

Chapter 27

Trust.

It is the foundation of any relationship.

It is the trust that fends all the doubts on others as well as oneself.

Anisha had lost a lot of trust upon her since the debacle with her ex. But what she gained in return is incomparable.

She gained a man, her husband who trusted her blindly. He did not think ill about her when he got to know her past in bits. He trusted whatever little he knew about her. He supported her.

After the whole argument downstairs, Anisha contemplated what all did she speak in rage or helplessness. She understood that her voice will be a misinterpretation by many. They will not like how she stood in the middle of the house creating drama asking for her "rights" she herself gave up!

But people be damned! That's what Abhimanyu said. He wanted her to grow her clipped wings back and fly higher in the sky and she wanted to do that not just for her ownself anymore but for the two of them.

Abhimanyu deserved a wife who will stand next to him as an equal not a timid woman who has never fought for her rights.

With those thoughts she turned in his arms to ask about the details and schedule but he was sound asleep.

With the tightly wound arms around her waist she would have never guessed he was asleep if she had not seen so with her eyes.

The man was adorable and handsome. She used the tip of her index finger to trace his face. He was damn adorable.

The crease free forehead would have never given away the amount of stress he took in a day. That pointed nose useful in giving stern as well as sexy looks to his secretary. Definitely the man knew how to wrap her around his little finger. And when her finger traced the stubble, slightly pricking her finger and giving her butterflies.

She imagined the stubble rubbing on her cheek and turned red with shyness.

'What are you even thinking Anisha! Get your mind out of the gutter and let the man sleep!' she scolded herself.

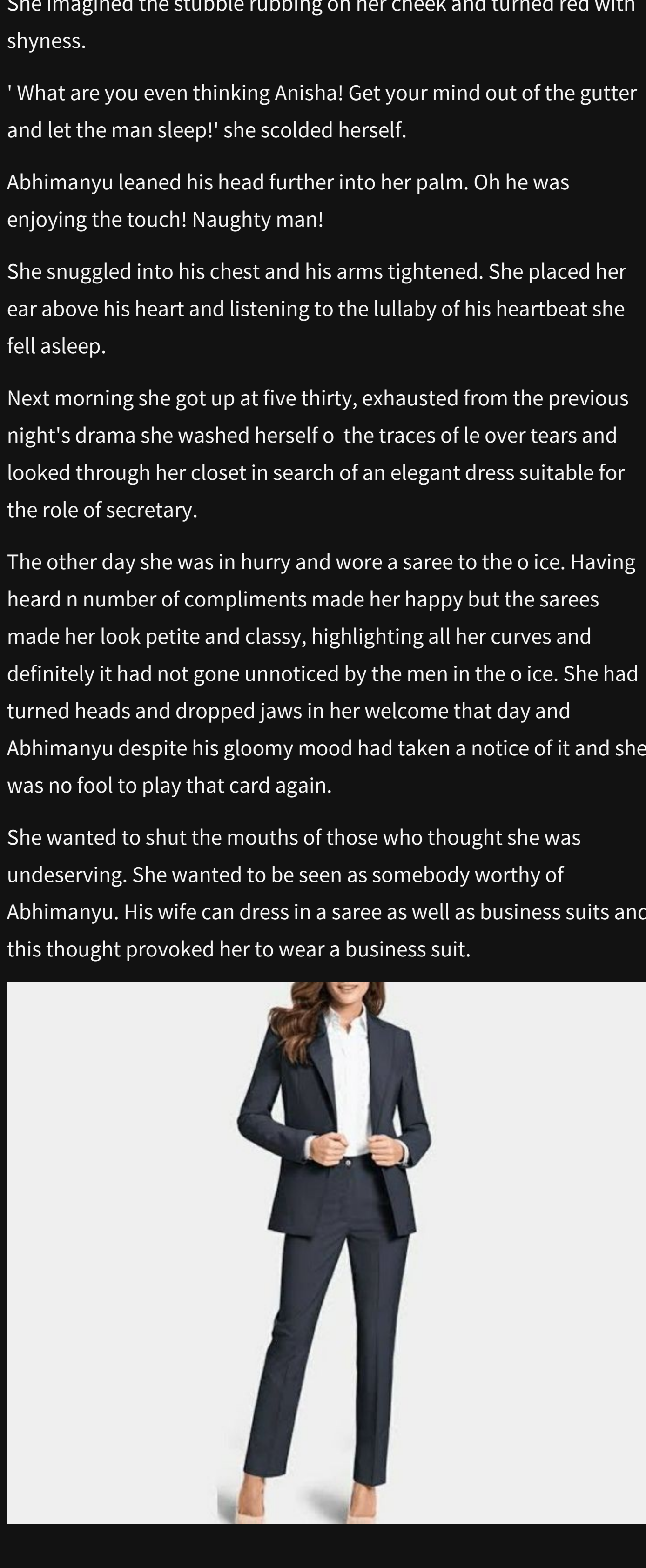
Abhimanyu leaned his head further into her palm. Oh he was enjoying the touch! Naughty man!

