

Chapter 1: Collision of Worlds

A house was ablaze — flames roaring into the night sky, fueled by the ruthless hiss of kerosene. The fire danced wildly, consuming memories, innocence, and everything in between.

Outside, a crowd gathered, their voices laced with poison, eyes gleaming with judgment.

“Girls like her shouldn’t be allowed to live here. Carrying sin in her womb, parading around like she’s done nothing wrong!”

“Didn’t I warn Kashyap ji? Give daughters too much freedom, and they slip right through your fingers.”

“Her parents just passed away... and look at the shame she’s already brought!”

Then—

A blood-curdling scream tore through the crackling flames.

Five Years Later

A narrow corridor outside the principal’s office buzzed with hushed excitement. Children stood on their toes, trying to peek through the glass. Inside, voices rose.

The principal’s shout thundered through the door. A young boy stood stiff, his fists clenched, chin held high despite the storm around him. His shirt was half-tucked, his hair a wild mess, dirt smudged across his sleeves. Trouble had clearly paid him a visit.

Just then, the door creaked open.

She walked in.

5'6", waist-length hair cascading in loose waves, honey-brown eyes brimming with calm fire. A yellow floral suit clung to her slender frame, a tiny bindi sitting elegantly on her forehead.

Jharna Kashyap.

The principal let out a dramatic sigh.

“Oh! So finally you're here.”

Jharna stepped forward, eyes cool, voice clipped.

“If your eyes are functioning, then yes — I'm here.”

With a mocking smirk, he added, “Now it makes sense. Like mother, like son.”

Her jaw tightened. But before she could reply, he continued,

“Your son—Miransh—got into a fight. And judging by your attitude, I'm not surprised where he learned it from.”

Miransh's fists curled tighter.

Jharna tilted her head and offered a cold, ironic smile.

“You're right. I taught him where to raise his voice, and when to use his hand.”

Her voice was velvet and steel. The principal blinked, momentarily caught off guard.

She crossed her arms.

“Let's check the CCTV footage, shall we? Let the truth speak.”

The footage rolled.

Miransh was seen playing with a ball. A group of older boys approached, laughing cruelly.

First came the pushing. Then came the taunts.

And then—

“Your mother's nothing but—”

The screen froze on Miransh's face. His eyes darkened. Without hesitation, he launched at the boy, fists flying.

“Momma! They were insulting you,” Miransh burst out, eyes wide with emotion.

“I can’t tolerate anyone saying bad things about you.”

Jharna placed a gentle hand on his head, her eyes glistening with pride.

Then she turned to the principal, voice steady as stone.

“So you questioned my parenting? In this school, it's okay to insult someone’s mother but not okay to defend her?”

She didn’t wait for an answer.

“I want Miransh’s school leaving certificate. Now.”

The principal’s mouth fell open. “What? Over this misunderstanding, you’re going to pull him out? Miransh is such a bright student. He doesn’t deserve this.”

Jharna’s tone softened, but her resolve didn’t.

“Yes. My Ansh is brilliant. And he deserves a school that teaches respect — not arrogance.”

Without another glance, she took Miransh’s hand and walked out.

Kashyap Bakery

Jharna gently dabbed ointment over Miransh’s bruises.

“Momma,” he frowned, “you always tell me to stay strong. Why are you treating these small wounds like they’re something big?”

Jharna paused, cupping his face.

“I asked you to be strong, Ansh. Not stone. It’s okay to feel pain. What matters is how you face it — and I’ll always be here to help you through it.”

He smiled and hugged her tightly.

I’ve given you my life, Ansh, she thought, hugging him back.

And I’ll protect you with everything I have.

Just then, an elderly woman approached.

“Jharna, everything for today’s event is ready. You can double-check.”

Jharna smiled. “Malini aunty, if you’ve done it, I know it’s perfect.”

Malini looked at her with a mix of affection and warning.

“Never trust anyone blindly, beta. Even the best people can deceive.”

Jharna’s smile faded to something gentler.

“Maybe. But I’ve learned who’s worth trusting. And you, aunty — always have been.”

