

Trapped in a Jungle

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STORYPDF

Complete English text · US Letter reading edition

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About this edition

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Chapter 1.

Husnah's Point Of View.

I woke up early in the morning feeling detached and lugubrious. It was like I did not belong to the world anymore, a feeling like I had lost everything, everyone, and left with zilch. Where did I go wrong to deserve such inexpedient treatment? I had never felt so dejected, lassitude and plunged into an abyss of melancholy, feeling like the world is crumbling on my head while I drown in an ocean of debilitation.

I sighed again, for the umpteenth time since I woke up, turned to my left side and got a glimpse of my little sister, sleeping peacefully. I wish I could be the one sleeping as peacefully as she was... I nudged her and whispered into her ears, "Hey lil sis, wake up. Forgotten that today is a bright and new day for us?"

Amal moaned, turning her head to the opposite direction, avoiding my nudge and whispers. It got me high.

"Hey! Wake up you brat!" I said as I smacked her on her lap. She shrieked in pain and turned quickly to look at my smiling face.

"Ouch! That hurts, you know" Amal said, her right hand on her chest as she faked a sad face "What's that for?" She added, a little bit pissed off.

"You have forgotten what today is, right?" I said rolling my eyes.

"Yaa Allah!" Amal exclaimed, "I'm so sorry sis, how can I forget that today is your engagement day with Yaa Nabeel" Amal said, jumping up excitedly.

Tears crept into the corner of my eyes, and I could feel my head heating up in anger. So it really is happening. I asked Amal just to make sure it was an illusion, but her reaction made the gut-wrenching fact glare at me. It was for real. I'm getting engaged to a guy as cold as an ice, as stupid and dumb as a village rat!

I felt Amal's fingers tracing my tears, as she use her thumb wiping them off.

"I know it's hard for you sis, you just have to endure it and go with the flow. Your crying and whimpering won't stop our parents from doing what they think is right. I know it's hard but, you just have to obey them".

"I'm doomed lil sis, I'm doomed for eternity! I hate him, we both hate each other. Worst of all is that he's already married and he's in love with his wife. How do you think I can face such thing?" I

said, and this time around bursting into tears so hard. My heart ache, in pain, filled with hatred and anger.

"You can make it sis, you can do it. Trust in your beautiful heart and everything will be okay".

I was named Asma'ul Husnah, but people preferred calling me Husnah. I kind of love the name. I am twenty-two years old. My dad is a very influential business man, nationwide. My mom was a typical house wife. I have four siblings, three of which are guys and Amal our last born, making us five in number.

Hamma Khaleel is an international pilot, Hamma Jabir an engineer, and Hamma Naseer a doctor. Hamma khaleel and Hamma jabir are all married, blessed with two kids respectively. Hamma Naseer is the only single guy left, a bachelor to be precise. Uhm!

I graduated from University Of Jos as a Linguist. I don't know what got into me when I decided to study such a course, I guess I wasn't in my senses. But I later realized that there were prospects with the course when I met some prolific and international linguists. Back to my narration, I was been compelled into an arranged marriage with someone I hated so very much. Well, no doubt he hates me too. We are family friends, and it seems like his wife is a barren. Oops! I never said so. Well, here I am ready to go into an arranged marriage. I gulped.

Nabeel, my so called fiancée was an entrepreneur. He was married to a beautiful lady, Fareedah.

I wiped the tears dripping from my eyes as I walked into the bathroom. "You better get up Amal, we need to leave this house before mom start her little drama na bamuda kunya" I said.

"Make it snappy. You bath like a woman who just gave birth yesterday" Amal teased.

"Whatever". I said slipping into the bathroom. I showered for almost thirty minutes before coming out, tied around my body was a white fluffy towel. I tiptoed to my closet signalling Amal to get in and get a quick bath, forgetting that I took almost thirty minutes in there washing up my body.

I dressed in a brown Ankara, skirt and blouse. It had a touch of yellow so I paired it with a yellow veil. I tied my hair in a bun before tying the head gear. I applied a little Kohl to my terrible sulky eyes to hide how irritating they look with a nude lipstick on my carefully carved lips.

I went back into our room and founded Amal in her closet getting dressed.

"I'm going to say hi to mom, meet me down stairs when you are done".

"Okay" she replied absentmindedly.

I walked slowly, as I go down the stairs carefully. How I so much hate stairs, Argh! If it's up to my taste, our house wouldn't be a two floors building.

Mom was sitting comfortably in the living room, on one of the black leather couch arranged beautifully. She's in her mid forties, a very nice and hardworking woman. Aunty ladi, my dad's little sister was sitting beside her. They were talking in hushed tone, and the moment they sighted me coming, they kept quite.

"Ahh, whatever! It's not like I give a damn about what you guys are talking about". I mused to myself as I walked over to them.

"Nyallijam" I greeted them both, using our native language; Fulani.

"Jam" They chorused. "How was your night?" mom went on.

"Great, Alhamdulillah" I replied.

"Have you taken your breakfast yet?" Asked Aunty Larai.

"No, we'll do that in Aunty Hajjo's house". I replied

"Well then, I hope so" Mom said. She knew I never liked the idea of having breakfast as early as ten in the morning, I preferred brunch.

I heard footsteps and I knew it was none other than Amal. She's so into the fashion world. And I bet she's on a high hilled shoe. That girl freaked me sometimes. She hugged our mom and blew her kisses on both cheeks.

"How is the sweetest mom in the whole universe doing?" She asked, as she sat beside her on the couch.

"I'm good, Alhamdulillah my princess. I can see you are all ready".

"Yes mom. How do I look?" Amal said, stood up and swayed from one side to the other; admiring herself. She was dressed in a plain black dress with a golden belt and a bronze veil.

Awwnn, she's just so cute! But not as cute as I, if I must say. I smiled.

"My princess, you look so beautiful..." Mom said.

I drove silently/with Maher Zain's song, "Hold my hand", blaring. I wouldn't want to engage myself in a discussion with Amal about that so called fiancée of mine, I would have ended up ruining my beautiful face if that would be the case. And how silly!

I parked the car in front of a beautiful bungalow. Just as we were about to alight the car, my phone rang!

"You son of a bitch!" I said, gritting my teeth together in anger as I saw the caller I.D, It was Nabeel!

"Yaa Nabeel I guess?" Amal said, raising one of her carefully carved brow.

"Of course yes, that fool!" I said again before picking up the call.

"Salaamu alaikoom" I said, more like a whisper.

"Wa'alaikumus Salam..." He answered.

And trust me, he has the deepest voice ever. Well I kinda like it. Giggling.

"Good morning" I greeted him.

"Spare me your greetings Husnah. I'm not in the mood. Dad told me to come see you. I'll be in Auntie Hajjo's house in few minutes. Be there before me. I can't wait". And he ended the call

WTF! What just happened? Ya Allah! I hate this guy, was this the taciturn, condescending and uncouth bloke I was going to spend the rest of my humdrum life with?

Chapter 2.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I know it sounds stupid but I seriously do hate Husnah, she irritates me. I thought as I took off the phone from my ear... Deep inside, I kept thinking of how I would live with her under the same roof. God, Impossible! I turned and decided to leave the sitting room only for my eyes to caught up with that of Fareedah, she was crying.

"My reedah, what's wrong? Why are you crying?" I asked as I walked to her and wrapped my arms around her tiny waist, hence pulling her closer to me. But to my utmost surprise, she unhesitatingly pulled away!

"Reedah, talk to me please" I uttered, sounding hurt.

"So you're going to see her? Are you falling for her already? Habiby is that it?" She threw me those questions like an interrogating cop... still crying.

"Yaa Allah!" I said, heaving a sigh. "Reedah, I have to go and see her. It's an order from dad. You wouldn't want me to disobey him right?" I asked, carefully choosing my words. I took her hands in mine and kissed them lightly. She was still in tears, so I affectionately embraced her. I could feel her anger, and I could feel how hurt she was.

"It's okey... I love you Reedah, I love you very much, and I love you more than anything, you obviously know that Reedah, so don't worry about husnah".

"I just hate her" she blurted, extricating from the embrace. "And I hate the idea of you getting married to her. How can I share you with someone, Habiby? Just tell me how?"

I looked straight into her eyes and then her lips... deep inside, I knew if I didn't kiss those lips of hers that very instant, I'd definitely go crazy. Hence, I didn't wait for a second thought... I held her jaw and moved my mouth to her lips, I was so hungry for them, I could feel their warmness, how sweet they taste. Yaa rabbi! I love Fareedah... so much.

She moaned, in response to my touches. And I went wild... I spent the next three hours with her, showing her how much I love and treasure her. She was just amazing. I looked at how beautiful she looked when sleeping, so cute. With long eye lashes, a chiseled nose and carved beautiful lips. I kissed her lips lightly.

Yaa rabbi! It just flew into my mind that I should be in with Husnah right now. O Allah! I forgot about her completely.

I took a quick shower and dressed into a black trouser and a milk colored T-shirt. Pecked Fareedah on her cheeks before finally leaving. I had a very broad smile on my face, remembering every single moment we just shared together.

I parked the car before dialing Husnah's number. There I go again, I'm gonna listen to the most craziest and child-like voice ever.

"Salaamu alaikoom" she chirped in.

"Wa alaikumus salaam. Come out this instant, I don't want to wait too long" I said and quickly ended the call.

Hence, I was looking straight at the entrance of the house when I saw her coming. Her face tangled up with anger. I could see it. I chuckled, how silly. Her being angry or not means nothing to me. To hell with her.

She stood in front of my door with her arms wrapped around her chest, and her face unemotional. I gave her a confused look before finally stepping out of the car.

"Ina kwana (Good Morning)" she uttered in what seemed like a whisper.

"Hold your greetings, miss. I didn't come here for it" I harshly replied, giving her a dirty look. "I guess you already know right well I don't love you. This is an arranged marriage, if only there is something I can do to stop it Husnah" I added, hoping that I've hurt her in anyway possible.

She giggled, maybe amused at what I just said. "Well, that makes the two of us Yaa Nabeel. Why don't you do me a favor and tell our parents the exact thing you just told me. I can tell that'll be better, and we'll both go our separate ways".

"I wouldn't want to be the one to disobey my parents. Why don't you do me a favor and tell them that. At least you're a daddy's pet" I said, with a mischievous smile on my face.

"Ahhh! I see, so you want me to be the one to disobey her parents right? You're annoying Yaa Nabeel!" Husnah said, a little bit pissed off.

"Enough of the games, Husnah. Just go ahead and tell me you love me. You're claiming to hate me when I can see how much you love me deep inside your eyes".

"That's a lie!" She shouted, and then the next minute, she was crying. "If only... if only I could do something to stop this marriage, I would've done that. But there is nothing I can do about it. It's definitely happening" she added.

I don't know why or how it happened, but I pitied her situation. At least, I'm married to a woman I love so much. But she's marrying me despite the hatred... just to please our parents. Arggh! Parents are sometimes unbearable.

Without uttering another word, I stormed back into the car and drove out of the compound. I have a lot on my mind as I was driving. My parents forced me into this marriage, thinking that Fareedah is a barren. It's been five years since we got married, and not once has she been pregnant.

I was worried, but I trust my Creator for the best. My parents never seem to understand that, guess that's why they arranged this marriage.

I made a u-turn in an attempt to visit my best friend Fahad, but then my phone rang. Alas! It was Fareedah.

"Sweetest" I said as soon as I picked the call.

"Baby where are you? Come back home please" she said slowly. Yaa Rabbi! Am so much in love with her voice.

"Reedah, I wanted visiting Fahad and say Hi to samy, You know she's sick".

"Well, why don't we go together? Or are you still with that girl?" She asked, I can sense her anger now.

"Calm down reedah, get dressed I'm coming right away". I sighed! Ladies are typically hard to understand. Just as I reached Yan Shanu, my phone rang again.

Yaa Allah! Abbah ne. I put the car to a halt at the roadside before finally answering the call

"Abbah Nyallijam"

"Jam nabeel. Come home right away. We need to talk".

That's it, I just hope Husnah told them to call off the wedding. OMG! I'll be the happiest man on earth... I didn't even try calling reedah back, I gave my full attention to dad's call.

"Hammah nabeel" Yusrah said happily as soon as I stepped my foot into the living room.

"Angelito. How you lil sis?" I said, as I gave her a brotherly hug.

"Fine Hamma. Ina aunty Husnah amarya (where is aunty husnah the bride)?".

"Shurruup silly girl!" I said, pinching her cheeks. She swatted my hands away.

"You guys are always fighting. Can't you at least live under the same roof for a day without fighting?" Mom chirped in. She was sitting on one of the couches in the living room.

"Come on Ammi, You know she talks too much. She's a parrot" I said, giving Yusrah a mischievous smile.

"I'm not a parrot!" Yusrah uttered in a crying-like voice.

"Don't mind him Yussyah. Come over here and sit on my lap" Dad said, putting down the news paper he was reading.

We chit chatted for a while before dad cleared his throat. There we go. I know he's going to say something important.

"Arrm Hamma, we've fixed your wedding date... two months from now. We just felt it would be better if we finalize everything and face things straight ahead".

Hence, I was like "what! How???" I felt a bile go up in my throat. I felt like crying that very moment. What is Abbah saying for goodness sake? He can't be serious about this. O Allah! See me through this predicament.

Chapter 3.

Husnah's Point Of View.

I swallowed so hard, I tried crying, I tried shouting... but all to no avail. I looked from one corner of my room to another. Then I realized I was trapped in a jungle.

The words kept ringing through my head. I just found it hard to believe that I was getting married in two months... getting married to my worst nightmare.

I felt the other side of my bed go down, I knew that someone just sat there but I couldn't bring myself to see who it was. My head was still buried in my hands, and tears kept gushing uncontrollably. Yaa Allah! He's gonna be the end of me.

"Adda husnah". Amal called out slowly, with her thumb clearing away my tears. Her hands felt so warm. When I managed to glance at her, I broke into more and more tears.

"Addah Husnah, this isn't the end of everything. We just need to pray. Allah is in control of everything. Keep your trust in Him".

I couldn't say a word, my heart ached so very much that I felt it'd burst any moment from now.

Amal rested my head on her shoulders, soothing my back. That very moment, I knew I was blessed with the best sister ever.

We stayed for almost thirty minutes in that position. And I felt my heart at peace a little.

Aunty Ladi's voice kept trailing my head, as I remembered every single word she uttered the very moment I and Amal set our foot into the living room when we came back from aunty Hajjo. "In two weeks time, you'll be a bride, Husnah". She said that happily.

I was confused at first when I heard that. I even thought she was just poking fun on me, but then she blinked me back to reality as she goes on to say, "They brought ten cartoons of na gani ina so (gifts taken to the bride's house as a sign that the boy is interested). The lefe (Cloths brought to the bride from her husband) will be brought a week to the wedding".

I almost loosed my balance. Aunty Ladi couldn't be serious.

"I thought it's just an engagement?" I puzzlingly uttered in what seemed like a whisper.

"Well, we thought it'll be better to finalize everything once and for all" She responded.

My eyes were watery. My heart beating fast. My balance... so lost as I fell to the ground. I didn't know how, but I felt tears running down my cheeks.

He's gonna be the end of me!

"I don't love him, wallahi bana sonshi" I shouted, shaking my head furiously. As if shaking it will stop the wedding.

"Husnah" Mom called softly, and I felt her warm arms wrapped around me. "Shhhhh, everything will be alright".

I quickly blinked back to reality... that was three days ago event. I felt my tummy rumbling. Yeah! Why not? I haven't eaten a solid food for the past three days, just black coffee. Yeah, I know I look like a ghost now.

"Adda Husnah, snap out of this and be yourself again please, for mom. You know how worried she is right?". Amal said again.

"Sure little sis, thank you for everything. You're the very best, I love you, infinity times ten".

"I love you more Adda".

I had a warm bath, allowing the hot water penetrate my soul, massaging my aching bones.

O Yaa Allah, I feel alive again.

I tied my fluffy white towel and tiptoed into my closet. What am I even gonna put on? Dunno, I just hate the idea of putting heavy cloths on just now.

While I was thinking... just then, my eyes rested on a red and black polka dots gown. Yeah, I think I'll settle on this. I put a little kohl in my eyes to hide how terrible I looked... worst still, as I looked into the square sized mirror in front of me, I puzzled. What have you done to yourself husnah? I wondered!

I came back into the bedroom and found it clean and tidy, with a very nice and flowery scent. Awww! Amal is the best sister so far. I went downstairs, a lot in my mind, I'm trying so hard to look real, to be myself. At least, for mom.

Yeah, for her!

Guess she knew I was coming downstairs, her eyes were focused at my direction and I could trace the lines of worried on her face.

"A wali jam (good morning)" I greeted.

"Jam koo dume" mom answered, looking at me with those eyes of hers. Well I think my mom has the biggest eyes in the whole universe. Uhhh! Don't mind my exaggeration.

"Husnah, what are you doing to yourself?" She queried.

I tried answering, but the words wouldn't come out. I was left with only a sigh.

"Don't you believe in QADR?" She asked further "Kefa mace ce, you're my favorite among all your siblings, Husnah. Do you think I'll give my blessings to something I didn't pray over? Where is that sweet and amazing little angel I gave birth to?" She asked, tears swelling up her eyes.

"I'm sorry mom, I'm so sorry" I said in tears, as we both wrapped our hands around each other.

"Don't disappoint me please. Be that bright and cheerful girl you once were, please".

"I promise mom. I promise. Do forgive my stupidity".

I felt mom's warmth deep inside, as I buried my head in her chest. A mom is the best creation on earth!

My tummy rumbled for the hundredth time since this morning. Mom broke the hug, giving me a funny look. Yeah, I knew what that look of hers meant.

"Okay, fine mom. Mi yiddi nyamugo (I want to eat" I said, a smile on my face.

"You silly girl" mom said, pinching me so hard on my cheeks "I'll make sure you eat two whole plates!".

"No mom, siddi please (a little, please)".

Have you ever felt the happiness of being feed by your mom? Well, that's the best feeling ever.

The day ended in a blur. I was super excited about tomorrow. Dammit! My best bro is coming back. I've missed his nagging and blabbering so far... Yaa Naseer!

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I turned restlessly to the other side of the bed. Its morning already, I couldn't grasp why I was now still on bed.

Well... why shouldn't I understand the fact that the idea of getting married to Husnah was the reason why? Uhm!

Its been three days since dad broke the bad news to me. I just couldn't bring myself to tell Fareedah what happened. How will she take it? Yaa Allah!

I stood up lazily and walked to the bathroom, took a quick shower and dressed quickly before stepping out of the room.

I knew Fareedah would be in the kitchen preparing breakfast, so I walked straight to the kitchen Island. She was standing by the sink, busy washing the dishes. I hugged her from behind, giving her a very warm kiss on her earlobe.

She shrieked, responding to it.

"Good morning" I said slowly, as my arms kept going up and down on her abdomen.

"Morning. Zaka fara koh? Can't you see I'm busy?" She said.

"You left me on bed all alone, I missed your warmness".

"Aww! You silly boy" she said, turning her face towards me. Before I could comprehend what was happening, I felt her lips on mine. They were warm, so sweet. I nibbled her lower lips passionately and she moaned.

"I love you, baby" she whispered between breaths.

"I love you more, reedah" I answered.

I was about grabbing her lips again for another passionate kiss when my phone rang.

Anger!

That's what I felt.

I sighed deeply.

Someone just ruined my precious moment.

I looked at the phone to see who was calling.

What the fuck!

This can't be!

Husnah calling me?

Impossible!

I looked at reedah and saw her eyes on me. She smiled and said, "Come on! Pick it up"

I nodded and swallowed so hard before turning to leave the kitchen.

"What's it?" I asked through the phone angrily.

"I want to see you. I'm kinda missing you" she said sweetly.

I removed the phone from my ears and rechecked the caller.

Husnah!

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I want to see my future husband. I'm missing him". She said again.

What! Was this for real?

Chapter 4.

Husnah's Point Of View.

I didn't just know why I did what I did, and for what reason. The only thing I knew was that, I planned on getting Nabeel against all odds. I believed I won't regret ever obeying my mother for accepting this faith.

I'll be his wife... and he's gonna love me.

I made up my mind to start it the way I wanted it to be that morning. Hey! Why shouldn't I even love a guy like Nabeel? He's also handsome by the way. He's tall.. I mean, very tall with broad shoulders. He also had beard, side burns. Adorable right? Yeah, I know.

So, why couldn't I just love him? There is no way I shouldn't do that, hence there is no escape route for me. Fareedah will have to accept the fact that the two of us are going to share him!

Amal sat by my side, looking at me as I made the phone call. I could see that she was so surprised. "Adda... are you sure about this?". She asked.

"Ofcourse yes, Amal. He's my husband to be in two months. If I don't get to know him now, when would I? I just need your prayers". I said, as I took her right hand into mine.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

Husnah must be stupid! How could she do such a thing to me? Asking me to come over to their house... because she's missing me. Wait, could it be that she's really missing me? I felt a warm feeling swept down my body. Missing me, as in for real?

I had to lie to reedah that afternoon that I was going to visit Fahad before leaving the house. How could I even tell her the verity? It'd make her feel jealous, and would make her break down into tears. I chuckled at myself as I kept driving over to their house. I parked the car opposite the boys quarters before finally calling her.

"Salamu alaikoom" she uttered as soon as she picked up the call.

"Amin wa alaikis salaam. I'm outside"

"Uhhh! Coming right away"

My eyes were focused at the direction of the main house. I just don't know why, but I had this urge that kept pestering me, wanting my eyes to set on her.

And there she comes... all dressed in red. Wait! Seems like red is her best colour so far. My Allah! Tho I'm not in love with her, but I couldn't deny the fact that she was just so beautiful.

She walked slowly over to me. As soon as she was by the other side of the car. She kind of looked amazing.

"Salamu alaikoom, Yaa Nabeel sannu da zuwa (you're welcome)". She uttered.

I alighted the car and looked at her before replying. "Wa alaikis salaam. Thank you".

"Come inside please, I made lunch" she said sweetly.

Hey, what the hell is wrong with me. Why am I even smiling at her? "No, I'm okay" I answered.

I could see the look of disappointment in her eyes. I didn't give a damn about that anyways. The only person I love and will love forever is Fareedah!

"So..." I said raising one of my brows. "Now that you've seen me, I hope you're good to go?".

"No, Yaa Nabeel".

"Ohh really? Then why did you call me over?".

"To look at you and also spend sometime with you".

"Look Husnah, I'm not into this so called game of yours. Don't you dare try playing a prank like that on me, okay? You know quite well who I am, I don't take bullshits!" I said, while looking at her angrily.

Hey, what just got over me? I couldn't seem to find the reason why I was angry.

She was hurt, I could see that. She couldn't hold the tears back and couldn't say a word to me. The only thing she did was turn and took her heels!

Husnah's Point Of View.

"I can't do this!" I shouted as I got into the bathroom and cried my eyes out.

"I can't, I just can't" I kept muttering. "If only Abba will listen to me, I don't love Yaa Nabeel and I don't think I can ever love him. I hate him!".

"Addah, Addah come out" Amal knocked at the bathroom's door.

"I know you're right in there, come out Addah".

"Leave here Amal, just go. I... I don't wanna talk".

"Hamma Nasir is back" she said slowly.

Yaa Allah! I totally forgot he's coming back today.

Why did I even waste my time on a fool like Nabeel when my favorite bro is coming? Dammit Husnah! You're also a fool.

I took a quick shower, dressed in a blue and yellow ankara... A gown. I applied a little Kohl to my eyes to hide how terrible they look.

"Hamma nah" I called as I went downstairs, "Hamma nah where are you? Lily is eager to see you".

"Uh uh... I don't think so". I heard a deep voice beside me. I was shocked, that's not hamma's voice. It's Nabeel's.

I turned quickly and my eyes caught his. He was sitting on a couch and beside him sat Hamma Naseer, looking at me smiling.

"Hamma nah!" I shouted as I jumped over him, giving him a bone crushing hug, forgetting totally that Nabeel was sitting just a few inches away.

"Yaa Allah, hamma ka qara girma!" I said looking at him from head to toe as soon as I broke the hug.

"You silly girl!" Hamma said, smacking me on the hand at the same time pinching my cheeks. I swatted his hands away.

"I missed you so much hamma, come on... lemme take you to your room, I cleaned it this morning".

Hamma only smiled then turned his glance at Nabeel who kept looking at us with so much admiration.

"In law, is this how you cope with her noise making? Husnah is a parrot!"

"Hamman mu, yana iya? That's how I manage every day tunda ta maqale tace saini". Nabeel answered as he smirked.

WTF!

Look who's talking here. I opened my lips to talk but only a gasp came out.

Yaa Allah! This guy freaks me!

"I can see, you guys make a nice couple" Hamma said smiling at me.

"We sure do big bro. A pleasure meeting you as an in law not a friend anymore"

My eyes grew wide open as I stare at Nabeel with a confused look. This guy is really something else.

"I'll wait for you upstairs hamma" I said finding my way out of the living room.

I heard them chuckling, whatever that was for, I really don't care.

As days goes by, it's almost a month to my wedding and nothing has still changed from the way we both treat each other.

My phone rang. Alas! It was Amrah, the silly girl has finally decided to call me.

"Babe" I said as soon as I picked the call.

"Yaa Allah Husnah! I just saw the guy of my dreams!" She chirped through the phone.

"Uhhgg! Are you coming or not?". I asked a little bit pissed off. Amrah was the type of girl that goes around with every dog.

"Ofcourse I am" she answered. "I'm on my way already, I just couldn't help it when I saw him. Felt like breaking the news before finally reaching over" she added.

"Make it snappy please, I have a lot to do".

"Naji Amarya!".

Nabeel's Point Of View.

"Buddy, I'm telling you, she's so hot! It's been three days since I set my eyes on her, and ever since then I haven't rest" Fahad said. Well, yeah. He looked worried, whoever this so called girl is, she really has got him this time.

"So? what do you intend to do?" I asked calmly.

"Look for her of course". He replied back.

I smiled and focused on driving. We are visiting Husnah, and Fahad has never seen her so I invited him over. At least, she won't pour words on me like she always do.

I called her as soon as I parked the car. "I'm outside". That's it! And I ended the call. Sometimes I wonder why I'm cold towards her. At least we are both in the same boat, we ought to reason with each other.

I saw them coming, ohh! She invited a friend also. Well, I kinda like the idea.

"Salamu alaikoom" they both said. Husnah looked exceptionally beautiful in her black abaya.

"Wa alaikumus salaam" I answered, yeah, I answered alone. Why? Cuz Fahad was lost in thoughts!

"Good evening" Husnah greeted, before I could answer she went on... "This is my best friend Amrah, we grew up together and she's the only friend I have" she introduced.

But to my surprise, Amrah wasn't listening. Her eyes were focused on me. Something is wrong. I know it.

I turned to see if Fahad had come back to his senses, but no he was still lost in thoughts.

What's wrong with these two? I wondered.

Chapter 5.

Husnah's Point Of View.

I focused my gaze at Amrah, wondering what the hell she was thinking about for her to be so lost.

"Who's he, Husnah?" She whispered, her eyes on Nabeel.

"Arrgghh! My future lovey dovey husband of course" I whispered back sarcastically.

Her eyes grew wide open. Whatever that meant, I didn't seemed to get it right.

"Y...you mean he's the guy you told me about?" She asked again. This time, surprised.

I sighed heavily before replying her back. "Yeah, uhm... He's the guy".

"You sure are lucky!" She said as a wide grin appeared on her face.

"Arrrrmm..." I heard Nabeel's deep voice, "Is everything okay here?".

"Well, yeah. Everything's okay". Amrah answered.

I didn't know why, or maybe it might be the effects of my shortsightedness, but I thought I saw Amrah sweating profusely as well as shaking all over. As if in shock or disappointed.

"Amaryar mu" Fahad said, shifting his gaze from me to Amrah. Uhhh! I guess he wanted to know who the bride is amongst us.

"Angon mu" Amrah chirped in as she smiled.

"Urrghh... so... you are our bride kenan?"

"Not at all, a friend. Nah, not a friend. A sister, a friend, an aunty, a role model... everything". Amrah added.

Fahad was silent for a while, and I was damn freaking sure that something was wrong with the two.

"Well... my heart was beating so fast moments ago when I saw you; deep inside I was praying that you shouldn't be the bride" Fahad said.

WTF!

Did Amrah just blushed at his comment? Ahhh, so now I got it! These two must really have something in common.

"Yaa Allah, can I please have some few minutes with my wife". Nabeel said and I felt like the ground should be wide open so that I could fall inside.

"Awwwwnnn... is this love?" Amrah asked, so amused.

"Of course qawar mu" Nabeel said, his eyes on me. I could feel them piercing through my soul. O Allah! What is he doing to me?. "You know, she's just too sweet and beautiful for simple words. I'm head over heels in love with your friend" he added smiling.

My jaw dropped. My eyes wide open. My mouth went dry, I almost lost my balance. Is this for real?

I turned my gaze to Amrah and found a blank expression. Something sure is wrong with her.

"Arrrrmm..." Fahad said "I think they need some space. I know this crazy dude over here is doing all this to annoy me cuz I'm single. But don't worry, I'll have one soon... she'll be the best!" He said, as he fixed his eyes on Amrah.

Amrah nodded and went along with him to the garden, which is a few distance away from us.

I turned my face and looked at Nabeel. To my surprise, his eyes were fixed on me. He was smiling. Smiling at me.

Yaa Rabbi!

Believe me, am not exaggerating. He has the sweetest smile I've ever seen!.

"You like it?" He asked

"Like what?" I responded, a confused look on my face.

He chuckled, his right hands caressing his beard. I don't know why, but I found what he was doing amazing.

"The little game I played of course. Weren't you happy when I blabbed the so called 'I Love you'?". He said, his hands in the air as he quotes his recent words.

I fumed up with anger. This guy is a snake! "You know what, Yaa Nabeel? You disgust me!". I said angrily.

But, hello! why was I even angry? He was right, I was happy when he said those three words. Even though I knew he was pretending, but he shouldn't have poured his sarcastic look to my face.

"Ouucchh!" Nabeel said, his right hand at his heart "That hurts, babe". He said slowly while feigning sadness.

I was speechless. I loved the way he just talked... right now!

"Hmmm... Yaa Nabeel kenan!" I said slowly as I keep twisting my fingers.

