

UNTIL
I LEARN
TO LOVE
AGAIN

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TreeShade Books



Chapter 1

Should you ever fall in love, fall in love with their goodness, their truthfulness, their perfection, thousand different flaws, the radiance within their heart, every inch of their soul, every blank space within them that succumbs you, with everything that resides within them. Love doesn't choose, it embraces...

Have you ever wondered whether there is a handbook to love? Do you think you need guidance to fall in love? Does it come naturally to you or do you need assistance? Love is a plethora of possibilities and everyone's experience, while being the same, is also unique.

Janvi Sharma, a Delhi girl in every sense, always thought that her experiences with love make her one of her own kind. However, she soon realised that everyone is experiencing the same thing- the same parallels, and love stories with the mundane and the same. However, every story of love and loss is woven in such a way that there's always an intricate distinction in all their similarities which makes each one beautiful. This is Janvi's love story.

A shy, sensitive twenty-five-year-old, Janvi lives with her loving, affectionate family in the Greenville apartments situated in Defence Colony, New Delhi. The society is a new construction comprising contemporary style multi-storeyed

buildings. The neighbours enjoy a good connection with each other and in the close-knit arrangement of the houses, nothing is ever private. She grew up amongst neighbours who were close friends. A fair child with hazel eyes, curly hair and plump cheeks, Janvi had always been the favourite kid in the colony who had enjoyed extra attention for being beautiful. Janvi's best friend and companion during her childhood had been the naughtiest boy in the apartment complex— Dhruv Khurana. He would tease her, pull her ponytail, make jokes on her and yet would get away with everything because Janvi adored him. She never let any girl in the prep school play jigsaw with him. Five-year-old Dhruv would also share all his chocolates only with his best friend Janvi even though she'd be the one who he teased the most.

They did everything together. Their mothers would drop them to their schools, laughing and talking about how they enjoyed the previous day's episode of the daily soap they were watching. Both the ladies would discuss that debating what would happen next on their trips to the school. The careless mothers would sometimes be so engrossed in the conversation that, they would stop paying attention to the kids, forgetting to pull their kids towards them, each time a speeding car passed by, till the very last moment. Startled, they would mutter curses at the so-called rich, spoilt brats driving cars. The mothers, like typical Indian moms, were over-protective for their children and no one could get away with hurting them.

The Sharmas, Janvi's parents and Khuranas, Dhruv's parents had been friends for a long time. They decided to become business partners forty years back - a successful partnership comprising departmental stores. The joint business strengthened their personal relations and brought the families together and they remained best of friends up to the date when our story begins!

While fifteen years did not change their rock-solid family friendship, Janvi changed a lot. From a curly-haired chubby child, she grew up into a beautiful woman with silky, straight hair. Her hazel eyes were her USP. As a child, she never liked them because they made her stand out amongst other kids but her mother assured her that she had the eyes of an angel. Her extremely fair skin turned to a perfect pale pink tint overtime.

The menace-maker Dhruv, too, grew up into a good-looking, young man. With jet black, short and well-groomed hair, broad shoulders and a square jaw, he was a head-turner. While they grew and blossomed into beautiful, young adults, what did not change was that they remained best friends. Their deep bond was sacred and pure.

They had always planned to get admission at the same university - the coveted Delhi University. Janvi had always been a brilliant, straight-A student. Her academic records had been commendable, so she knew that she would get into her dream college at the university, which she did. Both of them, in fact, did. Even with mediocre grades, Dhruv was able to use his father's influence and get into Delhi University. Janvi and he had already made a pact that they would study together and he couldn't stand up on her. No chance.

Journalism was Janvi's major and she worked hard throughout her grad years for shaping her own future, independently. A promising career, however, couldn't fetch her promising personal life, unfortunately. Janvi was someone who experienced a numerous feelings through her various relationships. She embraced all the emotions that love could make her feel. She had believed, all her life, that love was a destination – a place you reached, but *in reality*, it turned out that love was a journey. Sometimes, you wouldn't know that it was love until it's too late, but if it really was

meant to be, you will always figure it out in the end. It's not difficult to recognize a love that's unadulterated.

What made a soothing, beautiful feeling called love so chaotic sometimes? People! Us! We made relationships chaotic. We love, sometimes too much, sometimes too little. Often, we use too much of logic, the other times, we let feelings take absolute control. Either way, chaos is an unwelcome guest. This is Janvi's story – of her experiences with love.