She snuggled into his chest and his arms tightened. She placed her ear above his heart and listening to the lullaby of his heartbeat she fell asleep.

Next morning she got up at five thirty, exhausted from the previous night's drama she washed herself of the traces of leftover tears and looked through her closet in search of an elegant dress suitable for the role of secretary.

The other day she was in hurry and wore a saree to the office. Having heard a number of compliments made her happy but the sarees made her look petite and classy, highlighting all her curves and definitely it had not gone unnoticed by the men in the office. She had turned heads and dropped jaws in her welcome that day and Abhimanyu despite his gloomy mood had taken a notice of it and she was no fool to play that card again.

She wanted to shut the mouths of those who thought she was undeserving. She wanted to be seen as somebody worthy of Abhimanyu. His wife can dress in a saree as well as business suits and this thought provoked her to wear a business suit.



She quickly descended the stairs and to her surprise a chef was present. She never thought he would be joining so soon. She made a beeline for the kitchen and to her surprise Daljeet was present in there.

" Good morning, mummyji!"

"Good morning, bete! Ye Chef Deepak hai aaj se ye kitchen sambhalenge tum apni padhai aur job par dhyaan do. (This is chef Deepak, he will be managing kitchen now on. You concentrate on your job and study.)

" Ji. (Yes)

" Ye wahi suit hai na jo mene tumse zabardasti lene kaha tha? (Is this the suit which I had forcibly asked you to buy?)

Anisha nodded.

" Wo kya kehte hai...hot. Ha..isme tu hot lag rahi hai!(What do you call it...hot. Yes...you are looking hot in it!)

Anisha blushed and Daljeet was quick to pat her cheeks. When she looked up in her eyes Anisha could not help but feel all her guards falling down, crumbling into pieces. Daljeet wiped a single tear that fell down and said, " Mein bohot selfish ho gayi thi. Terese itne expectations rakhna galat hai. Teri bhi life hai, job karo ya padhai teri life hai. Mera koi haq nahi dakhil dene ka jab ghar me sab manage ho sakta hai. Jaise Ankita ko har ek haq mila waise tuje nahi mila, tuje ye laga ki ghar me ek servant jaise kaam kiya hai tune, ye mera failure hai. Promise, aage se tuje aisa kabhi nahi lagega! Tu bas padhai kar, entrance pass kar aur hum sabko proud kar! (I had become too selfish. Keeping so many expectations of you is wrong. You too have a life whether you do a job or study it is your life. Like Ankita got all her rights you did not feel the same. You felt as if you were a servant which was a failure on my part. But I promise, you will never feel the same! You study and pass your entrance and make all of us proud!)

Anisha had never smiled so wide after her marriage like this day and she simply hugged Daljeet who smiled at the girl and caressed her head like a mother.

As she pulled apart they heard a round of applause startling them from their moment. There stood the entire family clapping their hands in appreciation.

Abhimanyu came ahead and put his arm around his mother's shoulders, " Maa, tussi to dil jeet liya!" (Mom, you won all our hearts!)

Supreet nodded his head, " Definitely! Chalo Anisha puttar ab tum kuch meetha khilao tumhare haath ka, uske baad tumhari kitchen se lambi chhut! (Anisha, come on, cook us something sweet and after that you are exempted from kitchen for long!)

Everyone laughed at their father. He had a sweet tooth and he looked forward to occasions where he can demand a sweet despite being a diabetic.

Anisha nodded.

" Surbhi, help bhabhi." Daljeet commanded her daughter.

With that Surbhi and Anisha went inside the kitchen and started collecting ingredients for Gajar halwa.

Surbhi gave an apron to Anisha and when she gave her a suspicious look. To which Surbhi gave her a top to bottom look and when Anisha followed her eyes she slapped her forehead at her stupidity. Ofcourse!

She removed the jacket and wore that apron and together they began cooking.

Surbhi laughed at her bhabhi and said, " By the way, you do look hot. Hope bhai survives the day."

Anisha reddened and Surbhi had a hearty laugh at her expense.

Finally, things had begun to fall in place.

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