"What?" He asked, raising one of his brows. "You loved it right? Well, great then! I'll keep pretending and showing the world I love you... cool right?". He uttered with a mischievous smile crossing his lips.

"I..I..I really do..nt like that idea" I stammered.

"Why?" He asked, so amused. Yeah, he ought to be!

"Because we both know that we are cheating each other. We don't love each other so let it be that way" I replied, blankly.

Nabeel was silent for a while. I couldn't seem to understand what he was thinking about... Then I heard him clear his throat. "Husnah" he called softly, and my heart melted.

"Na'am" I answered without hesitation with my gaze at my feet.

"Let's just pretend. That's the only way out. I can't love you, and neither will I force myself to love you. If that's what you are thinking about, then keep it aside because it's never going to happen" he said.

Hasbunnallah!

By Allah I felt like strangling Nabeel right this instant. A lump went down my throat, and I was speechless. It took me almost ten minutes to get back to my senses. I looked up at him, cleared my throat and said, "I never said you should love me, neither did I say I'm gonna love you. So stick to your wife, you want a pretense right? Then you've got one!" I replied, sounding bitterly.

Hence, that made him chuckle... and Yaa Rabbi, that chuckling freaked me out!

"Great, I love it when you look tough... I really love it" He muttered.

I was about replying him back when I saw Fahad and Amrah coming. The two were grinning, I wonder what it was with them.

"Heyya lovey doves! Aren't you guys done yet?" Fahad asked smiling.

"O shit! I know you gave the idea of you guys coming back, you ruined my beautiful moment with my Angel". Nabeel said, feigning sadness. I giggled and he looked at me as if he was admiring me.

"Awwwnn... you guys are surely in love" Amrah said. I couldn't understand the expression on her face.

"Yes Amrah. My Asma is the best, and when I say the best, I mean the very best. I love her so very much" Nabeel answered closing his eyes.

Amrah looked at me. Hey! What's that look for? She totally had an unpleasant look, and I wondered why.

"Let's get going buddy, you know I have an appointment". Fahad quickly said.

"Uhh! Yeah, I almost forgot. I'm gonna miss you My Asma, so very much".

"I'm gonna miss you more, my future husby, do take care of yourself for me please" I replied.

Hello! Did I just did that? Whoa, then I'm really getting it!

The wedding had already begun, It started with the SA LALLE, then KAMU, WANKIN AMARYA and then finally tomorrow, I'm going to be a BRIDE... Yaa Nabeel's bride.

My hands and legs were decorated with henna flowers, when Nabeel saw it, I didn't know if it was part of his pretense but he loved it.

Amrah had been by my side all this while, assisting me in anything possible.

We were seated in my room, chit chatting... and almost all my friends were also there.

"Guess what babe?" Amrah said happily.

"What?" I asked her.

"I'm inlove!" She shouted at the top of her voice.

I was stunned.

Amrah in love? Oh yeah, I almost forgot, she told me about the guy she saw days back.

"Who's the lucky guy?" I asked happily.

She looked at me fixedly, as if contemplating whether to answer me positively or not.

"Fahad"

"What! You really can't be serious" I said, so bewildered.

"Yes I am, babe. I love him and we are already into a relationship" she answered.

"Nabeel never told me" I said.

"Well, maybe he doesn't know".

"Lemme... lemme call him"

"Uhhh..."

It rang for only two times before I heard his deep and husky voice answering.

"Hubby" I unhesitatingly uttered, wanting him to know the fact that I wasn't sitting alone... so that he shouldn't forget about our pretense.

"You've got the sweetest voice ever, My Asma" he said slowly "I love you so very much" he added.

"Awww, I love you more. Hey! Wait up, did you know that Amrah and Fahad are already in a relationship?". I asked

"Are you serious?" He asked. He was so surprised too, just like me.

"Am damn se..." The line went dead. I didn't just know what happened. I called back and it kept ringing without him answering. I had a bad feeling about this.

Chapter 6.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I sat in the living room, a cup of mixed fruits juice in one hand, and my phone in the other hand. Fareedah was busy in the kitchen preparing lunch. Just then, my phone rang. Alas! It was Husnah.

I was angry. 'This girl is trying to get on my nerves! Just because I told her we can pretend doesn't mean she can stick her nose in my day to day activities'. I answered the call, deep inside my heart, I've made up my mind to tell her something that'll stick in her heart till the end of the day.

"Hubby" she chirped in as soon as I picked the call. Then I realized she wasn't the only one. Our game of pretense was on.

"You've got the sweetest voice ever my Asma" I said slowly. "I love you so vey much".

"Awwwwnnn, I love you more. Hey! Wait up, did you know that Amrah and Fahad are already in a relationship?" She asked.

WTF! She can't be serious. "Are you serious?" I asked.

"I'm damn se..." I heard glasses shattering. My heart missed a bit. I didn't know why, but I had a bad feeling about this. I ended the call before I could finish listening to what she was saying.

Hasbunnallahu wa ni'eemal wakeel!.

I just knew it. Fareedah was standing right behind my back, plates shattered into pieces and the cooked food poured around. She looked like a ghost, more like she's outta her senses or maybe lost it all. I drove in some courage and walked up to her. She still stood there, and by the time I stood by her side, I was sure she didn't even know. I took her warm and soft hands into mine. She jacked, grabbed her hand away from mine... looking at me. Yaa Allah! That look pierced through my soul. I saw it, it was a look of hatred.

"My reedah... listen to me dan Allah" I said, trying to take her hand again.

"Don't! Don't you dare touch me!" She shouted.

Well? What did I expect? For her to hug me tight in her hands and tell me she love me? I must be stupid.

"Dan Allah ki saurareni! (Please listen to me)" I said, grabbing her shoulders. She yanked away, and this time around when I looked into her eyes, I knew I've hurt her way too much! If only... if only she'll let me explain.

"You've betrayed me Nabeel, betrayed my trust. I hate you Nabeel! I hate you. Kuma yau din nan zanbar gidan nan!" She shouted on top of her voice, crying... crying so hard.

I was speechless. Totally outta words to say. Yeah, I knew what she said was the truth. I had betrayed her, betrayed her trust.

"I deserve a chance to explain things, My Reedah, don't just judge me dan Allah" I pleaded.

"What do you have to tell me? What's left for you to tell me? I heard you with my own two ears Nabeel, so you loved her? Why didn't you just admit it in the first place? That would've make things easy for me, I could have accepted the fact that you're marrying her because you love her" she said again. I could see how hurt she was, deeply hurt... "I'm broken Nabeel, I'm so broken" she added, slipping to the floor.

Okay, here goes my chance... I slipped to the floor together with her, giving her a bone crushing hug. She didn't fight to free herself, instead she hugged me back. I whiffed the scent of her intoxicating khumrah.

"You are my life, you mean the world to me. I don't think I can emphasis this, but I LOVE YOU MY REEDAH" I said, kissing the tip of her nose, her earlobe, her cheeks and finally rested my lips on hers... giving her a lip crushing kiss, it was demanding, wild, but passionate. I nibbled her lower lip and she nibbled mine too, moaning to my touches.

"I love you, My Reedah. Never doubt it. You mean the world to me, you're mine alone, and I'm yours alone. You're MINE FOREVER". I said, looking deep into her eyes. She didn't say another word, all she did was grab my lips again, nibbling them the way she wants them to. We broke, gasping for breath. I looked at her, and I knew it, she wasn't mad anymore.

"Those lips are the best" I said, my finger tip caressing her lips. She blushed, turning all red.

I chuckled at her expression. 'I so much love my wife, and I don't think I'm ever gonna love someone as much as I love her'. "I'm sorry, My Reedah" I whispered slowly.

"Shhhh...." she shushed me, "Say no more baby, I love you way too much. I love you just like a mother love her kids, just like a fish loves water, just like the love monkey has for banana's. I love you baby, I love you".

Yaa Allah! What will life be without reedah? "Not mad anymore?" I asked carefully

"Why should I be?" She asked, her left hand on my right cheek. It felt warm... so warm that I felt like sleeping that very instant. "I've got the perfect husband, and I love him way too much for words to describe" she added.

"Okay" I said, putting my right hand on hers "I'll cook lunch again. I'll feed you, nah! I'll even chew it before putting it into your mouth".

"Awwwnn... aren't you the sweetest?" She said sweetly.

"Not as sweet as you are, My Reedah".

Wheeww! That end it all. I always thank God for knowing Reedah's weak point, else, I wouldn't have known how to handle her. That very day, I reminded myself that I can't love anyone as much as I love Fareedah, she's my life, my everything!.

"So? You'll be my wife tomorrow?" I asked Husnah a silly question. Lol. Silly of course. She was dressed in a plum silk boubou, her hair carefully wrapped in a scarf. Well, she looked amazing.

"I guess so" she answered back, absent mindly.

"Are you angry?" I asked. 'Hello! Why did I even ask? Its not like I care if she is or not'. She gave me a look I couldn't comprehend. Whatever that look was for, I really couldn't tell.

"Yaa Nabeel, you think that pretense is gonna work? I'm having a second thought on this" Husnah said

"Do you have another plan in mind?" I asked, and she was silent. Her eyes on her feet, "Or do you intend on telling our parents to call off the wedding?" I added

She gave me a quizzical look, and then she giggled. "You are always full of surprises yaa Nabeel, why don't you help me do that?" She responded.

Well, ladies are always the same. Answering a question with a question. "Fine, we'll live in our so called married life. I'm not promising you a good life over there Husnah. All I know is that I have someone i love and I don't love you. Please, don't fall for my looks. I know I'm way too cute!". I could see how she clenched her teeth after hearing that. She looked visibly angry.

"Sai anjima yaa Nabeel" she said, and off she went.

Today being Saturday... 'I Nabeel is now the de-jure husband of Husnah'. I thought Fareedah would be mad at me, maybe wouldn't even look at me. But No, I was wrong. She made my night, she made my day and she'll always make them. That's My Reedah.

That very day, after the wedding being officialized, I slipped back home to her. According to the custom, Reedah ought to invite her friends to keep her company, but she didn't. She was sitting alone by the swimming pool with only a pair of bikini. I felt my cheeks burning. Hello! I just

turned red. She looked sexy and I couldn't get my eyes off her. I tip toed over to her, wrapped my arms around her and gave her a lingering kiss on her neck, going up to her cheeks.

"Uhhmm!" I moaned, "I missed this scent" I said as I rubbed my lips on her ear lobe. I came face to face with her, looking into her eyes before finally crushing my lips on hers. It was wild, filled with passion and love for her. I nibbled her lips eagerly, as if someone was trying to snatch them. She nibbled mine back, trying to catch up the pace. We parted our lips slightly, and she blushed.

"You drive me crazy, My Reedah" and before I could close my lips again, she crushed her lips for the second time on mine. And this time around, I knew I've got it!

Chapter 7.

Husnah's Point Of View.

"Say"

"Go through the darkest of days"

"Heaven's a heartbreak away"

"Never let me go"

"Never let me down"

"Oh"

"Its been a hell of a ride"

"Driving the edge of a knife"

"Never let you go"

"Never let me down"

"Don't you give up"

"Na na na"

"I wont give up"

"Na na na"

"Let me love you"

I danced, as I swayed my butt from one side to the other as I sang the song, standing by the standing gas cooker in my beautifully arranged kitchen. It's ten in the morning and I was preparing breakfast. Well, something to put in my little mouth. I was dressed in a plain black mini gown with white polka dots. My hair tied in a bun.

"Don't fall asleep"

"At the wheel, we've got a million miles ahead of us"

"Miles ahead of us"

"All that we need"

"Is a rude awakening to know we're good enough"

"(Yeah) know we're good enough"

I kept singing, mixing the chocolates I just melted in the already mixed dough. I added the cheese in the dough and then put the baking pot into the oven. I was already salivating.

"So go through the darkest of days"

"Having a heartbreak away"

"Never let you go"

"Never let me down"

"Oh"

"Its been a hell of a ride"

"Driving the edge of a knife"

"Never let you go"

"Never let me down"

"Don't you give up"

"Na na na"

"I wont give up"

"Na na na"

"Let me love you".

This time around, I was not only swaying my butts but shaking viciously in my efforts to go with the lyrics. I heard something from behind me. Something more like a gasp, or maybe a thud. Uhhh! Don't mind my exaggerations. I turned quickly and my eyes locked up in Nabeel's cold eyes. The saucer in my hand slipped away and crashed to the floor. My legs were trembling. I was shocked. 'What is Nabeel doing here?'. I know you all must be wondering, but I've been in this house for two good weeks, and I've only seen Nabeel once. That's the day I was conveyed to his house. I wrapped up every single word he told me that very day.

I was seated on my king-sized bed, the veil on my head blurring my gaze. I felt a part of the bed beside me go down, meaning someone must have sat over there. Out of no where, I felt a strong, soft and warm hand taking my soft little hands. I gasped for some air, as I quickly shoved the veil blurring my eyesight.

Ohh ohh ohh!

This can't be!

Nabeel, holding my hands in his?

Maybe I was day dreaming. But Nah! I wasn't. He really was holding my hands, caressing them. Sending shivers down my spine.

I turned all red!

'What the hell is wrong with me?!'

Suddenly, I heard him laughing huskily. He let go of my hands, giving me a weird look.

"Awwww" he pouted. Dammit! I felt like grabbing those lips. "Seems like you enjoyed the warmness of my soft hands" he added.

I nibbled my bottom lip, feeling very uncomfortable. "I never said I enjoyed your game Yaa Nabeel". I said slowly. Baaaah! It seemed like I'm even afraid to voice out my own words.

He chuckled, a wide grin appearing on his new shaved face. Yaa Allah! I just love that sight. "You can't deny it. Your face is turning all red" he said, his deep voice sending shivers down my spin and I felt like a hundred of elephant and rhinos are tampering in my stomach. "You loved the simple touch I gave you, how will it be when I go all the way hugging you and giving you a light kiss? I guess you'll shout my name all day" he added, raising one of his bushy brow.

Jesus of Nazareth!

Muhammed of Mekkah!

Yaa Nabeel is something else!

I looked at him, eyes wide open. What could he be thinking talking that way? My God! I just got married to him today!.

"I... I... I'm sl..ee..py" I stammered.

Hello! I stammered!

Why? Because those words he said pierced through my soul.

WTF!

Was he just laughing at me? He laughed and laughed... holding his stomach so tight.

"See! I gotcha. I knew you enjoyed it, but you were denying the fact that you enjoyed it" he said.

I scoffed, turning my face south. "Stop daydreaming. That'll never happen" I said.

"Uhhhggghh! I never said it'll happen"

He replied giving me a look I couldn't comprehend. "I better get going, my Reedah is waiting. I don't want to keep her waiting" he added.

Lol!

I let out a loud laugh! Why won't I? He's acting as if I'm begging him to stay with me! Damn it. I looked at him, as he was already standing... ready to go. I bit my lower lip in anticipation of what I'm gonna say right now. "You know what yaa Nabeel? No, wait. Why should I even call you Yaa? Nabeel kawai. You disgust me! Now, take your damn freaking ass and get the hell out of my room!".

He stood there, looking bewildered. I guess he never thought he's gonna hear such words from me.

I giggled!

Hello! I also amused myself. I didn't know how or when it happened, I just saw him standing right before me. I could inhale the mint in his heavy breath and also his pef. Dammit! I just love the pef.

He chuckled, taking hold of my hands into his. And without me comprehending the situation, he kissed my forehead, my earlobe then my cheeks.

Yaa Allah! I was all red!

My eyes were tightly closed. I was breathing heavily... more like gasping for breath. I could still feel his presence, for that I closed my eyes tightly again, not wanting to open them and face him.

My God! This is too much.

I heard him chuckle. 'What's that for?'. He used his thumb and wiped off a string of hair dangling to my face. "Told ya you are in love with me kiddo, accept the fact and treat your heart. Because I'm never gonna love you. Goodnight".

That's it?

I asked myself before finally opening my eyes, only to find him closing the door.

From that day onwards, I didn't set my eyes on him till this morning.

"Seems like you're a good singer and also a good dancer. I kinda love it" he said, standing by the doorway. I rolled my eyes, thinking of what to say to him, but before I could make up my mind, he continued. "Make breakfast with my Reedah, she's too lazy to cook this morning".

'What?' My eyes grew wide open. 'He can't be serious! I should cook for his so-called wife? Impossible!'. I hissed and turned to my cooking. Singing another song this time around.

For the rest of my life

I'll be with you

I'll stay by your side

Honest and true

"Husnah, I'm talking to you" Nabeel said almost shouting.

To the end of my lifeeeee

I'll be loving you

Loving you

"Husnah!"

For the rest of my life

Through days and night

I thank Allah

For opening my eyes.....

I felt his strong arms drawing me from behind, and turning my angry face to his.

"How dare you!" He shouted, squeezing my shoulders. "Do I look like I'm your mate or kidding around with you?" He angrily said.

I blinked and rolled my eyes. I just couldn't help but chuckle. 'He gets angry easily. I'll use that against him'.

"Owww" I uttered, making a puppy face and then placing my hands on his shoulder, caressing them. "I'm so sorry, Darling. Forgive your love over here"

'Hello! What's wrong with me?'. I took a deep breath and looked into his eyes. He was boiling.

Yaa Allah! Save me. I was about stepping back when my eyes caught Fareedah standing right behind us. A thought just popped up through my brain... I held him tight to my arms, squeezing him so tight, rubbing my lips on his hard chest.

"I'm sorry. Here, kiss me all you want darling. I'm so sorry, I know they taste better than Fareedah's, you don't have to keep repeating yourself. Mhmmnn, forgive your silly angel here".

I could see how wide his eyes grew open, he must be wondering what the hell I was talking about. I raised my feet, carefully cupping his face in my soft hands, before finally crashing my lips on his!

Yaa Allah!

They felt so warm as I nibbled the lower and upper lip at the same time. In as much as he tried controlling himself, he just couldn't. I didn't know how, but I felt myself being taken up to the basin, holding me so tight and kissing me like a hungry animal. We broke for some air. His bright eyes looking dark. "The taste of mint, I love them" he said before finally crashing his lips on mine again.

I opened my eyes half way and saw Fareedah holding tight to the door, not wanting to fall down... as tears keep running down her cheeks.

Episode 8.

Nabeel's Point Of View .

'I think I'm going nuts! Could this be the sweetest lips I've ever tasted?. My Allah!'. I was already losing control. I smooched every single inch of her body and she responded with moans. I was kissing the hell out of her, my hands exploring her thighs... Just then, I heard her heart beat changing. More like being afraid of me. She started fighting to free herself from me but I just got wild with the way she was doing that. Her soft hands pinching and pushing me. If only she knew what would come out of that, she wouldn't have tried to free herself.

Yes!

I wanted to feel her hands smooching me, but that wasn't possible... as she kept trying to free herself. Hence, I took hold of both her hands and bind them behind her back, giving her a tight grip. I looked straight into her eyes, they were dark and were looking so sexy. I love them!

I kissed the tip of her nose. "You drive and keep driving me crazy with those lips. I love mint" I said, my thumb caressing her lower lips.

"Let go of me you fool" she shouted, trying to free herself again.

I held her tight. I mean, so tight in my arms. "Sshhhh" I uttered, "Don't you dare, not even in your dreams call me a fool. You wanted all what I did right now, so why acting like a saint?". I asked, raising one of my bushy brow.

"I never wanted that!" she snapped, "It was just a game and nothing more" she said.

I chuckled. 'This girl is trying me'. "A game? Who were you showing the game to?" I queried.

"Let go of me, please. I have a lot to do" She said, trying to extricate herself from me.

"Not if you tell me what game you were playing". I said, being the stubborn me. She looked at me straight in the eyes and giggled, looking at the door side behind me. I didn't know what I amused her, for moments ago she was fuming with anger.

"Come on baby" she said, putting her arms on my shoulders and pulling me against her, "you can have me all you want tonight. I'm all yours remember, just bear with the little Fareedah gives you. You'll get more and more tonight. Trust me" She said, winking one of her eyes and placing a soft and lingering kiss on my earlobe.

Meh, I was already hot. 'I only need a woman now!'. I grabbed her hips, "You know what? Lets forget about tonight. I want it now". I said, then I heard a loud thud; A scream... more like

someone was more than frustrated. I turned quickly and saw My Reedah... lying on the floor. Lifeless? I turned back and looked at Husnah, I could see guilt all over her face. So that was it? She was really playing a game... a game with my Reedah!

Yaa Allah, please save me.

I quickly rushed over to Reedah, shaking her so hard and shouting her name. "Fareedah! Fareedah! Fareedah! Talk to me please, wake up baby... please wake up!".

"Blood!" I heard Husnah shouted.

I quickly looked down at her feet... blood everywhere. "Yaa Allah! Reedah! No! Please wake up!". I said, tears rolling down my cheeks.

"Be a man mister!" I heard Husnah's voice from behind again. "Oick her up and lets go to the hospital. She's bleeding too much".

That got me angry, and stood to her... "Weren't you the cause!" I shouted at her, tightly holding her neck. "I promise you Husnah, if anything happens to Fareedah..." I said, nibbling my lower lip in frustration, "I'm gonna be the end of you. That's a promise am gonna keep"

I rushed back to Reedah and picked her up, leaving Husnah behind me gasping for a breath.

I didn't know how, but she managed to follow us from behind. "Lemme drive" I heard her say slowly.

I knew I wasn't in my right senses, so I kept everything aside and let her drove us to the nearest hospital in our midst. OLA.

As soon as Fareedah was received and taken to the emergency ward, I sat down praying silently and waiting... waiting for my Reedah to come back to me. I knew she could make it... She had to. She just had to make it!

Husnah sat by my side, her head in her hands. She seemed worried. Why wouldn't she? She was the reason behind all that had happened after all.

"Keh!" I called her angrily. She looked up to me slowly... her eyes so red.

"What the hell did you just do, Husnah? Answer me!" I shouted.

"Ta'awamual (stop shouting at me!)"

"Inhinna ka (you caused it all)"

"I was in that house for two good weeks Nabeel, you didn't care to come see me or know my wellbeing. I'm your wife, and no matter what I deserve some attention from you, no matter how much you hate me!" She snapped.

"Don't give me that story, Husnah" I said, so fucking pissed off.

"I didn't do that on purpose. I only wanted her to feel what it felt like being alone all the time when I have a husband. She's a woman, and even if you don't want to come to me, she should've asked you to. But she didn't! Did she?" She asked, crying out her sadness. I felt them.

"She's the jealous type" I said, almost inaudible.

"Injambell? Ema inna debbo? Kinna muwaddati hai to elo har be injambell? (Jealous? Am I not a woman? Don't I also have the right to be jealous?)."

I focused my gaze on her. I then realised something. Husnah only talks in fulfulde when she's very angry. "Let's just pray she's okay. Pray Husnah. I hope you haven't forgotten the promise I made you? If anything happens to her. I'll rip you apart!"

She chuckled, turning her gaze to the other side. We sat there for almost 2hrs.

Waiting

Waiting

Waiting

And beep!

Came the sound of the doctors coming out from Fareedah's room. A tall, handsome, more like a giant doctor came over to where we were sitting. His tag told me his name. Dr. Aliyou bawa gwandu.

"Are you her husband?" He asked.

"Y..y...yes doctor. I am". I stammered

"Follow me" he said, gesturing towards his office.

I trailed behind him, leaving Husnah behind, not bothering to tell her to come with us. I sat opposite him, looking at him. Afraid at what he was going to tell me. God! Help me out.

"Arrrrm, I'm sorry about this. But we tried our possible best to save it. We just couldn't" he said with sympathy.

"Save what doctor bawa?" I asked, looking confused.

His last words stroked me. Pierced through my heart. I felt like shouting. What have i done?.

"I'm sorry sir, but we lost the two months old pregnancy your wife has".

Chapter 9.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

The early morning's rays crept it way by the opened windows. I blinked my eyes twice, trying to get use to the light going straight into my eyes. I groaned, turning my head to the other side as my hands searched hopefully for my Reedah. The bed felt empty because Reedah was not where I expected her to be.

'Where could she be this early morning?' I wondered.

I sat up, my eyes surveying my dirty room. Yeah, my dirty room! How did I even became a lazy and dirty dude?

Cloths... my boxers, singlets, trousers, shirts, tops and so on are all around the floor.

A cup of coffee on my reading table, half poured on a copy of Sidney Sheldon's book, "If tomorrow comes". Lots and lots of papers on the floor.

Packs and packs of pizza too. My towel was dripping with water, as it hung loosely on my closet door. Damn! Am a total mess?

It then crept into my head... Reedah and I were now sleeping separately.

'Reedah doesn't talk to me anymore, and she doesn't cook with me too'.

'Neither does she smile, Or better worst, acknowledge my presence. It seems like I'm irritating to her'.

"Arrggghhh!" I sighed, my left hand on my face as I tilted my head sideways. "I hate you Husnah! I so much hate you!".

'But wait, why am I even blaming her? She started the kissing game and I enjoyed every little bit of it'. A lazy smile crept at it corner of my lips, as I recalled how sweet and soft they taste. 'She sure has good lips!'. I grabbed my phone, as I felt the urge to listen to mistletoe.

I couldn't help but sing along with the song...

"Its the most beautiful time of the year,"

"Lights fill the streets spread and so much cheer,"

"I should be playing in the winter snow,"

"But amma be under the mistletoe,"

"I don't wanna miss out on the holiday,"

"But I can't stop staring at your face,"

"I should be playing in the Winter snow,"

"But amma be under the mistletoe,"

"Ooooo... shout it with you,"

"Ooooo.... shout it with you,"

"Ooooooooo... under the mistletoe,"

"Under the mistletoe,"

"Kiss me underneath the mistletoe,"

"Show me baby that you love me so... o'o'o'o"

"Kiss me underneath the mistletoe"

"Show me baby that you love me so... o'o'o'o."

I was shaking my head like a lizard, remembering her moans and the softness of her lips.

'Yaa Allah... how could her lips posses such power in making me go crazy just by thinking about them?'

'Dammit!'

'I must be stupid'

'Dumb'

'Crazy'

'Yeah, of course I am'.

'Hey, I'm in a mess right now, and all am thinking is Husnah's lips??'. I wondered.

The doctor's words flashed back into my memory as I remembered him saying... "I'm sorry Mr. Nabeel, but we lost the baby. Your wife was two months gone. Something must have shocked her to the extent of her loosing the baby". Then I felt my breath seizing. I would have been a father, I was almost gonna be a father,

I could have,

I would've,

If not for Husnah's crazy so called 'game'!

Then I felt the urge to rush out of the doctor's office as quickly as I could, grab Husnah by the neck, give her a slap of her life before finally beating her up! Right there, right that instant! But I just had to hold on, I had to. 'Not in the hospital Nabeel', my consciousness kept telling me that. And after that, I couldn't say a word to Husnah, and neither did she. My only concern that moment was what I was gonna tell Fareedah to calm her down. She had been unconscious for 14hrs before finally coming round again. I was sitting by her side, her right hand in mine. but to my surprise, as soon as she opened her eyes and saw me sitting by her side, her right arm in mine, she quickly snatched it away. Giving me a dirty look. And the next minute, she was shouting. Shouting on top her voice, crying so hard... "Get out of my sight you fool. You good for nothing fool! I don't want to see you, I don't want to!".

She was jacking so hard, trying to remove the drip attached to her left hand. Doctor Bawa had just went out and I just didn't know who to call. I rushed out of the wardroom, searching for a doctor or even a nurse. Reedah needed a sleeping pill. Yeah, something like that. I bumped into something, and as soon as I looked up, I saw a female doctor, her tag reads 'Dr Fateemah'.

"Excuse me doctor, I have a patient and she's getting hysterical".

Reedah was injected and she fell into a deep slumber. Husnah was standing by the doorway, tears in her eyes. Why was she even crying? She was the cause of everything after all.

I remembered dad's words when they came to visit us. "Had it been we knew, we wouldn't have arranged this marriage. I was thinking Fareedah was a barren".

A barren? Dammit!

Why would dad even think that way?

But mom was still glad I married Husnah. Glad that Husnah might be the one to provide them with a grandchild.

'Ptffffsssss... let her keep day dreaming!'.

I heaved a deep sigh... remembering everything in detail. Thence, I stood up lazily and walked into my bathroom.

Mehn! You wouldn't want me to tell you the mess in there. I took a quick shower. Making up my mind that I was going to go and strengthen things out with my Reedah. Its been a whole month, and there was no changes. 'I'll have to change things now'.

I dressed in a blue sweatpants and a black singlets. Stepped out of my room and walk over to Fareedah's side. Deep inside, I was sweating... 'Yaa Allah, see me through!'.

As soon as I stepped my right foot into her living room, I inhaled a deep breath. There was a soft smell of baked cake and pizza all over. I was already salivating. Thus, I spotted Reedah sitting in a couch, dressed in a blue ankara. A skirt and blouse. Even though she didn't applied any make up, she was still the most beautiful woman to my eyes.

"I love you My Reedah" I muttered slowly. Then I walked over her, praying silently in my mind. I hoped that I shouldn't fuck up. "Reedah" I called her, as I slide beside her on the couch. She didn't even bother to look up at me. She pretended deaf ears to my call, despite the fact I called her with the name she loved the most. The name she would always shiver whenever I called her with it... I took her left hand in mine as she was using the right munching on her pizza. 'Mehn! I wouldn't care for a bite!'.

She gave me a sharp look, more like a warning before getting up and leaving me alone on the couch. She walked into the kitchen, dropped her plate and walked into her bedroom.

I trailed behind her, calling her name but she didn't even care to look back nor did she displayed any interest in to talk to me. She stripped down her blouse, and then her skirt. She was standing right in her closet. I swallowed so hard as I looked at how fresh she was. I couldn't hold it anymore, I grabbed her arm and drew her close to me. Inhaling the khumrah she used. She then began fighting for her freedom while I looked at her like I was gonna eat her up... raw!

"Let go of me Nabeel!" She yelled at me, trying her possibly best to extricate from me.

Then I crushed my lips on hers... In our years of marriage, I might say I kissed her only with passion, but this day, I kissed her with wants, more like I was hungry for it. I bite her lips, nibbled them, teased them and kissed them like they'd be gone forever. My left hand rested on her waist as I draw her against my hard chest, while my right hand was in her hair. I loved the scent coming out of her hair. 'It kills'.

I just knew it, she can't resist it. She tilted her head further, kissing me with the same urge I was kissing her with. 'Yaa Allah! I missed those lips'.

