, all because of her.

I picked up my phone, my fingers hovering over the screen. Without thinking, I changed my lock screen password to her birthday—a small, symbolic gesture, but it felt significant. She was becoming a part of me, in ways I couldn't explain. Then, I scrolled to her number and pressed "call." My heart raced as the ringing tone filled my ears, but this time, I wasn't scared. I knew what I needed to say.

When she answered, I took a deep breath and let the words flow straight from my heart. "Radha," I began, my voice steady but full of emotion, "will you be my better half? Not just half—my better half. I love you. I always have, and I always will. I want to be yours until the end of time. Will you let me be your

invincible protector, no matter where we are, no matter what life throws at us? You've already made me stronger, braver, and happier than I ever thought I could be. Let me be that for you too."

I paused, letting the weight of my words settle in the air. My heart was pounding in my chest as I waited for her response. The silence on the other end was deafening, and a wave of anxiety swept over me, tightening my throat. Did I say too much? Did I rush it? My fingers tapped nervously on the edge of the table as the seconds dragged by, each one feeling like an eternity.

Finally, her voice came through, soft and unsure, but laced with something I couldn't quite place. "Aariv," she said, her tone shaky, "I... I don't even know what this is. This feeling, this care—it's new to me, and it's scary. But I don't want to lose you. I don't want you to ever feel unsafe or alone. I've never felt this way before, and I don't know if I'll ever fully understand it, but..."

She paused, and in that pause, my world seemed to stop. I held my breath, waiting, hoping.

"...yes," she finally said, her voice breaking with emotion. "Yes, Aariv. I want to be your wife."

A wave of relief and joy washed over me, so overwhelming that it left me momentarily stunned. She had said yes. She wanted me just as much as I wanted her. I let out a shaky laugh, tears pooling in my eyes. "You have no idea how happy you've made me," I whispered, my voice cracking.

Her reply was so simple yet so profound: "You've already made me happy, Aariv. I just want us to be together and safe. I don't care about anything else." At that moment, as the first rays of sunlight broke through the sky, I felt like the world had shifted. She was mine, and I was hers. Forever.

We had no idea why this was happening. It felt as though our connection had been written long before this lifetime, in a story neither of us could fully remember. She didn't realize that her concern for me had existed since the beginning of time, just as I couldn't recall that I had always been her silent protector. It was as if we had been tied together by some unseen force, destined to cross paths and meet as lovers in this life. But deep down, I couldn't shake the feeling that we weren't meant to be together forever.

That thought lingered like a quiet ache in the back of my mind. I wanted to show the world that love was more than just promises and passion—it was understanding, sacrifice, and maintaining dignity, even in the face of heartbreak. I couldn't tell her that day that our story might not have the ending we both dreamed of. But I made a silent promise to myself: if the day ever came when I had to let her go, I would give her the most beautiful exit the world had ever seen.

That night, as her voice trembled with confusion and vulnerability, I calmed her down the only way I knew how. I spoke to her gently, as one might soothe a restless child, with words that carried warmth and comfort. Slowly, her breathing softened, and she drifted off to sleep, her worries fading for the moment. I stayed on the line for a while, listening to the peaceful rhythm of her breaths, and my heart swelled with an overwhelming mix of joy and sorrow. I knew this was a moment I would carry with me forever.

On my return journey, the road stretched ahead of me, but my mind was elsewhere. I replayed the night's events over and over, savoring the sweetness of the connection we had shared. It was, without question, the most beautiful moment of my life. When I finally arrived home, she called me, and we talked for over ten minutes. Her voice felt like a warm embrace, and I didn't realize when I drifted off to sleep, still holding my phone, lost in the sound of her words. That night, I

didn't dream of fleeting images or disconnected stories—I dreamed of us. For the first time, I didn't wish for "Sweet Dreams." I wished for Our Dreams.

When a woman enters your life, everything changes. She brings with her a quiet revolution. She offers comfort, maturity, and a sense of responsibility that you never knew you needed. With her, I felt a new kind of accountability—a deep desire to be better, not just for myself but for her. She brought a softness to my world, a light that made even the simplest moments feel meaningful. And in her presence, I discovered the pure joy of caring for someone, of being cared for in return.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude for the love and care she gave me. It wasn't just her words or her actions—it was the way she made me feel seen, understood, and valued. I wanted to give back everything she had given me, and more. I promised myself that no matter what, I would always be there for her. She deserved a partner who would cherish her, who would see her not just for who she was but for who she could become. And in her, I saw a future filled with possibility, with love and companionship that felt as vast as the sky.

But as much as I cherished her, our first real conversation revealed a truth I wasn't prepared for. She had conditions for our relationship—expectations and fears born out of the world she had known, the norms she had been taught to obey. I had always dreamed of a love that was unconditional, pure, and free of the constraints that often make love falter: ego, anger, fear, and greed. I realized then that for our love to flourish, for it to be the kind of love I had always believed in, she needed to overcome the barriers that held her back.

It wasn't just about her—it was about us. I wanted her to discover the strength to take a stand for herself, to shed the layers of conformity and doubt that had been placed on her by a world that didn't always understand love's true

essence. I didn't blame her for these fears; I understood them. But I also knew that our love could only thrive if we both became the best versions of ourselves.

And so, I made another silent promise that night. I would help her find the strength within herself, not for me but for her own sake. I would be patient, understanding, and unwavering in my support. I believed in her, in us, and in the kind of love that could transcend the ordinary. It wouldn't be easy, but I was ready for the journey. Because in her, I saw not just the woman I loved but the woman she was destined to become. And I wanted nothing more than to stand by her side as she became that person, no matter how long it took.

Holding My Heart

When I met you, it was different. I wasn't afraid to fall for you because you held my heart in a way it hadn't been held before. I trusted you with it. I gave it to you, but you didn't take it all for yourself. You knew how important it was for me to be able to love someone but not lose myself in the process. My heart never felt the feeling it felt while seeing you for the first time, and instantly it became yours.

I've loved you with every pixel, with the same intensity, and feelings I had when I was yours before birth. My heart had exactly the same respect for your family, as it has for my family. Maybe that's how it's supposed to be. Everything feels equal, everything feels calm. Everything feels like something you haven't felt before — and you know you could go the rest of your life feeling this exact way.

Maybe that's what love is all about. It's about finding someone who cherishes your heart and respects your individuality. Someone who makes you feel safe, loved, and understood. It's about experiencing a love that feels like nothing you've ever felt before, and knowing deep down that you could spend the rest of your life

feeling this way. When you truly love someone, there is a sense of peace and contentment that fills your heart. It's as if all your worries and fears melt away, and all that matters is the love you share with that person. It's a feeling of being seen and accepted for who you truly are, without any judgment or conditions.

In this love relationship, there is a beautiful balance between independence and togetherness. You have your own passions, dreams, and goals, but you also have a strong connection with your partner. You support and encourage each other to grow and thrive individually, while also building a strong foundation as a couple.

Love is not about losing yourself in someone else, but rather, it's about complimenting each other and bringing out the best in one another. It's about being able to be vulnerable and open with your partner, knowing that they will always be there for you. It's about creating a safe space where you can express your thoughts, feelings, and desires without fear of judgment or rejection.

In this love relationship, there is a deep level of trust and understanding. You know that you can rely on your partner to be there for you, to support you through the ups and downs of life. There is a sense of security that comes from knowing that you have someone by your side who will always have your back.

But love is not without its challenges. It requires effort, compromise, and communication. It's about being willing to work through your differences and grow together as a couple. It's about being patient and understanding, even when things get tough. Ultimately, love is a journey.

It's a constant evolution and exploration of your emotions, your connection, and your commitment to one another. It's about embracing the highs and lows, the joys and sorrows, and growing stronger together through it all.

So, if you have found someone who cherishes your heart and respects your

individuality, hold on tight. Treasure the love you share and never take it for granted. Because when you find a love like this, it's truly something special that should be cherished and nurtured for a lifetime.

Every morning, I'd text her a loving greeting to start the day, letting her know I was thinking of her and that I was available if she needed anything. I'd always follow it up with a call after freshening up, just to check in and hear her voice and make sure that she was doing alright. I'd call her several times a day, to make sure she was doing ok and to share a joke or two to make her smile.

At night, we'd talk for hours, reminiscing about our past and the memories we'd made together in our individual life till the date. This became a regular routine for us, a way to stay close even when we weren't physically together. We'd share stories, hopes and dreams, and laugh until it was time for them to part ways for the night.

It was a special kind of bond that had been built over time and it wasn't something that could be easily broken. Our conversations were a source of solace and comfort for both of us. Even when miles apart, the bond of love kept us connected and provided us with a feeling of safety and security. We'd made it through the toughest of times and had come out stronger than ever.

It was a novel experience for both of us, and although it was challenging, we persevered. Over time, our connection grew deeper and more meaningful than either of us anticipated, eventually culminating in something special—a love we had never experienced before.

I created a fake account on snapchat and used it in order to talk with her while she used to be at home, so that we can protect her privacy and hide her

relationship status, for even months, without calls or anything else, and have had twice or thrice messages on snapchat a day. It was all ok for me, it doesn't suit me, but I am ready to go any length to make sure her all wishes come true, even if it is to leave her for her own good.

We found joy in sharing the details of our lives, even when we couldn't be in the same room. We found strength in each other's words and courage in each other's support. Through it all, we managed to create a bond that was unlike anything either of us had experienced. It was a love that was strong and beautiful, one that left them feeling connected and fulfilled.

We never pondered whether we'd meet our soulmate that day, catch a glimpse of each other, or embrace one day. We simply felt a significance of one another in their lives, without fretting over what the future had in store. I sought unconditional love after gaining so much insight into life, but she agreed to certain stipulations to begin the relationship, as is typical for a young woman in her first love.

Giving you an example of one of the conditions is that they would not be meeting each other before the engagement!! The courtship was a whirlwind of emotions, with days of joy, laughter, and love and nights of uncertainty, doubt, and self-reflection. We both journeyed through the highs and lows of our relationship, and although it was not always easy, it was worth it in the end. Through each challenge, we grew closer and our bond became unbreakable. We found that love was a beautiful, yet difficult emotion to navigate, but it was worth it in the end.

As our relationship progressed, we both began to understand the complexities of love and its nuances. Despite the obstacles, we persevered, eventually realizing that the joys of love outweighed its difficulties. She agreed on terms that made the relationship get started based on a few terms: 1. We will

never meet each other till the end of her engagement. 2. We'll never get physical before marriage, not even a hug. 3. We'll never let the identity of our relationship be exposed and 4. we'll be married only to each other, and the list goes on.

Phone conversations used to last for hours, and were so special to both of them. We felt like a safe haven - a place to forget the world and just talk, without needing a particular topic to discuss. It was tender to keep talking, to keep sharing our feelings and emotions, as if nothing else mattered. Those conversations were full of love and friendship, which felt like a blooming flower in the springtime - fragrant and vibrant.

Our gazes were captivating, and as We continued our journey together, our love only grew stronger with each passing day. We found that the deeper conversation we have, the more deeply our connection grows. The conversations were like a breath of fresh air, and it was so comforting that we knew we could always rely on each other no matter what. Our conversations eventually became a routine, and we both looked forward to it. We often found ourselves talking late into the night, and the time flew by without us even noticing.

We enjoyed being able to spend time together without having to leave the place, and it felt like they were strengthening our bond even more. The conversations became something that we both looked forward to, and it was a way for us to connect and feel closer to each other. No matter how difficult our day had been, we always found solace in the conversations that we would share.

We were in a state of bliss, feeling like nothing could come between us. We were so deeply connected that it seemed like love was the only thing that mattered. The world around us was so alive and vibrant, and we were so in love with life. We were forever grateful for the moments we shared, knowing that we were blessed to have each other.

We talked about our dreams and future plans. We learned to be more honest and open with each other. Our connection was strong and special; I knew I could count on her and she'd never let me down.

Dear Long Distance Partner!

Sometimes feelings are hard to express because they might be the beginning of a relationship with a person or it might be the end of a relationship with a person but feelings are meant to be expressed. Baby, I am sorry if I hurt you. I didn't mean to make you sad. I promise I'll never make you feel that worst and I love you so much. I know I'm not a good boyfriend but I'll be the perfect partner for you. I argue with you but deep inside I care for you. I might fail to express it but trust me I really do. I messed up everything and realized it late.

Yeah, I get moody sometimes, but only because I care, I know I say mean stuff, but I wholeheartedly mean it as a tease. End of the day, I love you, You're mine, my cute, innocent sweetie I love you so much. You've been hearing this a lot of times but I will keep on saying that you're the best part of my life and choosing you was the best thing I did these years.

I just want to keep you by my side and I'm not gonna share you with anybody. I love you for the way you are now. You mean the world to me and you'll always be in my heart, forever and ever. Turn back to the days we fought and never wanted to get back again but we did it and are still together and no matter how much we fight, things will be okay soon. It just needs a good conversation to solve it. Be with me forever and don't leave me if we have a fight. Things will be alright soon, we will be normal. I can't stop loving you. Distance is a test of love. Many will fail for those who can't stand it, but for those who can, there's only one answer: 'true love'.

*Jab uski birthday aapke phone ka password ban jaaye,
Jab har baat me bewajah uska zikr tum karne lage ho,
Jab chai me adrak ki jagah uski yaade chakhne lage ho,
Toh mere dost tum pyar karne lage ho!*

I miss you every day and I can't wait to be reunited again soon. Even though we are apart, I feel closer to you than ever before. No matter what comes our way, I will always stay strong for us and never waver in my unwavering faith. We have been through so much together, and I know that together we can overcome any challenge that life throws our way. You have my heart, and I will continue to love you unconditionally, forever and ever.

The months flew by, full of joy and laughter. We began to appreciate each other's idiosyncrasies and habits, and grew to love us. We shared experiences and memories that would stay with us forever. Our love was strong and enduring, providing us with a sense of security and safety. We never wanted to be apart and were in it for the long run.

We have been in a relationship for a year, yet they have never met in person or visited each other. This was due to my promise that I would not meet her until our engagement. However, after more than a year in a relationship, her perspective changed and she now believes they won't meet until she finishes her education.

Even though we have never seen each other in real life, we have grown close through our conversations and video calls. We used to talk on the phone for hours every day, from day to night. We felt like we were together even though we were so far away. This long-distance relationship was a challenge for us, but it was

a challenge that we were willing to take on, and our love for each other kept them going. The phone calls were up to midnight, and the conversations were always filled with love, understanding, and joy.

We were happy being together, despite the distance that separated us. Our relationship was strong and the bond was unbreakable. With each passing day, our love for each other grew and our desire to meet in person only increased. We dreamed of the day when we could finally hold each other and feel the warmth of our embrace. We were determined to make our dream come true and nothing would stop us from achieving their goal.

She was pushing me to rebuild my career so they could get married. Her family had high expectations for her to marry someone with similar education, earnings, and lifestyle. I was determined to make a living and worked hard at my job, while striving hard to become an entrepreneur in the future. She was there every step of the way, constantly improving my lifestyle, from the clothes I wore, to the way I spoke and acted, to the habits I had.

She was always pushing me to become the best version of myself and reach my goals so that I could one day meet the expectations of her family. I was thankful for her support and guidance, and with her help, I was ready to take on whatever challenges were in front of me. I was so grateful for her presence in my life, and for all she had done for me, and I think this is one the most necessary things that happened to me at the right time.

You're irreplaceable in my life!

You've touched my soul and made my life so precious and joyful. You've brought laughter and memories that have truly enriched our friendship. Through you, I've come

to understand the true meaning of friendship. To be loved by someone you love is the greatest gift of all. I can't even begin to express how much you mean to me. You have been by my side through so many ups and downs.

And I have always been there to pick me up when I'm feeling down. The day I met you, I had a feeling that something extraordinary was about to occur. I felt a deep connection with you, as if we had known each other for an eternity, and nothing could ever break the bond between us. It has been an amazing journey ever since, with moments of joy and sorrow and many unexpected occurrences. But, I wouldn't trade it for the world; all the moments of happiness and the times of sadness have molded me into the person I am today.

It's incredible to think that one person can have such a deep, lasting impact on your life. As our relationship blossomed, I realized that I had been given a great gift - a glimpse into a world of love and understanding that I had never imagined before. I came to realize that no matter what hardships we faced, we would always find our way back to each other. Our love has been a source of strength, comfort and inspiration to me, and I am truly blessed to have you in my life. Together, we have been able to create a beautiful life and I am thankful every day for the moments we have shared.

You have inspired me to always be myself and never back down. You have shown me that even when things seem impossible, with your help and support, anything is possible. You're irreplaceable and I'm so grateful to have you in my life.

It had been 18 months since we began our relationship, and over that time, we had managed to keep in touch in whatever way we could, whether it be through text messages, chats, or video calls. I was ecstatic to finally meet her in person and spent hours getting ready. I put on my best outfit, checked my wallet to make sure I had enough money for the trip and dinner, and even rehearsed what I would say

when we first saw each other. I wanted to make sure I made the right impression, actually I should be meeting her expectations.

I had no idea what to expect, my anticipation growing more and more with each passing moment. My thoughts were scattered as I tried to prepare myself mentally, wondering how to greet her, what I should say, how I should present myself. I was certain this was a very important moment for us, and I wanted to make sure that I could make it a wonderful and special day. Taking a deep breath, I walked forward, determined to make it a day to remember for many years to come.

I couldn't believe I was finally going to meet the person I'd been dreaming of for so long. My hands were shaking, my stomach filled with butterflies, and I could barely contain my excitement. All of the planning and preparation I had done was finally coming to fruition. I wanted to make sure that this moment was perfect and that I made the most of it.

I went to the bus station, my heart racing as I anticipated what was coming up next. I was on a mission to pick-up a bus that would take me closer to the city where she lived. After carefully scrutinizing the timetable, I finally settled for one leaving at around 4 o'clock in the evening. I was filled with a sense of anticipation as the bus journey began and I made my way towards my destination.

The journey was a bit long for me, almost taking two hours but felt like two years, but my determination to reach her kept me going enthusiastically. When the bus eventually stopped, I dropped-off and decided to take a cab to the meeting place, 'Esplendido cafe' where I first saw her, vice versa.

I hoped that this would be the beginning of something special and I was determined to make the most of this moment. I arrived near the place where we

decided to meet each other to share some special moments of our lives. As I stepped out of the cab, my heart pounding, I felt a surge of anticipation and excitement course through my veins.

I was confident that this moment marked the beginning of something beautiful and could not wait to explore the possibilities of what our future could bring. I was filled with a sense of optimism and hope that whatever the journey ahead may hold, it would be an adventure full of joy, love and passion. I went to the waiting area expecting her to arrive there as soonest. Every second of that time started giving me goosebumps and poured nervousness in my veins. I was filled with anticipation and excitement as I waited in the waiting area for her to arrive. Every passing second intensified my nervousness and sent goosebumps down my spine. I was confident that this moment would mark the beginning of something beautiful, and I couldn't wait to explore the possibilities of what our future could bring.

A message to her at the first meeting!

I was not expecting you, I was not even looking but somehow you came to me as if you knew what I was needing. I tried to resist it not wanting to let this begin, I was afraid of getting close to someone and letting my heart get broken again. For some reason you were persistent and reached out to me once more, your words felt real to me but I needed to be sure. I needed to look into your eyes to see if they spoke the truth, I had to make sure my heart would be safe with you, please understand I guard it with all my worth.

The moment I looked into your eyes I felt myself give way, I knew my heart was safe with you and that's where it would forever stay. Thank you for finding me and making me your own, I promise this to you my love with me you will always be at home. I will also promise you this, I will make sure you always feel how much I love

you with every touch and kiss. Until I see you again my love just knows you are always in my heart, and that's where I will keep you close to me until the day we never have to part. Thank you for loving me.

You are the missing piece that I never knew I needed in my life. From the moment we met, there was an instant connection, a magnetic force that drew us together. It felt like destiny, as if the universe had conspired to bring us together at the perfect moment.

Since that day, you have brought so much love and joy into my world. Your presence fills the room with warmth and happiness, and your smile lights up my entire being. The way you laugh, the way you hold my hand, the way you look at me with those sparkling eyes - every little moment with you is etched in my heart.

I am grateful for the love and happiness you bring to my life. You have shown me what true love is, and I am forever changed because of you. Your love has healed the wounds of my past, and has given me the strength to open my heart once again. With you, I feel safe, protected, and loved unconditionally.

I promise to cherish and love you with all my heart, and to always be there for you. Through the ups and downs, the good times and the bad, I will stand by your side. I will support you in your dreams and aspirations, and be your biggest cheerleader. You are not alone in this journey, for we are a team, bound by love and commitment.

You are my everything, the love of my life. I am forever grateful to have you by my side. Together, we will create a lifetime of beautiful memories, filled with love, laughter, and adventure. With you, I have found my home, my sanctuary, my safezone.

I was waiting in anticipation, my heart beating faster as I scanned the area. I had been waiting for what felt like an eternity, but suddenly, a car pulled up and my heart leapt as I saw her step out. When she saw me in person for the first time, she ran towards me and hugged me tightly. I was overwhelmed and felt as if the rest of the world faded away; we were in our own little world, just the two of us. I hugged her back just as tightly, not caring who was watching or passing by; the only thing that mattered was the two of us together.

Despite standing at the roadside, surrounded by people, it felt like no one else existed. I could feel the warmth of her embrace, and all my worries melted away. Time seemed to stand still in that moment, and I was filled with love and joy. I experienced a peace I had never known before and knew I would never forget it.

All my troubles had been lifted away, and I felt contentment like never before. I had never before felt such a sense of peace, and my heart was filled with a joy I had never known. An emotion I had never experienced before filled me, and I felt as if I could take on the world. I was in awe of the feelings that were taking me over, and I knew that this newfound sense of satisfaction would stay with me for the rest of my life.

Our embrace felt like it lasted an eternity, and I never wanted it to end. I wished I could stay in her arms forever, feeling the warmth and love that radiated from her. I looked into her eyes and knew our connection was something special - I felt like I had never experienced such intense emotions before. I felt like I was truly in love for the first time, and I knew that no matter what happened in the future, I would never forget this moment. But for now, all I could do was hold her close and savor this moment.

I also greeted her three friends who had come along with her and welcomed them with a warm smile. As they entered the cafe for dinner, I was a little reluctant, unfamiliar with the menu items, being unaccustomed to the expensive restaurant fare. But my companion, being the understanding and compassionate soul that she was, quickly ordered for all of them. She chose Punjabi food, like Dal-tadka and Jeera-rice, which later became my favorite. As they awaited the food, we looked into each other's eyes and held hands tightly and lost in each other.

When we got the food, she fed me with her hands, filling me with love like a child. While talking about my journey to the place, we recalled how we had altered or ignored the first condition we had made that we wouldn't meet before the engagement. Memories of each other were shared between us, and though I was initially unable to speak, she comforted me and we had a loving conversation. We also talked about funny things, as I had an extraordinary sense of humor despite my seemingly rude attitude. In the end, we were thankful for the connection we had made and the time we had shared, for it was something that neither of us would ever forget.

After finishing our dinner, and coming outside the cafe, along with her friends, her friends decided to go to the hostel leaving us alone to spend time together. I booked a cab for her friends and we decided to go for a walk at the riverfront, the same place where we had met for the second time. I felt a connection to the place, like it was a part of my past. We booked a cab and got in, her small hand in mine. All of a sudden, she leaned her head on my shoulder for the first time in her life, feeling a sense of comfort, safety, and something to care about. She felt a sense of contentment wash over her as she felt my arm around her. She felt like she could stay there forever, just enjoying the moment.

The cab ride was short, yet it felt like an eternity for us. When we reached the riverfront, we stepped out into the cool night air. The stars shone brightly above us, illuminating the river. We walked in silence, hand-in-hand, until we found a spot on the grass. She leaned her head against his chest and closed her eyes, feeling a sense of peace and contentment wash over her.

The gentle breeze of the evening, coupled with the warmth of my shoulder and the sound of the river rushing by, was enough to make her feel like everything in the world was alright. She felt like she was in a bubble, a safe and secure place, away from the worries of the world. She felt a sense of peace and joy, being able to spend time with her in my favorite place. She shared a look with me and we both knew that this was the start of a beautiful journey together.

We talked about the idea of committing to a life together, exploring our respective families, values and lifestyle choices. We shared our hopes and dreams for the future, such as her studies and my career ambitions. We had a great time together, and discovered that we had a lot in common, but also a few differences that kept things interesting. The night sky was alive with stars, twinkling in the darkness like a million tiny beacons. We looked up at the night sky in awe, marveling in the beauty of nature. It was simply an awesome experience for us that words can't describe.

