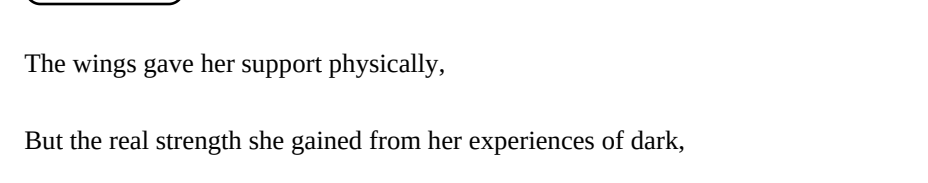


Soul Sisters



After loosing her wings, only she learnt to fly..... y.....

The wings gave her support physically,

But the real strength she gained from her experiences of dark,

She became more brighter and divine with passing time....

1 year later

Author's pov

Varanasi,

A bright and fresh sunny day. A girl was speeding up her bicycle. She has covered her head with her light pink dupata. Few naughty strands of her locks disturbing her and she was trying to get rid of them by blowing air on her face but failing miserably.

She was driving her bicycle little faster and occasionally checking the time.

"Vishnuji, I'm getting late...help me..."

She murmured in tension.

Finally, a small smile of relaxation covered her face when she found her destiny. Hurriedly she entered the small Primary School and placed her bicycle in a corner. Now, without wasting a single minute, she almost ran inside the school.

After getting inside, she stood in one corner while her eyes keep roaming around.

"Kaha chaley gaye yeh log?"- she murmured again.

(Where did they go?)

She turned her face when she felt a small tug on her dupatta.

☹️

She found her little monsters standing in front of her by suppressing their smiles.

She raised her brow a little nervously and then asked.

"How is the result?"

They all immediately hung their head and their smiles vanished.

She stared at them with so much love and care and bent on her knees. She touched everyone's head with utmost care and compassion.

"Why my angels are sad? Mmmm...let me guess....they didn't score well right? So what? I know my every baccha is a superman and they will always be the best....a small result can never de me my kids...."- she said by suppressing a smile.

They all lift up their heads immediately and within a second they all hugged her so tightly that she felt back on the school ground.

She started to giggle with them.

"Arre move back baccha...otherwise your didi will die...."- she said between her giggles.

They all stood up nally.

"I want a ice-cream...."

"I want a teddy bear...."

"Didi, i want a chocolate...."

"I want a foot ball"

"I want a cricket bat"

"I want a pair of new shoe"

She smiled broadly after hearing their cute demands.

"Okay, okay....everyone's wish will be granted today....didi will buy you everything...."

At the same time, the class teacher Ms. Pathak appeared.

"Sejal.....you children's are very intelligent and well mannered....everyone of them scored very well"- she stated with a smile.

Sejal immediately stared back at her little monsters in surprise who were now hiding a shy smile.

"Thank you Ms. Pathak....i thought they didn't score well"- she said.

"But still you were not mad at them?"- Ms Pathak asked.

"How could I? I don't believe in such competitions....it's important to become a good human being more than a good academic score"- she said.

Ms. Pathak smiled.

"Ms sejal, you are really different...nowadays i see parents scolding their children even if they scored well...everyone is running for this competition...."

"But they are missing the real beauty of this life....i don't want my children to miss this beauty....they need to cherish every moment of this life"- Sejal said by looking at her children.

Ms Pathak again smiled.

"Sejal, i need to inform you something....actually you are coming a good fund for your orphanage....a very well reputed family is raising to Varanasi....They are going to start their business here....they are going to fund some orphanage and also few oldage homes....you can enlist the name of your orphanage too...."

"Thank you for informing me....but, actually there are only six children....so, i guess, i can manage their expenses, there are other orphanages in Varanasi which are in need of fund more than us"- sejal replied with a smile.

Ms Pathak again smiled.

"You are really something dear"- Ms Pathak patted her head and walked out.

Sejal's pov

I'm staring at my children who are now happily jumping above the mickey mouse. Their faces were shining with pure happiness. I drank those innocent faces and felt a solace in my heart.

I felt like nothing can make me more happy than this. Pinki, guddi, tani, soni, paras and sanjar, they are my life. The reason for my breathing. The reason for my existence.

I felt warm tears when I saw those happy eyes. Few months back, they were crying and begging on the road.

I found them. May be Vishnuji send them to my life. I can go at any extent for them. I can do anything for them.