We broke the kiss and then she hugged me tightly... "Why did you did what you did that day, baby? Why? Why did you did it?" She asked, weeping already.

I was quite. 'Omo, what do I have to say? Nothing! I just lost my senses when I kissed Husnah. I must admit it'.

"I'm sorry" was the only thing I said to her. She looked up at me, looking straight into my eyes... as if searching to see if i was sincere.

I opened my mouth to say more, to tell her everything and be done with it. But she shushed me... as she leaped up and placed a lingering kiss on my earlobe . I shivered and looked down on her.

"Say no more, baby. I trust you. Don't do it again. You are mine and MINE ALONE NABEEL YAQUB HASSAN!"

I smiled and kissed her on her forehead. "I love you Reedah. I've loved you and will always love you. I'm yours. Yours alone. Forever yours alone. You own me" I replied back. 'Mehn! Aren't I gonna regret ever telling her that?

I just don't know'.

I really had a bad feeling about it!

Chapter 10.

Husnah's Point Of View

The blazing afternoon's sun welcomed my face as I set my foot out of my house. After all, I've made it. I'm gonna see mom today! Yippeeyy!.

I was dressed in a plain boubou ankara, with touches of pink; so I used a pink veil wrapping my hair. I also applied a little make up to my face. I didn't know how it happened, but I was all chubby at that time... kinda fat, and I disliked it!

I was walking straight to the parking lot when I heard sounds of laughter. Whoever was laughing out there must be very very happy. I turned my face to the direction it was coming from.

My eyes caught Fareedah with a pipe of water in her hands... spraying it on Nabeel. I gasped as I saw him with only sweatpants. Muscles... broad shoulders... He looked just amazing.

Fareedah was wearing a black leggings and a red vest. Awwwwnn... they just looked adorable.

But I was, you know, kind of jealous.

Yes, I was!

'I am also his wife... so why won't he play with me that way too? He just hates me that much I guess... but I'm not gonna let things keep going that way. I think I've got a plan'. I smiled mischievously and walked over to them. Swaying my butts deliberately and batting my lashes... and also biting my bottom lip which I applied a nude lipstick on.

As I approached them... I heard Fareedah giggling but I couldn't see them around. I looked around the garden and spotted Nabeel looking around too, I guessed he was looking for Fareedah.

Perfect timing!

I opened my handbag and brought out a mint... throwing it into my mouth. 'He loves mint, and he loves my lips. What more do I need? Absolutely nothing!'.

I walked over to him, tiptoeing... not wanting him to know I was approaching him. He was backing me so I hugged him from behind.

Tightly.

He shivered a little... inhaling my pef and khumrah before turning swiftly and looking at me. I saw his adam's apple going up and down as he swallowed so hard. I smiled, knowing that my trick was working.

I stretched up my hands and touched his beard... they looked sweet, and I felt an urge to kiss them that moment. But I held myself. 'He'll make the first move. He has to, for I'll make him do it!'. I traced my thumb slowly on his naked shoulders. I could feel him shaking. I felt his hand on my jaw, our eyes locked and I used that opportunity in nibbling my lips making them tempting as I continue to suck the mint sweet in my mouth.

Both his hands then cupped my face and I felt my heart drop at my feet! 'He has hands as warm as an iron. Pttffss don't mind my exaggeration'. His hot gaze on my lips and I could feel myself blushing. 'Dammit! What's wrong with me?'. His right thumb was caressing my lower lip and my hands kept working on his bare shoulders... Caressing up and down.

I gasped when I felt his hands on my hips, drawing me closer to him and then crushing his warm lips on mine. I inhaled deeply before I opened up and his tongue slid into mine. I then slid out the mint in my mouth into his as we nibbled and suck it together.

'Damn!'

'Maybe this was an arranged marriage,'

'Maybe I don't have feelings for Nabeel,'

'And maybe he also don't have feelings for me, but I'll make it work'.

'My jannah is under his feet, and I'll work for it. In shaa Allah'.

I broke the kiss and hugged him right. He hugged me by my torso. I felt warm. Safe. Kinda happy. A weird feeling. Suddenly, I felt a soft hand drawing me away from Nabeel.

It was Fareedah!

She took my place, hugging him tight and giving me a look I couldn't comprehend. A look of hatred.

'I also hate her!'

I smiled and stretched my hands to her. "Salamu alaiki yaa ukty" I said sweetly, a fake smile crossing my swollen lips.

She gave me a quizzical look and looked away, kissing Nabeel on his cheek.

'I have to teach her another lesson, it seems like she haven't gotten it yet'.

I walked to his right side, got hold of his hand and kissed them softly. "Take me home. Mom is waiting for me, Teddy bear". I said to him.

His eyes grew wide open. Shocked!

Then I pleaded with my eyes. "Hoddi muyal ta'a hanna. Emah debbo wuyal juda hanne ko'ohma (please, don't say no. I'm your wife also, I have the rights)".

He looked at me slowly, a worried look welcoming his face. "Husnah hoddi muyal, jotai kural ki'llahai, mi yajjitai horaiyamul hodai min Reedah (Husnah please, stop this game, I don't want to hurt my Reedah)".

I clutched my hands tightly as I fumed up with anger. 'This guy is trying to degrade me a idon matarshi! Impossible'.

I turned and look at Fareedah who was looking at Nabeel quizzically, not understanding what we were saying. I could clearly see she was angry. I smiled before focusing my gaze on her.

"Teddy bear, why don't you just tell her? She doesn't understand fulfulde" I said sweetly.

He flashed me a quick look, surprised. I smiled and looked at Fareedah confidently. "I can see, maybe he's shy. Well the thing here is that, I wanted him to take me home but then, I realized you are having a good time with him, don't wanna ruin it because I won't want you to do that to me later". I said smirking.

She was looking at me, a confused look on her face.

'Yeah!',

'You ought to have that look babe, why not?'.

"What's she talking about baby?" She asked, looking at Nabeel, never wanting to take her eyes off him.

I squeezed his hands in mine. He looked at me. Frustrated. I smiled and squeezed his hands the more then looked at Fareedah.

"Awwn, don't worry. Lemme explain". I said looking at Nabeel. He must be wondering what I was planning to utter or do. 'I bet he can't even predict it'. "He didn't tell you that he made days for all of us? Two two days interval. And today and tomorrow will be mine, right teddy bear?" I said looking at him and squeezing his hands the more.

I saw him swallowing so hard. Ptfffsss! He ought to.

"I..i..I'm sorry reedah" Nabeel stammered.

I couldn't help but giggle at his reaction.

Fareedah was looking at him angrily. I could see her clutching her fist. 'Awwwwwnnn, too bad. Ashe ba dadi'. "Chill teddy bear" I said, as I placed a kiss on his naked chest, "I'll drive myself home.

You guys enjoy, I'll have you back tonight, so; no worries" I winked at him, then gave Fareedah a stupid look and walked off.

Deep inside my heart, I was just so happy and excited. They shouldn't play with my feelings. 'I don't take shits!'.

I drove off, so happy that I was gonna see Mom and that crazy sis of mine, Amal.

I parked my car in the parking lot immediately I reached home and walked in shouting mom's and Amal's names. "Mom! Amal love, where are you guys?" I shouted, standing at the center of the living room. Throwing my handbag and veil on a couch.

"Oyoyo sistoh" Amal shouted behind me, clutching me tightly.

"Wayyoo zata kasheni" I shouted dramatically.

A strong hand knocked me on my head before I heard a voice saying, "My favorite and crazy sis is here".

'Laa ilah!'

'Hamma khaleel!'

I jumped on him, squeezing him like I was gonna break him into pieces. "I missed you like hell, Hamma. You didn't even grace my wedding. Neither you nor Aunty summy" I pouted, faking a sad face.

"Come on silly. I was out of the country, and you know summy always tag along wherever I go". He replied.

"Is she here too? Saleem and Saleema too?" He nodded in assurance.

"Yipppyy" I jumped up like a baby finding my way to the stairs.

"Waton irin yau baza'a kulani ba koh?" Amal said, sadly.

"Leave me alone biko, I can't wait to see my kids" I yelled back at her.

I heard Hamma khalil laughing before saying "you girls never change!".

I rushed into mom's room, precisely where Adda summy stayed when she comes before they go to their own house in millionaire's quaters.

I yelped and hugged her tightly before finally hugging Saleema and Saleema. "I missed you guys like hell" I yelled. Biko, they were only sitting few inches away from me and I was here shouting.

"That's me for you'.

"An girma ba'a san an girma ba" mom said, sitting at the edge of her bed. I sat beside her giving her a side hug with Saleema still in my hands.

"God! I just missed them mom". I pouted, resting my head on her shoulders.

"Husnah amarya! We have alot to talk about" Adda summy said.

"I knew it! You were going to apologize, well before you start your sweet talks; apology not accepted!".

"Lol, come on favorite sis. Muje dakin Amal kiji" she said, dragging me with her.

We walked pass Amal and Hamma khalil talking, from all indications I knew it must be something serious.

HUSNAH's POV.

My eyes widened, I felt like they were going to pop out of their sockets. 'Taste? Taste Me? Nabeel can't be serious!'. I tried as much as possible to yank away from his grip but I just couldn't. His hands were busy smooching and caressing me all over. 'Dammit!'. I felt goosebumps all over my body. I shivered as I felt his hands tracing my naked thighs. So I moaned, and then turned swiftly, placing my hands on his chest. Our eyes locked, and I saw how deep and dark Nabeel's eyes were; with lots of passion... passion for me! I couldn't help but giggle.

My eyes rested on his lips. They look kissable, and I imagined myself kissing the hell out of him. He looked at me, a smirk appearing on his face, his left thumb caressing my cheeks.

I blushed.

"Want me to kiss you?" He asked huskily. I swear I felt my heart fell at my feet by just hearing the sound of his voice. I looked up at him and caught him smiling, his right hand on my waist as he pulled me closer to him.

"Na...beel...plea...se...let..me..go" I stuttered.

He chuckled, moving closer to my lips. I closed my eyes, waiting to feel his warm lips on mine.

'OMG! What the hell?'. I gasped, as I felt cold water all over my body and then I was thrown to the ground as my head slammed against the center table by side. I cried out loud. 'What the hell just happened?'. I quickly opened my eyes only to find Nabeel holding Fareedah so tight in his arms, kissing her like a hungry animal.

I just sat there, looking at them; I couldn't say a word, I couldn't cry, I couldn't get up. All I did was sit there, looking at how they were into each other.

It took them 20mins before they finished their kisses and smooches. My Allah! I felt like grabbing Fareedah's neck and squeezing it. As for Nabeel, I didn't even know what I was even going to do to him. I quickly lowered my gaze, when I saw their eyes on me. My heart felt heavy, as I listened to their voices smirking. Suddenly, Nabeel walked up to me, an evil smile across his lips, Fareedah by his side.

He bent down, took hold of my hand and stood me up. He then chuckled and let go of my hand before grabbing Fareedah into another hug. That was so annoying.

"Husnah" Fareedah called me slowly, as she laid her head on Nabeel's chest, "Did you like the game we played?" She added, winking.

I furrowed my brows in confusion, what the hell was she talking about?. "What game?" I asked coldly.

She giggled, making a puppy face and then said, "Ohh, poor you", she looked up at Nabeel and added, "I think you should explain things to her baby". She added, her hands smooching him all over.

An evil grin welcomed Nabeel's face, and I could swear my heart almost missed a bit. 'He is just so cute!'. I looked at him, waiting... waiting to hear what that game of theirs was.

"Husnah, My Husnah, My Asma. Lol, this is funny seriously" he said laughing, Fareedah joining him. "You thought I was as stupid as you are right? Thought I had a dumb and crazy mind right? Well, you got it all wrong Husnah. I love nothing, I mean absolutely nothing about you!".

I was dumbfounded, my heart beat increasing every single second. What was happening here? Nabeel couldn't be serious right!

Fareedah giggled, a warm smile appearing on her ugly face. 'Yaa Allah, I hate this woman'. Tears rolled down my cheeks, I tried as much as I could to halt them but I just couldn't. This was the greatest embarrassment I've ever faced in my life. I wiped away my tears using the back of my right hand.

Fareedah walked over to me, an evil grin on her face. She looked at me from head to toe, irin kallon rainin nan (in total disdain), then finally spoke up.

"You think I'll let you win? Think I'll sit back and watch you snatch away my husband? You must be dumb and crazy to think that way. I know Nabeel more than you do, I know what he likes more and what he hates... HE'S MINE AND MINE ALONE! I AM NOT SHARING HIM, AND NOT EVEN WITH A BITCH LIKE YOU!".

A sharp pain pierced through my heart, I didn't know how, but I just couldn't stop myself from weeping. I fell to my feet, clutching them tight. I felt my world falling apart, felt like I never belonged to this world.

Then I heard them laughing... Nabeel and Fareedah. I looked up and saw him scooping her up... bridal style, and off they walked.

It took me more than an hour to get back to my senses. I stood up and strolled to my room, feeling dizzy. That night was one of the worst night I've ever had!.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I didn't know why I felt uncomfortable with what I just did. I ought to be happy, since I made my Reedah happy, but why did my consciousness kept telling me what I did wasn't right at all? All these was Reedah's idea, I could remember that vividly... As soon as Husnah drove off to their house in the afternoon, it took me more than two hours to calm Reedah down. I had to promise her that I was going to embarrass Husnah in her presence, and so did I... but I felt like my world just crumbled. Why? I couldn't say for sure.

"Do you still love me Nabeel?" Reedah asked me crying that afternoon.

I looked into her eyes and smiled. How can I make Fareedah understand that I love her way too much? "Look into my eyes Reedah", I called softly, cupping her face in my hands. She looked up, and we locked up our eyes. Looking deep into each others eyes. I've seen a lot of pain in her eyes, but I hoped what I was going to say will calm her down. "What did you see in there Reedah?". I asked.

She sniffed, "Love... and affection, My Nabeel. But I'm not sure who it all belongs to. I or Husnah?" She muttered, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"The love and affection are only yours Reedah. You alone owns them all. Don't you trust your baby? Don't you trust me, Reedah? I'm only yours... believe me".

And that sealed her lips off...

The words I told Husnah kept ringing in my mind. I turned to my right side and saw Reedah sleeping peacefully. A warm smile on her beautiful face. 'I definitely love Fareedah more than anyone, and for sure I'm not gonna love anyone as much as I love her. But why do the words keep disturbing me?'. I wallowed in thoughts.

I knew I was lying when I said those words, I definitely knew all those words were bunch of lies. 'I loved your lips Husnah, and I forever will love them. I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, but loving

your lips doesn't mean I love you too right? You just have to understand. I had to do it. I just had to'. I mused to myself. Then I closed my eyes hoping that I would see myself in dream land but damn it! It just didn't happen. I then made up my mind to wake up and pray instead of thinking. Yaa Rabb! See me through.

Husnah's Point Of View.

Its been almost three weeks since I set my eyes on Nabeel and Fareedah. I was trying as much as possible to mind my business. 'Nabeel love me not, and I'm not going to force myself on him. The only thing i know is that... I'll make my parents happy. They want me married to Nabeel right? Then so be it!'

I was lying down on a couch in my well furnished living room, watching a seasonal Korean film (Temptation Of Wife) then I heard my phone ringing. 'Who's trying to ruin this precious moment of mine?'. I wandered.

It was Amrah!

"Yanmata" I chirped in as soon as i picked up the call.

"Yes babe, kina gida ne (are you at home?)". She asked.

"Yeah, something wrong?". I asked

"Nah, I'm coming over. Nama kusa karasowa" she said.

"Okay naaa, drive safe... don't over speed... I know you too well".

I ended the call and continue to watch my film. I was just so much into Korean films.

20minutes later... I heard the door bell. I knew it was Amrah so I walked over to the door, with only a tank top and a three quarter shorts on my body. My hair tied in pony tails.

"Babe!" We shouted together, giving each other bone crushing hugs.

"I missed you" I said, closing the door behind me.

"Madam, I'm hungry... find me something to eat please" she said as she settled down on one of the couches in the living room.

"Banyi girki ba oo (I haven't cooked yet), But I have some strawberry cake and milk shake. Wants some?".

"Sure... serve me please".

I walked to the kitchen, whistling a song as I arranged the cake and milk shake on a tray.

"Babe! Are you okay?" Amrah asked as I dropped the tray on a stool beside her.

I sighed and nodded in affirmation... "I'm okay babe, don't worry". I said, sadly.

'What Nabeel did really touched my heart, and its currently drenching me. I hate you Nabeel... but I hate Fareedah more!'.

Amrah looked at me closely then giggled.

"Husnah kenan, I've known you since kindergarten. There is nothing you can hide to me. Tell me what's wrong please". she pleaded.

I'm not the type that usually open up my problems to friends, I only trust Aunt Summy... just her alone.

"Kika sani ko ciki ne dani? (Who knows if it's pregnancy?)". I said, amused at myself. I just wanted to brush her thought away from what she might be thinking. If I had not done that, she would rightly guess my condition.

Her jaw dropped, and I could see tickles of sweat on her forehead. "What did you just say Husnah?" She asked.

"I'm just kidding yanmata. How's mom and everyone? Fahad too?" I changed the topic.

"All good" she answered, I could sense she wasn't happy with the change of topic.

"Where is Nabeel?". She asked.

I felt my heart beat increased. Just the mere mention of his name hurts me. But I had to put up a show, I wouldn't want Amrah to know what I was going through.

"In his side" I gave her a short reply, focusing my attention on my T.V.

"HMMMMMMNNNN... Husnah kenan! From what I know Nabeel and Fareedah are in the states".

We sat by the side of the bed, Adda summy holding my right hand. "Look how chubby you've grown sis. Auren ya karbeki".

All the smile on my face vanished. I hate talking about my marriage. It kinda freaks me!. I withdrew my hands and turned my back at her. Adda summy knows everything about me. I never hide anything from her. Why? because she always understands and give me good advice.

"Hey! What's wrong?" She asked, placing her hand on my back.

I sniffed, trying to hold back the tears threatening to roll down.

"Subhanallah, Husnah talk to me; are you alright?"

"Adda summy" I clutched her tightly "My life is a total mess these days. I'm done for". I added, crying.

She hugged me back, her arms working up and down on my back. We stayed like that for almost 20mins before I broke the hug. Still sniffing.

"Tell me what's wrong husnah" she said authoritatively.

I told her everything, from A-Z. She was looking at me dumbfounded, her eyes almost falling from their sockets.

"And you endured all these without telling anyone, Husnah? Is your heart made of rock?" She asked angrily.

"Adda summy" I started, but then my voice trailed off as I broke down into tears again.

"Look at me here Husnah" she said, grabbing my shoulders and turning me to face her, "Karki kuskura ki bari ta rabaki da mijinki. Aren't you a lady? Show her you are far way better than her, in anyway she might think. And Nabeel, a guy? How dare he? Where is that womanly Husnah I know of? One who doesn't take shits neither does she sit around letting silly stuffs like this worry her? Fight back Husnah! Fight back!".

I looked at her. Addah summy will never understand, she has not gonr through it, so it's natural if she doesn't get the feeling.

"I'm trying adda, I'm giving my very very best".

"Add more to it Husnah. You said you told Fareedah he'll be with you tonight right? Then make it happen".

"How?" I asked.

"Kajimun Ya', when you said it was I the one that pumped the idea into you?". She replied.

"Please Addah, just tell me mana". I said, pouting.

"Come closer then".

And I did.

Mehn! What Addah summy said was way too cool. I loved it!.

...

I had a good time with my family. Nothing was as sweet as family members. Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

I drove back home, a lot on my mind. I thought I'd put Adda summy's idea into action.

Yeah, I really should!

...

It took me two hours to get ready, by then the imam was already calling the isha prayer.

I was dressed in pusher pink tank top and a black leggings, my hair tied in a bun. I applied a heavy makeup to my face. I myself knew the fact that I was way too beautiful.

I waited for ten more minutes after I heard Nabeel going into his side. I heaved before carrying the tray I arranged everything in to his side.

Deep inside, I was praying,

Praying,

Praying.

Something caught my eyes. If I wasn't mistaken, I saw Fareedah walking Amrah off.

I mean Amrah my best friend.

Or was I mistaken?

I guessed so.

I shrugged and walked over to the door. I opened it without knocking because I had a lot on my mind.

'What if he slaps me, or throw me out?'

'Or worst still, call HIS REEDAH over, annoying the innocent me'.

I wiped off those ideas and walked into the room. I spotted him sitting on a black couch. His legs crossed.

OMG! He was wearing his sweatpants only!

I giggled and strolled over to the center table, dropping the tray and then sitting on his laps, my hands over his shoulders.

Our eyes locked and I felt my heart jumping up and down.

He has the most sexy eyes I've ever came across with. I loved them.

I placed a soft kiss on his right eye before I rested my head on his bare chest. My hands around his torso. I jacked more like an electric spark when I felt his warm hands on my bare arms.

"We are alone Husnah. No need of playing the game" he said, an evil smile crossing his lips.

I hugged him more, and then placed a soft kiss on his chest before replying him.

"You're my husband teddy bear. That's not a game, it's reality. And so is this, me sitting on your laps, holding you tight in my arms, is also a reality. No more games" I replied, "No more games teddy, no more games" I added sweetly. My voice so thin.

Believe me when I say I never knew I had that kind of voice.

I looked up at him and found his eyes maneuvering on my body. I blushed, and then; I was shy.

"But I don't love you, and you also don't love me" he said.

The word pierced through my chest but I didn't let it get the good of me, I only smile and said

"You'll learn to love me. Lemme feed you". I thought he'll say 'no' to it or he won't pay any attention to me, but to my surprise, I fed him and he ate willingly.

I smiled.

One step down!.

"Okay then. Goodnight teddy bear" I said, standing up and carrying the tray I brought in. I took only few steps away when I felt his strong arms around me. I almost drop the tray. He turned me around and collected the tray, carefully putting it down on the floor and then hugging him.

"Where do you think you are going? I thought I own you tonight?" He asked as he kissed my neck down to my throat.

I held his hands trying to break the hug. "This wasn't part of my plan".

"Nabeel, s... sop this, please". I stammered.

"No... I won't. I'm not gonna do anything, just tasting you".

Chapter 11.

Husnah's Point Of View.

My eyes widened, I felt like they were going to pop out of their sockets. 'Taste? Taste Me? Nabeel can't be serious!'. I tried as much as possible to yank away from his grip but I just couldn't. His hands were busy smooching and caressing me all over. 'Dammit!'. I felt goosebumps all over my body. I shivered as I felt his hands tracing my naked thighs. So I moaned, and then turned swiftly, placing my hands on his chest. Our eyes locked, and I saw how deep and dark Nabeel's eyes were; with lots of passion... passion for me! I couldn't help but giggle.

My eyes rested on his lips. They look kissable, and I imagined myself kissing the hell out of him. He looked at me, a smirk appearing on his face, his left thumb caressing my cheeks.

I blushed.

"Want me to kiss you?" He asked huskily. I swear I felt my heart fell at my feet by just hearing the sound of his voice. I looked up at him and caught him smiling, his right hand on my waist as he pulled me closer to him.

"Na...beel...plea...se...let..me..go" I stuttered.

He chuckled, moving closer to my lips. I closed my eyes, waiting to feel his warm lips on mine.

'OMG! What the hell?'. I gasped, as I felt cold water all over my body and then I was thrown to the ground as my head slammed against the center table by side. I cried out loud. 'What the hell just happened?'. I quickly opened my eyes only to find Nabeel holding Fareedah so tight in his arms, kissing her like a hungry animal.

I just sat there, looking at them; I couldn't say a word, I couldn't cry, I couldn't get up. All I did was sit there, looking at how they were into each other.

It took them 20mins before they finished their kisses and smooches. My Allah! I felt like grabbing Fareedah's neck and squeezing it. As for Nabeel, I didn't even know what I was even going to do to him. I quickly lowered my gaze, when I saw their eyes on me. My heart felt heavy, as I listened to their voices smirking. Suddenly, Nabeel walked up to me, an evil smile across his lips, Fareedah by his side.

He bent down, took hold of my hand and stood me up. He then chuckled and let go of my hand before grabbing Fareedah into another hug. That was so annoying.

"Husnah" Fareedah called me slowly, as she laid her head on Nabeel's chest, "Did you like the game we played?" She added, winking.

I furrowed my brows in confusion, what the hell was she talking about?. "What game?" I asked coldly.

She giggled, making a puppy face and then said, "Ohh, poor you", she looked up at Nabeel and added, "I think you should explain things to her baby". She added, her hands smooching him all over.

An evil grin welcomed Nabeel's face, and I could swear my heart almost missed a bit. 'He is just so cute!'. I looked at him, waiting... waiting to hear what that game of theirs was.

"Husnah, My Husnah, My Asma. Lol, this is funny seriously" he said laughing, Fareedah joining him. "You thought I was as stupid as you are right? Thought I had a dumb and crazy mind right? Well, you got it all wrong Husnah. I love nothing, I mean absolutely nothing about you!".

I was dumbfounded, my heart beat increasing every single second. What was happening here? Nabeel couldn't be serious right!

Fareedah giggled, a warm smile appearing on her ugly face. 'Yaa Allah, I hate this woman'. Tears rolled down my cheeks, I tried as much as I could to halt them but I just couldn't. This was the greatest embarrassment I've ever faced in my life. I wiped away my tears using the back of my right hand.

Fareedah walked over to me, an evil grin on her face. She looked at me from head to toe, irin kallon rainin nan (in total disdain), then finally spoke up.

"You think I'll let you win? Think I'll sit back and watch you snatch away my husband? You must be dumb and crazy to think that way. I know Nabeel more than you do, I know what he likes more and what he hates... HE'S MINE AND MINE ALONE! I AM NOT SHARING HIM, AND NOT EVEN WITH A BITCH LIKE YOU!".

A sharp pain pierced through my heart, I didn't know how, but I just couldn't stop myself from weeping. I fell to my feet, clutching them tight. I felt my world falling apart, felt like I never belonged to this world.

Then I heard them laughing... Nabeel and Fareedah. I looked up and saw him scooping her up... bridal style, and off they walked.

It took me more than an hour to get back to my senses. I stood up and strolled to my room, feeling dizzy. That night was one of the worst night I've ever had!.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I didn't know why I felt uncomfortable with what I just did. I ought to be happy, since I made my Reedah happy, but why did my consciousness kept telling me what I did wasn't right at all? All these was Reedah's idea, I could remember that vividly... As soon as Husnah drove off to their house in the afternoon, it took me more than two hours to calm Reedah down. I had to promise her that I was going to embarrass Husnah in her presence, and so did I... but I felt like my world just crumbled. Why? I couldn't say for sure.

"Do you still love me Nabeel?" Reedah asked me crying that afternoon.

I looked into her eyes and smiled. How can I make Fareedah understand that I love her way too much? "Look into my eyes Reedah", I called softly, cupping her face in my hands. She looked up, and we locked up our eyes. Looking deep into each others eyes. I've seen a lot of pain in her eyes, but I hoped what I was going to say will calm her down. "What did you see in there Reedah?". I asked.

She sniffed, "Love... and affection, My Nabeel. But I'm not sure who it all belongs to. I or Husnah?" She muttered, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"The love and affection are only yours Reedah. You alone owns them all. Don't you trust your baby? Don't you trust me, Reedah? I'm only yours... believe me".

And that sealed her lips off...

The words I told Husnah kept ringing in my mind. I turned to my right side and saw Reedah sleeping peacefully. A warm smile on her beautiful face. 'I definitely love Fareedah more than anyone, and for sure I'm not gonna love anyone as much as I love her. But why do the words keep disturbing me?'. I wallowed in thoughts.

I knew I was lying when I said those words, I definitely knew all those words were bunch of lies. 'I loved your lips Husnah, and I forever will love them. I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, but loving your lips doesn't mean I love you too right? You just have to understand. I had to do it. I just had to'. I mused to myself. Then I closed my eyes hoping that I would see myself in dream land but damn it! It just didn't happen. I then made up my mind to wake up and pray instead of thinking. Yaa Rabb! See me through.

Husnah's Point Of View

Its been almost three weeks since I set my eyes on Nabeel and Fareedah. I was trying as much as possible to mind my business. 'Nabeel love me not, and I'm not going to force myself on him. The

only thing i know is that... I'll make my parents happy. They want me married to Nabeel right? Then so be it!'.

I was lying down on a couch in my well furnished living room, watching a seasonal Korean film (Temptation Of Wife) then I heard my phone ringing. 'Who's trying to ruin this precious moment of mine?'. I wandered.

It was Amrah!

"Yanmata" I chirped in as soon as i picked up the call.

"Yes babe, kina gida ne (are you at home?)". She asked.

"Yeah, something wrong?". I asked

"Nah, I'm coming over. Nama kusa karasowa" she said.

"Okay naaa, drive safe... don't over speed... I know you too well".

I ended the call and continue to watch my film. I was just so much into Korean films.

20minutes later... I heard the door bell. I knew it was Amrah so I walked over to the door, with only a tank top and a three quarter shorts on my body. My hair tied in pony tails.

"Babe!" We shouted together, giving each other bone crushing hugs.

"I missed you" I said, closing the door behind me.

"Madam, I'm hungry... find me something to eat please" she said as she settled down on one of the couches in the living room.

"Banyi girki ba oo (I haven't cooked yet), But I have some strawberry cake and milk shake. Wants some?".

"Sure, serve me please".

I walked to the kitchen, whistling a song as I arranged the cake and milk shake on a tray.

"Babe! Are you okay?" Amrah asked as I dropped the tray on a stool beside her.

I sighed and nodded in affirmation... "I'm okay babe, don't worry". I said, sadly.

'What Nabeel did really touched my heart, and its currently drenching me. I hate you Nabeel... but I hate Fareedah more!'.

Amrah looked at me closely then giggled.

"Husnah kenan, I've known you since kindergarten. There is nothing you can hide to me. Tell me what's wrong please". she pleaded.

I'm not the type that usually open up my problems to friends, I only trust Aunt Summy... just her alone.

"Kika sani ko ciki ne dani? (Who knows if it's pregnancy?)". I said, amused at myself. I just wanted to brush her thought away from what she might be thinking. If I had not done that, she would rightly guess my condition.

Her jaw dropped, and I could see tickles of sweat on her forehead. "What did you just say Husnah?" She asked.