"What a sight!" I said. "It's like we're the only two people in the world," she replied. I smiled and put my arm around her. We stood there for a moment, in silence, just enjoying the night sky together. We took a picture of our holding hands. In that moment, I knew that she was someone I wanted to keep in my life, someone who had touched my heart in a way no one else had before.

"It's peaceful here, to be with someone who is the end of me!" I said. "Yes," she agreed. "It's like we're in our own little world." I nodded. "Let's just

stay here for a while and appreciate the beauty of nature together," I said. She smiled and we embraced, taking in the view of the stars above us.

As the cab approached, the air was charged with a bittersweet anticipation. The fleeting seconds ticked away, and we exchanged a final gaze filled with unspoken promises. Tenderly kissing her forehead, I sensed the weight of the moment, a delicate balance between the joy of shared time and the inevitability of parting ways. The cab's door closed, carrying her away into the night, leaving behind a lingering warmth that echoed the profound connection we had forged. In that brief exchange, time stood still, and the echoes of our shared emotions resonated in the quiet spaces between goodnight and goodbye.

I want you to know!

I want you to know that when I give you my heart, I hope you accept all the broken pieces and keep them safe with you, and I know that there will be some missing pieces too, but I hope you do not mind. I will come vulnerable, soft, and breakable, but I hope you accept me as I am. I will write you silly love poems with all the words I know and hope you will smile whenever you read them, just like I do whenever I think about you.

On some days you will find me sitting next to you, and I'll still be so far away, and I hope that on those days you will hold my hands a little tighter, and hug me a little longer. On some days, I'll be upset with you, but I hope that on those days, you will try to talk to me even more. Probably there will be days when we will have a fight, maybe not talk to each other, the entire day, but I hope that at night when we sit at the dinner table, and I offer you a slice of cake with my hands, I hope you do not refuse.

I hope you will take the entire cake and smack it on my face and laugh out loud saying this is how we make up. I promise I won't mind. Instead, I will kiss you with

my cream-covered lips and we will choose a different flavor for the next time. On the days that make you cry, hope you remember all the times when I made you laugh too.

Eventually you will get to that place, that place where everything is perfect, where you don't have to worry about anything, where your mind is at rest. Everything will be so perfect, even the mistakes will be perfect, everything will work perfectly, everyone will know it's perfect. When you get to that place, you will be proud of yourself, how strong you've been and how far you've come.

You won't remember when everything went wrong, when everyone left you, when nothing made sense and when every effort was futile. You will never know if something is meant for you if you don't give it a proper chance. Whether it's a relationship, a new job, a new city, or a new experience, throw yourself into it completely and don't hold back.

If it doesn't work out then it probably wasn't meant for you and you'll walk away without regret, knowing that you put your whole heart into it. That's all you can ever do. It's a horrible feeling leaving a situation knowing that you should have and could have done more. So find the courage to take that chance, find the inspiration to make your next move, and once you do, pour your heart into it and don't look back.

When you choose to love someone who is damaged, you take on the weight of their past, their pain, their guilt. You must be strong, you must be patient. You can stop the bleeding and help them scar over but they will always, always be a little broken. If you can handle that, if you can accept the dents and the cracks, if you can get them to trust you, you will never find a better ally than one who is damaged. Above all else, they know about survival.

If you care about someone, make them a priority. Make them a priority not just when it is easy, but when it is difficult as well. If you care about someone, show up for them when you say you will. Show up for them when they least deserve it because that is when they need it the most. Just be there - not because you have to be, but because you want to be.

At the end of the day, the easy things in life hold no perfection, when they are soft and light, when they are filled with hope and happiness. But loving someone when they are wearing their flaws like an apology, when they are breaking down, when they are carrying their hurt, or their anxiety, or their past within them – that is when it means the most. That is when you must show up.

But eventually, I knew that the time had come for us to leave that moment. I reluctantly let go and said goodbye, with one last lingering look in her eyes. I watched her walk away, her sight into the distance until it was out of my sight. I knew that I would never forget the moment we shared. The night came to an end and we both went back to our respective homes.

As I walked away, she felt a sense of longing and wished that we could have stayed together a bit longer. She thought of what could have been if we had gone further with that connection, but it was just a fleeting thought. All she knew was that she had experienced something special, something that she would cherish for the rest of her life.

I always desired a love that was extraordinary, unconditional, and eternal - a love, unlike anything I had ever experienced before in this life, but the one which I used to get from my Radha in earlier times. I had gone through a lot in life and was aware of the rights and wrongs. I even had a tattoo on my hand that said "Beholder of Dharma", reinforcing my belief in righteousness.

I used to stay with the things or people that are right, no matter what was against me. I had developed a strong and mature outlook on life and was determined to never settle for anything less than extraordinary. I always believed that, 'Don't think for a second to lose what needs to be lost'.

She, on the other hand, was just at the beginning of her life's learnings, real-life lessons. She was growing, but at a slower pace in terms of practicality of life. She was quite mature in terms of mannerism - ordination, even without knowing the meaning behind that word. People say that 'Whom you spend time with is who you become' and this was certainly true for her - she spent the majority of her time with her hostel friends, who were just like so many others in the world, fascinated by the trends of ordinary life just like plenty of other people in the world. I, however, used to go against the grain and on a different track than the rest of the world.

We also faced some unique challenges that come with being a couple. For example, the expectations of what is and isn't acceptable in terms of "public display of affection" can vary from couple to couple.

\The period of common relationship characteristics has arrived and it's safe to say that it has an impact on both partners. Not being able to sleep without having a conversation with your partner has become a necessity and saying 'good night' before sleeping is almost considered mandatory. If you don't answer your partner's call after falling asleep at night, you are considered to be careless.

This can result in the inevitable "disappointed" or heartburn which can be quite problematic. Moreover, if you don't talk to your partner when they call and don't reply to their messages, it is seen as a sign of disinterest. Such behavior can lead to misunderstandings and can also cause arguments and fights between couples. No relationship is perfect and there are always compromises to be made.

With open communication and understanding, couples can work together to make their relationship stronger and more enjoyable.

One evening, during one of our endless conversations, we started talking about what our first date might look like. I couldn't help but ask, "Do you know what's the most romantic thing for me?"

She paused for a moment, her playful side emerging as she replied, "A tight hug? Or maybe... a loving kiss?" Her tone carried a mix of curiosity and teasing, and I couldn't help but smile at her response.

"No," I said, shaking my head even though she couldn't see me. "It's something else entirely. It's when I catch you staring at me in a public place, and you suddenly look away, pretending you weren't. That split second, when you're caught, and you can't help but smile—it's the most romantic thing for me. It's like you're trying to be discreet, but your heart can't hide how it feels."

She laughed, a sound so warm and genuine it felt like sunshine breaking through a cloudy day. "That's so specific!" she said, her laughter fading into a thoughtful silence. "But it's sweet, in a way only you could think of."

We both fell quiet for a moment, letting the conversation drift into memories of our first date, the awkward yet adorable beginnings of our bond, and the special moments we had shared since. I felt an overwhelming desire to make her feel as cherished as she made me feel. I wanted to show her that she wasn't just someone I cared about—she was someone I deeply valued.

As we talked, I began planning something special for her, a way to express how much she meant to me. I wanted her to feel truly loved, not just in words but in actions. She deserved to know how much space she occupied in my heart, and I was determined to make it happen.

Our relationship had become a beautiful routine. Every day, we'd talk for hours about everything and nothing—how our days had gone, what we'd eaten, random jokes, dreams, and sometimes even deep, romantic conversations. But as much as I loved these moments, I couldn't help but feel like something was missing. We were building memories, yes, but they felt incomplete. Our connection, as strong as it was, seemed to lack the depth that only in-person experiences could provide.

I found myself daydreaming about what it would be like to spend time with her in person. To sit across from her at a café and watch the way her eyes lit up when she laughed. To walk hand in hand through a park, talking about everything and nothing, while the world around us faded into the background. To share those quiet moments where words weren't necessary, where just being together was enough.

But expressing this to her felt like navigating a minefield. What if she misunderstood? What if she thought I was unhappy with what we had? The fear of hurting her feelings—or worse, losing her altogether—kept me silent for a while. I was torn between wanting more and not wanting to disrupt the fragile, beautiful balance we had built.

One night, as we talked, I couldn't hold it in anymore. Taking a deep breath, I decided to take the chance. "Radha," I said, my voice quieter than usual. "I've been thinking about something."

"What is it?" she asked, her tone soft but curious.

"I love talking to you, spending hours just hearing your voice. But... I feel like we're missing something. Don't you think it would be amazing if we could meet in person? Go out on dates, attend events, or even just hang out and do nothing

together. I think it would help us get to know each other in a way that phone calls and chats can't. We could create memories—real, tangible ones—that are uniquely ours."

There was a long pause on the other end, and my heart raced as I waited for her response. Had I said too much? Was this the moment everything changed?

Finally, she spoke, her voice steady but thoughtful. "You're right," she said. "I've thought about it too, but I guess I was scared to say it. Meeting in person would be... different, but in a good way. I'd love that."

Her words sent a wave of relief and excitement through me. For the first time, I felt like we were stepping into something new, something deeper. I could already picture the moments we would share—the laughter, the awkward silences that would turn into comfort, and the memories we would carry with us for a lifetime.

That night, as I lay in bed, I couldn't stop smiling. Taking the chance to share my thoughts had brought us closer, and I couldn't wait to take the next step in our journey together. For the first time, our conversations felt like they had turned into something tangible, a promise of the beautiful moments that lay ahead.

I Love You!

I am in love with you. Nothing is ever going to change that. You are the most important thing in my life. I love everything about you from the way you smile and giggle when I do something stupid, to listening to you talk about the weather. I want you to feel special. That is one of the ways that I can truly repay you for being the greatest person in my life. I couldn't stop thinking about you all day. In the morning I woke up thinking about you. As I was eating breakfast, I was thinking about you. It makes me realize how

close we are, and how great things will be when we can be together. I do my best to try and keep you happy about us being apart for these weeks. And it's hard. I really hate being away from you.

It takes a lot of concentration for me to try and actually be with other people instead of thinking about you. It's really crazy for me. I never knew what it was really like to be in love, and I never knew you could love someone as much as this. It's hard trying to be optimistic about things when we've been apart so much for so long. I want to be with you forever, and don't want to have to go through this again. But I know that we will, and it's painful to think about. I feel like our being apart for so long has brought us closer together. It's made us realize how much we need each other. I always want to be by your side, and it's difficult to be me without you. I love you more than I ever dreamed possible.

After a few months had passed, we decided to meet up again since I was going to the city where she lived for some work. I used this as an excuse to get her permission to meet her, knowing that it was going against the decision we had previously made to not meet each other before the education. I thought that it would be a good opportunity to spend some time together and talk about the future. We decided to go to a different place, or cafe this time, and she chose one for us to meet up at.

We arrived at the restaurant and were quickly greeted and guided to our table. The atmosphere was absolutely breathtaking; there was a captivating energy in the air that made the room feel like an enchanting fairytale. We ordered some drinks and snacks, and started talking about the events of the past few months and how our lives had changed since then. We shared a few laughs and some tears, and

it was as though we had never been apart, and the conversation was effortless and lighthearted as we shared stories and laughs.

As the night went on, I could feel the connection between us deepening, and it was truly a magical feeling. The food was delectable, and I couldn't help but admire the beauty of the evening. We talked for hours , and when it was time to go, we hugged each other so tightly that I was genuinely saddened to leave. It was a night I will never forget, and one I will always cherish in my heart.

I remember, a few years back, on one of those beautiful evenings, as usual, I arrived in the city she was living in to greet her for dinner. We had some moodful dinner and enjoyed spending time together. She wanted to accompany me in going back to the city I was living in, as she got a leave from hostel. I was surprised to hear that as I never imagined till now that she would love to spend night time with me, of course at public places.

But surprisingly, the more thankful thing was that she sat on my bike, and we drove for 100KM or even more, which was the first time she sat on a bike for more than 5 KM journey. We arrived in my city late at night, all my roommates or friends were awake, it was around 3AM in midnight. Few friends went outside to bring food for us. It was the first time she ever visited my friends.

I introduced her to everyone, as of course, everyone was well aware of her. We chilled all over the night, talked about many things, and shared our best memories, some Nok-Zoks. Then the sun rose and we had some breakfast along with tea, brought from also one of my friend's cafes, and specially made for her, which she still remembers the taste of. I dropped her off at her city and returned home. That's what our first outing was.

She was very fond of my mom, as she looks nice and is too caring. She will always care about my wife just better than her own daughter, as she still feels that they ruined my life earlier. My parents were well aware that I do love someone, whose name was Radha, but they've never seen her, not even in pictures. One day, she forced me to call my mom as a conference call, so that she can listen to her voice. I was resistant and a bit fearful as I've never done it before.

However, I always failed in going against her or saying No to her with anything. I called my mom, we talked for a few minutes, and she listened to our conversation.

How to stay in Love!

Stay curious about the person you've fallen for. No matter how long you've been together, don't assume you know everything about them. Each day, remind yourself what drew you to them and ask yourself what still draws you to them - the little things that make them unique, the way they make you laugh, the parts of their personality they may not even know they have. Don't let small, passive-aggressive moments fester into bitterness and resentment - remember that open communication is key. Be honest about your feelings and remember that there are always two sides to every story.

Listen to them and give them the same respect you'd give anyone else. Don't stop flirting with them just because you've been together for years - keep the spark alive in your relationship. Create and respect healthy boundaries, because love thrives when it's safe and cared for. Tell them what you love about them, don't just assume they know - verbalize your feelings and let them know how much you appreciate them.

Hold their hand often and show up for them, especially when they need it most. Remember that you're a team - neither of you has to endure the hard things alone.

Learn the difference between codependency and interdependence - in a healthy relationship, both people are able to be vulnerable, autonomous and self-sufficient. Keep building your friendship, don't treat it as a consolation - make time to do the things you love together and pursue passions as a couple. Remember that staying in love involves giving it - be generous with your time, attention, and love.

"Zindagi me baar baar sahara nahi milta, baar baar koi pyar se pyara nahi milta.

Jo paas hai usse sambhal ke rakhna,

kyon ki koi ek baar kho jaaye toh phir dobara nahi milta."

Love is a complex and multifaceted emotion that has the power to awaken a sense of invincibility within us. When we are in love, we feel an overwhelming surge of confidence and belief in our ability to overcome any obstacle that may come our way. So, while love may be a force that can make us feel invincible, it is also a delicate and fragile bond that requires constant care and attention to thrive and endure. Sustaining a loving relationship requires unwavering effort, commitment, and devotion.

Here are some tips to help make that happen:

- Spend quality time together. It doesn't have to be expensive. It can be as simple as taking a walk together or having a picnic in the park.
- Talk openly and honestly with each other. Communication is key in any relationship.
- Show kindness and appreciation. A simple compliment or a kind gesture can go a long way.
- Laugh together. A sense of humor can make life a lot easier.

- Get creative. Find new ways to express your love.
 - Show respect. Respect each other's opinions and beliefs.
 - Take time away. Taking time away from each other can be beneficial. It can help you appreciate each other more.
 - Keep the spark alive. Do something unexpected for your partner.
 - Make your relationship a priority. Make sure to set aside time for just the two of you.
-

I always wanted to celebrate her birthday as the best moment of her entire life, but everytime, I failed to do so, as she wasn't available on her birthday each year till we were together as she used to spend her birthday with her parents. It's one of the most painful regrets of my life that I couldn't make it happen.

Despite the missed opportunities, I am grateful for the time we did spend together and the memories we created. Each moment was precious and filled with love and laughter. Although I couldn't celebrate her birthday in the grand way I had hoped, I made sure to show her how much she meant to me every day. The love we shared was a gift in itself, and I cherished every moment with her.

She gifted me a wristwatch worth 3000 INR on my birthday—a simple gesture, but it became one of the most precious gifts I've ever received. It wasn't just a watch; it was a piece of her thoughtfulness, a reflection of how much she cared and knew me. It was the first wristwatch I had ever worn, and every time I glanced at it, it felt like she was there, sharing in my moments, big and small. Even now, six years later, the watch has stopped working, but I can't bring myself to part with it. Wherever I go, I carry it with me. It's more than just an

accessory—it's a piece of her love, a symbol of the bond we share, and a reminder of the time she spent choosing something she thought would make me happy.

But the watch is only the beginning. There are other little treasures I hold close to my heart, each one tied to her in ways that only I understand. One such item is a small hand napkin she unknowingly gave me during our first meeting. It might seem insignificant to anyone else, but to me, it holds the magic of that moment—the spark of something new, something extraordinary. I've never even washed it. It still carries her essence, her touch, and a part of her that I want to preserve forever. Every time I see it, it feels like I'm transported back to that day, reliving the laughter, the nervous energy, and the sweetness of those early moments.

Then there are her hairpins. They're such tiny, ordinary things, yet they mean the world to me. I still have them, carefully tucked away, as if they're priceless relics. When I hold them, I remember her—her beauty, her laughter, the way she would tuck her hair behind her ear when she was deep in thought or laughing at something silly. Those pins aren't just accessories; they're a piece of her, a reminder of the times we spent together, whether it was in joyous moments of laughter or in quiet, tender conversations where words weren't always necessary. They bring back floods of memories, and with them, an ache of love that I can't quite put into words.

But it's not just these physical mementos that I hold onto. I cherish every single thing about her—the chats, the pictures, the voice notes, the tiny details she shared about her day. I've saved everything, as though I'm trying to preserve our story in a time capsule. These aren't just memories to me; they're a way of keeping her close, no matter where life takes us. They're proof of the love we've shared, the connection we've built, and the moments that have shaped us.

Sometimes, I'll scroll through old messages or glance at her pictures, and my heart fills with gratitude. Gratitude for the way she's touched my life, for the way she's cared for me, and for the love we've shared that feels so rare and precious. Even the smallest things—like her handwriting in a random note or the way she says my name—are etched into my heart. They remind me of her, of us, and of the beautiful story we've written together.

You see, these items and memories aren't just possessions. They're pieces of her that I carry with me, tangible reminders of a love so pure, so deep, that it feels like it's woven into the very fabric of who I am. They bring me comfort on days when I miss her, solace when the world feels heavy, and joy when I think about everything we've shared. I hold onto them tightly, not because I'm afraid of losing her, but because they're a testament to what we've built together—a love that feels eternal, even if circumstances might someday change.

Her little things—her hand napkin, her hairpins, her voice, her smile—they're not just little things to me. They're treasures, pieces of a puzzle that create a picture of a love I never thought I'd find. And I'll hold onto them forever, just as I hold onto her, in my heart, always.

She never told anyone that she has a boyfriend, maybe she is feeling unsafe to disclose it, or maybe she thinks that someone might harm our relationship, or maybe she just doesn't want to. I never had any problem with that. I just want her to be with me, no matter what she does, and why she does that. It's all about staying together without any complaints or any demands.

This acceptance and understanding of her choices define the strength and maturity of our relationship. It's not about possessing each other or setting boundaries that constrain; it's about respecting each other's personal spaces and secrets. Her decision to keep aspects of her life private, including the presence of

a boyfriend, doesn't diminish the unique connection we share. Instead, it reinforces the trust and respect we have for one another, acknowledging that true friendship values personal freedom and individuality.

In embracing this dynamic, I've learned the true meaning of unconditional support. I stand by her, offering a steady presence that doesn't waver based on the details she chooses to share or keep to herself. This form of support is liberating, not just for her, but for me as well. It has allowed me to let go of conventional expectations and appreciate the varied forms of companionship that life offers.

As our journey together continues, I find great joy in the simplicity of our interactions. Whether we're sharing a laugh over coffee, discussing our latest reads, or simply walking in silence through the city park, each moment is filled with a deep sense of companionship. Our friendship is not marred by the shadows of doubt or the weight of unspoken words; instead, it thrives in the light of mutual respect and understanding.

Moreover, this situation has taught me about the essence of acceptance. I've come to appreciate that relationships can be richly diverse and that each one has its unique rhythm and reasons. Her choice to keep certain aspects of her life private invites me to reflect on my own perspectives and encourages me to embrace a more open-minded and accepting approach towards all my relationships.

Her happiness is paramount to me, and if maintaining some privacy about her personal life is what she needs to feel secure and content, then I fully support it. After all, isn't the ultimate goal of any true friendship to see one another happy and thriving, regardless of the circumstances?

Chapter: 5

Journey of the ❤️: Navigating the Depths of Love

"Be kind to your wife because her father just gave you his heart."

As we spent more time together, the connection between us grew stronger, weaving a bond that felt both fragile and unbreakable at the same time. Each interaction deepened our understanding of each other, allowing us to glimpse into the most vulnerable parts of our hearts. Trust and faith began to blossom, turning into the foundation of a relationship that felt destined, as if it was written in the stars long before we met.

It wasn't just the romantic gestures or sweet words that brought us closer—it was the unspoken understanding, the quiet moments where words weren't needed, and the trust that grew with every passing day. We had reached a special stage, one where we could confidently say we were in love. The kind of love that wasn't perfect but felt real, raw, and worth fighting for. With this newfound bond, we began to dream of the future, knowing that we had something strong and meaningful to build on.

But like every love story, ours came with its share of challenges. There were boundaries—conditions, if you will—that shaped the dynamics of our relationship. One of them was that I couldn't initiate contact with her when she was at home. No texts, no calls, nothing that might even hint at our relationship. If I wanted to talk to her, I had to use a fake account under the guise of a girl's

name. It was the only way to ensure her family wouldn't suspect anything. She wasn't willing to take any risks, no matter how small, because protecting what we had mattered more to her than convenience.

It wasn't easy. For eight long months, she stayed at home, only leaving for her university a couple of days a week. Her father would personally drive her to campus and pick her up, ensuring her safety and guarding her from the outside world. In those eight months, not once did we have a phone call—not even for two seconds. The silence was deafening, but I understood her reasons. Love, after all, requires patience and sacrifice, and this was my way of showing her how much she meant to me.

Yet, the distance and the lack of communication felt like a slow ache. I longed to hear her voice, to share even the smallest parts of my day with her. Instead, our conversations were limited to the text messages exchanged through her carefully controlled rules. I respected them, but that didn't make the longing any easier to bear.

Every day, I would ask her for a selfie—just one glimpse of her, something to remind me of the girl who had captured my heart. Sometimes, she would send one without hesitation, her face lighting up my screen like a ray of sunshine cutting through the clouds. But most days, she would hesitate, brushing off my request with a playful excuse. Still, when she did send a picture, it felt like a lifeline, a precious moment frozen in time that I would cherish for hours.

There were nights when I lay awake, staring at the ceiling, wondering if this was how love was supposed to feel. Was it supposed to hurt this much? Was it supposed to feel like a constant battle between longing and restraint? But then, I would think of her smile, her voice, the way she cared about me even in her own quiet, guarded way. And I would remind myself that love wasn't about ease—it was

about effort. It was about finding ways to hold on, even when the odds seemed stacked against you.

During those months, I learned to appreciate the smallest moments. A single text from her could brighten my entire day. A blurry selfie, sent reluctantly but lovingly, became a treasure. And through it all, I realized that our love wasn't about grand declarations or dramatic gestures. It was in the sacrifices we made, the trust we placed in each other, and the quiet hope that kept us going.

Looking back, those eight months weren't just a test of our patience—they were a testament to our commitment. They taught me that love isn't always about being together in the same space. Sometimes, it's about holding on to each other's hearts, even when you're miles apart. And while the rules of our relationship may have seemed unusual to others, they were our way of protecting something fragile and beautiful. Because in the end, love isn't about how you show it—it's about how fiercely you hold on to it, no matter the obstacles.

Nonetheless, I always sent her his selfie - that's what I used to do after waking up. I was very careful not to do anything that would jeopardize our relationship, and I was willing to do anything to ensure that it lasted.

It was my birthday and I wished for a call from her after a long time. I knew it was unlikely she'd call him at midnight at 12 AM, but I hoped she'd call him at some point during the day. I waited for her call like someone in a desert waits for water after days of scorching heat.

I was filled with anticipation as I reminded her to make a call to me, as it had been a long time since he heard her voice and it was my birthday - a special day of my life. She promised she would call once she found a suitable and safe time, but

unfortunately she never did. I was absolutely devastated, feeling let down and even more alone than before.

My birthday, a day that should have been full of joy and celebration, was instead a day of sadness and regret. But, I never complained about this to her, and kept smiling. Every time she went home from the hostel for a weekend, I had to log into a girl's account to chat with her. I never expected she would call me.

