

Chapter 32

You grow up when you see your parents as humans who can do mistakes as well.

Abhimanyu had once read this quote on some Instagram page and had instantly liked it. He understood it's depth. Anisha too had agreed but never had she thought she would be doing it so soon.

After that incident with her father she had quietly sat down on her desk continuing her previous work and once done she informed Abhimanyu and started her task of the presentation.

When she read it she found some complexities in it and knew why Abhimanyu was himself looking after this. Nevertheless she started her work.

"Anisha? Let's go. It's seven."

Anisha got up from her chair and started cleaning her desk. She liked it tidy.

Once done she grabbed her tote bag and went towards him but unlike other days he won't budge today.



(Ignore the greenery please, he is facing her cabin.)

She looked into his eyes to see an expression she couldn't fathom. He had something going inside that head and she knew he was disturbed.

She hugged him tight. He didn't even bring his arms to her back immediately. As she started pulling back he pulled her to his chest and enclosed her in his muscular arms.

"What happened?"

"It looked like you could use a hug." She simply shrugged.

He nodded. She nuzzled into his neck and closed her eyes. His cologne driving her in. She kissed his neck and he went still.

He started rubbing her back to drive his mind away but the lady in his arms had made sure he finds it difficult.

Pulling her off his chest he looked into her eyes to find them too lusted. They didn't know who leaned in first and a second later their lips were united having a taste of the other. It was their first kiss. It was not awkward. It was how it was meant to be. Sweet, soothing and full of love and passion.

After breaking apart as the urge to breathe got stronger they looked at each other. Chest heaving and touching, arms looped around, and her lipstick smudged on his lips. Chuckling she went out of his grip and grabbed a wet tissue and cleaned his lips. He chuckled at her action and repeated the same for her.

"Let's go now. If we are presentable enough." Abhimanyu ordered.

She nodded her head and reached out for his hand, intertwining their fingers.

He smiled like a lovestruck teenager and she was red. This was one interesting day.

The following morning Abhimanyu woke her up with kisses on the side of her head, her cheeks and then a few pecks on her lips. She smiled but didn't open her eyes.

"I know you are awake."

She tightened her eyes close and he laughed at her. Seeing that she won't open her eyes he tickled her sides. Her booming laughter filled the room and he can't stop tickling her.

Finally she was awake. But he wouldn't stop.

"Abhimanyu stop please." She pleaded.

"Nope. This is fun." He replied.

She squealed in laughter and he could not seem to have enough. She moved her arms and grabbed his. He had enough. But when she looked into his eyes she knew she was a goner for this man.

She did not know how and when but she breathed out an "I love you."

He looked at her. Did he hear correct? She repeated "I love you" and he simply kissed her. Her hands playing with his hair and his hands rubbing her sides in a motion. The kiss had made sure that they feel a thousand emotions at once.

The kiss was a declaration of his love.

She would understand it rather she should as he was her husband. Her husband was a man of actions rather than words and she should know how to read his emotions.

As they pulled apart, she rested her hands on the sides of his face and bobbed his nose. He smiled and said, "I love you." His declaration in words had her swoon and this time she initiated the kiss.

The alarm rang and broke the little bubble they were trapped in. Time to begin the day.

He called the bathroom first and she sunk back into the bed. He called out, "Anisha?"

"Yes." She was busy scrolling her phone.

"You can join me if you want." She dropped the phone and looked at him with mouth wide open.

"Close it before a mosquito explores it." He remarked playfully.

She closed her mouth and stood up from the bed going towards him.

"Wow! You took my suggestion. I am happy."

Anisha nodded. He smiled wide and was unguarded when he felt her hands on his back and damn the girl moved him from his position into the bathroom and the door was closed with a thud.

She was so powerful! No he was simply caught off-guard.

"Anisha not fair yaar!" He grumbled.

She laughed aloud and said, "Get ready soon. I can't let my boss reach before me."

"Oh he could have happily gone late into the office had you fulfilled his wish!" He shot back but nevertheless had his bath.

"Well good to know." She murmured and stood in front of the mirror.

Had they really become so comfortable with each other? Who would have believed this was the same couple that couldn't talk for more than five minutes and right now they can go on for hours together.

The mirror showed her someone who she could never imagine to be. She was the same woman who detested herself and wore sarees to obey whatever her mother taught her to survive her marriage to a stranger. Now the stranger was not a stranger anymore he was the man who moulded into a woman she liked.

She realised that her life had become beautiful with passing time. She no longer shed buckets of tears for problems that were out of her control and its proof was how she had handled herself after that incident last evening. And the only person who supported her throughout was her husband and she now knew her feelings were much more deeper than the boundaries of the word 'like'.

The sound of door opening snapped her out of this introspection and she looked at him. He was dressed in pants but torso bare and hair wet. Shaking her head she grabbed the towel from his hand. He looked at her in astonishment. She simply waved her hand in the direction of bed.

He shrugged his shoulders and followed her directions. He sat down on the bed and furrowed his brows when she stood in between his legs and brought his head down and with the towel she dried his hair.

What he felt at the moment was immense pleasure. He closed his eyes and enjoyed this little gesture of hers. His hands had a mind of their own and grabbed the sides of her waist. She shrugged her shoulders now she was habituated with his hands going haywire.

Once dry she smiled and dropped the towel in his lap and his hands picked them up immediately and by the time he looked up she was nowhere to be found.

He knew she was now inside the bathroom getting ready.

Laughing to himself he got ready and waited for his wife. A good husband cannot leave his wife behind, can he?

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