

Part -7

"One good thing about music. When it hits you, you feel no pain."

I found this quote really beautiful.

Suggest me some of your favorite songs and I will listen.

That scene I posted is one of my favorite do watch it if u have time.

Manik pov:-

I

reached home late from office. I have to attend office and college. It's tiring but I will do anything to keep her safe. Thank god being a maths professor it's easy to check on her without anyone's doubt. Thank god sneha is believing me. I went to the hotel pent house I rented. That's what I call home now a days. It's posh and probably the costliest place to stay in Mumbai. But yet it was just a place for me to crash. It holds no homely emotions or anything.

I mustn't think about her

I mustn't think about her

I am saving her from me

I am saving her from me

This was mantra I was repeating to myself to stop myself from calling her tonight. I am not supposed to talk her. I must make her let go of our love. I must forget her and she must forget me. **But how can someone forget the one who gave so much to remember?**

I was dreaming about her sadness caused because of me I woke up I wasn't ready to dream about it again. I checked my phone it was 7 o'clock.

I headed to office earlier getting ready in a few minutes. As I entered I observed that no one was there yet. Oh I came too soon. I went to my cabin and kept my signed files and collected the unfinished work and left. I called my PA and informed that I took my files and to call me if I need to attend any meetings. She is a very eligible woman I admire her for never flirting with me like my old personal assistants.

I had more twenty minutes to go to college. This schedule of going to college and office it's making my body weak. But I am not in danger it's her. It's my love of life. Oh her! The way she is so natural. I love her for being talks, words and silence. She says something and does something else. How much I regret doing what am doing? Too many times the guilt of realization is making me insane.

Nandini my nandidni. I married you because I wanted to spend every single second of my rest of the life with you. But destiny has different plans I think but I promised to love and cherish you the day I married you. Baby I will protect you even if it means I should make you hate me or forget me.

Enough of self loathing, man up. You have a girl to love and you have to make her hate you with all her love.

These words were different few years and days ago. All my self talks were about making her realise

how special she was to me. I need to go to college I gave leave to all my workers including my driver. I kept those to only pamper and treat my women like the queen she is. But without her I don't need any luxury. What is a queen without a king? I heard more powerful.

But what am I without my queen? Just the same old man with anger issues and broken self.

I took a cab and reached her college. I paid driver through PayPal and walked slowly towards my stair room. God I hate that diya ma'am.

Such a woman she is old, old enough to marry and have a son like me I think. But just enough she maintains her body and applies hair dye it doesn't mean she is young. Why is there only teams to protect women and such?(she team anyone?). Even men, especially men like me need some men teams jeez this lady is old. I am not into milfs when I have her.

I looked around the college to see her. She wasn't around. I phased Normally to stair room to collect the new time table as a substitute teacher for maths. The only reason I took that subject is it's time consuming for people to do sums when I can watch her. Oh her, so beautiful and unreachable right now. I can't touch her or feel her love anymore. Could this life get any worse? . I took a right and left and reached the stair room. Thanks god, diya ma'am is not here yet I can run to my first class to teach. As I took a left and third left near the corridor I heard her voice it was a bliss to listen to it. It felt like a tune to my heart. I rushed and hide in computer lab to see her from window. Then I saw her. What the fuck? Blood drained my face,

something happened to her. Someone hurt her. Shit she wore a jacket but it was easy to know her clothes are torn. Stupid women I think she forgot she wore a transparent jacket. God I need to get to her quick. I ran to door and as she was crossing to room across lab I grabbed her by arm inside computer lab and switched off power just in case someone sees her and me here together in darkness.

