



Admiring her

She was lost in a novel...

Back seat.

Sunlight pouring in.

Eyes wide, breath caught, smile hiding
behind her fingers.

And he...

He was watching her from the front seat.

Not with questions, not with words—

Just...

by adjusting the mirror.

A subtle move.

But enough to steal glances
of the girl

who felt every word like it was her own.



She gasped. Smirked.
Bit her lip.
Completely unaware—
someone up front
was falling in love
with the way stories lived on her face.

No music. No drama.
Just her.
And the quiet realization...
“This is the kind of girl you don’t
interrupt while she’s reading—
You just thank the universe for
letting you witness her like this.”

— *Sitara Chandria*