"I'm just kidding yanmata. How's mom and everyone? Fahad too?" I changed the topic.

"All good" she answered, I could sense she wasn't happy with the change of topic.

"Where is Nabeel?". She asked.

I felt my heart beat increased. Just the mere mention of his name hurts me. But I had to put up a show, I wouldn't want Amrah to know what I was going through.

"In his side" I gave her a short reply, focusing my attention on my T.V.

"Hmm... Husnah kenan! From what I know Nabeel and Fareedah are in the states".

Chapter 12.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I kept going through the papers spread on my table without touching them. My heart just couldn't be at ease. Here I was in Abuja with Fareedah, thinking that everything would be okay. But I just got tangled up the more with Husnah's thoughts in my mind now and then. If only I could do something to stop myself from thinking about her... I would've done that without a second thought.

I kept pacing around from one side to the other on my chair. My heart felt very heavy and I just couldn't seemed to focus on anything. My phone buzzed, it was a call. I heaved a heavy sigh before picking it up.

Reedah!

"Reedah" I chirped in slowly, because I just couldn't bring myself to talk loudly.

"Baby, can you get me some cheese while coming back? The one over here is too small to my liking".

"Sure Reedah. I will, it's a goodbye then". I said attempting to end the call.

"Wait baby!", she said quickly, "I also want you to buy me a new phone, I'm tired of this one baby".

What the hell was wrong with Reedah? These days she had not been caring about my happiness or sadness anymore. Why? This wasn't the Reedah I got married to. She didn't even seemed to understand that I was sad and not in one of my best moods so far!.

"I'll get a new one for you tomorrow. Bye for now, I'm very busy". I said and quickly ended the call.

Then I scrolled through my contacts to call Fahad. My eyes suddenly rested on Husnah's number. My heart skipped a beat. 'What's wrong with me?'. I wondered.

I tried as much as I could to force myself into calling her but I just couldn't. I didn't know why but I felt my heart beat increasing.

Click.

I dialed her number, praying silently that she shouldn't ignore or decline it. 'And if she brings up the issue tomorrow, I'll end it all by making it clear that I called but she didn't pick up!'. What a silly excuse I've got?

To my uttermost dismay, she picked the call.

"Salamu alaikoom" she chirped in. Wasn't she having the sweetest voice on earth?

"Wa alaikumus salaam, how are you?" I asked.

"I'm fine, ina wuni?"

"Lafiya. Hope everything is okay over there?"

"Yes teddy bear. I'm just missing your hands over my body, those tight hugs and kisses. I'm missing you hell nuts teddy bear".

My jaw dropped! What the hell was Husnah planning again? I thought everything about such game had ended? What was happening then?

Thence I made up my mind to go with the flow. "I missed you more. Those giggles and pouts. You always look damn cute when pouting, Sweetest soul!". I replied back.

"I missed this voice so much" she said, almost like crying "I wanna feel your arms around me, I wanna sit on your laps and kiss your jaw, kiss those beards and kiss your lips. I'm missing the hell out of you!"

This were the most sweetest words someone has ever said to me. Not even Reedah who claimed to love me, and I felt a warm feeling creeping into me, penetrating through my heart and soul. My heart felt heavy. 'O Lord! This girl is not gonna be the end of me!'.

"Don't make me loose my senses please Asma... I am drooling already" I said weakly, I had to go home now. Reedah could help.

"When are you coming back?" I heard her sweet voice asking again.

"Next week In Shaa Allah. I can't wait to feel you in my arms".

"I can't wait too teddy bear. Take care of yourself for me please. Love you way too much" She said.

"Blow me a kiss please" I heard myself said that... I didn't even know when the words popped out.

"Where do you want me to kiss you teddy bear? Name it".

"I wanna feel those lips on me, kiss me anywhere Asma, just anywhere" I replied, my voice hoarse.

"Okay, I'm sending them all over you. Feel them... Muuuuaaaahhhhh! Bye" ...and she ended the call.

God! If I had married Husnah out of love, how could she take care of me? I couldn't even imagined. This was just a game and she played it way too cool.

'Mehn! I have to do something!'.

Husnah's Point Of View.

A feeling 'like my world just crumbled' crept into me as I listened to Amrah's words. Did she just said Nabeel and reedah are in the states? That couldn't be possible!

'I never knew Nabeel hate me this much, at least I'm his wife and I have every right to know his whereabouts. Why would I hear it from a friend of mine? What will she think of me?'

I let out a lazy smile, as I opened my mouth to make up a lie, my phone rang.

Alas!

It was Nabeel. This was the right time to clear Amrah's doubts. I then picked up the call (The above conversation took place).

As soon as I ended the call, I smiled. Why would Amrah lie to me?. "I'm sorry babe. I totally lost it while talking to my teddy bear. So what were you saying?" I asked, sounding more like I forgot what she just told me about Nabeel and Fareedah being in the states.

Amrah seemed lost, as she kept staring into the space. 'What's wrong with her? God knows I'm beginning to loose my trust in her'.

I had to clap my hands twice to her face before she came back to her senses. She blinked twice before popping out a lazy smile. Damn! She looked like a witch!.

"Are you okay babe?" I asked, faking a concerned face.

"Ye... yeah, I'm ok..ay" she stammered, "I have to get going, got a lot of things to do at home".

I gave her a quizzical look and nodded.

"Sure babe, lemme see you off".

A week later...

I laid down on my bed being the lazy me that Saturday morning. It had been 3hrs since I woke up but I was still in bed, my waptopad library seemed so dull and I was just too tired of reading.

My phone buzzed, a message alert.

"Hey, how you? Good I guess. Our flight will be landing soon, felt it'll be cool if I tell you about it. Bye".

That was Nabeel.

'Ptffffs! Like I give a damn about you guys coming back or not!'. My tommy gave a loud rumble and I smiled at myself. 'Someone is hungry!'.

I stood up and walk to the kitchen. A three quarter shorts and a vest like top on me. My hair all mess from the morning nap I took.

I looked around the kitchen, what should I even cook now? I just didn't know.

I opened the deep freezer by my side and caught a glimpse of mushrooms, 'Damn! It's been long I eat them'.

"I'm gonna cook BEEF AND MUSHROOM CASSEROLE" I said happily and then popped in my earpiece. 'Cooking and singing... damn! Way too cool!'.

I scrolled down to a song by little mix and Jason derulo. 'Mehn! I am so inlove with the song'.

"When you hold me in the street,"

"And you kissed me on the dance floor",

"I wish that it could be like that"

"Why can't it be like that"

"Cuz am yours".

I took out a bowl and cut the beef into little pieces, and then another bowl with flour and added some salt and maggi with spices.

"Why can't you hold me,

in the street?"

"Why can't i kiss you on the dance floor?"

I fried some oil with some onions

"I wish that it could be like that,"

"Why can't we be like that?"

Took the beef meat I cut into pieces and dipped it into the floor before adding it into the hot oil.

"cuz am yoursssss!"

I sang along with the song as I made breakfast. Mehn! I loved beef and mushroom casserole!.

By the time I finished, I was already salivating. I arranged my breakfast on the dining table and skipped into my room to take a shower. I looked dull.

I took a quick shower, applied a little kohl to my eyes and put on a loose fitted gown, pink with touches of white.

Yeah, I looked cute even without the make up!.

Two hours later...

I was in the garden, reading one of my favorite book of Sidney Sheldon, "A Stranger In The Mirror". I was so engrossed into my reading that I didn't even noticed when two cars parked in our parking lot.

I heard a loud shout, and I instantly knew who it was.

Amal!.

I quickly stood up, forgetting that I haven't tied my head gear, I ran towards where I still heard her voice shouting my name.

"I'm gonna squeeze you alive Amal" I shouted back, adding my pace.

Thence, I noticed Nabeel's car as I was about entering my side. Guess they are back. Matsalar su!.

I salaamed at the doorstep to my living room and then entered. My eyes locked up with Nabeel's eyes. What the hell was he doing here? I asked myself.

I saw Fahad, Amrah and Amal too. 'Damn! Ina fareedah?'. I wondered.

"Are you gonna stand there and keep looking at me? Come on, lemme feel you in my arms" Nabeel said, standing up.

Should I put up with this game? I just don't know what else to do. I wallowed in thoughts.

Chapter 13.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I didn't know why I woke up feeling very happy and excited. Was it because I was going back to Jos today? Or was it because I was going to see Husnah? Hmm, I couldn't be missing her. In our three months of marriage, have I ever had this kind of feeling, more like a urge to see husnah? I don't think so, but I definitely knew I was eager to see her... Look right into her eyes, God! I missed those eyes, her brows, her juicy lips, her giggles and pouts. O Lord! What the hell was wrong with me?

Fareedah was in the bedroom busy arranging our trolleys, I was the only one sitting in the parlor, sipping a coffee and enjoying its warmth through my throat down to my tummy... with Husnah's thoughts in my head!.

I then decided to text her and tell her about our coming. I just felt the urge to do so... even though I knew what I did to her weeks back was outta line, and was pretty sure she's not gonna let it slide.

'Hey, how you? Good i guess. Our flight will be landing soon, felt it'll be cool if i tell you about it. Bye'. I had texted her.

I sat there, waiting hopelessly for a reply but none came. I stood up and walked to the kitchen, dropped the mug I used in taking coffee into the sink and walked back to the bedroom where Fareedah was.

"Hey" I whispered softly into her ears as I wrapped my arms around her waist.

"Hi" she whispered back, kissing my jaw.

"Done already?" I asked, gesturing towards the trolleys.

"Yes baby, but we need to talk". She said. I lessened my grip and turned her to face me. She was all serious now. "Sit" she added, sitting down by the edge of the bed and tapping a space close to her for me to sit.

I sat down and hold her hands in mine. They were so warm.

"Baby" She muttered, looking straight into my eyes.

"Yes Reedah, talk to me. Everything okay?"

"I... I want to stay behind for a check up" she blurted.

I looked at her with so much thoughts in my head. Checkup? But why didn't she told me about that untill now, when it was few hours to our flight?

"Why?" I asked feeling hurt "why are you just telling me about it now? Why? What am I to you Fareedah? A game or what? It's just few hours to our flight, Tayo has already boarded a plane and bought our tickets. What's all these Fareedah?" I shouted on top of my voice. I really was hurt, so damn hurt.

A surprised look appeared on her face, and then she was all red.

Anger!

"What the hell is wrong with you these past few days Nabeel? I just can't seem to understand. I'm only staying behind for a check up". She shouted back.

"Oh come on Fareedah. We've been in Abuja for two weeks now, couldn't you have gone for your check up all those while? Why now? I can't seem to get this freaking idea outta my head. Our plane is already booked for Goddammit!".

"Don't you dare shout at me again Nabeel!" Fareedah said, the color in her eyes changing from white to red. "I'm not Husnah, and I won't take such shits from you! The plane is booked for you only, I called Tayo and told him not to book the plane with me. So, take it or leave it, I'm staying behind".

With that, I was like 'What The Hell?. Seriously, I was even out of words to say... and so was she. We were just there, sending hot glares at each other. I didn't know how, but I saw the look on Fareedah's face softening, her eyes swollen up, and then... Tears.

She buried her head in her hands and wept, she wept like her eyes were gonna pop out of their sockets. And I couldn't bring myself to comfort her.

"I... I was only doing this for us. I was trying to see a doctor to know my future. Just wanted to know if I'll be pregnant again. That's all I wanted, all I wanted" She said, more like a whisper.

My heart felt heavy and I also felt like crying. Gaskiya ne, kuka ma rahama ne! (Indeed, tears is also a blessing).

"It was because I couldn't give birth in our seven years of marraige, that's why Husnah came into our life. She came and ruined my life, ruined it forever. I was only trying to get you back. You don't love me anymore Nabeel. You've never shouted at me, but you did that today, why? All because of Husnah!" she was crying again, holding her chest, "It hurts here Nabeel, it hurts morethan words can say" she added, beating her chest so hard.

'Oh lord, What have I done!'.

I sat beside her and took hold of her hands, but she grabbed them back. "Don't touch me" she said angrily.

'Hey! I'm a man, a grown up man. And Fareedah is my property'. I thought to myself before grabbing her forcefully and hugging her. The more she tried to free herself, the tighter I hugged her.

Moments later, she was calm.

I cleared my throat before stating the long essay I've composed in heart. "Life is always full of wonders, and sometimes feelings do change, but my feelings for you are forever embedded in my heart. I was only angry moments ago, I felt hurt... if you could stay behind and leave me all alone in Jos, how do you want me to cope? How can I Reedah, how?? I've never loved someone as much as I love you Reedah, you makes me whole. I'm sorry about everything, I'm way too sorry!".

She snuggled up at me the more, placing warm kisses on my cheeks. "I'm sorry too baby, I'm so so sorry".

And that ends it. I was the only one that came back to Jos, leaving Reedah in Abuja. She was going to stay there for two good weeks! 'God! I'll be a dead fish by then'.

I called Fahad to come pick me from the airport.

"Amma kasan ka kwafsa mun koh" he said, sounding sad. "I'm in the midst of my lovey dovey scenes with my lovely Amrah and here you are, mood spoiler. Toh I'm coming over with her, because I'm just not gonna miss the sweet words she's telling me".

"Kanka dai ake ji. Come and pick me up mister. I'm not in the mood for your blabberings".

"Don't dare me Malam. Sai inyi zamana!" Fahad teased.

"Hurry up please, I'm missing my wife like hell over here" I didn't even know when those words popped out of my mouth.

10mins later... Fahad was driving me home, with Amrah sitting behind us. I didn't know why, but I seriously didn't like this so called childhood friend of my wife.

Fahad parked the car in the parking lot, just then, another car came in. I stood still wondering who could that be.

Amal.

My sister inlaw.

"Hammah!" She called out happily, hopping out of the car, "surprise visit!" She yelped

"Awwwn, aren't you the sweetest and noisiest sis on earth?" I teased as I gave her a side hug.

"Nidin? Sai in koma fa" she said pouting. God! She looked just like Husnah while pouting.

"Come on, I'm sorry" I called after her. She was already running towards the house shouting Husnah's name. I stepped my foot into the living room, and a very warm and heart touchy perfume welcomed my nostrils. I closed my eyes and inhaled the scent deeply. 'God! I love thid pef'.

Then I heard Husnah's voice shouting, "I'm gonna squeeze you alive Amal". Hmm, I really missed her voice! We all sat down, I sat down on a single couch, my face facing the door.

My heart almost missed a beat when I saw Husnah. She looked so innocent, her eyes, her lashes, her long pony tail dangling behind her long neck. Our eyes locked, and I just couldn't take my eyes off her. My eyes then caught Fahad's eyes on her... and I felt like grabbing him and shoving some punches to his ugly face. But then, I stood up, open my hands wide and a warm smile on my lips. "Are you gonna stand there and keep looking at me? Come on, lemme feel you in my arms". She stood still, looking at me before finally running up to me and hugging me so tight. Damn! I missed her scent, her soft touches, her soft hands... the warm scent in her hair.

"I missed you so much teddy bear" she said, almost inaudible.

"I missed you more My Asma, way too much!" I said, squeezing her the more.

"Awwwnnnnn... aren't you the best lovers on earth!" I heard Amal's voice saying. I lessened my grip and looked at Amal, she was holding her iPhone7 giving us shots and shots of photos. I promised, one of them would be on my wallpaper!.

I had a wonderful day with them all. Husnah drives me crazy just by her thought.

A week later...

I laid down on my bed, listening to the night whispers. I had a long and tiring day at work and also we visited Abbah.

Yusrah the parrot had gave me a long speech that made my head throbbing like its gonna break into pieces. I was emotionally drenched as Husnah kept dressing in alluring manner, wearing shorts and knickers... with tank tops and vests. Moments ago, I saw her by the swimming pool with only a pair of bikini. Mehn, I went nuts. I kept visualizing her image in that bikini, the way her butts swayed from on side to the other as she stood by the pool before jumping in.

'I have to do something, else... I am gonna blow up real soon'.

I mustered some courage and walked up to Husnah's part. I didn't bother knocking at the door and just stepped in. She wasn't in the living room so I walked into her bedroom.

Empty...

I then heard sounds of water and knew that she was in the bathroom.

I sat by the edge of the dressing mirror in the room, my hands folded at my chest... waiting for her.

Hey! what was I even doing there? In my one week of stay, Husnah always feed me, stand by my side and even help me dress up in alluring outfit. I couldn't seemed to understand why. But it was drenching me deep inside!

I heard the sound of a door being opened... and then Husnah came out. A cream floppy towel tied around her body and stopped at her knee. She was stunned when she saw me seating there. I knew she wasn't expecting me there, and also didn't know what I was doing there.

She looked so cute, innocent. My eyes surveyed her from head to toe, with my heart beat increasing.

I walked up to her and placed a chaste kiss on her jaw. She turned red, and I chuckled.

What started as a simple kiss on the jaw turned me on and I was kinda crazy because I began kissing her all wild. Tightening my grip on her tiny waist.

"Let me go Nabeel, what the hell are you doing?" Husnah said, her voice shaking with fear. I didn't even noticed what she said, I was already outta my mind. "Don't Nabeel! Please don't do it" she shouted as I tried to slip her towel. But all to no avail. I still refused to listen. I took her up and sprang her on bed.

Hours later...

I looked at Husnah, and fear crept into my heart. 'Lord! I hope this is not true'.

She was lying helplessly on bed, in pool of blood.

'What have I done?'

'I just raped my wife!'

'I fucking ra...ped my wife!'

'Is she alive?'

'I'm scared!'

Chapter 14.

Husnah's Point Of View.

The pain in my abdomen was unlike any pain I've ever felt. It hurts alot... I fought so hard to open my eyes, they just wouldn't even flip a little.

I shifted uncomfortably at the iron bed I was lying on. God! Where the hell was I? This wasn't my king sized bed, the one Abbah bought me, the one I had at home... Nabeel's home. My heart beat increased as soon as the name 'Nabeel' popped into my head.

Nabeel!

Nabeel!

Nabeel!

With each passing moment, my heart beat increases as the name 'Nabeel' kept ringing in my head. I was afraid. I felt my body trembling and tears rolling down my cheeks. I was trembling... like I was gonna explode any moment from now.

And then....

I felt a strong hand pushing me down on the bed, as I fought to free myself, my eyes still closed.

"Stay still!" A voice I'll remembered in my dream, in reality, in daytime or during the night. In happiness or sadness. A voice that will forever remain in my heart, my head... buried deep within my soul. I suddenly have the courage to open my eyes.

Nabeel!.

I didn't know how it happened, I couldn't even recall what had happened, all I did was shout on top of my voice, a voice I never knew i had that loud.

"Help!" I yelled

"Stay still Husnah". He tried calming me, but I was super afraid of him.

"Let go of me please!" I yelled again. "Ka tausayamun mana (Have mercy on me)" I said, breaking down. I could feel my throat so dry. Thus, he let go of me. And without second thoughts, I removed the drip attached to my left hand and made to get up.

A sharp pain welcomed my abdomen, and I couldn't help but cry out loud.

"Handemin boni yoyo" I blurted out. I couldn't even sit up right. I had to lie down again, my heart beating like it was going to rip me apart.

Nabeel made a move closer to me, and my eyes spotted a scissors by the bedside. I didn't hesitate to pick it up, fidgeting it on my left hand

"The moment you add one more step, I'll cut myself". I threatened.

He stepped back. I could see a look of sorrow in his eyes. I hated him! I hated him way too much!.

I couldn't control my tears, so I let them flow, I wanna cry out my sorrows, but sorrows like this never find their way out of someone's heart. It takes time... or maybe forever.

"I hate you Nabeel. I'll never forgive you for this pain, this is the worst thing I've ever face. MARITAL RAPE! How could you Nabeel? How? You hate me that much? You ruined my life, broke my heart into pieces, shattered my dreams. Trampled on every single hope I have for loving you and working this marriage out. I was putting my all into it, trying to make us fall inlove with each other, ashe I was wrong, deep inside your heart was a plan for you to just RAPE ME. Haba Nabeel! I'm your wife Goddammit!" I broke down completely, dropped the scissors and buried my head in my hands. I felt like my eyes were going to pop out of their sockets any moment soon. "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you Nabeel!" I yelled.

He made a move closer to me, my heart beat increased, as fear gripped my soul. My heart was pounding so hard, loudly. I put my hand on my chest as the beating increased.

"Dan... dan Allah, don't come any clo... closer" I stammered.

He still didn't halt, his eyes held emotions I didn't know.

"Dan...dan...dannn..." I tried to speak up, but my voice choked up. My eyes shutting... I tried so hard to keep them open, I just couldn't.

Darkness. I was in complete darkness.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

'What have I done? Yaa Rabbi! I've made a huge mess. My wife, my Asma'a... I raped her! Lord... this isn't me'.

She just fainted for the second time. 'I only made a move to talk to her. Is she that afraid of me now? Lord! No... this can't be'. I didn't know what came over me, I just loose my senses at the sight of her.

'You should have asked politely mister'. My self conscious reminded me.

'But what if she didn't yield to my request?'

'You still should have asked. If she denies you your marital right, then beg. Or are you too big to beg?'

Dammit! I was already going crazy.

I was standing while watching her been checked by the doctors. I couldn't even think straight, neither could I think of something to do. I knew she was emotionally broke, completely.

I was tired of standing, so I made my way to sit on a bench outside the wardroom.

Then my phone buzzed...

Fareedah!

I've almost forgot I had another wife, a wife I claimed to love more than anything. How did I even forget about her?

"Reedah" I chirped in slowly.

"Baby, good morning" she greeted.

"Morning, kin tashi lafiya?" I replied, still sounding sad. I wanted her to notice and ask me what was wrong but she didn't.

"I'll be coming back tomorrow. I'm done over here" she said happily.

'Lord, not now!'

'Not when I'm in this mess... No!'

"Are you sure? I thought saura kwana biyar before you will done?" I asked, praying deep inside that she extend her stay. But to my uttermost dismay...

"No baby. I'm missing you so very much. I booked a plane already, expect me tomorrow morning. I love you". And just then, she ended the call.

A day later...

I just didn't know what to do next. I had to call Amrah to come take care of Husnah. The very moment I stepped my foot into the room, she cried like her eyes are gonna pop out. I had to stop going in there.

Her words touched my heart;

"Amrah, I never knew he hates me this much, from what I know... only an enemy can have an evil mind like his. I'm his wife, I deserve to be respected. Amrah I'm trying, I'm still trying to make him

love me... he had eyes for my body only... why didn't he just ask? Why did he have to rape me Amrah? Why? Why?" She said crying.

I could hear her beating her chest, "It pains here, it hurts a lot. I feel empty. I hate him, I hate him, I hate him more than anything in this world".

I pepped through the doorknob and i saw her clutching her legs so tight.

Crying.

Crying.

'Mehn! I'm in soup'.

I forgot totally that Fareedah was coming back today. I slipped down to the floor. Wishing i didn't do what I did to her. If only I could turn back time and reverse everything.

My eyes caught a foot standing in front of me. They look exactly like that of Fareedah!

'Lord! No!'. I looked up quickly and my eyes locked up with hers. Behind her where people I never wanted them to know what had happened.

'What the hell is happening here?'. I wondered.

Fear gripped my heart and I began to tremble. Fareedah was crying, her eyes filled with sorrow and so where the ladies behind her. As for the guys... I saw a look of hatred there.

Chapter 15.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

Subhanallah, Today was the worst day of my life ever! What was Fareedah doing here with dad, mom, my inlaws and Hamma Naseer? I could see he's boiling with rage.

'What is even going on here?' I asked myself. I stood up quickly and walked over to them, my heart beat increasing every single second like it was going rip out of my body.

"Abba..." I called, lowering my body down as a sign of respect, "Yallijam" I greeted them.

Only Husnah's dad answered. Abbah only looked at me and then shook his head.

"Where is she?" Abba asked slowly.

I turned without answering him and walked to Husnah's ward room. My heart beating furiously. I really needed something to cover up for this.

'How can I tell them I raped my wife? How? No way!'

I salaamed at the doorstep before going in. Husnah was still crying, buried in Amrah's hands.

"Husnah" her mother called, sitting right next to her. Husnah broke her hug with Amrah and hugged her mother so tight.

'I have to tell them what happened before she does, I really have to'.

"What's wrong here?" Abbah asked, focusing his gaze on Fareedah.

"I... I didn't know how it happened, but I begged him not to do it yaqi ji na. I begged and begged him Abbah, but to no avail. I see Husnah as a lil sis and I respect the fact that you asked him to marry her. But that doesn't justify what he did right?" She uttered looking at Ammi.

'God! WTF is Fareedah doing?' I wondered.

"Can someone tell me what the hell happened!" Hamma Naseer asked angrily.

Lord! Fear crept into my soul. I knew that today my mom will have to born a new Nabeel. I was very sure if Hamma Naseer got to know what i did... mehn! I would be finished.

"Why are you all silent" he barked. I looked at Fareedah, she was crying... crying like she was the one I raped.

'Lord! What have I gotten myself into?'.

"He..he...he O God! Why don't you just tell them the stupidity you did Nabeel!" Fareedah screamed.

I felt the blood in my face draining. How could Fareedah do such a thing to me? I was hoping she'd be the one to cover up for me. Did she even know what happened? How did she even know we were at the hospital? I felt strong arms grabbing me by the my neck. Mehn! I felt my breath chocking off, 'O Allah see me through'.

"What the hell did you do her?" Hamma Naseer asked tightening his grip.

"I... I... ehmm" I tried speaking but I just couldn't. Breathing was becoming hard to me.

"Let him go Naseer" Husnah's dad spoke up for the first time we came into the room.

"Yana neman raina mana hankali ne Abbah. speak up my friend" Hamma Naseer barked not letting me go.

"Let him go please", I heard Husnah's voice saying, "he's not to be blamed after all. Please let him go... don't hurt him". She added, looking straight into my eyes. That pain in her eyes would forever remain in my heart.

Hamma Naseer lessened his grip and turned to Husnah. His face all red. One thing about a fair guy kenan... as soon as they are angry, they all turn red. "What happened lil sis? Why are you here? Speak up please".

Husnah looked at me again and tears rolled down her cheeks again. I also felt tears swelling up in my eyes. I drove in the courage to just confess for my stupid and reckless behavior. I was the most stupid and good for nothing husband.

"I... I kind of... I mean, you all have to forgive me please" I blurted. I wanted saying I raped Husnah but the words won't slip outta my mouth. How could I look into her parents' eyes and also mine and tell them I raped my wife? How?.

"Wai munyi kamada sa'oinka ne Nabeel (Do we look like your mates, Nabeel?)" Dad barked at me angrily.

"I had a miscarriage" Husnah blurted out before I could even reply my dad. I saw Amrah and Fareedah both looking at her shocked.

"I had a miscarriage 2days back. I begged him not to call any of you because I didn't want you all to get worried" she added.

I looked at her so shocked, and then a strange feeling crept into my heart... Husnah was covering up for my mistake. But why would she do that?.

"He's afraid because he's blaming himself, thinking I had the miscarriage because of him" She said again.

"There must be a reason he's blaming himself" Hamma Naseer said, "open up and talk to us Husnah, you have no one better than us".

"We had a fight", she began, "I told him I'm not ready to give birth when I realised I was pregnant. I brought pills and showed them to him, telling him I'll take them because I don't want to give birth anytime soon" she added.

"You're not ready to give birth?" Her mom asked angrily slapping her on her right cheek. "You fool! Fareedah Is looking for a baby and God blessed you with one kice bakya so? hakkunah janhara bellle warso? (Is that the training I gave you?)".

My heart was heavy. Why was Husnah doing this? Why protecting me and getting herself into trouble? I heave a sigh, trying to tell them the truth.

"That's not what..." Husnah's voice cut me off.

"Just let me talk please!" I blurted out, and she snapped at me. Warning me with her eyes not to tell them what happen.

"No Husnah!, I'll tell them exactly what happened. They don't have to blame you for my mistakes" I said firmly.

"No..."

"What actually happened as she said was true" I cut her off. "I saw the pills and told her not to do it. And she listened to me, I was glad she listened to me but deep inside I knew I'm not going to love that child so much because our marriage was an arranged marriage. It took me a month before I made up my mind that she could abort the pregnancy. But by then Husnah is already inlove with the baby. I told her to abort it and she said no. I then threatened to divorce her. That's how we got into a terrible fight, and as she was trying to get away... she slipped and fell by the kitchen cabinet, hitting her tommy so hard" I ended sadly. God! How did I came up with something like that?? I didn't even know.

"You both are stupid" Husnah's dad shouted. "Are we some kind of joke to you? We are your parents and you guys are playing with us! In bakwa son auren sai ku rabu mana kawai!" She barked.

"No dad", Husnah said in tears. "We admit that we made a mistake but in shaa Allah we'll adjust. I love my husband" She said slowly.

Those last four words of hers were the very best. She just said them, even if she didn't mean them, I'm glad she said them.

"I made a mistake Abbah. But in shaa Allah something like this won't happen again" I said, apologetically.

"I was against this marriage right from the start. I promise you Nabeel, if you hurt her again I'll break you into pieces" Hamma Naseer said angrily.

Husnah's Point Of View.

I don't trust Amrah, not even a little. I didn't know how I ended up telling her Nabeel raped me, maybe because I desperately needed someone to talk to that's why. I then saw her making strange moves, going out and coming back into the room. Engrossed with her phone. And I kept wondering what she was upto.

The moment I saw Fareedah, my parent's and Nabeel's parent, I understood what happened. Amrah told Fareedah, and then she came over with our parents. That made me believe that it wasn't a mistake... It was really Amrah I saw coming out of Fareedah's part the other day. Those two must be upto something, and I wouldn't give them the pleasure.

I quickly made up my mind that through thick or thin... Nabeel would be mine, and Fareedah would face my own wrath. The only problem I would be facing now is that I'm very, I mean very afraid of Nabeel. I'd learn to let it subside with time anyways.

I spent three days in the hospital, before I was finally discharged. And all those days, Nabeel never left my side. Fareedah never visited again since that day, and so Amrah. I now realized Amrah never loved me, or maybe she did love me but now is envious of me.

1 week later...

It was a perfect day, cloudless and warm, and the singing breeze carried a tantalizing mixture of scents across the garden. I had spread out a tablecloth on a grassy area near the swimming pool, happily munching on an egg salad sandwich.

