Blurb

(This is a excerpt from the book Love Me Again.)

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“I’ve filed for divorce.”

His words hit me like a brick.

I stared at him in shock but I couldn’t utter a word.

I had thought we were happy…we were finally together and a family.

“I want you to sign the papers and then pack your bags.” He said.

I couldn’t move a muscle. I didn’t understand how we came to this point. What had I done…what had changed?

I had married him; I had done what my father thought was right for me, even when I had begged them both to reconsider. Now he was asking me to leave him.

The man I had fallen in love with.

But I knew he had never loved me. I wasn’t his choice. He had loved someone else and I had been a promise he had to fulfill.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breathe. I shouldn’t have let my guard down; I should have known better. I had no one to blame but myself for this situation I was in.

So, I did what was necessary. I stood up from my seat and walked over to the table where the papers laid. I picked up the pen and without reading them I flipped through them until I found the page I needed and signed the documents.

I looked up at him but he wasn’t even looking in my direction.

I started to walk out of the room but stopped and turned around.

“Jay” I whispered. “I-

“I don’t want to hear anything you have to say.” He said stopping me from talking.

I stared at him for a moment and them decided he was right.

I turned back around and walked to the front door, just grabbing my coat and purse.

He didn’t need to know I was pregnant.

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I hope you liked that little insight into the book!

If you continue to read it, I would love to hear your thoughts, so please go ahead and comment under each chapter.

Thank you,

The Author

Travel Plans

Chapter 1

Travel Plans

“Dad please! Please try to understand where I’m coming from!”

“Amara I have thought this through. I think this is the best thing for you. Please so this for me.”

“Dad I don’t know a thing about him! How can I marry him?” I asked in disbelief.

“Amara your mother and I had an arranged marriage and our marriage turned out wonderful.” He answered.

“But Dad times have changed. I can’t do this.” I was desperate to get him to understand.

“But that was why I had wanted you to meet Jay a few times before the wedding.”

“And I’m telling you it wasn’t enough.”

“Amara, honey trust me. I need your future secure and I know Jay is the right man for you. You both will learn to love each other over time.”

I sighed. My father wasn’t understanding the situation.

“Dad he loves someone else!” I yelled out in frustration.

My father was silent for a moment before he turned and faced me again.

“I know.”

I was shocked. “You know? And you want me to marry a man who’s heart belongs to some other woman.”

“It won’t be a problem.” I voice said from behind me.

I looked behind me and saw Jay standing there. I was shocked to see him. The first time I had met Jay I had been mesmerized and impressed with how much he cared for my father. I had thought I would say yes when my father asked me about him again but then Jay’s brother informed me about how Jay was being forced to give up the love of his life to marry me. I couldn’t let that happen.

“Amara please. I need you to marry Jay for my sake. You know my condition and you know that I can’t be at peace unless I know your going to be alright. Your sister chose her future when she ran away from home with that-“

My father started to cough. And I got up to get him a glass of water but Jay beat me to it.

“Dad please lets not talk about Esha.” I told him, taking the water from Jay and passing it to my father.

“Fine. Amara, please do this. As a dying man last wish for a secure future for his daughter?”

“Dad-

“Amara, the woman your discussing is my past and she will stay there. I’ve already told my parents yes.”

“Amara what do you say?” My father asked me.

I was stuck, but I knew what I would get up doing. What I had always done. Sacrice for family, again. While Esha ran around the world with the love of her life I would marry a man that loved another woman.

“Yes.”

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“How bad is it?” I asked through the phone.

“We are going to try an experimental treatment but the chances of the treatment providing full remission are to low.”

“I don’t understand. My father made a full recovery last time.”

“He did but this a different more aggressive type of cancer.”

“All right, so start the treatment Ariz.”

“I would if he would agree to it Amara, but he refuses to listen to anything I have to say and I’m his doctor. He wants to talk to you. Can you please try and talk him into it?”

“Fine put him on.”

“Amara?”

“Hi dad.” I hadn’t talked to my father in maybe 6 or 7 months. I think the last time he had called was around Christmas.

“How are you?” He asked me.

“I’m good. How are you doing? Ariz told me your refusing treatment. How is that a good decision? You should listen to Ariz, he’s your doctor.”

“I don’t need the treatment. It’s my time. I just have one wish I need you to fulfill for me.”

“Dad please be reasonable. You need this treatment.”

“Please Amara. I know you don’t want to but please I need you to do this one last thing for me. Think of it as a dying man’s last wish.”

It broke my heart to hear the desperation in his voice. I had no choice but to fulfill his wish, no matter what it was. I hadn’t been there for him at all in the last 6 years. This was the least I could do.

“What is it?” I asked.

I would be fine in doing anything he asked as long as it meant I wouldn’t be going back home.

