Pain Chapter 4 Pain "Zara you are wonderful person to talk to." I froze. Did my father say Zara? I had walked into my father's house to hear laughter coming from the drawing room. I peered into the room and saw Zara, the woman Jay loved sitting on my couch talking with my Baba. I took a step back. I needed to talk to him. Jay had gone out of town for meetings and I was alone in that big house. I couldn't take it. After our last ght I didn't know what to do. Jay seemed to be going further and further away from me. I thought we had nally gotten over this hump and now I had no idea. My life was falling apart around me and instead of being there for me, my father was entertaining her! "Here Baba I got your medication." I heard Jay's voice. "You know you should be taking your meds without reminder." Jay was here? I felt my heart drop and I leaned against the wall. "I agree with Jay, you should take this more seriously." I hears Zara add. I peered back. I wanted to know if I was hearing things or was it really true. There sat Jay beside Zara, holding her hand in front of my father and he was smiling at the two of them. What I wanted to do what confront them, walk in there and ask them how they could do this to me. But instead, I walked back down the hall and out the door. How could my father do this to me? How could he sit there and laugh with that woman. I had nothing against her, I was the one that came into Jay's life but at the request of Jay himself and my father, who seemed more interested in what kept Jay happy than me. Why were they doing this to me? What did I do wrong? Was he going back on his word? Or was I wrong...was I doing something wrong? No, I wouldn't do that to myself. I was stronger than, I wouldn't blame myself for something that wasn't my fault but I also wont jump to conclusions. I didn't know why or what Zara and Jay were up to but I knew I deserved an answer. He had lied to me. He had broken his promise. And he had to answer for that. I had walked away from Jay. He didn't deserve an answer about anything, even about how I was doing. Though it was probably obvious. I was a mother of three, things weren't exactly easy for me. Most of the time I was a mess, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing that. I walked upstairs to check on Zian. That boy was a crazy little thing. I wanted him gone. I didn't want him around me or my babies. Jay wasn't a man that could be trusted, no matter what my father would say, Jay couldn't be around my kids. I tried to clear my mind. And as soon as I walked into the boys new room I was distracted. There in the middle of the oor sat Sherry reading a book with Arya sitting in her lap, Zian twisting her hair on one side and Tej doing what looked like a braid on the other side. "Hey! That hurt Zian, no pulling." She told him. "Man, how does Amara handle all three of you? I'm exhausted after a few hours." I laughed. "Boy! Let go of your aunt's hair and go downstairs and wait for me. I'm going to make you snacks before bed." The boys instantly let go of Sherry's hair and ran out of the room. "What are you doing up?" Asked Arya. "You're supposed to be sleeping baby." I moved over and picked her up from Sherry's lap and placed a kiss on her cheek and tickled her. "She refused to once you ran after Zian. The commotion was too much." I nodded my head at my cousin and took my baby back over to the crib. "can you put her to sleep while I go get the boys their snack and into bed?" I asked her. "Ya sure." She said, giving me a smile. I smiled in return but knew it came out weak. "Wait, are you alright Amara?" Sherry asked. I nodded my head and left the room. I quickly made the boys a snack and put them to bed. It had been a while so I decided to check on my father. It looked like Jay had left, I had no idea when and I told myself I didn't need to. My father was resting, but as I was about to turn and leave, he spoke up. "Amara." I looked back at him. "Did you need something Baba?" I asked. "Why didn't you talk to Jay?" He asked. I raised my eyebrow, "Talk to him about what Baba?" "You know Amara. The boys, he's their father-"Let me stop you right there Baba. Jay Chahar is no one. He doesn't mean anything to me nor to my children. I've told you this before and you promised, you gave me your word that you would never tell him the truth, did you not?" "Amara, the truth doesn't change no matter how much you want to ignore it." He said in his matter-of-fact voice. "Actually, it does. You and Jay taught me that. You spent a year lying to me and yourselves. I learned that the truth can be whatever I want it to be, and I say those babies upstairs are mine and no one else's." I informed him. "A father has a right to know his children." Baba stated. "Didn't do me any good, won't do my children any good either." I answered. "AMARA!" "Baba don't yell, it's not good for your health." I told him, taking a few more steps forward. "Please Baba, listen to me. I love you but you need to hear this. You and Jay have already destroyed my life once before, I don't need or want you to interfere in it this time. I know you trust Jay and in your eyes he couldn't possibly do anything wrong, even after what he did to me but the only