She returned to the hostel with anticipation, her heart beating faster as the phone rang. I could finally hear her soothing voice that seemed to melt away all the worries and stress of everyday life. My tender words made her love for me grow deeper and stronger, as if it was the first time I had heard her voice.

I savored every moment of their conversation, feeling the warmth of her words and the love between us. It was like the universe had aligned and our souls were connected at that moment. I was bursting with anticipation to finally meet her after all the months of being apart. I had thought about her constantly, and the long-awaited reunion was something I had dreamt of for so long.

I was filled with excitement and joy to finally be able to see her again, and to be able to catch up on all the things that had happened since the last time we were together.

One day, again I decided to visit her after a few more months. It was almost two and half years of their relationship. I, this time, well-dressed, asked my friend to let him borrow his bike to visit her. My friends even filled the entire petrol tank, to be honest. My friends believed that the girl, Radha, changed me a lot for the better good. They were thankful to her, everytime I went to visit her for a date, or whatever it is, one of my friends used to accompany him to drive, to

keep me safe, then he just roamed around the city until I finished up meeting with her, without even having food.

I met her in front of the same restaurant they visited for the first time, on their first date. We ran towards each other, and hugged tightly. We had eye contact with each other, but still hugged each other, then her friends came, and distracted her, making her leave that hug and formally greet me, I also greeted her friends. We held each other's hands and entered the cafe with a soft smile and looked at each other.

And, we went inside to have some spicy dinner, where she fed me with her hands. There was some biryani, and few other foods, but the taste was different, to a level of an epitome of good food, as she fed him with her caring hands. Her concerns for him were no match to ordinary love. She was a high-profile girl who knew how to eat at some really good cafes, whereas I was just as I was, kind of Desi-tadka. She taught me to use tissue paper or napkins, which I never used, and she taught me the manners of eating at cafes and the manners with which you need to act at any fancy cafe or restaurant. She taught me to call for a finger bowl at the end of the dinner or what not.

I love how!

I love how you hold me. I love how you tell me I'm beautiful. I love how you find it funny when you say something stupid or just can't speak when I'm around you. I love how you make me happy. I love how you smile when I see you. I love how you laugh when you say something random, or stupid. I love that when I laugh it makes you smile. I love how you ask me if I'm alright when I can't stop laughing. I love how you make me feel. I love how you tell me you look cute. I love how we can talk about

randomness for hours. I love how you want to stay up and text me late into the night. I love how you say sweet things to me. I love how you whisper in my ear when we hug. I love how you squeeze me so hard when I hug you. I love how you want to spend every day with me. I love how you care for my hand. I love how you hold me when we hug. I love how I get a feeling of protection when I'm around you. I love how you see the person really am, yet you still want me. I hope you have a passion for our God and want to grow your relationship with him. I love how waking up and talking to you feels. I love how I get nervous when I see you, but feel more comfortable with you than do with anyone else. I love how you deal with my random thoughts and craziness. I love how you insist everything will be alright and make me feel at ease. I love how you give me weird looks at awkward moments. I love how I'm important to you. I love how I'm your first and last choice. I love how I only want to be with you. I love how constantly you think about yourself. I love how mad you get when someone says something to upset me. I love how just one smile from you can make my entire mood change. I love how I'm yours. I love how you make your face when I snort while laughing. I love how you ask me if I'm alright when I can't stop laughing. I love how you make me feel. I love how you tell me that I look cute. I love how you like my pajamas. I love how you talk about music for hours. I love how you say sweet things to me. I love how you whisper in my ear when it's really quiet. I love how you squeeze me so hard when I hug you. I love how I talk to you for hours about anything, and you listen and listen. I love how we call each other as soon as we wake up. I love how you sound when I wake you up. I love how you want to spend every day with me. I love how you squeeze my hands. I love how you rub my back and kiss my neck. I love how you lay next to me, and tell me that everything's perfect. I love how everything is perfect being with you. I love how you see the person really I am. I love how you say we are perfect for each other. I love how you make me cry, not because I'm upset or sad, or because you hurt me, but because you made me the happiest person ever. I love how you wake up in the morning for me. I love how I anticipate seeing you. I love how you kiss me. I love how

you miss me so much. I love how you hug me. I love how I look at the empty space in my bed and wish you were filling it. **I love everything about you. I just love....us.**

There were a couple of swings, with vines of several plants roped around us, inviting visitors to take a seat and have dinner right there. We sit there this time on that swing. The food arrived. She took a bite of it, and as she was just about to feed me, a wave of nostalgia swept over me as it was like before I had such a moment in my life.

My eyes filled with memories and tears, I was filled with a deep sense of joy, my skin tingling with excitement as I was reminded of the time she used to feed me shrikhand with her own hands, after tasting it first, while they both sat on the swing. I stopped her hands and instead, fed her a bite with my own hands first, before letting her feed me. The moments shared on the swing were some of the most cherished memories of our lives, a time of pure bliss and contentment.

I was overwhelmed with a sense of love, knowing that we would be creating new memories together, like we had done so many times before. I held her hands and looked into her eyes, and for the first time in years, I felt like everything was okay. I saw in her eyes the same love and joy that I felt, and in that moment, I knew that all the pain and sadness had gone away. I looked into her eyes once more and said, "I love you." She smiled. I embraced her in my arms, feeling a warmth he hadn't experienced in a long time. I knew that we were blessed to have each other.

She asked me to make a call to my mom and asked me to tell my mom that I am outside for dinner with Radha. Somehow, I was able to do that. Many thanks to my parents for allowing me with full-freedom, that they don't even ask any

question. We were done with their dinner, also her friends who were sitting on the table near the swing. After having a nice time sharing stories and laughter, we decided to get back to each other's place as it was almost sleeping time. She returned to her hostel with her friends, while I called my friend who had come along with me, to come and pick me up to depart to our place.

I asked my friend whether he had dinner or not, as he had texted me while I was having my dinner with her. My friend answered in the affirmative, but I knew my friend very well, that they can't even fake properly. So, I decided to have dinner for him, going back to the same cafe. We've had a nice conversation about my feelings for her, and how lucky I feel being with her. We spoke until the sun had set completely.

After we had finished their dinner, his friend drove the bike while I was chatting with my companion about our memories and all the romantic conversations we had shared. We had even spoken on the phone, catching up with each other, before we eventually dozed off and went to sleep. On our way back to our city, the two of us reminisced about the little things that had made us smile, and the moments that had made us laugh.

We had grown so close that even after a short time apart, it felt as if we had never been apart at all. We felt a special bond that could only be shared between two people who truly understood each other. As I arrived back home, she felt a sense of relief, knowing that no matter how long we had to be apart, we would always remain connected.

Eternal Love!

Love takes many forms, one of which is "The Junoon". This feeling compels you to fight for anything, makes you express your love in front of anyone, and blinds you to reality and balance. It makes you forget yourself and do whatever makes you and your beloved happy in the moment. You are willing to go to any lengths to prove your love and commitment to one another, even if it means putting yourself in dangerous situations. You trust that she will always be yours and that your love will last despite all odds. This is something many young people experience today, with the hope that their love will last forever, and that they will never have to face the pain of separation. The Junoon is an intense feeling of love that drives people to take risks without thinking about the consequences. It is a feeling that makes you forget your worries and struggles and focus on making your beloved happy and fulfilled.

Second is the feeling that compels you to do justice to anything in front of her without fear of losing her, even when it seems impossible. The craziness that drives you to go the extra mile every time for her without expecting anything in return and no matter the consequences. The anger that makes you fight for her despite all odds and the obstacles that come your way. The blindness that makes you trust her against all people and circumstances, even when it could be to your own detriment. The cluelessness that makes you forget her past and instead work towards a better future together. The care that makes you do everything to make her independent, so that she can rely on herself and no one else. The trust that makes you die for her word without asking for a reason, because you know that it is the right thing to do. The love that very few people show in society today, but when it is shown, it is a sign of true devotion and loyalty.

Eternal love is the original form of love, deeply embedded in our souls, and it has the power to move us in ways that no other emotion can. It is rooted in five key elements: Devotion, Trust, Wisdom, Sacrifice, and Infinity. It is pure and unconditional, without any terms or boundaries; it is a feeling that transcends all others and it can inspire us to achieve heights that we may never have thought possible. Love has been recognized in many different forms, from the ancient Greeks and India to the present day. Its importance and power have been acknowledged, accepted, and celebrated all throughout history, and its effects can be seen in all aspects of life. Eternal love is a precious, wondrous emotion that is truly a gift from the heavens.

While she was graduating with her MBBS, I was doing a job that was worth 10K pay per month. Determined to pursue my future career in entrepreneurship, I worked hard, studying more than her, in order to be able to ask her father for her hands for our marriage.

However, this time, I wanted to make sure that I wouldn't repeat the mistakes I had made in my two previous attempts. So, I decided to go for a corporate job first, gaining real experience before embarking on my own venture. I understood that I needed to be well-prepared and knowledgeable in order to be successful in my entrepreneurial pursuits.

I worked hard, day in and day out, to make sure that I had the skills and expertise needed to succeed in my journey. With my dedication and determination, I was able to get a corporate job later, that too in a different field, - management, without studying MBA, despite being a Mechanical engineering student, for which I have no degree or experience, except those failed two startups to date, as I am not interested to have them either as they don't seem to be worthy.

My affection for my friends and priority for them never lessened, no matter what situation I faced. I would go to great lengths to help them, be with them, or accompany them when they needed it. One day, I accompanied his friends to visit Rajasthan - a nearby state to his, where I was not aware that they're going for drinks, but I was well aware of the fact that she won't allow me to go there, as she always wanted to keep me nearer to her as much as possible.

I had a few drinks and was made to drink a peg of vodka. It was my first time having it, as both of us hated it. I hadn't even eaten eggs till today. At the same time, she was at home with her parents, close to dinner time. I called her out of emotions, without considering that she was at home and shouldn't be called. She hung up. Fortunately, no one at her home was able to understand what was going on. I left her with many unanswered messages, asking why I was calling, if I had gone mad, if something had happened to me, and if I was safe. I was almost out of my senses and eventually fell asleep. My friends were still enjoying their drinks, and she kept texting and calling me, but I didn't reply, leaving her feeling worried and distressed. She was scared and concerned for my safety, not knowing if I was okay or not.

At almost 11 PM, when the night had become silent and still, she tiptoed out of her bedroom, careful not to wake her parents. She went to the washroom and made a video call to me, expecting to see my face and hear my voice. Instead, she was met with my friend on the other end. I was sleeping, having had a drink in a drunken manner. The sight of it brought a rush of emotions: confusion, disbelief, and betrayal. All the trust she had placed in me suddenly seemed foolish and naive. Her eyes watered.

A million questions swirled around her mind as she tried to make sense of the situation. Had she been wrong to trust me? What else was she unaware of?

With a heavy heart, she ended the call, feeling unsure of what the future held. She had no idea what to make of what she had just seen. All she knew was that things would never be the same between us. She quickly composed herself, not wanting to be seen in front of her family in this vulnerable state. She wiped away the tears, and slowly made her way back to her bedroom.

She was determined to find out the truth, no matter what it was. She lay in bed, unable to sleep, and silently prayed that everything would be alright, eventually. She was crying a lot and sending me a lot of messages with pain in them till late at night until she fell asleep. She was heartbroken and alone, and at that moment all she wanted to do was go to sleep and forget the whole thing. I didn't know at that time that this would be a huge turning point in our relationship as well as my personal and professional life. But I am really grateful that this happened and it changed everything.

Love is always kind!

"Hum samajhdar bhi itne hain ki unka jhooth pakad lete hain, Aur unke deewane bhi itne hai ki fir bhi yakeen kar letे hain..!"

- Gulzar Sahab

Someday, when you're sitting alone, stitching the pieces of your heart together whilst sipping your seventh cup of coffee for the day, you will look around and feel a deep sense of unexplainable remorse. The magnets on your fridge will remind you of the people you once welcomed into your life and as you take a little trip down the memory lane, the ticking of the clock will explain why every frame still rests empty on that wall. And after you've survived your umpteenth breakdown, you will wipe your tears one last time and make a brave choice for yourself.

You will choose to never let your heart ache again. You will also make hundreds of blind promises and pretend to hate the world, but little will you know that one day when almost nothing feels right, someone will swing straight into your life, and no matter how hard you push them away, they will choose to stay. They will choose to love you for who you are and watch you fill every empty frame on that wall with a picture of hope. I promise you, when the day comes, you're going to be so glad that you never stopped carrying that heart on your sleeve. We all have a heart that carries our inner thoughts, hopes, and dreams. There are times when it's important to be vulnerable and honest with ourselves and others, even if it means putting our hearts out there on our sleeves. It's not always easy, but it's worth it.

The next morning, when I woke up, I was shocked to find over 120 messages from her and numerous missed calls from the night before, including a video call. I was perplexed as to what could have gone wrong during the video call, but my friends were not fully aware of the entire incident.

I felt a deep sense of regret and thought that my relationship had been irrevocably destroyed due to this. I felt guilty for not being able to keep my promise that I had made to her, of sticking to my principles of life, as my

excessive affection for my friends had gotten in the way. I wondered how I could make her understand that it wasn't my fault, and how I could convince her to forgive me.

I decided to give her some space, and sent her a message apologizing for my behavior and asking her to talk to me. I hoped that she would understand my feelings and that I could make her believe that I was still committed to their relationship. I was determined to make things right, and I vowed to myself that he would never let my friends come between them ever again ever.

She had one condition for forgiving me for this incident: I had to leave that job, city, and those friends forever. I had to move to her city and stay close to her, leaving all those friends permanently, and not go anywhere without her permission. I was also tired of the 10K job I had to take due to family pressure, even though it was out of my interest zone. I called my parents to tell them that I am leaving this job and this city. Everyone tried to explain the job security and promotions I could get, but I couldn't explain the real reason for leaving the job and city. I said I would resign from the job today no matter what. My family knew once I decided something, no one could change it, and I resigned from the job and moved to her city.

Initially it was super hard for me, to get a place to stay at that city out of some little saving I had, however she helped me settle down in the city, after roaming around everywhere I finally got a job after couple of weeks in a company, as a project executive with a payscale of 18K per month. I started my new life in the new city, with a new job and a new start. I was determined to make it work and be happy. I was also trying to make amends with my family and build a better relationship with them. I wanted to show them that I was serious about the new path I had chosen. I was ready to take on any challenge that came my way.

This was one of my most frequent mistakes: hiding from her to not lose her, which later caused plenty of problems in our relationship. I eventually saw the truth of the matter: that our relationship should be honest and open after one incident that almost ended it. This realization was a turning point in our relationship and marked the start of a new phase, one in which I was determined to never again deceive her. I understood that transparency and honesty were key components of a successful relationship and would always strive to uphold us.

I was determined to keep our relationship honest and transparent. I began to prioritize our relationship and actively worked on it, making sure that it was a well-rounded and fulfilling relationship for both of us. I was willing to make the necessary changes in order to keep our relationship strong and meaningful.

I came to realize that we couldn't get married earlier but now I want to get serious about making her realize this, despite all of the dreams and plans that she had for the both of us. That day, when she fed me shrikhand with her hands on the swing at the cafe, I knew that was our destiny. She always dreamed of their wedding, but I knew that it was not possible. She said she couldn't love anyone else, no matter how hard she would try.

The pain in my soul was unbearable, a deep ache that seemed to consume me everytime she talked about their life together or wedding plans. I had been through so much in my life, and I knew that this unrequited love would be just another heavy burden I had to live with my entire life. I was determined to be strong and to try to find a way to move on, though it seemed impossible, like a mountain I had to climb. I desperately wanted to find the strength to rise above it, and to find a way to heal the broken pieces of my heart.

I wanted to give her the best of life memories until the time when we had to sadly part ways and separate. I wanted her to be able to look back on their

time fondly, and to be able to remember all the wonderful moments they shared together. I wanted her to be able to take away with her the beautiful memories we had created that would stay with her for a lifetime. I wanted her to be able to take away with her the beautiful memories we create that would stay with her.

A Love I Cannot Possess

It's funny how knowing we can't be together has somehow made me love you more. It's like, the more I realized we were hitting a dead end, the deeper I fell. I guess it's one of those weird heart things, where it just doesn't make sense but happens anyway. Each laugh we shared, every tough moment we faced together, and even those quiet times when we just existed side by side – they're etched in my memory, and honestly, I wouldn't trade them for the world.

Even though it's tough to accept that all our plans, all those maybe-somedays, won't come to pass, I find myself grateful for what we did have. It's those pieces of 'us' that I'll carry with me forever. The way you laugh, your jokes, the way you made any room brighter just by being there – that's the stuff I hold onto. And it's weird, but I feel like I've grown from just having known you. You've touched my life in ways that go beyond just the time we spent together or the future we won't have.

I used to think you were my forever person, that one perfect fit, but life's funny like that, throwing curveballs when you least expect it. It took me a while to see the signs, those little hints that maybe, just maybe, we weren't destined to end up together. Letting you go is one of the hardest things I've had to do, but I get it now—it's necessary. I'll never forget you, though, or the bond we had. That's just not possible.

Despite all this, there's a part of me that still holds onto a piece of you. If destiny doesn't have it in the cards for you to share my last name, then heck, I might just pass on your first name to my daughter someday. It's a little way to keep a part of you with me, to pass on the goodness you've brought into my life to the next generation.

So, here I am, carrying these memories, ready to move forward but always with a piece of our past. It's a treasure trove of lessons learned and love shared, and for all of that, I'll always be thankful. Here's to life's next chapter—may it be kind to us both, and who knows? Maybe our paths will cross again someday in the most unexpected of ways. Until then, take care, and remember: you've made a mark on my life that time won't erase.

"हमने तुम्हें उस दिन से और भी ज़्यादा चाहा है, जब से पता चला है कि तुम हमारे नहीं हो
पाओगे॥"

I worked hard on my new job in the corporate world, and was confident that my knowledge and skills in business management and startups would pay off. My parents had given me a path to study mechanical engineering, which was something I had not enjoyed studying but I had always scored more than 80% in all exams and excelled in it. With that in mind, I was sure that I would be able to make a name for myself in the business management field, which was my true passion.

But when I arrived at my new job, I quickly realized that the corporate world was much different than I had ever imagined. The rules, regulations, and protocols were unlike any I had ever seen before, and I struggled to adjust to the demands of the company. I embarked on a journey across multiple states in the first few months of the projects, traversing far and wide to ensure the successful completion of the projects I had been assigned.

I took upon himself both the roles of a laborer and a project executive, working diligently and tirelessly to ensure that the projects were delivered on time, within the given budget and to the highest possible standards. I put his all into each task assigned to me, ensuring that the quality of the work was never compromised. I took time to understand the requirements of each project, and communicated with the clients regularly to keep them updated on the progress of their projects.

I worked for the first 3 months without a day off, not even on weekends, and 12 hours a day without overpay. My hard work and dedication paid off, with the projects being delivered to the utmost satisfaction of the clients, who were highly appreciative of my efforts. Both of us were pretty happy and satisfied with the new beginning of my career.

She was pleased with the effort I was putting in to make our marriage possible, as we were sure I had to earn a lot each month to get her family's approval. She constantly encouraged me to sharpen my skills and experience. She was doing all the things a wife would do. We began calling each other "baby" and I even saved her number as "Love" on my phone. I was delighted to have moved to her city, as I could now meet at least once a month. This was the biggest satisfaction I had in my new phase of life.

We had taken several bike rides around the city. Eating Gol-Gappe was her favorite thing, as well as trying out a variety of other dishes; she was a real foodie. Every two weeks, he would pick her up from work at the end of the day for dinner on the weekends. I had been working hard for the past years and it had paid off. After only three months of learning Operations Management and doing the job as Project Executive, I was promoted to Operation Manager. I was elated, yet determined to keep going.

After another three months, I was promoted to Head of Operations, a position I had always been aiming for since I joined the company. This was my third promotion in a year in my career, and along with it came a small raise in pay. Although it was not a huge pay bump, I was still satisfied with my performance and she was extremely proud. I had made it and it was all thanks to her efforts for me.

She was entering her final year of graduation. I had one year left to do something that would make me worthy of asking for her parents' blessing. I worked hard and studied a lot, and started applying for jobs at other companies. However, due to my lack of a degree in the field I wanted to join and lack of experience, I failed the selection process hundreds of times. I applied for a job at more than two hundred companies.

As she entered her final year of MBBS, she wanted to do something special and thought of a three-day trek with her friends. She couldn't contain her excitement and immediately asked me if she could go, and I gave her a resounding yes and made sure she enjoyed it.

Thank You Sweetheart!

You came into my life like a blessing and remain a forever gift from God. You love me like everything and I love you like my everything. Whenever I think of you being in my life, I feel so lucky and blessed. I think about you all day, so I feel lucky all the time.

Your love for me is something that I am so thankful for. You make me feel so special and loved. The way you love me deserves all the love, all the happiness in this world and my promise to you. I'll do my best to treat you the best you deserve and to love you with my whole heart. I'll be there for you all the time and support you in

everything. I'm grateful for all the moments we share together and I know that our love will last forever.

The way you stand by me, even during the toughest times, makes me realize how much I need you and how you are my everything. You make everything so much easier and make me feel so safe and secure. I could never thank you enough for everything that you do for me.

*Tumhari manzil nahi hun main, magar zindagi ki ke is safar mein
jab bhi pukaroge mujhe, saath paoge mujhe!*

Thank you for coming into my life and making it so much better and brighter. Your presence in my life has made me so much happier and I'm so grateful for all the love.

I always wanted her to enjoy her freedom and had complete faith and trust in her. I also made sure that she was well-equipped with all the necessary items like water bottle, energy bars, first aid kit, and proper clothes. She embarked on the trek. She was in awe at the beauty of nature and the mountains. It was a truly rejuvenating experience for her; the fresh air and the sounds of nature were just what she needed to get away from the stressful life of a medical student. It was a memorable experience that she will never forget.

She had been completely out of contact with him for a three-day trek, as there was no network coverage available. I had tried to call her countless times, desperate to hear her voice and make sure that she was safe, but he was only able to get through to her once. Despite this, I had faith that she was safe and unharmed, as I had prayed fervently for her protection and wellbeing throughout the duration of her journey. I was confident that my prayers had been answered, and that she had arrived home safely and unscathed.

One of her friends posted stories on social media, which revealed that a random guy put his head over her shoulder. And secondly, why her friend is posting that picture along with her own pictures. This really blew me away, not because of any insecurities or possessiveness, but because I never expected that the girl who wasn't seeing or looking at anyone else could be so friendly and welcoming to someone new so quickly as I know how the boys are.

I was taken aback, and my feelings of jealousy and doubt started to creep in. I began to question her actions, wondering if maybe there was something more between them, or if I had misjudged the situation. I tried to rationalize the situation, but no matter what I came up with, I couldn't shake the feeling that she was hiding something from me.

I tried to reach out to her to have an honest conversation, but she seemed to avoid me every time I did so. I couldn't understand why she would be so distant, and the more I thought about it, the more I felt like she was hiding something from me. I was determined to get to the bottom of it, no matter what the truth may be. We had been together in a relationship for almost three and a half years, but our second fight finally occurred, leaving both of them feeling frustrated and upset.

The fight was hard on us as it had taken so long for us to reach this point in their relationship, and it had been a long journey for us to get to where we were. With all the time and effort we had invested in our relationship, this incident felt particularly crushing.

This incident, which proved to be a valuable lesson, taught me a great deal about having faith and trust in the people around me. I realized that I was wrong to assume that my girl could not do something or that she could not have had such kind of intentions. My lack of faith and trust in her had caused me to doubt

her actions and intentions, and this experience taught me to have more faith and trust in her and to believe in her. I learned that having faith and trust in one another is essential to having a healthy relationship.

After a few days of tension and distance, we were able to make peace and reclaim the closeness we had before or even more. I made a commitment to her to trust her fully and without any suspicion. This is what true relationships are all about - being able to move past disagreements quickly and getting back to a place of comfort and mutual understanding. It's not always easy, but it's worth it to maintain the bond that exists between two people.

She was focusing intently on her final year of graduation, determined to make the most of it and make the most of her time with me. I was working hard and learning new things that I had been lacking in the past, determined to grow and better myself for her. We were meeting more frequently now, three or four times a month, and each time was different and special.

The First Kiss!

As the kiss gets comfortable and you fasten up a bit, your body starts melting. It feels like the world has stopped. You forget everything.

