

## Chapter 7

Work, Work, Work!

There is only so much a man can work.

However the profound amount of work one has to do to 'maintain' their position in the market is something we all are familiar with. What happens when you are out of the field for a short period, you feel let out.

People develop FOMO (Fear of missing out) when it comes to the advances in the market.

Anisha had somehow completed the presentation but what she was now experiencing was FOMO. She was away from the market for a while now. She didn't know the current trends nor the current position of the market. These six months into marriage what she learnt was how to be a good daughter-in-law.

Just when she was busy biting her nails in anxiety had Abhimanyu entered the room. Anisha was sitting with her back to him and laptop in front of her eyes going through the slideshow before presenting it to her husband.

Abhimanyu took the opportunity and stood behind her sofa chair to look at the laptop what he saw had him impressed. At least Anisha knew what she was doing and it was enough for him to consider her for some position in the company.

Anisha caught a shadow cast on the screen and turned around to spot her husband stood behind her looking thoughtfully at the screen.

'Inhone presentation dekh li kya puri? She wondered nervously. (Did he see the presentation?)

"Ahem, I caught a glimpse of the slideshow and just got stuck here. Why don't you present it to me?" He muttered.

Now, the thing is...it is easy to think you will do a presentation. What happens when you have to do it, that too to a person to whom you can't speak more than two words at a time!

Anisha looked to her right in order to muster courage when she saw him looking at her thoughtfully.

'Why does he have to look at me like that!' She felt her throat go dry and nervousness began to creep in.

In a flash a glass of water was in front of her. She smiled tightly and drank the whole glass down.

Abhimanyu smirked at her. She was indeed cute when nervous.

Clearing his throat he attracted her attention. "If you will be nervous with one person around how are you gonna present in a room full of strangers, not to say they are the decision makers as well!"

Anisha blushed. She was caught. She looked at the laptop and mustered courage as well as her professional attitude but one look at her husband who was trying hard not to laugh had her laugh out loud.

They both laughed aloud. Their first shared laughter. Loud enough to make the onlookers curious of what was the joke.

"Ssshhh" Anisha kept a finger on her mouth and tried shushing herself as well as Abhimanyu who doubled over in laughter looking at her antics.

With that laugh the tension on the corners of her eyes had cackled and as the laughter died down she quickly switched to her professional attitude and started the presentation.

Meanwhile, Surbhi MaanSingh knocked on her parents' door.

With a furrowed brow the door was opened by her father, Supreet.

"Dad, I couldn't sleep." she said timidly.

When Daljeet heard that she asked her daughter to climb in the bed.

Sitting on the foot end of the bed, Surbhi kept staring at the sheets when her mother asked, "Kya hua bacchē" (What is the matter, child?)

"Maa, jaise bhabhi aaj raat khaana nahi bana sake to aapne gussa kiya kya waise hi muje bhi sab bolenge jab mein ghar ke kaam acche se nahi kar sakungi?" (Mother, just like how you scolded sister-in-law when she had not cooked tonight would I be scolded as well when I would not be able to work properly?)

Her question was genuine and had Daljeet stare at her for a second longer before replying, "Beta, aapki bhabhi humesha ghar ke kaam karti rahi to muje uski aadat ho gayi isliye muje gussa aaya jab woh nahi aayi khaana bananē (Child, your sister-in-law has always been handling house chores and I have become habituated and I became angry when she didn't come downstairs to cook.)

"Aap Shweta bhabhi se kuch nahi bolē.(You didn't say anything to Shweta sister-in-law)

"She is pregnant." Was her immediate reply.

"Being pregnant gives her a license to not cook, or handle household related responsibilities?" She asked defiantly.

"Surbhi, beta why are you suddenly so worried about what happens in the house. It is between me and your sister-in-laws." Daljeet muttered annoyingly.

"Because what I see happening in my own house has me wondering what will happen to me when I get married. When you guys are so open minded what will happen if I go in a conservative family? How will I adjust?!" Surbhi replied without any hesitation.

"Come here." her father pulled her in a hug.

"Remember, your father will make you strong enough to never ever let such questions bother you!"

Surbhi hugged him tighter and as a few moments she climbed out of the bed to sleep in her room.

"So, how was the presentation Mr. MaanSingh?" asked a timid Anisha as he giving her presentation.

"I would say apart from a few glitches in the start which were obviously due to nervousness I would give you a seven out of ten."

Anisha was relieved at least it was not a two or three.

Abhimanyu cleared his throat and said, "Tomorrow is 30. From the first of the coming month you are joining as my secretary unless you want some other job."

Anisha's eyes widened and then slowly they twinkled with joy and a few happy tears crept down on her cheeks.

"Thank you, ji" she clasped his hands tightly.

He kept a finger beneath her chin and led it up to gaze at those beautiful eyes, "You deserve it."

Continue reading next part □