I always isolate myself here because I didn't like seeing Nabeel nor talking to him. Since after I've been discharged from the hospital, I didn't say a single word to him. What would I even say? Tho he always came by, sit and talk endlessly. And I'd only sit inches away from him praying silently that he's not going to attack me again.

I didn't heard footsteps, I only felt his hands around my tommy. Lord! My body started shaking and I couldn't even move an inch. 'Please help me O Allah!'/I didn't even know when I started crying, I was way too afraid.

"Let go of me!" I jacked, trying to free myself from his hold.

"Listen to me please My Asma" I heard his voice begging. And before I could reply, i heard Fareedah's voice calling him. I didn't know when I quickly made a U-turn and smashed my lips against his.

He was shock... and so was I! where was that fear I had for him? How did I brought my self to kissing him myself?. Maybe because I wanted showing Fareedah who the boss was... around here.

"I missed you so much teddy bear. How's work? I know you must be tired right? Come on, let's go inside... I'll wash you up, feed you and then give you a touchy massage. Like it?" I asked after breaking our lips and then i winked at him.

"Nabeel" Fareedah called again angrily.

I cupped his face in my hands, not even allowing him to turn and look at her. We locked our eyes and I felt sparks of electric shock in my body. Nabeel has one of most beautiful eyes I've ever seen.

"You take my breath away Asma', you drive me insane. I'm crazy about you" Nabeel said, caressing my lips with his thumbs.

I didn't know when a smile crept across my lips when I saw Fareedah running off, crying.

And as soon as she was out of sight, I quickly stood up and also ran to my part. Atleast, I made her sad! And that really made me happy.

Chapter 16.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I stood by Husnah's door, praying silently that she listen to me today. I salaamed twice but no answer came, so I went into the room. The living room was clean and tidy, the smelling of a very warm bakhoor, one of my favorite. I saw a book on the center table, a slow music of Maher Zain evaporating in the speakers.

Then I heard footsteps and I turned quickly, my eyes locking up with Husnah's. She was wearing a pink shorts, pairing it with a white half vest.

My God! She looked like a 15years old girl, and I couldn't help but look at her intensively, with my jaw dropping to my feet. Thence, a weird feeling creeping into my heart. I walked up to her and took hold of her hands. Just then another song echoed around the room. I smiled and sang along.

'Another day,'

'Without your smile,'

'Another day,'

'Just passes by,'

'But now i know,'

'How much it means,'

'For you to stay,'

'Right here with me,'

'The time we spend apart will make our love grow stronger,'

'But it hurts so bad i can't take it any longer'.

I look deep into Husnah's eyes as I kept singing the song she was playing on her phone. My hands holding hers so tight.

'I wanna grow old with you,'

'I wanna die lying in your arms,'

'I wanna grow old with you,'

'I wanna be looking in your eyes,'

'I wanna be there for you,'

'Sharing in everything you do,'

She tried taking back her hands but I held them tight again. Grabbing her by her waist and pushing her to my hard chest. She gasped as her head rested on my chest, feeling my beats.

'I wanna grow old with youuuuu...'

She quickly raised her head up and looked at me. I bet she blushed when we locked our eyes.

'A thousand miles,'

'Between us now,'

'It causes me...,'

'To wonder how'.

I rested my forehead on hers as I nuzzled my nose on hers. She was shaking and breathing became hard for her.

'I love tonight,'

'To make us strong,'

'It makes us real,'

'By all alone'.

She jacked and I grabbed her again.

'The time we spend apart,'

'Will make our love grow stronger,'

'But it hurts so bad i can't take it any longer'.

I kissed her forehead, then her earlobe, her left and right cheeks and also the tip of her nose. My eyes were dark with lust.

If only...

'I wanna grow old with you,'

'I wanna die lying in your arms,'

'I wanna grow old with you,'

'I wanna be looking in your eyes,'

'I wanna be there for you,'

'Sharing in everything you do,'

'I wanna grow old with you...'

I looked at her lips, while moving closer, and closer, hoping she won't shut me up. But she did. She swallowed her lips not letting go, I tried but she still didn't open up, there was this look in her eyes, HATE. An idea popped into my head, I pinched her on her stomach and she gasped in pain, then I used that opportunity and smashed my lips on hers.

I nibbled them and she stood like a statue, not even showing the slightest interest or kissing me back. I got tired and let her lips free.

The look in her eyes shocked me to my bone, piecing through my flesh and then into my soul.

'Lord! She really does hate me'.

Out of no where, I felt cold water all over my body. I shivered as my body welcomed the cold substance.

"You fool!" she shouted "Nabeel, you've hurt me so much. I don't even know from where I'll start forgiving you" she whimpered, wiping her nose with the back of her hand.

"I hate you so very much. If only I can do something to end this marriage before all these, but no, its too late. You took the one thing I'll be proud to give someone else. You took it Nabeel, in a way that'll forever be embedded in my heart", she clutched her heart, crying so hard. "It hurts deep in here Nabeel, so much".

I looked at her, my heart felt heavy. Deep inside my heart, and I wondered why I did raped my wife. I might have loose my senses but that doesn't give me the right to use force on my wife.

"Asmaa, I'm sorry. I know I'm a fool, an Idiot. But believe me when I say that I never ever had it in mind to hurt you that way. Wallahi akasi aka samu(it was a mistake)" I said, looking at her as she cried her sorrows out.

"A mistake huh?" She asked furrowing her forehead. "A mistake kam! I can see. That's an absolute lie, you hate me that's why you raped me Nabeel, it was never a mistake. That i know for sure".

"Husnah believe me mana" I tried talking but she shut me up by throwing the glass cup she kept by her side.

"To hell with you!" She yelled, as she held her hair so tight, like she's gonna rip it out of her skull.

'She looks like a mad woman'.

"Yes, I look like one because you made me look like one" She blurted out angrily, tears flushing her cheeks.

'Lord! Have mercy. I never knew the words were out'.

"Husnah ba haka nake nufi ba please" I tried talking again.

"Just shut the hell up and get out of my room! I hate you and I don't wanna see you anymore. I hate you! I hate you so very much!".

'Seriously, I hate it when she says those words. But who am I to blame her? I brought it upon myself. And maybe she's never gonna fall in love with me'.

"Asmaa listen to me dan Allah, lemme explain".

"Get out!" She shouted on top of her voice.

I was helpless, I didn't have any choice than to just leave, so I turned and left. To my uttermost dismay, I saw Fareedah rushing back to her room, a smile plastered on her face.

'Was she eavesdropping?'. I asked myself?

Then I shrugged and walked back to my part, with alot on my mind. 'I have to find a way to make Husnah forgive me. I have to!'.

Ever since the incident from hospital, I kept my distance from Fareedah. Now I doubt the love she claim to have for me!

If she truly loves me, she'd have tried to cover up for my mistake like Husnah did. But no, she didn't... All she wanted was to tell the whole world the mistake I made!

Wait! How did she even knew I was at the hospital. I asked her countless times but she didn't give me a concrete answer.

I stood up and quickly went to her part again. This time around, I was determined to find out how she knew. But then.....

I saw her and Husnah having a hot convo, they both stood in front of the parking lot, both wearing their hijabs and talking in hushed tone. Fareedah was looking way too serious and Husnah looked shocked.

'What the hell is going on there?'. I was puzzled.

I quickened my steps and Fareedah squirmed as she saw me. She ran over and hugged me by my torso. I didn't know why, but I felt like a pin piercing through my flesh. I didn't love the idea of her hugging me in front of Husnah.

Just then, I heard Husnah yelling.

"_ouch! Lord... my tommy teddy bear" I shoved Fareedah away and ran up to Husnah.

"Hey, are you okay?" I asked, lines of worries drawn on my face.

"No... take me in please" she said, biting her bottom lip as if she was in so much pain.

I lifted her up, bridal style and walked pass Fareedah. Who was looking at me in astonishment.

Chapter 17.

Husnah's Point Of View.

'Life is not always about playing games and hurting others. I think it's time I make a move and show Fareedah what it really means to be a wife'.

I was sitting on a couch, my legs crossed while sipping coffee, with series of thoughts in my mind... 'if only there is a way for me to get out of this marriage, I'll gladly embrace it'. Then I heard a knock, and before I could open my mouth to say, 'Yes, come in', Fareedah barged in. A smile across her face.

"Amarya," she called as she sat beside me, "how you doing? Ya jiki?"

"Do I look like someone who's sick?" I asked curtly.

She looked at me and smirked, "You don't have to say it. It's all over your face. How does it feel to be raped by your own Husband, Husnah?"

Damn! I felt like squeezing her right here that very instant. But then, I controlled myself and then chuckled.

"Well", I began while looking at her closely, a smile never leaving my face, "with us sweet ladies, with beautiful face and nice body figure, sweet voice... caring, honest, loving, amazing and talented in all possible ways to treat our husbands... ladies like us never loose a guy's attention. A lady like me", I said as I stood up, swaying side by side, turning around, "is always lovable. A guy's wish. Nabeel couldn't control his emotions for me, I was irresistible to him, uggghhhh; I forgot to mention that he always complain about your figure, and that tummy of yours, it ain't cool for a lady to have a figure like that. Learn to maintain your figure please".

Fareedah's face was all red, abunka da farar mace. She was breathing heavily. "Well, he had never raped me before, that's just how much he loves me" she said slowly.

I laughed... "Point of correction miss Fareedah, That's just how much he hates you. And please, go back and tell whoever the hell told you he raped me that he or she is lying. We shared something mutual, something I bet you never had with him" I said dreamily, walking over the window, "It'll forever be embedded in my heart. I mean it was colorful, I'm sure teddy bear has never tried that out with you. He's Mine And Mine Alone, Fareedah!" I said, turning over to look at her, then smiled before I added, "weren't those your words, baby?"

"That's a lie Husnah!" Fareedah shouted, standing on her feet angrily. "Nabeel will never love any lady other than me. He's mine alone!"

"O Lord!" I said laughing, I was really pissing the poor woman off. She deserved it anyways!. "He's already in love with me. Madly in love with me. I can ask him if you want me to in your presence" I said smiling.

"You are a pity Husnah, you don't even know those who truly love you. I can show them to you. I bet you'll be surprise" Fareedah said.

I giggled, 'damn whatever the hell you are planning Fareedah'. Then I bowed my head mockingly, "I'll really love that elder sis". I took my veil and trailed behind her.

"Let's use your car" she said as soon as we were at the parking lot.

"Oops... why don't we use yours?" I said.

"I'm the one helping you so I set the rules" she barked at me.

"Easy miss, don't you dare, I mean don't you dare shout at me again. I never begged you to render me any help, you volunteered willingly. So watch how you speak to me!".

As I was speaking, my eyes caught up with Nabeel, walking over to us. Time to work out something cool.

Fareedah saw him and squirmed and then hugged him by the torso. Time for action.

I quickly went down to the floor, holding onto my stomach. And then, I began crying.

"_ouch! Lord... my tommy teddy bear" I yelled.

Thence, he quickly shoved Fareedah aside and ran over to me.

"Hey, are you okay?" He asked looking worried.

"No, take me in please" I said, biting the bottom of my lip as if I was in so much pain.

He picked me up in a bridal style and walked up to my front door.

I looked at Fareedah who stood shocked and angry, thence she smiled slowly.

As soon as we were inside, Nabeel dropped me on a couch and touched my head with the back of his palm.

"Are you sick?" He asked in a whisper. I opened my mouth to answer but then my eyes caught up with that of Fareedah. She had opened the door half way and was looking at us.

Now, why shouldn't I give her a memory to remember? Gonna be fun right?

I sat up and wrapped my arms around his neck, drawing him closer to me.

"Teddy bear" I called slowly, in a voice I never knew I had, while slowly tracing my thumb on his temple, "Do you love me?"

He looked at my eyes wide open. He was surprised, and so was I... I mean, how could I ask him something like that!

"I... I..." He kept quite for a while and then gave me an answer.

"I might have been stupid enough to think I won't fall for you. Stupid enough to make Fareedah believe that she's the only woman I'll ever love, I'm not saying I don't love her Asma, but I love you too... way too much!" he said slowly.

I smiled and squeezed his hands in mine the more, "How much do you love me? Say it, I wanna know teddy bear". I said sweetly.

He had already wrapped around my finger, there's no way he can resist me.

"I love you with every fibre of my being, my life is incomplete without you Asma. I know I've wronged you alot, but believe me when I say you are now the source of my happiness, my world, the air I breath. With each passing day, I fall over and over in love with you. If only there are words to describe my feelings for you Asma, then I'll use them. But my love for you can't be expressed by mere words" he said, as he made his way to kiss my lips, but I shut him up.

He looked at me straight in the eyes and my heart warmed up. He has the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen.

"I love you Asma" I heard him say.

"I love you just like a mom loves her kid, I love you as much as the veins in my body. Water, blood, air can't be measured, and so it is... my love for you can't be measured Asma. It's buried deep in my heart, my heart always yearn for you, my arms always crave for your body wrapped in them, lips craved for yours... and there is no way I can deny the fact that I love you more than anything in this world. Believe me when I say I've never opened up my heart this much to someone, no; scratch that, this is the first time a lady is turning me hell nuts. please accept my love Asma, please".

I smiled mischievously when I saw Fareedah leaving, tears all over her face.

Mission accomplished!.

I removed my hands from his neck and slowly stepped out of his little world. Then I smiled and said. "Awwwnn... what a nice story Nabeel. You really can tell a story, bravo". I said, clapping my hands.

Nabeel looked at me. I bet he was wondering what I was talking about.

"Hey! Don't tell me you expect me to believe those words?" I asked him

"I said those words from my depth of my heart Asma, I deserve a chance from you. Please trust me and give me chance to change and settle everything". He said sadly.

"You should go over to your wife. Because nikam, you have nothing, I mean absolutely nothing to tell me. I'm done with you... for good Nabeel". I said and left for my room, leaving him standing there with his jaw dropped.

"Amaal!" I yelled, "can you please make it snappy!"

"I'm coming" Amaal yelled back, "just a minute sis".

I hissed and sat down by the dining table, going through my phone and checking my WhatsApp messages.

I was dressed in a pink paper lace. And today, I found myself applying make up. Lord! I know I looked beautiful.

Amaal came out few minutes later, dressed in an ash ankara with touches of yellow and pink.

"Inyeee! Kaga yarinyan Mama. You look cute lil sis" I said.

Awwnn.. Amaal was just too sweet.

"Yeah, I know I look cute. I'm also beautiful" she said, swaying from side to side.

"Always full of yourself, let's go miss" I said grabbing her hands.

I drove, the atmosphere in the car was really cool. I then played a song by kelly and we sang along.

'I got issues just like you got issues'

'I been hurt, i saw the scar tissue'

'If i show you, would you run away?'

'Do i gotta hide em for you to wanna stay?'

'Do i, even need you? Should i leave you?'

'Do i, gotta be you, just to please you?'

'Do i, say I'm all good when i bleed you?'

'Through my, heart? Quit tearin mine apart'.

"Isn't this song kinda sad?" Amaal asked as I pulled the car to a halt by the parking lot.

"Well, kinda" I said coming out of my car.

Amarah followed suit. Then I saw Fahad's car leaving, so I bet he dropped her off.

"Hey best friend" she yelled, waving at me.

"Hi" I waved back. I really didn't feel like talking to her. All the same, we had a good day.

Its been three days since I set my eyes on Nabeel. I didn't know why, but I have this odd feeling like I was missing him. Damn! So annoying.

I was sitting by my dressing mirror, doing nothing but starrng at myself. Just then, my phone buzzed, a message alert. I Checked it and its was an MMS. Lol! Who could be sending me an MMS when WhatsApp is available?. I shrugged and checked the message. It was from a private number. Hence, I felt my heart breaking up into pieces for the third time. 'Yaa Allah, I just hope this isn't true'.

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Chapter 18.

Husnah's Point Of View.

My heart felt heavy. I felt like I was carrying the whole world right ontop of my head. 'Yaa Allah, This photo can't be true!'.

'Not Nabeel'.

'Definitely not my Nabeel!'.

It's a photo of Nabeel and Amrah in a restaurant. The photo was took showing Nabeel feeding Amrah!

I closed my eyes, hoping that what I saw wasn't real, and praying silently that the photo was fake. But it was still thesame.

'Why would Nabeel do such a thing like this? Why? Am i the reason he's chasing my mriend or what? I thought I and Fareedah are okay for him. Why must he chase after my friend again? My best Friend for that matter!'.

I slipped down to the floor, clutching my feet tightly and breaking down into tears. 'Nabeel why? Why Nabeel? I thought you love me, I thought we could live together forever. Why do you have to do a thing like this? Why? Just why?!'.

Then I heard the doorbell, I wanted ignoring it but whoever it was won't let me be. So I went into the bathroom and washed my face before proceeding to the living room.

It was Fareedah and Amrah!

Thus, I recalled that the MMS I got has no contact number. Could it be that Amrah sent it? I could understand Fareedah's mischievous behavior but not Amrah.

I smiled and let them in, With Amrah giving me a side hug.

"How you babe?"

"fine Alhamdulillah. What a surprise, you didn't tell me you are coming over. Ya gida?" I replied closing the door behind us.

Fareedah was already seated on a couch, munching an apple I kept on the center table hours ago.

"Yeah, just thought I should give my bestie a surprise visit" Amrah replied

"Aunty Faree, yau zumuncin ya motsa kenan?" I asked smiling. That smile I referred to as a grin.

"Felt like I should come over and see what my lil sis is gonna cook for our hubby today. Or have you forgotten he's at your place?".

"Lol! Kai aunty Faree, how could I? he's my life partner, my way to jannah. There is no way I can forget things concerning him". I replied. Thus, I caught them exchanging glances, smiling, and then... I got to know the source of that photo.

We had a little chat chit and then my phone buzzed. It was Nabeel. I smiled and said, "Excuse me ladies, teddy bear is calling". I said happily as I quickly received the call.

"Teddy bear" I chirped in slowly, keeping my voice low as both Fareedah and Amrah focused all their attentions on me, "how you doing?".

He was silent for a while and I had to check the phone again to see if he was still there or not. To my surprise, he still was.

"Teddy bear, hey! Are you okay?" I asked sounding worried. God knew my heart beat have increased.

"Asmaa' where are you?" He asked slowly. By Allah! My heart almost skipped a beat by the sound of his voice. What could be wrong with Nabeel?.

"Home love, everything alright?" I asked feeling scared.

"Yeah, don't worry. Can you please cook dinner with me?". He asked pleadingly. How could I ignore his command? With that voice melting my soul.

"Wish granted sweriee. Come back soon. I'm missing you so much".

He was silent again, I bet he was shocked about how I was treating. But I have made up my mind that In shaa Allah (God's Willing), I'd accept his love today. I won't sit back and watch these bitches ruin my married life.

Impossible!

"Bye and take care of yourself" I said and then ended the call.

I was really really worried, was already lost in my thoughts when I heard Amrah's giggle. I felt her hands so cold as she pinched my cheeks saying, "hey, kin manta damu ne or what?".

I faked a smile and replied, "I was lost in thought. Teddy bear told me to cook something nice for him, dunno what to cook. Wanna help?" I asked looking at them both with a smile on my face.

"I don't think I can" Fareedah said as she stood up, "I wanna take a nap. See you guys later" she added walking away.

She was angry, she definitely was angry!

"I'm also leaving. Umma sent me to the mall" Amrah said, picking up her veil and handbag before kissing my cheeks, "see you some other time" she added and left.

I couldn't help but laugh as soon as they were out of sight. If only they saw the expression they both had on their ugly faces. Now, I was very sure they were behind that photo. They wanted to create a rift between us, and In Shaa Allah (God's Willing), I won't give them that pleasure!

I made up my mind to cook rice and vegetable stew with mixed fruit juice. I also baked a cake, the red velvet cake, chicken cheesy doughnuts, minced meat and also fish pepper soup. 'Wow! I'm gonna feed him all these myself, In Shaa Allah'.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I looked at the bunch of papers on the table, my mind wasn't on them at all. 'What is this photo about? A photo of Asma and Fahad!'. I checked again but the sender hide his/her number.

'Something is fishy here. I won't judge her without knowing what exactly happened!'.

'Yaa Allah! Give me the strength to bear this'. I picked up my phone and called Reedah but she didn't pick up, So I called Asmaa'.

By Allah, her voice was the most sweetest thing I had ever heard. Melodious!

(The above conversation took place).

I had to stay at work till 7pm. 'Mehn! I was exhausted. I only need a hot bath and a very touchy massage. Husnah's hands will be the best for that job'. I shivered as I remembered how soft and warm her hands were. 'Damn! I'm so much in love with that lazy'.

I drove like I wasn't gonna reach home anytime soon. 'Lord! I'm being my lazy self today'. I put the car to a halt in the parking lot, took my briefcase and my coat before storming out of the car.

I turned to go to Reedah's part before saying hi to Asmaa' and suddenly my eyes caught the most beautiful creature on earth standing right outside her front door waiting for me.

My jaw dropped, almost touching my feet. Uhh! Don't mind my exaggeration please. But I couldn't help but thank Allah, because she looked extra ordinarily beautiful. She cat-walked over to me smiling.

"Hey" she said sweetly, her voice sending shivers down my spine. I smelt the mint breathe outta her mouth, "Welcome back. You look tired, lets go in, I prepared some hot water for you to take

your bath" she added, as she took the coat and briefcase from my hand and walked ahead of me. I trailed behind her.

The living room was tidy and smell of heavy bakhoor. I knew Asmaa' was the best when it comes to cleaning. I caught a glimpse of the dining table, it was beautifully arranged with lots of warmers on it. I was salivating already!.

I walked straight into my room and found her struggling with my closet arranging some cloths in it.

"Go in, ruwan na ciki (go to the bathroom, your water is ready there)" she said and continued what she was doing.

I took a warm shower, letting all my worries flow out. I came out with a big fluffy blue towel tied around my waist.

I dressed quickly and walked out to the living room. Asmaa' was sitting on a couch with the remote control in her hand, and as soon as she saw me, she flashed me her best smile, and that gap between her teeth was visible.

"You look sweet" she said slowly averting her gaze.

"You look hot" I replied looking at her like I was gonna eat her up that very instant.

"Come and eat" she said walking over to the dining table, she served the rice first and fed me with her own hand, without even using the cutleries. I was feeling like a king, an emperor. Next came the pepper soup then the cake and doughnuts, Lord.. cikinah kaman ya fashe!.

She stood up and started parking the dishes to the kitchen and I helped her even though she insisted I sit down and rest, but I didn't.

She stood against the sink washing the plates and cutleries we used. I felt uncomfortable, I wanted to touch her, kiss her and do some crazy things to her, but I didn't wanted ruin that moment.

Husnah was free with me for her own self, not acting. Whatever she was doing, it was to make me happy, to feel contented.

"Hey" I said as I stood beside her, "let me help you, baby".

"No don't worry, I'll soon be done. Just go and watch or better most, lie down and sleep. You look tired" she replied.

I stood there like a statue looking at her lips, looking at how they move and I couldn't help but move close to her.

"I want to kiss you Asmaa'" I said huskily, licking my lower lip.

She looked at me, and her gaze burned me up. She then smiled and answered me back. I almost loosed my senses when she replied.

"Well, why don't you do it teddy bear. I'm all yours remember?".

Chapter 19.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

My heart almost missed a beat when she told me that. The look in her eyes was real and unwavering. Something I referred to as; "A genuine look in the eyes of a true lover".

I moved closer to her, my left hand around her waist, my fore head on hers as I nuzzle my nose on hers. They were so soft, her mint breathe fanning through my face. I didn't know where she got a mint breathe moments after we had dinner.

"Can I," I hesitated while pushing a stray of hair behind her ears, "Can I kiss you now, Asmaa?".

She closed her eyes, her long lashes more visible, and then she nodded slowly before finally opening her eyes and placing a soft kiss on my right cheek and then freeing herself from my grip. An evil smile playing on her lips.

"There, I've kissed you" she said placing a plate on the plate rack after cleaning it with a clean towel.

I stood right there like a statue, wondering what she called a kiss. Yeah, I felt warm all over when she kissed my cheeks, the feeling was mutual and best, but I was expecting to kiss her lips not cheeks.

"You call that a kiss?" I asked moving closer to her. But she stopped me quickly by uttering, "Uh uh uh teddy bear. That's all you can get for now. Take it slow, God knows har yanxu tsoronka nake (I'm still afraid of you)" she said slowly, tears slowly dripping down from her eyes.

My heart suddenly felt heavy, a feeling I've never had creeping into me. It was wild and sensational, I knew I was stupid, dumb, and crazy, to rape my wife. But what could I have done? She drove me crazy and I didn't even know when I loosed my senses. I was mad about her, ever since the day I started kissing her... I was lost. But whatever the case may be, I shouldn't have raped my de-jure wife. And now, I just pray that she forgive and forget. 'But will she ever do that?' I wondered.

"Look at me Nabeel" she called slowly holding my hands, "I've forgiven you already, right from day one. You are my husband and maybe this marriage was an arranged marriage, but I have to please you to strive for my Jannah. Why didn't you ask? I might have not agreed to it instantly, but considering the fact that I'd face the wrath of my Lord, I'd definitely had agreed to it. Nabeel you broke my heart that night, you broke them into tiny pieces... pieces I didn't even know from where

I'll start picking them up" she stopped, took in some breath and then continued, "I know you don't love me..."

I quickly shushed her by placing my lips on hers. It was slow and passionate, I dropped all my emotions in that kiss before I withdrew back.

"Please Asmaa', dan Allah karki qara cewa bana sonki (please, don't you ever say I don't love you)". I squeezed her hands in mine before I continued, "I can't say for sure when it all started but Allah knows I love you more than words can say, Asmaa'. I fall over and over again after what you did in the hospital, you covered up for my mistake Asmaa' and that's one of the best feeling a husband can get when his wife covered up for his mistake" I said slowly, my hands cupping her face, "you are the best thing that has ever happened to me Asmaa', you drive me crazy just by your thought, your smiles, your giggles. Those juicy lips, your eyes... everything about you is just beautiful".

She was already crying... crying so hard. I knew she was hurt, who wouldn't be when her own husband raped her? Worst feeling ever!.

I held her hand, placed it where my heart was beating against my chest. "_Sometimes, when I look at you... this feels like it's going to burst. I've never loved anyone the way I love you Asmaa', I never wanted anyone the way I want you... never! I need you in my life, be the mother of my kids, be my star... The one I look upon when I'm sad, the one that binds my happiness".

The look in her eyes were genuine, I knew it... They melt me deep inside and all I wanted doing that moment was to hold her tight in my hands and feel her heartbeat.

"Here" I placed her palm on my chest more firmly, "you feel that huh? You feel how fast its beating right? You do this to me, you make my heart race. You have the power over me to make me feel whatever it is you want me to feel. I Love You Asmaa'ul Husnah".

She held my hands so tight in hers, they were soft and warm. So warm that I felt my heart clutched and twisted, diving more into the ocean of her love.

'Damn! This girl will be the end of me'.

She was crying so hard with tears rolling down her cheeks so fast. Thence, I felt her body pressed against mine in a tight hug. I held her tight in my arms, as I inhale her heavy bakhoor. Lord! She smelled so Nice. "I love you so very much Husnah. If there is a word I can use better than 'I love you', I would... just to show you how much you mean to me. You mean the world to me Husnah. You are my world". I said slowly as her hands roam around her body.

She hiccupped, still in tears before replying, "I love you too teddy bear. I love you more than words can say. Thank you so much for being a part of my life. Part Of Me!".

She had the sweetest voice ever!

I rocked her and spoke sweet words into her ears. She only smiled and snuggled up to me the more.

"So" I started... raising her head up "can i kiss you now?".

"Nope" she replied, putting emphasis on the P, and I felt like grabbing her lips that very instant.

"Why?" I asked surprised.

"No kisses for you for the next three months. Don't touch me, no hugs... not even side hugs. That'll be your punishment" she replied, smiling mischievously before stepping out of the kitchen and running into her room.

I only smiled and followed her, but instead of going to her room, I went to mine.

I smiled as I showered, remembering every single moment we shared together. Asmaa' was just amazing, and my love for her was beyond words.

I wore my pj's, took a look round the room before finally walking out. My plan was to spend the night with Asmaa' in her room.

She was standing by the mirror, dressed in a her PJ's too. Silky peach PJ's.

I stood behind her and looked at her intently, she only smiled and averted my gaze.

"Let's have a pillow talk" I said as I slipped beside her on the bed.

"Hmmn, I love that idea" she replied.

I moved closer and rested my head on her pillow "You first".

"Okay. Lemme see... arrrrmm, I know your favorite color is blue right?" She asked looking straight into my eyes.

I pushed a strand of her behind her ear before replying, "Nope. Black".

"Ah! I said you can't touch me"

"Oh come on, that's not fair".

"You mean black is your best color?" She asked smiling.

"Yeah, I nodded as I clasped our fingers. "And yours is pink right?".

"No. Red" she answered.

"So... you like eating noodles I guess" I asked again.

"No," She replied smiling. "I love tuwo miyan kuka the more".

"Really?" I asked as my eyes bulged out of their sockets. "Tuwo is also my favorite" I answered.

"Awwnn... aren't we the sweetest couple on earth?" she murmured, kissing my jaw and snuggling up at me the more.

"Yes we are cuppy cake. We sure are".

"Goodnight teddy Bear".

"Good night Asmaa".

Chapter 20.

Husnah's Point Of View.

I was busy arranging the dinning table when Nabeel emerged from his room, dressed in his suit and carrying his briefcase. He looked so handsome and I felt like jumping over him, giving him a tight bone crushing hug and kissing his juicy lips. But I restrained myself, he was still under punishment afterall.

"Good morning" I said to him, giving him one of my brightest smile.

"Morning" he replied, standing in front of me. I nearly loosed my senses when I smelt his cologne. 'Damn! He smells so nice'.

"How was your night?" He asked, kissing my fore head. No matter how I tried, Nabeel would always find a way to kiss either my cheeks or my fore head.

"Alhamdulillah" I answered shyly.

"Oops, I shouldn't have asked, for you slept by my side... So I knew how well you slept. Buried in my arms" he said, winking at me. I knew what that look meant.

I guessed right when he quickly moved closer to me and grabbed my waist, kissing my cheeks. I looked up into his eyes and before I could say anything, he kissed my lips.

