Love Me Again / Shock Shock Chapter 3 Shock "Dad please." "Amara, I know this hasn't been easy but you've committed to each other now. You both need to give it sometime." My father told me calmly. "I'm trying! I've been trying the entire time Baba! But Jay still loves Zara! All the progress we made, every moment I thought was special, every step we took towards each other was his attempt to forget HER! But now... it's reverted back to the way things were in the beginning. Months of trying reversed. Now that Zara is engaged to Devan…it's like he's lost his mind!" "Amara-"Why did you do this to me? Why did you put me in a position in which I couldn't say no. Why did you guilt me into this? Your dying wish? You recovered! Your still alive and now I'm stuck fullling a promise that means nothing to your beloved Jay and is taking everything from me in return." "Amara" My father said in a pleading voice. But I couldn't... I couldn't deal with any of it. Jay, my father, my life, my... love for a man that could never love me back...it was killing me. I felt like I was dying. I wanted Jay, he had shown me a beautiful world, one where I knew both of us could be happy and love each other. Everything was going exactly how I had dreamed, but there had been this fear in the back of my mind that Jay wasn't truly happy, but I had pushed it aside. He had committed to me, like I did to him and he never brought up his past. Until it came knocking on our door, standing beside his cousin Devan with an engagement ring. "Amara please. Jay is a good man. He will do right by you." I looked at my father. He loved Jay like a son, he had given him everything, including the business, not that his family needed it. They just added to their long list. I never complained because I hadn't wanted it. I loved my job and I didn't want the family business...though I did know someone who did deserve it. I knew what this was. My father would never admit it, he believed he was a modern man with traditional beliefs. But I knew...he had always wanted a son. He had never said anything...and he wouldn't either. But Jay was the son he dreamt of having, he was his wish come true and my father didn't want to lose him. "You truly believe that don't you?" I asked my father. "I do. I know he will." (Present Day) I stood there frozen. My mind was playing tricks on me...right? Why would Jay be here? I was trying to understand...maybe he heard my father was sick and came to visit him? They were close at one point, closer than I ever was to my father. They had a bond...a bond I thought would break when Jay left me...more like told me to leave. I looked at my father. I guess he couldn't let Jay go. I shouldn't have been surprised but I was. Seeing the man that had destroyed me sitting beside my father. "Amara." My father said breaking me out of my shocked state. I looked at my dad and then turned around and looked at my cousin. It made sense why Sherry wanted to turn around. She knew...she knew that Jay was here. Sherry shook her head at me sadly. "Amara" I looked back at my father. I needed to stay in control. I thought I would never see this man again but now that he was in front of me I had to quickly come to terms with it and act normal. This man wasn't apart of my life anymore. "Dad" I walked over to my father's bedside. Before I could give him a hug I turned around and nodded at Sherry to take Arya from me. I then turned back and bent down to give my father a hug. "How are you doing today?" My heart raced. Jay was just across the bed. I tried my best not to look at him. "I'm better now that you're here. I missed you." I missed you too Baba." "Boys, are you not going to say hello to your grandfather?" I asked the twins who were still behind me. They nodded. "Hi Grandpa." Tej said walking up to the bed. Zian on the other hand was too curious. He pulled on my hand and pointed at Jay, "Momma, who's that man?" My eyes followed my sons nger and I truly locked eyes with him. My heart skipped a beat. It was as if the last 6 years had made Jay more handsome. He still had that intense gaze that said he knew more than he said. "Zian that is-"That's a friend of your grandpa, honey." I told Zian interrupting my father. I looked back at my father; I wouldn't let him reveal anything. These were my children and I didn't need them knowing about Jay...Jay and his wife. I heard Arya crying in Sherry's arms. I took my daughter from her arms and tried to comfort her. "Shhh...it's okay baby." I said bouncing her a bit. "It's okay Arya." Tej whispered. I smiled at my son. "Dad you have company, I'm going to go settle the kids in and they are overdue for a nap. Especially Arya." I informed him. "But honey I thought we could talk for a bit." "We will, as soon as your free. For now, I really do have