

# Chapter 19: The Confession

Aashiya hurried towards Amaan's cabin, her heels clicking softly against the floor. She knocked on the door, slightly out of breath.

“Come in,” came Amaan's deep voice from inside.

“Good morning, sir,” she greeted, trying to steady her racing heart after the rush.

Amaan glanced at his watch, his tone clipped. “You're twenty minutes late.”

“Sir, I left early, but... this Mumbai traffic,” she said, almost apologetically.

He stood up, his expression unreadable. “That doesn't matter. You need to be on time.”

She nodded silently, her chest rising and falling rapidly from the run — something his eyes couldn't ignore. For a fleeting second, he found himself watching her — too closely. Her heaving breaths, the strands of hair brushing her cheeks... he looked away abruptly and cleared his throat.

“Ugh... Today, there's extra work. You need to finish it before the boss arrives.”

She nodded again. “Yes, sir.”

“Go. Take your seat,” he instructed.

Aashiya quietly walked to her desk and opened her laptop. She began working, her eyes focused on the screen.

But his eyes? Still on her.

Or perhaps, admiring her. The soft curve of her lashes, the gentle flicker of her eyes moving across the screen, the way her hair kissed her cheeks. And then — she bit her lower lip in thought.

He froze.

Unaware of his gaze, she kept working, lost in her task. But him? He was lost in something else entirely — her.

## **Maurya Mansion**

"No one's answering the calls," Jharna muttered, her voice low and shaky

as she rubbed her frozen fingers together. The chill in the room was seeping deeper into her skin now, making her visibly uncomfortable. She turned her head, only to see Ivaan casually sitting on the other side of the room—playing a game on his phone.

Her eyes narrowed. Seriously?

She marched toward him, snatched the phone from his hands and snapped, “What the hell, Ivaan?! We are locked in here, freezing—and you’re playing games? This isn’t a vacation!”

Unfazed, Ivaan gently took his phone back. “So what do you want me to do?” he replied, calm as ever. “Mom literally warned me not to do anything heroic. If I try to break the door, she’ll break my legs. So...” he shrugged, “I’m just following orders.”

Jharna shot him a death glare before turning back to her phone, trying everyone again—Deepa, Vihaan, even Shikha.

No response.

She sighed in frustration, and Ivaan's eyes lingered on her. Her cheeks had turned crimson—part cold, part anger—and the tip of her nose had gone adorably red. Despite the tension, a slight smirk crept onto his lips.

Without saying a word, he got up and quietly took off his blazer. “Here,” he offered softly.

She looked at the blazer, then at him—and turned her head in cold defiance.

A second later—

"Achoo!"

She sneezed. Loudly.

Ivaan raised an eyebrow, stifling a chuckle. She gave him a glare of warning before grabbing the blazer and slipping into it without a word. As soon as she did, the warmth comforted her, both from the cold... and from him.

He sat down beside her. Close. “There’s only one way out of this room,”

he murmured.

She looked at him sideways. “What?”

“Let’s patch things up,” he said.

She blinked, startled. Their eyes met. A few seconds passed. Then—

"I’m sorry, Jharna."

Her heart skipped.

He looked down, as if gathering courage, then back into her eyes.

“I’m sorry for ruining your clothes. I’m sorry for forcing you into this marriage. For manipulating the situation with Miransh. For everything that happened that night. For the fear, the anger, the hurt—I caused it all.”

She was speechless.

“I know saying sorry isn’t magic,” he continued, “and I know you don’t trust me. But please believe me—I’ve changed. You did that. You made me want to be better.”

A beat of silence.

He swallowed, eyes softening.

“Jharna... I...”

She could feel her pulse pounding in her ears.

“I love you.”

His voice cracked ever so slightly. “I love you, Jharna.”

Her breath hitched.

Everything in the room disappeared in that moment—the cold, the silence, even the grudge. All she could feel was the weight of his words.

“I know you won’t believe me but, give me chance. I will prove myself. I don’t care about your past. I want to be your present. I want to give us a real chance—me, you, and Miransh. A family, the way it should’ve always been.”

His eyes glistened with something unspoken. “Will you give me that chance? Just one?”

She didn’t answer.

Her mind was spinning, her heart pounding. She wasn't ready for this confession. Not from him. Not here.

Ivaan leaned in a little, desperate now. "Say something... please."

She stood up suddenly. Her sudden movement caused the blazer to slip from her shoulders, falling to the floor with a soft thud.

And then—

Darkness.

The room went pitch black as the lights snapped off completely. Jharna froze, her breath catching in her throat. But before she could take a step, she felt it—

A whisper of warmth on her neck.

His breath.

She stilled.

Then his hands, carefully, uncertainly, reached out—searching in the dark until they found her.

His fingers brushed her arms, igniting a trail of shivers down her spine.

She gasped quietly.

His touch wasn't demanding, but desperate. Needy.

And then his lips... soft, trembling, grazed the side of her neck.

She inhaled sharply. Her pulse thundered.

He leaned closer, his breath brushing her ear as he whispered—

"Please... say something. Your silence is killing me."

He gently turned her to face him. Though the darkness masked their expressions, their closeness was undeniable—their bodies aligned, breaths colliding.

He leaned in.

Their noses touched. His lips hovered over hers.

"Just say it," he breathed again, voice barely above a whisper, aching.

Jharna's lips parted.

"I..."

# Sitara's Note

Okay...

Yes.

I know.

This chapter was shorter than usual.

But trust me—

It might be short in length, but it's loaded with chaos, confessions, and DAKK DAKK DAKK that could easily set your heart on fire.

While writing this chapter...

I wasn't just typing words—

I was feeling every breath, every stare, every heartbeat.

There were moments I had to stop, close my eyes, and just feel.

At one point, I was literally rolling on my bed, hugging my pillow like it could calm the storm inside me.

This isn't just a love confession.

It's a crack in two guarded souls.

It's warmth in the middle of a cold room.

It's that terrifying, beautiful moment where love chooses vulnerability over silence.

If your heart went DAKK DAKK DAKK,

If your breath caught somewhere between his whisper and her silence...

Then welcome to my madness.

You felt what I felt.

And that makes this journey more special.

Let me know your condition in the comment section

Did you scream? Cry? Blush?

Because I did all three.

I know I made you guys wait and go crazy all day for a short chapter—

but come on, wasn't it worth it?

If not... wait till Chapter 20. I'm not done destroying you yet

With a heart full of fiction,

– Sitara Chandria