

Whispers of Desire

A Seductive Story of Love, Longing, and Secrets

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Chapter 1: Whispers on the Rooftop

Sanjeev exuded an effortless charm, the kind that came naturally to a man who carried himself with quiet confidence. Reclining on the plush sofa, he looked every bit the refined bachelor—his crisp, fitted shirt hugging his toned frame, the top button undone, revealing a glimpse of his well-built chest. His neatly trimmed beard added a rugged appeal, perfectly complementing his sharp jawline. As he casually sipped his whisky, the dim glow from the television cast shadows over his striking features, accentuating the deep intensity in his eyes.

Even in a moment of leisure, his presence commanded attention. His strong, athletic build was evident in the relaxed yet powerful way he stretched his long legs, one arm lazily draped over the armrest. The faint scent of his musky cologne mixed with the richness of whisky, adding to his undeniable allure. His tousled hair, effortlessly styled, gave him a carefree yet sophisticated look—the kind of man who didn't have to try too hard to turn heads.

Just as he took another sip, fully engrossed in his Netflix series, he pulled out a cigarette from the packet and lifted the lighter from the table to light the cigarette, then sudden chime of the doorbell interrupted his quiet evening. He furrowed his brows, wondering who could be visiting at this hour. Setting the glass down on the table, he ran a hand through his

thick hair and got up. As he opened the door, his gaze met a sight that made him pause—Janki, standing at his doorstep, wrapped in a soft blue suit adorned with delicate white flowers, her damp hair cascading over her shoulders, glistening under the dim porch light. The soft fabric clinging to her slender frame, accentuating her tall, graceful figure. A faint fragrance of jasmine and fresh water lingered around her, teasing the air with its intoxicating presence.

Her dark eyes held a quiet mystery, a depth that invited secrets and stirred desires. As she tucked a damp strand behind her ear, revealing the curve of her slender neck, the world around her seemed to slow, caught in the quiet spell of her effortless beauty.

“Hello,” Janki said softly, her eyes filled with hope. “Could you help me with something?”

“There is a problem with the water supply at my home,” Janki said with a sigh. “You know very well—My Husband is always drunk and of no help. Could you please check the water tank for me? The lid is too heavy for me to lift, and it’s sealed too tightly.”

As Janki spoke, her eyes unintentionally drifted toward the glass of whisky resting on Sanjeev’s table. A flicker of hesitation crossed her face, and for a moment, she felt a tinge of embarrassment—had she just criticized her husband’s drinking in front of a man who was doing the same? She bit her lip,

averting her gaze, but Sanjeev noticed the fleeting discomfort in her expression.

As the whisky began to take effect on Sanjeev's mind, the sight of this beautiful lady deeply impressed him. "Ohh, sure," Sanjeev said, slightly dazed. "Let's go, I'll open the lid for you."

As they climbed the narrow staircase to the rooftop, Sanjeev walked beside Janki, his mind still lingering on the lingering fragrance of her damp hair. The cool evening breeze brushed against them as they stepped onto the rooftop, where a row of water tanks stood like silent sentinels against the open sky.

Sanjeev turned to her and asked, "Which one is yours?"

Janki raised a slender hand and pointed toward a slightly elevated water tank, its black surface glistening with the moisture of the day's heat. Sanjeev eyed the height and took a deep breath before making his way toward it. Climbing up wasn't easy—his feet searched for grip, his muscles tensed—but after a brief struggle, he managed to hoist himself up. Resting his hands on his knees, he glanced at Janki with a smirk.

"Oh! So, this is the lid you've been trying to open?" he said, tapping the stubborn cover. He looked down at her, a hint of admiration in his voice. "And I wonder how you even managed to get up here. You're a strong woman, Janki!" He gave the lid an experimental tug and shook his head. "No way.

Nobody can open this with bare hands. Don't worry, I'll bring some tools, and we'll get this sorted."

Just as he was about to climb down, his eyes caught the glint of something in the corner—a small metal rod, half-hidden beneath some old pipes. He chuckled to himself. "Oh! Looks like we won't need to go anywhere after all."

Grabbing the rod, he hooked it under the lid and, with a firm push, heard a satisfying click as the cover loosened. With a final heave, the lid came off, revealing the dark, rippling water inside. Sanjeev turned to Janki with a triumphant grin. "There you go. Now, let's see what's wrong with your water supply."

Sanjeev flipped open the lid, peering into the dark water below. A faint earthy smell rose from the tank, and as he examined the outlet pipe, he noticed the problem—a thick layer of mud had clogged the opening, blocking the flow.

Without hesitation, he gripped the metal rod firmly and bent deep into the tank, his fingers tightening around its cold surface as he worked to dislodge the blockage. The stubborn mud resisted at first, but after a few determined jabs, he felt it give way. A sudden rush of water gushed through the outlet, sending a splash upward. Droplets sprayed onto his face and hair, while muddy streaks splattered across his shirt.

Sanjeev sighed, brushing his wet hair back with a grin. “Well, that was messy,” he muttered, shaking off some of the water before swiftly closing the tank’s lid. With an effortless jump, he landed back on the rooftop beside Janki. His shirt, now damp and smeared with mud, clung to his body, but his face gleamed with satisfaction.

He turned to her with a triumphant smile. “Problem solved! Thanks for watching,” he said playfully, wiping his hands on his jeans. “Your water supply should be fine now.”

As Sanjeev stood there, his shirt damp and streaked with mud, Janki’s gaze lingered on him for a moment. A soft breeze carried the delicate scent of her freshly bathed skin, wrapping around him like an invisible embrace. Without hesitation, she pulled her dupatta from her shoulders, its fabric cool and smooth against her fingers, and stepped closer.

Her touch was gentle yet lingering as she began wiping the dirt from his shirt. The soft strokes of her hands sent an unexpected warmth through his body, each movement awakening a desire he hadn’t felt in a long time. She ran the cloth over his chest, pressing lightly against the contours of his firm frame, and then moved upward, brushing away the mud clinging to his damp hair. Her fingers grazed his skin ever so lightly, igniting a spark that the lingering effect of whisky only intensified.

Sanjeev's breath hitched as her delicate fragrance filled his senses, mixing with the heat of her closeness. His heartbeat quickened—he could feel the warmth of her body so close, the soft fabric of her suit occasionally brushing against him. It had been too long since a woman had been this close, since he had felt the softness of a feminine touch against his skin.

Janki, too, felt something stir deep inside her. She had only meant to wipe the dirt away, yet she found herself unable to step back. The strength of his tall, fit body drew her in, his presence awakening something raw and undeniable within her. Even after the last speck of mud was gone, she didn't move away. Her hands lingered, her breath grew uneven, and in that silent moment, their eyes met—heavy with an unspoken longing that neither of them could ignore.

Janki stood close to Sanjeev, her fingers still resting lightly on his chest. A warmth spread through her, something she hadn't felt in a long time. Her husband had never cared for her, never held her the way a woman longed to be held. He was always lost in his drunken haze, leaving her feeling abandoned, unwanted. But here, in this moment, with a strong and handsome man before her, she felt alive again.

Without thinking, she stepped even closer, her heartbeat echoing in her ears. A soft sigh escaped her lips as she wrapped her arms around Sanjeev, pressing her body gently against his. The scent of

mud and sweat mixed with the faint lingering traces of whisky, yet beneath it all, she felt his warmth—the strength of a man who had unknowingly awakened something deep inside her.

“Thank you, Sanjeev,” she whispered against his shoulder, her voice soft and full of emotion. She held him longer than necessary, her fingers lightly gripping his back, unwilling to let go. She had spent years craving affection, and now that it was within reach, she didn’t want the moment to end.

Sanjeev stood still at first, caught off guard by her embrace. He could feel the softness of her body pressed against him, the warmth of her breath tickling his neck. The whisky in his system made everything feel more intense—her scent, her touch, the way her delicate fingers clung to him. Slowly, his arms rose and rested on her back, his palms feeling the curve of her slender waist.

For a moment, time seemed to stand still. The world beyond the rooftop faded, leaving just the two of them in the quiet night, caught in a dangerous yet undeniable longing neither of them could resist.

Janki’s body trembled as she remained pressed against Sanjeev, her breath warm and uneven against his neck. The night air was cool, but the heat between them was undeniable. Her hands rested on his chest, feeling the firm muscles beneath his damp shirt, her fingers instinctively tracing the lines of his body.

Sanjeev, still intoxicated by the lingering effect of whisky and the irresistible scent of Janki's freshly bathed skin, felt his restraint slipping. His fingers trailed through her wet hair, feeling the silkiness against his rough hands. As he leaned in, he let his lips brush against her temple, then lower, grazing the soft skin of her cheek. A soft sigh escaped Janki's lips, her body responding to his touch in ways she hadn't felt in years.

Unable to resist any longer, Sanjeev cupped her face, tilting her head slightly upward. Their eyes locked—heavy with desire, filled with an unspoken longing. And then, as if drawn by an invisible force, he captured her lips with his, the kiss deep, searching, and filled with a hunger neither of them could deny.

Janki's hands tightened against his chest, her fingers curling around the damp fabric of his shirt as she surrendered to the moment. She kissed him back with equal passion, her body pressing against him, feeling the heat radiating from his skin. Sanjeev's arms wrapped around her, pulling her closer, his hands trailing down her back, feeling every curve, every soft contour.

As the kiss grew more intense, Sanjeev's fingers found the edge of her dupatta, tugging it away gently. Janki shivered under his touch, not from the cold but from the thrilling sensation of being held, of being

wanted. His lips left a trail of warmth along her jawline, down the length of her neck, as his hands roamed over the fabric of her suit, feeling the softness beneath.

Janki, overwhelmed by passion, ran her fingers through his damp hair, pulling him closer, her nails grazing his skin lightly. Her body arched toward him, melting into his touch, as she let herself be completely consumed by the moment. For the first time in years, she felt desired, cherished, and lost in the intoxicating presence of a man who ignited every hidden desire within her.

As Sanjeev stood close to Janki, he could feel the warmth of her presence, her delicate fragrance filling the air between them. His fingers lightly brushed against her wrist, sending a shiver up her spine. She looked up into his eyes, her breath hitching, but just as the moment grew more intense, a sudden hesitation flickered across her face. A battle of emotions played in her heart, and before she could stop herself, she turned slightly away, creating a small distance between them.

Sanjeev felt the shift immediately, a pang of embarrassment settling in his chest. Had he misunderstood her feelings? He ran a hand through his hair, letting out a slow breath, trying to mask his disappointment. His mind raced, searching for the right words, but before he could say anything, he felt a gentle touch on his arm.

Janki had turned back, her hesitation melting away as she looked into his eyes with a softness that made his heart pound. She took a deep breath, gathering her courage, and stepped closer, closing the distance she had just created. Her fingers lightly traced the fabric of his shirt, as if memorizing the feel of him, and in that moment, her unspoken emotions spoke louder than words.

Sanjeev lifted a hand to her face, his thumb grazing her cheek, his touch feather-light yet filled with longing. Janki closed her eyes for a brief second, leaning into his warmth, savoring the tenderness of the moment. When she opened them again, she saw something raw and unguarded in Sanjeev's gaze—an unspoken desire that mirrored her own.

Slowly, as if time itself had slowed down, he tucked a strand of her damp hair behind her ear, his fingers lingering against her skin. “You don't have to hesitate with me,” he whispered, his voice deep and reassuring. Janki's lips parted slightly, but no words came out. Instead, she lifted a hand to his chest, feeling the steady rhythm of his heartbeat beneath her palm.

Sanjeev couldn't hold back any longer. He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close, their bodies pressed together in a perfect fit. Janki melted into his embrace, feeling a sense of belonging she

had long forgotten. She rested her forehead against his, their breaths mingling, the air between them thick with unspoken promises.

Then, in a slow, unhurried movement, Sanjeev tilted her chin up and captured her lips in a kiss that was both gentle and full of fire. Janki responded instantly, her arms wrapping around his neck as she deepened the kiss, losing herself in the moment. The taste of whisky lingered on his lips, mixing with the sweetness of her breath, making the kiss all the more intoxicating.

Their hands explored each other with reverence—Sanjeev tracing the curve of her waist, Janki’s fingers threading through his hair, pulling him closer. It was as if they had been waiting for this moment all their lives, and now that it was here, neither wanted to let go.

When they finally pulled apart, breathless and dazed, Janki rested her head against his chest, listening to the steady beat of his heart. “I don’t know what’s happening to me,” she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

Sanjeev tightened his hold on her, pressing a soft kiss to her forehead. “Maybe we were always meant to find each other like this,” he said, his voice filled with quiet certainty.

Janki closed her eyes, savouring the warmth of his embrace. For the first time in a long while, she didn't feel alone.

Janki and Sanjeev sat side by side on the cool rooftop floor, their bodies still tingling from the fire they had just ignited between them. The night sky stretched endlessly above them, a canvas of twinkling stars and a silver moon that bathed everything in a soft glow. The cool breeze wrapped around them, carrying the scent of the damp earth and the faint fragrance of Janki's hair, still slightly wet from her bath.

Janki pulled her dupatta around her shoulders, leaning back on her hands as she gazed at the vast sky. A serene silence settled between them, not the awkwardness of regret, but the warmth of unspoken understanding. Sanjeev sat close, his arm barely brushing against hers, as if neither of them wanted to lose the connection they had just shared. He turned to look at her, his eyes filled with something deeper than mere desire.

“You know,” he finally said, breaking the silence, “I never thought I'd be sitting here, on a rooftop, under the stars, with someone like you.” He chuckled softly; his voice laced with affection.

Janki tilted her head slightly, a soft smile playing on her lips. “And what kind of woman am I?” she asked teasingly, her voice low and playful.

Sanjeev held her gaze for a long moment before replying, “A woman who is beautiful, strong... and deserves to be loved the way she wants.” His voice was sincere, carrying the weight of something unspoken—an acknowledgment of the emptiness she had been living with.

Janki sighed, resting her head lightly on his shoulder. “It’s strange,” she murmured, “for years, I’ve felt invisible... like I was just another shadow in my own home. But tonight, I feel alive.” Her fingers idly traced patterns on the rooftop surface, lost in thought.

Sanjeev exhaled deeply, his fingers finding hers, intertwining them gently. “You are not invisible, Janki,” he said, squeezing her hand lightly. “Not to me.”

A comfortable silence followed; their fingers still locked together as they let the night embrace them. There was no rush, no urgency—just two souls, finding solace in each other, sharing a moment that neither of them wanted to end.

Here’s the chapter ending, filled with romance, admiration, and lingering tension between Sanjeev and Janki:

Sanjeev leaned back against the low parapet wall of the rooftop, reaching into his pocket. With a familiar flick of his fingers, he pulled out a cigarette, tapping it lightly before placing it between his lips.

The sharp metallic click of his lighter broke the silence, followed by the soft glow of the flame that briefly illuminated his face. As he took the first deep drag, the ember at the tip burned bright, casting a faint, reddish hue in the dim night.

Janki watched him with fascination, her eyes tracing the way he held the cigarette between his fingers—so effortlessly, so confidently. As he exhaled, a slow stream of smoke curled into the air, drifting lazily into the cool breeze. There was something undeniably alluring about the way he smoked, the way his lips parted slightly before releasing the intoxicating haze into the night.

A playful smile touched Janki's lips as she tilted her head. "You know, Sanjeev... you look incredibly dashing when you smoke." Her voice was soft, laced with admiration. "Like one of those heroes in old films... brooding, intense, completely irresistible."

Sanjeev let out a low chuckle, turning his gaze to her. "Oh? So, you like bad boys who smoke?" he teased, bringing the cigarette back to his lips. He took another long drag, this time exhaling slowly, letting the moment linger between them.

Janki shrugged, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "Not bad boys. Just men who know how to enjoy a cigarette... with style."

Sanjeev smirked, shaking his head. “Well then, I suppose I should keep smoking if it impresses you.” He took another deep drag, flicking the ash away with practiced ease. The embers glowed once more, mirroring the smouldering tension that still crackled between them.

Janki watched him in quiet admiration, her gaze lingering on his face—the sharp jawline, the relaxed posture, the way he exuded an effortless charm. For a moment, she wished the night wouldn’t end, that they could stay here, wrapped in the cool breeze and the scent of smoke, caught in this intoxicating space between reality and desire.

But the world below was waiting. The night had given them this stolen moment, and now it was time to return. With one last drag, Sanjeev flicked the cigarette away, crushing the glowing tip beneath his shoe. He turned to Janki, offering her his hand. “Shall we?”

She hesitated, just for a heartbeat, before slipping her fingers into his. As they descended the stairs together, the night air still heavy with unsaid words, one thing was certain—this was not the end, but the beginning of something neither of them could turn away from.

Chapter 2: The Morning After

The sunlight peeked through the half-drawn curtains, casting golden streaks across the room. Sanjeev groaned, rubbing his temples as the dull ache of a hangover pulsed through his head. His body felt heavy, his throat parched, and the stale scent of whisky still lingered in the air. He cursed himself for drinking so much the night before.

Dragging himself up, he reached for his phone and dialled his boss. “Sir, I’m running a fever... I’ll be a little late today.” His voice was hoarse, and though his excuse was a lie, it wasn’t far from the truth. He did feel sick—sick from the excess, from the weight of last night’s intoxicating memories.

Just as he was summoning the will to rise from bed, the sharp chime of the doorbell startled him. He frowned, running a hand through his dishevelled hair. “Who the hell could it be at this hour?” he muttered, unwilling to move. But as the bell rang again, he forced himself up, dragging his feet to the door.

As he swung it open, the sight before him sent a jolt of energy through his weary body. Janki stood there, draped in a mesmerizing saree of deep maroon, with golden embroidery tracing delicate patterns along the fabric. The soft silk hugged her slender frame, and the gentle pleats cascaded down her body like flowing water. The pallu rested lightly over her

shoulder, revealing a glimpse of the smooth skin beneath. Her long hair, still damp, was neatly tied, and the lingering scent of jasmine wrapped around him like a whisper.

Sanjeev blinked, momentarily forgetting his headache. “Janki... you’re here so early?” he asked, his voice laced with surprise.

Janki gave a hesitant smile. “Yes, my husband left for his duty, and I am free now... but why are you standing at the door like a stranger? Won’t you invite me in?”

Sanjeev shook his head with a smirk. “Of course, come in. Don’t hesitate like a guest.” He stepped aside, and as she walked past him, her saree lightly brushed against his hand, sending an unexpected warmth through his fingers.

She turned to him with concern. “Sanjeev, you don’t look well. What happened to you?”

He sighed, rubbing his temples again. “Had too many drinks last night. Now, I’m paying the price.”

Janki’s brows furrowed. “You shouldn’t drink so much. Look at you, you can barely stand.” There was no scolding in her voice—just deep, genuine concern.

She stepped closer, her eyes scanning his tired face. “Wait here. Let me make you some coffee.”

Sanjeev leaned against the wall, smiling lazily. “I like my coffee simple—just black, nothing fancy. I guess I’m a simple man.”

Janki paused for a moment, her heart swelling with emotion. She had already fallen for this man, and now, even his little preferences felt endearing to her. “A simple man with a complicated charm,” she thought, as she made her way to the kitchen.