After almost 3.5 years, one evening we were hanging around our favorite place, marveling at the beauty of nature around us. The sound of birds flying through the sky was soothing to them, and the sun setting over the horizon, its rays reflecting off the surface of the river, made for a breathtaking sight.

We sat on the bench beside the riverbank, the same one we used to come to often, hands entwined in each other's, talking about our love, the future and all

the possibilities that lay ahead of us. There was no one else around, just the two of us, and the peace and tranquility of the riverfront was the perfect backdrop for our intimate conversations.

We felt so safe and content in each other's company, taking in the moment and wishing it would never end. We had never dreamed of such a moment, never picturing that one day we would share a kiss, let alone before they became engaged. Her every word was a delightful treat to my ears and her smile was so breathtakingly beautiful that I felt an inexplicable rush of emotions coursing through my veins. I was so captivated by her beauty that I could not help but pull her close and embrace her in a loving embrace, my heart pounding with excitement.

As I did, I was mesmerized by the ever-increasing beauty that radiated from her—not just her physical looks, but her heart that was filled with kindness and compassion, like a holy river of blessings that sanctifies all those who are touched by it. I was so captivated by her grace and charm that I found myself in a trance-like state, unable to look away from her.

I embraced her, and the soft, warm embrace was too magical to let go. I felt myself melting away in that warm hug, with all my worries and troubles slowly disappearing, and being replaced with a soothing warmth that filled me up. Radha's arms were eagerly wrapped around me, with the tenderness of satin and the warmth of the moon.

It was like flowing away, losing myself, unaware of time and place, and I was filled with a peaceful contentment that I had never experienced before. Hugging each other warmly, with a catchy eye-lock between them making their hearts beat faster, we lost in each other.

Everything that happened afterward was unexpected; we had no idea what was coming. We were so caught up in the moment that we barely noticed until our lips touched. It was a moment of pure bliss, a tender and eager exchange that sent a thrill through both of us. It felt like time had paused and the rest of the world had disappeared, and there are no words to describe the enchantment of that first kiss.

Even now, all these years later, I can still feel it; like a gentle heat that envelops my heart and soul, taking me back to that moment and the emotion it brought. Each time I remember it, I am filled with a warmth and nostalgia that cannot be put into words, an indescribable feeling that stays with me forever.

When we were back to alertness, it suddenly felt embarrassing. We moved away from each other's arms and couldn't look into each other's eyes, but there was something special in the air. I had the feeling that something had changed, that something beautiful had been born between us. It was a feeling that I would remember for the rest of my life.

It was a moment that was both unexpected and blissful, something that they would never forget, and even in the moments that followed, we knew that we had a connection that could never be broken. We held on to each other for a few moments, taking in the beauty of the moment. Neither of us wanted it to end, but finally, we had to.

As we stepped away, I noticed a special spark in her eyes, and maybe she did too. I don't know what it was, but it felt like something had changed, like something extraordinary had happened between us. I could feel a warmth in my

heart, a warmth that I had never felt before. I knew then, that I had experienced my first kiss, and that it would stay with me forever.

The next day, I couldn't help but think back on the experience. I felt so much emotion during that moment, and I knew that it was something I would never forget. I felt like I was connected to her in a special way, like we had shared something that no one else could understand. I knew then that I had truly experienced something special and that I was in love.

After four years together, we finally shared our first kiss. It had been a long-awaited moment, seemingly stretching on forever in our minds. Though this may seem like a long time in today's relationships, to us, it felt like an eternity before they mustered the courage to express our feelings. That kiss was a powerful moment, one I will never forget. The kiss was special, and marked a new level in our relationship. We felt a connection that had been building up over the years, and it was finally unleashed in a single moment of tenderness.

One day, as I was going about my daily activities, I received an email that left me in shock and surprise at the same time. The email informed me that I had been shortlisted for the position of operations manager at a foreign-based company and that I would be able to work remotely. I was ecstatic that I had finally gotten the opportunity to make a breakthrough in my career after months of searching and applying for various job postings.

My heart was overwhelmed with joy and I felt a sense of relief in knowing that I had been given the chance to prove myself. As a result, they had invited me for an interview on the weekend, and I felt like I had been given a second chance at life. I was determined to make the most of it and show them what I was capable of.

I was eager to tell her the news in person. In the evening, I went to her hostel to surprise her with the new opportunity that could bring me into the field I was looking for instead of what I was into, despite being a student of Mechanics. In my life, I wanted to explore everything except the field of medicine, or anything related to biology, which I hated the most in studies. Even when I was in school, I used to skip that part of the books.

I met her at the hostel and we decided to go to her canteen for a cup of coffee. While we were having a conversation about how our day was going, I thought it would be a nice surprise to send her a picture of the email I had received. To my delight, her face lit up with surprise and joy when she saw the screenshot image on her phone. I was filled with a sense of inspiration when I saw the smile on her face and the happiness that the gesture had brought to her. It was a moment that I would never forget which injected confidence in me.

Second Chances!

One day you're going to look back and realize that you let so much slip through your fingers – moments, people, places – because you were too concerned with what other people thought of you. You'll come to understand this life is not a mere practice run for a better one to come; there is no do-over, no second chance. This is it. So don't sit idly by – rise up, take action, and be honest about what it is you truly want. It's not too late to take a new path and release what no longer serves you. It's not too late to tear down the walls you built around your heart, to try and try again, on your own terms and in your own way. It's not too late to chase after your dreams, to live a life you can be proud of, and to become someone you can be proud of. You might not get another chance to start from the start, but you have the chance to start right now. Forget living life on the sidelines; you're the main attraction, the main character! Act like it. Don't let

fear stand in your way; you have the power to create the life you have always wanted. And if it seems too late, remember that it's never too late to start again. You can choose to follow a different path, to set new goals, and to take risks. You have the power to make a real difference. What matters is that you take the steps necessary to make your dreams a reality. So take a deep breath and take the plunge. You have the strength and courage to make it happen. Relationships can be a beautiful and fulfilling thing, but they come with a lot of responsibility. When it comes to relationships, it's important to remember that we don't get a second chance. Once trust is broken, it can be hard to get it back. That's why it's so important to take care of our relationships, and be honest and open with our partners.

I was excited about the prospect of the upcoming interview, and was ready to do my best to get the job. I was hoping this could be the start of a new career in management in an IT company, and was determined to prove myself. I was confident that if I worked hard, I would be able to make a mark for myself in the field. I worked hard along with the job I was doing, used to sleep for a few hours a day, till the interview date arrived, almost within 4 to 5 days.

Finally, interview time arrived, and I was a bit nervous, as it was his first interview at any foreign company. I was having mixed feelings and constantly reminding myself that I can do it. I joined the interview meeting, and I nailed half of it, until some critical questions were raised in front of me as a case-studies. I was not so sure about it, but I answered however I could. They said they'll let me know after discussing the interview outcome and my profile with their management. I was slightly disappointed and said everything to her about that. She was quite confident about me, she motivated me a lot, and said that she will be with me, no matter what would be the outcome.

Her words have always filled me with the courage to take risks and pursue the life I desire. She has been a constant source of support, even when times were tough and I had no job or money. She was there when I was earning 10K a month, 18K a month and will continue to be with me, no matter what the future holds. Her love has always been unwavering and she has been a constant source of encouragement for me to strive harder for success. Her presence in my life has been invaluable and I am forever grateful for her loyal and unconditional support.

After four interviews that stretched over a long period of time, due to my lack of professional experience, I was offered a trial period of one month as a part-time job at the company. I was overjoyed and grateful at the opportunity, and was hopeful that this could be a stepping stone to faster career progress. I immediately called her to express his gratitude, saying, 'Thank you for your unwavering belief in me. I could not have gotten this job without your support. I am dedicating this to you, and I will make you proud.'

With my newfound enthusiasm, I was determined to make the most of this opportunity and to take my career to the next level. I was determined to make the most of this chance and worked hard to prove myself within the new role. I took the initiative to learn the skills of the job quickly and worked hard to exceed expectations. I was eager to demonstrate my ability and make an impact in the company. I was determined to show that I could be more than just an average worker.

After a month of intense dedication, pushing myself to the limit by sleeping only 3-4 hours every day and dedicating the rest of my time to work, except for four hours a week to visit her and take her out for dinner, I was finally rewarded for my efforts when the company informed him that my performance had exceeded their expectations and that my part-time trial would be converted

into a full-time job. The news was welcomed with great joy and enthusiasm, as it gave us something to share with her family when they would eventually bring up the topic of marriage.

To celebrate the occasion, we went on a date, after a long while, and had an unforgettable moment together, watching a movie and having dinner afterward. I had just left my previous job and taken on a new one, and I was determined to make the most of this opportunity.

My partner and I worked hard to advance our respective careers, but we also made sure not to let that interfere with our relationship. We made it a point to take the time to enjoy each other's company and to make sure that our bond stayed strong. Consequently, as our careers began to take off, we started meeting more and more often, ensuring that our relationship kept up with the pace of their success.

Whenever I used to work she used to come and disturb me, sometimes through calls or sometimes by text, or maybe it could be a video call. I used to put my work aside, and talk to her, no matter what I was up to, even if it was about silly things. One day, I was at the cafe to work along with her and my few friends, where they were enjoying coffee. Suddenly, I got busy in a meeting due to the stress of office work, and she used to tease me or disturb me, and he said, "Wait, it's urgent." When she was about to hug me, I pushed her away and shouted at her, 'Leave me alone'.

My harsh words pierced her soul, and her eyes filled with sadness. She was just about to cry but she handled herself as my friend was there along with us. I said, "Just leave me alone, for a while. Just sit and enjoy yourself as you are now." She said, "I'm going back" and started walking away, but I realized my

mistake and ran towards her, holding her hands, pulling her back with me, and said, "I'll drop you off later, just give me five minutes, let me fix the office issue."

I continued my digital meeting with the office staff, but she was still feeling hurt, and after a few minutes, she said to my friend, 'Please drop me at the hostel.' I got frustrated and angry, and shouted at her again, "Can't you just wait for five minutes? Idiot," not realizing how much my words were hurting her.

I was taken aback by her sudden departure and realized I had overreacted after a few minutes. I tried to console her but she refused, intent on returning to her hostel. I was determined to make it up to her and offered to drop her off myself after I had finished his meeting. I drove her back forcefully skipping the meeting as she wanted to go at the moment itself, I apologized for my outburst and tried to explain my feelings. She remained quiet, still hurt by my words, and I felt a deep regret for what I had done. I decided to be more understanding and less angry with her in the future.

Anger Management in a Relationship!

It can be difficult to manage anger in relationships, but it's an important skill to develop. Anger can cause tension and hurt feelings, and can even lead to breakups if left unresolved. It is essential to understand how to recognize the signs of anger and to develop strategies to manage it in a healthy way.

When it comes to managing anger in relationships, communication is essential. Open and honest dialogue with your partner is essential to identify the source of the anger and help to resolve the issue. It is also beneficial to practice self-care when dealing with anger in relationships. Taking time for yourself to think through the issue, or engaging in calming activities such as yoga or meditation can provide a sense of

relief. Taking a break from the situation can also provide a sense of distance and perspective.

Learning how to recognize and manage anger in relationships takes time and practice, but is an important skill for healthy and happy relationships. By taking the time to communicate openly and honestly, and to practice self-care, it is possible to manage anger and keep relationships strong. When couples work together to develop strategies to cope with anger, they can create a strong foundation for a lasting relationship.

It is also important to have empathy when dealing with anger in relationships. Putting yourself in your partner's shoes and trying to understand their perspective can help to build understanding and compassion in the relationship. Additionally, couples can work together to create a plan for how to handle future issues. This plan can include strategies such as taking a break, counting to ten before responding, or taking some deep breaths before talking. By working together to create a plan, couples can ensure that they are responding to issues in a more constructive way.

Anger management tips for relationships:

1. Communicate openly and respectfully.
2. Take breaks to calm down and collect your thoughts.
3. Use "I" statements instead of blaming.
4. Seek professional help if needed.
5. Practice forgiveness and let go of past grievances.
6. Develop healthy coping mechanisms

It is important to be open and honest with each other when dealing with anger, and to have empathy and compassion. Additionally, couples should create a plan together for how to handle future issues, which can include strategies like taking a break and counting to ten before responding. By implementing these strategies,

couples can ensure that they are responding to issues in a more constructive way and creating a strong foundation for a lasting relationship.

In almost every relationship, there comes a time when couples together plan the name of their children, even though they don't necessarily know whether they will get married or not. I was always dreaming of having a daughter first, or only, while she wanted to have a baby boy first, followed by a daughter. She wanted to make her children medical students, while I envisioned my daughter as a top-class woman entrepreneur. We both had a certain vision for our future children.

I was so fond of my future daughter, that I would even think of her name while I was driving a bike. I considered names from A2z, based on all the zodiac signs, wanting her to show the world that a woman could be the greatest entrepreneur of them all. I was certain that she would be a spitting image of her mother, and my love for my daughter was immense. I had an unwavering belief that she could be a successful and powerful businesswoman. I wanted to make sure she had the finest education needed to succeed, so I set aside a certain amount of money each month to make sure she would be able to pursue her dreams even though I was well aware of the fact that we can't get married.

It was her birthday, and since we started dating, we never had celebrated together, and I was all too aware that it could be her last with me. I wanted to celebrate it like never before, but I had no idea how to explain this to her. She had always refused to spend her birthday with me before, so as to keep our relationship a secret. Yet, I was adamant, and asked her if they could celebrate it together.

I was hopeful that she would agree, and that I would finally have the chance to show her how much this day truly meant to me. I was determined to make this birthday one to remember, and although it was a small gesture, I wanted to do something special for her.

She agreed without hesitation, and I brought her an extravagant and luxurious selection of clothing and other gifts. I was not the type of person who would surprise you with something you may like or not; rather, I would always bring whatever you asked of me.

I had planned a special message for her at exactly 12AM on her birthday, but I could not think of anything more special. So, I decided to create a video to wish her on her special day. I wanted to make it as special as possible, so I worked on it for days, ensuring that each and every detail was perfect. I was so proud of the video to make her smile.

The clock hit 12 AM in the night and he couldn't help but feel a wave of nostalgia. I remembered our first conversation and all the moments we had shared together. I thought of sending her something special to make her feel loved on her birthday, so I sent her a video that he had been meaning to show her for a while. I then called her, but realized that she was celebrating her birthday with her friends at the hostel.

I didn't want to disturb them, so I wished her a happy birthday and cut the call, waiting for an hour in anticipation of her call back. When she finally called me, they had a long, loving and happier conversation that night and we both went to sleep with a sense of contentment. I dreamt of how our special day was going to unfold as they were going to celebrate her birthday for the first time together. I couldn't wait for the day to arrive.

One of her buddies shot me a text, pretty much asking me to keep looking out for her like I've been doing. No biggie, right? But the way it was worded, man, it felt heavy, like passing me the baton in a relay race. And yeah, I took a screenshot of that message because it wasn't just any text—it was like signing an invisible contract.

I texted back, "Don't sweat it! I've got her back, come rain or high water, and that goes for her family too." Promising to shield them from anything life throws their way felt right. And keeping that screenshot is like keeping a memento—reminds me every day of the promise I made.

I glance at it sometimes, just to remind myself of the trust her friend placed in me, and it kind of pumps me up, you know? Makes me want to be that guy who's always there, no matter what—through thick and thin, through every crazy twist and turn life decides to throw at us.

It's wild how much that one message changed things. It's like I'm more tuned in now, always on my toes, making sure they're doing alright. And it feels good, man—like I'm doing something important. It's not just about being there for the big stuff but also just the everyday moments, making sure they're smiling and safe. That screenshot isn't just a picture on my phone—it's a reminder, a motivator, and honestly, it's kind of like a badge of honor. I made a promise, and I'm sticking to it. Here's to keeping it chill, doing it right, and always being there for her and her family.

Happy Birthday To You!

My Love, on your special day, I love you now, and always will, in every possible way. You're the calm that drains my rage. You're the person I care about the most. You're the sun that brightens my storm, and home we can forever be this close. I cannot find words to tell you, How much you mean to me. For words are but an insult, to this love feels so intensely. So be my love for all your lives, and I'll be your love too. Each birthday is another chance for me to say, 'Live more than me.'

'Happy Birthday to the Queen of my heart! The lady of my dreams and The Love of my life, I love you so much baby. You mean the world to me wifey! I can't imagine my life without you. I feel I'm the luckiest boy to have you in my life. Thank you for always being there for me.'

'Whenever I am with you, it's like having my emotional batteries recharged with joy. Your smile radiates into me, your touch sends little shivers through my body, your presence pleases my mind, and your soul pours peace on my heart. I love you.. Madly, sincerely, completely, and with no reservation, in a way that's blissfully wonderful.'

I had planned a wonderful birthday celebration at a cafe that belonged to one of my friends. I was on my way to the cafe, eagerly anticipating starting the preparations with my friends, when he suddenly received a message from her saying, 'My father is visiting me today and he wants to take me out for dinner, just like he does every year.'

My carefully laid plans were ruined in an instant and I was left feeling dejected. I waited till late into the night, hoping that I would receive another text or call from her, to alleviate my disappointment. I thought that I would never have another opportunity to celebrate her birthday in the future.

I wanted to ensure that I didn't ruin her special day, so I spoke to her with respect and love. When the night drew to a close, we had another deep and meaningful conversation that was full of warmth and emotion. Eventually, we said their goodbyes and went off to sleep with fond memories of the day.

A month passed, and it was my first Christmas celebration with her and I couldn't have asked for a more special day as I believed in each religion, I wanted to celebrate that too as I was able to afford that now. We spent the morning getting ready for the day, talking about our Christmas wishes, decoration planning, and celebrating the spirit of the holiday. I along with my flat-mate decorated the entire house with lightning and flowers, and also a Christmas tree. She along with my flat-mate's girlfriend arrived for the celebration and she cut the cake. We chilled together.

Afterward, we went to a nice restaurant for dinner and enjoyed a delicious meal together. We were able to spend time talking and laughing. It was a truly special experience. Later on, we went out for a walk around the neighborhood and admired the Christmas lights and decorations. The joy and happiness in the air were infectious, and I felt so blessed to be able to experience the day with her. I dropped her off at the hostel, then returned home and went to sleep, content. I will always remember our first Christmas celebration together fondly. It was a magical and unforgettable experience, and I am so thankful for the opportunity to have shared it with her.

I always wanted to have a night out with her in some cozy environment where we can just see the stars, and get lost in the eyes of each other. She denied multiple times before making it happen one day. It was 11 AM in the morning, I got a call from her, and she said, "Hi, Me and my friends want to go for the night out

but due to safety reasons we can't. Is it safe to do so? Can you join us, so that we can be stress-free about our safety?"

I was so overwhelmed, without thinking for a second, about job work, or any other plan, I just responded with "Yes. Why not! Don't worry about anything, just arrive at my place at 5 O'clock in the evening, and I'll take care of the rest." She got ready along with her friends for that.

He called his assistant, and asked to make necessary arrangements for them. She always loved to drive her scooter, playing cards, Ludo, enjoyed delicious foods, and chocolate shake of course, and the list goes on. My colleague took care of everything, and made sure everything was there whatever she wished to have. Many Thanks to him.

My Special Person!

Hey, My Pretty girl, I just wanted to say I'm sorry for everything. I'm mainly sorry for arguing. I know I start basically every fight. I am sorry I just want to talk to you my love/ I want to hear your voice / I want to hear you say you love me / I want to hear you say "Hi Handsome" every single time when you answer the phone / I want to hear you talk about your day just a little bit longer / I just want to hear you. I am scared, I've never loved someone as much as I love you. I've never cared about anyone this much and that scares me because everyday for the rest of my life I'll choose you, every morning, every night, and even through every argument it'll always be you. I could never look at someone the way I look at you. I could never love or care about someone like you, no one could ever make me feel the way I feel about you. No one could ever make me laugh as much as you can. My love, I could never think of someone besides you and instantly get happy. It'll forever be you. I wouldn't be able to handle the pain of us breaking up, that would be way too much. I am attached to you now and I don't

think I could ever distance myself from you. I'm absolutely crazy about you/ If we broke up I wouldn't be able to love someone again the same way I love you, if we break up that's it for me. I am sorry about arguing so much, but please please please never hurt me like that again because even though I forgave you, it's still going to run through my head sometimes, like when you won't answer your phone and I don't know why, that's always the first thing I think of and I do trust you I really do I trust you more than anything, but I know that you've done that and it'll still be the first thing I think of because I don't want you to hurt me like that again, or leave me.

You are my forever special!

They arrived at the door, She knocked on the door, and no one was opening the door. I was enjoying her calling me from the upper stair and laughing, she was like, 'Are you making fun of me?' I said, "Just open the outer door and slide the inner one." She did, and experienced a rain of colorful gypso flowers that she always complained about since the beginning. "I love gypso but you never gave me even a simple rose." She and her friends were so happy that she said, "this is gonna be great, as the beginning is so so so beautiful."

They got on the recliners and I served water to them. They turned on the mood lightning and played music and relaxed. Then I brought cardboard games to them. We started playing along with drinking soft-drinks. They are enjoying themselves to the fullest, and I was smiling seeing her smile like never before. I liked the way she started behaving like the owner of the penthouse, which she was indeed as my everything was of her. She treated her friends as she would when they visited her home. A relaxing moment for my heart.

I ordered her favorite burgers and other stuff, for everyone, which is also my favorite food and we enjoyed dinner followed by some really delicious

ice-creams. After having dinner, we decided to get ready to go outside for a long ride. There were 6 people, 5 of them and me. We got two scooty and one bike for us. We started our journey deciding that we will go around the city first.

We got outside it and defined a circle that we would ride on around the city. It was a once in a lifetime experience for me, not sure about her. As I always wanted to have one, as I was very well aware of the fact that we can't be together after some months or few years.

We stopped at the cafe, which was my favorite, not favorite but they treat me like I am their number one customer. The cafe had a tiny waterfall with lightning on it and music all around. She always loved peri-peri fries, and me and that cafe made sure that she would have one the best peri-peri fries she could have along with her favorite Kitkat shake.

She and her friends enjoyed it so well, I am damn sure that she would be still praising the fries and shakes which were served to her there. She played some of her favorite songs on the cafe's music system while enjoying bone-fire. It was a breath-taking moment for me. Later, I took some pictures of them and we went ahead with continuing our ride.

We were enjoying our ride, a lot. An hour passed while enjoying our ride. It was around 12 O'clock at night. We stopped at the roadside, for another cafe, we got inside, as she wanted to have a rest. We sat there and they played cards along with tea, while I was sitting with the cafe owner gossiping. Couple of hours passed, and she was feeling sleepy. Khatam...!

We were pleased to have such a kind of experience together, and I knew that this is not going to repeat in the future, so I made her awake and got her to a

cafe where we can dance to some of our favorite music. We grooved together. We also had a couple dances.

I've never done a couple dance in my life till that moment, she taught me how I can get started but deep within I was good at both learning quickly and dancing too. I've adopted the steps within minutes. The moment when my hands first touched her bellybutton, I felt so hurt that I will have to leave her someday, that moment when she looked at me with eye-to-eye contact while putting her one hand on my shoulder and other one engaged with mine, when she said, you dance well, I love you for giving me this moment, while dancing together, with a smile like never before.

All these were breaking me deeply inside, my heart started bursting out, I wanted to cry, like this could be our last time together like this. All that pain is just not describable in words. I just never wanted that to happen despite knowing clearly that this is going to happen someday.

It was early morning, we went for Tea and breakfast, and got back to the penthouse and went to sleep, all together, thanks to me, I was able to afford a bed on which even 5 people can sleep together and another room. We changed the mood lightning and played soft music and hugged each other and fell asleep.

The next day, I wanted to tell her after we woke up in the afternoon that we shall not be having night out tonight, as I wasn't able to sustain the pain that was radiating me while spending such quality time with her. But I convinced myself that Let's not waste whatever time I've with her. And again I got them to the city playhouse, where I made her play and enjoy every game such as bowling, pool, and other tiny games, etc. and fortunately I wasn't runners up but I made her win, which she won't realize.

We went for some delicious dinner at Taj Hotel, one of which she always wanted to visit. Then we roam around the city a bit followed by having a drink at one of the best cafés in the city. And we arrived home late at night and fell asleep. The next day she along with her friends went back to the hostel and thanked me for the entire experience.

From going out for dinner to enjoying heart-warming talks in the park, to hugging each other nearer the riverfront, to caressing her head with his hands as a sign of love, to getting lost in each other's eyes - we made the most of our time together. Even coffee dates and visiting various cafes became a special thing for us to be together.