‘Can experience teach you how to fall in love?’

Twenty-five-year-old but way mature, Janvi had always found herself caught up in feelings and emotions. She had been struggling with emotions and relationships since she was at a young, tender and impressionable age. Introverted Janvi often found herself enjoying her own company while being in the midst of a thousand people. She'd always be able to steal a moment for herself even where solitude seemed too unaffordable. If she needed company, she would be with Dhruv as if it were her right. Dhruv was her safe haven.

As time passed, Dhruv's Superman capes were replaced by Superman boxers that would be taken off every weekend by someone new yet prettier than last one while Janvi's Barbie doll hairbrushes were replaced by sophisticated hair appliances that would groom the beautiful, meticulous lady for a demanding office day ahead.

It was 8.45 a.m. on a usual Monday morning. There were clothes lying everywhere on the floor in Janvi's room. Unfinished reports from the previous night lay carelessly on the bed, fluttering under the ceiling fan. They were almost done but still needed proofreading. Janvi looked at herself in the mirror and sighed, “What have I done to myself, freaking god?” Her long black strands were dripping water everywhere on the marbled floor beneath her. She wished

that she could wake up with an energy like the character *Poo* from the Hindi film *K3G* but each time she would look at her reflection in the mirror, she would meet a twenty-five-year old, burdened with deadlines to meet, scared of arrears and over-using annual leave; and, if it could be any worse, devoid of an emotional existence.

“*Janviiiiiiiiiii, Janvi beta*, what are you doing?” Her mother called out from the kitchen.

“Nothing *ma*, getting ready! Coming!” Janvi snapped out of her thoughts and replied, quickly gathering all the material required for the day’s presentation that she had to lead. There were crucial clients coming in for a deal which hopefully would lead her team to a major international tie-up. Losing on this one could cost Janvi really heavy.

Portrait, where she worked, was the number one selling fashion magazine in the country. It was a dream workplace for journalism and fashion enthusiasts all over India. With an astonishing turnover of crores and numbers whopping every year, *Portrait* set the bar high for its rivals, driving them out of the market. The marketability and the brand-name of the magazine would profit it every year, making it to the numero uno magazine for elites. A career here was rewarding. Being referred to as “out-of-league” by fellow graduates never stopped either Janvi or Dhruv from applying for jobs in the *Portrait* offices. Undoubtedly, there was rejection for both of them, once, twice, thrice; résumés which were thrown in the bin without even being considered; auto-generated mail responses that would do nothing but acknowledge their applications along with thousands alike. *Portrait* had never been a cakewalk for either of them. Yet, ambitious Janvi refused to give up and Dhruv always found it difficult to accept his share of rejections and not having Janvi around, and so three years of constant efforts, unending networking

and regular internships under *Portrait* got them both what they craved- an envious job at the magazine. Both families couldn't stop boasting for long. Society would gobble on the sweets by Khuranas and Sharmas for days and every unemployed youth in the apartments had a tough week ahead! The average –scorers, too, braced for the peer pressure. In a social set-up like ours, we're comfortable with mediocrity until someone comes and raises the bar. There begins the social unrest.

“Dhruv has called. Go answer the phone.” Her Mom said, coughing on the aroma from the *dal* that had filled the entire kitchen.

“Dhruv? Why didn't he call on my cell?” A surprised Janvi checked her mobile in disbelief.

There were 23 *missed calls*.

“*Didi*, Dhruv *bhaiyya* said you didn't pick up.” Kunti jumped in to add, while working in the kitchen. Kunti had been their house-help ever since they shifted to Defence Colony, a locality in South Delhi. They used to live in East Delhi in a matchbox-sized apartment, years back until the business profits soared up and they could afford an apartment in this elite society. Kunti, an expensive resource, had been their help since then. “Oh shit!” Janvi muttered as she rushed to speak to Dhruv, “Freak, you're going to kill me, Dhruv, I'm so sorry, I left the phone on silent last night.” She finished the sentence in one breath.

“Did nobody ever tell you that a friend in need, is, in fact, a friend indeed?” Dhruv croaked lazily on the line. There's a certain kind of seduction in a man's voice when he wakes up in the morning. Janvi hated talking about love but ironically that's what she loved too. Romantic thoughts would please her as much as they appalled her.