I can relate my soul with them. Someway my vagabond life found a place to take rest. I thought i will be permanently lost into the darkness but i found light.

Not only them but something more than this. Something i have never got. Something i have never imagined.

A happy family.

Suddenly someone closed my eyes from behind and i smiled broadly.

"Bhumi di...."

"How can you always be so sure that it's me, not neha"- Bhumi di asked me innocently.

I chuckled.

"Because i know this touch of care very well....when i was in fever, these palms always caressed my forehead with so much care...."- i said by holding Bhumi di's hand.

Bhumi di giggled softly.

"And what about me huh?"

We turned back and found a fuming Neha standing behind us.

"What about my palms?"- neha asked me.

"Only lled with mischiefvousness and brattiness...." Bhumi di replied.

I suppressed my laugh.

"This is very bad di....you love sejal more than me and same goes with sejal....nobody cares about me"- Neha was whining.

"Sejal, we have so many works to do....let's go....we are wasting our time on this drama queen"- Bhumi di said by moving towards the kids.

"Hawwww....how mean di...i will not talk to you ever"- Neha again whined.

"I don't care...."- Bhumi di replied.

Neha stared at me.

"Sejal...what have i done....why she is behaving like that?"- this time neha was serious.

I stared at Bhumi di who is also staring at neha silently.

"Really you want to know neha??? For you baba is breaking his deposit....you know this very well that we don't have too much money....soon baba will retire from Gurukul and you are wasting money on make up and accessories??"- Bhumi di was sounding angry.

"So what di??? I want to become a model, and model needs to take care of themselves like that...."- Neha shouted.

"Oh really??? Then buy your things by working hard....do you even have any idea how we are running our expenses??? Look at sejal, she is working day and night in that restaurant....also delivering food door to door....she is not only taking our responsibility but also bearing these childrens expenses...."

"Di, please...."- i tried to stop Bhumi di.

I'm feeling very much awkward right now.

"Okay, I'm bad....I'm spoiled....I'm the worst...."- neha ran from there by crying.

My heart ached at the sight. Neha is a very soft hearted girl. Though she is little childish but i really can't see her like that.

"Di, you scold her very badly...."- i said to di.

"She needs scolding sejal....this modelling industry is very bad....i don't even know with whom she is meeting from the last few weeks....i don't want her to get into any trap...."

Bhumi di was also right. I'm also worried about neha. I have to talk to her. i will also not let her get into any trouble.

"And you??? How many times i have told you to eat in time....you left early without having breakfast....ugggh....i don't know how you are going to manage after my marriage"- Bhumi di started scolding me.

I hugged her from side.

"I'm sorry di....i was in hurry...."- i pouted.

"Sejal, i know you are taking care of these children but that doesn't mean you will neglect your health"- Di said.

I smiled and at the same time hide my tears from her.

Dadiya! Dadi!

They used to scold me just like that.

Where those days gone?

Sometimes i thought that those days were probably my dream.

I have left those dreams far away and have buried every memory deep down in my chest.

Our trance broke when we heard the sound of horn.

Bhumi di smiled shyly after seeing the car.

Karan Bhaiya get down of the car and walked near us. He is Bhumi di's ancé. They will be married in few days.

"Hey sejal...."- Karan Bhaiya pulled my cheek.

"Hi"- i said with a smile.

"So, let's go...."

"Actually i cannot go...."-i said.

"Why?"- di asked me.

I know she was shy to go with him alone.

"Baba will be waiting for me in the Gurukul....you go di....enjoy"- i elbowed her and she glared at me.

"Okay bye sejal....take care of your babies"- karan Bhaiya said by pointing at my children.

I smiled gently.

I gathered my children and dropped them at orphanage. Neha also came with me but she was silent through all the way.

I took her to the local park to cheer her mood a little. We sat into a bench with a cup of tea.

"Sejal, do you think that my dreams will get ever fulfilled?"- she asked in a painful voice.

"Why not neha! I'm sure one day you will become a super model"- i said by holding her hand.

"What is your dream sejal?"

Her question made me smiled a little.

My dreams!

Where are those dreams? Do i really have a dream anymore??

Dr. Sejal has died 1 year ago.

I have left my dreams in past.

"How much education you have? Are you from science background or arts?"- neha asked.

I gulped my lump.

"I'm not much educated"- i said by lowering my head.

Neha patts my back.

"Don't feel sad sejal....you look beautiful with your lovely smile"- she complimented me and I'm as usual used.