God knows I couldn't control my emotions being with Nabeel, just the smell of his cologne melts my heart, the feeling when his hands touched me is a different thing. I couldn't say for sure how it happened, but I felt my hands grabbing his neck and pulling him more closer, deepening the kiss.

"You taste sweet this morning" he said between kisses.

"I..." - I kissed his jaw. "told you," - then his fore head. "not to kiss me" I added before finally kissing his lips again. I opened my eyes half way and caught Fareedah's eyes on us. Hmm, she was all red!

I broke the kiss and looked at Nabeel's eyes. They held passion, longing and above all... Love!

"I love you so very much Asmaa" he said... squeezing my hands. "Ever since you came into my life, you've been a blessing. You complete me and make me whole, you are sweet and no words can describe how sweet and amazing you are. Please, don't you ever leave me Asmaa', I'll be shattered".

I inhaled some air before finally having the courage to open my mouth and talk, "Aren't you the sweetest? What's life without you? Worthless, teddy bear! You are the perfect definition of a

perfect husband. I love you more than words can say. I love you infinity cube, to the edge of seven squares". I said slowly... tears rolling down my cheeks.

"Do you know that," he started again cupping my face. "one of the best feeling in the world is being with you? Holding ya tight in my arms and kissing your lips, looking deep into your eyes knowing that I am the love of your life. Have I ever been this blessed? I don't think so! Thank you so very much for coming into my life Asmaa', now I know what it really means to have that weird feeling called LOVE".

I couldn't help but smiled, my eyes still caught up with Fareedah's. I wouldn't want her to blow up, but I was happy and glad she heard those words with her own ears. Best feeling ever!

I cleaned my tears before smiling, the gap between my teeth visible. "Come on, have your breakfast else you'll be late for work. I wouldn't want that to happen" I said as I sat him down on one of the chairs.

"Where's Reedah?" He asked immediately he sat down.

"Ohhh, She'll be here any minute I guess" I answered as I served him his breakfast of boiled yam and egg_stew, with fruits salad and cow tail pepper soup. Since the last two weeks, Nabeel made it a rule for us to eat breakfast and dinner together in his part, as for lunch; we can all eat what we want in our parts. So, whoever had Nabeel that very day would be the one to cook breakfast and dinner.

I finished serving Nabeel and was about to sit on my own chair when Fareedah walked in, I wondered what she stayed behind for when I saw her standing there since.

"Good morning baby" she greeted Nabeel hugging him from behind before sitting on the chair beside him.

"Morning Reedah, how was your night?" He asked smiling at her.

"Had a slight fever, but as soon as I saw you; I'm as strong as a horse" She replied winking.

Lord! I felt like smashing her that moment. I stood up and walked up to where Nabeel was sitting, ready to devour his meal.

"I missed you baby" Fareedah said as soon as I sat by his right, she took his left hand and squeezed it in hers before smiling at him. Then I saw him smiled, and that made me sad. 'Hey! What's wrong with me, she's also his wife and I know she's doing it deliberately to annoy me!'.

"Good morning aunty Faree" I greeted her with a smile... a smile I knew was just for a show.

"Morning" came her simple reply.

I smiled at her, knowing that she heard every single word Nabeel told me.

"Open up teddy bear" I said as I shoved the yam into his mouth using my fingers. He turned quickly and looked at me, so surprised. I only smiled and shook my head.

"Sabon salo... when did she started feeding you with her bare hand kuma?" Fareedah asked, a little bit irritated. "Why not use the knives and forks instead of those fingers of yours" she added.

Nabeel opened his mouth to reply her when I quickly tapped his shoulder, "Table manner teddy bear" I said slowly, putting the cup of coffee up for him to sip.

"Aunty Faree kenan. What's the use of my fingers if I can't feed my husband with them? I'll do just everything to make him happy, make him know that I love him as much as he loves me. Chill please" I said, trying to remove my fingers from Nabeel's mouth after giving him another piece of yam. I felt his warm hands on mine and without expecting it, he kissed them, looking directly into my eyes and then muttered a 'thank you'.

Fareedah hissed and adjusted her sitting position. I thought she was going to leave but she sat down and eat her breakfast in silence. 'Good for you' I mused at myself, 'else I would've give you the best breakfast ever'.

"Adda husnah, zan bi ku nidai" Yusrah said, almost crying.

"I'm not going with you anywhere Yusrah. Go back and sit down, I promise I'm gonna buy you a new teddy just like the one in your room, a very big one darling sis" Nabeel said hugging her.

"Promise?" She asked happily.

"Yes, angel" Nabeel replied.

"Kaidai kama yata wayo" Umma said, smiling at us. "And if you come back without that teddy kaida ita ne" she added.

"Don't worry mom. In Shaa Allah we'll bring that teddy together" I answered her.

"Safe journey Hamma" Yusrah waved at us happily.

A week ago, Nabeel told me we would be going to India for a week. I asked if he was going there for something pertaining his work and he said "NO". Just a vacation for me and him.

"Addah Husnah buy me a Sari please" Amal said when I was on phone with her.

"Naqi din" I answered as I kept arranging cloths in our trolley.

"Please and please dearest sis. You know I love you right? Pleaseeeee".

"Keh naji! I'll buy one In Shaa Allah. Be here as early as possible, we'll be leaving by six".

"Sure sis. In Shaa Allah, oh Lord! How I wish dani za'aje".

"Goodbye miss".

Our plane landed safely at New Delhi. Lord! I was outta words when I saw our suit.

"O my Allah! I'm so damn tired teddy bear" I said as I quickly jumped on the bed. Damn! It was so soft.

"I know Asmaa', you need a hot shower to calm those stubborn muscles. Want me to shower you?" Nabeel asked, lying beside me and intertwining our hands.

"Uhm ummn. Nah, banso... I can shower my self" I replied standing up.

It was already late and I was so tired and hungry. I just wanted to have a warm shower, eat and then rest my head on a pillow!

We had dinner of pori and sabji. At first, I was contemplating on the taste but Nabeel encouraged me to eat, I almost lost my senses when I ate a spoonful... And In the morning we had a breakfast of puri, roti and keir.

"I'm taking you somewhere today. I bet you'll love it" Nabeel said holding my hand as we took a cab. The cab driver parked at a very tall gate and I was wondering what we were doing there.

"Behold Asmaa', the Indian gate". He said smiling.

"Lord! This is so huge" I said clasping my hands on my mouth.

"Like the view?" Nabeel asked behind me.

"Like? Are you kidding me? I love it teddy bear! Thank you".

"Always welcome Asmaa'".

We went back to our suite and had lunch. I was already drooling when I saw the lunch before even tasting it.

"This is called better butter" Nabeel said putting a spoon in my mouth.

"Yum Yum! Lord! They cook so well teddy bear".

"Yes Asmaa', but daina santi hakanan karki manta ni" he said jokingly.

"Hmm, I love you more than words can say, this..." I said pointing to the food on my table, "or nothing else won't make me forget about you. I promise" I said holding his hands in mine.

He squeezed them the more before kissing them. "I love you Asmaa".

"I love you more teddy bear".

The next day, we had kanda poha for breakfast.

I must admit that Indians are really good when it comes to cooking. We took a train to Amrithan punjab and visited the golden temple

Our next stop was in manali, himmachal predish. Dinner that day was peas paner curry.

I had a good time in India. I enjoyed every single bit of my stay over there. And I loved Nabeel more and more with each passing day.

"Best friend" Amrah said hugging me as soon as I emerged from my bedroom.

"How you?" I hugged her back slightly before settling down on a couch, keeping my phone beside me.

"Fine babe, inyeeee, you look fresh fa yanmata".

I rolled my eyes before answering her, "I ought to. I'm with the love of my life always. Nothing is gonna disturb me" I replied, standing to walk to the kitchen, "what do you wanna have?" I called.

"Just that mixed fruit juice you always have. I missed it". She answered back.

We had our little chit chat before she left, claiming that she just branched on her way to visit a friend.

'I really really don't trust Amrah!'

It had been three days since we came back from India, Amrah came the day we came back and took her time enjoying my stories. Fareedah wouldn't even answer my greetings. 'Well, to hell with her. I really don't give a damn'.

But something didn't seemed right, Nabeel had been distant since yesterday, I tried my possible best to make him open up but he wouldn't even look at me nor answer my questions. But I made up my mind that no matter what, I would ask him what was wrong, and he needed to answer me!

I took my time in the bathroom, scrubbing my skin like I was going to change its color before finally coming out and dressing up.

I peeped through the window and saw his car parked. That was really serious. Ever since we settled our differences, Nabeel always come over to say 'Hi' to me before finally going to his part where we would all meet him and have dinner together. He really must be angry, and I just couldn't point out why!

I heaved a sigh and went to his part, only to meet Fareedah feeding him the food I cooked with my hands. He was obviously Happy with it because he kept smiling at her and stealing glances. O my Allah, what was really wrong here?

I turned and went back, my heart beating fast and aching so much. 'What could be the problem this time around?' I asked myself. No matter how hard I tried to figure things out, I just couldn't!

I tossed on my bed from one side to the other before I finally sat up and switched on the bedside lamp. It was 12:00am, maybe I should try talking to Nabeel now.

I went back to his part and met him all alone in the living room, his hands on his cheeks. He seemed so deep in thought.

"Teddy bear" I said slowly touching his bare shoulders.

"Get your filthy hands off me!" He snapped at me before pushing me away from him.

I was surprised at his new behavior, what the hell was wrong with Him? 'Maybe he's only interested in your body and he has gotten it!' My subconscious told me.

'Lord! No... let this not be true please'.

"What have I done to deserve this Nabeel?" I asked slowly.

"You even have the guts to ask me that Husnah huh? What am I to you? A fool or a piece of garbage?". He asked angrily.

"Of course not teddy bear. You are my husband, the love of my life, my one and only Habibiyy da'ieman" I replied trying to hug him.

"Damn you Husnah!" He shouted. "Get the hell out of here before I do something we'll both regret!".

"Why don't you just give her what she really want baby" Fareedah said, coming out of Nabeel's bedroom. A place I ought to be right now. 'Damn you Fareedah!'.

"Give it to her Goddammit! She cheated you!" Fareedah said with gritted teeth.

Chapter 21.

Husnah's Point Of View.

Five years later...

"Amirah! Zan mareki fa. Come on go and return that ice cream before I beat you up". I scolded

"Plush mummy" she whined as I collected the ice cream.

"You won't have another ice cream Amirah. And that's final!"

"No! I want an ish cyem" she screamed, jumping up and down, rolling on the floor.

"What's wrong ne wai?" Mom asked, walking down the stairs.

"Tell mummy to gimme me my ish cyem" Amirah said, holding mom by her wrapper.

"You won't have another ice cream fa Amirah. Now shut up before I beat the hell out of you".

The living room grew silent as she kept quite, doing nothing but sniffing.

"Leave your mummy alone sweetheart. I'll cook noodles for you. Zakici koh?" Mom asked as she cooed her.

Amirah only nodded in response as mom took her by her left hand and went to the kitchen.

I heaved a sigh as I gave her a glance. She looked exactly like her father. The more she grew, the more she looked like Nabeel. The only part she looked like me was her long hair, those big eyes with lashes.

I was deep in my thoughts when my phone rang, bringing me out of my reverie.

It was Amal!

"Sis" I chirped in.

"I missed you. When are you coming?" She asked sadly.

"Oh come on silly, you were married off just three weeks ago... it's too early to pay you a visit miss". I answered, rolling my eyes.

"Haba Addah!" Amal whined, "I miss you hell nuts mana. Just to come over to keffi ne wahala? Please, please my one and only Addah. I want to see baby Amirah".

"Cut the crap miss. I really am not coming to keffi anytime soon, get used to it. Ce miki akayi auren wasa ne?" I said.

"Fine!" She uttered almost screaming, "karki zo din. I don't even want to see that dummy face of yours again".

I laughed my heart out. God! I loved Amal so very very much "Lies. I bet you miss me more than mom".

"You wish" she snorted before cutting off the call. And then, that empty feeling... that feeling that I didn't belong to this world or that I was just born into it without knowing anyone crept back. My life had been nothing other than being a mess those part years. Yeah! I messed. Haven't I told you guys that I was divorced? With a 4year two months old baby girl?

I heard footsteps, and I knew who were approaching. Who else other than mom and Amirah.

"You won't eat ma nooduls" Amirah said sitting beside me with a small plate of steaming noodles.

I only smiled at her waiting to see how she would eat such a hot noodles.

"Wayyoo bakina!" She screamed and I couldn't help but laughed at her.

"I thought you were acting all tough and stubborn? Good for you. Now come over and let me feed you".

"O'o" she pouted grabbing the plate from my hands "gyandma is going to feed me. Ni kika ma dayiya koh? Ba luwana dake" she added.

"You and your daughter dai! Don't you have anything to do other than fighting?". Mom blurted.

"Mom," I started. "you know how stubborn she is fa" i said making a sad face.

"So?" Mom asked, raising one of her brows, "does that mean you do nothing other than pick at her? Act like a grown up for once miss".

"Alright mom. I will" I said, leaving the sitting room... making my way upstairs.

It was so irritating how everything looked like. I was back to my father's house but it felt like a part of me was somewhere else, like a missing part. I sank into my bed, deep in thoughts. Every time I looked at Amirah, my heart sank. Why? Because her dad didn't even know of her existence. Why would he when he claimed the pregnancy wasn't his? When he looked into my eyes and told me I was cheating on him. That day will forever be embedded in my heart. 'There is no way, I mean absolutely no way I am ever going to forget that!'. Mom had cried for days, I remembered how dad went days without going out. How my elder brothers acted, claiming of taking everything to the court.

My life crumbled in just a blink of an eye. I mean what's more painful than your husband accusing you of cheating on him with his best friend? Yes, actually Nabeel accused me of cheating on him with Fahad!

I heard a soft knock on my door before mom's head popped in. She was carrying Amirah on her shoulders and walked quietly to her pink little bed, laying her down before coming over and sitting beside me.

"It's been five years since the incident took place. I know it's hard sweetheart, but can't you please go a day without thinking about everything and facing reality? You've send almost five guys away... give them a chance please. Husnah you are not growing any younger fa".

I snorted, turning my gaze away from her and wiping a tear with my thumb. 'Damn harmones!'.

"I'm okay mom" I said slowly still averting my gaze, "everything just seem so new, like...." I trailed off as tears fall down my cheeks, "where did i go wrong mom?" I asked looking straight into her eyes this time around.

I felt so warm. What just happened? I was engulfed in mom's warm embrace and I just didn't know when I broke down completely. It had been five years already goddammit! Why couldn't I let go? Why couldn't I give another guy a chance to be with me?. Was I still in love with Nabeel? Hell No!. Even if I did loved him, it was impossible to go back!

Why impossible? Because he pronounced it three times. You know what I mean right? Well I'm not going to explain. Figure it out yourself.

"Ssh..." mom said, her hands moving slowly on my back... to and fro. "This isn't the end. Who knows, maybe Nabeel was never the best for you? Allah knows what's best for you sweetheart and believe me when I say you'll find someone better, way better than Nabeel".

"I don't know mom. I just want to believe that everything was a dream and not the truth. What will I tell Amirah when she grew up and start asking about her dad? What should I tell her? That he sent her mom parking for cheating on him or what? Tell me mom".

"Look at me" mom said cupping my face "This isn't the end, it's just the beginning. I trust the daughter I gave birth to. This is your fate, try passing it. Allah is testing your Imaan sweetheart... It's never the end. I've always been praying for you. In Shaa Allah, your life will be filled with lots of love and Barakah".

I fought back my tears smiling, "I love you so much mom" I said, giving her a bone crushing hug.

"Easy on an old woman. Do you want to break my bones?".

"I was just hugging you" I pouted

"I love you more sweetheart".

"Is ancle khayiy (khaleel) byinging (bringing) saleem and saleema with him?" Amirah asked as I packed her hair into a pony tail.

"Yes" I answered.

"Yeeeyyy" she jumped happily "and you're taking us to the park ryh?" She asked looking at me hopefully.

"Nope baby" I answered adjusting her gown, "they'll be too tired to go out today when they arrive, so I'll take you guys out tomorrow okay?".

"Okay" she answered sadly.

I smiled at her and shook my head. This girl sure looked like her dad. And I thanked Allah everyday for making her look like Nabeel, even though he didn't cared to check on me nor the baby since I left his house and the encounter in the hospital. His parents do used to visit and they also didn't talk about him. Great! Just great!.

"Go to grandma, I'll be down in few seconds" I said to her.

I turned to look at my reflection on the mirror. I haven't change one bit, even though I used to think too much, but something changed in me. I wasn't the fashion like, I bet you guys knows that... but after coming back home, I loved fashion. Amal always talking about my horrible look during those trying times made me apply little makeup to hide my ugly face. yeah.

But today, I looked so different. I kind of have this urge to waste some time in front of the dressing mirror and look my best. I wouldn't want Addah summy's quizzical eyes to look at me like I did something terrible.

I smiled at my reflection looking contented with my look.

"Mummy" I heard Amirah shouting on top of her voice, "shun isho" she shouted again.

'Ugghhh! This girl sure knows how to drive me nuts!'.

Mom always used to say I was like that when I was young. I just hoped she was joking around. (Giggles).

I strolled down the hallway and through the steps. My shoes making silly sounds. I could hear Amirah's high pitched voice talking to whosoever it is I really didn't know.

I greated everyone, hugging Addah summy and Hamma khaleel pinching my nose.

"Mom" I pouted, "tell him to stop teasing me" I said.

"Miss" hamma glared at me, "can't you see a new face around?" He asked gesturing behind me.

I turned slowly and my eyes almost missed a beat.

'Who the hell is this?'

Chapter 22.

Husnah's Point Of View.

'If there is one thing I've always dreaded, is seeing a guy as sweet as him. May be I thought Nabeel look handsome and hot. But hell No! This one here is what I call a perfect definition of a handsome guy who's hot and the first guy who my heart almost missed a beat for him at first sight. Yaa Subhanallah... Lord! I really am not ready for this'.

I tried talking but the words just wouldn't pop out.

Damn!

I cleared my throat, adjusted my black veil and smiled. "AsSalamu Alaikum. Good afternoon".

"Afternoon. How are you?" He replied smiling at me.

Okay, okay... Lemme get things straight! This guy was sure going to drive me super crazy! Maybe I wasn't myself when I find Nabeel's voice attractive... Or maybe I was too dumb to notice that his voice were not as sweet and husky as I thought.

"How are you?" He asked again.

"I'm fine" I replied, smiling.

"Mummy, this is ancil Sadeeq". Amirah said happily hugging the guy by the side.

"Mummy?" He asked looking at me "is she your mummy?".

"Yes" amirah answered quickly "and i love her" she added.

'Oh lord! this girl won't be the end of me!'.

"I love this girl" I heard him say. His eyes were set on hamma khaleel but I can feel like he was referring to me. "She's so sweet and adorable, I bet Salima and her will make good friends".

Hamma khaleel gave out a hearty laugh, Addah summy only chuckled and I couldn't help but giggled even thou I didn't know why they were laughing.

"Kaman ka sani kuwa" hamma khaleel said between laughter. "I pity that one person that is gonna take care of them both" he added.

"Bari kawai. Those girls will surely drive a person crazy" the mystery guy said.

Ugghhh! It was so annoying that I still didn't know his name. Why was I even bothered?

"Sis" Addah summy called me, tapping me by my shoulder "I need to talk to you".

"Sure" I said, getting up quickly. I was very nervous and my palms were all sweaty. Lord! What the hell was happening?.

"Me kike jira har yanxu baki fitar da miji ba?" Addah summy asked being serious all of the sudden as soon as we were in my bedroom. "You think you're growing any younger ne?" She added.

I screwed my face up, turning to the other side and avoiding her gaze. Why does she have to bring this up at a time like this?

"Magana nake fa" she said again a little bit irritated.

"I still haven't found the right guy for me" I said slowly.

"You are crazy Asma'u. Nace bakida hankali. How many guys have come and go in the past five years? What the hell is wrong with you? Kina ganin kinma kanki adalci kenan or what? You're here suffering yourself while Nabeel and his wife are there happy in each others embrace. Snap out of this life you want to put yourself to! It's not the best Husnah... kina jina koh?".

Damn hormones! Why do tears have to roll down my cheeks? I am done crying... I didn't wanted to cry anymore over that piece of garbage called Nabeel... I didn't want to even think about him at all. But how could that be possible when I had his blood over here with me? How could that be possible when that one person I loved most in the whole world looked exactly like him? Why did she even have to look like him? I was hoping she'd look like me but the girl went up to her dad's sleeves.

"Where is Fahad?" She asked when she noticed I wasn't ready to answer her.

"I don't know and I really don't want to know" I replied absent mindly.

"Why won't you marry him ne wai?".

"Kai, Addah!" I said angrily, "Allah ya tsare ni nikam! Please, dan Allah don't bring him up right now. Addah I am not ready for any relationship right now. I have a broken heart I need to tend to. And a four years plus old daughter. Please, I am still too young to face issues like this" I said crying bitterly. Everything seemed like it just happened right that very instant... and I just couldn't stop the tears from falling. Yeah... I'd let them fall, maybe I'd feel better.

I felt Addah summy hugging me by the side... Trying to calm me down and I just broke into another series of tears. Damn those tears!.

"I am so sorry sis" she said. Her voice was low, and I knew she was fighting to keep her tears. "I just want you to be happy again".

"You want me to be happy?" I asked, removing myself from her hug, "then please stop bringing up marriage issues. I seriously can't handle them".

"But I can't seem to understand why you can't give Fahad a chance. You guys can work things out mana Asma'u" Addah Summy said, sounding very angry this time around. "Don't tell me you're shunning him away because he's Nabeel's best friend" she added bitterly.

"How can you expect me to marry Fahad? Even if he's not Nabeel's friend, he used to frame me. Ashe ma so nake a yarda nayi abinda ake zargi na" I replied sounding very hurt.

"To hell with people's thought. Why are you so stubborn ne? Can't you, for once, think about Aminah's (Amirah) future, she needs a dad miss. A fatherly figure".

"Then I am going to return her to her dad". I said closing my eyes.

"Have you forgotten he told you he knows nothing about that baby? He denied ever being her father miss. If you're being ignorant about that fact then let me remind you".

'Ughhh! I hate you more than anything in this world Nabeel. Only Allah can judge the case between us! Wawa, dan iska kawai!'.

"Can we please drop this issue?" I uttered, sounding defeated.

"If you wish. But please Husnah... think about Aminah's future. She needs a dad real soon. Allah zaba mafi Alkhairi".

"Na kusa in mareki fa" I scolded Amirah. "Stand still and let me finish dressing you up else we're going to leave you behind".

"I am sorry" she said pouting.

"I look cute" she said jumping up. "Yeeeeeeyyy!".

"Uhhh... I am more cuter" I teased, showing her my tongue and winking at her.

"Nooo" she whined. "I am more bitiful" she added pouting.

"Fine, you look super beautiful angel" I said, kissing her cheeks.

"I lobe you mom" she said kissing me too before rushing outside. I sighed, 'I love you too baby'. I mused to myself.

I dressed quickly in my brown kimono with make up too.

But I was super baffled when I saw the mystery guy standing outside holding his car keys with all the kids around him.

"Mom, kijo mu tafi" Amirah shouted.

"Look who we've been waiting for" said the mystery guy in his husky voice. "You wouldn't mind if I drive you out to the park right?".

How the hell could I even say NO to him? I wouldn't, even if I wanted to!. I nodded and strolled with them over to his car.

We had fun. And I just didn't know why I felt comfortable around him. It was a weird feeling!

Two weeks later...

My headache is becoming worst and I know it was all due to the stress and ups and downs.

'Who say handling your own mall is easy? Its hell!'.

I was seating in my office, my head buried in my hands which were resting on the table.

My telephone buzzed and I wanted ignoring it, but I didn't know why Stella kept calling, So I just picked it up.

"Yes Stella" I said, trying to be myself.

"Sorry to disturb ma'am. But you have a visitor".

"A visitor? Who's that?" I asked.

"He's not giving name and he sounds desperate"

"Okey, send him in" I said.

By Allah, if I only knew, just if I knew... I wouldn't have tell Stella to send him in.

What the hell was Nabeel doing here?.

"I'm here for my daughter Husnah" he said quickly before I could even say a word.

'What! Did I just hear him right?'

"I want to take her with me. She needs a fatherly figure and I also needs my daughter with me". He said again.

I couldn't even bring myself to say a word, I just stood there, stunned at what he was saying, and couldn't even find words in my mouth.

'Nabeel is nuts!'

"Excuse me mister. But I seriously don't like the idea of you visiting my fiancée. I'm the jealous type, and just hate it when I see a guy around her" said a voice I never knew would come at a time like that.

Chapter 23.

Husnah's Point Of View.

My eyes grew wide open. What could Sadeeq be doing here? My head felt like it was going to split into two. It was throbbing so hard that I felt myself spinning.

"And who the hell do you think you are? You think you have a say in this? She's my wife man! Get the hell out of here before I loose my patience" Nabeel said angrily.

I didn't know what made Sadeeq chuckled, but he did before clearing his throat and, gave Nabeel a answer that shocked both him and I.

"Easy mister. Maybe you've forgotten that she's no more your wife. Or have you forgotten that part?" He asked slowly.

"That's none of your goddamn business!" Nabeel snapped, his hand into a fist.

"Well I'm making it my business now cause she's going to be my wife real soon. Gorrit?".

'Okay, I need to step into this right now. I can't just sit and watch them try to split my head. I have too much to handle than waste my time with these guys'.

"Enough of this Nabeel. You want your daughter right? Then come get her tomorrow. That's if you're able to explain who you are to her. Goodbye. Let's go Sadeeq". I said picking up my bag and walking past him to the door.

I wanted to snap at Sadeeq for sticking his nose into my problems. I hate kinibibi!.

As soon as I reached the parking lot, I turned, anger spread across my face and looked at Sadeeq.

"I really don't like people sticking their nose into my affairs. I can handle my problems, that's why they are called mine!".

Sadeeq only smiled. I wondered what was wrong with him. I thought he would be angry, but no. He smiled and kept looking at me, his lips tucking up in an attempt to smile again.

"Umm Amirah" he called slowly.

By Allah, my heart made double flips. No one, no one had ever tried calling me that name. I never knew that was how its felt to be addressed like that. And then, that deep and husky voice helping in making me feel butterflies at the pit of my stomach.

"I'm not sticking my nose aii. I'm making your problems my problems also. Am I welcome?" He asked, burning me up with his gaze.

"Look mister. I don't know you and I really don't give a damn whoever the hell you are! Just don't try to stick your nose in my problems. Have a nice day". And with that, I drove off leaving him there.

"Ouch! It hurts a lot" I whined holding onto my knee so tight.

"It's okay. I'm right here hussy. Keep quite please". Hamma Abubakar said.

"But zafi yakemun ai". I whined again, I just loved it when he's with me, I was the 'shagwaba' type and he was the only one who could tolerate it. Hamma Khaleel, Hamma Jabir, and Hamma Naseer don't used to bother wasting their time pampering me when I am in that mood.

"Okay. What do you want me to do right now?" He asked looking worried.

"I want a back ride" I said, pouting.

"But you're too heavy hussy!" Abubakar said.

I broke into tears again, this time around I was screaming at the pitch of my voice, rolling on the floor.

"Fine, I'm sorry" Hamma Abubakar said bending down, "where do you want me to take you?" He asked as soon as I climbed on his back.

"Up. To my room" I replied hugging him by his torso.

We were playing outside our back yard when I fell down. I had only a scratch on my knee which I was making fuss about just because it was Hamma Abubakar who was pampering me.

"Okay lie down and sleep hussy. I'll sing you a lullaby".

"You singing my favorite?" I asked suddenly feeling sleepy at the mention of singing me a lullaby.

"Yeah. Am singing it. Now take a nap while I sing for you kid sis".

"Okay... okay, Lemme get this straight Hamma. You're trying to tell me that your friend loves me and wants to marry me?" I asked through the phone sounding very angry.

"Yes. He asked for my permission to court you and I already gave him my consent" Hamma Khaleel said, sounding very serious.

"But I don't want it!" I snapped at him almost forgetting he was my elder brother, "Why can't you all just let me be! I said I'm not ready to get into any relationship talk_more of getting married anytime soon!" I shouted.

"Will you shut up miss"! Hamma Khaleed yelled through the phone, "You're 27years old now. You think we'll just sit around and watch you without marrying you off? Like it or not... I've already told Abbah about it and he already gave his consent. I know he'll talk to you about it soon, I was only trying to give you a head up. So suit yourself yanxu. Have a nice day!".

And that was it,

He ended the call!

I slipped down to the floor crying. Why was this happening to me? Why me? Why couldn't they force Hamma Naseer into marriage? Was I the only divorcee in the whole of Nigeria?

No, I wouldn't sit back and watch them ruin my life for the second time!

I'm not going into an arrange marriage again!

I would get married only when I wanted to, and when I felt I love the person.

I wouldn't let history repeat itself!

And that was it!

Later in the night...

"Asmaa'u" Abbah called slowly.

I was sitting beside him on the floor, while Abbah was sitting on a couch, with mom sitting beside him.

"Are you interested in someone?" He asked slowly.

I wanted using body language but I knew that would sound disrespectful, so I answered "No".

"Okay. Sadeeq asked if he can court you. I told him to wait so I can have your opinion first before I give my consent. What do you say?" He asked

I was silent for a while. I couldn't look at Abbah and say 'NO' directly to him. I also wouldn't say 'YES' to something I wasn't ready for.

"I need time to think Abbah. I don't know what to say right now".

"You need time?" Mom asked, sounding irritated.

I felt cold all over me. Why was mom acting that way? She ought to back me up, not that! Wasn't she a lady like me? She ought to know my pain!

"Yes" I answered, my voice trembling.

"Fine" she said standing up, "suit yourself Asmaa'u. I won't bother myself on you getting married anymore!". She uttered angrily before leaving the sitting room.

My eyes grew watery, and I knew I could cry anytime soon. But not in front of Abbah, He had a lot on his plate and he wasn't getting any younger.

"Get going Asmaa'u. Pray real hard, may Allah see you through".

"Amiin Abbah" I said standing up and going straight into my room.

Amrah was the only person who clicked into my mind. The only friend I had till now. She didn't judged me when Nabeel accused me of cheating on him, in fact she stood up for me and threatened to even take the case to court. Oh lord! Amrah was the best_ever friend I've ever had.