Moments later, she returned with a steaming mug of coffee. Sanjeev was back in bed, his eyes half-closed as he fought the exhaustion. She sat beside him, handing him the cup.

“Here, drink this. It’ll help.”

He took a sip, letting the warmth seep into his body. “Perfect,” he murmured.

Janki watched him, her heart fluttering at the simple intimacy of the moment. She reached out and lightly ran her fingers through his messy hair. “You should take better care of yourself,” she whispered.

Sanjeev chuckled. “Are you applying for the job of my caretaker?”

Janki smiled, tilting her head. “Maybe.”

A quiet laugh passed between them, but the air was heavy with something deeper. She set the empty mug aside and inched closer, her soft presence pressing against his space. Sanjeev looked at her—her gentle eyes, the slight tremble in her fingers, the unspoken longing in her breath.

She wasn't moving away. Neither was he.

As Sanjeev took the last sip of his coffee, he glanced at Janki, who stood near the kitchen counter, her saree draping gracefully around her curves. Her hands moved deftly as she plated the breakfast, but her mind was elsewhere lost in the warmth of the morning, in the presence of this man who made her feel cherished.

She turned to him with a soft smile. “You should eat something. It will help with the hangover.”

Sanjeev chuckled, running a hand through his tousled hair. “Only if you share it with me.” His voice was low, filled with an unspoken longing.

Janki hesitated for a moment, but then she brought the plate to the bed and sat beside him. As they broke pieces of paratha and fed each other, their fingers brushed, sending small shivers through them. Every touch lingered a moment longer than necessary, every glance held emotions that neither of them had dared to put into words.

Sanjeev wiped a tiny speck of chutney from the corner of Janki's lips with his thumb. She froze for a second before gently leaning into his touch, her dark eyes searching his. He had never seen anyone look at him the way she did at that moment—with trust, admiration, and something deeper, something unspoken.

The silence between them was electric. Sanjeev set the plate aside and reached for her hand, tracing soft circles on her palm. Janki felt her breath hitch as he leaned in, his warm lips grazing her forehead before trailing down to her cheek. She closed her eyes, surrendering to the moment, to the tenderness she had longed for.

Her fingers trembled as they rested on his chest, feeling the steady rhythm of his heartbeat. “Sanjeev...” she whispered, her voice barely audible, filled with emotions she couldn't name.

He didn't need her to say more. He cupped her face, his thumb caressing her cheek as he kissed her softly—deeply, with the kind of passion that speaks of longing and the promise of something beautiful. Janki melted into him, her hands threading through his hair, pulling him closer, as if afraid this moment would slip away.

As Janki melted into Sanjeev's embrace, a sudden ache gripped her heart. She thought of her husband—his indifferent gaze, the stench of alcohol

that clung to him, the way he never noticed her pain or longing. In Sanjeev's arms, she finally felt what she had been deprived of for years—love, warmth, and the tenderness she had always yearned for.

The morning sun filtered through the curtains, casting a golden glow over them as they lost themselves in each other's warmth. Every touch, every sigh, every whispered word deepened their connection, sealing a bond that neither of them had anticipated but both had craved for so long.

As the moments stretched into eternity, Sanjeev wrapped his arms around Janki, pulling her against him. She rested her head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat, feeling a strange sense of peace she hadn't known in years.

"You make me feel alive," she murmured, tracing invisible patterns on his skin.

Sanjeev pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "And you make me believe in love again."

Sanjeev cupped Janki's face in his hands, his fingers tracing the softness of her skin. Their eyes met, filled with a longing that neither of them had put into words before. Slowly, he leaned in, and their lips met in a deep, lingering kiss. Janki sighed into the kiss, her hands clutching his shirt as if afraid to let

go. The warmth of his lips, the tenderness of his touch—it was everything she had unknowingly craved for so long.

As their lips parted briefly, Sanjeev whispered, his breath warm against her skin, “I never thought a Monday morning could feel this magical.” He chuckled softly. “I told my boss I have a fever, but I think my heart is burning for a completely different reason.”

Janki giggled, resting her forehead against his. “Oh, Sanjeev... if this is what fever feels like, then I don’t want you to recover anytime soon.” She brushed her fingers through his hair, pulling him closer as she kissed him again, this time with more passion, more urgency.

Sanjeev let out a soft groan as their lips danced together, his arms tightening around her waist. “You have no idea how much I’m enjoying this moment,” he murmured between kisses. “If someone told me yesterday that I’d be in bed with the most beautiful woman, sipping coffee and kissing her like this, I would’ve laughed in their face.”

Janki smiled against his lips, her voice playful. “And if someone told me that I’d be making breakfast for a man who isn’t my husband—and loving every second of it—I would’ve thought they were crazy.” She kissed him again, gently biting his lower lip, making Sanjeev sigh in pleasure.

Pulling back just slightly, Sanjeev tucked a loose strand of hair behind Janki's ear. "I can't believe how beautiful you are," he said, his voice filled with admiration. "Every time I look at you, I feel like I'm dreaming."

Janki blushed, pressing her hands against his chest. "And I can't believe how much I love being with you," she admitted softly. "With you, I don't feel invisible. I feel... wanted."

Sanjeev ran his fingers through her long, silky hair, kissing her deeply again. "That's because you are wanted, Janki," he whispered between kisses. "You deserve to be loved. To be cherished."

She melted into him, her fingers tracing the lines of his jaw. "Sanjeev, I could stay in this moment forever," she whispered, her voice full of emotion. "It feels like everything that was missing in my life... is here with you."

Sanjeev chuckled, pressing a soft kiss to her nose. "Then let's make this moment last. After all, I'm already on sick leave. Might as well enjoy the 'treatment.'"

Janki laughed, resting her head on his chest, her heart full. She had never felt this alive, this free. The world outside could wait—right now, all that

mattered was the man holding her, loving her in ways she had never known before.

Here's a refined yet deeply romantic and intimate scene that keeps the passion alive while ensuring it remains engaging and publishable.

Sanjeev leaned back against the headboard, a satisfied smile playing on his lips as he reached for his cigarette pack. He pulled one out with a slow, casual motion, the familiar scent of tobacco filling the air. Just as he was about to reach for his lighter, Janki, with a playful gleam in her eyes, gently took it from the bedside table and flicked it open. The golden flame danced between them for a moment before she brought it to the tip of his cigarette, lighting it with a soft click.

Sanjeev raised an eyebrow, amused. "You really are full of surprises, aren't you?" he murmured, taking his first slow drag.

Janki smiled, her eyes twinkling. "I just want to take care of you," she said softly, picking up the ashtray and holding it in her palm. "So, you don't have to move a muscle."

Sanjeev exhaled a slow stream of smoke, watching as it curled into the air. He glanced at her, a teasing smirk forming on his lips. "You know, most women complain about the smell of tobacco. But here you are, holding my ashtray like it's some kind of royal duty."

Janki leaned in, brushing her fingers against his arm. “That’s because I don’t mind it,” she whispered, her voice carrying a playful charm. “The scent of tobacco... it reminds me of a strong man. A man who knows what he wants.”

Sanjeev chuckled, tapping the cigarette against the edge of the ashtray. “Flattering me now, are you?”

Janki giggled, leaning in to place a soft kiss on his cheek. “Just speaking the truth,” she murmured. She watched him take another drag, the embers glowing faintly in the dim morning light. Then, before he could exhale, she leaned in again—this time pressing her lips against his, stealing the moment in a sweet, lingering kiss.

Sanjeev smiled against her lips before pulling back slightly. “Now that’s something I wasn’t expecting.”

Janki tilted her head, her long hair cascading over her shoulder. “Well, I like the taste of strong men too,” she teased.

Sanjeev laughed, setting the cigarette aside for a moment. He traced his fingers gently along the strands of her hair, letting them slip through his touch like silk. “And I like the feel of a beautiful woman

close to me,” he murmured, his fingertips brushing against her cheek, then down the curve of her arm.

Janki sighed softly, resting her head against his shoulder. “You make me feel so special, Sanjeev,” she admitted. “Like I’m finally being seen.”

Sanjeev pressed a light kiss to the top of her head, his arm wrapping around her waist. “That’s because you *are* special,” he whispered. “And if I had known a day ago that my ‘sick leave’ would turn into the most unforgettable morning of my life, I would have called in sick much sooner.”

Janki laughed, playfully nudging him. “Well, I guess I should make you breakfast every morning then... just to make sure you stay ‘unwell’ for a little longer.”

Sanjeev chuckled, flicking the last of the ash into the tray before pulling her even closer. “If this is the kind of care I get when I’m sick, then trust me, I never want to recover.”

As the morning stretched on, they stayed wrapped in each other’s presence—talking, teasing, and enjoying the quiet moments between their playful romance. Outside, the world carried on as usual, but inside this little cocoon of warmth and laughter, time felt beautifully still.

As Sanjeev sat back against the headboard, taking in the warmth of Janki’s presence, his eyes

drifted to her hair. He noticed how neatly it was tied up, secured in a bun at the back of her head. A playful smile spread across his lips. He had always loved seeing her with open, flowing hair—it made her look even more enchanting.

Without saying a word, he reached out and gently tugged at the pin holding her hair in place. Janki looked at him, surprised. “What are you doing?” she asked, a soft blush appearing on her cheeks.

Sanjeev smirked, tilting his head slightly. “I don’t like seeing your hair tied up,” he murmured. “You look the most beautiful when they’re open, flowing freely, just like you.”

Janki smiled shyly, her heart fluttering at his words. She let him pull her closer, his strong arms wrapping around her waist as she settled into his lap. Her hands rested lightly on his shoulders, and she could feel the warmth of his body beneath her fingertips.

With slow, deliberate movements, Sanjeev unpinned her hair, letting the soft, dark waves tumble down her back. He ran his fingers through the strands, watching how they shimmered in the morning light. “There,” he whispered, tucking a stray lock behind her ear. “Now, you look perfect.”

Janki giggled, tilting her head as she traced small circles on his chest with her fingertips. “You’re too fond of my hair, aren’t you?” she teased.

Sanjeev leaned in, his lips brushing against her forehead. “How can I not be?” he murmured against her skin. “Your hair smells like fresh flowers... and every time I see them flowing, I just want to bury my face in them.”

Janki laughed softly, resting her forehead against his. “I didn’t know you were such a poet,” she teased.

Sanjeev chuckled, pulling her even closer. “I wasn’t,” he admitted. “But maybe I just needed the right muse.”

Janki blushed, her heart swelling with warmth. She wrapped her arms around his neck, her fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck. “And what else do you like about me?” she whispered.

Sanjeev smiled, pressing a soft kiss against her cheek before whispering in her ear, “Everything.”

1. Sanjeev runs his fingers through Janki’s hair and gently massages her scalp

As Janki rested her head against Sanjeev’s shoulder, he lifted his fingers and delicately ran them through her long, silky hair. The strands felt impossibly soft between his fingertips, smooth as

flowing water. He twirled them around his fingers, enjoying the way they coiled and slipped away like whispers of silk. Janki let out a soft sigh, closing her eyes, completely surrendering to his touch.

“You have the most beautiful hair,” he murmured, his voice low, filled with admiration. “I could do this all day.”

She chuckled, tilting her head slightly to let him reach deeper. “Then do it. I won’t stop you,” she teased, her lips curving into a soft smile.

Sanjeev lifted a few strands and brought them close to his lips, inhaling their fresh, floral scent. The fragrance was intoxicating, a mix of jasmine and something uniquely hers. His eyes darkened with a quiet yearning. “You always smell this amazing?” he asked, his voice tinged with playful curiosity.

“Only for you,” Janki whispered, her fingers lightly brushing his arm.

He continued massaging her scalp, pressing his fingertips gently against her skin. Janki sighed again, melting into his touch, her body growing warmer. A peaceful silence settled between them, but their breaths carried an undertone of something deeper—something unspoken.

Sanjeev’s fingers trailed lower, tracing the curve of her neck, making her shiver slightly. She opened

her eyes and looked at him, her gaze filled with something that made his heart pound. The moment stretched between them, heavy with an unspoken promise.

“Janki,” he whispered, his voice barely audible.

She held his gaze for a moment longer before lowering her eyes, her cheeks flushed. But she didn’t move away. Instead, she reached for his hand and laced her fingers through his, holding on as if she never wanted to let go.

Janki gently wipes Sanjeev’s face with the corner of her saree

Sanjeev leaned back against the bed, still feeling slightly drowsy from his hangover. His head was heavy, his body sluggish, but there was something oddly comforting about the morning—the way Janki sat beside him, the way her presence filled the room with warmth.

She suddenly leaned forward, her brows furrowed in concern, and before he could ask what she was doing, she lifted the edge of her saree and gently wiped the corner of his mouth. He stilled, watching her with amusement as she dabbed at his skin with delicate care.

“You really know how to take care of me, don’t you?” he teased, a slow smile spreading across his lips.

“Someone has to,” she quipped, shaking her head playfully.

As she wiped his forehead, her fingers brushed against his skin, sending an unexpected shiver down his spine. He felt the warmth of her touch linger, making his heart race in a way he hadn’t expected.

“You’re spoiling me, Janki,” he murmured, tilting his head slightly so she could continue. “Now I’ll always expect this kind of royal treatment.”

She smirked, folding her arms. “Only when you behave.”

Sanjeev caught her wrist, his grip firm yet gentle, pulling her a little closer. “And if I don’t?” he asked, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

“Then no more coffee for you,” she shot back, her lips twitching in amusement.

He let out a soft chuckle, still holding her wrist. The teasing in her eyes was unmistakable, but there was something else too—something tender, something that made his heart ache in the best way possible.

Just as Sanjeev was savouring the blissful morning with Janki, his phone buzzed loudly on the bedside table. He frowned, reluctant to let go of the moment, but when he saw his boss's name flashing on the screen, he sighed.

“Now what?” he muttered, picking up the call.

“Hello, Sanjeev,” came his boss's voice, unusually soft and apologetic. “I'm sorry to disturb you, especially since you're unwell, but we have an urgent situation at the office. We need you here as soon as possible.”

Sanjeev smirked. If only his boss knew how “unwell” he truly was. He glanced at Janki, who was watching him with curiosity, sipping the last of her coffee. She raised an eyebrow as if asking what was wrong.

“Alright, sir,” Sanjeev replied, clearing his throat to sound weak. “I'll be there soon.”

As he hung up, Janki pouted. “You have to leave?”

“Duty calls,” he said, stretching lazily before running a hand through his hair. “Apparently, I'm too important to be left alone, even when I'm supposedly dying of fever.”

Janki giggled. “Poor you. Should I write a sick leave application for you?”

He chuckled. “Tempting, but no. I’ll have to go.” He stood up, stretching again. “But first, a shower.”

As he walked towards the bathroom, Janki called after him. “Do you need help?”

Sanjeev stopped in his tracks, turning back with a playful grin. “Are you offering?”

She threw a pillow at him, laughing. “Go take your shower before your boss calls again.”

The Towel Dilemma

A few minutes later, the sound of running water echoed from the bathroom. Janki was still sitting on the bed, scrolling through her phone when suddenly, she heard Sanjeev’s voice from inside the bathroom.

“Janki!”

She raised an eyebrow, amused. “Yes, dear patient?”

“I forgot my towel.”

Janki laughed, shaking her head. “And how exactly is that my problem?”

“Because you’re the only one outside,” he replied matter-of-factly. “Check on the chair near the wardrobe. It should be there.”

Janki got up, pretending to take her time. “Hmm... I don’t see any towel. Maybe I should just leave you in there.”

“Janki, don’t you dare!” Sanjeev groaned from inside. “It’s there! Just pick it up and hand it over.”

She finally found the towel and walked toward the bathroom door, holding it just out of reach. “How badly do you need this?” she teased.

Sanjeev sighed. “Janki...”

She smirked and slowly extended her arm through the narrow opening of the door. As Sanjeev reached for it, he suddenly grabbed her wrist and pulled her slightly forward, making her gasp.

“Sanjeev!” she scolded, but she was laughing.

He chuckled. “That’s for teasing me.”

She wiggled her hand free and playfully swatted the door. “Hurry up, or I’ll tell your boss you’re taking too long!”

From inside, Sanjeev's laughter echoed, and Janki shook her head, smiling.

Getting Ready – The Fun Way

Sanjeev stepped out of the shower, rubbing his wet hair with a towel, droplets of water still clinging to his skin. Janki was sitting on the bed, casually flipping through her phone but looked up as soon as she saw him.

“You know,” she mused, tilting her head, “you should wear something nice today.”

He frowned playfully. “I always wear something nice.”

She rolled her eyes. “No, I mean something different. Something that says, ‘Look at me, I’m a hardworking, responsible man who is also incredibly stylish.’”

Sanjeev smirked. “And here I thought my natural charm was enough.”

She got up and walked to his wardrobe, opening it with an air of authority. “Let’s see... White shirt, navy blazer, and black trousers.”

He scoffed. “Sounds like something an investment banker would wear.”

“Exactly,” she said, throwing the clothes onto the bed. “You need to look sharp.”

He crossed his arms, amused. “You do realize I work in an office where no one cares what I wear?”

Janki put her hands on her hips. “And yet, you have a great sense of style. That means, deep down, you do care.”

Sanjeev raised an eyebrow. “Are you flirting with me or dressing me up like a mannequin?”

She laughed, stepping closer. “Can’t it be both?”

The Final Touches

As Sanjeev buttoned up his shirt, Janki walked over and smoothed the fabric over his shoulders. Her fingers lingered just a second longer than necessary.

“You look really good,” she said softly.

He smirked. “That’s because I have an excellent stylist.”

She playfully slapped his arm. “Don’t get used to it.”

Sanjeev grabbed his watch from the bedside table, strapping it onto his wrist. “Okay, I think I’m ready.”

Janki gave him an approving nod but then stepped back, looking at him thoughtfully. “Wait... one thing is missing.”

“What?”

She reached up and ran her fingers through his damp hair, playfully tousling it. “There. Now you look perfect.”

Sanjeev chuckled. “I thought I already was.”

Janki rolled her eyes. “You’re impossible.”

A Goodbye Worth Remembering

As they reached the door, Sanjeev turned to Janki, hesitating. Neither of them wanted to leave this moment just yet.

He pulled her into a deep, warm hug, feeling her arms tighten around him in response. Her body fit perfectly against his, and for a moment, they just stayed there, breathing in each other’s presence.

“I wish I could stay,” he murmured into her hair.

Janki pulled back just slightly, looking up at him with a soft smile. “I wish you could too.”

He leaned in and pressed a slow, lingering kiss on her lips, savouring the sweetness of the moment. She responded, her hands resting on his chest as if memorizing the way he felt beneath her touch.

Finally, he sighed. “I really have to go now.”

Janki smirked. “Go, before your boss thinks you’re in a coma.”

Sanjeev chuckled, opening the door. They stepped out together, the morning sun casting a warm glow over them. He turned to look at her one last time before locking the door.

“This was... unexpected,” he admitted.

She smiled. “The best things always are.”

With one last glance, they walked away together, heading in different directions—at least for now.

As they stepped out of the house, the fresh morning air greeted them, carrying a faint chill. Sanjeev locked the door behind them, slipping the keys into his pocket with a sigh. He turned to Janki, who was adjusting the folds of her saree, her bangles clinking softly.