My Sunflower!

Hey there, Sunflower!

You know, every once in a while, life throws you a curveball—a good kind, like bumping into someone whose vibes are just so sunny and warm, it's like walking into a beam of sunlight on a chilly day. I'm talking about those rare kinds of people who just radiate good energy. They're like your personal cheer squad, always there, rooting for you with all they've got, never letting the green-eyed monster get in the way of being happy for your wins. And man, do they know how to give friendship like it's the easiest thing in the world!

Hanging out with them? It's a breeze. Time just flies by and you find yourself grinning like an idiot because you're just so darn happy around them. They've got this superpower, I swear, to fill you up with joy and contentment. Always dishing out love and kindness, their hearts must be some kind of deep well because they never seem to hit bottom.

Being real, being you, that's just the default setting with them. No masks, no pretense. And the best part? You're in this amazing, judgment-free zone. It's like having a safe little bubble around you, making you feel all secure and warm inside. It's weird but in the best way possible because, in a world that's always judging, it's a relief to have someone with whom you can just be.

Truly, it's a blessing, no kidding. Having someone like that in your life—it's something to be really, really grateful for. They're not just friends; they're like sunshine on a cloudy day, making everything bright and okay again. So here's to them, the heroes without capes, the real MVPs in our lives. If you've got someone like that, hold on tight! Life's just so much better with them around.

हमें पता नहीं हमारा प्यार सच्चा है या नहीं, पर इतना जरूर कहेंगे कि ये सिर्फ चार दिन का मोह तो नहीं है।

आपके सामने आते ही धड़कता है हमारा ये दिल, ना जाने क्यों नहीं रह सकता मैं, बगैर आपके एक दिन भी॥

आपकी एक झलक के लिए तरसता है ये दिल, ना मानो तुम इस प्यार को, यह भी स्वीकार है हमें।

बस तुम इतना ना कहो, ये प्यार नहीं, कुछ दिनों का मोह है, ये नहीं सह सकेगा ये दिल॥

- For You!

Thank you for being my sunflower.

We used to go shopping a hell lot, as she absolutely adored it. I was never good at it, shopping frequently but not wasting any time on it. She had the tendency to try out 8-10 clothes after carefully perusing more than 50, only to end up buying one or two items, or sometimes nothing, and wander around multiple stores in search of something suitable.

I used to jokingly start tiny arguments about it, saying that she had just 10 minutes to purchase anything she wanted, with my card in hand. She would always hate it, but it never stopped me from trying. I used to purchase some clothes for her, and many other things she ever needed, even food, frequently, even though she denied it multiple times.

The city's cricket stadium was hosting the tournament's final match. She wanted to watch it with her friends, I wanted to join them too, to experience this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see it with her. I was afraid we wouldn't get another chance in the future. I implored her that I'd stay at a distance and no one would know about our connection, so I could look out for her among the thousands of people. I even bought tickets for her and her roommates. She said, "You can come if my brother doesn't want to." I agreed.

A few days later, she informed me that she didn't want to go to the cricket match because she doesn't generally watch cricket. She mentioned that her friends were visiting the city and one of them didn't have a ticket for the match. I was confused by this situation. How could three people be coming to the city, but only two of them have tickets? And they claimed to be best friends?! I felt disappointed and reluctantly agreed to let her friend go in my place. However, she quickly corrected me and said, "No, I promised to watch this cricket match with you if my brother doesn't come. I will be the one accompanying her." Reluctantly, I agreed, but I was starting to understand what was going on.

The next day she asked me the same thing, and I again said yes, but this time I voiced my displeasure, telling her that "You can take your friend along with you, I would not join you guys, but make sure next time, you make me the priority, and don't change your decision so many times. I have a job to look after, a family to look after, I can't keep changing my schedules for silly reasons."

She got angry at me, thinking that I was questioning her loyalty, when in reality I was just voicing my frustration at her changing her mind so often. I wanted her to make me the priority and to keep her decisions unchanged. We had a small disagreement that started because of a shopping issue.

She had made me buy something I didn't like and it ended up becoming a bigger problem than it should have been. She was the type of person who would stay mad for hours or even days if something didn't go her way. I wanted to apologize and take her out to dinner that day, hoping to make up for the fight and restore the peace between them. Unfortunately, her friends were visiting the city the same day and she wanted to go out with them for dinner, instead of spending time with me. Although I was hesitant, I eventually agreed.

If she agrees to let me apologize for the fight while she is on her way back to her hostel after dinner with her friends, I might visit her. Maybe I'll pick her up from the cafe and drop her off at her hostel. I told her that a hug, a forehead kiss, or even just seeing her for a few seconds would be enough for me to be satisfied. After considering it, she agreed. I even asked if I could call her and invite her friend to join them instead of me for the cricket match final.

She mentioned that it could be awkward for them to receive a call from me while they were present. I had their best interests in mind and was prepared to apologize to him by touching his feet, acknowledging my doubts about her in the past. I even offered to apologize through a chat or video call in their presence. I had previously questioned their intentions when they returned from the trek, and he was the same person. Despite my good intentions, she refused to let me speak with them. This left me feeling confused and frustrated, questioning why she couldn't understand how much I cared about our relationship.

She went out to have dinner at 5:30 PM, informing me that she would return in an hour or two. We had planned for me to pick her up and give her a ride back to her hostel, so I plotted a route to reach her hostel by 7 PM or 8 PM. During this time, I sent her messages to check on her and asked when I should pick her up, but she did not reply. By 9 PM, I arrived at her hostel and waited near the university gate on my bike, as she was not responding to my calls or texts. I called her again, but she did not answer. I started to feel increasingly worried.

I called her multiple times until 11.30 PM, when she finally answered. All she said was, "I've reached the hostel at 7:30PM. I'm sitting in the garden with my friends. They came to drop me off. I'll call you later" and then hung up without listening to me. I called again a couple of times, but she rejected the call.

I kept trying and she kept declining, eventually answering, asking "what happened?" I said, "I'm waiting outside as we agreed." She told me she couldn't meet him because her friends were there, to which I replied, "They don't need to know about me. It's safe. And I will take only half a minute, I just want to see you smiling." She said, "I'll talk to you later," and hung up.

I tried sending messages, but she didn't reply. I was desperate to talk to her, but my attempts seemed futile. I kept trying, but it felt like my efforts were in vain. I was really frustrated and started to think she had forgotten me.

I was driving his bike towards my home, tears streaming down my face as I drove. I was utterly broken that night. After putting in so much effort, did I not even deserve a few seconds to talk to her or to see her and settle our issues? or Can't she meet me for five seconds as I drove there after an hour of driving? Was I not even a priority to her? I was almost dead. Everyone said, "You lost your last shred of self-respect to her today. You should leave her."

I was waiting for a call or a reply to my texts. I pulled up to the side of the road outside my home, thinking about all that had happened. I waited until 1:45 PM for her call. When she finally did call, she didn't even apologize and only said she was really tired and going to sleep. My anger reached its peak, but when I heard her voice, I realized it was pointless to be angry.

I knew it was a trait of hers that was deeply embedded in her, something that could not be undone - A self-centered personality, which she was proving since long back which I ignored. She was unapologetically selfish, prioritizing her own wants and needs over those of others when it really came to an edge.

She rarely put the needs of others before her own and often acted in ways detrimental to those around her or only when it interested her, like everyone else in the world. Although she was loving and used to caring for others, when it came to her or her family, she didn't think twice about being self-centered. I had no problem with this as it is a common characteristic of almost all people.

But what's new was, she started breaking the promises she was giving to me. And this marks my biggest mistake: forgiving her for this treatment. I am certain that I will regret it later. However, I still held onto the hope that things would get better, if she realizes what she has done.

Nurturing Understanding in Relationships: A Foundation for Lasting Bonds

In the intricate tapestry of human connections, understanding serves as the invisible thread that weaves individuals into the fabric of meaningful relationships. It is the bridge that spans differences, the compass that guides empathy, and the catalyst for harmonious coexistence. Let's delve into the essence of understanding in relationships and explore how it forms the bedrock of enduring bonds.

Empathy as the Keystone

At the heart of understanding lies empathy—the ability to comprehend and share the feelings of another. It is the cornerstone upon which genuine connections are built. Empathy requires stepping into another person's shoes, seeing the world through their eyes, and acknowledging the validity of their emotions. In doing so, we foster an environment where mutual understanding can flourish.

Active Listening: A Gateway to Understanding

Active listening is a vital tool in the cultivation of understanding. It involves not just hearing the words spoken but truly comprehending the underlying sentiments. By giving undivided attention, asking clarifying questions, and reflecting on what is being communicated, we signal a genuine commitment to understanding the intricacies of our partner's thoughts and emotions.

Navigating Differences with Compassion

No two individuals are identical, and differences in perspectives, values, and preferences are inevitable. Understanding acts as a guiding compass, enabling couples to navigate these divergences with compassion. Rather than viewing dissimilarities as obstacles, couples can embrace them as opportunities for growth, learning, and enriching the tapestry of their relationship.

Cultivating Emotional Intelligence

Understanding in relationships goes hand in hand with emotional intelligence—a capacity to recognize, understand, and manage one's own emotions and those of others. Emotional intelligence empowers individuals to respond thoughtfully to varying emotional states, fostering an atmosphere of empathy and cooperation.

Patience: The Virtue of Understanding

Patience is a virtue that underlines the landscape of understanding. Relationships are dynamic, and gaining a profound understanding of one another takes time. Patience allows for the organic unfolding of this process, preventing hasty judgments and creating space for mutual growth.

Communication as the Expressive Medium

Clear and open communication is the language through which understanding is expressed. Sharing thoughts, feelings, and expectations openly facilitates a mutual exchange of understanding between partners. Honest communication builds trust and reinforces the foundation upon which a robust understanding of each other can thrive.

The Ripple Effect of Understanding

Understanding is not confined to the interpersonal realm; its influence extends beyond the relationship itself. As individuals experience a deepened understanding within their personal connections, they are likely to radiate this empathy into other spheres of life, fostering a culture of compassion and connection.

In essence, understanding is not merely a passive state but an active, ongoing process that requires commitment, empathy, and the willingness to embrace the complexities of human emotions. As couples embark on this journey of understanding, they lay the groundwork for resilient, fulfilling relationships that withstand the test of time.

The next day, I called her and asked her to come with me to the temple. I wanted to apologize for my anger last night, even if it was justified. Despite the way she treated me, I wanted to make her smile. She agreed to join me, so I went to pick her up. On the way to the temple, I asked her if she could bring her friend to watch the cricket final match. She replied, "I will take you with me, not him." It was then that I realized my mistake from yesterday. You are my top priority.

After carefully considering the situation, I made the decision to follow through with my initial plan. As we made our way back to the hostel, I resolved to have a conversation with her, informing her that I would be unable to accompany her due to unforeseen emergencies. However, I wanted to ensure her safety, so I took the initiative to reach out to her friend and request a favor - that they accompany her to the stadium.

Before heading back, we took some time to visit a temple together, sharing a moment of tranquility amidst the chaos of the day. To make her happy, I went the extra mile and bought her some of her favorite foods - mouthwatering burgers and crispy French fries. By making these arrangements, I hoped to demonstrate my concern for her well-being and create an opportunity for her to enjoy the cricket final match in the company of a trusted companion. It was my way of showing that I still cared, despite the challenges we had faced.

On our way to the hostel, she asked, "Can I bring my friend with me? He's alone here, and his friends are going to watch the match at the stadium. I don't want to leave him alone." I offered him one of my tickets, which were actually all mine. I had purchased them and gave them away for free. Surprisingly, she didn't even realize this. I reminded her that just half an hour ago, she was saying that I was her top priority. I asked her what had changed. She replied, "If you don't want my friend to come with us to watch the match, then I don't want to go to the stadium either." This really hurt me deeply once again.

Then, I said, "It's okay, but now let's watch it together. You've broken your own words and promises to me multiple times. We can go to a cafe and watch it on a big screen. I'll arrange it the way you want." She replied, "No, I don't want to maintain a relationship with you. Just drop me off at the hostel and forget

about me." This was a devastating blow to me, and I felt completely shattered in that moment.

I went to her hostel to drop her off. When we arrived, I explained to her that I wouldn't be able to come and watch the match with her due to emergency meetings for the company. I assured her that she could go with her friend and that I had no problem with it. I asked her to stay safe and to call me when she returned. I also promised not to call or text her during the match so she could enjoy it freely. I still needed to trust her in order to keep us together.

She went out in the afternoon with them and her own friends. Meanwhile, I was meditating at home, trying to focus on positive thoughts about her. I waited for her to text or call, hoping she would ask if I had dinner or not. However, she didn't reach out to me. It was already 1 AM. I tried calling her, but she didn't answer. I assumed she would be returning to her hostel, so I waited until 3:30 AM. Finally, she responded to my texts, saying she would call me once she arrived at her hostel in 15 minutes. The match ended at 12 AM.

She called me at 4:15 AM and I asked her where she was. She replied, "We arrived at the hostel at 1 AM. Her friend's phone was dead, so she was charging it in my hostel. We sat together in the hostel garden, waiting for the phone to fully charge. Then, I went to the railway station to drop off her three friends in an auto. I am really tired today and don't want to fight. I am going to sleep. Good night!" Once again, I made the mistake of not leaving her, even though there was nothing between us. However, her behavior and mentality are not what I need in any relationship.

The sun rose on a new day, fresh with the promise of a clean slate. I made the choice to let go of the past—a tangled mess of misunderstandings and unspoken words. Instead, I decided to embrace the day with open arms, showing

her love and care as if the storm of the past two days had never brewed between us. It was like pressing the reset button on a game console, ready to start fresh, no scores kept.

To my surprise, she mirrors my actions, her demeanor soft and unfazed, as if the last 48 hours were just a fleeting shadow, barely remembered. This behavior, so eerily in sync, hinted at an unspoken pact between us to bury the hatchet without digging up the reasons why it was thrown in the first place. Yet, this seamless return to normalcy had its bittersweet tinges. It was a testament to a deeper, more troubling trait of the human psyche—our sheer reluctance to confront our own mistakes, flaws, and missteps. There's a certain comfort in denial, a safety in not acknowledging the cracks, but it's also a barrier, a wall that blocks the path to true growth and understanding.

Maturity in a Relationship!

It's always about the other one's happiness!

Maturity in a relationship really boils down to the small, everyday actions that add up. It's knowing that you don't have to chat every second of the day to keep the connection alive. Instead, it's about respecting each other's need for space and independence. After all, everyone has their own life to live, right?

It's also about how you handle disagreements. Maturity means you don't just walk away from a fight or hold onto anger. Instead, you talk it out, share what's bugging you, and listen to what's on their mind. It's about finding solutions together, rather than pointing fingers.

And you know what? It's about being each other's support system. Whether it's cheering for them on a bad day or being there when they hit a milestone, you do it

because you genuinely care. Maturity means being their partner in crime, their confidant, and their pillar of strength all rolled into one.

But it's not just about the emotional stuff. Being mature also means being practical. Like when it comes to making decisions, you do it together. You compromise when needed, and sometimes you might have to give a little more. It's about finding that balance where both of you feel heard and valued.

In a mature relationship, you also get to be yourself. You can laugh, cry, be silly or serious, and know that you're accepted just as you are. And that's because maturity brings with it a deep sense of understanding and acceptance.

Plus, let's not forget how important it is to keep things real. You talk about the tough stuff—money, future plans, family dramas—with judgment. You work through these things as a team, making plans and facing challenges head-on.

At the end of the day, maturity in a relationship isn't about being perfect. It's about being real, being there, and growing together in love and life. It's about making each other's lives better, not just easier. And when you look back, you realize that all these little moments of understanding, support, and compromise aren't just the signs of a mature relationship, they're what make it truly beautiful.

As Aariv sat back, lost in his thoughts, he couldn't help but smile at how unpredictable love really was. It wasn't the picture-perfect storybooks made it out to be. Love was messy, complicated, and often came with more questions than answers. But wasn't that the beauty of it? The arguments, the misunderstandings, the stolen glances, and the moments of sheer silence—those were the things that made it real. He thought about how he had changed along the way. Love had pushed him to grow, to understand that it wasn't about always being right, but about being kind. It taught him that sometimes, you have to apologize first, even when you

don't think it's your fault. It's in those small, quiet acts—the ones no one else notices—where love shows its truest form.

And yet, it wasn't just about two people. It was about learning to love yourself enough to set boundaries, to know when to stay, and when to walk away. Aariv realized that every person he loved, even the ones who had left, had left him with something valuable—a lesson, a memory, a piece of himself he didn't know existed. Love wasn't just an emotion; it was a teacher. It showed you how to forgive, how to heal, and how to move forward. Sitting there, he finally understood that love wasn't meant to be perfect—it was meant to be lived.

Chapter: 6

Love's Tribulations: The Agony of Parting

"In farewells, understanding and sacrifice become the tender notes that compose the melody of enduring love."

Few months passed. One day, I visited my aunt's home for my cousin sister's engagement and had always cared for her deeply, but hadn't had a proper conversation until the day her previous engagement was broken and she cried in front of me. I felt numbed by life's drama, but couldn't help the goosebumps that ran up and down my skin and the way my heart melted for my sister. I comforted her, telling her that she would never have to cry as long as I would be alive. To the day of her marriage, I fulfilled all of her wishes and needs.

They showed me a picture of a girl named Krisha and explained to me about her. To me, she seemed to be a blend of Jahnavi and Gauri with an added maturity. They asked me if I liked her, and I had to admit that I did but genuinely. I was told that she belonged to a nearby society of my own and that she was studying at the same school I had attended.

I couldn't remember her, however, as I had never noticed her during my time there. I was a bit confused, thinking that as I was getting older and due to societal and family pressures, I was expected to get married soon. I was worried thinking that I wouldn't be able to find the right person if I would not be able to marry Radha and that it would be difficult to make the right decision.

Confused, I couldn't say no to anyone. I didn't know how to reject yet another marriage proposal, having already rejected six proposals in the last few months. What excuse could I make to reject her? I couldn't reveal my love for Radha until she finished her education and training, or else it could cause chaos. I went on several pauses, trying to figure out what to do.

The engagement was now over and my aunt and sisters asked me if I would like to meet her and talk to her in order to get to know her better. I replied that if she was from our arena, she must already know me, and so she wouldn't need to talk to me in order to say yes to me. I continued, stating that I would definitely like to get the chance to speak to her before entering into any kind of relationship.

I wanted to ask her to reject me because I cannot reject her. Rejecting her would negatively impact her social image, and I don't want to leave Radha halfway before she finds someone who will take care of her. I know how some boys can be, and if I were to break up with her, she might end up in another relationship. She is innocent and naive enough to fall for any boy who pretends to be innocent. I want to ensure that she remains safe until she marries someone who can truly take care of her in my absence. That's why I wanted to call Krisha and explain my story and situation to her, so she can reject me.

And, I returned to the city. I didn't inform Radha about the incident. And we met as usual and chilled together. I was having a long bike ride in the rainy

season, I stopped my bike at the place of a road where no one was going through, it was almost 6:30 PM. I was listening to some motivational songs, and I got a call from an unknown number!

Of course, it was Krisha. I attended the call and, surprisingly, they ended up talking for almost one and a half hours. We studied at the same school, and she was fully aware of my existence. After the call, I was frightened by what had happened and pain flowing in my heart as I stood beneath the dark, rainy night sky. I realized that I couldn't bring myself to talk about Radha to her. In that moment, I recognized one of my weaknesses - I had put myself before Radha!

I felt a deep pain in my heart for what I had done. How could I have been so careless? I continued to feel pain for a long time. My phone rang once more, and it was my Radha. She scolded me for being outside in the rain and at such an early hour in the evening. I eventually made my way back to my home, and then we had a brief yet meaningful conversation that night before I finally fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke up and found a few texts from Krisha that said "Good Morning, Have a nice day!" I didn't reply to her throughout the day, until the evening when I got another text saying "Hi, Can we have a call?" I said, "I am quite busy today for office work", and she said "Don't forget to take dinner." and sent me a good night text. I still didn't reply, as I thought that being rude to her might make her reject me, which in turn would make it easier for me to be free from her.

Unfortunately, to my surprise, when the evening of the next day came, I again received a text from her, asking if I was available for a call. I responded, asking if there was an emergency. When she replied that there was none, I went silent for a few hours. But then, at night, she again sent a text to check if I had had dinner. Perhaps she was trying to start a conversation, as I had seen too many like it before. I responded, thinking that I needed to talk to her and build some

trust, so that he could let her know that I am already in love with someone else and she could reject me ultimately making me at fault if she rejects so it would be easier for her in the society.

I responded, "Yeah just now. Are you done with your dinner?" She replied, 'yes, of course, it's almost 11PM, normal people fall asleep at this time.' The conversation then started to delve deeper, she was curious as to why I was not noticing her, despite us being in the same class at the same school. I said, I never noticed any girl, as I was too busy focusing on my studies.

She asked, "Do you have any girlfriend in school or later till today?" I replied, "It could be either 29 or 1." Surprised, she asked, "Are you serious? 29?" I said, "Yeah, 29 girls loved me one-sidedly till date, and I maybe loved only one." My response left her astonished and speechless and asked, "Who is that lucky girl whom you loved?"

She said again, "I have no qualms about your past, as I have known you for a long time and have heard a lot about how you worked hard to improve yourself and become a totally different person from who you were back in school. But after her, there should be no one else in your life, except her."

I was surprised by her response. I had never even thought about marrying her, and her reply made it seem like I was already considering it or going to accept her marriage proposal. Additionally, I can't marry someone else because I already know my destiny. It's not Radha either. There's someone else coming, whom I'll have to patiently wait for, maybe for several lifetimes. Since I hadn't given my consent to the marriage proposal yet, I wanted to suggest that we either remain friends to get to know each other better or end the conversation.

I ended up responding, 'I'm not that kinda man! If I've already been married to someone whom I don't know yet, there'll be no other girl in my heart or mind. I understand that relationships can be complicated and that sometimes people may feel like they need to seek support from someone outside of the relationship. I will always support anyone who needs me, be it in terms of emotional or financial support, but I draw the line at physical contact.' She said, 'good.' I then replied, 'I don't really care what other people think of me, so it doesn't really bother me if somebody has a problem with me or not.' The conversation got intense at times, but eventually she ended it by saying 'Good night!'

Next day, in the evening, I asked Radha, "Will we be able to get married?" She reluctantly replied, "We'll have to talk to our families first. If they're not happy with it, we can't go ahead and risk their happiness and respect in society." She added, "I'll try to convince my father once. I can't bear to see him suffer because of any decision I make.

I have to consider the consequences it will have on his health and reputation." I was disappointed. I couldn't understand why getting married to me would defame her father's respect in society or affect his health. But again, it was her belief and a human trait of considering themselves being right all the time.

A phone call suddenly came through, just as I was about to switch my phone to flight mode, so that I could have a bit of peace and quiet, and take some time to reflect on my future. It was Krisha. She said that she had already told her parents that she was ready to go with the marriage. I was shocked by the question: "When are you going to give them your answer?" I replied, "I'll answer them tomorrow."

My heart started to race; how could I reject her? She was a perfect fit for the marriage, and I didn't have any reasonable explanation to give. I knew that

whatever I said, it would certainly be a difficult and awkward conversation, but I was determined to remain strong and stay true to my own feelings that I don't have any real feelings for her. I was struggling to find the right words to express my feelings, so I decided that it would be best to talk to her properly. I made up my mind that I would tell her the truth, and be honest about my feelings.

I also knew that no matter how difficult the conversation may be, it was the only way I could be sure that she would understand what I was trying to say from the beginning. I had to find a way to be honest and clear about my decision, without hurting Krisha or her family. I decided to take a deep breath and take a few moments to think before I spoke. I knew I had to be firm in my decision, but also make sure to be as respectful and understanding as possible.

I dialed her number and she attended my call saying that she is surprised that Aariv can even call someone. We started with a normal conversation. Where I tried to get to know her more so that I can get some valid reasons and her point of view along with why she wants to marry me. She explained everything, and to my surprise, she even thought of staying with me after I agreed for the marriage, and that too before the wedding.

I understood completely that she had sealed me from her side. She is not going to reject me in any way. I tried to bring the topic of love or relationship, so that I can express my feelings for someone else — Radha. She asked, and I eventually replied that, a girl out there, is taking care of me completely, and she is my best friend, girlfriend whatever you call it, she is possessive about me and she is the reason why I'm where I am today in my career or life. And I just can't leave her alone as I also love her selflessly till she gets married to someone with good character and heart.