"Sweetheart" she chirped in as soon as she picked up the call, "how you doing? How's my baby Amirah doing?" She asked.

"Fine" I answered as I slipped on a couch beside my bed, "she's fast asleep already".

"Hey! Are you okay?" Amrah asked concerned.

I heaved a sigh before rubbing my temple... 'Lord! Am going through a lot these days, I can't even seem to handle it all alone'.

"Someone came to ask for permission to court me. He's Hamma khaleel's friend. I don't even know where those two met. And they're all trying to give him a chance to date me. I don't know ko sun gaji dani that much"

"Whaat!?" Amrah asked surprised, "who's he?" She asked further.

"Something Sadeeq" I replied absent mindly.

"Don't give him a chance if you don't like him" Amrah said as if warning me.

"I won't repeat that mistake again babe. Don't worry". I replied.

"Kinsan me? Tell him to come over and I'll come and see him then we'll discuss about it inya taf".

"But I don't have his number ai"

"We'll figure it out".

"Yeah, I'll try and see" I replied.

"Goodnight"

"Goodnight bae".

I dressed quickly as Sadeeq was already outside waiting for me. I had been waiting for Amrah for the past two hours but she still hadn't arrive.

'God! Sadeeq has been waiting for me for almost thirty minutes!'

I strolled outside to meet him by the parking lot. I caught a glimpse of Amirah sitting beside him talking; non stop. I wondered where she got that talkative side of hers, because I definitely wasn't a talkative.

"Umm Amirah" his deep voice called out as soon as I reached them. "Ma shaa Allah. You look so wow!" He said looking at me from head to toe.

"Mummy chinyi chau" Amirah said happily, clapping her hands.

"Good afternoon" I greeted him avoiding his gaze.

"As salaamu Alaikoom Umm Amirah" he said smiling. I suddenly felt shy. I should have said that in the first place.

"Wa alaikumus salaam"

"How are you?" He asked.

"I've been trying to be good ever since you invaded my life. Can't you just let me be please?".

He smiled. That smile that send butterflies under the pit of my stomach.

"How can a soul live away from its body?" He asked chuckling.

"What?" I asked a little bit taken back.

"You heard me right Umm Amirah. You're my soul. There's no way i can live without you. Ana uhibbuki Umm Amirah!".

Chapter 24.

Sadeeq's Point Of View.

Ever since my wife died, I had never (not even for once) thought I would fall in love again. Not even in my wildest dream. Want an introduction? I had to know what you all think of me first.

The very first day I saw Husnah, I knew that deep inside, maybe she was the best for me. Scratch that, I only saw her as a sister years back... but after our last encounter days back, I knew I was doomed if she choose to ignore my moves towards her. I could see the pain she was going through in her eyes, I could feel them, feel her pain... why? Because she was already a part of me. MY SOUL!

"Pappy" Salima squeaked beside me, giving me a side kiss. "Are you taking me to my new mummy today?" She asked, giggling.

"Yes angel" I replied, kissing her jaw. "She also has a daughter, her name is Aminah but they call her Amirah".

"Yeeeee" salima jumped up. "She'll be my friend right?"

"Yes angel. She's also cute, just like her mom" I said dreamily, I couldn't help but just imagine us being a family.

"Do you have a picture of her?" Salima asked eagerly.

I nodded in response before bringing out my phone, only to see a message that almost made me want to jump up, right there, right that instant.

"Good morning Abu Salima and Amirah, I hope you had a wonderful night rest with me in your heart, body and soul? If yes, then Alhamdulillah. I missed you. - Asmaa'a".

My Allah, why was my heart beat increasing? I had to hold the center of my heart tightly because it felt like it was going to burst any moment from now. She was surely going to be the end of me, my happiness!

I forgot completely about the photo of Amirah I wanted showing Salima, thus ended up calling Husnah.

"Hey" she said in a hushed tone, "my bad" she added quickly "As salaamu alaikoom".

I chuckled a little before replying her. "Wa alaikis salaam Umm Amirah" I said, smiling.

"Just Umm Amirah?" She asked slowly, I could swear she was pouting that very moment.

"Umm Amirah, zaujatiyy sadeeq" I answered again.

"Ugghh!" was the only answer she gave me, thus she kept quiet. Was she shy? Well, good! I liked shy ladies anyways... Ummm, scratch that! I just loved ladies who are shy!

"How are you?" I asked.

"You still haven't call me the name I want you to call me with" she replied slowly.

"Really?" I asked, so surprised. "What other name do you prefer being called other than my wife?".

"Is Salima only your daughter?" She asked, sounding hurt. "I just referred to you using them both. Why? Because I thought we were going to be a family. But I guess I'm wrong. Have a nice day". And she ended the call.

'O my God! What have I done? Yeah, she ought to be hurt... who wouldn't be? Had it been I'm the victim here, I can't even demonstrate the type of pain I'll go through'. I pondered.

"I thought we were going to be a family". I replayed those words over and over again, does that mean she was accepting me?

"Pappy" Salima called, as she caught me off guard, "is she my new mom?" She asked, gesturing towards the phone in my hand. Husnah's picture was on my wallpaper.

"Yeah" I nodded, looking at her. "Do you like her?" I asked.

"I'll have to see her before I give in my verdict pappy. I only judge what I see" she answered smiling.

'Oh wow! I have the best daughter in the whole of Nigeria'.

"Can I see Amirah now?" She asked.

"Sure Angel". I quickly swiped through... and showed it to her.

"Ma shaa Allah. She's so cute and young pappy. How old is she?"

"Four, with few months".

"Wow, I'm six years older than her".

"Yes. You'll soon be an official big sis" I said, smiling.

"I guess" she replied giving me a big hug.

"I love you pappy". She said in my ear

"I love you too angel".

"Hamma Abu" she screamed in my ear.

"I'll squeeze you alive fa hussy. I said not to call me Abu again". I replied.

"I love calling you that way" She replied, jumping up.

"Ba kana wasa da ita ba? Ai dole" Hamma Jabir said as he kept munching his noodles.

I could see how her eyes were looking at the noodles dreamily.

"Bro. Bring the noodles let's all eat mana" I said to Jabir.

"Inyeee. Weldon, ehen. I asked if you're going to eat so that I could cook for both of us kace No. Now because this girl with her tiny eyes wants to eat you're telling me to bring it over. Toh naqi din".

"Haba! I'm sorry. Let's all eat mana dude".

"I said 'no' already" he replied picking up his plate and leaving the room.

"I wanto eat noodles" She said crying.

"Shhhhhh. I'll cook one for you. Don't cry please. I hate it when you are crying".

"You're the only one that loves me in this house" She said, making a puppy face. "Will you keep loving me," She asked looking at me "forever?" She added.

"Yes. I promise hussy" I replied.

Husnah's Point Of View.

Ever got that weird feeling like you've known a stranger for eternity? Well, that was exactly what I was going through. With Sadeeq, everything was different. I had weird feelings for him... feelings I had never had for someone... and I couldn't say for sure why, or how. The feeling was just there... it was mutual.

"Mummy" Amirah said, spoiling my happy thoughts. Couldn't she just seemed to understand I was busy?

I was sitting in the garden just to avoid her. But she still got her way to me.

"Mene?" I asked, not looking up from my phone.

"Zanshi bambu" She said, fidgeting with her fingers. She was nervous. I did just that when I was young.

My heart suddenly warmed up at her.

"I am busy right now baby. Later I'll make it for you kinji". I said hugging.

"No. I want it now!" she said, already crying.

"Amirah!" I shouted using all my might. "A wala hakillo koh? A nasta hakillo fa!" (Amirah, are you out of your senses? Be very careful o!).

"Has it become your hobby to shout at her every time?" Sadeeq asked, picking her up.

Behind him stood a cute girl who looked exactly like him. But had some features which weren't his.

I wanted speaking up but I just couldn't. With his intense gaze, I couldn't help but have goosebumps.

"What's wrong baby?" He asked Amirah.

"I want to eat bambu" she replied as she hiccupped.

"Just dambu?" He asked again

"Yesh".

"Let's go out and eat dambu then. Are you coming with us Salima?" He asked his daughter, who by now was sitting beside me.

"No. I want to get to know more about my new Ummi" She replied, looking at me.

"Fine. Take care". And with that, they left.

"As salaamu alaiki yaa Ummi" the little girl said, stretching her little hand for a handshake.

"Wa alaikis salaam salimah" I replied shaking her before giving her a side hug.

"How are you?" she asked.

"I'm fine. You?".

"Good. Alhamdulillah".

We were silent for a while, both of us thinking of different things.

"Do you love my pappy?" I heard her asked.

What!? She wouldn't be serious, right?

"I'm sorry, I just want to know if you're going to make him happy. He went through a lot all alone".

"Why?" I found myself asking.

"My mom died while giving birth. She and the baby all died, same day... same time. I didn't even had the chance to see them one last time. After they left, dad has been emotionally touched, he wouldn't talk to anyone except me... That's when I cried. He was broken. Even though I was young when it all happened, but I grew up to understand his pain. He deserves some happiness now. It's time, and I hope you'll take care of him".

She knew all this? she felt his pain and wanted him to be happy?

She loved her daddy that much to even tell me stuffs about him!

I felt her soft little hands taking mine. "I promise you, you won't regret ever marrying my pappy. I bet he never told you he's a good cook right?" She asked trying to lighten the atmosphere.

"No. He didn't" I answered.

"Well, he's a good cook. Har amala ya iya fa" She said, smiling. "He can also cook tuwo, spaghetti, macaroni, cous_cous, pounded yam and lots more. Will you please marry him?" She asked slowly, her head looking down.

"You want me to marry him?" I asked.

"Yes Ummi" she replied nodding.

"Then I'll marry him Salimah. And I promise to make him Happy. For you angel".

Chapter 25.

Husnah's Point Of View.

"Dan Allah, I'm begging you please cuppy cake, if it's something I did just tell me and we can solve everything without you divorcing me. Where is that love you claim to have for me? Was it all a lie?" I asked, tears rushing down my cheeks. I still couldn't understand what was happening or why it was happening. I also couldn't imagine life without Nabeel. I loved him, even though it was an arranged marriage, I did love him. Over the past few months we lived together in peace and harmony, I've learned to love him more than anything I've ever loved. But why the sudden change in him? Why did he kept treating me like a piece of garbage and not the wife he claimed to have fallen in love with? I only see his smiles when he was with Fareedah, and I just couldn't help but yearn for his touches, his deep and husky voice. His broad chest, his beard... side burns and, the hugs and kisses. Why was he torturing me for God's sake?

"We can't work this out Husnah. I'm sorry to say, but I lost my trust in you already" He replied without even looking at my pleading eyes.

"But why? I thought we love each other?" I asked again.

"Point of correction miss. You only love me, but I don't... and will ever love you". He said while looking into my eyes without any sign of remorse. "I tried my possible best to love you but it didn't work out. Do you know what's lust, obsession, love for your body, and your figure? If you know what they mean then, that's the only thing I've ever felt for you. I figured out you are the romantic type and I used that against you... telling you how much I loved you which all were lies. I told you all that to get access to your body after I used force on you. Lemme be sincere, I kind of felt something for you for a little while, but after that... after I gained access to your body, they all vanished. You get my point that I was only attracted to your body right?" He asked.

I couldn't even lift a finger. My heart felt heavy... my world just crumbled before my eyes and I just lost every single thing I was proud of.

"I love only one single lady in the whole of this world. And it's Fafeedah, she's the only living thing I've ever loved and will always love. Scratch that idea that I've once loved you. I absolutely don't feel a damn thing for you Asmaa'ul Husnah".

"You'll learn to love me teddy bear. I'll wait... No matter how long it takes I'll wait, for I love you for the sake of Allah and I'm willing to go on with my marital duties" I replied, suddenly having a new faith in my love for him. Maybe that was my destiny... To love someone who wouldn't feel a thing for me.

"Are you planning to let her stay after all she did?" I heard Fareedah asked by the doorway.

"You know I won't Reedah. She has to leave, and she's leaving for Good". Nabeel answered.

And, as I stood like a statue in that living room, Nabeel walked over to me with his phone in his hands as if he was searching for something. By Allah, what I saw made me want to throw up that very instant. I couldn't believe what I saw.

A picture of me and Fahad, sitting together by the beach. I was only wearing a bikini and he, just shorts. This photo was taken in India. I mean, Yes India! I could remember going there with Nabeel.

"I was trying to please you, trying to force my heart into loving you without its will. Trying to make things work out for us while you are out there cheating behind my back with my best friend goddammit! How dare you Husnah".

"Don't you dare yell at me Nabeel!" I shouted back losing my patience completely. "I never knew you were this blind. I never knew I married a moron. We went to that beach together and you are here accusing me? What the hell is wrong with your damn freaking brain!?" I snapped at him.

He was silent for a while before giving out a hearty laugh.

"Now, that explains it all. I can't live with a lady who cheats me and don't even appreciate my efforts in making her happy. You are a bitch... a good for nothing so called wife; One who cheats her husband with his best friend. I've never been so grateful for not falling in love with you like days back. And you know what? I hate you the more. So, I pronounce you a divorcée with three Talaqs. You are no more my legal wife".

"Is my gown for the dinner ready?" I asked Amal over the phone. She insisted on being the one to handle the cloths I'll use for my wedding occasion.

Have I told you I would be getting married in three weeks time? Hmm, In Shaa Allah!

"Yes, Saleema and Amirah. Both Naki dana yaranki an gama" She answered.

"Great then. I seriously don't like this idea of me having a grand wedding, for goodness sake, I'm a divorcee... Abu Amirah won't just understand. I mean, we ain't kids ai".

"You're at it again. Why don't you tell him all this? Please, let's have a grand wedding and be happy you've found someone you love after the long wait. Congratulations Mrs Sadeeq" Amal said before ending the call. I could swear she was over there laughing her belly out. 'Ughh! too young to be a married lady ma'.

"As salaamu alaikoom" a voice called loudly by the door. "Maman Amirah, someone is here to see you" Baba talle, who happens to be our gateman, said.

I smiled happily, my heart beat increasing because I already knew who it was... Abu Amirah, of_course!

"Am coming baba. Thank you".

I rushed inside my room to change and apply aomew kholo before rushing out again. My heart beat increasing. To my greatest surprise, it wasn't Abu Amirah... rather, it was Nabeel.

I scrunched up my face as anger quickly grew up in me. What the hell was he doing that instant?

"What are you doing here?" I asked rudely.

He smiled, but I knew him too well to know the type of smile he had plastered on his face that instant. It was more like a sad smile, like he forced it out.

"Can we please talk?" He asked almost inaudible, "I have a lot that I want to say to you Husnah. Please, just lemme say some it".

"And what is it you have to tell me right now? Aren't we done for good? I'm not in the mood to listen to your blabs right now. Please, leave". I said before turning back to leave, but he grabbed my right hand and stopped me from leaving.

"Dan Allah just let me talk please" He pleaded, still holding my hand. I turned quickly and didn't even know when I slapped him so hard on his face.

"You are the most stupid man I've ever met. How dare you touch me? Are you my muharram?" I asked angrily.

"Please, just listen. I only came here to talk about Amirah. My daughter, our daughter".

Talking about the devil, I saw Amirah from the corner of my eyes running towards me.

"Mummy" she called, happily. "I'm back".

"Welcome home baby. How was school?" I asked, hugging her.

"Is she the one?" Nabeel asked, his eyes never leaving Amirah. "I want my daughter with me. You can't get married and go along with her. I can't loose the both of you. I'll come back for her a week to the wedding". And with that he left.

'Nabeel is nuts!'

"You're pregnant?" Nabeel asked, with an amused look in his eyes. "Who's baby is it then?" He asked further.

"Yours mana. You're the only man that ever touched me" I answered.

"My baby or Fahad's baby? Miss... get the hell out of my office" He yelled.

"But this pregnancy is yours... how can you deny your own blood?" I queried in tears.

"That's because the baby isn't mine. You whore! How can you even look at me and call that so called pregnancy of yours mine?"

"I'm not a whore!" I yelled back.

"Of course you are! You cheated on me with my best friend".

"Wallahi, by Allah I didn't do it. And since you don't want the baby, then I'll keep it. And In Shaa Allah, one day you'll come back looking for whatever it is I give birth to. Allah's khair Nabeel".

Two days later, I couldn't be myself, ever since he came up with the issue of wanting back his daughter, I became restless. Even Abu Amirah noticed my change... and he kept asking if I was okay. My only reply was yes.

On the other hand, I didn't know if I was having problem with my eyesight... but Abu Amirah looked sick, even though he didn't want to admit it. My life will soon take a new turn. A turn of no going back!

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Chapter 26.

Sadeeq's Point Of View.

"I'm sick" I blurted out without even looking at her eyes. I can sense her eyes all over me. "I've been examined Umm Amirah, And I need a favor to ask from you" I said, looking at her this time around.

"Let's get married on Friday Umm Salimah. I don't want to wait any longer" I said, running out of breath. I couldn't seemed to understand why.

Her eyes almost bulged out of there sockets. She looked shocked!

"What's wrong with you? We have two weeks to go before the wedding and you want us to get married on Friday? This is Wednesday Abu Amirah" She replied.

I didn't know how to explain things to her, the weird feelings I was having these days... strange headaches, stomach ache and feeling restless. She still wouldn't understand even if I tried to explaining, right?

"I just love you so much, and I can't wait any longer. Please, let's get married on Friday".

"How do I explain this to my parents and siblings? I can't just go and tell them that I want to get married on Friday and not in the next two weeks. Come on Abu Amirah... we've waited this far, please endure a little".

I only nodded in response because I knew she still wouldn't understand me. I'd wait.

Yes, I'd wait.

"So how are you doing?" I asked further.

"Not good" Came her slow reply.

"Are you okay?" I asked again.

"Are you?" She asked, looking straight into my eyes.

"Yes" I answered quickly, trying to act all good. "I am as healthy as a horse".

"No you're not" she said sounding serious all of the sudden. "You just told me you are sick. Why don't you just tell me what's wrong".

"I'm okay" I answered quickly, avoiding her gaze. "Uhh, and Salimah said she'll be coming over tomorrow. Will it be okay if she spends her weekend here?" I added changing the topic.

She smiled and gave me a knowing look before replying, "I'll love to have her over here. She's welcome".

"Stop crying please. I'll be back before you know it" I tried calming her down.

"No, don't go. I don't want you to leave me Hamma Abu. Please, stay with me".

"Don't you want me to be a pilot one day? If I become a pilot, then oneday... I'll fly with you above the sky and you'll smile, look at me and say thank you Hammah na. You like it don't you".

"Yes I do" She beamed, "you'll take me to Korea so that I can see Lee Minho right? I also want to see Jumong and Choi Kang Chi" She added clapping her hands.

"Yes. Where again do you want to go?".

She looked up, as if trying to think before she shouted her answer, "I'll just go any place you want to go. We'll go together, right?".

"Yes. Goodbye hussy. Take care of yourself and grow up to be a good girl please".

"Bye Hamma Abu. I love you".

Husnah's Point Of View.

"Salamu alaikoom" I chirped in as soon as I picked the call.

"Husnah?" A certain familiar voice asked. I

knew the voice, but I couldn't remember where.

"Yes. Who's this please?" I asked.

"This is Fareedah. Your ex co- wife" the lady answered.

"Fareedah? Reedah?" I asked, not wanting to believe what I heard.

She chuckled before replying, "Yes. It's me. I need to see you... can we meet?".

"It was I, Fahad, and Amrah who planned to separate you from Nabeel. I was the head, and I did all that because I was jealous. I just couldn't bear to share Nabeel with anyone. I didn't know the motive or the reason why Amrah decided to help but for Fahad, he loves you and that was why he contributed. Remember the photo you received through MMS of Nabeel with another lady right? We all planned it. I sent it to Nabeel, and Fahad sent it to you. You remember the one from the day Nabeel divorced you right? We made it too. But then, I realized that Nabeel never loved you... and

after seeing that picture he loosed it all. (Took in a breath) I know I am stupid for doing what I did. I know I was heartless and didn't even think of the consequences.... Right now, my life is a total mess Husnah and I know it's what I sow that I'm ripping".

"You did all this just so that Nabeel could divorce me? Have you ever considered putting yourself in my shoes?" I asked bitterly. I felt nothing out of sympathy for her.

"I know... I know what I did wasn't right, but did you know why Amrah helped in all this?" She asked.

I shook my head negative and focused my gaze on her more intently.

"Because she loved Nabeel. Let me cut it short... I found out that she has been sleeping around with Nabeel just three months back. She's blackmailing him" She ended crying so hard.

My heart suddenly warmed up to her, even though she had hurt me a lot, I couldn't help but pitied her.

"How? How is she blackmailing him?" I asked.

"He said that, he got drunk one day with her, and after that he couldn't recall what happened. The only thing he knew was that he woke up and found himself in a hotel room with a crying Amrah... claiming that he raped her. She lied right?"

I couldn't even give her an answer. Amrah? Amrah who claimed to be my best friend was all part of my pains? And then, all those doubts I had over her before I became a divorcée flared back.

"She sure is lying. So she uses it against him all the time?"

"Yes" Fareedah replied, tears already soaking her khimar "and right now she claim to be pregnant. She came home yesterday and told us that". And she broke again. I couldn't help it but break down with her too.

I know life was cruel, with its ups and downs... but I never knew people could be this heartless. I never knew people don't even consider other people's feelings and only do what they seem to like. Subhannallah! This life is something to be afraid of.

"I'm dying" He whispered slowly. Abu Amirah has been unconscious for the past two days, and as soon as he opened his eyes those were his first words.

I remember coming back from where I've agreed to meet Fareedah, after listening to all she had said... I couldn't keep any more grudges against her. I mean, my heart wasn't made of rock right?

It was around 9pm when Salimah called using her daddy's phone. She was crying so hard.

"Pappy is sick Ummy. You need to come over... we just took him to the hospital" Those were what she told me, and I rushed down to the hospital. The rest of the family met us later.

I asked his mom what was wrong with him, mama just won't talk... it was more like his own sickness had affected her too. She only sat down looking at him, only getting up when it's time for prayer.

"No Abu Amirah. You won't die now In Shaa Allah. We'll get married and have our kids... marry them off and even see our grandchildren".

His eyes fluttered open. He looked surprise seeing me beside him. He tried talking again but couldn't. I ran to get the doctor.

"He's coming round again. But there's no guarantee that he's going to live... with the level at which the cancer has already eaten up his brain".

"What do you mean doctor?" I asked shocked, praying silently that I heard him wrong.

"He has brain tumor".

Chapter 27.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

I was the most stupid and dumbest person ever. How could I even thought of doing what I did? I let her go, yeah... I know I didn't love her, even though I tried to, but I just couldn't.

Arranged marriages aren't always the best options or solution to our problems, but our parents just couldn't seemed to understand those fact. Sometimes, no matter how one try to please you instead of loving that person you tend to hate him/her. I know Husnah tried her possible best to make me happy, but why live with her when I absolutely felt nothing for her? Why waste her time instead of letting her go and find someone else? I wanted appreciating her, wanted loving her but just couldn't! Maybe our parent's didn't seemed to understand that love doesn't work that way. Maybe things worked out for them in the olden days, and with their thoughts and belief for that they think it'll work for us too!

Life, really, is dynamic. Who we are today differs from who we will become tomorrow. That the part they failed to understand.

What hurts me more was how I made myself ending up with Amrah. Lord! I didn't even knew what was wrong with me when I got into a relationship with her. I just couldn't imagined that I cheated on my beloved wife, Fareedah. The worst news I learnt yesterday got my heart broken the more... what Amrah and Fareedah always did just so I could divorce Husnah. Even though I never loved her, I have it in mind to let her go but chose to use what I saw on my phone as evidence. I was stupid right? Yes I knew that, and I'd have to face the consequences alone!

Husnah's Point Of View.

'Everybody gets high sometimes you know'

'What else can we do when we're feeling low'

'So take a deep breathe and let it go'.

'We shouldn't be drowning on our own'.

'And if you feel you're sinking... I'll jump right over into cold cold water for you'.

'And although time may take us into different places I'll still be patient with you'.

'And I hope you know...'

'I won't let go...'

'I'll be your life line tonight...'

'I won't let go...'

'I'll be your lifeline tonight'

"You're are going to get through it Abu Amirah. In shaa Allah... nothing will happen to you, and no matter what I'll still be here... waiting for you patiently" I whispered into his ears. I didn't know how I was even able to handle all this. I thought I'll faint after listening to the doctor. But no, tears didn't even flow like they always did... I had a strong belief in Qadr (destiny), and no matter what happens... I would always be glad and will always thank Him.

"He has brain tumor". The doctor said.

"What? What do you mean brain tumor?" I asked quickly.

"Yes miss. He has brain tumor. Which is located at the occipital lobe (damage to this lobe may result to poor or loss of vision). I invited some doctors over to have a look at him. And when we come into a conclusion about what to do... I'll let you know. Have a nice day miss".

It took the doctors two days to come into a conclusion. I had to be the one to accept the results and what they said. Why? Because mama was still mute, and have I remembered to tell you that Abu Amirah was an orphan? Well... he actually was. He was also the only child his parents ever had.

"We have arrived at a decision miss. There are three ways in which brain tumor can be cured with. we have surgery (complete or partial resection of the tumor with the main objective of removing as many tumor cells as possible). We also have radiotherapy (the tumor is irradiated with beta, xrays or gamma rays). And lastly, we have the chemotherapy (a treatment option for cancer, however, it is not always use for brain tumors)." The doctor explained

"Which of the option is safer?" I asked slowly. My throat was so sour that I couldn't even bring myself up to speak.

"If it's okay with you all... then I suggest surgery".

"Get on with it then".

And as I sit beside him, pouring out my heart. Reciting every single dua that comes through my lips. Yaa Allah... if it'll be khair for me and the entire ummah, then I ask upon you to please make it easy for Abu Amirah. Yaa Allah, see him through.

"It's time miss". A nurse announced.

And just like that, I felt tears trailing down my cheeks. 'Damn hormones!'

I quickly left the room and couldn't even control my tears anymore.

"Abu Amirah will make it". Those were the words I keep repeating to myself as I left the room. I sat down at the reception not bothering about the eyes following me around thinking that I was mad. Yeah, they ought to think that way. It was even good that I sent mama home along with Salimah when Hamma Khaleel came over.

I sat there praying, praying so hard... so hard that I feel like I wasn't even using the right words.

"As salaamu alaikum". A voice whispered.

And as I looked up, my eyes locked up with Nabeel. 'Oh lord! What is he doing here again?'

"Can I please sit down?" He asked as if he was afraid to speak.

I only nodded in response. I had no might left in me anymore to send him away. What good would it bring me?

"He'll be okay in shaa Allah" he said again. "Have faith Asmaa'... you have a big heart and you've embraced a lot of things in the past few years. Pray real hard, and In Shaa Allah you'll see him walk out of this hospital sound and healthy". He added.

"Thank you" I murmured.

We sat in silence for almost an hour, before Nabeel spoke up again, "Forgive me please Asmaa" he blurted out. He had been shifting uncomfortably in the chair he was sitting on. I knew why... It was because he had something to say.

"I am so sorry Asmaa'. I know I've hurt you, but believe me when I say what I did is the best for both of us. What use will it be if I keep staying with you and hating you the more instead of loving you? It's worthless. I know you are angry at how I accused you, and I also know that I broke your heart..."

"My heart has already been mended Nabeel. It has never been as healthy as it is now". I cut him off.

He heaved a sigh before he spoke up again, "I'm happy for you then. And I'm glad you are happy now, and believe me when I say that nothing makes me more happier now than reminding how happy you are with Sadeeq right now. Amirah betrayed me... she lied to me that she is carrying my

baby and I felt guilty, I couldn't even bring myself to look up at Fareedah. But do you know what I found out yesterday? That baby belongs to Fahad and not me".

I was shocked beyond words. 'Subhannallah! What the hell is wrong with Amrah ne? What is she getting herself into?'

"And now, I'm here for test. To know if I have any sexual transmitted disease" he added sadly.

"What?" I asked shocked. Could my heart really handle all that in just a matter of time? I didn't think so.

"Yeah, she has been sleeping around with different guys without protection. It wouldn't be a surprise if I have STD, right?"

"It won't happen In Shaa Allah" I heard myself say quickly "that will never happen to you Nabeel. You'll get through it".

He looked at me closely and let out a smile. "You have one of the biggest heart I've ever known. You aren't mad at me anymore?"

"Why should I be? You gave me a chance to find someone better. Someone who is willing to make me happy. Someone who even gave me his child, his heart and nothing but his love. He's in there right now fighting for his life. All I want now is for him to be safe and sound". I sniffed "I only want to be HIS right now Nabeel. There is no way I can still be angry at you. If I happen to still be angry at you, then I don't believe in QADR, and neither am I thankful to Allah for granting me all I have now".

"You are a blessing in disguise" he said slowly.

"I forgive you Nabeel. I forgive you for whatever it is you did. It's already a bygone to me right now... nothing but a bygone".

"Jazakhillah bil jannah umm amirah. I'm forver grateful to you. And In Shaa Allah, your fiancée will make it. Allah is ever merciful".

Nine hours later...

"Excuse me nurse". She didn't stop

"Please, how is he doing?" I asked another nurse who rushed out of the room again. She also didn't answer.

"Calm down and lets keep praying Husnah. He'll make it In Shaa Allah" Nabeel said. Yeah, he had been by my side since then. And even when Hamma jabir, Hamma Khaleel and Hamma Naseer

visited, he still didn't leave. With all the harsh words and threats they gave him... he still didn't bulge. I had to work hard to calm their angry nerves.

"I can't. They've been in there for more than nine hours right now. I can't keep calm... please, I hope he's going to make it".

"Here comes the doctor" I didn't even wait for him to reach where we were standing when I rushed over to him. He was sweating real hard and looked tired.

He looked at me, more like a look of sorrow in his eyes. 'No! That can't be'.

"He's not..." I tried to speak but couldn't.

"The surgery was a success miss. All we have to do is wait for him to come round. Congratulations".

Chapter 28.

Husnah's Point Of View.

Five months later...

The past few months had been terrible... but, who was I to complain? Abu Amirah was back, so sound and healthy... did I really need anything more than that? I didn't think so!

He was discharged from the hospital after he spent three good months there. He rested for only a month at home before resuming back to work.