For a moment, they simply stood there, looking at each other. There was an unspoken understanding

between them—neither of them had imagined that the morning would unfold like this. It had been spontaneous, beautiful, and utterly unforgettable.

Sanjeev smirked. “You know, if my boss knew what I was actually up to this morning, he’d probably give me a raise instead of scolding me.”

Janki laughed, shaking her head. “Oh really? And what exactly would you tell him? That you were having ‘intensive therapy’ for your so-called fever?”

He chuckled. “Exactly. Best medicine I’ve ever had.”

Janki playfully tapped his chest. “Go now, before I actually call your boss and tell him you’re faking it.”

Sanjeev took a step forward and gently cupped her face. His thumb traced a soft line along her cheek as he gazed into her eyes. “I’ll see you soon, right?”

Janki smiled. “Whenever you want.”

Leaning in, he placed a lingering kiss on her forehead, letting his lips rest there for a second longer than needed. She closed her eyes, savouring the warmth.

“Take care,” she whispered.

“You too,” he murmured.

With one last glance, Sanjeev walked towards his bike, adjusting his blazer as he mounted it. Janki stood there watching him, her heart full. Just before he started the engine, he turned back.

“By the way,” he called out, “next time, keep my towel ready, okay?”

Janki gasped in mock outrage. “You—!” But before she could finish, he revved the engine and sped off, laughing.

Janki watched him disappear down the road, shaking her head with a smile. She touched her lips absentmindedly, still feeling the warmth of their morning together. With a deep breath, she turned and walked away, her heart carrying a secret that only they shared.

And just like that, a new chapter in their lives had begun.

Chapter 3: Whispers in the Night

The night was quiet, wrapped in a soft stillness that only made Janki's heart race louder. She stood near her bedroom window, the silky curtains slightly drawn apart, her eyes locked onto the small parking lot below. The yellow glow of the streetlights flickered, casting long shadows on the pavement.

Her husband was fast asleep, snoring heavily after another evening of drowning himself in alcohol. But Janki was wide awake, her mind restless, waiting for a familiar sight—Sanjeev.

She had spent the entire evening glancing out of her window, eager yet anxious. She knew the sound of his car engine by now, the way his headlights swept across the walls as he pulled into the parking space. And then, finally, he was there.

The silver gleam of Sanjeev's car came into view, smoothly rolling into his usual spot. Janki held her breath, her fingers gripping the curtain as she watched him step out. He was dressed in his work attire—fitted trousers and a crisp shirt that hugged his strong shoulders. His sleeves were rolled up, exposing his forearms, and even in the dim lighting, she could see the exhaustion on his face. But to her, he still looked effortlessly handsome.

Sanjeev shut the car door and stretched his arms slightly, rolling his neck to ease the stiffness. Janki

smiled softly, watching him run a hand through his hair. He looked so unbothered, so natural. And yet, he had no idea that someone had been waiting for him all evening, watching every movement with longing eyes.

Without thinking, Janki picked up her phone and dialled his number.

Sanjeev had just placed his keys on the table when his phone buzzed. He pulled it out and smirked the moment he saw her name on the screen. His tiredness melted away as he picked up.

“You’re home late,” Janki said softly, her voice laced with both concern and relief.

Sanjeev chuckled as he sank onto his sofa. *“Work was endless today. But tell me, were you watching for me?”* His tone was teasing, playful.

Janki blushed. *“I... I might have been.”*

“Might have been?” Sanjeev grinned. *“Janki, you’re a terrible liar.”*

She laughed lightly. *“Fine. I was waiting. I just... I wanted to hear your voice.”*

Sanjeev felt warmth spread through his chest. The image of Janki sitting by the window, looking

out for him, made him feel something deep, something unfamiliar yet comforting.

“I was happy today, Sanjeev,” she continued, her voice softer now. “Meeting you... spending time with you... it made me feel alive after so long.”

Sanjeev leaned back, closing his eyes for a moment. He could hear the sincerity in her words, feel the emotion behind them.

“And what happened after that?” he asked. “Did your husband trouble you again?”

Janki sighed. *“What else is new? He came home drunk, muttered a few things, then passed out. He never asks how I feel, never wonders where I was, what I was doing. It’s like I don’t even exist for him.”*

There was silence for a moment. Sanjeev clenched his jaw. *“He doesn’t deserve you.”*

Janki swallowed hard. *“Today, for the first time, I didn’t care what he did. Because today, I was thinking about you.”*

Sanjeev exhaled, running a hand through his hair. He wanted to tell her that he had been thinking about her too. That all day, between meetings and phone calls, his mind had wandered back to her—her smile, her touch, the way she had looked at him on the rooftop.

“I hope I’m not disturbing you,” Janki murmured. *“You’ve worked all day, and now I’m here, troubling you again.”*

Sanjeev smirked. *“Janki, you’re never a disturbance. In fact, I was just about to call you myself.”*

“Really?” Her voice brightened.

“Yes. And since we’re talking, why not make this night even better?”

“How?”

Sanjeev grinned. *“Let’s go to the rooftop.”*

Janki’s breath caught in her throat. The rooftop. The place where their story had truly begun. Where she had melted in his arms for the first time, where her heart had raced in ways it never had before.

“Sanjeev... it’s late.”

“And?” His voice was playful. *“We’ll just talk, enjoy the cool breeze, and maybe... relive some memories.”*

Janki bit her lip, her heart pounding. She knew she shouldn’t. She knew she should say no. But every fibre of her being wanted to say yes.

“Give me five minutes,” she whispered.

Sanjeev grinned. *“I’ll be waiting.”*

As Janki quietly stepped out of her house, her heart raced with excitement. She was about to step into the night—not just physically, but into something unknown, something thrilling, something that felt dangerously close to love.

Here’s how this scene can unfold in a fun, engaging, and light-hearted manner:

Janki’s phone buzzed again just two minutes later. It was Sanjeev.

“What are you doing? Why are you taking so long? I’m already on the rooftop waiting for you!” His voice had a playful urgency.

Janki chuckled. “Women take time to get ready, you know.”

Sanjeev sighed dramatically. “Ready? It’s the middle of the night, Janki! What are you getting ready for? A fashion show on the rooftop?”

Janki smiled as she stood near the door, peeking outside to make sure her husband was still passed out. “Fine, fine! I’m coming. But don’t be so impatient.”

“Too late. I’m already desperate to see you. If you don’t come up in the next five minutes, I’m coming downstairs to get you,” he teased.

“Oh, God! Stay where you are,” she whispered. “The last thing we need is the whole neighbourhood waking up and seeing you knocking on my door in the middle of the night!”

Sanjeev laughed. “Then hurry up, madam!”

Janki carefully opened the door, making sure not to make a sound. Her husband was snoring heavily, completely unaware. She tiptoed to the staircase and began climbing up, her heart pounding—not from fear, but from excitement. She had to be careful, though. If the neighbours saw a woman sneaking up the stairs in the dead of the night, tongues would wag.

Finally, she reached the rooftop. The door was already open, and there he was—Sanjeev, sitting casually with a bottle of whiskey and a glass in his hand. The cool night breeze tousled his hair, and the city lights flickered in the distance behind him.

The moment he saw her, he started to explain. “Listen, Janki, I know what you’re thinking, but—”

She held up her hand, cutting him off. “Okay, okay, you don’t have to explain anything. You must be tired. Go ahead, have a few drinks.”

Sanjeev frowned playfully. “Oh, come on! At least let me clarify. Yesterday was a one-time thing! I got too excited to meet you and ended up drinking too much. That doesn’t happen often.”

Janki smirked, folding her arms. “Oh? So, you mean to say you’re a responsible drinker?”

“Exactly! I usually stop at one or two pegs. Yesterday was... an accident,” he admitted sheepishly.

Janki raised an eyebrow. “An accident, huh? So, tell me, when you were pouring yourself the third or fourth peg, did your hands just slip?”

Sanjeev laughed. “Well, technically, yes! It was all because of you, madam. You have no idea how much you messed with my mind.”

Janki sat down beside him, shaking her head. “Oh, so now it’s my fault?”

“Absolutely,” Sanjeev said, taking a slow sip of his drink. “You show up at my place looking gorgeous, smelling divine, and then you expect me to behave normally?”

Janki rolled her eyes but couldn’t hide her smile. “Excuses, excuses.”

Sanjeev grinned. “Fine, I admit it. Maybe I got a little carried away. But tonight, I’m in full control.”

Janki leaned closer. “Let’s see how long that lasts.”

They both burst into laughter, their voices mingling with the cool night air. The rooftop, their secret world, once again became the place where time stood still, where worries faded, and where they were just Sanjeev and Janki—two souls lost in the magic of the moment.

The soft glow of the distant streetlights cast faint golden hues on the rooftop, making the night feel even more intimate. The world outside was silent, but here, in this small rooftop paradise, time seemed to stand still for Sanjeev and Janki. As they sat close, Janki’s eyes locked onto his, reflecting a depth of emotion that words could never fully capture.

Sanjeev reached out, gently tucking a stray strand of hair behind her ear. “You have no idea how much I wanted to see you all day,” he whispered.

Janki smiled, her fingers tracing light circles on the back of his hand. “I was waiting for you, too. I kept looking out of the window, wondering when you’d come home.”

Sanjeev’s heart swelled at her confession. He cupped her face, his thumb grazing over her cheek as he slowly leaned in. Their lips met in a soft, lingering

kiss, one that spoke of longing and unspoken promises. The cool night breeze brushed against them, but the warmth between them was enough to chase away any chill.

Janki closed her eyes, savouring the moment. Sanjeev deepened the kiss, his hands trailing down her arms before wrapping around her waist, pulling her closer. Their bodies pressed together, their breaths mingling as the world faded away, leaving only the two of them in this stolen moment of passion.

When they finally pulled back, Janki rested her forehead against his, her fingers tracing the collar of his shirt. “You’re dangerous, you know that?” she murmured, a teasing smile playing on her lips.

Sanjeev chuckled. “Dangerous? How?”

She sighed dramatically. “You make it impossible for me to think about anything else. I swear, I was planning to sleep early tonight but look at me—I’m here with you instead.”

Sanjeev smirked, tilting her chin up. “Do you regret it?”

Janki shook her head immediately. “Never.”

That was all he needed to hear. He kissed her again, this time more intensely, as if trying to make

up for every moment they had spent apart. Her hands found their way to his shoulders, gripping him tightly, and she melted against him. Sanjeev could feel her heart racing in sync with his own.

He pulled her into a warm embrace, letting her rest against his chest. “I wish we could stay like this forever,” he murmured.

Janki sighed contentedly. “Me too.”

For a long time, they just held each other, swaying slightly in the night breeze, the city lights twinkling in the distance. Janki’s fingers lightly played with the buttons on his shirt, while Sanjeev traced slow patterns along her back, their touches soft, their connection undeniable.

Then, with a playful glint in her eyes, Janki whispered, “You know, this rooftop is becoming our place.”

Sanjeev grinned. “That’s true. It’s where we had our first real moment together.”

“And where we’ll have many more,” she added, brushing her lips lightly against his once more.

Sanjeev held her tighter, unwilling to let go, knowing that no matter what the world threw at them, this moment—this rooftop, this night—belonged only to them.

The air was still, the night wrapped around them like a soft, protective cocoon. Sanjeev leaned in again, his lips seeking Janki's once more, but just as he was about to kiss her, she pulled back playfully, placing a teasing finger on his lips.

“Okay, okay, mister,” she said with a mischievous smile. “Now, let me pour you a drink. You must be tired after the whole day's work.”

Sanjeev exhaled dramatically, pretending to be defeated. “Fine, if you insist. But only if you pour it with those elegant hands of yours.”

Janki chuckled as she picked up the bottle. She poured the amber liquid into the glass, taking care to hold it gracefully, as if performing a delicate ritual. The streetlights below illuminated the glass just enough to make it shimmer. As she held it out to him, Sanjeev didn't take it immediately. Instead, he leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on her lips, catching her off guard.

“Sanjeev!” she scolded lightly, laughing. “You're supposed to take the drink, not steal another kiss.”

“Well, what can I say? You make everything look too tempting,” he replied with a wink, finally accepting the glass from her hand.

Janki shook her head in amusement and settled down beside him on the rooftop floor. The concrete felt cool beneath them, but the warmth between them made it insignificant. Sanjeev took a slow sip of his drink, savouring the taste, before shifting his position. He leaned back and rested his head in Janki's lap, exhaling contentedly.

“Now, this... this is what I call a perfect night,” he murmured, looking up at her with a lazy smile.

Janki felt a strange warmth in her heart as she ran her fingers through his thick hair, playing with the strands absentmindedly. He closed his eyes, enjoying her touch as if it were the most soothing thing in the world. With her free hand, she began giving him a light shoulder massage, pressing her fingers gently into his muscles.

“You're really something, you know?” she said softly. “You work so hard all day, and yet you never lose your charm.”

Sanjeev chuckled, opening one eye to look at her. “Oh? And what exactly is my charm?”

Janki pretended to think for a moment, then smirked. “Let's see... you're smart, responsible, and, despite your desperate attempts, completely under my control tonight.”

Sanjeev burst out laughing. “Oh, is that so?” He tilted his head back to look up at her better. “So, you think you have me wrapped around your finger?”

Janki nodded, feigning confidence. “Absolutely.”

Sanjeev took another sip of his drink before setting the glass aside. Then, with one swift movement, he reached up and grabbed her hand, bringing it to his lips. “Well, you’re not entirely wrong,” he admitted, kissing her fingertips one by one.

Janki felt her heart flutter, but she masked it with a teasing look. “Sanjeev, stop distracting me. I’m supposed to be giving you a relaxing massage, not falling for your smooth words.”

He chuckled again and closed his eyes, pretending to surrender. “Fine, fine. Do your magic.”

As she continued to run her fingers through his hair, a thought crossed her mind—one she hadn’t allowed herself to acknowledge before. She had never felt this cherished, this valued. Her husband never cared for moments like this. With him, there was only the stench of alcohol, the cold indifference, the lack of tenderness. But here, with Sanjeev, she felt like she mattered.

She sighed, lost in thought, until Sanjeev's voice pulled her back. "What are you thinking?" he asked, looking up at her curiously.

Janki hesitated for a moment, then smiled down at him. "Just that... I never knew nights could be this peaceful."

Sanjeev reached up and brushed his fingers against her cheek. "With the right company, everything feels better."

Janki nodded, lowering her head just enough to press a small kiss on his forehead. They stayed like that for a long time, talking, teasing, and simply enjoying the rare and precious comfort of each other's presence.

The night was calm, and the gentle breeze carried a soft chill, making the moment even more intimate. Janki and Sanjeev sat close together on the rooftop, their quiet laughter filling the air. The whiskey bottle sat half-empty between them, but it was the warmth of their companionship, not the drink, that was making them feel light and carefree. Janki leaned slightly, resting her arm on her knee, as she spoke about how peaceful the night felt.

Just then, a sudden gust of wind swept across the rooftop, lifting the edge of her saree pallu off her shoulder. For a moment, she didn't even realize it, but Sanjeev's eyes instinctively followed the movement. The soft glow from the streetlights below

added a golden hue to her exposed skin, and Sanjeev, mesmerized, couldn't help but admire her beauty.

Janki noticed his gaze and looked down, realizing what had happened. A faint pink blush crept onto her cheeks as she quickly tried to pull her saree back into place. But before she could, Sanjeev reached out, his fingers brushing lightly against her shoulder as he gently helped adjust her saree for her. "Careful, madam," he teased with a smirk. "If the wind keeps playing like this, I might have to start believing it's on my side tonight."

Janki playfully swatted his hand away, her blush deepening. "Oh, so now you're blaming the wind?" she said, raising an eyebrow. "Maybe it's not the wind, maybe it's just you staring too much!"

Sanjeev chuckled and leaned in slightly, his voice lowering into a soft murmur. "Well, how can I not? When something so beautiful is right in front of me, should I just look away?" His words sent a shiver down her spine, and she averted her gaze, trying to act unaffected.

"You've started talking too sweet these days," Janki said, narrowing her eyes at him playfully. "I think I should stop meeting you, or else I'll get spoiled with all this attention."

Sanjeev placed a hand over his heart dramatically. "Oh no! If you stop meeting me, who

will I tease late at night? Who will blush so adorably and then scold me for it?" He shook his head in mock sadness. "No, no, Janki ji, you are now officially stuck with me."

Janki laughed at his antics, but before she could respond, Sanjeev suddenly leaned in even closer. His fingers lightly traced the edge of her saree pallu, securing it in place. His touch was brief, yet it sent a wave of warmth through her. "There," he said softly, looking straight into her eyes. "All fixed. But I have to say, the wind has good taste."

Janki bit her lip, trying to suppress her smile, but it was impossible. She swatted his arm lightly. "You are impossible, Sanjeev!"

Sanjeev smirked, enjoying how flustered she had become. "And you," he said, brushing a strand of hair from her face, "are adorable when you're pretending to be angry at me."

For a moment, they just sat there, looking at each other, the silence between them filled with unspoken words. Then, in a bold move, Janki leaned in and kissed Sanjeev softly on the cheek. "Now, be good," she whispered, pulling away with a teasing smile.

Sanjeev grinned. "That was unexpected."

“Well, the wind isn’t the only one who can surprise you,” Janki replied, winking at him before adjusting her saree once more.

The night stretched on, filled with their laughter, soft touches, and the warmth of something neither of them could quite put into words yet.

The rooftop air was thick with warmth and playful tension when, suddenly, Sanjeev noticed a faint glow from a nearby window. His expression changed in an instant, and he subtly nudged Janki’s arm. “Look,” he whispered, tilting his head toward the neighbouring building. Janki turned her gaze just in time to see the flickering of a light as someone moved behind the curtains. Her heart skipped a beat.

“Oh no,” she whispered, instinctively moving closer to Sanjeev. “What if someone sees us?”

Sanjeev grinned despite the situation. “Well, if they see us, we’ll just say we were admiring the moon together,” he teased, his voice barely above a whisper.

Janki shot him a playful glare. “Admiring the moon at this hour? And with a bottle of whiskey?” she retorted, trying her best not to laugh. “Very believable, Mr. Sanjeev.”

He chuckled but quickly hushed himself when a shadow passed near the window. The light inside flickered as if someone had approached it. They both

instinctively shrank back into the shadows, pressing closer together, their bodies almost touching. Janki's breathing became shallow, and she felt Sanjeev's heartbeat racing just as fast as hers.

“We need to stay quiet,” Janki murmured, her lips almost brushing against Sanjeev's ear. The soft tickle of her breath sent a shiver down his spine, but he kept his focus. “No laughing. No talking. No—”

“—No kissing?” Sanjeev interjected with a smirk, his voice barely audible.

Janki's eyes widened, and she covered her mouth with her hand to keep him from chuckling. “Shhh! You'll get us caught!” she scolded, but she couldn't help the small smile playing on her lips.

Sanjeev gently took her hand away from his mouth, his fingers lingering over hers for a second longer than necessary. “Fine,” he whispered, pretending to pout. “But if we survive this, I demand a reward.”

Janki rolled her eyes but felt a strange thrill in the situation. The suspense of being caught, the closeness between them, the way Sanjeev's eyes glowed mischievously even in the dim light—it was all exhilarating. She glanced at the window again. The shadow inside seemed to be moving away, and soon after, the light turned off.