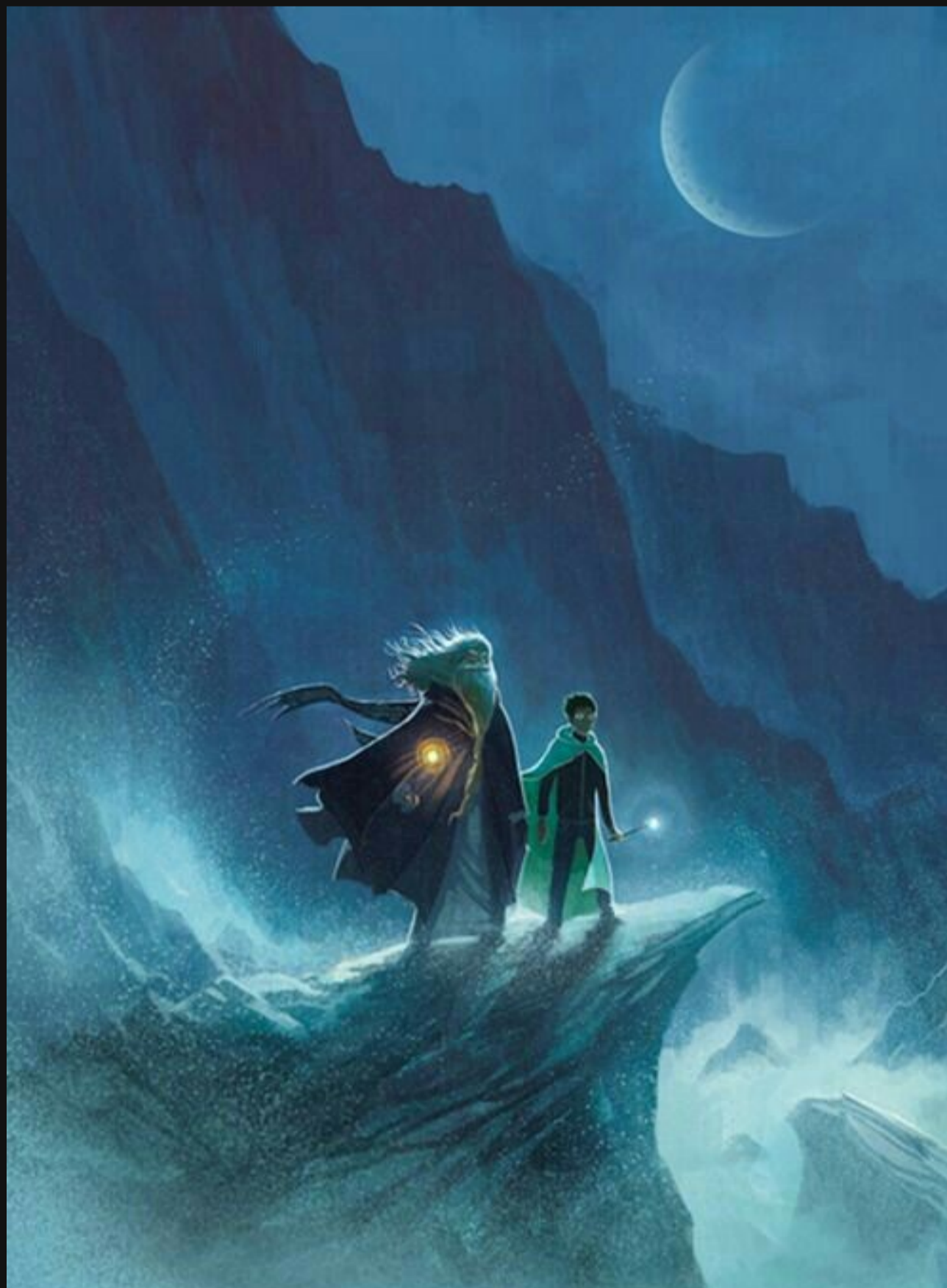
That's manik's pov. Am happy I wrote this to you all. Next will be nandini's pov. Down expect a lot of romance soon dear people.

People here need to clear their mess and then jump into each others arms.

Just please

Vote & comment

& share.



Any Harry Potter fans here? Am a potter head. I completed Harry Potter and half blood prince today morning and cried because **dumbledore died.**

I wish he never died? It's hard to deal with deaths when you fall in love with them in real or fiction.

Continue reading next part