“Oh, god, Dhruv, please, I thought at least this Sunday you would like to get off from your “weekend-sex” routine and, for once, I wouldn’t have to save your ass for you.” Janvi rolled her eyes and kept her planner, charts and folders in the briefcase. She was running late for the office today and she wasn’t prepared to tutor Dhruv on responsibilities.

“Hmmmmmm, why?” He stretched on his bed, pecking the cheek of the person lying next to him, “What’s so special about this Monday?”

“No. You didn’t just say that.” Janvi shook her head in disbelief. “Well, you’d probably know if you don’t get your ass off that bed and reach the office in precisely...” She looked down at her watch, “...20 minutes. Yeah, good luck with the traffic!” She dropped the bomb and pressed the elevator button.

“Precisely, how much do you owe me for covering for you every freaking time? I’ve even lost the count.” An exasperated Janvi said while biting into her sandwich. She was sitting, cross-legged, on the metal bench in the bustling office canteen. Dhruv was seated right in front of her. He was checking his Facebook account on his laptop while they talked. Around her, people dressed in corporate black, laughed throwing their head back, something they wouldn’t do in their cubicles while working. At work, everyone adhered to work ethics so much so that if you wouldn’t see them laughing in the canteen, you wouldn’t believe that they are capable of laughing. *Incapable of laughing? That is unfortunate and absurd. Why should happiness ever feel like an effort? Why should it ever feel like it’s borrowed and not inherent?* Janvi had always questioned life. She herself was going through a rough patch. Emotionally unstable was what she called herself these days. And, she has one question from life- why does love feel so good but hurt so bad?

“I am thanking you now for saving me from *mumma* and bringing me this sandwich. But, for covering up for my presentation, I can’t even pay you back, J.” Dhruv laughed, unwrapping his own sandwich and taking a bite off it.

“Well, you’re welcome.” Janvi brushed her shoulder. Her jet-black blazer fitted her perfectly and made her blend well in the corporate office environment.

Later, while she was at her work desk, she looked out of the window. Her work-space was on the twentieth floor of a skyscraper in Gurgaon. You could see the entire world from this air-conditioned cabin. Overlooking the rushing cars below, she contemplated, if one had a perfect degree, perfect job and perfect future, what would one be complaining about? Probably, the fact that feelings couldn’t be pacified with an attractive CV? She reasoned with herself. Her relationships hadn’t been rewarding and her recent break-up was especially exhausting.

She felt that emotionally, the twenties were a difficult decade in one’s life, but every decade has its own problems. While her mind felt fulfilled and she felt proud about what she had achieved; her walk was little more suave; her dressing sense was appropriate and sophisticated as was required from the most diligent employee of this elite magazine, there still was something missing from her life.

Working 24x7 kept her fully functional in her head and diverted her from the romantic road she was scared to walk on as much as she longed for romance and love. She had an emotional void in her heart, created by someone and which was needed to be filled. But, she would choose to be practical, and adopt a rather mature outlook towards life. Whether she was happy right now was debatable but she sure was satisfied. *Portrait* had become her love interest for long - paying for her dresses, her shoes- what a perfect, beautiful romance.

She looked away at a far-off building which was still under construction with a cup of coffee in her hands as Dhruv's thoughts filled her head. His life had been different. Not that he was any less proud about his job-profile at *Portrait*, but it only mattered to him as long as she was around him. Dhruv used to living his life in a very easy-going way, believed that worrying about a situation would not fix anything. If something could be fixed, it should be. Why worry about it? Or on the other hand, why worry at all? That had been his mantra for twenty-four years now. Dhruv would not slog at his work; he would just go with it, perfectly chilled and relaxed. Having lived a pampered, privileged life, the sole heir of the Khurana clan- Mr. Dhruv, was utterly spoiled. Moreover, *Portrait* was not his dream. He just wanted to be wherever Janvi was just so she could attend to his comforts. Dhruv was an irresponsible, handsome-looking alpha-male used to luxuries. While his father provided him with all the riches in the world, he didn't teach him any responsibility. So, Dhruv spent his weekends splurging cash on new women and sleeping with them. The sweet innocent boy with whom Janvi played had grown up into an absolute womanizer. Only she, who was his confidant and close companion, knew or saw his vulnerable side.

Janvi snapped out of her thoughts when she saw the time. It was 8 p.m. already. She was late for home. She gulped down her coffee, locked the drawer, arranged her work desk for the final time and picked up her blazer before walking out.