They both let out a sigh of relief at the same time, then turned to look at each other. In the silence of the night, with only the distant hum of the city below, their eyes locked. Without another word, Janki leaned in, her lips grazing Sanjeev's cheek in a whisper-soft kiss. "There's your reward," she murmured.

Sanjeev smirked. "That was only an advance payment. I expect full settlement later."

Janki laughed softly, shaking her head as they finally eased back into the night, their moment of stolen romance safely hidden in the shadows.

As they stood frozen near the rooftop door, still recovering from the neighbour's sudden light turning on, Sanjeev suddenly widened his eyes.

"Oh no," he whispered.

Janki frowned. "What now?"

He pointed toward the small wooden table in the corner where his whiskey bottle and glass were still sitting. "I forgot my whiskey."

Janki let out a soft gasp. "Oh my God, Sanjeev! If someone comes up in the morning and finds your bottle here, they'll know someone was up here drinking in the middle of the night!"

Sanjeev nodded. “Exactly. And I don’t want to give the old gossip aunties a reason to conduct an emergency rooftop investigation.”

Janki sighed, shaking her head. “Okay, fine. Let’s grab everything quickly.”

They tiptoed back toward the table, trying to be as silent as possible. Sanjeev picked up the whiskey bottle first, making sure it didn’t clink against anything. He then carefully grabbed the glass, only to realize there was still a little whiskey left in it.

Janki watched as he stared at the glass for a second. “Don’t you dare drink it now,” she warned.

Sanjeev grinned. “Waste not, want not.” And before Janki could stop him, he tilted his head back and gulped down the remaining whiskey in one quick sip.

Janki covered her mouth in disbelief. “You are unbelievable,” she whispered, trying not to laugh.

Sanjeev smacked his lips. “Ah, that’s better.” He then reached for the small packet of snacks they had left on the table and stuffed it into his pocket.

Janki rolled her eyes. “Anything else, Your Highness? Maybe you’d like to pack up the whole rooftop?”

Sanjeev chuckled. “Nope, that’s all. Now let’s get out of here.”

With Sanjeev holding the bottle and glass securely in his hands, they crept toward the stairs once again. Janki carefully pushed open the rooftop door, making sure it didn’t creak this time. One by one, they tiptoed down, but this time, Sanjeev had a new problem—he only had one free hand to balance himself.

As he stepped onto a particularly loose stair, he wobbled slightly. Janki grabbed his arm. “Are you okay?” she whispered.

Sanjeev nodded. “Yeah. But if I fall and break this whiskey bottle, I might actually cry.”

Janki pressed her lips together to keep from laughing. “Oh yes, because your whiskey is the real victim here.”

Slowly, they made their way down. When they reached Sanjeev’s door, Janki grabbed the doorknob, waiting for him to unlock it. But just as he was about to insert the key, she stopped him.

“Wait,” she whispered. “The glass. Where will you keep the glass? If it falls inside, it might break and make a sound.”

Sanjeev thought for a moment and then smiled mischievously. “Hold this for me.”

Janki instinctively reached out, thinking he was giving her the whiskey bottle. Instead, he leaned forward and placed the whiskey glass in her hand with a playful grin.

Janki looked at him in shock. “Sanjeev! This is not how you treat a lady.”

Sanjeev chuckled. “Oh, come on. You look elegant holding a whiskey glass. Like a queen of the night.”

Janki gave him a mock glare but held onto the glass carefully. Once the door was unlocked, they slipped inside, closing it behind them as quietly as possible.

For a moment, they stood in silence, making sure there was no noise outside. Then Janki let out a deep breath. “That was insane.”

Sanjeev smirked. “But fun, right?”

Janki shook her head with a smile. “You are trouble.”

Sanjeev grinned, taking the whiskey glass from her hands and setting it down on the table. Then he turned to her and whispered, “And you love it.”

Janki raised an eyebrow. “Maybe.”

Sanjeev stepped closer. “Definitely.”

Janki laughed softly as Sanjeev wrapped an arm around her, pulling her into a warm embrace. The night wasn’t over yet.

As they stood close in the dimly lit room, still catching their breath from their silent escape, Sanjeev suddenly chuckled.

Janki looked up at him, raising an eyebrow. “What’s so funny?”

Sanjeev smirked and shook his head. “I just realized something.”

Janki crossed her arms, pretending to be annoyed. “What now?”

He grinned. “We risked our lives sneaking onto that rooftop in the dead of the night—like criminals—when we could have just met here, in my house, without all that drama.”

Janki gasped in mock offense. “Oh my God! You’re right!” She slapped his arm playfully. “We really are stupid.”

Sanjeev laughed, pulling her into a hug. “The stupidest.”

Janki sighed, resting her head against his chest. “All that sneaking, all that whispering, all that fear of waking up the entire neighbourhood... for what?”

Sanjeev lifted her chin and looked into her eyes. “For the thrill, my dear Janki. Admit it. You loved it.”

She bit her lip, trying not to smile. “Maybe. A little.”

Sanjeev shook his head. “Not just a little. You enjoyed every second of it.”

Janki pouted. “Fine. I’ll admit it was exciting.”

Sanjeev grinned triumphantly and gently ran his fingers through her hair. “That’s what I thought.” He played with a few strands, letting them slip through his fingers. “You know, your hair is incredibly soft. I’ve been wanting to tell you that all evening.”

Janki blushed slightly. “You’re just saying that.”

Sanjeev shook his head. “No, really. It’s so smooth, like silk. And the way it falls around your face... it’s beautiful.”

Janki sighed happily as Sanjeev continued running his fingers through her hair, occasionally tucking a loose strand behind her ear.

“I love it when you leave it open,” he murmured, placing a soft kiss on her forehead.

Janki closed her eyes, enjoying the warmth of his touch. “Then I’ll keep it open for you.”

Sanjeev smiled and trailed his fingers down her cheek. “That’s all I ask.”

She looked up at him, her eyes twinkling. “You’re very smooth, you know that?”

Sanjeev smirked. “I try.”

Janki laughed and wrapped her arms around his neck. “You’re impossible.”

He leaned in, whispering against her lips, “And you love it.”

Before she could respond, he kissed her, slow and deep, his fingers still lost in her hair. Janki melted into him, feeling the warmth of his embrace, forgetting everything else.

Maybe sneaking onto the rooftop was a little stupid. But if it led to moments like this, maybe being stupid wasn’t such a bad thing after all.

Janki suddenly pulled away from Sanjeev’s arms and looked at him with narrowed eyes. “Wait a minute... Did you even have dinner?”

Sanjeev blinked. “Uh... dinner?” He scratched his head like he had just been asked a trick question.

Janki crossed her arms. “Don’t ‘uh’ me. Answer the question.”

Sanjeev grinned sheepishly. “No, I didn’t.”

Janki gasped dramatically. “Sanjeev! How can you be so careless? You worked the whole day, drank whiskey on the rooftop like a prince, and forgot to eat?”

Sanjeev shrugged. “Well... technically, I didn’t forget. I was just waiting for the right company.” He winked at her.

Janki rolled her eyes but blushed. “Enough of your flirting. I’ll cook something for you.”

Sanjeev immediately grabbed her wrist before she could leave. “Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hold on, my dear MasterChef. Why do you need to cook?”

“Because you haven’t eaten! And I can’t let you sleep on an empty stomach,” Janki insisted.

Sanjeev smirked. “Janki, why waste time cooking when we can just order something from outside?”

Janki frowned. “But homemade food is always better!”

Sanjeev shook his head. “Better for health, maybe. But not better for my current mood.”

Janki raised an eyebrow. “And what exactly is your current mood?”

Sanjeev leaned closer. “My current mood is to sip my next peg of whiskey while cuddling with you on the couch, rather than watching you run around the kitchen like a busy bee.”

Janki blushed but tried to act stern. “Oh, so you want to laze around while I sweat in the kitchen?”

Sanjeev grinned. “Exactly! But only because I love watching you cook.”

Janki smacked his arm. “Shameless!”

Sanjeev laughed. “Okay, okay. Let’s just order food. You can save your cooking skills for another day when I’m in the mood for dal-chapati.”

Janki sighed in defeat. “Fine! What should we order?”

Sanjeev grabbed his phone. “Let’s check what’s open at this hour.”

As he browsed through the food delivery app, Janki tilted her head and asked, “By the way, I just realized... you haven’t smoked since you came back from the office.”

Sanjeev looked up and smirked. “Noticed that, did you?”

Janki nodded. “I thought cigarettes were your oxygen.”

Sanjeev chuckled. “They are when I’m at work. My day was so stressful, I must have smoked at least a dozen. But now that I’m here, with you, I don’t need them.”

Janki smiled. “Oh, how poetic! So, what do you need now?”

Sanjeev grinned and held up his whiskey glass. “Just this one peg... and you.”

Janki rolled her eyes but blushed again. “You’re impossible.”

Sanjeev clinked his glass against an imaginary one. “And you love it.”

Janki sighed dramatically. “Fine, I’ll tolerate you for tonight.”

Sanjeev laughed, pulled her into his arms, and whispered, “That’s all I need.”

Sanjeev poured a glass of cold drink for Janki, handing it to her with a teasing smile. “Here you go, ma’am. Your fine, chilled beverage. No whiskey but still served with love.”

Janki chuckled as she took the glass. “How very generous of you, Mr. Sanjeev.”

They both settled onto the couch, their bodies naturally leaning into each other as they sipped their drinks. Sanjeev rested his arm on the back of the couch, letting Janki nestle closer. Every now and then, between sips, he would lean in and steal a quick kiss from her lips. Janki playfully pushed him away each time, only for him to come back for more.

“Sanjeev, let me drink in peace!” she scolded, though her smile betrayed her amusement.

“Oh, but I’m drinking too,” Sanjeev smirked, winking. “Just not from the glass.”

Janki rolled her eyes, shaking her head. “Hopeless.”

As they laughed and talked, Janki suddenly grabbed the remote and turned on the TV. “Let’s see what’s on Netflix. You love watching it, don’t you?”

The screen lit up, displaying the last show Sanjeev had been watching. But before she could even scroll through, Sanjeev swiftly took the remote from her hands and turned off the TV.

Janki frowned. “Hey! I was trying to do something nice for you.”

Sanjeev leaned back, tossing the remote onto the table. “Janki, Netflix is just a way to kill time when there’s nothing better to do. Now, I have *you*. Why would I waste time on a screen when the most beautiful woman is sitting right next to me?”

Janki blushed, but she tried to keep a straight face. “Oh really? So you’re saying I’m better than all your crime thrillers and action movies?”

Sanjeev grinned. “Absolutely. Though I must admit, being with you sometimes *does* feel like an action movie—full of suspense, drama, and unexpected twists.”

Janki swatted his arm. “Very funny. So, what do we do now while waiting for the food?”

Sanjeev pulled her closer. “Well, I was thinking we could just sit like this...” He wrapped his arms around her, letting her rest her head on his chest. “...and enjoy the moment.”

Janki sighed happily. “That does sound nice.”

They stayed like that for a while, sipping their drinks, stealing kisses, and whispering sweet nothings to each other.

Then Janki smirked. “But you know, I was really looking forward to watching something.”

Sanjeev raised an eyebrow. “Oh? And what’s that?”

Janki leaned in, her lips just inches from his. “Your reaction when the food delivery guy arrives and realizes you’re sitting here all lovestruck like a teenager.”

Sanjeev laughed, shaking his head. “You really enjoy making fun of me, don’t you?”

Janki kissed him on the cheek. “Of course. It’s my favorite pastime.”

Sanjeev sighed dramatically. “Great. I’ve gone from watching Netflix to being the entertainment myself.”

Janki giggled. “Exactly! Now just sit back and enjoy your starring role, Mr. Handsome.”

Sanjeev pulled her even closer, whispering, “As long as you’re my co-star, I don’t mind at all.”

As Janki moved gracefully around the dining table, arranging the dishes with careful precision, Sanjeev leaned back in his chair and admired her. The soft glow of the light cast a gentle shadow over her figure, highlighting her slender waist and the delicate curves of her saree. There was something mesmerizing about the way she moved—effortless yet deliberate, as if even the simplest actions carried an air of elegance.

“You know, Janki,” he murmured, resting his chin on his hand, “you have this rare talent of making even something as ordinary as setting a table look like an art form.”

Janki paused for a moment, glancing at him with a teasing smile. “Oh really? And what exactly do you mean by that, Mr. Observer?”

Sanjeev smirked, tilting his head as his eyes playfully travelled from the dishes to her. “I mean, I’ve never seen anyone arrange plates so meticulously while looking this breathtaking at the same time.”

Janki let out a soft chuckle, shaking her head. “Flattery won’t get you extra food.”

“Who said I was looking for extra food?” Sanjeev teased, leaning forward. “Maybe I just like watching you.”

Janki rolled her eyes but couldn't hide the slight blush that crept up her cheeks. She turned her attention back to the table, adjusting the placement of a bowl just to distract herself from his intense gaze. But Sanjeev wasn't done yet.

“You know,” he continued, his voice dropping into a softer tone, “I was already impressed by how caring you are, but watching you like this—so focused, so precise—it makes me wonder how lucky your husband must be to have you in his life.”

Janki froze for a second. The playful mood shifted just slightly, replaced by a quiet, lingering thought between them. She let out a small breath and smiled, though there was a flicker of sadness in her eyes.

“Lucky?” she repeated softly, adjusting a napkin on the table. “Sometimes, people don't see what's in front of them, no matter how much you give.”

Sanjeev frowned slightly, sensing the weight in her words. He wanted to say something, to comfort her, but Janki quickly switched back to her playful tone, not letting the moment become too serious.

“Anyway,” she said, dusting off her hands and looking at him with a raised eyebrow, “are you going to help or just sit there giving me poetry about my table-setting skills?”

Sanjeev grinned and leaned back in his chair lazily. “I would love to help, but you see, I don’t want to ruin your masterpiece. It’s like watching an artist at work.”

Janki narrowed her eyes at him but laughed, shaking her head. “You’re impossible.”

Sanjeev winked. “And you’re perfection.”

She swatted at his arm playfully before bringing over his plate and placing it in front of him with a satisfied smile. “Okay, Mr. Charmer. Your food is served.”

As she set down the last dish, Sanjeev reached out and gently caught her wrist, pulling her a little closer. “Janki,” he said in a quieter tone, “thank you. For waiting for me... for this... for everything.”

Janki’s smile softened, and for a moment, they just looked at each other. Then, breaking the warmth with a light-hearted tease, she smirked. “If you’re thankful, eat everything on your plate. No wasting food.”

Sanjeev laughed and picked up his spoon. “Yes, ma’am! Whatever you say.”

As they finally started their meal, the teasing continued, but the unspoken emotions between them

lingered, adding an extra layer of warmth to the night.

Janki sighed softly as she glanced at the clock. The night had been perfect filled with laughter, warmth, and stolen moments of affection. But reality was waiting for her on the other side of the door. She stood up reluctantly, smoothing the pleats of her saree, her fingers lingering on the fabric as if trying to delay the inevitable. Sanjeev, sensing her hesitation, reached for her hand, intertwining his fingers with hers.

He walked her to the door, neither of them in a hurry to let go. The dim light in the hallway cast soft shadows on their faces, highlighting the silent emotions between them. Janki turned to face him, her eyes searching his as if memorizing every detail. Then, with a tenderness that made Sanjeev's heart ache, she cupped his face in her hands and whispered, "Tonight was special."

Sanjeev felt a warmth spread through him at her words. He leaned forward and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead, his lips lingering there for a moment longer than necessary. "Every moment with you is," he murmured. Janki smiled, her eyes glistening with an unspoken promise. She slowly stepped back, her fingers slipping away from his as she reached for the door handle.

She opened the door cautiously, peeking outside to ensure the corridor was empty. With one last

glance at Sanjeev, she stepped out into the night, disappearing into the quiet darkness. Sanjeev stood at the doorway, watching her retreating figure until she was out of sight. He closed the door with a deep sigh, already longing for the next time they would meet.

Sanjeev leaned against the closed door, exhaling slowly as the silence of the room settled around him. The warmth of Janki's presence still lingered in the air, in the faint scent of her perfume, in the way the cushions on the couch were slightly out of place where they had sat together. He ran a hand through his hair, a soft smile playing on his lips as he replayed the evening in his mind.

Walking over to the window, he peeked outside, hoping to catch one last glimpse of her. Janki was already near her home, moving cautiously, her saree flowing behind her in the faint glow of the streetlights. Just before she disappeared inside, she turned slightly, as if sensing his gaze. Even from a distance, Sanjeev could see the smile on her lips, the silent reassurance that she would return.

Sanjeev chuckled to himself as he poured the last few drops of his drink into his glass. "Meeting on the rooftop was stupid," he muttered with amusement. "But I'd do it all over again." Taking a slow sip, he let the warmth of the whiskey match the warmth he felt in his heart.

As he set his glass down, he glanced at his phone. A single message flashed on the screen—

“Goodnight, Sanjeev. I’ll be waiting for tomorrow.”
A slow, contented smile spread across his face.
Tomorrow. The word carried a promise, an
excitement that made his heart race.

With that thought, Sanjeev switched off the
lights and made his way to bed, already dreaming of
the next time Janki would be in his arms.

Chapter 4: An Unexpected Ride

Sanjeev walked toward his car, dressed in a crisp white t-shirt that fit him perfectly, paired with dark blue jeans and stylish sneakers. His casual yet effortlessly cool look made him stand out, even in the morning rush of the apartment complex. As he reached into his pocket for his car keys, his sharp eyes caught sight of a familiar figure emerging from the building.

Janki stepped out gracefully, adjusting the pleats of her saree—a soft lavender colour with delicate silver embroidery. The fabric shimmered slightly under the golden morning sun, complementing her natural beauty. Her long, dark hair was loosely tied, with a few strands gently swaying against her face. She carried a small handbag over her shoulder, her bangles jingling softly as she walked.

Sanjeev leaned against his car and called out, “Hey, Janki! Good morning.” His voice was warm, casual, yet had that unmistakable charm.

Janki looked up, momentarily surprised, but then her lips curled into a soft smile. “Good morning, Sanjeev,” she replied, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Sanjeev folded his arms, watching her with curiosity. “Where are you off to this early?” he asked, tilting his head slightly.

Janki adjusted the strap of her handbag and said, “Just heading to the local shopping complex. I need to pick up a few things.” Sanjeev immediately straightened up and opened the passenger door. “Perfect! Hop in, I’ll drop you off.” His invitation was casual, but there was a glint of mischief in his eyes.

Janki hesitated, her fingers gripping the edge of her saree pallu as she glanced around instinctively, checking if anyone was watching. “No, it’s okay, I’ll take an auto,” she said, but her voice lacked conviction. Sanjeev chuckled, shaking his head. “Come on, Janki. The sun is already burning hot. Why struggle with an auto when you have a perfectly good ride right here?” He patted the car door playfully.

She bit her lip, still contemplating, but then sighed and nodded. “Fine,” she said with a small smile, finally stepping into the car. As she settled into the seat, the soft scent of her perfume filled the air. Sanjeev smirked, feeling an unspoken thrill in having her beside him, even for a short ride. He started the engine, stealing a quick glance at her, and thought to himself—this day had just gotten a lot more interesting.

