

Chapter 22

" No point in showing any concern, mom." Abhimanyu spoke grudgingly.

" Abhimanyu, quit it!" Daljeet shouted at her son, " I've had enough! First Anisha joins work, I'm happy and encourage her at it. The day she joined the office, I told you all I want is to know, you can not manage this thing. I would have managed it at my end! What happened to that, huh?"

" But mom when has she not informed you?" Abhimanyu questioned.

" This morning, she overslept. Okay, she could have dealt with it. But you have an early meeting and I was not informed. I relied upon her for roti and vegetable. Had you informed... Then, tonight, you simply carried her to the room in your arms and stated she is tired, let her sleep. If she was tired, she could have told me. I would have made the meal instead of ordering." Daljeet made her point.

Abhimanyu scooped, " Mom, that is twice."

" And if I give her enough liberty would she not dance on my head? Without getting adjusted to one schedule you came here to ask about something." Daljeet overruled his argument.

Abhimanyu said nothing just looked at his mother and finally at his father.

" Dad, bhabhi is on bed rest. Anisha has just started making amends in her life. I don't want any disturbances." He looked sharply at his mother. " I'm requesting you to ask mom to appoint a chef. We are ordering and if need be, I'll pay for the chef, alone. As for other household works, we have staff."

" Abhimanyu, this is not done. What kind of..." Daljeet couldn't complete her sentence and Abhimanyu said, " If you are so unwilling to compromise. I'll not hesitate to..."

" Do what, Abhimanyu?" Daljeet asked bewildered.

" Mom, I'm plain disappointed that you are the same woman who taught lessons of equality to us. Anyways, I have to go. Thank you so much, you two." Abhimanyu declared.

With a thud the door was closed shut and Supreet faced his wife who was red in anger. " Daljeet, you should have not said all this. Itne time se bacchi sab kaam sambhal rahi thi, hume apne maa papa maankar itni seva kari humari aur tum! (That child has been working since day one considering us her mom and dad and you!)

" Mene kuch galat to bola nahi. Abhimanyu, Surbhi aur Anisha ko compare kaise kar sakta hai? Meri Surbhi aisa kuch nahi kar sakti aur na kabhi karegi! (I've not said anything wrong. How can Abhimanyu compare Surbhi with Anisha? My Surbhi can never do this and will not do it!)

" Ye to waqt hi batayga, Daljeet. (Leave it on time.)

Abhimanyu had never dared to ask Anisha what had happened that had led to her getting married to him. He had always thought it was her story to tell. God knows what she must be feeling. He was disappointed with his mother.

He thought when they raised him to be like this why were the rules different for Anisha. Now he understood the rules were a modified version of the Indian how to be perfect in-laws book.

His mother had crossed several limits and she was unaware. She thought she proved a point where in reality she rubbed the facts on their face.

Abhimanyu sighed and knocked at their room.

No response.

He opened the room to be engulfed by darkness. He closed the door and just tried looking for her silhouette. There she was sitting next to the bed. As he started going closer, he heard sobs, painful, heart wrenching sobs! His mother really overdid it.

" Anisha." He called out as she sitting beside her.

She wiped her tears and tried mulling the sobs, " Ji."

" Anisha, I know you were not pregnant."

" How?" She whispered.

" Because if you were, I don't think you would have even married me." He stated.

" You are right. I was never pregnant. Dad made assumptions as he found me in his friend's nursing home with my ex. He didn't know I had brought his sister along with me for a checkup. His trust was fragile enough to be broken by a mere misunderstanding."

" Anisha, I think he must have had his reasons." He soothed.

" No. His argument was simple. Get me married before I completely ruin his family name." She cried out.

" Anishaaa. Come here." He extended his arms.

She quickly hid her face into his chest and just stayed there. He stroked her hair and she nuzzled his chest.

" I hope one day you can double his family name and reputation."

" I hope so too." She mumbled. " Abhimanyu, I'm sorry you found out all this from others."

" I'm sorry. I could not stop my mom." He stroked her back.

" Not your fault. At least I know they always knew."

Before he could say anything else she patted his chest and said, " let's get to sleep. We have office tomorrow."

Sighing he replied, " Yes."

As the night progressed Abhimanyu tightened his hold on his wife. She laid calmly in his arms. She seemed serene not the troubled version he noticed a few moments prior.

He simply held her in his arms and drifted to sleep. Letting the things hang for a while. They needed a break as of this night.

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