“Please come home.”

Those words shocked me more than anything else. How could my father ask me to….I couldn’t….could I?

“Dad…”

“Please Amara. Let me have the chance to see you one last time. Give me the opportunity to spend some time with my grandchildren. I haven’t had the chance to do anything for them. Let me have one more chance to be there for them and let them know their grandpa. Let me pass on your childhood stories and the last bit of memories I have.”

I was in tears.

How could I deny my father the little wish he had. I had no choice.

“Alright dad. I’ll bring the kids and we’ll come back. But this isn’t permanent. I have a life here in LA and I will be coming back to it. But you have to promise me that you’ll still start the treatment Ariz wants you to.”

“I understand honey and I will.”

“Also, dad, I don’t think I will but I need you to promise me that I wont see HIM.”

“I, yes, well I need to go now, I’ll see you soon?”

“Yes very soon. Love you.”

“I love you too.”

I ended the call and leaned back against the couch, closing my eyes.

How was I going to do this? How could I go back there?

I had barely made it through after I left the last time. And the circumstances were different this time. It wasn’t only about me I had to worry about. I had my kids to think about.

But the chances of running into him had to slim to none, right?

I couldn’t imagine my father having any connection with that man after what he did to me. It wouldn’t make any sense.

I tried to comfort myself but all I accomplished was more of a panic attack.

I needed to get a grip on myself and not loose focus.

I hugged my legs and dropped my head.

My father was sick and he needed me. He needed to see the kids and I would make it happen… if I could muster up the strength.

“Momma!”

“Momma!”

I lifted my head to see Zian and Tej looking at me. Arya was holding Tej’s hand but she was busy looking at the stuffed toy in her hands.

I cleared my head and focused back on my children. Zian and Tej were 5-year-old geniuses. They were so smart it shook me sometimes. I could barely keep up with them. Zian looked more like his father in a way. He had black hair and light hazel eyes. Tej had taken after me, with his lighter brown hair but he shared the same eyes as his brother.

Arya was a 3-year-old bundle of joy. She had beautiful brown locks and forest green eyes. I may not have given birth to her but she was my daughter through and through.

“What is it honey?” I asked them.

“Uncle Naveen is asking if it’s time for cookies?” Zian asked.

“Cookies!” Arya shouted excitedly. She dropped her stuffed toy but I watched Tej pick it up and give it back to her.

“Cookies, huh?”

“I think before anyone can have any cookies, your toys need to be cleaned up, don’t you?” I asked the twins.

They nodded their head vigorously.

“Alright, mommy will go make the cookies while you guys clean up.”

Zian ran off to clean up as fast as possible as soon as I uttered the words. Tej on the other had nodded silently and then turned to Arya, who was still holding his hand.

“Come on Arya, I’ll help you clean up first. Okay?”

Arya nodded her head and followed her brother’s instructions and they went off to do as they were told.

I, myself forced myself to get up off the couch and change my mood. So, I decided to go find Naveen and see what mess he was getting into.

I found him in the kitchen, trying to pull out ingredients to bake cookies, at least that was what I assumed.

“Hey.”

“Hey, how was the phone call. It sounded intense.” He said pouring sugar into a bowl.

“You know you have to measure it out, right?” I said pointing to the measuring cup beside the mixing bowl.

He waved me off. “It’s fine”

“Ya, you’re not the one that’s going to have children hoped up on sugar after.” I whispered under my breath while taking a seat on one of the stools.

“I heard that!”

“You were meant to.”

“So back to the question you ignored. How’s your father?” Naveen asked.

I sighed. “I talked to Ariz and it turns out he’s not doing well… My father asked me to bring the kids and come visit him.”

“You think that’s a good idea?”

“No, I don’t. But as my father put it, it’s his dying wish and I can’t say no to that. He wants to see the twins and Arya. How can I deny him that wish?” I asked him.

Naveen mixed the contents of the bowl. “That bad?”

“Ya. Ariz said the cancer is back and it’s more aggressive than before.”

“Then you should go.”

“How can I go back there? With everything that happened…and the promise I made to myself. I told my father that I would come but how can I go through with it?” I asked him, shutting my eyes and dropping my head in my heads again.

“Amara your stronger than you know. Just look at you. You gave birth and raised two amazing boys and built your business from the ground up. You even adopted Arya! You’ve ben by yourself for so long that you don’t realize it. What you’ve done by yourself most people struggle to do it even with a partner.”

I lifted my head and smiled at Naveen. “Thank you. But you, Tisha and Leia have been there for me on more than one occasion. I don’t think I could have gotten through the first year with the twins without you.”

Naveen smiled at me.

“But even the thought that I might see Jay and his wife there…it tears at my heart and fills me with this pain. It’s been years yet I’m stuck in the same position I was when I left.”