As the car approached the shopping complex, Janki expected Sanjeev to stop at the entrance and let her out. But instead of slowing down, he casually steered the car inside and headed toward the parking lot. She turned to him, raising an eyebrow in surprise.

“Aren’t you going to drop me here and leave?” she asked, a hint of amusement in her voice.

Sanjeev grinned, shifting the gear into park. “Nope,” he said, leaning back in his seat. “I have to—no, I *want* to have coffee with you. It’d be a crime to start the day without a good cup of coffee. And besides...” he smirked, glancing at her, “...it’s an even *better* idea to have coffee with a beautiful woman. That way, I can go to the office with a greater sense of purpose.”

Janki chuckled, shaking her head. “Oh, so now I’m supposed to be your motivation?” she teased, crossing her arms.

“Exactly,” Sanjeev shot back playfully. “Think of it as doing a good deed—helping a hardworking man find some inspiration for the day.”

Janki let out a soft laugh, giving him a mock serious look. “Well, if that’s the case, I can’t say no now, can I?”

“Exactly my point,” Sanjeev said with a wink as he unbuckled his seatbelt.

Janki smiled, shaking her head at his charming persistence, and stepped out of the car. As they walked side by side toward the coffee shop inside the shopping complex, she couldn’t help but notice how natural this felt—this effortless banter, this light-

hearted teasing. It was something she hadn't experienced in a long time.

Sanjeev, on the other hand, was enjoying every second of this. A simple cup of coffee had suddenly turned into something much more meaningful.

As they stepped into the coffee shop, a warm aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the air, mingling with the faint scent of vanilla and chocolate from the pastry counter. The place had a cozy charm—soft yellow lighting, wooden furniture, and a subtle hum of people chatting over their morning drinks. Sanjeev led Janki toward a quiet corner, pulling out a chair for her before settling into the seat across from her.

Janki tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear and glanced around. "I didn't know you were this fond of coffee shops," she said, resting her elbows on the table.

Sanjeev smirked. "I'm not. I'm just fond of good company." He leaned forward slightly. "And today, I happen to have the best company possible."

Janki rolled her eyes playfully, but a faint blush crept onto her cheeks. Before she could come up with a witty comeback, a waiter arrived, handing them the menu. Sanjeev scanned it briefly and looked at Janki. "So, what will the lady have?" he asked with exaggerated politeness.

Janki chuckled. “A cappuccino. And maybe a croissant.”

Sanjeev nodded and turned to the waiter. “One cappuccino for her, one black coffee for me... and make it strong. And bring two croissants. She’ll finish one and then steal half of mine.”

Janki gasped, eyes widening in mock offense. “Excuse me? When have I ever stolen food from you?”

Sanjeev leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms. “Oh, I just *know* you’ll do it. It’s written all over your face.”

Janki shook her head, laughing. “You’re impossible.”

“And yet, you agreed to coffee with me,” Sanjeev said with a wink.

The waiter took their order and walked away, leaving them alone again. Janki rested her chin on her hand, studying Sanjeev for a moment. “You’re in a really good mood today.”

“I have my reasons,” he replied smoothly, stirring the sugar packet between his fingers. “Spending the morning with you is one of them.”

Janki looked down, smiling to herself. “You say things so easily, don’t you?”

“Only when I mean them.” Sanjeev’s voice was softer this time, sincere.

Janki bit her lip, feeling a warm flutter in her heart. Just then, the waiter returned with their coffee and croissants, breaking the moment. Sanjeev sat up, rubbing his hands together. “Perfect timing. Now, let’s see if you *really* don’t steal my food.”

Janki smirked as she took a sip of her cappuccino. “You’re overthinking. I’m a lady with dignity.”

Sanjeev chuckled, breaking a piece of his croissant and holding it up. “We’ll see about that.”

As Sanjeev took a sip of his black coffee, he looked at Janki with a mischievous glint in his eyes. “By the way,” he started casually, “I’m heading to Goa next week for a little break.”

Janki raised an eyebrow. “Goa? Alone?”

Sanjeev nodded, leaning back in his chair. “Yeah, sometimes it’s fun to just take off, unwind, and enjoy life without any worries. You know... the sound of the waves, the endless beaches, the relaxed vibe. Pure bliss.” He paused, then added smoothly, “Of course, it would be *way* more fun if you joined me.”

Janki nearly choked on her cappuccino. “*What?*” she whispered, looking around as if someone might have overheard them. “Are you crazy? How can I just pack my bags and go to Goa with you?”

Sanjeev smirked. “Why not? It’ll be amazing—just you and me, no stress, no worries. Long walks on the beach, good food, maybe even some adventure sports...” He let his words trail off, letting the idea sink into Janki’s mind.

Janki shook her head, her voice still a whisper. “I can’t just tell my husband that I’m going to *Goa* with a *boy*.” She placed a hand on her forehead, looking genuinely distressed. “It’s impossible.”

Sanjeev shrugged, stirring his coffee lazily. “Then make an excuse,” he said simply.

Janki frowned. “Like what?”

“Think of something,” Sanjeev encouraged. “You’re smart.”

Janki bit her lip and thought hard. But nothing seemed to make sense. She looked up at him helplessly. “I don’t know... What can I even say?”

Sanjeev chuckled, setting down his cup. “Oh, Janki. It’s so simple.” He leaned forward and

whispered dramatically, “Tell him you’re going to an *ashram*.”

Janki’s eyes widened, and then she burst out laughing. “An ashram? That’s ridiculous!”

Sanjeev grinned. “Why? It’s a *perfect* excuse. A peaceful retreat, meditation, self-discovery... all the things that sound so *wholesome*.” He took another sip of his coffee. “And while he thinks you’re sitting cross-legged in some spiritual camp, you’ll actually be sipping coconut water by the beach with me.”

Janki covered her mouth, laughing harder. “You’re so wicked.”

“I’m just *creative*,” Sanjeev corrected her with a wink.

Janki tapped her fingers on the table. “But which ashram should I say I’m going to?”

Sanjeev gave her a playful look. “Oh, come on. Don’t rely on me for *everything*. You must add some of your own creativity too.”

Janki groaned dramatically, shaking her head. “You’re impossible.”

Sanjeev grinned. “That’s what makes me fun.”

They sat there for a few more minutes, playfully discussing all sorts of absurd cover stories for Janki's trip. But in the end, Sanjeev left the responsibility to her. "It's your homework," he teased, finishing his coffee. "Figure it out."

Janki rolled her eyes but smiled.

Sanjeev glanced at his watch and sighed. "I should get going. The office awaits."

Janki nodded. "And I should finish my shopping."

They both stood up, exchanging a long glance before walking out of the coffee shop together. With a final smirk, Sanjeev waved her goodbye. "Think about it, Janki. Goa is waiting."

Janki watched him walk away, her mind already racing with possibilities.

Chapter 4: A Date Among the Books

Sanjeev leaned back on his couch, sipping a glass of water as he dialled Janki's number. The evening had a cozy charm to it—perfect for the plan he had in mind. As soon as Janki picked up, he said in his usual playful tone, "There's a beautiful little bookstore near our apartment complex, you know? It has a nice café inside. I'm planning to pick up a few

books and enjoy some coffee. Thought you might like the idea too.”

Janki, who was resting on her bed, smiled at the suggestion. “That sounds nice,” she replied. “I can walk there in a few minutes.”

“Perfect!” Sanjeev said, already picturing the warm setting. “See you in the evening then.”

Later that evening, when Sanjeev reached the bookstore café, he called Janki. “I’m here. Where are you?” he asked.

Janki, still sitting in front of her dressing table, was surprised. “You just reached and now you’re calling me? Do you think I’m always ready and waiting for you?” she said with a teasing irritation.

Sanjeev laughed. “Come on, Janki, don’t behave like other women who take hours to get ready. You always look beautiful anyway!”

Janki rolled her eyes but blushed. “Hmph! You should have told me earlier. I take time to get ready!”

“Yeah, yeah, like a queen preparing for a royal ball,” Sanjeev teased. “Just get ready quickly and walk over. I’m waiting!”

Janki couldn’t stay annoyed for long. She opened her wardrobe and picked out a beautiful navy

blue chiffon saree with delicate silver embroidery. It draped her perfectly, highlighting her graceful figure. She left her hair open—because she knew Sanjeev loved it that way. With a final touch of perfume and a small bindi, she was ready.

As she entered the bookstore, the soft smell of old paper mixed with the aroma of fresh coffee. Her eyes scanned the café section, and there he was—Sanjeev, sitting comfortably, wearing a crisp white linen shirt with dark jeans, looking effortlessly charming. His eyes lit up as he saw her.

“Ah, the queen has finally arrived!” Sanjeev said, standing up.

Janki rolled her eyes again but smiled. “I told you, I take time!”

Sanjeev pulled out a chair for her. “And I told you, you’re worth the wait,” he said, making her blush.

As they settled in, Sanjeev ordered two cappuccinos and a plate of cheese croissants. “You didn’t even ask what I wanted,” Janki pouted.

“I know what you like,” Sanjeev said with a wink. “And if I’m wrong, you can scold me later.”

They laughed as their coffee arrived, the warmth of the drink mirroring the warmth between them.

Sanjeev leaned forward slightly. “So? Have you finalized the lie you’re going to tell your husband?”

Janki smirked. “Yes. It’s perfect. I told him I’m going to an ashram for a week.”

Sanjeev raised his eyebrows, impressed. “Nice. And he believed it?”

Janki nodded. “Completely. He even told me to take some spiritual books with me.”

Sanjeev burst into laughter. “Oh God, if only he knew what you were really planning!”

Janki giggled, and in that moment, Sanjeev reached under the table and held her hand. His fingers pressed into hers with warmth, making her heart race. Their eyes met—deep, affectionate, and filled with excitement for their upcoming adventure.

They sipped their coffee, stealing glances at each other. Sanjeev traced circles on the back of Janki’s hand with his thumb, making her blush.

“You’re blushing,” he whispered.

“No, I’m not,” Janki denied, looking away.

“You totally are,” Sanjeev teased.

Janki playfully pulled her hand away. “Let’s drink our coffee before it gets cold!”

They finished their drinks, enjoying the quiet ambiance of the café. The bookstore had very few visitors at this time, which made it the perfect hideout for them.

After some time, Sanjeev stretched and said, “Okay, let’s go.”

Janki frowned. “But what about the books? Aren’t you going to buy some?”

Sanjeev chuckled. “Books? Oh, no, I don’t read after college. The real reason I called you here was because of this café. Hardly anyone from our apartment complex comes here, so we can sit together peacefully.”

Janki’s mouth fell open. “You tricked me!”

Sanjeev smirked. “Guilty as charged.”

Janki shook her head but laughed. “You’re impossible.”

As they got up to leave, Sanjeev whispered, “Let’s not go together. Someone might notice.”

Janki nodded. “You’re right. I’ll leave first.”

She grabbed her purse and walked out casually, glancing back once to meet Sanjeev's eyes. He gave her a playful wink, and she smiled before stepping out.

Sanjeev waited for 15 minutes, working on his laptop to avoid suspicion. Finally, he shut it down, stretched, and walked out of the bookstore with a satisfied grin. "Goa, here we come," he murmured to himself.

Chapter 5: A Longing That Couldn't Wait

Sanjeev lounged on his couch, restlessly flipping through TV channels, but nothing seemed to hold his attention. The restlessness in his heart was stronger than anything playing on the screen. Finally, unable to resist any longer, he picked up his phone and dialled Janki's number.

The moment she answered, he spoke without preamble, his voice thick with longing. "I need to see you. Right now."

On the other end, Janki sighed softly. "Sanjeev, I'm cooking dinner. I can't just leave everything and come running."

That wasn't the answer Sanjeev wanted to hear. A flicker of irritation passed through him, but he kept his tone calm. "Fine. I'll wait. But please, come soon. I really need to see you."

Janki hesitated for a moment before replying, "I'll come, but only for a little while. Some guests are visiting tonight."

That stung even more. He clenched his jaw, but instead of arguing, he forced himself to remain composed. "Alright, Janki. Just come as soon as you can."

She promised she would. But now, Sanjeev had no idea how to pass the time.

Then, almost instinctively, he remembered what his evenings were like before Janki had walked into his life—before she had become the reason behind his late-night thoughts and his early-morning smiles.

A smirk played on his lips as he strode toward his liquor cabinet and pulled out a bottle of his favourite premium whisky. The golden liquid shimmered under the soft glow of the room's lights. With practiced ease, he set the bottle down on the center table and retrieved a heavy-bottomed glass.

Next came the snacks. And being a true Punjabi at heart, he didn't settle for anything ordinary. He grabbed a plate of sizzling tandoori chicken—charred to perfection, its smoky aroma filling the room. Alongside it, he had spicy masala peanuts tossed with onions and green chilies, and a small dish of fried papad for that extra crunch.

Satisfied with his setup, he poured himself a generous drink, letting the whisky swirl in his glass. Taking a deep sip, he sighed, letting the warmth spread through his body. He propped his feet up on a cushioned stool and leaned back, completely immersing himself in the sheer pleasure of the moment. The ice clinked gently against the glass as he swirled his drink, savouring each sip while the rich, smoky flavours danced on his tongue.

The TV played in the background, but his mind was elsewhere drifting between the present comfort of his whisky and the anticipation of seeing Janki soon.

And then, just as he was about to pour himself another drink, the doorbell rang.

Sanjeev sat up instantly, a slow smile creeping onto his lips. He quickly adjusted his shirt, ran a hand through his hair, and walked toward the door. As he swung it open, his breath hitched slightly.

Janki stood there, looking as radiant as ever—but this time, in a simple cotton suit of soft pastel pink, her dupatta loosely draped around her shoulders. Her face was fresh, untouched by makeup, and her hair was tied back in a casual ponytail. She looked effortless, yet beautiful.

Sanjeev's eyes scanned her up and down, a teasing smirk forming on his lips. "What's this? No saree today?"

Janki rolled her eyes, stepping inside. "I was cooking, Sanjeev. I barely had time to change. Guests will be arriving soon, so I had to come quickly."

Sanjeev shut the door behind her and sighed dramatically. “I wait so desperately for you, and this is how you come? No effort at all?”

She playfully smacked his arm. “Oh, please! Not every day is a fashion show, you know.”

But Sanjeev wasn't in the mood for too much conversation. The moment she turned to place her dupatta on the chair, he caught her wrist and pulled her close. The scent of freshly cooked food lingered on her, mixed with the faint floral fragrance of her skin.

“You have no idea how much I missed you,” he murmured against her ear.

Before she could respond, he tilted her chin up and captured her lips in a deep, lingering kiss. Janki gasped softly, but soon melted into him, her hands clutching his shirt as his arms wrapped tightly around her waist.

Sanjeev traced his fingers along her back, pulling her even closer. “I can't let you go so soon,” he whispered between kisses.

Janki's breath was unsteady. “Sanjeev... I don't have much time...”

Sanjeev smirked, his lips brushing against her jawline. “Then let's not waste it talking.”

His hands found hers, intertwining their fingers as he pressed light kisses along her neck. Janki shivered under his touch, completely lost in the warmth of the moment.

“You drive me crazy,” she admitted softly.

Sanjeev cupped her face, looking into her eyes with an intensity that made her heart pound. “Good. Because you drive me insane.”

Janki let out a soft chuckle before resting her forehead against his chest. “You’re impossible.”

Sanjeev grinned, tilting her face up once again. “And you love it.”

Janki’s silence was the only confirmation he needed. He kissed her again, this time slower, cherishing every second.

But then, just as things were getting deeper, Janki’s phone buzzed in her pocket. She pulled away reluctantly, checking the message.

“Oh no,” she sighed. “I must go. The guests will be arriving any moment.”

Sanjeev groaned. “I hate them already.”

Janki laughed, placing a soft kiss on his cheek. “I’ll make it up to you.”

Sanjeev raised an eyebrow. “How?”

Janki smirked mischievously. “Wait and watch.”

And just like that, she slipped out of his arms, adjusting her dupatta as she walked toward the door. Before leaving, she turned back one last time, her eyes holding a promise.

Sanjeev watched her go, already counting down the moments until he could hold her again.

Sanjeev leaned back against the couch, a slow smirk forming on his lips as he chewed on the succulent butter chicken. The smoky, creamy flavors exploded in his mouth, perfectly complementing the warmth of the whisky that burned pleasantly down his throat. His mind buzzed—not just from the alcohol, but from the sheer excitement of what was to come.

Goa. With Janki.

He could already imagine it—the golden beaches, the salty ocean breeze, the dimly lit shacks playing soft music, and the intoxicating thrill of being alone with her, away from the world. No stolen moments, no hurried kisses, no fear of being seen. Just them. Together.

Sanjeev's fingers absentmindedly tapped against the whisky glass as he let his imagination run wild. Would she let her hair loose as she walked along the beach at night? Would she wear one of those flowy sundresses he had always fantasized about? Would she finally admit how deeply she felt for him—without hesitation, without fear?

His heartbeat quickened.

He glanced at his phone, tempted to call her, to tell her the tickets were booked, to hear that soft, teasing lilt in her voice. But then he stopped himself. Let her wonder. Let her think about it. Let her crave this trip as much as I do.

With a satisfied sigh, he placed the empty whisky glass on the table and stretched out on the couch. The dim glow of the room cast long shadows, and the sound of the ticking clock echoed in the quiet space.

Tomorrow, everything would be the same—he would go to work, she would go about her daily routine, they would exchange secret glances, maybe steal a few moments together. But soon... soon, they would be miles away from here, in a world where no one knew them, where they didn't have to hide.

Sanjeev exhaled deeply, a slow smile spreading across his face.

Goa was just a few days away. And this time, it wasn't just a vacation. It was an escape.

Chapter 6: The Night Before the Flight

 Text Conversation Between Sanjeev & Janki

Janki: *Sanjeev, we have a problem.* 😞

Sanjeev: *What happened, darling? Is your husband planning to take you to an actual ashram now?* 😏

Janki: *Ugh! No! We have guests at home, and I can't sneak out to talk. How are we going to leave together without anyone noticing?* 😞

Sanjeev: *Oh no, that means we can't even say goodnight properly?* 😏

Janki: *Sanjeev, focus!* 😞

Sanjeev: *Alright, alright! Give me five minutes. Let me activate my 'Mission Impossible' brain.* 🕶️🔥

(A few minutes later...)

Sanjeev: *Okay, here's the plan: You book a taxi to the railway station at 5 a.m.*

Janki: *Railway station? I thought we were flying to Goa, not catching a train to Varanasi!* 😞

Sanjeev: *Madam, let me finish! I will also go to the railway station, but I will leave half an hour before you. I'll wait for you there. Once you reach, we'll take another cab from the station straight to the airport together.*

Janki: *Hmm... but why the railway station?*

Sanjeev: *Because if anyone sees you leaving with a suitcase early in the morning, they'll ask questions. But if you tell them you're going to an Ashram by train, they won't suspect anything. 🤔*

Janki: *You're evil... but I love it! 😏*

Sanjeev: *I know, baby! That's why I'm taking you to Goa and not your husband! 😏*

Janki: *Shut up! 😂*

Sanjeev: *So, it's final. You book a taxi for 5 a.m., say you're going to the railway station, and we meet at the railway station. From there, straight to the airport.*

Janki: *Sounds perfect. Okay, goodnight then!*

Sanjeev: *What?! Just like that? No goodnight kiss? 😭*

Janki: *Shhh! Guests are here. I'll see you tomorrow.* 🙊

Sanjeev: *Sweet dreams, my ashram girl!* 😊

Janki: *Bye, you idiot!* 😂

Sanjeev's Night of Celebration

After the plan is finalized, Sanjeev stretches his arms and lets out a satisfied sigh. “*Goa, here we come!*” he mutters to himself with a smirk.