She paused for a few seconds, her expression thoughtful as she considered her words. She said, "I'm a girl, so I can understand her feelings. I'm not going to come between both of you." I was damn surprised and relaxed a little, but only for a few seconds until she continued speaking. "I'd love to meet her, along with you for dinner maybe, so that I can personally thank her for taking such good care of my Aariv." WTF!!

My eyes widened in surprise - I couldn't believe the change in her demeanor. The stone had been turned around! I was taken aback by her counter response, and my mind started to race. I could not fathom why she was being so understanding and generous or maybe doesn't want to leave me. I was touched by her gesture, and I could see the sincerity in her words. But wait, she already considers me her own? This is going to be a huge sign that I failed to convince her to reject me, maybe she already has feelings for me?

I informed Radha about the marriage proposal. Initially, she denied it, but then she told me that I should talk to her once or meet her if necessary. She said that our marriage doesn't seem possible and that I should give myself a chance. I was taken aback because for years she had been giving me hope that it was possible. I suggested that we should at least try informing our parents about our relationship and then decide whether to continue or not based on their response. Now you are suddenly saying this!

I ended the call and went home to attend Rakshabandhan. I told my aunt that the girl is very nice, but I didn't want to get married and that is my final decision. The girl is perfect, but I still had many pending responsibilities and didn't want to add one more. My aunt said, "Just meet her once, and if you don't like her, you can say no. No one will force you this time." I asked, "But why?". We were

enjoying the festival with the family, who had begun to value me now that I had become stable in my career and was earning a good amount.

Meanwhile, I was having a talk with Radha. I explained to her the scenario, the struggle I was facing between my love and my family's wishes. She said, "You should get married to her, I am also stressed, what if our parents are not convinced for our marriage? I'll have to marry someone else for him, but what about you? Are you going to get any other better girl than this? I can't risk your life, just for the hope of us getting married." I stayed silent for a few moments, trying to process her words.

Then I replied, "I only want to marry you, I don't want to marry someone else." She looked at me with a feeling of deep sorrow in her eyes, shaking her head in disbelief over a video call. She said, "Come to reality, Aariv. Face the reality of life. Are you mad? Ek baar mil toh lo usse, dekhne me kya jaata hai?" I was taken aback. I got a bit disappointed without knowing that she was saying this by putting a big stone on her heart. I didn't know why she was so desperate for me to face the reality and accept that their love was forbidden.

Krishna sent a text to me and asked if she could meet him since she was only a few miles away. I was initially going to refuse, but ended up saying, "We'll see, if possible." I then wondered if I could convince her if they were face-to-face as to date, I had never failed in convincing others. I sent her a text asking if she was available at 4 PM. She replied, "Yes, are you going to pick me up?" I said, "No, I couldn't, as it's not good."

I went to a place near her home - my farmhouse - and she arrived there. We sat together and I offered her some water and a sofa. We greeted each other and were about to take our conversation further when I got a call from the office. My team needed me, so I joined the meeting, which ran for an hour, ruining her

first experience with me. I thought I had made a bad impression, but she was proud of me. She said she had always wanted someone who could prioritize what was most important at the time.

After meeting and having a bit of conversation, my aunt called me, as my mother had informed her of my whereabouts. I gave her the phone and they had some happy talks. When the call ended, she asked me, "When can you answer them?" I jokingly replied, "Why are you in such a hurry? Are we going to get married just after this?" She replied with a laugh, "No, Nah! But for sure within one or a maximum of two years."

Another day, another bomb for me! This was a shocking revelation for me, as I had not expected this turn of events. It was hard to digest for me, as I wasn't even planning to get married within the next three years, except to Radha.

We went back to our respective homes and we started following each other on social media which caught the attention of Radha, who called me, and asked, "What was going on? I gave her the stupidest reason I could think of, explaining that I followed her because she followed me. Radha was not satisfied with this answer, so she made me unfollow Krisha, which got her attention and made her send a text to him asking, "Why did you suddenly unfollow me, after following me a day back. Is everything okay?" I was feeling frustrated on both ends, as I couldn't believe that something as silly as this could cause so much trouble. I was angry at myself for being caught in such a silly mess and I was angry at Radha for making such a big deal out of it. All I wanted was to get out of this situation without any more drama.

I convinced Krisha that it was all a misunderstanding and I had not meant to do it on purpose; it was simply an accidental mistake during the process of unfollowing other people. Lying to someone is a sign that, deep down, you want them

to stay in your life, despite whatever issues you may have. After that, Radha and I had a bit of a squabble which eventually got resolved very quickly within an hour. That was the most heartening part of our relationship, as it showed how deep our bond was, no matter how much we may have disagreed on something.

Now, the time has come. I met her a few days after they had first connected, but this time at a different location. It was a small hill station where I had been traveling for work, as I had a remote job. I had posted a picture of the area on social media, and she saw it and decided to take a chance. She texted me, asking if she could join me since she was alone at home and the place was relatively close to her. I replied, "Yes, if you wish to! However, I will be working and won't be able to give you much attention." She agreed and soon arrived at the hill station. I had said yes because I didn't want to deny her the opportunity to meet me, even though I knew it could be my last chance to make her understand that we couldn't be together.

We met, I was attending the meetings over a laptop while sitting on the top of a big rock, while she was soaking in the romantic scenery outside on another rock that was higher in altitude than the one I was sitting on. She took a few pictures of the location and the moment, capturing the beauty of the day. Out of the one and half hour meeting, I only saw her once, to check if she wanted something to drink or eat. Whereas she saw me hundreds of times, sneaking glances in my direction as she later said to me.

The last meeting ended and I just said, "I'm sorry, I couldn't give you more time today despite you joining me here." She said, "It's okay. Work is more important, I joined you here because I wanted to be with you before you had to leave tomorrow for moving back to the city." As I was getting ready to drop her off on my bike, the rain started. She asked me if she could put her hands on my

shoulders so she could sit safely on the bike since it was a sport bike. I agreed to make sure of her safety.

This is the second girl, who put her hands on my shoulders, after Radha — that's when I was overwhelmed with thoughts that Now I am no longer deserving of Radha. I found myself in a dilemma. On the one hand, I wanted to protect her safety and well-being, but on the other, I didn't want to hurt Radha's feelings.

After much deliberation, I decided that saying yes to the girl was the best possible way to ensure her safety. As she was with me, I felt a sense of responsibility to get her home safely. I dropped her home and then made my way back home. On the way back, I couldn't help but feel like a failure for not being able to stand up for Radha and make the right decision. I felt like I had let her down and was unworthy of her love.

The following day, I made my way to the city to meet with Radha and apologize without providing an explanation as to why I was sorry. "Why are you apologizing to me?" She asked, "What wrong have you done and why have you come here?" I responded with nothing but a hug. She persisted, "What is going on?" I finally spoke, "I don't want to lose you, no matter what I do, whether it's intentional or not. Please don't leave me." She hugged me tightly and said, "I'm all yours. And I'm not going anywhere, ever." I was relieved and she reassured me that she would never leave me, no matter what happened.

A week passed, and out of seven days, Krisha relentlessly asked me when I could answer them. I replied saying, I'll answer when my parents visit me this weekend. It was a surprise to everyone that Radha was aware of my meeting with Krisha, whereas I was thinking that no one is aware of that. It was almost as if someone had seen us together and unknowingly informed her. Unfortunately, that's

when my parents arrived at my home in the city. However, It was a relief to Krishna that I had been able to meet my parents so that I can answer them for the marriage, as it was a weight off of her shoulders.

I mean I always mentioned that my lady love was Yukta, not Radha.! For almost 4.5 years, everyone was well aware of Aariv's love relationship with Yukta, but no one was aware that Yukta is actually Radha in disguise. I wanted to protect her dignity and respect, shield her from hidden dangers, and preserve her father's health and reputation if we did not get married. I always had Yukta's best interests in mind, and so I chose to keep her identity a secret and is still a secret for all of them. I was willing to sacrifice my own happiness to ensure that Yukta and her father would stay safe.

As my parents visited my penthouse in the city, to stay there for a few days, it was the first time my parents came to meet me when I was out of home for over 10 years. I was determined to make it the best experience I could for them. They had been fasting the entire day, so they were sure to be famished by the time they arrived, which was around 5 o'clock in the evening. I decided to go outside and fetch some delicious shrikhand for them, having already ordered food digitally for them.

As I was about to leave, my friend showed up to greet my parents. Just then, I got a text from Radha, "I hate you.! I am going outside the hostel and will never return, never, and I'll die." This text came as a shock to me, and I felt a knot in my stomach. I replied, but she didn't reply to me again, neither did she receive my phone calls. I had to make a decision, whether to stay and take care of my parents or rush out to find her.

I called her more than 20 times, and she rejected all of my calls. She texted, "If you want me alive, find me before the sunset, as it was the time when

we got together." I was shocked by her request, and I asked her, "In such a huge city, how do I find you? Have you gone mad? Come back to the hostel, I'm coming there to meet you." She replied in a stern voice, "No, either you find me and get me back to the hostel, or else my dead body will go to my family tomorrow morning."

I was shocked and scared, so I kept calling her, but she kept rejecting my calls. Finally, I asked for a clue to find her. She thought for a few moments before saying, "I'll be there where we met each other for the first time." I knew this had to be a place that was special to both of them and I had to find it in the dark of night before it gets too late. I frantically searched the city for the place where we first met, praying I'd find it in time. Along with that, I didn't receive calls from my parents who were waiting to have their dinner after having fast all day with me.

The tragedy over here is that the cafe where we first met was no longer there. It had been shut down a year back and I still went to that place, hoping against hope to find her there. But it was all in vain, she was nowhere to be found. It has been almost five years since then and I was utterly confused. If it's not the cafe, then what could it be? I asked her where the hell she was. She replied that it was the place where they first met. I said I am here at the cafe area, but she told me that she was referring to the other place they met after that, as the cafe was no longer available.

Frustrated, I wasn't able to remember which place it could be; as they'd met almost all cafes or places in the city, I vigorously searched her everyplace, along with my friend who came along with me to accompany me in my search for her. I was getting more and more anxious as the time passed by and I was still unable to find her. My parents kept calling me, asking me where I was.

They were waiting for me to have dinner, but I had to continue my search. I told my friend to call my parents and tell them that one of my friends had met with an accident and so I had gone to the hospital to be with him so that I would not worry about my parents being worried about me and they can have their dinner, I will have it later. We kept searching, hoping to find her soon, and maybe then, I would be able to go back to my parents.

I was angry and frustrated, as it had ruined my parents' first experience at my home and my wife had seemingly gone mad. I ran the entire length of the riverfront, which was more than 5 km, looking for her, but to no avail. Exhausted and without even water, I called her and said, "Do whatever you want, my parents are here. Have you lost your mind? Please let me know where you've been so I can get back home as soon as possible after dropping you back at the hostel." Eventually, she told me that she was at the Swastika cross - a place that they had never been to during their journey together. I was greatly relieved to hear her voice and, though tired, was relieved to know that she was safe.

I, along with my friend drove there and we were about to reach her, and she sent a message to me, "Don't bring your friend with you, I don't want someone to think anything wrong about me. I don't want him to see me." I said that to my friend. My friend responded, "I've been with you in search, I'll be there so later I can drop you home, as your parents are waiting." I tried making her understand that I can't tell my friend to go away or his home, leaving me alone within walking distance of her.

However, despite my desperate attempts to make her understand which failed, I rudely told my friend to just leave me alone, and as everyone was aware of my anger, he left me alone at walking distance from her with his bike and left for his way to his home on an auto. I felt a deep sense of guilt for the way I spoke to

my friend and was filled with self-loathing for my own actions. I desperately wished I could undo the damage I had caused, but it was too late as at the time, she was my top-most priority.

I met her there, standing on the roadside, tears streaming down her face. I reached out and grasped her hands, pulling her close in a tight embrace, and hugged her. She hugged me back, tightly, and cried. I made her stop crying. She asked for his mobile phone, wanting to check something. I said I would give it to her once we reached her hostel, and that even if she wanted to keep it for the night, I would be alright with that. However, she refused and asked if I was hiding something from her, or if I didn't want her to see something on it. I said that we could talk about it once we reached her hostel, and I set about booking a cab for us so we can go to her hostel.

She shouted at me harshly, "I hate you, just get lost!", her words echoing through the empty street. She turned around and started walking away from me, but I followed her, desperately trying to stop her. I begged her to listen to me, but she only forced me and said in a rude voice, "you've no right over me now, just leave me alone or give me the mobile." I felt a wave of frustration wash over me, I wanted to give her my mobile and answer her every question, but not in a public place. It was a late night, and I wanted her to reach the hostel safely first, as in such situations, you can easily get angry over silly things. I tried to explain this to her, but she remained adamant, and walked off, leaving me standing alone in the dark place.

She ran faster than before, her feet pounding against the ground as she tried to go away from me as quickly as possible. But, in a moment of sheer carelessness, she fell off the road, dazzled and the world seemed to stop. That scene still hurts me a lot whenever I pass by that place. I felt my heart shatter

into a million pieces as I rushed to her. I tried to pull her up, but she was feeling so dizzy and weak, unable to muster any strength.

I jerked her off with my hands. She hadn't had any food since the morning when she heard of me meeting with Krisha, which seemed to have drained her of all her energy. She tried to break away from my grasp, but I held her firmly and made her stand. I hugged her tightly and she broke down into tears, a scene that I would never forget, nor forgive myself for and now when I remember that scene, I still get broken into a million pieces, still makes me feel like death.

I had never seen her so broken, so vulnerable before and I wished I had done something to prevent it. I wanted to protect her from all the pain and suffering in the world, but instead, I had been the one to cause it. I gently wiped away her tears and held her close, letting her know that she was safe in my arms and that I would never let her go. I promised to never let her be in such a situation again, no matter what it took. I kissed her forehead and vowed to never let anyone hurt her ever again. But again, She was reluctant to listen to me.

She asked for the last time to give her my mobile phone, I denied shouting at her, "can't she understand that I will give it once they reach the hostel, idiot." My tone was harsh, and it was obvious that she didn't like them. She angrily said, "Just get lost, I don't know you! And go and marry Krisha." With her words I felt like my heart was ripped apart and my anger boiled over. I turned around, leaving her alone and marched away. She, too, started walking in the opposite direction.

But then I realized my responsibility, to get her to her hostel safely. I reached her and held her hands, and right then, a cab arrived. I gave her my mobile once I got inside the cab. She stopped crying and started checking his mobile, and she read my chat with Krisha completely. She said with a worried voice, "I'm calling

my father and telling him that you're kidnapping me!" I replied, "What are you talking about? Are you out of your senses?

"What went wrong in the chat?" She showed me a text that I had sent her, which said, "Thank you for your time!" She didn't realize that the text was from the time when they first had a call, and I had been nothing more than generous as she was not his girlfriend or friend but someone my family insisted on talking to. She was thinking that I had even met with her before without seeing the date of the text.

She tried calling her father, but I snatched her phone from her hands and cut the call. Then, in an effort to explain the mistake, she decided to make a simple call to her own father. After searching through the entire gallery, she finally found one picture of Krishna. Confused, she asked what her picture was doing on my phone. I answered, "It was there since you asked to send a picture of Krishna to see how she looks." She expressed her concern, saying, "It's been a few weeks, why is it still on your phone?" I replied, "I mean seriously? It was there, I didn't even notice it so I didn't delete it."

We reached her hostel and she sent more than 10 messages from my phone, which made some absurd claims, like that the sender was my girlfriend. And she demanded that I call her and say, "I love Radha and that's why I'm blocking you." I was confused, and said, "You just texted that to her and she has seen the messages. What's the point of me calling her and saying the same?" She was adamant, and said, "Just do it, otherwise forget me." I reluctantly agreed, and after I did, she made me block her. Then, she seemed a little more content. She turned and started walking back to the hostel from the gate.

She stopped in her tracks when she heard my voice, stating, "Radha, what do I do with this mobile phone? You didn't trust me and checked my phone, now it

isn't worth it." I continued, "So why don't you take it with you? You can spend the entire night searching through it and keep it with you forever so you can have some trust in me." She shook her head and said, "I don't want it." I pressed further, "It would be better for you to check the entire phone tonight and donate to someone who needs it tomorrow morning, otherwise I would throw it away right away in my own style of anger."

She replied coldly, "Do whatever you want, I don't know you anymore." Without hesitation, I threw my mobile phone over the road, watching it soar almost 50 feet away, out of anger. That was the first iPhone I had bought with the money I had worked so hard for, and in a month, I broke it, the 12th Mobile phone I broke out of anger. The sound of the phone breaking echoed and at that moment, Radha realized the finality of our relationship.

I didn't carry my wallet often while roaming inside the city, as I had gotten used to making all of my payments digitally. Now I was heading home but had no way or money to get there. I was searching for an auto, as I had been unable to book a cab, and my home was an hour away from her hostel. I was walking around outside the hostel, hoping that she would show up at the gate, to give me some indication that she remembered that I had no money or mobile to use, and no way to make it home, or just a smile that could give me some mental relief.

But she never arrived. I eventually found one auto rickshaw after an hour and asked if the driver could drop me off at my home, offering to give him double the usual fare and he agreed. I arrived home, as my father was sleeping, and my mother opened the door and asked if I had eaten something.

I said No, not yet, not wanting to tell her what had happened and spoil their mood. My mother then prepared a meal for me and went to sleep. Which I

only took a few bites of before packing it away in a bag to dispose of it, ensuring she would think I had finished it.

I opened his laptop and tried to call Radha from my mother's phone, but she rejected several of my attempts before finally attending the call. When she answered, she said in a firm voice, "Go to sleep now and we are no longer together." I didn't sleep that night, as it was too late, and if I slept in the morning, my parents would have another ruined day. I chose to stay awake. I thought a lot about the experience I had with Radha, that evening and night, those heartbreaking moments. I sent an email to my boss saying that I no longer have access to my phone, so I informed everyone to connect me over email only, as I broke it just a few hours back out of anger.

Next day, in the morning, I got an email, asking to leave for a month of vacation to get better at anger, and an extra paycheck, with the same new iPhone on its way to me. The company took care of me a lot during this time simply because I did the same for the company when it was down.

I sat with my parents the next day, where they were asking me if I had thought anything about getting married to Krishna. I explained everything to my parents for the first time in ages, since last 10 years, I initiated a conversation with my parents. I explained my relationship with Radha, and it's no more, since yesterday.

I went original, and deeply emotional, and said everything about our relationship to my parents, they understood me this time, and said that, Radha is perfect for you, she is the one who made you better than ever, we got you from being a child to a boy, but she made you a man from that silly boy. We would love to talk with her or meet her as she is in the same city. I denied that, now it's over

between us, and I am not qualified enough to get married to her. And her father will never agree to that as he will have his reasons.

I was adamant in my decision to not take the story of Radha any further and I also didn't want to get married to Krishna, as I had promised Radha yesterday that I would not get married to anyone else but her, even though she had told me that she no longer knew me. I pleaded with my parents to reject her proposal, even though Krishna had started to develop feelings for me.

I had drafted a letter to Krishna to apologize, but I could not find the courage to actually send it to her. My heart was heavy with sadness as I thought of the fact that I was unable to do what I had wanted. I had wanted to make things right for all of them, but I was not able to do so. I just wanted a chance to fix everything but didn't get it.

My parents had always been aware of my anger well, and so when they heard about the incident from yesterday where I had become so frustrated that I had broken my phone, they didn't scold me. I drove an hour out to her hostel the next night, hoping to make things right, but when the door remained shut and she refused to come out, I was left feeling incredibly frustrated and dejected. I had made the effort to come and check on her, to see if she was alright, but unfortunately, it had been a wasted journey and I had to turn around and drive back home again.

The other day, I did some shopping for them before they left to get back home. At around 3 PM in the afternoon, they left for the home in the village. I called one of her friends and asked them to meet me at the riverfront, where we could sit down and talk things through. When she arrived, her friend was with her, and her friend sat between them on the bench. They were together, yet at a distance. I wanted to talk, but it was clear that there was something else on her

mind. I could sense that she wanted to tell me something, but I was not sure what it was. I tried to break the ice.

I asked, "What do you want to know? What do you need me to do to fix this?" She said, "Nothing, it's over now. I have lost my trust in you and I no longer want to be with you. Blah.. blah.. blah.." I replied, "you've seen the chat, there was nothing like that. You have misinterpreted some of my text responses to her. I can't understand why I should have been so rude to Krisha, she was simply talking to me because her parents had asked her to. I have never treated anyone with such disrespect, regardless of the situation. I have always been generous and kind in my conversations with others."

She said, "she is your destiny, go with her." "No, she is not my destiny, but you are. I promise you that I will not marry anyone else but you." She responded rudely, "It doesn't matter, I will not marry you." Even after all of my assurances, she was still unwilling to believe me and would not accept my promise.

Her friend tried making us understand and do what was necessary to make everything alright as before. She was considering me as her brother, as I had promised her that I would fulfill her need and be with her in any situation when her father died as she was the roommate of my Radha. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she begged to make amends. But Radha, was in no mood to make things right, and instead, wanted us to part ways from that moment.

I finally asked, "Are you sure that you don't want me in your life?". She said, "Definitely, it's over now. Now please never come back." I checked on the pain in her eyes, and my heart ached as I had to leave her. I stood up and finally said to her, "I'll never appear in front of you again, and don't worry, no one will ever come to know about our relationship, so your fame will be safe and secure." She replied,

"Please delete anything related to us, such as pictures or chats, and then you can go anywhere you want."

I was disappointed that, after years of relationship, she couldn't trust me enough that I wouldn't let anything happen to her because of me. With a heavy heart, I muttered, "Goodbye" and started to walk away, expecting her to ask me to come back and hug her. Every second was like a year of waiting for her attention, her asking me to get back to her. But Then I finally realized that it's all over now and headed towards my home, but a little hope was still there.

I was walking slowly away from her, my thoughts filled with her, but I refused to turn my head and hoped that she would shout out for me to come back. I waited outside the park for an hour, hoping in vain that she might call me and ask me to come back. I even went back to the place where they were sitting, but there was no one there. Desperately, I ran towards the gate, praying that I might find her there. When I reached the gate, I found out that she had already left for the hostel.

I called my friend to pick me up and take me to my home on an urgent basis, following the route via her hostel. As they drove, I kept looking around, searching for her, but she was nowhere to be seen. When I arrived at my home, I was disappointed and heartbroken. I don't have any idea what I should do now. It was like I lost it all that I had in my life, or maybe my entire life. There were millions of tiny memories, hundreds of huge memories we have shared, to hunt me back or maybe to her as well.

A few days passed, I was missing her every minute, having no clue how I could get her back in my life. I wanted to reach out to her, but she has closed all the doors for me now. And there was no reason that I couldn't leave without her,

but I didn't want to leave her alone in this cruel world where someone can just come and make use of her, as she was too innocent at her heart.

I just wanted to be with her till I can, to protect her, to support her in everything, to make her each day a happy one as I knew she will have to surrender herself, sacrifice her love for the sake of her parents one day, and so I've to do the same for her with only difference that she would have to live with someone else, love and care about him and his family, and I will have to live alone, leaving love and care about myself and my family. I tried calling her again and tried to explain to her, begging for her forgiveness and a promise to her that there'll be no woman other than her in my life, and no one will have my love, care or affection, except her and my potential daughter.

She finally got convinced that deep inside, she was missing me and loving me a lot or maybe she was aware of the fact that we don't have much time to spend together! We finally called each other in the good terms, and had a satisfying conversation over a call and continued to get along normal day by day, and within couple of days, we got normal, but still whenever we had some small issues, or fights, over silly things, she reminded me of that incident, which was breaking me more every time.

It was normal, but a new-normal for us. But all good, if she is with me, I can go through anything. I am thankful to her for accepting me again in her life despite all of this drama, and also regretting my mistakes, and correcting them as well, deciding not to repeat such kind of decisiveness anymore. I got better with decision-making after this incident.

I believe in being transparent, as I learned from her. Therefore, I now inform her about everything I do, have, feel, and think in my life. I recently informed her that I have been feeling a connection to someone who I believe is my

destiny. However, I don't love this person, we don't communicate, and I don't think about her or anything related to her. It's just that whenever I'm seeking a sign from nature about marriage, I receive a hint about her. This frustrated her, and she asked me to propose to her, as she also noticed these hints. I declined her request. Deep down, I felt that it was a bond of patience formed over several lifetimes. However, I convinced myself to move on from her and remain dedicated to Radha for as long as she is there.

