

Chapter 17

Intertwined fingers have certain intimacy that is unmatched. ↻

Anisha had always been a sucker for romance and it is like the second time Abhimanyu had intertwined their hands. She could never control the involuntary blush that crept her cheeks when he did that. And he could never control how he stole glances when she sported that look.

They were certainly not in love, yet but they had developed a level of understanding and respect for one another and not just because they were bound to but because they felt it.

As soon as they reached the restaurant they were greeted by the host and were immediately seated in. Anisha was curiously observing the atmosphere. If there service turns out to be awesome this would certainly become her favourite.

The restaurant was a roo op giving a view of the Mumbai skyline and had the perfect lights, ambience and it seemed perfect to be their first date!



" So, do you like it?" Abhimanyu asked a bit nervously.

" Oh, Yes. The ambience is really good."

" I'm glad you like it. Please go through the menu."

" Huh, when did this come here?" She gasped.

" When you were busy staring at the ambience." He replied.

She shook her head at herself. " I'm pretty dumb, ain't I ? I should be concentrating on you and here I'm staring at the ambience!"

" Ayee, don't be so harsh on yourself!" He reprimanded her. " Now, come on go through the menu, place order and we can finally begin our date!"

" The date has not begun yet!" She teased.

" Nope, the real part has not even started." He replied smugly and was satisfied when a red blush coated her cheeks.

As he placed the orders Anisha shyly looked up at Abhimanyu and to her astonishment he was already looking at her. She saw his hand lying on the table and her hand as if it had a mind of its own took it and intertwined them. Abhimanyu observed this and felt satisfied.

" I'm glad my hand seems to o er comfort to you." He teased.

Anisha blinked but did not let go of his hand.

" Abhimanyu, I know very little about you. I want to know the real you."

" What do you suggest we do to change the situation?" He raised his brows mischievously. ↻

" Shut up you dirty man!" She exclaimed.

" What did I even say? It was your mind!" He defended. ↻

" You applied it. Made the innuendo pretty obvious!" She gasped with narrowed eyes.

" God you are so easy to rile up!" He laughed at her misery.

With narrowed eyes, " Will you do the honours of playing 20 questions?"

" Your wish is my command, lady!" He smirked.

" Ok, let's begin. Favourite colour?"

" Blue. Your Favourite colour?" He replied, getting in the mood of the game. ↻

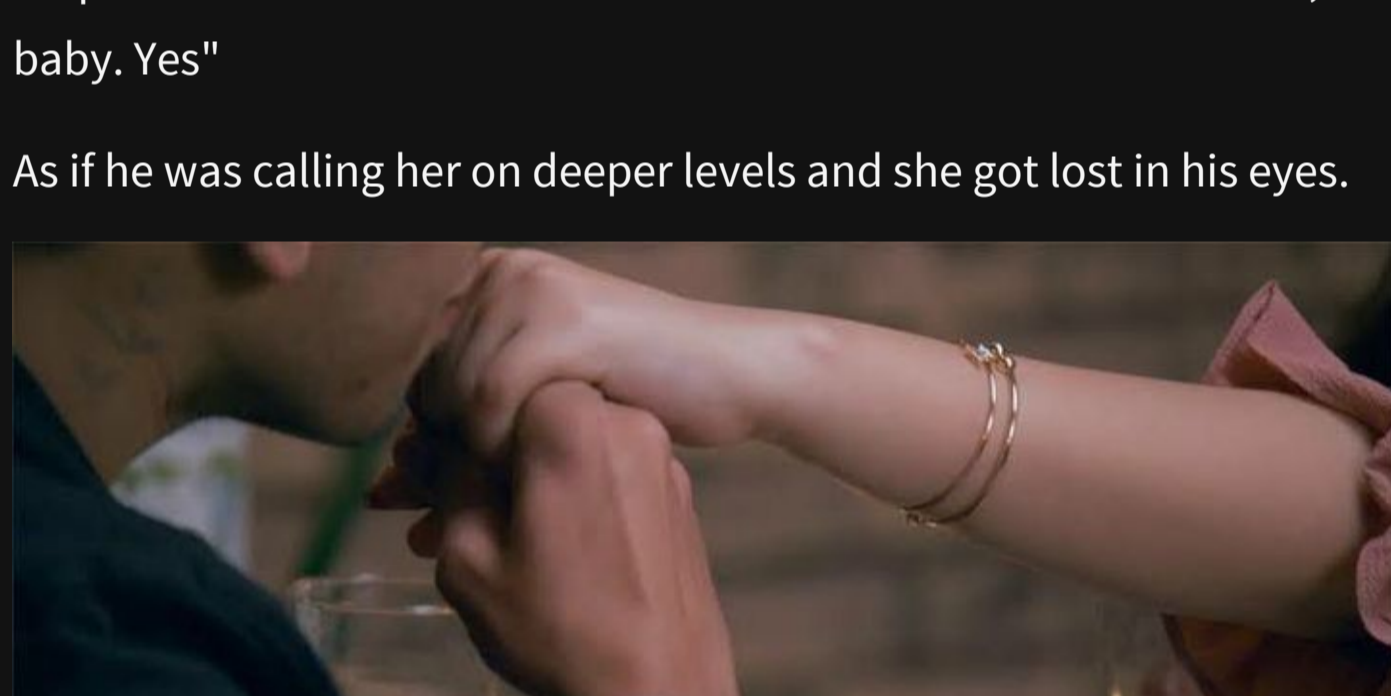
" Pink. What are your hobbies?" ↻

" I play piano in my free time."

" Really?" She exclaimed. " Oh my god! I always wanted to learn piano. You are definitely going to teach me!" She was basically jumping in her seat and then asked, " Do you sing?"

He pulled their hands to his mouth and kissed her knuckles. " Yes, baby. Yes" ↻

As if he was calling her on deeper levels and she got lost in his eyes.



The waiter interrupted their moment and the couple blushing pulled their hands to each other. But soon enough they found their way back into others'.

" Abhimanyu, I wanna learn piano! Sooner rather than later."

He smiled at her enthusiasm and said, " Why not. My turn. What did you want to become before whole marriage thing?"

She smiled sadly at him and tried pulling her hand back from their hold, but he tightened it and even squeezed her hand, " You can not reply to that. It was an intrusive question."

" No it wasn't. I wanted to be a lawyer. In fact I was preparing for the entrance along with my job when all this happened."

" You never gave the entrance?" He prodded.

" It was on the day of our marriage." She whispered but he heard it.

The shock. How could her father do this to her! Was he so blind with rage to not look at what he did? His shock conjured into rage and if not for the food served on the table, he would have definitely thrashed the table.

Anisha saw his eyes darken with anger and then he started eating. Anisha followed suit. They didn't talk between the meal. It had become painfully silent and Anisha was unable to tolerate it.

" Abhimanyu?" She called hesitantly.

" Yes." He replied without looking up from his plate.

" Why did you suddenly go silent?" She prodded.

" Because I'm angry and don't want to take it out on you." ↻

She gulped down her food and engaged in a staring battle with the plate.

Hell it was tough. Did he not like the idea of having a wife who is practically just a graduate and is no match to his capabilities? The thoughts brought her insecurities to surface!

" If you are done, let's get going." Abhimanyu whispered.

Nodding, Anisha followed suit.

This time around there was no holding hands but the door opening was still there. The man in question seemed to be lost in his own world and this scared Anisha.

On their way back home, it was one of the most painfully slow car rides she had ever had.

She wondered what exactly triggered his mood and where did the good Abhimanyu go to?

As he parked the car, he asked, " Anisha would you mind giving your entrance ? It's still six months. You can give a try." ↻

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