He walks over to his liquor cabinet, pulls out a premium bottle of whisky, and pours himself a generous glass. He grabs a plate of spicy tandoori chicken and crispy masala peanuts—his favourite late-night snacks. The room is dimly lit, the TV screen glowing with the Netflix homepage. He scrolls through options and finally settles on a crime thriller.

He takes a slow sip of his whisky, savouring the rich, smoky flavour. Then, with a devilish grin, he picks up a cigarette, lights it, and leans back on his couch, exhaling a cloud of smoke into the air. He rarely smokes, but tonight, it feels like the perfect way to celebrate. *A secret trip to Goa with Janki? This is going to be legendary!*

As the show plays in the background, Sanjeev enjoys every bite of his tandoori chicken, every sip of

his whisky, and every puff of his cigarette. With his feet up on the cushioned stool, he feels like a king preparing for an adventure.

Tomorrow, an unforgettable journey begins. But for now, he enjoys the night, knowing that soon, he will be sipping beer on a beach with the woman he desires the most.

Chapter 7: The Unwanted Companion

Janki had barely managed to slip out of bed without waking Subhash. It was 4:45 a.m., and she was dressed in a simple yet elegant salwar suit, pretending to move about casually. She grabbed her small suitcase, taking extra care not to make a sound. Just as she reached for the door, she heard a deep, slurred voice behind her.

“Where are you going, Janki?”

Her heart stopped for a second. She turned around to see Subhash sitting on the edge of the bed, his eyes bloodshot, his shirt half-buttoned, and the unmistakable stench of alcohol in the air. He had clearly been drinking all night.

“I told you, Subhash. I am going to the ashram for a week,” Janki replied as calmly as she could.

Subhash let out a chuckle and rubbed his face. *“I know, I know. But why go alone? I haven’t slept all night. I feel like having some fun. I’ll drop you at the railway station!”* He stood up, wobbling slightly but determined.

Janki’s mind raced. If he came with her, everything would be ruined. Sanjeev was already waiting at the station, and there was no way she could meet him without Subhash noticing.

“You’re drunk, Subhash,” she said firmly. “You need rest. You’ll just create a scene at the station.”

Subhash smirked, his suspicion growing. *“Why? What’s the problem if I come? Afraid I’ll see something I’m not supposed to?”* His eyes narrowed as he staggered toward her. *“Or someone?”*

Before Janki could respond, her phone started buzzing repeatedly.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Janki felt a chill run down her spine. She already knew who it was. Sanjeev was waiting at the railway station, growing impatient, and now his flood of messages was about to get her caught.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Subhash’s eyes locked onto her phone. *“Who the hell is messaging you at this hour?”* His voice was no longer playful—it was sharp, suspicious.

Janki quickly turned the screen downward, heart pounding. *“Oh, it’s nothing. Probably the ashram group sending morning prayers.”*

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Subhash lunged toward her. *“Show me your phone!”*

Janki took a deep breath and did the only thing she could think of—she gasped dramatically and clutched her forehead.

“Oh no! My head is spinning... I think I’m feeling dizzy.” She staggered back, pressing a hand to her temple.

Subhash, still drunk and disoriented, frowned. *“What? What happened?”*

“I don’t know... I think I got up too fast. I haven’t eaten anything since last night.” She took a step back, pretending to wobble on her feet.

Subhash’s suspicion faltered. His drunken mind was slow to process, but his male ego kicked in. He stepped forward, holding her by the shoulders. *“You women and your weakness! Always falling sick at the wrong time!”*

Janki nodded weakly. *“You’re right. I think I should just go before I actually faint here.”*

Subhash sighed and let go of her shoulders. *“Fine, fine. But if you feel dizzy at the station, call me, okay?”*

“*Of course,*” Janki said quickly, inching toward the door.

Subhash slumped back onto the bed, rubbing his face. “*And tell those ashram people to stop messaging you so early in the morning,*” he mumbled, closing his eyes.

Janki didn’t waste another second. She grabbed her suitcase, stepped out, and shut the door behind her, letting out a silent sigh of relief. As she walked toward the waiting cab, she sent a quick text to Sanjeev:

“Crisis averted. On my way. Tell you everything at the station. But next time, STOP SPAMMING MY PHONE, you idiot!”

Sanjeev’s reply came instantly.

“Haha, couldn’t help it. I was getting worried. Now hurry up, madam. The Goa trip is waiting!”

She chuckled to herself as she got into the cab, shaking her head. The night’s tension still lingered, but the excitement of the journey ahead overpowered it. Goa was waiting.

A Long-Awaited Embrace

Sanjeev stood near the entrance of the railway station, his hands shoved into his pockets, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. The morning air

was crisp, but the excitement bubbling inside him kept him warm. His eyes darted towards every approaching taxi, anticipation making his heart race. He had been waiting for this moment, imagining the way Janki would look, the way her eyes would search for him, the way her lips would curve into that familiar, mischievous smile.

And then he saw her.

Janki stepped out of the cab, her hair slightly dishevelled from the rush, the soft morning light casting a golden hue on her face. As soon as her eyes met his, relief and joy flickered across them. She was finally here. Without caring about the people around them, Sanjeev took quick steps toward her, pulling her into a deep embrace. Janki melted into his arms, the warmth of his body soothing the anxiety of the morning's chaos. She inhaled his scent, the faint trace of cologne mixed with the lingering aroma of whiskey, and it sent a shiver through her.

“You have no idea how much I missed you,” Sanjeev whispered, his lips brushing against her hair.

“I know,” Janki murmured, pressing herself closer to him for just a second longer before gently pulling away. “We should leave before someone notices us.”

A cab pulled up beside them, and Janki slid into the seat next to Sanjeev. As soon as the doors closed

and the driver started the engine, Sanjeev reached for her hand. His fingers traced slow, teasing circles on her palm, making her shiver. Janki tried to pull away, but he tightened his grip playfully, bringing her fingers to his lips and kissing them one by one.

“Sanjeev...” she whispered, casting a nervous glance at the driver.

“Relax,” he chuckled, shifting closer. “He doesn’t care.”

His hand trailed up her arm, his touch featherlight, sending tingles down her spine. Janki bit her lip, trying to suppress the warmth spreading through her. But Sanjeev wasn’t done yet. His fingers danced along the curve of her waist, barely grazing over the fabric of her saree, making her squirm in her seat.

“You’re impossible,” she whispered, her voice breathy.

“And you love it,” he teased, leaning in just enough for his lips to brush against her ear.

Janki closed her eyes for a moment, letting herself sink into the moment. This was just the beginning of their adventure, and if the journey itself was this intoxicating, she couldn’t even begin to imagine what awaited them in Goa.

Chapter 8: The Jealous Game at 30,000 Feet

As Sanjeev and Janki settled into their seats, Sanjeev stretched his arms and sighed in satisfaction. *“Finally! After all that drama, we’re on our way to Goa,”* he said, turning toward Janki with a playful smile.

Janki smiled back, adjusting her seatbelt. *“Yes, but you almost gave me a heart attack at the airport. What if that nosy Mrs. Sharma had seen me?!”*

Sanjeev chuckled. *“Relax, Janki. You’re with me now. No one’s going to find out.”*

Just as he said that, a tall, well-dressed man slid into the aisle seat next to Janki. He had the confident air of someone who travelled often, and he flashed a dazzling smile at Janki as he settled in. *“Hey there! Looks like we’re going to be seatmates. I’m Rohan,”* he said, offering his hand.

Janki hesitated for a moment, then shook his hand politely. *“Hi, I’m Janki.”*

Sanjeev’s smile immediately disappeared. He sat up straight, eyeing Rohan with suspicion.

Rohan turned to Sanjeev and gave him a nod. *“And you are...?”*

Sanjeev forced a tight-lipped smile. “*Her husband,*” he said, placing his hand over Janki’s, which was resting on the armrest.

Janki’s eyes widened, and she stifled a giggle. “*Sanjeev!*” she whispered, nudging him with her elbow.

Rohan raised an eyebrow. “*Oh! My mistake. You two don’t look... married,*” he said with an amused smile.

Janki cleared her throat, feeling the tension build. “*We’re... uh, just very private people.*”

Sanjeev leaned closer to Janki and whispered, “*Very private? Janki, don’t give him ideas!*”

Rohan, unaware of the hushed conversation, continued chatting. “*You know, I’ve been to Goa so many times. If you guys need recommendations, I know all the best spots.*”

Sanjeev crossed his arms. “*Thanks, but I think we’ll manage. We have our plans.*”

Rohan grinned. “*Oh? A honeymoon?*”

Janki nearly choked on her water. “*No! Just... a vacation.*”

Sanjeev couldn't take it anymore. He leaned toward Janki, his lips almost brushing her ear. *"Enough of this nonsense. If he compliments your earrings next, I might just throw him off the plane,"* he murmured.

Janki laughed softly. *"Oh, relax. Are you... jealous, Sanjeev?"*

Sanjeev scoffed. *"Me? Jealous? Of this guy? Please."* But the way he was gripping the armrest told a different story.

Janki smirked and turned to Rohan. *"So, Rohan, tell me, what's the best place in Goa for a quiet, romantic dinner?"*

Rohan beamed. *"Oh, you must visit a place called 'Moonlight Cove.' It's right on the beach, candle-lit tables, waves crashing in the background. Absolutely magical."*

Sanjeev rolled his eyes. *"Great. Thanks. We'll keep it in mind."* Then he reached over and pulled Janki's hand into his, squeezing it tightly under the tray table.

Janki turned to him with a knowing smile. *"Everything okay, darling?"* she asked sweetly.

Sanjeev tightened his grip on her hand. *"Perfect. Just making sure my wife is comfortable."*

Janki giggled, loving how Sanjeev was getting all worked up. She leaned in and whispered, *“You’re cute when you’re possessive.”*

Sanjeev grumbled, but when Rohan finally put on his headphones and looked away, he relaxed a little. He leaned in closer to Janki. *“You just enjoy making me jealous, don’t you?”*

Janki grinned. *“Maybe a little.”*

Sanjeev sighed, shaking his head. *“Wait till we get to Goa. I’ll show you what real romance looks like.”*

Janki bit her lip playfully. *“I can’t wait.”*

With that, Sanjeev finally leaned back in his seat, still holding Janki’s hand under the tray table. This trip was already turning out to be more interesting than he had imagined.

Chapter 9: Sunset Whispers in the Ocean

The sun dipped lower into the horizon, painting the sky in hues of fiery orange, dusky pink, and deep violet. The waves rolled gently onto the shore, their rhythmic dance calling to the lovers who stood hand in hand on the soft golden sand.

Janki walked ahead, letting go of Sanjeev's grip for a moment as she stepped closer to the waves. The salty breeze ruffled her hair, making a few strands brush against her flushed cheeks. Sanjeev's eyes roamed over her, drinking in the sight before him.

She wore a stunning navy-blue swimsuit, elegant yet teasingly revealing. The halter-neck design accentuated her slender shoulders, and the snug fit highlighted the perfect curves of her waist and hips. The way the fabric clung to her body, showing just enough to ignite Sanjeev's desire, made it impossible for him to look away.

The moonlight, though faint against the fading sun, shimmered against her sun-kissed skin. Droplets of seawater trickled down her collarbone, gliding over her delicate curves, making her look almost ethereal.

Sanjeev smirked, stepping toward her. *"I swear, Janki, if I stare any longer, I might just lose control right here."*

Janki giggled, playfully flicking water at him. *“Well, control yourself, Mr. Sanjeev. You don’t want the whole beach to watch you losing your mind over me, do you?”*

He chuckled, shaking his head. *“You make it sound like I have a choice.”*

Before she could reply, Sanjeev grabbed her by the waist and lifted her off the ground. Janki shrieked in laughter as he ran into the water, carrying her effortlessly. The cool waves crashed against them as he finally released her, letting her feet touch the soft, wet sand beneath.

Janki gasped as the water enveloped her thighs, the sudden chill sending shivers up her spine. *“You could’ve at least warned me, you idiot!”* she pouted, splashing water at him.

Sanjeev laughed, his hands already finding her waist again. *“And miss your adorable reactions? Never.”*

The water rose higher as they ventured deeper into the sea, the warm hues of the sunset reflecting off the rippling waves. Sanjeev pulled Janki closer, their bodies pressed together as the water swayed them gently. He cupped her face, his thumb tracing the line of her jaw.

“I can’t believe you’re here with me,” he whispered, his voice heavy with emotion.

Janki’s eyes softened as she gazed up at him. *“And I can’t believe how much I’ve fallen for you.”*

He smiled, his forehead resting against hers. *“You’ve completely ruined me, you know that?”*

Janki chuckled. *“Good. Now you know how I feel.”*

The waves whispered around them as Sanjeev tilted her chin up, his lips capturing hers in a deep, lingering kiss. The world around them faded as they lost themselves in each other, the warmth of their embrace contrasting with the coolness of the sea.

Janki’s fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him closer as their lips moved in perfect harmony. The way he held her, possessive yet tender, sent a delicious shiver down her spine. The ocean cradled them, the setting sun casting a golden glow over their entwined bodies.

Sanjeev’s hands slid over her back, tracing the curve of her spine as he deepened the kiss. Janki moaned softly against his lips, her body pressing closer, desperate to feel every inch of him.

Just as things were getting heated, a loud, shrill whistle pierced through the air.

Both froze.

A second whistle followed.

Then another.

They turned to see a coast guard waving at them from the shore, a flashlight in hand.

“Out of the water! It’s too dark now!” the guard yelled.

Janki’s eyes widened in horror. *“Oh no! We got too carried away!”*

Sanjeev groaned, rubbing a hand down his face. *“Of course, we did.”*

Janki burst into laughter, covering her mouth. *“Sanjeev, this is so embarrassing!”*

Sanjeev sighed dramatically. *“Well, can’t blame them. We were practically giving them a romance movie scene out here.”*

Janki smacked his arm. *“Come on, let’s get out before they drag us out!”*

Hand in hand, still breathless from their stolen kisses, they waded back toward the shore. The night had only just begun, and Sanjeev knew—this was

just the first of many unforgettable moments they would share in Goa.

Chapter 10: After the Ocean's Embrace

The sun had disappeared beyond the horizon, leaving the sky painted in deep shades of purple and blue. The waves still lapped gently against the shore, their rhythmic whispers mingling with the distant hum of the resort's evening crowd. Janki and Sanjeev, still dripping wet, walked side by side along the soft, damp sand, their fingers lightly brushing against each other.

Janki hugged herself, shivering as the evening breeze kissed her exposed skin. The fabric of her swimsuit clung to her body, outlining every curve, making Sanjeev steal glances at her every few seconds.

She caught him staring and smirked. *"Enjoying the view?"*

Sanjeev chuckled, slipping an arm around her waist. *"Always."*

Janki playfully nudged him. *"You're shameless."*

He pulled her closer. *"And you love it."*

She rolled her eyes but didn't move away. Instead, she leaned into his warmth, allowing him to guide her up the short wooden pathway that led from

the beach to their beachfront resort. The pathway was dimly lit with soft lanterns, casting flickering shadows across the sand. The scent of salt and fresh flowers lingered in the air, adding to the magic of the night.

As they reached their private villa, Sanjeev pulled Janki to a stop just before the entrance.

“Wait.” His voice was husky, teasing.

Janki raised an eyebrow. *“What now?”*

Instead of answering, Sanjeev leaned in and brushed his lips against her ear. *“I just realized something.”*

Janki shivered—not from the cold, but from the way his breath sent goosebumps across her skin. *“What?”*

He traced a finger down her arm, his touch feather-light. *“We’re soaking wet, and I don’t think we should go inside like this.”*

Janki laughed. *“Well, I do need to dry off.”*

Sanjeev smirked. *“And I need to help you with that.”*

Before she could protest, he scooped her up in his arms. Janki let out a surprised gasp, wrapping her arms around his neck.

“Sanjeev! Put me down! We’ll both fall.”

He grinned. *“Then hold on tight.”*

With her still in his arms, he kicked the door open and stepped inside their suite. The room was warmly lit, the soft glow of the bedside lamps casting golden hues across the elegant decor. The sound of the waves was still faintly audible through the open balcony doors, creating the perfect ambiance.

Sanjeev finally set her down, but before she could grab a towel, he caught her wrist.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

Janki sighed dramatically. *“To dry off, obviously.”*

Sanjeev shook his head, stepping closer. *“You’re already warm.”* His fingers trailed down her damp arm. *“And I don’t think you need a towel just yet.”*

Janki bit her lip. *“Oh? And what do you suggest instead?”*

His eyes darkened with mischief. *“Let me show you.”*

Without another word, he pulled her closer, his lips capturing hers in a deep, lingering kiss. Janki melted into him, her wet body pressing against his as her fingers curled into his damp shirt. The heat between them grew, replacing the coolness of the ocean breeze.

Sanjeev’s hands roamed down her back, tracing the outline of her swimsuit, his touch leaving trails of warmth along her skin. Janki sighed against his lips, her body responding to every movement, every teasing caress.

She tried to pull away. *“I still need to change...”*

Sanjeev smirked. *“Later.”*

Janki laughed. *“You’re impossible.”*

He lifted her effortlessly, carrying her toward the plush lounge chair near the balcony. *“And you love it.”*

She rolled her eyes but didn’t argue. Instead, she let herself sink into his embrace, knowing that the night was still young, and their passion was only just beginning.

Chapter 11: A Night of Love and a Beer Under the Stars

The room was dimly lit, the soft glow of the bedside lamp casting golden hues over Janki's delicate features as she lay curled in Sanjeev's embrace. The air between them was thick with warmth, filled with hushed whispers and lingering touches. They had spent the evening tangled in each other, lost in a world where time didn't exist—only stolen moments, laughter, and unspoken confessions through their fingertips.

Janki's skin still carried the scent of the sea, and her damp hair spread over the pillow like dark silk. Sanjeev trailed his fingers along her arm, tracing invisible patterns, his touch light and teasing. She shivered slightly and nestled closer, resting her head against his chest.

“You're not letting me sleep, are you?” she murmured drowsily, her voice laced with affection.

Sanjeev chuckled. “Sleep? Who needs sleep in Goa?” He kissed the top of her head. “I just want to memorize every inch of you before the night slips away.”

Janki playfully swatted his chest, but her fingers lingered. “You've already done that a hundred times.”

“Then a hundred more won’t hurt,” he whispered, tilting her chin up so he could capture her lips once again.

Their kisses were slow, indulgent—savoured like a rich dessert. Sanjeev’s hands wandered lazily, exploring familiar curves, while Janki responded with her own playful rebellion, tugging at his hair whenever he teased her too much. They spoke in a language of touches and smiles, where words were unnecessary.