“I doubt you’ll see them. You think Jay will be anywhere near your family after what he did?”

I thought about it, “I guess not.”

“What he did was wrong and it would cause anyone pain and give anyone a hard time to get over. Even if you saw him again it wont matter, you’ve moved on in your life just like he has.

I didn’t know how to respond to that but I didn’t need to.

“Mom!”

“Mom! You did it!”

“No, I did not!”

I heard the twins arguing and took that as a que to abandon the topic.

“Be right back.” I said as I got up to find out what the boys were fighting about this time.

“I’ll book the tickets.” Naveen shouted from behind me.

“Thanks!” I replied. “London here I come…I guess.”

Home

2163 Words

Chapter 2

Home

“I don’t understand. What did I do wrong?” I asked him.

“Nothing.” I said calmly.

“I don’t understand then.” I repeated.

“You’ve always known the truth.”

“But you told me that things were different. That you were going into this relationship willingly.”

He was silent for a minute. I could see his jaw clench and unclench as he tried to give me answers I wanted.

“I love her.” Was his responsible.

Not that he LOVED her, but he loves her presently. My heart was breaking but I couldn’t do a thing about it.

“But she’s marrying someone else, just like you did.”

“I know.”

“You and I have been…getting closer and closer…we even-

“I know. I shouldn’t have.”

“Then can you tell me why you did?” I cried out.

“I’m sorry Amara but it doesn’t matter.”

“Jay we’ve been married almost 6 months and we keep ending up in the same spot.”

He sat down on my bed beside me.

“What do you want me to do?” He asked me.

“What do you want from me?” I asked in return.

“Nothing…”

“Except ignorance?” I asked finishing his sentence.

“No.”

“Then why are you hurting me?” I asked him.

“I can’t say anything to make this better.”

“Then finally tell me the truth!”

“What truth are you asking for now?”

You married me even though you never stopped loving your girlfriend!” I shouted standing up. “She’s engaged to your cousin now and you still think of her and now your sneaking away to meet her! You married me out of pressure from your family and my father. I had given you an out and yet you come up to me and told me you were willingly going through with this!”

“I know.”

“THEN WHAT SHOULD I DO?” I yelled out.

“DON’T RAISE YOUR VOICE AT ME!” He yelled back standing up. “YOU WERE AN OBLIGATION AND NOTHING HAS CHANGED THAT AND NOTHING WILL! I WILL ALWAYS WANT ZARA! LEARN TO DEAL WITH IT!”

I stared at him baffled. How could he say those things. The man my father adored and loved like his own son. A man he had guilted me into marrying.

“Amara this is hard for the both of us but you need to keep to your boundaries and let me deal with the things that arise in my life. None of this concerns you.”

He walked out of the bedroom after throwing the door open.

I took it in and decided that maybe this would pass. We hadn't even been married a year. I needed to be patient and focus on other things. It wasn't like Jay was my sole purpose for living but my life had changed drastically since marrying him. I had changed everything to fit into his world. I wanted to honor my father's wishes.

I just didn't understand that instead of getting better, things would only get worse from this point on.

I had been set on a course for pain and regret.

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(Present Day)

I couldn't believe I was back here.

6 years ago, I had stood on this very land and promised I would never return to London. No matter to circumstances, no matter the nostalgia and no matter pain. I would do anything but return to the place that give me more grief and painful memories than I had room for.

But here I was again, back because of my father's wish. One that hopefully this time wouldn't put in the same circumstances as the last.

I wouldn't allow it.

“Mom!”

“Yes darling?” I asked Zian.

I had put sleeping Arya in the stroller and the twins were standing beside me.

I never realized how difficult it was to travel with children across the globe, let alone with three of them.

“Mom how long are we going to be here? I want to go home.” He told me.

“Already? We just got here honey.” I said trying to be light about it.

I was already nervous being here and I didn’t want it to rub off on my children.

“AMARA!”

“AMARA!”

I turned my and saw my cousin Sherry yelling my name and running across the airport.

“Mom?” Zian said again.

“Mm?”

“Why is Aunt Sherry running like a…cwazy person?” Tej asked before his brother could.

I sighed. “Boys we do not call Aunt Sherry crazy, even though she is.” I told them. “But to answer your question Aunt Sherry is running because she is crazy.”

“What?” Tej and Zian laughed at my comment.

“Omg! I thought I would never find you!” Sherry said.

“Hey Sherry.”

“Hey Amara! I’m so glad you’re here!” She said extremely enthusiastically.

She then turn to the boys. “OMG! Your both so big!” She yelled out, grabbing Zian, kissing each of his cheeks and hugging him.