She picked up her bag.

“Take Ansh home. I’ll be late.”

As she left, Miransh leaned toward Malini with a smirk.

“Don’t be surprised. She’s my momma. You’ll get to know her better soon.”

Malini smiled and patted his head, her heart warmed by the bond between the two.

Event Venue

Jharna paced nervously.

“Where is this boy? We still have to set up the stall!”

Her phone buzzed.

“Hello? Vinit? Where—?”

“Ma’am, I forgot the cookies at the bakery! I’m coming!”

She sighed and hung up, exasperated.

Meanwhile—

A sleek black Porsche sped down the street.

Inside, a man grumbled into his phone.

“Yeah, I’m coming. Not like anyone actually needs me. I’m just going for Maa’s sake.”

Back at the venue, a maid, holding a bucket of dirty water, tripped. The bucket flew from her hands, and the water splashed onto the floor. She quickly tried to pick it up, mumbling to herself, “Oh no! I need to clean this up!”

Jharna was too deep in thought to notice.

Suddenly—

The Porsche zoomed past, soaking her from head to toe in filth.

“Damn him!!!” she shouted, furious.

The car screeched to a halt. A tall man stepped out in a charcoal-black three-piece suit and sunglasses, oozing arrogance with every step.

Ivaan Maurya.

Jharna stormed toward him, fury in her steps.

“Oye...!”

He turned — and the next thing he knew, a bucket of filthy water drenched him.

“WHAT THE—!”

He yanked off his sunglasses, jaw clenched in disbelief.

Ivaan yelled angrily, “How dare you!” He stressed his each and every word.

Jharna met his glare with fire of her own.

“Tit for tat. You ruined my clothes, I returned the favor.”

Ivaan scoffed.

“Oh! Now you want money for new clothes? How typical. Girls and their love for money...”

Jharna blinked, stunned by his arrogance.

Without missing a beat, Ivaan pulled out his cheque book, signed a blank cheque, and shoved it into her hand.

“Here. Knock yourself out.”

She stared at it.

Then — slowly, deliberately — tore it into pieces.

“Here. Have it back.”

Two boys — Adhik and Vihaan — gawked from a distance.

The maid came back for the bucket. Jharna handed it over with a smile.

“Here. Clean the floor properly.”

Ivaan gaped.

“Wait — floor cleaning?! That water—!”

“Yes,” Jharna replied with a smirk. “But hey, looks like you got a free wash too.”

Adhik and Vihaan approached, still shocked.

“You just threw floor water on my bhai?” Vihaan exclaimed.

Adhik added with a teasing grin, “At least you could have thrown mineral water. That dirty water probably has germs!”

Jharna replied coolly,

“No worries. With that attitude of his, even germs would keep their distance.”

Ivaan’s eyes burned with insult.

“Do you even know who I am?”

“Not interested,” Jharna shot back. “Try somewhere else.”

And with that, she walked away — leaving Ivaan Maurya standing there, a bucket of humiliation in his hands, and for the first time in his life...

Speechless.

Sitara's Note

Some moments don't just collide — they crash, challenge, and carve new destinies.

This chapter? It wasn't just a beginning — it was a tremor, a ripple where fire met fire.

Jharna's defiance. Ivaan's arrogance. Miransh's innocence. Three lives, one unknown thread.

Writing their first collision felt like watching two storms cross paths — one blazing with pride, the other cloaked in power. But amid all the chaos, it was a little boy's love that stitched the cracks quietly.

And now that you've turned this page, smiled (hopefully), clenched your fists (maybe), or paused to feel — welcome.

Yes, you. The one reading this. You've found your way here, and I'm so glad you did.

From now on, you're not just a reader.

You're a Blushie — someone who feels deeply, loves slowly, and smiles unexpectedly while reading stories that feel like home.

Thank you for joining this journey. I see you. I feel you. And I'm writing this for you.

Tell me your thoughts. Every line, every word you send — I read them all with the biggest smile.

And together, let's build a world where emotions are loud and hearts feel safe.

Until Chapter 2,

Yours, Always,

— Sitara Chandria