“What was the number, this Sunday?” Janvi mocked Dhruv, as they walked through the golden-plated revolving door. Dhruv, as always, had been waiting for her. They always went back home together in Dhruv's car where they took turns to drive. Today it was his turn.

Dhruv laughed, taking a hand out of his pocket, “Was too drunk to remember.”

“Dhruv, you’re so shameless, I’m scared that someday my daughter will end up in a world lived by people like you.”

“Get used to it? People like us are lessons for life who you should learn from. How are you supposed to grow resilience otherwise? Break-ups leave you stronger, sweetheart.”

“Bullshit!” Janvi swivelled and gave him a death stare. The stare was a perfect match with all her tied-up hair that was still held together neatly as if she had just retouched them. Perfection was Janvi’s thing.

They reached B6 which was Dhruv’s reserved parking spot. Dhruv pressed the switch on his car keys and it flapped open with a beep. “What’s said is said, you can only counter that for me if you’re able to.” He flashed a mocking smile.

Janvi didn’t feel like responding to his retort as she sat in the car. Dhruv was expecting a reply. There was a deafening silence between them. Janvi avoided Dhruv’s gaze by strapping the nylon seatbelt across her chest. Dhruv continued looking at her. He already knew what she was thinking, he just wanted her to reflect upon and analyze her own thoughts.

Dhruv had seen her life closely and was witness to every high and low and all the grey phases there have ever been. The line of secrecy was never drawn between these two. They were privy to each other’s milestones- the first kiss, sex, sneak-out, club party and the first mug of beer. If either of them would want to destroy the other, he/she could, very easily. They knew just too much about the other. This closeness was the beauty of their companionship.

Knowing her past, Dhruv sensed that she was trying not to show how miserable she felt. He noticed how every day,

make-up and tidy formal dressing would cover up that carefree, cheerful girl with messy, flowing hair, who liked to have fun in her casual jeans. Two failed relationships had brought Janvi to a point in her life where she was trying to avoid any mention of commitment. She was strong when it came to her ambitions but sensitive in the matters of heart so she couldn't risk it anymore. Janvi's past relationships had been troubled and watching her go through them bothered him. He had helped her as much as he could but there had been something missing in her life that he hadn't been able to figure out. Neither had she. Something was troubling her mind.

Janvi had always been a hopeless romantic. She desired an everlasting romance. The idea of marriage, a loving husband and her own kids was tempting to her. She wished for a concrete, stable relationship while Dhruv would run from the word "commitment". He wouldn't take responsibility for his own actions. At least to everyone he was like that but Janvi was an exception as he was sincerely responsible when it came to her.

Being just twenty- five, Janvi's experiences with love had been lessons of life. *Experiences are a great teacher. Each time you fail, you learn, you grow. But, importantly, you learn- to live and to love.* Young Janvi's failed relationships and her search for love changed her for good.

Dhruv knew that Janvi's previous break-up had shaken her. Watching her bottle up her hurt and resentment inside her and plaster that smile on her face to hide her pain bothered him. He also admired her because he didn't know if he could have held himself like this had he been in her place. He might have been broken, he knew it perfectly well. He wanted to provide that one thing that would help her find solace.

Janvi indeed couldn't counter him when put on a spot. The silence between them reminded her that men like Dhruv

were shallow. She couldn't break the silence because she was wrapped up in herself. She might not have been played by Dhruv, the womanizer, but she had her fair share of betrayal. Dhruv broke hearts almost every other day but with every broken heart, he would push someone, who urgently needed it, into reality.

That can't be called charity but it can be presumed to be one.



Chapter 2

*What path is this? Oh, what is this road?
Has she crossed the oceans yet, is she waiting by the shore?
Was she just strong enough, just worth a single storm?
What took her down?
The iron-lady, the rock-solid, the heart made of gold,
The passion, the yearning, a love that doesn't get old...*

That night, Janvi slipped into deeper thoughts. She had avoided her anxiety and pushed away the demons in her head for the longest period of time. It took only one question from Dhruv to drag her into deep self-reflection. She thought, she forgave everyone with a grateful heart but was she really that forgiving? Dhruv could've helped her clear her thoughts and help her become kinder and forgiving but she had started hiding a lot from him lately. She preferred a glass of wine and her own company over him.