“Aunt Sherry, you saw us on our birthday!” Zian yelled out while being squeezed. Sherry pulled away from him and he started to wipe his face and fix his hair with a scowl on his face.

My little Zian was who I considered to be by little bad boy. He was so much like his father it scared me at times. Sometimes he would say the exact thing I remembered Jay saying and my heart would stop.

“Tej!” Sherry yelled out, targeting him next.

“Hi Aunt Sherry.” Tej said shyly and hugging her back.

Tej was different than his brother in many ways, but mostly he was silent and intelligent. He tried to take care of everyone, including baby Arya.

They both were my life. I couldn’t have survived everything if it weren’t for them. My babies kept me from completely shattering. I couldn’t love them more if I tried. They were my lifeline. I couldn’t be any luckier if I tried.

Omg where is my baby Arya!” Sherry yelled.

“Wait! Stop, and calm down!” I told Sherry. “She’s sleeping, you can play with her later.”

Arya was a wish I never knew I had. She completed our family. The boys had a younger sibling and I had a beautiful baby girl.

Sherry made a face but ultimately nodded her head at me. “Now your turn!” She yelled.

I smiled and stepped forward to hug her. Sherry had been there by my side when I needed family but had no one to turn to. She had given up a lot to help me.

My eyes welled up and she pulled away.

“No don’t cry! Cuz then I’ll cry and then we’ll just be a crazy crying mess together.” She said.

I nodded my head and blinked away the tears. “Okay help me then!”

“Okay, I’ve got your bags, you get the munchkins!” She yelled pulling away the suitcase trolley.

We finally made it out of Heathrow airport and into the waiting cars. It took a while to get my kids settle in their seats but eventually we were on our way out and on the way to the Sood family estate outside of London.

I sat back and watched the familiar buildings and landscapes pass me. I had so many memories here. Some were good, even great but the ones that came to mind were all of HIM. I had promised myself I wouldn’t think of him.

I was here for my father.

To fulfill another wish.

But back then I was a 22-year-old naïve girl. Now I was stronger, I had had 6 years to grow a thick skin and learn lessons no one had taught me about family and responsibilities.

I had become a single mother and had no clue what to do. I was lucky enough to meet people like Naveen who helped me through the worst of it.

My mind could help but go back to the past as we rolled out past the bustling city out into the suburbs.

I had wanted so much more than what I had been dealt with.

All I really wanted was love.

Now I had the love of my two monster but I couldn’t push past the pain and fall for another man. The last one had traumatized me to such a degree. He had caused me so much pain that I couldn’t even think about being with another man out of sheer fear he would do the same to me.

I sat there in the car, leading me to my dying father thinking about how much I wanted to turn around and leave. I wanted to go back home. Because it took me coming here to realize this wasn’t home any longer.

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I had dozed off for a while.

When I woke up I noticed it was late afternoon.

I looked at my children. Zian and Tej were playing with each other and Arya was still taking a nap.

“How long till we are there?” I asked Sherry.

“Any second now.” She replied.

I watched my childhood home come into view.

The estate I had spent my life in. The place where my father had guilted me into becoming the wife of a man who loved someone else.

I regretted being here even before walking into the place. I had so many reservations but I guess it was too late now.

“Actually Amara, why don’t we go get a bit to eat?” Sherry asked me hesitantly.

“What? Why?” I asked confused.

“I just realized we forgot to grab some lunch.” She answered.

“No Sherry we’re good. I’ll make the boys a lunch inside.” I said.

Once the car slowed down I got out and unbuckled the boys before going over to the other side to pull out Arya’s stroller and unlatching her car seat to place in it.

“Amara.” Sherry said seriously.

“What is it Sherry? You’ve been acting strange since we arrived here.”

“I…um…are you sure you don’t want to stay with me? You could come visit your father in the morning. You all must be exhausted.” She said.

I shook my head. “No Sherry, the kids and I are here to spend time with my father, We’ll stay here.”

She just slowly nodded in response.

We walked up the steps and into the house with Sherry and the kids behind me.

The boys were tired and probably needed to go for a nap. I looked down at Arya in the stroller and noticed she had quietly woken up. I pulled her out of the seat and left the stroller in the doorway.

As I walked through the door I yelled out, “Dad!”

There was silence in response.

I looked at Sherry and she shrugged her shoulders. “Maybe he’s sleeping. Lets come back another time?”

“What’s up with you?”

“Nothing!”

I shook my head and bounced Arya when she looked like she was about to start fussing. “It’s okay my baby.”

“Dad?” I yelled out again.

“In here sweetheart.”

I followed the voice down the hall with my sons walking behind me.

I walked into the room I had heard his voice from.

OMG.

My father was laying in a bed. He looked so weak.

But that wasn’t what shocked me.

There beside my father sat Jay Chahar.

The man that had broken me into pieces.