to go take care of the kids. It was a really long day for them." "Honey-"Come on boys, lets go change and take a bath." The twins nodded their heads. But Zian made a comment, "But I don't want to nap." I looked at Zian, "Fine you don't have to take a nap, but will you help me put Arya to bed?" Zian nodded, "Okay. Can I pick the story to read?" "Sure. If you take a bath rst." "Okay Momma." "Come on boys, lets go unpack." Sherry said take each of their hands and leading them out of the room." "Amara please." "Dad, we will talk but later. I don't want to have this discussion in front of a stranger." My father was silent for a moment. "Alright." I smiled at him and walked out of the room following after Sherry. I felt betrayed by my father. I had always felt it to be true, he had loved Jay more than either me or Esha but this...after everything he did to me, Jay was sitting by his side like it was so normal. How could my father have forgiven him? (Jays POV) Seeing Amara had been more of a jolt than shock. She was more beautiful than she was 6 years ago. She had this maturity about her and this glow. She had gone from a young women to full-edged. I had thought about her threw the years, itching to nd out how she was, but I chose to leave her in peace. I had ruined too much of her life as it was. I couldn't be responsible for anything more now. But she had kids... she had moved on. I don't know why it hurt so much; I had wanted exactly that. I had wanted her to move on with her life so I could go back. Who knew life hard other plans. I looked at Uncle Vijay. He looked hurt by Amara's indifference. But could he have expected different results? Amara's hate for me probably ran deeper than anyone thought. I had done horrible things to hurt her. "Uncle?" My ex-father-in-law turned to look at me. "Jay." "Why didn't you tell me Amara was coming back? I wouldn't have come today." He sighed. "I had hoped for a different outcome to tell you the truth." "You know better than I do that what just happened was the best outcome." I told him. "Jay, she didn't even let me talk." "Considering the fact that you never told her you kept in touch with me, I think it went as well as it could." I said, with a raised eyebrow." Vijay looked at me with sad eyes. "I couldn't tell her." "I know." "She would have stopped talking to me...or maybe never come back." He told me drifting off in his own thoughts. Amara loved her father. That was the only reason she had returned, not for me. But I guess none of that mattered. "She had moved on in life. She had three kids! I knew she would be a good mother." I said out loud but to no one in particular. "She has..." Was Vijay's only response. "Where's her husband?" I asked him. "You'll have to ask Amara that question son." That remark made me question if everything was alright. I hoped this guy hadn't hurt Amara as well. I wasn't proud of what I did but I had been in love. "ZIAN! You can not run around the house wet and in just a towel!" I heard Amara yell. I looked at Vijay and he smiled. "Momma I want a snack." "You'll get a snack, but rst you have to put your clothes on!" "No!" "Zian!" "Can you guys keep it down! Arya just fell asleep." Sherry yelled out. I smiled. Amara did have her hands full. "Zian your going to get a timeout!" Amara's other son yelled from upstairs. "Do you mind?" Vijay asked me, nodding towards the hall. I shook my head and stood up. I walked out the room and down the hall, just in time to catch the ball of energy running toward me. "Hey there little man." "My name is Zian." I chuckled. "Nice to meet you Zian." "Your grandpa's friend, right?" "Yes. I'm Jay." "Jay...okay" "Why are you bothering your mom?" I asked him. "I'm hungry!" He exclaimed. "You know it would be quicker if you got dressed and then came and got a snack?" "But I'm sooooo hungry." "I know but your mom can't feed you until your dressed, right? You could catch a cold if "Ya... I guess." "You should listen to your mom." "Okay ne." I looked up and saw Amara standing there. There was a sadness in her eyes. She walked up to us and pulled her son out of my arms and placing him on the oor. She crouched down, "Zian go upstairs and put your clothes on. I'll make you a snack. You can come down and eat your snack as soon as your dressed." Zian nodded his head and walked towards the stairs. "Oh, and after you eat, you'll have a 15-minute quiet time, you can pick either reading a book or math workbook." I watched Zian about to say something but I guess he thought better and just nodded his head. "Okay Momma." Amara turned to follow him. "Amara wait." She turned at looked at me but stayed silent. "How have you been?" I asked her. I stopped her but I had no idea why and didn't know what to ask her. She tilted her head, "None of your business."