At some point, exhaustion took over, and Janki drifted into a peaceful sleep, wrapped securely in Sanjeev’s arms. Her breath was soft and rhythmic, her hand still resting over his heart.

Sanjeev, however, lay awake, staring at the ceiling with a satisfied smile. The night was perfect, yet his restless energy wouldn’t let him sleep. Carefully untangling himself from Janki’s embrace, he slipped out of bed, wrapped a loose shirt around himself, and stepped onto the balcony.

The night breeze was cool against his skin. The sound of waves crashing in the distance blended with the faint hum of music from a nearby beach shack. Goa had its own charm at night—wild yet serene, full of possibilities.

Instead of reaching for his usual whiskey, Sanjeev grabbed a chilled beer from the minibar. He popped it open with a soft hiss and took a long sip, letting the crisp bitterness wash over his tongue.

Just then, he heard soft footsteps behind him. He turned to see Janki standing at the balcony door, wrapped in the white bedsheet, her hair tousled from sleep.

She narrowed her eyes at the bottle in his hand. “Beer? Where’s your whiskey?”

Sanjeev smirked. “Goa is about beer and beaches, sweetheart. Whiskey is for winter nights in Delhi, not for this.”

Janki leaned against the doorframe, watching him. “You really love Goa, don’t you?”

“I love everything about it,” he said, taking another sip. “The ocean, the freedom, the fact that nobody cares what you do here.” His gaze flickered to her. “And tonight, I love it even more.”

She rolled her eyes but blushed. “Flattery won’t get you another kiss.”

“Oh, I don’t need flattery for that,” he teased, pulling her close by the waist.

Janki laughed softly, her arms wrapping around his neck. They stood there, the moon casting silver streaks over them, their world reduced to the sound of the sea and the quiet hum of their hearts.

As the night stretched on, they sat together on the balcony, sharing sips of beer, stealing kisses, and talking about everything and nothing—like two lovers who had all the time in the world.

And in that moment, under the star-studded Goan sky, they both knew—this trip was going to be unforgettable.

Chapter 12: A Morning of Mischief and Love

The golden rays of the morning sun filtered through the curtains, casting a warm glow across the room. Janki stirred, feeling the cool morning breeze against her skin. She stretched lazily, her body still tingling from the events of the night before. The sheets were tangled around her, a messy reminder of the passion they had shared.

She reached out to touch Sanjeev, but the bed was empty.

Frowning, she sat up, rubbing her sleepy eyes. The soft sound of waves crashing against the shore reached her ears, but another sound—**the faint clinking of a bottle—**caught her attention.

She pushed back the sheets, wrapped herself in them like a makeshift gown, and walked toward the balcony.

There he was. Sanjeev. Sitting comfortably on a lounge chair, shirtless, his hair tousled from sleep, lazily sipping from a bottle of beer. The morning sun painted his skin with a golden hue, making him look effortlessly handsome.

Janki leaned against the doorframe; arms crossed. “Beer? First thing in the morning?”

Sanjeev turned toward her with a lazy grin. “Goa rules, sweetheart. Beer and beaches.”

Janki shook her head, smirking. “I swear, if I let you, you’d start brushing your teeth with beer too.”

Sanjeev took another sip, licking his lips dramatically. “Not a bad idea.”

Janki rolled her eyes, stepping closer. “You’re incorrigible.”

Sanjeev tilted his head. “And you’re still the same woman who can’t resist me.”

Janki gasped in fake offense. “Excuse me?”

Sanjeev chuckled, setting his beer aside. “Tell me I’m wrong.”

Janki placed a hand on her hip. “Oh, you are wrong.”

Sanjeev leaned back on the chair, patting his lap. “Then come here and prove it.”

Janki narrowed her eyes playfully. “If I come there, you won’t let me go.”

Sanjeev smirked. “Damn right I won’t.”

Janki sighed dramatically, then—in a split second—she lunged at him!

Sanjeev barely had time to react as she plopped onto his lap, straddling him, her sheet slipping slightly.

He let out a laugh, wrapping his arms around her. “You wildcat!”

Janki flicked his nose. “That’s what you get for challenging me.”

Sanjeev grinned, sliding his hands along her waist. “Challenge accepted.”

Janki squealed as he suddenly picked her up and carried her inside.

“Sanjeev, put me down!” she giggled, kicking her legs in protest.

“Oh, I will,” he said, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

With one swift move, he tossed her onto the bed.

Janki bounced slightly on the mattress, laughing as she pushed her hair back. “You love throwing me around, don’t you?”

Sanjeev crawled over her, trapping her beneath him. “I love a lot of things about you.”

Janki smirked. “Like what?”

Sanjeev brushed a strand of hair from her face, his voice dropping to a whisper. “Like how you look right now. Sleepy, gorgeous, and completely mine.”

Janki’s breath hitched, but she refused to let him win so easily. “Oh please, don’t act so dramatic.”

Sanjeev grinned. “Dramatic? Baby, I haven’t even started.”

He suddenly tickled her waist, making her shriek with laughter.

“Sanjeev, no! I hate tickles!” she gasped, kicking her legs.

“I know,” he said, laughing as he continued. “But you deserve this for teasing me!”

Janki tried to push him away, but he pinned her wrists above her head.

She glared at him. “This is an unfair fight!”

Sanjeev smirked. “It’s not a fight. It’s just me proving my dominance.”

Janki narrowed her eyes. “Oh yeah?”

In one swift motion, she twisted her body, catching him off guard, and flipped him over so she was now on top of him.

Sanjeev blinked in surprise. “Damn, you’re stronger than you look.”

Janki grinned, pinning his wrists down. “You were saying something about dominance?”

Sanjeev’s lips curved into a slow smile. “I surrender.”

Janki raised an eyebrow. “That easy?”

Sanjeev shrugged. “What can I say? I like having you on top.”

Janki smacked his chest, laughing. “You’re impossible!”

Sanjeev tugged her down, flipping her back under him again. “And you’re mine,” he whispered, his nose brushing against hers.

Janki’s heart raced. “Sanjeev... I need to shower.”

Sanjeev groaned. “No. Stay here.”

Janki pouted. “I feel sticky from last night.”

Sanjeev smirked. “I love sticky.”

Janki smacked his arm. “You’re gross!”

Sanjeev chuckled, nuzzling into her neck. “You love it.”

Janki sighed, pretending to think. “Fine. I’ll stay... if you let me go in five minutes.”

Sanjeev raised an eyebrow. “Five minutes of what?”

Janki bit her lip playfully. “Five minutes of whatever you want.”

Sanjeev’s eyes darkened with mischief. “Oh, baby, that’s dangerous.”

Janki giggled. “I trust you.”

Sanjeev leaned down, his lips barely touching hers. “You shouldn’t.”

Janki gasped as he suddenly picked her up again, tossing her back onto the bed.

“SANJEEV!” she shrieked, laughing uncontrollably.

“You said five minutes,” he reminded her with a smirk.

Janki rolled her eyes, still laughing. “I swear, you’re crazy.”

Sanjeev kissed her forehead. “Crazy about you.”

Janki sighed dramatically. “Fine, fine. You win. I’ll stay for five more minutes.”

Sanjeev smirked. “That’s all I need.”

She didn’t get to shower for another hour.

Chapter 13: – Lost in Love, Lost in Goa

A Morning Full of Mischief and Love

The warm morning sun streamed through the curtains, gently waking Janki from her slumber. She stretched lazily, feeling the soft sheets wrap around her, but before she could fully wake up, she felt a pair of strong arms pulling her back.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Sanjeev’s playful voice whispered into her ear as he tightened his grip around her waist.

Janki giggled, trying to escape. “Let me go! I need to freshen up.”

Sanjeev nuzzled her neck. “Not so fast. First, I need my morning dose of love.”

She turned to face him, her fingers tracing the stubble on his jaw. “We’ve been drowning in love since last night, Sanju. Let me breathe!”

He smirked. “Oh, so you don’t want my love anymore?”

She smirked back, teasing, “I never said that. I just said let me breathe.”

Before she could escape, he pulled her back into a deep kiss, making her melt into his arms. After a few moments, she pushed him away, laughing. “Okay, okay, now let me go freshen up. What’s the plan for today?”

Sanjeev gave her a secretive smile and just as she was about to enter the bathroom, his phone rang.

She turned to him curiously. “Who’s calling this early?”

Sanjeev answered the call and after a short conversation, he turned to her with a grin. “Your surprise is waiting in the parking lot.”

Janki raised an eyebrow. “Surprise? What surprise?”

“Get ready, madam, and you’ll see.”

She crossed her arms, pretending to be annoyed. “Tell me now!”

Sanjeev walked up to her, wrapping his arms around her waist. “If I tell you now, where’s the fun in that?” He leaned in closer, whispering against her lips. “Now, be a good girl and get ready.”

Janki rolled her eyes but couldn’t hide her excitement. “Fine! But you better make it worth it.”

As they got dressed, their usual mischief continued. Sanjeev kept pulling her dupatta, messing up her hair, and distracting her with random kisses. Janki, equally playful, splashed water on him while brushing her teeth and even hid his watch just to annoy him.

Finally, after a lot of teasing and laughter, they made their way down for breakfast.

A Playful Breakfast at the Hotel

The hotel restaurant was lively with guests enjoying their morning meals. Sanjeev and Janki found a cozy corner table near a window overlooking the beach.

“What should we eat?” Janki asked, scanning the menu.

Sanjeev shrugged. “Something light. We have a long day ahead.”

Janki pouted. “You sound like a dietitian. I want something delicious, not just ‘light.’”

“How about omelets and fresh juice?”

Janki wrinkled her nose. “Too basic. Let’s have Prawn Balchão and Goan Poi bread!”

Sanjeev laughed. “Seriously? You want spicy prawns for breakfast?”

She nodded firmly. “Of course! We’re in Goa. I want Goan food!”

Sanjeev shook his head in amusement. “Alright, madam. But if your tongue catches fire, don’t come crying to me.”

She smirked. “If my tongue catches fire, then I’ll just need something cold to cool it down. Like ice cream...”

Sanjeev leaned forward, his voice dropping to a teasing whisper. “Or I could help you cool it down in my own way.”

Janki blushed but played along. “Let’s see how brave you are when the spice actually hits!”

They placed their order and continued their playful banter, making other guests around them smile at their chemistry.

A Jeep Ride Through the Villages

After breakfast, they stepped out of the hotel to find a bright red open-top jeep waiting for them.

Janki’s eyes sparkled. “Oh my God! An open jeep? This is amazing!”

Sanjeev grinned. “I told you I had a surprise for you.”

She excitedly hopped into the passenger seat, letting the wind play with her hair as Sanjeev started the engine.

The drive through Goa’s countryside was breathtaking. Unlike the crowded city, the village roads were peaceful, lined with coconut trees, lush fields, and colorful houses with tiled roofs.

Janki leaned back, closing her eyes. “This is heaven. I can’t believe how lucky I am.”

Sanjeev smiled. “Lucky? Because of the view?”

She opened her eyes and looked at him with a soft smile. “No, lucky because of you.”

Sanjeev stole a quick glance at her before focusing back on the road. “You’re making me blush, woman!”

They laughed, enjoying the scenic ride, stopping occasionally to take pictures, eat ice cream, and taste local dishes like Bebinca, Rava Fried Fish, and Chicken Cafreal.

A Spicy Disaster and Janki’s First Drink

At a small roadside eatery, Sanjeev ordered Feni with a plate of spicy Goan fish.

Janki, feeling adventurous, took a bite and immediately regretted it. “Oh my God! It’s too spicy!”

Sanjeev laughed. “I warned you!”

She grabbed the water bottle but realized it was empty. “What do I do now?”

Sanjeev smirked and handed her his glass of Feni. “Try this.”

Janki hesitated but took a sip, coughing as the strong drink burned her throat. “This is terrible!”

But as she continued drinking, she started giggling. “I feel... so light!”

Sanjeev chuckled. “Welcome to the world of alcohol, sweetheart.”

They walked into a nearby forest, where Janki, tipsy and playful, hugged Sanjeev tightly. “I love you, Sanjeev. You make me so happy.”

Sanjeev, amused by her drunken state, whispered, “And I love you more.”

The peaceful forest became their private world as they stole kisses and embraced under the shade of the tall trees.

Lost in Goa

As evening approached, they started heading back.

Sanjeev checked his phone. “Crap. 4% battery left!”

Janki shrugged. “Use my phone.”

Sanjeev looked at her expectantly, but she grinned sheepishly. “Oh... I forgot to bring it. It’s still in my bag... switched off since we landed in Goa.”

Sanjeev sighed. “Great. Now we’re officially lost.”

They tried asking locals, but most didn’t understand Hindi or English. A man named Antonio kept saying something in Konkani that they couldn’t understand.

After an hour of confusion, they finally met two tourists on a scooter who pointed them in the right direction.

Exhausted but relieved, they reached the hotel. Sanjeev ordered beer immediately, while Janki, still tipsy, joined him.

As they sat on the balcony, watching the sunset, Janki whispered, “I never thought I’d enjoy beer... or being lost in Goa.”

Sanjeev took a sip and pulled her close. “With me, every adventure will be worth it.”

She smiled, resting her head on his shoulder. “Then let’s keep getting lost together.”

The sky turned golden, the waves crashing in the distance, as love surrounded them like a warm, endless ocean.

Chapter 14: A Ride to Remember

Janki woke up feeling like her head weighed a ton. Her temples throbbed, and her mouth was dry. She let out a soft groan and buried her face in the pillow, trying to push away the dull ache that came from last night's drinking.

The sound of the ocean waves crashing against the shore reached her ears, calming yet relentless. She turned her head slowly and saw Sanjeev sitting outside on the balcony, shirtless, his skin glistening under the golden morning sun. He was gazing at the sea, one hand lazily holding a half-empty beer can, the other resting on the armrest of his chair.

She rubbed her forehead and let out a tired sigh. "Oh God... My head is killing me."

Sanjeev turned his head and smirked. "Good morning, sleepyhead."

Janki sat up slowly, still feeling the heaviness in her body. "Morning? This doesn't feel like a good one," she murmured, pressing her fingers against her temple.

Sanjeev chuckled and took a sip of his beer. "I knew this was coming. That's why I ordered black coffee for you."

Just as he finished his sentence, the doorbell rang.

Janki's eyes widened in surprise. She looked at Sanjeev and then at the door. "Wait... how did you even time it so perfectly?"

Sanjeev leaned back, stretching his arms lazily. "Magic."

Still amazed, Janki got up, tied her hair into a messy bun, and walked to the door. As she opened it, a hotel staff member stood there with a steaming cup of black coffee on a tray. She took it, smiled, and shut the door.

Walking back, she sat beside Sanjeev on the balcony. The warm aroma of the coffee filled her senses, and she took a slow sip, letting the bitterness soothe her hangover.

"This is perfect," she whispered, staring at the ocean waves.

Sanjeev smiled, pulling her close. "Told you I know you better than you think."

She leaned against his shoulder, feeling the warmth of his body against hers. Their fingers intertwined, and for a while, they just sat there in silence, watching the waves, enjoying each other's presence.

Sanjeev turned to her, brushing a loose strand of hair away from her face. “You look beautiful, even with a hangover.”

Janki chuckled. “Flattery won’t get you out of trouble for making me drink Feni last night.”

He smirked, leaning in and placing a soft kiss on her lips. “It was worth it, though, wasn’t it?”

She sighed, pretending to be mad but failing to hide her smile. “Maybe.”

Just as she was about to kiss him again, Sanjeev’s phone rang, interrupting the moment. He picked it up, spoke a few words, and then disconnected.

Janki raised an eyebrow. “Who was that?”

Sanjeev grinned mischievously. “Our ride is here.”

Janki narrowed her eyes. “Ride?”

He leaned closer, brushing his lips against her cheek as he whispered, “I got us a motorcycle for the day.”

Janki pulled back slightly, looking at him in disbelief. “Sanjeev, you’ve already had beer this

morning, and now you're planning to ride a bike?
Are you crazy?"

Sanjeev rolled his eyes playfully. "Oh come on, it's just two beers. That's not going to affect my driving."

Janki crossed her arms. "I don't think that's a good idea."

Sanjeev pulled her into his lap, his arms wrapping around her waist. "Trust me," he murmured, tracing his fingers along her back, making her shiver.

She sighed. "You always get away with things when you do this."

He chuckled. "Because you love it."

She shook her head but couldn't hide her smile. "Fine. But if we crash, I swear I'll haunt you as a ghost."

Sanjeev laughed. "Noted."

They shared another lingering kiss before getting up and heading inside to freshen up.

Getting Ready – With Mischief and Romance

As Janki stood in front of the mirror, tying the strings of her sundress, Sanjeev sneaked up behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist.

“Hey,” she protested, laughing, “let me at least get ready!”

Sanjeev rested his chin on her shoulder. “But I like you like this—half-dressed, all mine.”

Janki blushed but swatted his hand away. “We have places to be, Mr. Loverboy.”

He smirked. “A quick distraction won’t hurt.”

She turned in his arms, pressing a finger against his lips. “No more distractions, mister. Let’s go have breakfast first.”

Sanjeev sighed dramatically. “Fine, but you owe me a distraction later.”

She rolled her eyes but smiled. “Let’s see how well you behave.”

Breakfast & Flirty Banter

At the restaurant, Janki decided to let Sanjeev order for both of them. He confidently asked the waiter, “We’ll have a Goan breakfast—Pao Bhaji, Chorizo Pao, and a fresh pineapple juice for her.”

Janki raised an eyebrow. “And what about you?”

Sanjeev grinned. “Kingfisher beer.”

Janki gasped. “Beer? Again?”

He winked. “Goa is about two things—beach and beer. And I’m living the Goan life, baby.”

She shook her head, laughing. “You’re impossible.”

As they waited for their food, Sanjeev reached across the table and held her hand. “You know, I could get used to this.”

Janki smiled softly. “What, Goa?”

He shook his head. “Waking up next to you every morning.”

Her heart fluttered, and she squeezed his hand. “Me too.”

Their breakfast arrived, and Janki took a bite of the spicy Chorizo Pao. Her eyes widened as she chewed. “Wow, this is so good!”

Sanjeev smirked. “See? Told you I’d order the best for you.”

She narrowed her eyes. “You’re getting too good at this, Mr. Sanjeev.”

He leaned closer. “That’s because I plan to spoil you.”

She laughed, shaking her head. “Fine. You win.”

Sanjeev lifted his beer. “A toast—to more adventures today.”

Janki clinked her juice glass against his beer can. “And to not getting lost this time.”

They both laughed, ready for another day of love, adventure, and unexpected surprises.

After finishing their breakfast, Sanjeev and Janki walked toward the parking area, hand in hand. The bright morning sun bathed the hotel’s entrance in golden light, and the air carried the scent of salty sea breeze mixed with the distant aroma of freshly baked Goan pao from a nearby stall.

Waiting beside a gleaming black Royal Enfield was a young Goan boy, probably in his early twenties, dressed in a casual t-shirt and cargo shorts. He held the motorcycle keys in one hand and a pair of helmets in the other.

Sanjeev smiled at him. “Hey, thanks for bringing the ride.”

The boy nodded but hesitated before handing over the keys. He sniffed slightly and glanced at Sanjeev with a bit of suspicion. “Sir, uh... have you been drinking?”