reason I came back was to see you. You wanted to see your grandchildren and that's what will happen, after that I plan to return to my life. Please this once can you just be on my side, please?" My father laid there silently and I waited for him to contemplate what I had said. After a few minutes of silence, my father nally spoke up. "I know you think I had the wrong decision for you every time but trust me Jay wasn't a wrong decision. He was the right one." I scoffed but my father continued. "Amara I did what I thought as a father was necessary and I will stand by my decision. Jay is a good man. He is. Jay was the right choice for you and no matter what happened he will be apart of this family. You need to talk to him. He is the father of those boys and they need a father gure in their lives. How long do you plan to raise them on your own? And you have Arya, three children to raise by yourself isn't an easy task. Think about their futures. I still think you shouldn't have left, this wouldn't be the situation today." Stared at my father in disbelief. "I know what you think. You've made it clear every time this topic has come up." "No. Let me talk. Those boys are mine. They are no one else's. I gave birth to them and raised them alone so far and I haven't needed anyone and wont need anyone. As far as a father gure my children have that from a man who actually cares about me and them. Jay is and was always right for you, he can do no wrong. You still don't realize what he did to me and that's ne, I don't expect you to but I do expect you to go by my rules for MY children. Jay will never learn the truth." "Amara..." "This may hurt your feelings but honestly I wasn't planning on tell you about my children. I knew you considered Jay more your child than you ever did me. You couldn't put aside your feelings to be there for me when I needed you, when I told you what he did, you chose him. They other reason you know about my children is because you showed up and saw them." "Their my grandchildren." "They are and you'll be able to see them and we'll all be here for you. But remember this one thing, if you tell Jay about my children, I will take them and disappear, and you wont be able to nd me this time." "Amara please." My father pleaded. I felt guilty but I couldn't risk it. My father could have whatever he wanted, even is that was Jay in his life but he can't take my children away. "I want you to swear, promise me you wont tell him a thing." My stared at me and I knew he was contemplating what he wanted to do. Did he want his grandchildren or Jay. Finally, he answered. "I promise. I give you my word I wont say a thing to Jay. But he will gure it out." "How?" "Right now, he thinks you're married." "So let him think that." I stated. "What about when weeks go by and your husband doesn't show?" He asked me. I couldn't even ask my own father to stop letting the man that had caused me so much pain to stop coming here. So instead, I said, "Let me worry about that. Rest Baba." I walked out of the room. "Hey, the kids are asleep and I have a glass of wine for you." Sherry said stepping forward. "How much did you hear?" I asked. "Not going to lie, most of it." She answered. I nodded and took the glass of wine and drank the entire glass. "Okay, so there goes my question about how your taking in everything." Sherry said taking a sip of her glass. We walked over to the couch and I dropped down. I was mentally exhausted. I poured another glass, taking a big gulp and then taking a deep breath. "So should I even touch the topic of Jay or should I just get you another bottle and you can chug it straight." Sherry joked. "What the hell!" I yelled out. "Okay..." Sherry said leaning back. "Why the hell was he here?" I asked Sherry. She shrugged. "He's already destroyed my life, why the hell was he still in contact with my father? What the hell was this! He divorced me! He broke me into pieces and it took me forever to pick up the pieces and tape myself back together! And he's here everyday spending time with my father?" I asked. Sherry gave me a look. "He is here every day, isn't he?" I asked again. She nodded and then turned her head to drink from her glass. "Oh god!" "How was it seeing him?" Sherry asked softly. I closed my eyes. "I can't talk about it right now. Just pour me some more wine." "What about the kids?" She asked even though she was already pouring me another glass. "They are down for the night and the kids nanny will be with them in the morning." Sherry nodded and smiled. "It's so good to have you back!" I laughed. I could already feel the wine hitting me. So, when Naveen called an hour later I was nicely buzzed...maybe more. "Hey Amara. I wanted to know how you doing, you didn't call." "Naveen!" "Drunk?" He asked with a laugh. "Yup." "So, I take it didn't go as planned?" "Nope, he who should not be names was here in my father's house, sitting by his bed, nursing him back to health!" "Amara, Jay's there?" He asked with concern. "Not now, he was though." "Damn. How are you holding up?" He asked. "Freaking great!" I lied. "Clearly." "Can I do anything for you?" He asked. I thought about it for a moment. "Yes there is. Can you come to London?" I asked.

Love Me Again Pain