Who knew I was getting married to a pilot?. Yeah... Abu Amirah was a pilot! The only sad part about that was he had to use glasses, and the doctors didn't assure us if he would be able to regain his eyesight back, without using glasses.

Last two months, I met Amrah. She happened to be my very best friend years back, but things had changed already. I preferred a snake to her! But, with all the hatred I felt towards her, I couldn't control my emotions when I heard what happened to her.

She contacted the STD (HIV AIDS) and also gave birth to a baby boy who died just few minutes after he was born, She gave birth to him through caesarean section. That wasn't just it, she got her left leg amputated due to a fight she got in with Fahad. Who was I not to forgive her after all these? My heart was made up of soft vines not a hard rock.

Fahad on the other hand left the country after the fight, there was still no news about him. I prayed that wherever he may be, he should also find his own share.

I and Fareedah turned out to be friends but not that close friends, you know, I've made up my mind never to trust any friend again. Life had taught me a lesson, a very big one!

I and Fareedah had sort things out. The best part was that Nabeel gave me Amirah. She could go visit them anytime she wanted, but she would still remain with me. Weren't I the luckiest?

"So, how you doing? missing me yet?" Abu Amirah asked over the phone. And I felt my knees getting weak, just by listening to his deep and husky voice sent shivers down my spines.

"I love you so much Abu Amirah" I whispered slowly.

"And I love you more than much Umm Salimah. I wonder what life will be without you Umm Amirah, do you know? I pray every single night, praying hard to Allah to show me that one day

you'll be my de-jure wife. By Allah, I'll make you the happiest woman on earth Umm Salimah. In shaa Allah".

"You're the best thing that has ever happened to me" I replied, my eyes swelling up with tears. I sniffed before adding, "I can't wait to be yours. To show what it means to be loved, to show the whole world that I've got one of the sweetest husband on earth, a husband who can cook different dishes and also do house chores" I added, smiling softly.

"No Umm Salimah. I can't cook ai" he said.

"I guess salimah is lying then" I said rolling my eyes as if he was right there in front of me.

"She told you that?" He asked, amusement evident in his voice.

"Yes".

"When did that happened?" He asked.

I told him about it and he laughed so hard.

"I guess salimah loves you so much then. If she goes as far as telling you all these, then she really wants you to be her new mom. So, do you love me?"

"I thought I just recently told you that, right?"

"Well, I can't get enough of it. Say it again please"

"I love you, I love you, I love you so much Abu Amirah. You are my happiness, my habiby, my squirrel, I love you!".

He was silent for a while before clearing his throat "How many days left for you to become mine?".

"Seven, Abu Amirah".

"I just can't wait" he said, "I can't wait Umm Salima. Have a nice day, I have to go". And with that, he ended the call.

Sadeeq's Point Of View.

I couldn't control my emotions the more. My emotions were getting out of control and if I didn't end the call right that instant, I didn't really know what I would end up doing.

I stood up from the chair I was sitting on in the backyard and strolled back into the house. Mama was the only one sitting in the living room holding a book titled, 'Hisnul Muslim'. I greeted her before sitting down beside her.

"Ango kasha kamshi" Mama teased me. I was blessed having a mother like her, she was just like a friend to me, my role model, my mom... and lastly my companion. Mama wasn't the type to be shy around me, she always sits down and talk to me, comfort me when I am sad. Have I told you that she sometimes feed me with her five fingers and also recites the Qur'an into my ears? (A/N: I'm portraying how my mom acts with me here. I love you so much Momma!).

"There is still a week to go ai mama" I replied, smiling.

"Nesa tazo kusa dai my boy. I just hope and pray for the best for you".

"Pappy" Salimah called from the hallway, I could hear her running by the sound of her shoe.

"I want to go and see Ummy and Amirah" she said almost out of breath.

What?! Why would she asked of something like that at that moment? I was trying to avoid Umm Salimah, couldn't she just perceive that part?.

"I missed her so much, I also missed her cookies and her hugs, plus the kisses she always puts on my forehead and tell me she loves me" she added.

"I can't go there right now" I said avoiding her gaze.

"But why? Are you sick?" She asked, looking worried all of the sudden.

"No angel. I'm okay, I just want to rest".

"Okay. Just ask Talle to take me there. I miss ummy so much". She said pouting.

"Fine. Naji!" I said standing up.

Husnah's Point Of View.

"Ummy saura ni" Salimah said jumping.

I just finished applying makeup on Amirah's face. 'This girls are sure going to drive me crazy!'.

"Come closer then".

It took me another ten minutes to make up Salimah's face. 'Now I can rest and have peace'. I heaved a sigh.

"Selfiee" Amirah shouted pouting her lips. And click, they took a snap.

I smiled at them before going upstairs to my room... and as soon as I stepped my foot inside, my phone rang.

"Baban Amirah" I said through the phone.

"Mom Amirah. How are you?" I heard Fareedah's voice.

"Fine dear. How you?"

"Not good. I'm missing my baby so badly. Can I come over for her? Just for the day please?". She pleaded.

I laughed before saying, "Yes dear. Salimah is over here too. Duk ki hada na baki su".

"Whooaa! I'm coming right away".

Two days to the wedding...

"Addah Husnah can you please put that phone down and let me apply this dilka? you ain't a kid and you keep acting like one!" Amal snapped.

"Kana jinta koh" I said through the phone.

"Don't mind her Umm Salimah. Keep talking, I wanna listen to your voice till eternity".

Before I could reply him, Amal snatched the phone from my hand and spoke.

"Hamma Sadeeq. She'll be all yours in two days time In Shaa Allah, So please I need her to sit still and stop all those giggles. Goodbye!". And she ended the call.

"What did you just do?" I asked, feigning hurt.

"Madam, be still please".

WEDDING DAY!

Today, being Saturday... 8th July 2017, I became the legal wife of ABUBAKAR SADEEQ, My Hamma Abu!

And later around 5pm, I was ready to be conveyed to my husband's house. But not without the TALK.

I was sitting in the middle of the living room, dad, mom, Hamma Khaleel, Hamma Jabir, and Hamma Naseer, Addah Summy and Addah Aa'eema (Hamma Jabir's wife) were all seated on couches. Amal being the youngest was sitting down on the center carpet beside me.

Dad cleared his throat first before starting.

"I know the past few years has been terrible to you Asmaa'u, but I hope you know that's part of your QADR right?. I had hoped and also wished that Nabeel had been the best choice for you, but I was made to realize that not all arranged marriages do work out. I married your mom out of love, I've also seen many arranged marriages worked out, and I thought yours would also work out. Right now, I am a living witness to the effects of arranged marriages. I know that we are allowed to choose spouse for our children, but they also deserve a chance to choose those they love. We parents make mistakes of thinking that whichever choice we make are always the best, but we are all human beings and are bound to make mistakes. I pray a lot has learned from your experience. Experience is the best teacher, and I also realized the mistake we made in judging Fareedah when she wasn't pregnant, that was the excuse behind getting you guys married, but it wasn't right... what we did as elders wasn't right since we still don't know if she was a barren or the fault was on his side. All we did was jump into conclusion. Astagfirullah. May you have a fruitful and blissful married home. Allah miki albarka".

By the time he was through, my face was already wet with tears. Dad's long speech weakened my knee and I couldn't help but cry out loud.

"I love you so much my daughter. And thank you for being a brave girl with big heart. Allah bada zaman lafiya". Mom said as she sniffed.

"I hope I don't get to smash my best friend. If he messes up with our shinning star, don't hesitate to call me. I love you kid sis" Hamma khaleed said, hugging me.

"Don't forget all what I told you sis. You'll forever be happy In Shaa Allah" Addah Summy said, hugging me.

"My star is all grown up. Mom Amirah my favorite sister. Be happy always sweetheart". Hamma Jabir said, kissing my forehead.

"Allah bada zaman lafiya star. Give us a baby real soon" Addah Na'eemah said to my ears. I smacked her on her shoulder and smiled tears all over my face.

"I won't say too much. But I want you to know you've been the best and most sweetest sister I've ever had. You are OUR STAR, i love you star".

"Get married soon please". I whispered to his eyes as he hugged me before kissing my forehead.

"Okay, now I am getting jealous" Amal said feigning hurt "how can she be everyone's favorite?".

"You are my favorite Amaal" I said hugging her so tight, "And I love you so very much".

"I love you too Addah".

"So, nobody loves me I guesh". Amirah said, her hands on her chest. She looked sad.

"We all love you baby" We said at the same time.

I was definitely going to miss my family!

9:00pm...

"Lift your head and let me look at the gift bestowed to me". Abu Amirah said slowly.

I shook my head smiling which also made him smile.

"Aw! I see, maybe I should lift the veil myself" He added.

And with that, he lifted the veil and looked straight into my eyes. My heart started beating so fast like it was going rip out of my body. I felt like I was in another world, and nothing and no one exist except the two of us. That was a new feeling, I've never felt that way.

I felt his soft hand graze on my cheeks, before they move down to my lips, and before I could comprehend the situation... He kissed my eyes, then my nose_tip before finally resting them on my lips. And that felt different. One of the best feelings ever!

"You have soft lips. They are so soft that I am already losing my senses. Come on, let's go and pray".

Chapter 29.

Sadeeq's Point Of View.

I tossed around the bed, my hands searching for the only reason behind my happiness, My woman, My everything. Sometimes I did used to wonder if it was real or not, I mean... everything seemed so soon and I just couldn't seemed to understand. My hands kept searching before I opened my eyes, but only to quickly shut them back due to the ray of sun trying to penetrate into it.

'Where could she be this early morning? I wondered' I wandered.

I came down from the bed, my head filled with nothing but her thoughts. I strolled to the bathroom, a smile plastered on my face... I knew she must be in there taking her early morning shower. And did you even know the good thing about that? It was my favorite part, having a shower with her.

But, to my utmost dismay she wasn't in the bathroom. I walked out closing the door behind me, my face screwed up. Where could she be? I walked down to the hall way, with only shorts and a vest. Then I smelled a haevy bakhoor, and my heart calmed down a little.

Immediately my right foot touched the doorstep to the living room, I spotted her standing in the middle of the room, holding something in her hand but hiding it behind her back. My jaw almost dropped when I saw her... dressed in a red half gown, her hair tied in a bun exposing her long neck. Her dark obs, penetrating through my soul... making me shiver unnecessarily. My eyes trailed down her long legs, and I couldn't help but swallow a lump. She then walked to the DVD decoder and pressed 'play'...

'When your legs don't work like they use to before'.

'And i can't sweep you off of your feet'

'Will your mouth still remember the taste of my love?'

'Will your eyes still smile from your cheeks'

I walked up to her, slowly... A strange feeling welcoming my heart. I held her soft hands in mine before placing a lingering kiss on them.

"Good morning" She whispered slowly.

"Morning" I replied, my voice hoarse, before I locked up my eyes with hers.

'And darling I will... be loving you till we're seventy!'

'And baby my...heart.. Could still fall as hard at twenty three...!'

'And I'm thinking 'bout how...people fall in love in mysterious ways'

'Maybe just the touch of the hand...'

'Oh me i fall in love with you every single day'

'And i just i wanna tell you i am...'

"You look ravishing. So... so beautiful! Feel my heart Umm Amirah, it's beating so fast, hard and... and I feel like it's gonna burst out any moment from now. And do you know why? It's because I love you" I said, holding her hand to the center of my heart.

"I love you too. I love you so very much".

'So honey nowww?'

'Take me into your loving arms!'

'kiss me under the light of a thousand stars'

'Place your head on my beating heeaaart!'

'I'm thinking out loud'

'Maybe we... found... love right where we are'.

"You left me all alone in bed, took shower alone and also made breakfast alone. You know right that that's not our deal. It's Saturday, we do every single thing together" I said.

"Like cuddling?" She asked smiling.

"Yeah, like cuddling and kissing" I replied before crashing my lips on hers. And that new feeling arose, that new feeling that always arose my lips make contact with hers... the new and mutual feeling, which felt so real.

"Okay, okay! Now that the lipstick is gone, can you let me go?"

"No" I replied, my thumb gazing upon her lips... "They look sexier this way".

"Abu Amirah ka tsufa fa" she said, looking down to her feet.

"So?" I asked raising my left brow.

"You should stop all this cuddling and kisses" She said, fighting so hard not to smile.

"Okay... maybe I should look for a lady who is as old as me and is willing to cuddle and kiss me all day" I replied, feigning hurts.

She giggled before hugging me from behind.

"I love you just the way you are My hubby wubby sweetest guy. Sometimes I think you're even too good for me. You know I love you Ya Habibi... don't mind me, uhmmn?"

"And you know I love you too".

Husnah's Point Of View.

"Ummi" Salimah called from the living room, "Amirah na wasa da wayanki (Amirah is playing with your phone)".

Its been also a week since they came back over to us, but they are already driving me nuts.

"Amirah in baki aje wayan nan nazo ba ko (Amirah don't let me come over and meet you with that phone, you'll smell pepper)".

"I was just taking shelfiesh mummy".

'Damn! A girl of four years knows what selfiee is all about. What's wrong with our generation?'

I took the food warmer which I just finished putting all the spaghetti in before walking to the dinning table.

"Oya bani waya na" I said as soon as I kept the warmer and was in the living room.

"But I wantu shnap shelfies" she whined, ready to throw tantrums.

"If you dare open up that big mouth of yours and cry ehen? I'll so beat you up!".

And she was silent, quietly sitting down on a one sitter couch, sucking her thumb.

"Ummi. Please give her the phone... I'll make sure I return it back when she's done".

"No, it's not every time we get what we want. Let her be".

And as soon as I closed my mouth, i heard Abu Amirah's car pulling up to a stop in the parking lot. I don't know who was more eager to see him... I or the kids? 'Cause we all rushed out to welcome him. But I just let the kids hugged him first before I stepped forward.

"Hmmm" He hummed, "You always drive me nuts. Come here, lemme feel your warmth". He said, opening up his hands.

I hugged him so tight, inhaling his cologne and loving him more. "Welcome home. I missed you so much" I whispered to his ears.

"I miss you more, the mother of my kids. So much!" he replied, making his way to my lips. But I quickly stopped him, signalling him to the direction where the kids stood.

"Uugghh. I almost forgot" I said sighing.

"Papy" Amirah called as we all walk into the living room, "I want to snap shelfie, and mummy is not gibing me her phone".

"Don't worry baby. I'll snap a pic with you... just you and I".

"Yeeyy! That's why I love you more than mummy" she said hugging his legs.

"Alright. We'll all go visit grandma later, okay? Be good girls and go into your room and take a nap so that pappy can rest well and drive you off to grandma's later, okey?" Sadeeq said winking at me.

I only smiled, knowing the motive behind his little game and left them alone in the living room.

Four hours later...

"How are you all doing?" Dad asked putting his newspaper aside.

"Fine. Noi kam Baffa?" Sadeeq asked still squatting down.

"Jam".

"Where are my co-wives?" Mom asked looking behind me and just in time they all came in laughing with Hamma Naseer behind them.

"This girls can make someone's head pop up in no time! Haba".

"I was thinking of giving them to you on your wedding night. Now I am hurt, they'll be staying with there momma".

"On my what? Did you just say my wedding night? You have grown wings amma fa. How can you even think of ruining my wedding night? Lallai ma yar nan". It was after the words where out that he looked around the room and caught ten pair of eyes looking at him. And he was shy all of the sudden.

What could I do other than to laugh?

"Addah yas, how are you doing? Its been long I saw you". Sadeeq said hugging his long lost cousin. Her name was Yasmeen.

"Ango ango. You look good, I bet my sister here is really taking good care of you" she teased.

"Of course Yes Addah. How's Abuja?".

"Fine fa. I am sorry I couldn't grace your wedding, you know how my leg is... it's only getting worse each passing day. Galadima said he's taking me to Egypt real soon".

"Ayyah. Get well soon. May Allah make it easy for you".

"Amin. Amarya how are you?" She asked smiling.

"Fine Addah". I replied, my head down. I dunno why but I was shy all of the sudden.

"Ina yar tawa take?" Mama asked coming into the sitting room.

I stood up quickly and hugged her just like she always wanted me to do.

"How are you doing?"

"I'm fine maama. Ya qarfin jiki?".

"I'm much better now. Since both of you are happy, I want nothing more than that. Allah ya muku Albarka".

"Amin maama".

One thing life has taught me was I should always be thankful with the little I have. I never thought my life would turn out to be this good... married to a man who I meant the world to, a man who valued me and knew my worth, a man who wasn't afraid to show the world who I was or what I meant to him... a man who adored me and loved me for whom I was. I was blessed enough... and I always thank Allah for that.

I didn't know how Nabeel and Sadeeq worked things out, but I came to find out that they have become friends and sometimes they'd eat dinner together and have fun over at our house. He sometimes do came along with Fareedah, who was four months pregnant and I just couldn't help but felt guilty about the last time she lost her baby, all because of me.

Amrah? I didn't even wanted talking about her... she was done for and done for good. Still in the hospital... suffering for her mistakes.

Fahad? Dead! Yeah, we never knew he deal with drugs and when caught on the spot, he tried running which lead to the shootings that ended his life instantly.

"Hamma Abu" I said to his ears as I sat beside him.

"You remember?" He asked me smiling.

"Right from the first day I saw you" I replied resting my head on his chest.

"Why didn't you tell me?".

"because you also didn't tell me. I kept quiet just to see if you could remember" I said kissing his bare chest.

"I love you so very much" He said slowly.

"I love you more. So much more. I hope you haven't forgotten about the promise you made me?".

"Of flying with you up above the sky? Taking you to Korea?" He asked.

"Yeah. that".

"It's gonna happen soon In Shaa Allah. Soon".

"Kiss me please". I said pouting.

"Look who's eager to feel my lips on hers" he said smiling mischievously.

"Yeah. Do it... I want to feel them" I said grabbing him closer.

"Whatever you want Umm Amirah". And with that, he sealed our lips. Taking me to the only world I felt safe in.

"Yeeyyy! We snapped them". Amirah and Salimah shouted jumping up. Holding the ipod Sadeeq got them just for pictures.

"They look cute". Salimah said looking at the picture closely.

"Yesh. I love them both". Amirah said hugging us, before Salimah joined us.

"And we love you all. We love you so very much our princesses".

Chapter 30 - Finale.

Husnah's Point Of View.

Three years later...

"Salima" I called out, "come and carry this brother of yours. I still have lotta work to do and he thinks now is just the right time to start his rigima".

"Coming Ummi" she called back. I was standing by the kitchen island, with Khaleed in my left hand, while the right hand was already dipped into a mixed dough.

'This boy is going to drive me nuts real soon! Damn'.

"Kawoshi" Salima said stretching her hands towards him.

"Here. You guys can go to the garden and have fun. No matter how he cry, don't bring him back till I call you guys in. Where's Amirah?"

"She's in the living room watching Moana" Salima replied as I gave her Khaleed.

He gave out a loud cry which I felt right through my brain! 'Damn Khaleed! Why do you have to be stubborn?'.

"Go dear, don't mind his wails you can stuff him up with pringles and any other thing he likes. Just keep him with you till I am done over here. I'm already late for everything. Damn!".

"I will Ummi. Just take care please and stop stressing yourself this much. Papi loves you all thesame, with or without the anniversary cake". She said as she kissed my left hand which was free, "I love you Ummi" she added before she left.

I felt my eyes moist up and I knew I'd be crying any moment soon. That girl never ceased to amaze me which each passing day, not for once, I repeat not for once had she ever looked at me like I wasn't her real mother. She respected and loved me as much as her dad. I was one hell of a lucky wife to Sadeeq!

"I love you too Habibatiyy". I mused to myself before focusing on my work.

Its been four years since I Married Abu Amirah, and today, being 27 August 2017, its marked four years. I was planning for a surprise anniversary party for us, only I and Salima knew about it... Oops, and least I forgot, Fareedah also knew about it and was helping me from her home. We've become kinda close in the past few years, even tho... I used to feel weird when I saw Nabeel, and didn't always feel comfortable with him around, but I was still trying to cope.

"Here" I said giving Fareedah my necklace "help me please".

"Sure sweedie" she said as she fixed the necklace. "Maa Shaa Allah... you look breathtaking. I can't wait to see Your hubby's expression". She chuckled.

"Lol. See you... thank you for everything swediee. Nagode, Allah bar zumunci" I said hugging her.

"Don't worry dear. I'll take Salima and Amirah with me, but I'll be leaving your dan rigima for you".

"Haba mana... go with him".

"No o, hold your thing. He's not my son nikam".

Sadeeq's Point Of View.

I parked the car in the parking lot, surprised for not seeing my family waiting for me by the doorstep. Was she occupied with something that she forgot about me? But she should have heard the sound of the car when I drove in. I heaved a sigh and strolled down to the door. And as soon as my head pop inside the living room, I just knew something was different!.

"As salaamu alaikoom" I salaamed but got no response.

My eyes then fell on a cardboard paper, on it where words written in italics.

"follow the rules!".

'What the hell is happening?'. I looked beside it and my eyes caught up with an arrow pointing towards my room's direction.

I smiled and walked straight to my room, only to find it beautifully adorned, with lots of red petals of roses on bed. The room smelled heaven... I'd do anything just to have such smell permanent with me.

On a couch lying beside me, was a black trouser and a green shirt. Then I saw another instruction,

"Take a hot shower Yaa Abu Amirah and wear this cloths. Don't spoil the fun... I'll be watching you with my other eye. Kisses".

I couldn't help but smile, what was Husnah planning?.

I took shower and got dressed in the clothes before going out again. Hence, what I saw again hitched up my breath, my eyes grew wide and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Was she the one or something?

By Allah, I knew I was blessed, and she had always been my source of happiness... My habibaty daa'iman. Her smile, just her smile made me feel like I was the luckiest man in the whole universe, my heart clutched and my love for her increased. She was standing by the TV Stand with a remote in her hand.

Click...

And John Legend's song (All of me) erupted from the speakers.

'What will I do without your smart mouth'

'Drawing me in and you kicking me out

You've got my head spinning'

'No kidding, i can't pin you down'

'What's going on in that beautiful mind I'm on your magical mystery ride'

'And am so dizzy don't know what hit me but I'll be alright'

'My head's under water but I'm breathing fine'

'You're crazy and I'm out of my mind'

"Welcome home" she said slowly... her thumb trailing softly along my jaw. "You... you... look..."

"You look breathtaking" I cut her off "I just can't seem to take my eyes off you" I added.

"I love you Abu Amirah"

'Cause all of me'

Loves all of you'

'Love your curves and all your edges'

'All your perfect imperfections'

'Give your all to me I'll give my all to you'

'You're my end and my beginning'

'Even when I lose am winning'

'Cause I give you all of me'

'And you give me all of you'

"Ever since the first day I meet you, you've been nothing but a blessing to me. By Allah Umm Amirah, You are the best thing that has ever happened to me. I am not being selfish here... but I always thank Allah that Nabeel didn't get to fall in love with you... and only I being the lucky champ got to have everything about you. Your love, your heart, your body and soul. I'll forever love and cherish you Umm Amirah". I said slowly, cupping her face in my big hand.

'How many times do I have to tell you'

'Even when you're crying you're beautiful too'

'The world keeps beating you down'

'And I'm around through every mood'

'You're my downfall'

'You're my muse'

'My worst distraction'

'My rhythm and blues'

'Can't stop singing'

'Its ringing in my head for you'

"I don't know if I have the perfect words to use here Abu Amirah. You're my world, my happiness, my soulmate and my husband in Jannah In Shaa Allah. You've been the perfect husband every lady will ever wish for. Do you know, that every single day, I wake up with new and strange feelings for you? Feelings that touch the heart and let the soul know that someone cares. Feelings that send shivers down my spine and goosebumps appear on my skin... feelings that makes my heart do double flips and make the pit of my stomach growl and yearn for so much love. I fall in love with you over and over again with each passing days". She said, tears rolling down her cheeks.

'My head's under water'

'But I'm breathing fine'

'You're crazy and I'm out of my mind'

"Ssh..." I shushed her as I place a tender kiss on her forehead. "This is the best moment of my life. Nothing, I mean nothing will ever make me forget this Umm Amirah... Your words are just too perfect for me, and you are also perfect for me. Nothing can ever make me forget you or this words. Can I kiss you on your cheeks? Wet kisses I mean?". I cooed.

"Just hug me tight in your arms first. I want to smell your cologne and feel safe around those big arms".

'Cause all of me'

'Loves all of you'

'Love your curves and all your edges'

'All your perfect imperfections'

'Give your all to me'

'I'll give my all to you'

'You're my end and my beginning'

'Even when I lose am winning'

'Cause I give you all of me'

'And you give me all of you'

"You smell so good" she said, nuzzling her nose on my chest. I held her tight in my arms, afraid that someone might snatch her away from behind.

"You're still that tiny little girl I fell in love with years back. That small little girl who drives me crazy".

'cards on the table we're both showing hearts'

'Risking it all though its hard'

'Cause all of me'

'Loves all of you'

'Love your curves and all your edges'

'All your perfect imperfections'

'Give your all to me'

'I'll give my all to you'

'You're my end and my beginning'

'Even when I lose am winning'

'Cause I give you allllllllll of meeeee'

'And you give me alllllllll of youuuuu'

"Happy Anniversary Abu Amirah. Today, marks four years of our marriage... and throughout these years, you've been nothing but the best companion and sweetest husband. I wanna grow old with you"

"I wanna die lying in your arms. I wanna be there for you, sharing in everything you do. I wanna grow old with youuuu". I sang slowly before capturing her lips and crushing mine on them. Making sure that, this... will be her best kiss ever. "I love you soulmate".

"I love you more cupcake".

Husnah's Point Of View.

"Okay guys! Let me get all this straight" I said looking at my brothers "You mean to tell me that Hamma Naseer has gotten a girl of his dream and will soon leave the bachelors zone?".

"Yes Angel. Finally the ugly dude has decided to get married". Hamma Jabir replied.

"Hmm! I'm lost in words nikam". Amal said.

It was weekend and I spent most of my Sundays at home or with Mama.

Mama didn't even act like a mother in law towards me, she treated me like the daughter she gave birth to and I loved her like a daughter should love her mother too.

"Wedding bells". I jumped shouting making Khaleed, who was sleeping peacefully on the couch beside me, squirm and wake up with a cry. Damn!

"O come on baby". I cooed him, "Momma is sorry please, go back to sleep... please".

"I pray he has woken up kenan. You are such a careless momma". Amal said rolling her eyes.

Have I told you guys that she has two kids now? Both were boys and also twins!

"Weldon good momma" I huffed strapping khaleed on my back "now back to the wedding plans. I'll handle the dinner stuff". I said all giddy.

"No! That's my part." Amal shouted.

"I'll do it this time around". I said

"Hamma Jabir!" She whined.

"I am not in the mood for your small fights. Count me out of it little one".

"I am a mother of two kids and you still call me little one? Oh Lord! When will I ever grow to these people here?". She said rolling her eyes before picking Khaleed from my hands and hopping upstairs.

"You're always the little one here sis. And I'm an Angel!". I shouted behind her and just in time, the most stubborn kid I've ever seen came in... Amirah!

"Ummi" she called out, her hand so dirty with clay, "I want my make up kit?" She asked innocently.

"It's at home. What are you doing? Look at your hands Amirah!".

"But I was cooking for Hassan. He is my husband and I want to make up my face the way you do when daddy is coming back from office". She said, looking as innocent as she always have been.

Jesus of Nazareth

Muhammed of Mecca!

'Amirah! Na shiga uku ni Asmaa'u! this girl won't be the end of me In Shaa Allah!'.

"Whaat?!" I was so puzzled.

"We are playing outside and Addah Salima said I am his wife. So now he has gone to work and I want to look beautiful for him before he comes back. I already cooked tuwo for him". She said again, smiling like a loon.

'Na shiga miliyan!'

"Is that how your Ummi used to do at home?" Hamma Khaleel asked trying so hard to hold his laughter.

"Yes uncle. She'll cook delicious food and will look all beautiful for Dad". She replied.

"Really? And did she use to hug him?" He asked again.

"Yes... yes uncle. He always hug her before hugging us". She said, but now she looked sad.

"Aw... that's too bad of daddy" Hamma Jabir purred joining Hamma khaleel.

"So he hugs her before hugging you and Addah Salima?" Hamma khaleel continued

"Hamma!" I yelled turning all red before running out of the living room. I'd have to talk to Abu Amirah about this.

'What if I do kiss him and do all other things to him in their presence? Damn! Kids of nowadays! Or is it parents of nowadays? I don't even know!'.

Nabeel's Point Of View.

Alhamdulillah for my life. Husnah forgave me and everything was a bygone. My only concern was for Fareedah, she believed she couldn't give birth even tho she once had a miscarriage, but after that miscarriage... Nothing came up again. And that past few days, she seemed lost and depressed.

I was sitting in the living room, holding a mug of coffee and going through some files when I saw Fareedah, coming out of her room smiling and all giddy.

"Baby" she called out before jumping up on me, tears all over her face.

"Hey! What's wrong?" I asked worried.

"Baby... Baby I love you and thank you for sticking by me and never giving up on me" She said, still crying before giving me a pregnancy test tube. My heart beat increased and I was afraid to look at it.

Positive!

"We are pregnant again Reedah!" I said jumping up with her in my arms, "I'm going to be a daddy". I said still holding her in my arms.

"You're going to be a daddy again, In Shaa Allah" She said slowly "we have Amirah remember?".

"For me, this is the first. Amirah is more like Sadeeq's daughter and not mine. Alhamdulillah... I'm so so happy My Reedah. Let's go and pray".

"To Allah be the glory!".

Sadeeq's Point Of View.

It was an early Saturday morning, the sun shone brightly through the drapes of the kitchen window as I busied my self into making pizza for breakfast with tapioca. Yum! I love tapioca!

"Humph" I heard her small smile as she hug me from behind. "It's good to have a husband who can cook".

"And it's good to pamper your wife once in a while and make her feel happy. Where are my bunch of happiness?" I asked as I kissed her nape.

"Hmmm... up there in their room. Khaleed went back to sleep. What can I help you with?" She asked.

"I only want you to sit down here," I said putting her up on the stool. "and shower me kisses any time you feel like and keep telling me how much you love me. That's all I want".

"And that's all you get" She said as she circled her hands around my neck and gave me a kiss of my life.

"I love you so very much Abu Amirah".

"And I love you more Umm Amirah". I replied between breaths.

THE END.