"I want my poster there....i want to touch the sky sejal....i want to Neha said by expanding her arms.

I smiled after seeing her liveliness. I wish vishnuji may full all her dreams.

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I reached the restaurant hurriedly. My evening duty has just started. I took the parcel and placed it into my cycle. I have to sped up, otherwise i won't be able to reach in time.

They are pressurising me for buying a scooter but i have no money for that. That's why i have to sped up my bicycle.

I delivered 4 parcels and was moving towards the last one.

I knocked the door and a woman opened the door.

"Mam, your parcel"

"Wait here...."- she went inside.

I stood there for sometime. But i heard few sounds from a corner of the garden. I walked following the sound.

When i peeped more into a corner, my blood froze at the sight.

I saw Karan bhaiya kissing a girl wildly and also so many more things they are doing.

My head started to spin at the sight. My blood also boiled with anger.

This man is cheating on my di. He is about to marry her within few days and here he is kissing another girl.

"Karan Bhaiya...."- i shouted.

Immediately they broke the kiss and stared at me. I saw Karan Bhaiya's pale face. He was staring at me like he has seen some ghost.

"Sejal...what are you doing here?"- he asked by coming near me.

"The same question goes to you....you are cheating on my di?"- i returned in anger.

"You are getting this wrong....it's not like that"- he came near me.

"I'm not a fool....i will tell di everything"

But my sentence stucked in my mouth with a hard slap across my face and i fell into the ground.

I stared back in fear and saw Karan Bhaiya staring at me like a beast.

"Don't you dare to utter anything to her....i will fucking kill you....don't interfere into their life, you are noone to them....just a pathetic piece of shit....a trash...."

He took me from the ground by clutching my elbow so tightly that i felt that he will cut my blood supply.

"I'm Karan mathur....I'm one of the in uential man of Varanasi....don't you dare to mess with me....otherwise the consequence will be not right"

Immediately he threw me into the road and slammed the door on my face.

I slowly stood up. Tears were running down to my cheeks. I hold the place where he just slapped me and shrieked in pain.

I took my bicycle and started to walk silently in the road.

This man is dangerous. He has some motive for sure. I have to show his real face to di.

I came back to the house. I went to freshen up inside the washroom. I splashed water in my face and saw the swollen part of my cheek.

"I will protect you sejal....noone will be able to harm you in my presence....i will take every danger on me"

I cried by leaning on the mirror.

Pritivi.....My Pritivi sir.....

Not a single moment of my life spent without thinking about you.

He is in my every breathe.

He is in my every cell.

Every night, every hour i craved for my husband's warmth. Every moment i craved to see him, to touch him, to feel him.

Where is he?

I didn't get any news of him for the last one year. Nobody knows where he is. It's looking like he has hidden himself from everyone.

No social media, no news of him.

I was dying to get a single news about him. I have scrolled many times by writing his name but not a single photo appeared in social media. He has deleted his everything.

Sometimes i wonder, if he also thinks about me?

Is he also missing me the way I'm missing him??

Is he also craving for me??

May be no....

How could he??

I left him on his most dreadful days.

Wherever he is, I'm sure he is hating me from very inch of his existence.

Probably he is cursing me day and night.

I cried by holding my mouth.

I got a loving family.

Still i feel something missing in my life and i know why i feel like that.

I miss him....

I miss him so bad....

He doesn't even know how much I'm craving for him and he will never know.....

This is my fate to stay away from the man whom i love more than my life.

Those days were only stay in my memory.

Those days will never come back.

I will never get to see his smiling face ever.

I closed my eyes and his face ashed in my memory.

But that doesn't mean, i will allow anyone to roam around you freely...you are mine....only i have the right to make you smile....i will not tolerate even a small y moving around you...."- he spoke by joining our forehead together.

"You are crazy...."-

"You haven't seen my craziness yet....i can cross every boundary in your love...."

"I can never love you....i can never trust you"

"Then i will die in front of your eyes....that day you will trust me"

I took a deep breathe when i remembered his words.

He loved me truly and i killed his love by my own hands.

Suddenly my trance broke with a banging in the door. I immediately opened the door.

"Sejal....sejal....Karan....karan...."- Bhumi di was crying furiously.

Did she already know about his cheating?

"What happened di?"- i asked her in tension.

"Someone beaten him very badly.....he has been hospitalised"

I was stunned after getting the news.

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Hello guys...

First chapter of His Stubborn Love.

Don't forget to share your views.

Thanks.