Janvi was close to her mother and she could share the deepest things about herself with her *sometimes*. But she hid a lot of things from her too. She had looked up to her mother each time she had to make choices that could make a difference. A daughter is thought to be her father's dearest but Janvi was her mumma's girl.

Yash, her younger brother, was dear to her and she was over-protective about him. She was careful and considerate, ardent and affectionate to her brother, who was eight years younger than her. She was vigilant about his life and made sure he performed well in his academics as well as life. Both the siblings sometimes talked about their personal lives with each other. The age gap never came in the way. She was always emotionally there for him and vice versa. She didn't even want him to make mistakes, which was unfair, sometimes. She remembered how he emotionally broke down when his ex-girlfriend, Charvi, left him for a guy three years older because dating an older guy was supposedly "cool", amongst her girl group. That was Yash's first encounter with heartache and in those circumstances, he had confided in his elder sister- the only woman he felt could understand him enough.

Janvi's father had generally been non-interfering in their lives that she could not even feel his presence even though he might have been in the same room. Growing his business and establishing its presence globally was all they would talk about while on dinner table. His cell phone would ring throughout the day and business deals over the phones would silence everyone except him. The absence of a fatherly figure shaped the family in such a way that Janvi had to pose as a father and a sister both, to Yash.

Circumstances needed Janvi to be strong and bold. She was carrying it off decently but was life ever a test that you could be prepared for? No. That rarely happens. With a challenging job at hand and her recent break-up coming at her, she was still doing alright. Just alright.

"Janvi?" A soft voice spoke from outside her room. The door creaked and bangles tinkled. Janvi straightened up putting aside the pillow on her lap.

“Mumma?”

“Yes. What’re you doing sitting alone? Is everything okay? Did someone say something at work?” She got in and shut the door after her. Janvi’s briefcase was lying on the floor. She had carelessly thrown it before taking a hot shower after returning from work.

Janvi lazed back on the bed. She was still in her bath-gown and her hair was covered in a white towel. She picked up pillows to make space. “You had dinner?” She asked. Her mother always waited for her at dinner. Janvi was fairly late today so her mother too, hadn’t eaten anything.

“You know I always wait for you, *na*?” She reminded her. Janvi sighed, “Mumma, how many times should I tell you to have your meals on time? What about your sugar levels? It will get worse if you don’t eat and take meds on time.”

“Achha, sorry. I’ll eat on time *ab* tell me what’s bothering you? Why’re you so silent since you came back?”

She looked at her mother. She looked genuinely worried. She didn’t want to burden her with her problems. She pulled her mother’s cheeks playfully, “*Meri pyari ma*, nothing happened.” She lied. “Just a little tired from work.”

She pressed a kiss on Janvi’s forehead. It felt warm, peaceful and serene. She felt worry escaping her body and the stress releasing her from its clutches and tranquillity settling inside her. One can’t hide from a mother. She knows every pain.

“Liar!” Her mom said. Janvi felt comfort in the accusation. She felt understood and she needed it.

Mrs. Sharma hugged her daughter. She remembered how Janvi always sat on her lap, hugging her for long as a child. She would laugh heartily in her ears. She’d kiss her beautiful, smiling baby but this was different. Silence fell in the room

that was half-lit. A photo frame of little Janvi hugging her mother and smiling brightly stood on the side-table. It was from the time when she had won the lemon and spoon race in kindergarten. She had run joyously towards her mother, who lifted her in the air and hugged her tight and just then someone had clicked that photograph, capturing the moment for them. Years elapsed and nothing changed about that photograph -the bond, the people, the affectionate embrace - just, that smile appears enslaved within the boundaries of the wooden frame as if it couldn't travel through the time.

“Janvi *beta*, do you know what you should do whenever you are stuck in situations that you have no control over?” Janvi nodded her head, silently. She was leaning against her mother's shoulder. Her legs stretched out and crossed over each other. “Close your eyes and pray. Trust your God, he created this universe and he brought you here. He would find a way ahead for you.” She took a deep breath. “You can seek that help by keeping faith in yourself and going strong. Don't give in to your fears, *beta*, face them fiercely, and you'll see, greatest problems will seem little to you.”

“Promise?” Janvi didn't move a bit away from her.

Mrs. Sharma gave her a tight embrace and whispered, “Promise! Now, come for dinner. I'm hungry.”, and they both laughed.

