

## Chapter 10

" Anil plus Nisha makes Anisha." a fourteen year old Anisha explained patiently to her friend the meaning behind her name.

at

She was a part of her parents' names and a part of their being.

at

The vision slowly morphed into a giggling Anisha hugging her father tightly while he patted her head lovingly. She had secured a job at her undergrad level that day, it was a stepping step towards the future for her and he was there, behind her as her personal cheerleader.

And finally the vision morphed into that grim day when he found out about Anisha's affair with that guy from an outsider. The day he took her fate in his hands and plucked the wings he gave her. The day he contacted his friend Supreet Singh and fixed the wedding between their children and the day that moped up any form of comfort her family and house had to offer from her.

at

Anisha woke up heaving from that dream. It was not a dream, it was a nightmare. She quickly looked for a bottle and gulped down the water faster than ever.

The worse part, it was all true. She had been through it and it terrified her to go through the same happening even if it was a nightmare.

She felt restless. She looked at her side and found her husband sound asleep.

Anisha climbed off the bed and went to sit in the balcony. The moonlit sky and the cool breeze settled her restless heart.

Anisha just sat there allowing the nature to heal her.

" Itni raat gair yaha kya kar rahi hai? ( What are you doing here so late in the night?)

" Neend khul gayi." ( Can't sleep...) She replied.

He nodded and slid beside her. With hesitation he asked, " What is wrong?"

" I miss my home." Her voice held all the emotions a homesick could feel.

" We are your home." He replied gently.

" My maa, papa.... " She couldn't control anymore and burst into tears, sobbing loud enough to wrench his heart.

" Sshhh..." He pulled her to his chest and rubbed her back in an effort to make her stop crying.

She nuzzled into his chest and breathed in his scent. It seemed to calm her down.

" Ab batao kya gal hai?" ( Now tell me what is the matter.)

at

She just shook her head in negation.

He sighed and pulled her face from his chest, cupping her cheeks he said,

" Mat batao. Par agli baar jab rona ho to kamre ke andar rona. Tumhara kamra hai wahi ( Don't tell me. But next time cry inside the room, it is your room. " He stated gently.

Anisha pinched his nose and said, " You want me to cry again!"

" Hah! The way you cry can scare anybody even the ghosts have some mercy on the humans and cry as much as you can!"

at

She hit his chest once, twice and thrice before he caught a hold of her hand and stood up pulling her along and finally inside the room.

He closed the door behind and grasped her shoulders in a firm grip, " We are your home and as far as Maa Papa are concerned you will win them back, soon."

at

" You sure?"

" I know so." He smiled making her relax and hug him tight.

" Woaah, easy tiger."

at

This simply made her hyperaware of their close proximity and blush red like a tomato. Her grip loosened and she turned around fast ducking her head low.

He chuckled at her antics and climbed on the bed.

Anisha laid on her side and tried going back to sleep when she felt an arm around her waist pulling her to a firm chest.

They were spooning!

at

Anisha blushed furiously while he simply stated, " As much as I find your blush adorable you need to sleep."

And that is what she heard last before drifting back to sleep.

Though with a slow pace, the couple was finding solace in each other's arms.

Perhaps working together in the office will do them some good.

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I know a really short chapter but it had a few of their moments!

Forgive me for untimely as well as late updates.

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