Janki’s eyes widened as she glanced at Sanjeev, who immediately put on his most charming smile. “Oh, come on, my friend,” he said smoothly, leaning slightly toward the boy. “That’s not alcohol you’re smelling—it’s just my perfume. I might have gone a little overboard with it today.”

The boy’s face relaxed, and he laughed nervously. “Oh, sorry, sir! I just have to be careful, you know.”

Sanjeev clapped him on the shoulder. “Of course, I understand. You’re doing a great job. Here, have this.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out a crisp ₹200 note, handing it to the boy as a tip.

The boy’s eyes lit up. “Thank you, sir! Enjoy your ride!” He handed over the keys and the helmets before heading off.

Janki watched the interaction, clearly impressed. As soon as the boy walked away, she turned to Sanjeev, admiration shining in her eyes. “You’re something else, you know that?”

Sanjeev smirked. “Oh? And what exactly am I?”

She leaned in and gently kissed him on the cheek. “A smooth talker with a golden heart.”

He chuckled, putting an arm around her waist. “And you’re the most beautiful woman who has ever sat on the back of my bike.”

She laughed. “Flattery won’t make me stop worrying about your crazy driving skills.”

Sanjeev grinned and handed her a helmet. “Well, buckle up, sweetheart. This is going to be one hell of a ride.”

Speed, Thrill, and Laughter on the Open Road

Sanjeev kick-started the motorcycle, and the powerful engine roared to life. Janki, dressed in a breezy floral dress, climbed onto the back seat and wrapped her arms tightly around Sanjeev’s waist.

“Hold on tight,” he warned playfully.

Before she could respond, he twisted the accelerator, and the bike shot forward.

“Aaahhh! Sanjeev, slow down!” Janki shrieked, her fingers digging into his shirt as she clung to him for dear life.

Sanjeev laughed loudly. “Where’s your spirit of adventure?”

“I have it! I just don’t want to fly off this bike!” she yelled into his ear, though the wind carried her voice away.

Sanjeev playfully revved the bike again, speeding down the narrow, picturesque lanes of Goa’s villages. Coconut trees lined both sides of the road, their leaves swaying gently in the breeze. The road was mostly empty, except for the occasional bullock cart, a wandering cow, or a group of kids playing cricket in an open field.

Janki’s grip around him tightened, but slowly, she began to relax. The cool wind whipping through her hair, the endless stretch of green paddy fields, and the distant view of the blue Arabian Sea made her heart swell with excitement.

She leaned forward, her lips close to his ear. “Okay, I admit it! This is fun!”

Sanjeev grinned. “See? Told you I’m the best tour guide!”

She giggled. “Well, my tour guide, I demand a smoother ride!”

Sanjeev pretended to think. “Hmm... smoother, you say? Let me try something.”

And just as she thought he would slow down, he *accelerated again!*

Janki shrieked, half in fear, half in exhilaration. “SANJEEV! YOU’RE INSANE!”

He laughed loudly, enjoying the moment. “And yet, you’re having the time of your life!”

She smacked his shoulder playfully. “I hate that you’re right!”

The road stretched ahead of them like a dream, curving through peaceful Goan villages. Women in colorful sarees carried baskets of fish on their heads, men sat outside small tea stalls, gossiping lazily, and a few old Portuguese-style houses stood proudly with their peeling yellow and blue walls.

At one point, Sanjeev slowed down slightly as they approached a charming little village market. People bustled about, buying fresh fruits and vegetables from small roadside vendors. The smell of frying samosas and freshly brewed chai filled the air.

Janki took a deep breath, savoring the moment. “This place is magical.”

Sanjeev glanced at her through the rearview mirror. “And you, my dear, are the most magical thing in it.”

She blushed, tightening her hold on him. “Okay, okay, you win. You’re officially the best boyfriend ever.”

Sanjeev smirked. “Damn right, I am.”

As they rode through the village, they passed a tiny local shop selling ice cream.

“STOP! STOP! STOP!” Janki suddenly yelled, making Sanjeev nearly swerve.

“Whoa, what happened?!” he asked, startled.

“Ice cream! I want ice cream!” she exclaimed, pointing excitedly at the shop.

Sanjeev laughed. “You scared the life out of me for ice cream?”

“Yes! Now park the bike before I jump off!”

Still chuckling, he pulled over, and they hopped off. The shop was small, run by an old Goan man with a thick white mustache.

Janki eagerly looked at the flavors. “Hmm... I’ll take tender coconut.”

Sanjeev nodded. “I’ll take choco-mint.”

As they licked their ice creams, Janki leaned against the bike and sighed happily. “This is perfect.”

Sanjeev took a bite of his and grinned. “You mean *we* are perfect.”

She smirked. “You’re getting really good at this romantic stuff.”

He winked. “Only because I have the best muse.”

With laughter in their hearts and ice cream in their hands, they knew—this was going to be a day to remember.

Chapter [X]: A Wild Ride and a Dangerous Fall

As they rode further into the heart of Goa’s countryside, the sun began to climb high, casting a warm golden glow over the lush green fields and winding roads. The cool morning breeze had turned into a warm, salty air, carrying the scent of distant coconut trees and blooming frangipanis.

Sanjeev, now completely immersed in the Goan experience, slowed the bike down as they passed a small roadside shack with a rustic wooden sign that read *Authentic Goan Feni – Taste the Spirit of Goa!*

He smirked. “What do you say, Janki? One quick stop for some local flavors?”

Janki scrunched her nose. “Ugh, no way! I had it yesterday, and it was terrible!”

Sanjeev laughed. “Come on, you just didn’t appreciate its *true essence*.”

She crossed her arms. “Its *true essence* tasted like firewood mixed with engine oil.”

He shook his head. “You’re insulting Goa’s heritage, darling. That’s unacceptable.”

Before she could protest further, he had already parked the bike and walked inside the shack. A friendly old Goan man, dressed in a simple white shirt and shorts, greeted him.

“One shot?” Sanjeev asked.

The old man chuckled. “Sir, one shot is never enough. This is the best Feni in all of Goa!”

Sanjeev grinned. “Then give me three.”

Janki’s eyes widened. “Three?! Are you serious?”

Sanjeev winked. “Completely.”

He took the first shot, exhaling sharply as the strong cashew liquor burned his throat. The second

one went down smoother, and by the third, he was grinning from ear to ear.

Janki shook her head. “You’re impossible.”

He shrugged. “I’m just embracing the Goan way of life.”

With a playful roll of her eyes, Janki helped him back onto the motorcycle. The ride continued through scenic villages, past tiny whitewashed churches and old Portuguese houses with colorful walls. The sun shimmered off the distant sea, making everything look like a painting.

Lunch and Love at a Seaside Shack

They soon arrived at a charming seaside restaurant with a thatched roof and wooden chairs placed on a sandy floor. The sound of waves crashing against the rocks added to the atmosphere. They found a cozy corner, shaded by palm trees, and settled in for lunch.

Sanjeev leaned back in his chair, his eyes half-lidded from the Feni. “Janki, I think Goa is making me poetic.”

She chuckled. “Oh really? Let’s hear your poetry, Mr. Drunk Romantic.”

He cleared his throat dramatically. “Ahem! *The waves dance, the palm trees sway, but nothing in Goa is as beautiful as you today.*”

Janki burst out laughing. “That was... actually really sweet.”

He smirked. “See? Feni brings out the Shakespeare in me.”

Shaking her head, she picked up a forkful of prawn curry and rice. “Eat before your poetry turns into nonsense.”

Sanjeev took a bite of his spicy fish thali and sighed. “If I die right now, I’ll die happy.”

She shot him a glare. “Don’t say such things!”

He chuckled, taking her hand in his. “Okay, okay. I’ll live. But only because I still have so many romantic lines left to say to you.”

She squeezed his hand. “And I want to hear them all... just not while you’re tipsy.”

By the time lunch was over, the strong Feni had done its job. Sanjeev was feeling even more light-headed, his movements slightly loose, his laughter a bit too loud.

Janki frowned. “Are you sure you can ride back?”

He waved off her concern. “Of course! I told you, I’m a seasoned rider.”

Reluctantly, Janki got on the bike, still uneasy. The road back to the hotel was quiet, the afternoon heat making everything seem slower—except for Sanjeev’s driving.

Sanjeev, now completely under the influence of the Feni, twisted the throttle with a little too much enthusiasm. The bike roared forward, zipping past small carts and pedestrians at an alarming speed.

“Sanjeev! Slow down!” Janki shouted, holding him tightly.

“Relax, Janki! This is the thrill of the ride!” he yelled back, grinning.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a car pulled into their lane.

“SHIT!” Sanjeev’s eyes widened.

In a split second, he yanked the handlebars sharply to the left, trying to avoid a collision. But it was too late. The sudden turn and the speed caused the motorcycle to lose traction.

The tires screeched.

The bike wobbled.

And then—

CRASH!

They both hit the ground hard. The motorcycle skidded on its side for several meters before coming to a stop.

Janki, luckily, had landed on a patch of soft mud. She groaned, brushing dirt off her arms, realizing she was unharmed. But then she saw Sanjeev.

He was on the ground, clutching his left elbow, his face twisted in pain. Blood was seeping from a deep gash.

“Sanjeev!” she cried, rushing to him.

He let out a pained chuckle. “Well... that wasn’t part of the plan.”

“Shut up! You’re bleeding!” Her voice was frantic as she knelt beside him.

Within moments, a group of locals gathered around. A few of them lifted the motorcycle upright while others helped Sanjeev to his feet.

“Bhaiya, there’s a chemist nearby. Come with us,” one of them said.

Janki helped him walk as they reached a small medical shop in the nearby market. The chemist, a middle-aged man, quickly cleaned Sanjeev’s wound, applying antiseptic while Sanjeev winced.

“This is deep,” the chemist said. “You should go to a hospital.”

Sanjeev shook his head. “Just bandage it up. I’ll be fine.”

Janki’s eyes filled with frustration. “Sanjeev, for once, listen to reason!”

But he was as stubborn as ever. “I’ve fallen off horses worse than this back in school and college. This? This is nothing.”

The chemist wrapped a crepe bandage tightly around his elbow. “At least don’t ride the bike, sir. Take an auto.”

Sanjeev laughed. “That’s cute. But no thanks.”

He walked over to the motorcycle, kicked it back to life, and turned to Janki. “Hop on.”

She hesitated. “I really think we should call an ambulance.”

He smiled, despite the pain. “I’m a strong man, Janki. A little scratch won’t stop me.”

His confidence, his resilience—it did something to her. She felt her heart swell with admiration.

She stepped closer, cupped his face, and kissed him deeply. Her lips lingered on his, their breaths mingling, as if she wanted to transfer all her care and love into that moment.

Then she hugged him tightly. “Don’t ever scare me like that again.”

They remained in that embrace for a few moments before she finally got onto the bike.

With his injured arm wrapped in a bandage and Janki holding onto him tighter than ever, Sanjeev revved the engine, and they rode back toward the hotel—this time, at a much slower pace.

Chapter 15: Love Heals All Wounds

As Sanjeev and Janki pulled into the hotel parking lot, the motorcycle renter was already waiting for them, his sharp eyes scanning the bike for damages. Sanjeev exhaled, knowing there was no way to avoid this conversation.

He pulled out the keys, handed them over, and gestured toward the scrapes on the side of the motorcycle. “Look, there was an accident. A car came out of nowhere, and I had to swerve to avoid it. I couldn’t help it. I’ll pay for the damages.”

The motorcycle renter, a middle-aged Goan man with a kind face, examined the bike before looking up at Sanjeev. His gaze softened when he noticed the bandage wrapped around his elbow and the dried blood on his arm.

“No, sir,” he said with a gentle smile. “I see you are hurt, and I understand. Goa’s roads are full of careless drivers, especially the ones who drink and don’t bother about the lanes. I can’t take money from you when you are already in pain. Consider it bad luck and nothing else.”

Sanjeev was taken aback. He wasn’t expecting such kindness. “Are you sure?”

The man nodded. “Yes, sir. You enjoy your stay and take care of yourself.”

Janki placed a hand on Sanjeev’s arm, squeezing it lightly. “See? The universe is still being kind to you.”

Sanjeev chuckled. “Maybe because I have you by my side.”

With that, they made their way back to the hotel room.

The Room, the Concern, and the Passion

As soon as they entered the room, Janki turned to him with a firm look.

“We need to go to the hospital, Sanjeev. The chemist was not a real doctor. What if your elbow is fractured?”

Sanjeev smirked, took her by the waist, and pulled her close. His lips brushed against her ear as he whispered, “I don’t need a doctor, Janki. I just need you.”

Before she could protest, he pressed his lips against hers, deep and passionate. She melted instantly, feeling the warmth of his body against hers. His hands traced the curve of her back as he guided her toward the bed, his breath mingling with hers.

Janki pulled away slightly, her fingers running over his bandaged elbow. “You’re injured, Sanjeev...” she whispered, concerned.

He kissed her nose playfully. “Then take care of me. Heal me with your love.”

She smiled, surrendering to the moment. She slowly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing his strong, sculpted chest. Her fingertips lightly traced the bruises on his skin, her touch delicate, full of care.

Sanjeev gently tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear before tilting her chin up, locking eyes with her. “You’re beautiful, Janki,” he murmured.

She blushed but didn’t look away. Instead, she ran her fingers through his hair, pulling him in for another deep, lingering kiss.

Their breaths became heavier, their bodies entwined as they explored each other with tenderness and desire. Sanjeev ran his hands down her back, pulling her closer, feeling her warmth against him. Janki buried her face into his neck, kissing him softly, trailing her lips down his jawline.

Time seemed to blur as they lost themselves in each other, their lovemaking filled with slow, passionate movements, whispers of affection, and shared laughter between the sheets.

After a while, Janki rested her head on Sanjeev's chest, listening to his heartbeat. He held her protectively, running his fingers through her hair, savouring the quiet, intimate moment.

"You make pain feel like pleasure," he murmured.

Janki smiled against his skin. "And you make me feel things I never thought I could."

Sunset, Beer, and Desire

A little while later, Sanjeev reached for the phone and called the restaurant. "A few beers and some snacks to our room, please."

Janki, still lying beside him, chuckled. "You're unbelievable."

He smirked. "I need something to go with this perfect evening."

As the sun began its descent, painting the sky with shades of orange, pink, and gold, they moved to the balcony. The waves crashed gently against the shore, creating a soothing symphony.

Sanjeev popped open a beer, took a long sip, and lit a cigarette.

Janki sat beside him, watching him with admiration. She had always thought smoking was an unattractive habit, but something about the way Sanjeev did it—so effortlessly, so confidently—made him look dangerously attractive. The soft glow of the cigarette’s ember reflected in his eyes, making them look even more intense.

“You look really handsome when you smoke,” she admitted, surprising herself.

Sanjeev raised an eyebrow. “Oh? I thought you hated smoking.”

She smirked. “I do. But you... you make everything look sexy.”

Sanjeev took another slow drag of his cigarette, exhaling the smoke into the cool evening air. “Then I guess I should smoke more often.”

She laughed, nudging him playfully. “Don’t push your luck.”

He set the cigarette down in the ashtray and pulled her into his lap, wrapping his arms around her. “You know, this is perfect. Just you, me, the ocean, and this beautiful sunset.”

She sighed, resting her head against his shoulder. “Yes. It really is.”

For a while, they just sat there, watching the last rays of sunlight disappear into the horizon, holding each other close, feeling completely lost in their own world.

Sanjeev placed a soft kiss on Janki's forehead.
"I think I'm falling for you, Janki."

She looked up at him, her eyes filled with emotion. "I think I already have."

As the stars began to twinkle in the night sky, they stayed in that embrace, knowing that something deep, something real had sparked between them.

And for that moment, nothing else in the world mattered.

Chapter 16: The Unexpected Call

The golden light of dawn seeped through the sheer white curtains of their hotel room, casting soft shadows across the bed. Janki stirred, her body still tangled with Sanjeev's, her face buried in his chest. The scent of him—faint traces of beer, cologne, and something purely *him*—filled her senses. She smiled lazily, not yet wanting to wake up.

But then—her phone rang.

Janki's body tensed instantly. She blinked twice, adjusting to the morning light, and turned toward the bedside table. The screen flashed with an unknown number.

Careful not to wake Sanjeev, she slipped out of bed, pulling the blanket over his bare shoulder, and walked to the balcony. A cool morning breeze touched her skin as she pressed the phone to her ear.

“Hello?” she whispered.

For a few moments, she listened, her expression shifting from confusion to worry. Her grip on the railing tightened.

Sanjeev, now half-awake, turned on his side and ran a lazy hand over the space where she had been.

Finding it empty, he groaned and sat up, his messy hair falling over his forehead.

“Jaan... why are you whispering in the morning?” he mumbled, rubbing his eyes.

Janki turned, quickly ending the call. Her face was unreadable.

“Sanjeev... we need to go back home early,” she said softly but firmly.

Sanjeev frowned, stretching his arms before getting up and walking towards her. He stood behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist and pulling her into his chest. “*Already?* What’s the rush, darling?” he murmured, placing a gentle kiss on her shoulder.

Janki looked away, avoiding his gaze. “It’s... something important,” she said vaguely.

Sanjeev raised an eyebrow. His grip on her tightened as he nuzzled her neck. “Is it your husband?” he asked bluntly. “Did he get into trouble again?”

She sighed, shaking her head. “No, he’s fine. It’s something else.”

Sanjeev turned her around, his deep eyes locking onto hers. “Then tell me what it is,” he said, tilting her chin up.

Janki hesitated. For the first time, she wasn’t playful, wasn’t teasing—she looked genuinely troubled.

“I can’t,” she whispered.

Sanjeev smirked, though his eyes darkened. “Then we aren’t going anywhere,” he declared, running his fingers through her hair.

“Sanjeev...”

“No, no arguments,” he cut her off playfully. “If you won’t tell me why we need to leave, then we’ll stick to our original plan. We have two more days here, and I’m not leaving before that.”

Janki sighed in frustration, resting her forehead against his chest. “You’re impossible,” she muttered.

Sanjeev chuckled. “And yet, you love me,” he teased, pressing a lingering kiss to the top of her head.

She pulled back, pretending to be annoyed, but he caught her wrists and pulled her into a deep, slow kiss. She melted into him, her fingers gripping his

bare arms. Even in an argument, he knew how to turn her weakness into desire.

Breaking the kiss, he smirked. “Still want to leave?” he murmured against her lips.

She huffed. “This isn’t fair.”

“All’s fair in love and Goa, sweetheart.”

She giggled despite herself. He lifted her effortlessly and tossed her back onto the bed, climbing over her. “Until you tell me the reason, we’re staying right here,” he whispered, peppering kisses along her collarbone.

She arched slightly beneath him, her breath hitching. “You’re such a stubborn man.”

“And you’re my stubborn woman.”

Janki let out a soft laugh, her hands moving into his hair. For a moment, she forgot everything—the call, the urgency, the real world. Here, in this moment, there was only Sanjeev.

But deep inside her heart, an unsettling feeling remained.

Something had changed.

And she knew that no matter how much she loved this man, the world outside this hotel room was about to catch up with them.

TO BE CONTINUED IN PART 2

Secrets Between Us