Mornings at *Portrait* were routine- colleagues running around hurriedly, interns following them, holding up their clear folders, collecting briefs for their mentors and reporting to them. There were assigned cubicles for everyone; coffee stations surrounded by employees complaining about their job, sipping coffee from their Styrofoam cups. There were people who were half-asleep on their work-desks since it was early morning. Caffeine was used to stay awake and people were typing on their keyboards to deliver the manuscripts.

The only happening thing in *Portrait*, dearest Dhruv, was sitting right across Janvi's cubicle, separated by a glass pane. He whistled at her. Janvi looked up from her desktop, "What the hell, Dhruv? Where are your manners?"

"Chill, J, what are you working so hard on?" He gibbered, holding a pencil in his mouth. "How do you like your temporary workplace by the way?"

She looked up, narrowing her eyes, "Sure. It's only until my cabin is under renovation, you have the pleasure to ridicule me. I will soon shift back. Don't know who broke into my cabin last night."

Dhruv rolled up his sleeve, "I'm surprised why the intruder chose your cabin, actually. Such a boring chamber -white walls, black paintings, grey aesthetics. Looks like someone died in there." He laughed at his own joke.

"Very funny." She told him sarcastically. "It is any day better than unsolicited abstract paintings. Mine are at least Indian, pure *desi*."

He laughed harder this time. He had brought the paintings for his cabin from Italy where he had spotted an exceptionally talented roadside painter, whose art was under-appreciated. So he bought all his paintings for his cabin.

"Anyway, I hope you have a great dress for this evening." He tossed a crumpled paper ball inside the dustbin.

"Why? Are we going somewhere?" Janvi leaned over her desk, interested in the conversation.

Dhruv was waiting for this. He kept mum, laughing with his lips pursed. He couldn't miss an opportunity to annoy her. Janvi hated when people talked to her like this, or, if they left her curious and wondering for long. Dhruv knew that.

She snapped, "Don't do this to me, Dhruv, you know I hate it when you do that. Speak up!"

He revolved in his chair and laughed, taking pleasure from her annoyed demeanour. Dhruv would always find one way or another to tease her. All that mocking and teasing was his way of loving her best friend. The teasing came wrapped as a package with his affection and concern. Perhaps this was why he never wanted Janvi away from him.

“Okay, *baba*, fine. So, I knew you would forget it. Be ready at 8 tonight. We’ll pick you up for *Portrait’s* annual corporate bash. You had forgotten, right? Of course, you always forget the few things that remind me that *Portrait* is of any worth.” Dhruv took the opportunity to remind her that her obsession with work was making her forget that she was more than just a *Portrait’s* slave! Someone had to do that for her.

“Oh!” Janvi slapped the back of her head, going back to work. She had to deliver her column by noon, “I almost forgot.”

“And I really want to go, J, so I’m not taking a “no” for an answer this time.” He declared, looking straight up at her in the eye.

Janvi paused for a while. Her mind wandered off to a crazy place with hundreds of drunk people dancing, laughing, throwing up, making promises of love, life and laughter and making love to people, whose names they would not remember or know the next day. She shuddered at the thought. Did she really want to put herself through it? She blinked. She found Dhruv staring at her with eyes full of hope. She shook her head and sighed. She would do it for Dhruv.

“Fine. But this is the last time you are going to emotionally blackmail me. Pick me up at 8.” She pressed “Enter” on the keyboard, aggressively. A new folder got created. She

minimized the window, opened her notepad and typed “8 p.m. corporate party, today.”

“Great, we’ll be there.”

She got back to her work. Her eyes still fixed at the reference article on her laptop screen, she asked. “Who’re you coming along with?”

“Anahita, who else?” Dhruv shrugged nonchalantly.

Janvi pulled out a sheet from the drawer and started jotting down the list of upcoming columns that she had to pitch to other magazines by this weekend. She was in charge of her department and she didn’t want to leave an impression on her associates that leniency in work ethic was tolerated at *Portrait*. “And who’s Anahita now?”

“She’s my plus one tonight. We slept together last Sunday. I told you.” He reminded her.

“Since you remember her name, are you serious about her?” Janvi mockingly asked him, still typing aggressively.

“Of course not!” He laughed, getting off his chair. He had an adorable smile with dimples on his cheeks. He walked towards his cabin. Janvi looked up for a moment, watching him leave. So typical, she thought. She smiled to herself, shaking her head, “*Pagal*.” Sipping on another cup of coffee, she got back to her research.