We continued living like before. Enjoying the food and places, going to cafes, and having a walk at the riverfront, those hugs, and that smile, aww! It was a blessing for me. One day, she asked me, there's been a lot of marriage proposals to her at home, so do something to make sure we get married before the time arrives when I will not be able to decline one.

It's How You Bounce Back from Separation!

One of the most important lessons I have learned is that a relationship is not defined by how well it thrives during the good times, but rather by how it bounces back from separation and challenges. It is inevitable that every relationship will face obstacles and periods of separation. What truly matters is how both partners navigate through these difficult times and come out stronger on the other side.

Separation can come in many forms - physical distance, misunderstandings, disagreements, or even temporary breaks. It is during these moments that the true strength of a relationship is tested. It is easy to feel anxious, hurt, or even question the viability of the relationship. However, it is important to remember that no relationship is perfect, and the ability to bounce back from separation is what truly defines the strength and resilience of a partnership.

To bounce back from separation, communication is key. It is crucial to openly and honestly express your feelings, concerns, and desires with your partner. By actively listening to each other and empathizing with one another's perspective, you can work towards finding common ground and resolving any issues that may have contributed to the separation.

In addition to communication, it is important to reflect on yourself and your role in the relationship. Take the time to understand your own emotions and needs, as well as your partner's. This self-reflection can help you gain clarity and allow you to approach the situation with a more empathetic and understanding mindset.

Another crucial aspect of bouncing back from separation is forgiveness. It is natural to feel hurt or betrayed during times of separation, but holding onto grudges and resentment will only hinder the healing process. Forgiving your partner and yourself for any mistakes or shortcomings is essential for rebuilding trust and moving forward together.

Lastly, it is important to give each other time and space to heal and grow individually. Use the time apart to focus on personal growth, self-care, and pursuing your own passions and interests. When you come back together, you will both have new experiences and perspectives to bring to the relationship, making it even stronger and more resilient.

Remember, a relationship is not defined by the absence of separation, but rather by the ability to bounce back and grow from it. By maintaining open communication, practicing forgiveness, and allowing space for personal growth, you can build a relationship that can weather any storm and come out stronger on the other side.

One day, she told me that a man who is 7 years older than her, and who is also an MBBS and currently pursuing MD, had sent a marriage proposal to her at her home. According to everyone, he seemed to have everything perfect. However, she said No, and her family had already rejected the proposal. I felt relieved, as I had wanted to talk to her parents at least once about our relationship, as we had planned for all these years.

A few months passed, and she asked me if it would be appropriate to speak to him about career guidance, specifically regarding pursuing an MD after completing her MBBS. She needed guidance for her career and wondered if it would be acceptable to reach out to him solely for that purpose. I advised her that while it may not be unethical, she should seek approval from her father before making the call.

The next day, I called her as usual before going to sleep. However, she kept rejecting my calls and was on a call with someone else. After 3 hours, she called me back with a smile and asked, "Won't you ask me who I was busy talking to?" I replied, "No, I already know." Curious, she asked, "How do you know?" I responded, "I understand you perfectly now. It was him." She confirmed, "Yes, she followed him on social media and he followed her back. They had a chat and exchanged phone numbers. However, I reassured him that my rejection of his marriage proposal still stands. The call was just for career guidance."

The next day, they were once again busy on a call, and from then on, they started talking to each other behind my back. He continued to send her "Good morning" texts every day, even after she had told him twice that she had not discussed this with him and didn't understand why a 31-year-old person, who is also an MBBS MD, would send such texts to someone who had rejected him three times. Her phone was offline for 3 hours, and when it reconnected to the internet, his

text arrived. "Why were you offline? Did something happen?" I can't believe how desperate a man can be! This is just too much!

He tried to pursue her, and I warned her about him. I told her not to rush into things and that it's not a good idea to talk for hours with a completely unknown person. After rejecting him three times, it's not ethical to continue playing with his feelings, especially if you don't plan on marrying him but want to marry me because you love me. I asked her to get approval from her parents before getting too involved with him. She said she just wants to get to know him. I asked why, and she said it's because I always complain about her not understanding people and not being smart.

On the fourth day, she informed me that we should only be friends. Shockingly, I asked her, "Why? What happened?" She replied, "I am thinking about getting married. He is a nice person, and everything about him is just perfect." I had no idea what was happening out of nowhere. Despite knowing deep down that I love him, and that it is irreversible, I agreed to it.

However, she sent me texts that she had actually sent to him, saying that we shouldn't call each other as much anymore because her friends were thinking something else. She said she would only call me if needed for her career. It turns out her friends were under the illusion that she was talking to me. The texts she forwarded to me were also fake.

I told her, "You don't deserve my love. You never loved me. You only used me to fulfill your needs. And when the right opportunity came along, where you could get something better, you just left me like dust."

I became friends with her and then we continued discussing this matter over WhatsApp. She then suggested, "Can we talk on Instagram?" I asked why, to which she replied, "If he sees me online, he will think something else about me."

I was confused and asked her, "Haven't you informed him that you are considering him as a marriage option? Haven't you informed your parents that you are talking to him so much for career guidance? You told him that you haven't talked to him about anything other than your career."

How is it possible that he would think of you in a wrong way just because you're online? And most importantly, what about me and my five years? How can you suggest that I discuss such a trivial matter over Instagram?"

I am fighting battles in my head every day that no one knows about.

Schools don't teach us about codependency, trauma, or self-awareness, so how can we be expected to work through the quagmire of building a meaningful relationship today?

Radha and her love entered my life like a divine blessing, and quickly became the most treasured gift ever presented to me. I should have taken the utmost care to honor and cherish her, for she was my better half and I should have understood her profound passion and affection for me. Thinking back to the days when Radha was still alive and with me, I regret not being able to fully comprehend the love she had for me. It is a sad reality that we do not always appreciate what we have in the present, and by the time we realize our mistake, it may already be too late, and we may never find that love we had again. I can never

forget her. Radha- everything about her was magical. But eventually I was aware of the fact from the beginning that we are not destined to be together,

I told her that she no longer deserves my friendship. Yet, she continued to have lengthy phone conversations with him for a whole week, while I sat at home feeling helpless, missing our own conversations and struggling to sleep. For years, I would call her for half an hour, just to feel that I wasn't alone and could have a peaceful sleep. But that comfort is no longer there.

Then, I realized that I had known it from the beginning. Everyone had warned me thousands of times that she would leave me someday, without respecting the efforts and love I had shown her throughout the years. Despite everyone's warnings, I didn't listen to them or to myself. I was simply fulfilling my responsibility and promised to be with her until she was in safe hands. Now, the time has come.

Typed but never sent.

"Hey, I Know you're slowly forgetting about me and living life the way you always wanted. I am just checking in to make sure You're doing good. I see you smiling and laughing a lot more now and I am happy for you. I just pray you realize that I never gave up on you, even when everyone told me I should... Maybe you'll realize it one day, but for now I hope you're enjoying life as much as I did when you were by my side. Just remember, I am always there for you!"

I called her and asked, "Can we please celebrate each other's birthdays together one last time? Your birthday is in 23 days, and tomorrow is my father's birthday. I don't want to feel left out. And next month, it will be my birthday, so I'll personally introduce you to him." She promised me.

The next day, she said, "Keep your mind calm. I can get engaged anytime once I visit my home for Diwali." I replied, "What? Let me tell you the future. You will be going home after 2 days for Diwali. You'll meet him twice and get engaged on your birthday, which is a week after Diwali."

After that, you'll enter into a live-in relationship through a court marriage so that you can live with him in Delhi, as he is studying there. Forget about my birthday. Can you please stop this until your birthday? Until then, you can call him and talk to him however you want, but please talk to me for at least 10 minutes so I can sleep peacefully. I'll wait until 3-4 AM midnight for your call. You can call me after you finish yours. I want to celebrate your birthday, and the next day, I'll give you to him happily." She promised again.

The next day, she didn't talk with me much. She called once and praised him with laughter. I can imagine how happy she is. She told me that there's nothing like love, and we need to face reality and accept the situation. God is giving us a way to go our separate ways and move on. Can you do me a favor and marry Krishna for me? It's my last wish. Can you fulfill it?

Krishna became engaged to someone shortly after I rejected her. However, their engagement recently ended because her fiancé secretly married someone else. This situation left her emotionally devastated. Radha informed me that by marrying Krishna, we could potentially improve not only our lives, but also the lives of our families, his potential fiancé, her family, and your family. She even sent a few text messages to Krishna from my phone, and Krishna responded

positively. But deep down, I had no love for anyone. "How can I ruin someone's life?" I asked Radha. She replied, "You can."

Then she made me call my parents to ask them to arrange my marriage with Krishna. While Krishna was ready, I didn't want to enter into a forced marriage and potentially ruin someone's life. I reminded her that she was attempting to ruin Krishna's life once again, and I wouldn't allow it to happen. However, she pleaded with me, considering it her final wish so that she could pursue her new relationship with happiness and without guilt. Reluctantly, I agreed, and just as I was about to call Krishna, I received a text that changed my destiny.

The next day, she video called me and was crying. I was unsure of what to do. How can I determine if he is truly genuine, as everyone claims? What if he doesn't change or reveal his true colors years later? Despite my gut feeling that this would be our last call, I proceeded to give her nine reasons why he is perfect and even better than me. As a tenth reason, I assured her that if anything goes wrong in her relationship with him in the future, I would indirectly help and make things right before leaving.

She knows I don't break my promises. However, during our conversation, she informed me that he texted her and asked if she could proceed with attending it. At the same time, I received a text from my destiny. After a few minutes, she told me that he texted her again, asking if he could call her. We parted our ways.

The next morning, I received a few texts from Radha. She said, "I am going home, take care of yourself, delete everything - our chats and pictures, etc. Have a great life ahead!" I was deeply hurt and broken, but I wanted to say a proper goodbye with happiness. So, I asked her if we could meet for a few minutes, just to see her one last time. She declined, saying it wouldn't be good for her potential fiance. Through a video call, I assured her happily, "Don't think anything

wrong, I will always protect your dignity, and if you ever need me, I'll always be there."

After Diwali, she returned to the hostel, and I found out from her friend, whom I had asked to celebrate her birthday, as I was unaware of her engagement on that day. Her friend informed me about it. I was completely devastated, feeling as if the Gods had not granted me the happy ending I had always prayed for. I never prayed for us to get married, but rather for a happy ending where she would enter a new relationship joyfully.

This shattered my beliefs in trust, faith, love, care, and promises - everything. It has made it extremely difficult for me to trust, love, care for, or have faith in any woman as she said again, to me to marry Krishna as there is nothing like love and promises, we have to live in reality. I had simply asked to call and wish her a happy birthday, with the understanding that she could say yes to him the next minute. But instead, she got engaged to him on that very day, breaking me into millions of pieces!

I went to Radha's hostel and asked her to meet me at the cafeteria for a few minutes. She refused, so I waited for a few hours. Eventually, she came with her friend, who I considered my sister. I hugged her for the last time, kissed her on the forehead with a smile, and told her to always stay happy.

I assured her that if she ever needed anything, her friend would always be there for her. I also promised that neither I nor our mutual friends would interfere in her life, and I deleted all traces of our relationship from my phone, laptop, and mind. I wished her well, congratulated her in advance on her birthday, and with a smile, I dropped her back and turned away and never looked back and meditated and analyzed my entire life till date to unfold the future and connect the dots.

Moving Forward with Respect, Even After They End

Breakups can be heart-wrenching, leaving a trail of sorrow, confusion, and sometimes, resentment. However, the end of a relationship doesn't have to be a reservoir of negativity. Instead, it can be a valuable opportunity for personal growth and emotional maturity. Embracing the positive memories while releasing the grievances can transform how you view past relationships and help you move forward with grace and resilience.

Focus on the Positive Lessons

Every relationship, no matter how it ends, comes with lessons. These can range from understanding your personal boundaries to recognizing what you truly value in a partner. Reflecting on what went right instead of dwelling on what went wrong can provide you with insights that contribute to your personal development. Ask yourself, "What did this relationship teach me?" rather than "Why did this relationship fail?" This shift in perspective encourages a constructive outlook and helps you appreciate the good times you shared, making the past a foundation for future relationships, not a burden.

Respect the Good Times

It's easy to let the pain of a breakup overshadow the happiness that was once there. However, respecting and cherishing the good memories acknowledges that the relationship had value. This does not mean you ignore the reasons behind the breakup, but rather you honor the connection as an important chapter of your life. Remembering the good times can also facilitate healing, reminding you that happiness was possible once and can be attainable again.

Practice Gratitude

Gratitude can be a powerful tool in overcoming bitterness. Try to focus on what the relationship gave you, such as companionship, laughter, and perhaps lessons in love and life. Expressing gratitude for these gifts can change your emotional landscape, helping you to let go of negative feelings and embrace a more peaceful stance toward the breakup.

Forgive and Forget the Bad

Forgiveness is key to moving on. This doesn't mean you forget what happened or condone any hurtful actions, but rather you forgive to free yourself from the chains of resentment. Letting go of grudges not only benefits your emotional health but also clears the way for future happiness. Remember, forgiving someone often has more to do with your peace than theirs.

Embrace Growth and New Beginnings

Every ending paves the way for a new beginning. A breakup, though painful, is not the end of your journey in love—it's a redirection. Use this time to focus on yourself. Engage in activities that enrich your soul, connect with friends who uplift you, and set personal goals. As you build yourself up, you become better equipped for whatever comes next, potentially even a new relationship where you can apply the wisdom gained.

Maintain a Respectful Distance

Finally, maintaining a respectful distance post-breakup can be crucial. It allows both parties to heal and look back at the relationship with clarity rather than through a lens of current emotions. This distance doesn't have to be forever, but it should be long enough for you to regain independence and strength.

In conclusion, a breakup can be seen not just as a loss, but as a stepping stone to deeper self-understanding and future relationship success. By focusing on the positive, practicing gratitude, and embracing forgiveness, you can turn the end of a relationship into a respectful closure and an optimistic beginning for your next chapter.

I visited the temple and prayed to God the next morning, expressing that it was now the end. I asked Him to grant her immense happiness, to make her happier than me countless times over, to always keep her safe, and to give me the strength to control my emotions. I felt as though destiny had triumphed over me, and I cried a lot during that time. I pleaded with the Gods, "Throughout the years, I have prayed for a pure and happy ending to our relationship. "Please," I pleaded softly, the cool stone beneath my hands grounding my swirling thoughts, "let her be safe and loved and millions times happier than everyone else in the world. And give me the strength to bear this pain." The words felt like a surrender, an admission that despite all my prayers for a peaceful ending to our story, destiny had other plans.

Walking back from the temple, the empty streets mirrored the hollowness inside me. I kept replaying our moments together, each memory a sharp reminder of what was now past. I had always known our paths would part, but knowing didn't make the reality any less bitter. I never wanted forever, just a happy ending for her, for us. But it seemed even that was too much to ask.

The pain of missing her was raw and real, like a wound that refused to heal. I knew I had to find a way to live with this ache, to embrace the loneliness as a part of me. I often found myself at the temple again, seeking peace, asking for the strength to let go fully and heal.

Feeling overwhelmed and in need of a fresh perspective, I made the conscious decision to embark on a transformative journey to Himachal Pradesh and never come back to this city. The picturesque landscapes and serene environment promised the perfect setting for my meditation retreat, where I could escape the chaos of everyday life and reconnect with my inner self right away.

Finding Hope to live!

In the timeless saga of love, we discover that even in the darkest moments, the promise of a new dawn persists. Life, much like a captivating novel, unfolds chapters of love, heartbreak, and self-discovery. As we navigate through these pages, we come to realize that after every night of despair, there emerges a sunrise of hope and renewal.

The journey through life often mirrors the cyclical pattern of nature—just as seasons change and the night gives way to day, our experiences shift from pain to healing. In the grand story of life, even when the plot takes a dark turn, and you feel like you're wandering through the shadows, always remember: just as the night gives way to the dawn, the sun has a habit of showing up after the darkest hours.

Consider this: each night, no matter how dark, is followed by a morning. This consistent rhythm is a powerful metaphor for resilience and hope. No matter how intense the darkness, a brand new day is patiently waiting to unfold. During these moments, when you find yourself navigating the complexities of love and loss, hold onto the knowledge that, just around the corner, there's a dawn brewing.

It's easy to feel overwhelmed by the night, to feel swallowed by its seemingly endless reach. But each sunset offers the promise of a reset, a clear slate to start anew. This is your moment to take that breath of fresh air, to let the crispness of the dawn refresh your spirit and rekindle your zest for life.

Embrace the resilience that resides within you, and know that despite the shadows, a sunrise is bound to light up the canvas of your life. Every ending, every heartbreak carries within it the seeds of a new beginning. These moments, painful as they may be, are not just mere endings but are crucial turning points, offering paths to new chapters and fresh possibilities.

As you stand amidst the ruins of what was, look out for the beauty that is yet to come. The end of a relationship, the closure of a chapter in your personal life, or overcoming a significant setback—all these scenarios, while challenging, pave the way for personal growth and new adventures.

This is not just about waiting for the sun to rise but about rising with it. It's about taking active steps towards healing, about engaging in activities that nourish your soul, and about reaching out to others who can provide support and understanding. It's also about reflecting on your journey, understanding your experiences, and using them to shape a stronger, more resilient self.

It's a gentle nudge from the universe, reminding us that every ending isn't just a conclusion but the prologue to a beautiful new beginning. So, chin up, and watch as the sun rises, casting its warm glow on the intricate tapestry of your existence. Let this light fill you with warmth and the courage to embrace whatever comes next, knowing that with every dawn, life is offering you another chance to rewrite your story, to find joy, and to live fully

Things I did after you left!

I cried, / and Cried / until I couldn't cry anymore / listened to your voice notes / got drunk / phoned my best friend / deleted the poems I had written for you / re-read our chats / deleted our chats / restored backup to see the chat again / opened hidden folder

to see your picture with me / dreamed how you'll come back / listened to your favorite songs on repeat / cried again / burned down the letters you wrote for me / deleted your number / saved again / tried to send a message, and deleted written text / read poetry books about heartbreaks / got a new haircut / wrote about how I feel/forgot you're promised to stay by my side forever.

Tere baad kisi ko chahne ka mann nahi kara,

kisi aur se dil lagane ka mann nahi kara.

Tujhe dekhne ko aankhe bahot tarasti thi,

per teri gali me aane ka mann nahi kara.

Jitne haseen pal humne sath me bitaye the,

kisi aur ke sath bitane ka mann nahi kara.

Jo geet tere sath mil kar gungunaye the,

tere baad gungunane ka man nahi kara.

Khuda diye tohfe jaldi wapas leta hai isiliye,

hath dua me uthane ka mann nahi kara.

Ek udasi mere chehre par achhi lagne lagi,

phir kabhi mushkarane ka mann nahi kara.

I wish we could spend some more time together. Looking into each others' eyes, hand in hand, taking pictures together and posing like couples, your eternal hugs, just me and you, together forever. I wish you were here. You're the only thing my heart

desires right now. To feel your smell and see your eyes, the taste of your lips, the warmth of your skin, the pressure of your touch.

My heart craves yours like the sky craves the sun in the morning. It's almost like I need you. It's almost like I'm swimming through the ocean but I don't know how to swim. So I have drawn, I have drawn in my imagination, in my thoughts, I have drawn every time I see you in my dreams and wake up to an empty bed. I don't know if I can love you this much without feeling you close. Without feeling you. Without you. I don't know If I can love you this much seeing you fly away from me. I don't know if I can love you this much.

Chapter: 7

Endless Longing: Beyond the Horizon of love

"Thankful for your boundless love that paints the pages of our story."

With a renewed sense of purpose, I eagerly returned to the comfort of my home to begin the necessary preparations for this soul-searching adventure. Booking my flight became the first step towards materializing my aspirations, securing my place on a path of self-discovery and personal growth. As the time of departure loomed closer, I meticulously packed my bags, ensuring that I had all the essentials to sustain me during my stay. Each item carefully chosen to support my physical and mental well-being, I felt a sense of excitement building within me. Let today be the biggest day of my life.

Fortunately, the course of my day unfolded in such a way that not a single soul, be it boys, girls, or anyone else, dared to send me a text message. It was as if

the universe conspired to create the perfect solitude, allowing me to focus on my thoughts and contemplate my next steps. However, amidst this silence, a flicker of connection emerged when I received a message from a girl who happened to be a friend of one of my close acquaintances.

I started a conversation with that girl after she sent me a reel of a cafe on Instagram. I asked if we could go together someday, and she agreed. Since I was leaving the city tomorrow for a while, I asked if we could go today. Our messages went back and forth, gradually building a connection that would unexpectedly lead us to have coffee together.

I asked her if I could pick her up from her home instead of going separately so that we could save time. She mentioned that she only had an hour because she was expecting a call from her family. We agreed to meet and exchanged contact numbers so that she could send me her location. I eagerly made my way to her home, knowing that this would be my last memory in this city before embarking on my journey and fortunately I am having it to spend with the person whom I always admired for her being truly different deep within.

We went to the cafe, and chose the table. I ordered a hot coffee and she ordered a cold coffee. We talked about everything at each others' end. It's good to know that I left that friend circle and she also did the same in the same month. We talked for almost four hours, and we are about to leave now. We are on the way to drop her to her home. I felt that I am finally leaving something good, maybe only one good thing from this city and that's the time spent with her.

We went to the cafe and chose a table. I ordered a hot coffee, while she ordered a cold one. As we sat there, we engaged in conversation about various topics. We explored a multitude of topics, eagerly sharing our dreams, aspirations, and even the quirkiest facets of our personalities. Interestingly, I discovered that

I had recently left our mutual group of friends, and she had done the same during the same month.

As the cafe's lights dimmed and we stepped out into the crisp evening air, the realization hit me hard. Those four hours felt like a brief escape, a vivid splash of color on the otherwise monochrome canvas of my days in this city. Driving her home, every turn of the road echoed with our laughter, our conversations replaying in my mind, adding a weight of sentiment to the farewell.

Standing at her doorstep, saying goodbye, there was a silent acknowledgment of something special shared. It felt like leaving behind a precious gem unearthed unexpectedly. The drive back to my place was reflective, filled with mixed emotions about my imminent departure from the city.

Once home, I reached out through a simple text to say thanks, grasping at the threads of connection we'd woven. Her response, a sweet goodnight, seemed to seal the evening with a promise of something more, a hint of potential that lingered in the air like her perfume. But deep down, I knew this was not just about a newfound connection—it was about what I needed to find within myself.

Finding the journey within!

In the whirlwind of daily life, filled with its relentless demands and myriad relationships, we often lose sight of the most crucial relationship—the one with ourselves. Healing, a profoundly personal and transformative process, often begins with a journey of self-discovery. This exploration can lead to profound insights and a deeper connection with your inner self, facilitating healing and growth.

Why Self-Discovery is Key to Healing

Healing is not just about overcoming a specific issue, be it emotional, mental, or physical; it's about addressing the underlying imbalances that disrupt our well-being. To heal truly, we must understand ourselves deeply—our needs, desires, fears, and the unresolved emotions that may be driving our behaviors. This understanding allows us to address the root causes of our pain and discomfort rather than merely alleviating symptoms.

Starting the Journey

The journey to finding oneself is unique for each individual, but here are some universal steps that can guide anyone seeking self-discovery and healing:

1. **Create Space for Reflection:** The first step in finding yourself is to carve out time and space for reflection. This might mean setting aside a few minutes each day for meditation, journaling, or simply sitting quietly. It's important to have a space where you can listen to your thoughts and feelings without judgment.
2. **Engage in Mindful Practices:** Mindfulness practices such as meditation, yoga, or tai chi can help ground you in the present moment and make you more aware of your thoughts, feelings, and bodily sensations. These practices teach you to observe your internal state without attachment, helping you understand yourself better.
3. **Seek New Experiences:** Sometimes, stepping out of your comfort zone by trying new activities or hobbies can provide fresh perspectives and insights into your character and preferences. Whether it's hiking, painting, or traveling, new experiences can stimulate self-discovery.
4. **Reflect on Your Relationships:** Our relationships often act as mirrors, reflecting aspects of ourselves we cannot see. By examining your relationships, you can uncover patterns or behaviors that may need healing or adjustment.

5. **Connect with Nature:** Nature has a calming effect on the mind and can help you connect with yourself on a deeper level. Time spent in natural surroundings can facilitate introspection and clarity.

The Role of Self-Compassion

Throughout your journey, it's vital to practice self-compassion. Be kind to yourself, especially when confronting painful emotions or memories. Healing is not a linear process; it involves ebbs and flows. Self-compassion allows you to navigate this journey without harsh self-judgment, making the process more sustainable and effective. Remember, treating yourself with the same care and kindness that you would offer a good friend can significantly influence your capacity to heal and grow.

Embracing the Journey

As you delve into self-discovery, you may encounter unexpected aspects of yourself. Embrace these discoveries, as they are stepping stones to genuine healing. Each insight you gain adds to a more holistic understanding of who you are and what you need to thrive.

Continuing the Path

Finding yourself is not a one-time event but an ongoing process. Even as you begin to heal, continue to engage in self-discovery. Over time, you'll find that this journey not only helps heal old wounds but also equips you to handle life's challenges more effectively, leading to a more fulfilled and balanced existence.

In conclusion, the journey to finding yourself to heal is one of the most valuable journeys you will ever undertake. It demands courage, honesty, and persistence but rewards you with healing, growth, and a profound understanding of your true self.

As I ventured into this picturesque destination, I was determined to immerse myself in its serene beauty and explore the hidden gems that awaited me. For the next few days, I found myself wandering through the breathtaking landscapes, each place offering a unique sense of tranquility and solace. From the majestic mountains to the serene valleys, I relished the opportunity to escape the hustle and bustle of everyday life and delve deep into the depths of my own being.

In these secluded corners of Himachal Pradesh, where there were fewer visitors and people, I found the perfect sanctuary to sit in quiet contemplation. Surrounded by nature's symphony, I closed my eyes and let the stillness wash over me. With each passing moment, I felt my mind and body relax, allowing me to truly connect with my inner self.

As the sun bathed the mountains in a warm golden hue, I found myself drawn to the ancient temples and monasteries that dotted the landscape. These sacred spaces provided a sense of spiritual awakening, and I spent hours meditating and reflecting on the deeper meaning of life. It was during these moments of introspection that I began to unravel the layers of my existence and uncover the hidden truths that lay within.

While the allure of exploration and the beauty of Himachal Pradesh captivated my senses, I realized the importance of honoring my spiritual obligations. With a renewed sense of devotion, I once again connected with the divine and sought guidance on my path forward. In those quiet moments of solitude, as I meditated beneath the towering trees and listened to the gentle whispers of the wind, I felt a profound sense of peace and clarity. It was as if the very essence of Himachal Pradesh infused my being, guiding me on a transformative journey of self-exploration.

During one of my meditation sessions, a calm realization dawned upon me about Radha's decision. It was a bitter pill to swallow but eventually, I understood that she made this tough choice to prevent us both from missing out on our potential, guiding us to walk our separate paths. This epiphany also brought me to another important understanding—if someone genuinely cares for me, I shouldn't let them slip away.

For years, Radha carried the weight of guilt, thinking she was holding me back. Despite this, she remains the most incredible person I've ever encountered in my life. Her decision to end things was out of pure selflessness; she wanted to ensure that I wouldn't miss out on opportunities, perhaps with someone as wonderful as she had been. This time, she chose to put my future before her own happiness, a noble sacrifice that speaks volumes about her character.

I'm happy to share that Radha has found her joy; she is engaged and living a life filled with happiness. As for me, I'm turning the page, embarking on a new chapter in search of meaning and purpose. I'm learning to say goodbye to our shared past and hello to the possibilities that lie ahead.

Reflecting on everything, it's clear that Radha's choice was for our mutual happiness. Although it shattered my heart, I couldn't help but admire her immense courage and the sacrifices she made for my sake. She chose to end our relationship for the sake of our individual fulfillment and happiness. Radha is truly a one-of-a-kind individual who not only gave me the most cherished memories but also shared a bond with me that was extraordinarily pure and unlike any typical love story. She entered my life to make me a better person, to help me achieve greatness. In return, I helped her grow from an innocent girl into a wise woman ready to face the world with confidence.

Though it was heartbreaking, I couldn't help but appreciate her selflessness and the sacrifices she made for my future. She is truly an exceptional individual who gave me the best memories of my life and shared a pure bond which is out-worldly, and not like the rest of love relationships in the world, she just came in my life to make me a better person and get bigger in life. I came into her life to take care of that innocent girl and turn her into a mature one, a smarter one who can take on the world all alone.

I am pleased to share that she has found happiness in her life and is now engaged. It brings me relief to know that she is living a joyful and fulfilling life. As for me, I am navigating this new chapter and searching for meaning and purpose. It is a time of self-reflection and self-discovery as I explore the opportunities that lie ahead. Good luck, my princess! I will always be there for you, but only for emergencies.

It's your perspective that makes you hate or love someone or something!

In the complex interplay of human relationships, our feelings towards someone can often be heavily influenced by our own perspectives. Sometimes, the difference between love and hate, or acceptance and rejection, can be just a shift in viewpoint. Realizing this can be a powerful tool for personal growth and emotional intelligence. It is through introspection and objective thinking, often achieved through meditation, that we can gain a clearer, more accurate understanding of our relationships.

Understanding the Impact of Perspective

Perspective is like a lens through which we view people and events in our lives. This lens is shaped by our past experiences, our expectations, and our emotional state. A

negative mindset might paint even well-intentioned actions of others in a bad light, while a positive outlook can make us overlook flaws and focus on the good.

The Role of Meditation in Gaining Perspective

Meditation is a valuable tool for anyone looking to enhance their understanding of their emotions and relationships. It allows us to step back from our immediate reactions and examine our thoughts and feelings without judgment. Through regular meditation, we can learn to observe our thoughts as they are, understanding their impermanence and learning not to be swayed by fleeting emotions.

Practicing Objectivity in Relationships

To think objectively about a relationship, it is crucial to differentiate between facts and interpretations. Our interpretations are often colored by our emotions, fears, and desires, and can lead us to misunderstand the intentions and actions of others. By focusing on facts and separating them from our emotional responses, we can see the situation more clearly and make more informed decisions about our relationships.

Steps to Achieve a More Balanced Perspective

1. **Identify and Acknowledge Biases:** Begin by recognizing your own biases and preconceived notions that may color your perception of others. Acknowledging these biases is crucial in moving towards a more objective viewpoint.
2. **Engage in Regular Meditation:** Allocate time each day to meditate, using techniques that focus on mindfulness or focused attention. This practice can help calm your mind and reduce the tendency to react emotionally in situations.
3. **Reflect on Past Interactions:** Reflect on past interactions with the person in question from a neutral standpoint. Try to see the situation from their perspective as well as your own.
4. **Seek Feedback:** Sometimes, discussing your perceptions with a trusted friend or advisor can provide new insights and help you see things from another angle.

Feedback is invaluable in checking our biases and confirming the accuracy.

5. **Embrace Flexibility in Thinking:** Be open to changing your perspective as you receive new information. Flexibility in thinking allows for growth and adaptation, which are essential in maintaining healthy relationships.
-

Conclusion - The One: Love

We've come to believe the popular myth that when we find true love, all of our problems will be solved. When we meet 'the one', we'll experience fulfillment, contentment, and happiness. I wish it were that simple. The reality is that divorce still happens, couples still break up, and there are a lot of people out there desperately searching for the next 'one'. It's a lot to expect of another person to fix all of your worries and fulfill all of your dreams. How would you feel if your partner expected that from you? Intimidated? Pressurized? Overwhelmed? Uncomfortable? Responsible? True love feels like freedom, emotional liberation, a chance to be loved exactly as you are and to love another for exactly who they are.

Realizing that sometimes it is our own perspective that colors our feelings toward others is a significant insight. By meditating and striving to think objectively, we can gain a more accurate perspective that leads to healthier, more fulfilling relationships. This approach not only enhances our interactions with others but also contributes to our overall mental and emotional well-being, allowing us to live more harmoniously and compassionately.

Life and Death, though powerful, are mere abstractions when compared to the power of love. It is something that transcends even the most basic laws of the universe. When a person falls in love, they are filled with a profound energy that can even cross swords with God. In such a state of passionate emotion, the person feels as

if they are standing in a realm of profound sanctity, and even the elements of the universe seem to bow before it. Love can bring out a power within a person that is beyond the realm of life and death.

Also, the difference between love and marriage is that Love cannot be bound by social norms, barriers of caste, creed or color while marriage is a social arrangement when two individuals are pronounced man and wife. Whenever we hear the word "love", we often immediately think of the physical appearance of the person we love: their eyes, body, clothes, and personality. But this is not love; it is merely attraction. To truly understand love, try to look at the person with your heart. You will see their soul before their image.

Love is more than just a physical attraction - it is a connection between two souls. It is a feeling that radiates from the heart and soul, and is an emotion that is often difficult to express in words.

It is a feeling that cannot be described in words, but is something that can be experienced. Love is a journey that two people can take together and can be a source of joy for years to come. Love is a powerful emotion that can bring joy, peace, and understanding to two people. It is a connection that transcends physical attraction and gives way to a deeper understanding of one another. Love is an emotion that is difficult to put into words, but it is something that can be expressed and shared with another person through actions.

Letting go of the past and the life we had together hasn't been easy. It has required strength and resilience to accept that our paths have diverged. However, I am determined to embrace this new phase with an open heart and an

open mind. I am hopeful that by letting go, I can create space for new experiences and opportunities.

While the pain of our separation lingers, I am committed to finding my own happiness and moving forward. I am grateful for the lessons I have learned from our relationship, and I carry those lessons with me as I embark on this journey of self-discovery. Ultimately, I believe that everything happens for a reason. Perhaps this separation is a necessary step towards growth and self-realization. I trust that the future holds beautiful things in store for both of us, and I am eager to see what lies ahead.

"Aur Mujhe tumse Ishq karne ke liye, abb tumhari hi jarurat nahi,
And I will keep you as my favorite incomplete wish.!!"

But now, I have reached a point where I find it difficult to believe in love, relationships, feelings, trust, promises, or any kind of bond with females. It's not that I have become cynical or bitter, but rather that I have learned to protect my heart from potential pain and disappointment. Love, in my perspective, is no longer a grand, all-encompassing emotion. Instead, it has transformed into a collection of different needs - emotional, physical, companionship, mental, financial, and more. I still care for everyone, but it doesn't affect me even if everyone leaves and I will start again and again and again to build myself.

I have come to see relationships as nothing more than transactions, where individuals exchange their needs and desires. It's a pragmatic approach to love, where the focus is on fulfilling one's own needs rather than building a deep emotional connection. This realization has made me wary of trusting others. People have the tendency to change when it serves their own self-interest or when they face significant losses. The realization that people are driven by their own desires and motivations has made me question the authenticity of relationships.

But despite the isolating feeling of heartache, I soon realized that there was nothing unique about the earth-shattering sensation I was experiencing. Most of us have gone through a break-up and lost someone we're attached to or in love with. And if you find yourself in that position now, I know how lost, hurt, and hopeless you must be feeling.

It's not an easy perspective to hold, as it goes against the romantic notions we are often taught. However, my experiences and observations have shaped my beliefs. I have witnessed relationships crumble and promises shatter when individuals prioritize their own gains over the well-being of their partners. The fragility of trust and the fleeting nature of emotions have led me to question the true nature of love and relationships.

While this perspective may seem pessimistic, it is a defense mechanism I have developed to shield myself from potential heartbreak. It allows me to approach relationships with a measured and cautious mindset, avoiding emotional investment unless I can be certain of the other person's intentions and commitment. It's a way to protect my own well-being.

By closing myself off to the possibility of love and meaningful connections, I risk missing out on the beauty and joy that can come from genuine relationships. Love has the power to transform lives and bring immense happiness. It can provide a sense of belonging and security that is difficult to find elsewhere. Ultimately, my current viewpoint is a result of past experiences and the lessons I have learned along the way. It is a reflection of my need to protect myself from potential pain and disappointment that this carries with itself as usual.

Whispers of Remembrance: Aariv's Journey

As I set off on this journey of self-discovery, I find myself walking through the landscapes of memory and longing. Each step takes me deeper into a mosaic of flashbacks—snapshots of the love story Radha and I once shared. The whispered promises, the stolen glances, the unspoken dreams—they replay in my mind like an old favorite film, their colors vivid, their emotions raw. Each scene, etched deep within me, is a bittersweet reminder of what we had and what we lost.

Radha's presence in my life was once like sunlight, warm and all-encompassing. But as her light gradually faded, it left behind a profound emptiness. The void she left wasn't just an absence—it was a space that demanded to be filled with meaning, with understanding, with something greater than myself. In those quiet moments of solitude, surrounded by the stillness of my surroundings, I began to look inward. The pain of her absence steered me toward self-reflection and spiritual exploration, forcing me to confront the depths of my heart and soul.

I sought answers to the questions that lingered in the air long after she had gone. What is love? What is its true essence? The more I pondered, the more I came to realize that love, in its purest form, is devotion—devotion to something beyond oneself, to the infinite, to the divine. I immersed myself in this realization, allowing it to guide me like a beacon in the dark. The stillness around me mirrored the stillness within, and in that silence, I began to heal.

Radha's image, once so vivid in my mind, began to fade like a distant echo. Each passing day, her presence grew quieter, until one morning, I realized she had completely disappeared. It was in that moment of loss that I stumbled upon my

true purpose. Her departure, though painful, had been the catalyst for my transformation, setting me on a path that was uniquely mine.

Waqt kam mila tha sath bitane ke liye, ek baar phir janam lenge,
tumse adhura ishq pura karne ke liye.

I whispered these words to myself, a promise to the universe that our story wasn't truly over. Perhaps in another life, in another time, the love we couldn't fully realize in this one would find its rightful place. But for now, I had to let go. Letting go wasn't the end—it was a turn in the road, a necessary detour that allowed me to rediscover myself.

This journey of self-discovery became about more than just understanding love or overcoming loss. It was about embracing life in all its complexities—the laughter, the pain, the fleeting moments of joy that make it all worthwhile. It was about learning to find beauty in the little things—a sunrise over the mountains, the rustle of leaves in the wind, the laughter of a stranger. Life, like the rivers of my beloved Himachal, is ever-flowing, ever-changing, and always moving toward something greater.

As I continued on this path, I made peace with the idea that Radha and I weren't meant to walk through life together. But that didn't mean her influence on me would fade. Her presence had shaped me, molded me, and opened my heart in ways I never thought possible. She was a part of my story, and her chapter, though closed, remained beautifully significant.

Even now, as I look ahead, I carry her essence with me. She may not share my last name, but if I am ever blessed with a daughter, she will undoubtedly carry her first name. In that way, Radha will always be a part of my life, her spirit

intertwined with mine, her love reflected in every step I take toward becoming a better person.

This journey wasn't about forgetting her; it was about finding myself. And in that process, I learned the most profound truth of all: love doesn't fade, it transforms. It becomes a part of who you are, guiding you, strengthening you, and preparing you for the next adventure that life has in store. It reminded me that love, even when it doesn't last in the way we hope, leaves behind an indelible mark.

She is the foundation upon which I will build the next ones, carrying her light in my heart wherever I go. And though the rivers of life may twist and turn, one truth remains: our love, though fleeting, was real. And sometimes, that is enough. For in her, I found not just a partner but a mirror to my own soul, and in letting her go, I found myself.

If she doesn't get my last name, My daughter will get her first name for sure.

End Credit - The Endless Devotion!

The city pulsed around me, alive with its usual energy—honking cars, vendors shouting, and footsteps hurriedly weaving through the maze of concrete and glass. Yet here I was, standing still amidst the chaos, clutching a coffee cup that had long gone cold. The world was moving at its relentless pace, but today, something inside me had shifted. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but it was as if the universe itself had leaned down and whispered, Pay attention.

The sunlight was sharper today, almost piercing as it cut through the buildings, illuminating the smallest cracks in the pavement and painting the skyline in hues of gold. The breeze carried a strange anticipation, as though the city was

holding its breath for something extraordinary. My heart, too, seemed to beat in tune with that silent rhythm, fluttering with a nervous excitement I couldn't explain. It wasn't just another day—it was the day. I could feel it in every nerve, every cell, as if my entire being was on the edge of something monumental.

And then, unbidden, his face filled my mind.

Aariv.

It was like he had stepped out of the past, his presence so vivid that I almost turned to look for him in the crowd. His calm, intense eyes, the kind that could look straight into your soul and yet hold a thousand secrets of their own. The way his rare smiles could light up the darkest of rooms, the quiet strength in the way he carried himself—it all came rushing back like a tidal wave of emotion. I hadn't thought of him in weeks, maybe months, but in this moment, it was as if every part of me was tuned to his memory.

Aariv had always been my opposite in so many ways. Where I thrived in the hustle and bustle of the city, he found his solace in the serenity of the mountains. My world was skyscrapers and deadlines, while his was ancient peaks and endless skies. And yet, we fit together like two puzzle pieces—imperfect, but made for each other. He was the calm to my chaos, the silence to my noise, the stillness I didn't know I needed.

I could almost see him now, standing high in the Himalayas, his breath visible in the crisp morning air. The snow-capped peaks stretched endlessly behind him, their silence a stark contrast to the noise of my city. Aariv, with his meditative calm and soulful eyes, was likely lost in thought, just as I was now. Perhaps he, too, was feeling this strange pull, this unexplainable sense that something was about to change.

A soft laugh escaped my lips, unbidden but genuine. "You'd probably call me dramatic," I murmured to myself, shaking my head. But the thought of Aariv brought with it a flood of emotions—love, longing, and something else I couldn't quite name. It was as if our stories, once separate, were being drawn back together by invisible threads. Threads spun not by chance but by destiny itself.

I sipped my coffee, the flutter in my stomach growing stronger. I'd always been a planner, mapping out my life with precision, but Aariv was the one thing I could never plan for. He was unpredictable, like the mountains he adored—majestic, unyielding, and full of surprises. And yet, I found myself yearning for him in a way that defied logic. It wasn't just love; it was a connection that felt ancient, as if our souls had been intertwined long before this lifetime.

The sunlight glinted off a nearby glass building, catching my eye and pulling me out of my thoughts. The city was alive, bustling, and vibrant, but for the first time, it felt... quiet. Like the universe had turned down the volume just for me. And in that moment, I felt it—a gentle nudge, a whisper of intuition: He's thinking about you, too.

Somewhere, high in the Himalayas, Aariv stood at the edge of a cliff, the vast expanse of snow and sky stretching out before him. His hands were clasped behind his back, his breath steady, but his heart—oh, his heart—was anything but calm. He thought of me, of my laughter, of the way I always challenged him to step outside his comfort zone. He thought of the promises we had made, the dreams we had shared, and the love that had never truly left his soul.

"This place has given me peace," he whispered to the wind, his voice carrying across the peaks. "But it's time to leave. Time to find her again."

The universe wasn't done with us—neither with him, nor with me. Our love wasn't a story with an ending; it was a chapter in an endless saga. The kind of love that defies time, space, and every rule in the book. The kind of love that doesn't just exist—it transforms, transcends, and reshapes everything in its path.

I glanced at my watch, the flutter in my chest now a full-blown storm. Something was coming. I didn't know what, but I knew it would change everything. Somewhere in this vast, chaotic world, Aariv was taking his first step back into my life. And when our paths crossed again, as I knew they would, it wouldn't just be a reunion—it would be a reckoning. A love story reborn, ready to rewrite the rules of fate itself.

"Devotion isn't waiting—it's knowing. Knowing that no matter how far apart we are, no matter how long it takes, love will bring us back together. And this time, I won't let go."

"To be continued in *The Endless Devotion*."

"The Endless Devotion" will be a saga where love defies all—breaking chains, crossing dimensions, shattering all known rules and norms of the universe and constraints of time and destiny. Aariv, with a heart fierce and unwavering, vows to the cosmos: he will await his queen, be it across days or decades, lifetimes or eras. For when they unite, it will be a love that rewrites the laws of fate itself. Devotion is depicted as the greatest and purest form of love.

Tere chehre se nazar hi nahi hatati,
Tere husn ki tarif karu to karu kaise!

Yeh mohabbat nasamajh dil se ki hai,

Tujhe dekhe bina rahu to rahun kaise!

Woh teri halki si muskurahat or pyar bhari aankhe,

woh pehli nazar ka pyar dil se utaaru to utaaru kaise!

Har pal bas teri hi yaade, teri hi baate,

khudko inn mein se bahaar nikaalu toh nikaalu kaise!

Tere chehre se hoke bekhabar,

woh tumhari tasveer bhulau toh bhulau kaise!

Iss hawaon mein bhi tera shor hai, iss taaro mein tera noor hai,

tu meri ruh mein bas gaya hai, inhe apne dil se nikaalu to nikaalu kaise!

The Ghost of Memory: My Biggest Fear

Years have passed, yet it feels like I'm caught in an endless loop I can't escape. Radha's absence should have softened into a dull ache by now, a quiet sorrow in the background of my life. But instead, it remains a wound—raw, unhealed, and consuming me every time I dare to reach for the past. I try to remember her, to pull her back into the light of my mind, to relive the way her laughter felt like sunlight breaking through my storm, or how the warmth in her voice could calm the chaos within me. But I can't. My mind simply won't let me.

Every attempt to summon her is met with resistance, as though my own memories are rebelling against me. It begins as a faint discomfort, a whisper of unease that grows louder with each passing second. Then it crescendos—a tightness in my chest, a weight pressing down on me until I can barely breathe. My heart pounds so violently that it feels like it might burst from my ribcage, each

beat a painful reminder of her absence. My breaths grow shallow, my hands shake, and a cold sweat covers my skin as panic washes over me, leaving me gasping, clawing for control.

It's as if my mind has locked her away, buried her so deeply that I can no longer reach her. But she isn't gone—I can feel her lingering on the edges of my consciousness, like a whisper I can't quite hear. The harder I try to grasp her, the further away she slips, leaving behind nothing but a hollow echo of the emotions we once shared. I know those moments existed. I know she existed. Yet when I close my eyes and try to picture her, it's like staring into a fog that refuses to lift.

And I hate it. I hate the way I can feel the love I still have for her, pulsing through me like an unspoken truth, but I can no longer connect it to her face or her voice. I hate how I can't recall the exact curve of her smile or the way her eyes sparkled when she spoke about something she was passionate about. I hate that the memories feel fractured, like shards of glass scattered across the floor—each one sharp enough to cut, but impossible to piece back together.

Worst of all, the panic overwhelms me every time I try. It's not just the ache of missing her—it's a primal, uncontrollable fear. A fear of losing her completely. A fear that, one day, the fragments of her I still cling to will dissolve into nothing. My mind won't let me relive the moments we shared, and my heart punishes me for trying. It's a cruel paradox—this desperate need to remember and the suffocating terror of losing her forever.

Sometimes, I wonder if this is my penance. For letting her go, for not being enough, for not holding on tighter when I had the chance. Maybe my mind is protecting me, shielding me from a pain it knows I can't endure. Or maybe this is just the cruel way life reminds me that some things, once lost, can never truly be reclaimed.

But what haunts me most is this: if I can't remember her, does she still exist within me? Or is she slipping away, piece by piece, until all that's left is a void where she once was? If her laughter, her touch, her presence fades entirely, then what remains of the love we shared?

I live now in this limbo—a place where longing and fear collide. Every attempt to remember her leaves me breathless and broken, yet I can't stop. I can't let her go, even if my mind has already begun to. Because the thought of forgetting her completely is worse than the pain of trying.

And so, I carry on, haunted by the ghosts of a love I can no longer see, but will never stop feeling. She may have slipped away from reality, but I will fight to keep her alive in the only place she still exists—within me, however fractured and fleeting. For even if I can no longer hold her memory clearly, the love remains. And that love is all I have left.

The Closure

Closing Note from Author!

As the final words fade from the pages, we are left with a sense of awe and wonder, knowing that our journey has only just begun. The story of Aaradhy and me is not simply a tale of love, but a testament to the power of devotion and the transformative nature of the human spirit.

Our connection is destined to transcend the ordinary limits of time, space, and fate, as if bound by a cosmic thread woven through the intricate tapestry of countless lifetimes. Ours is not just any love story—it's a profound tale of unwavering devotion, a kind of love that reaches beyond mere physical attraction or fleeting feelings. It emerges from the deepest wells of our beings, rooted in a mutual comprehension of life's vast mysteries.

“The Endless Devotion!”

– a tale where love transcends every conceivable boundary, ready to unfold in the pages of our continuing journey.

For love, in all its myriad forms, is the universe's most formidable force, and it is through heartfelt devotion that we tap into its profoundest powers.

With heartfelt gratitude and eternal hope,

Meet Patel

Thank you



PART-2



“Perhaps One day You’ll look back at these stories and realize what I went through to love you. For once, I wanna be the person someone chooses over everyone to bring heaven on earth for her.”