



A Secret Onam Wish

Arya

Secret Blooms of Onam



The morning sun casts a golden glow over the courtyard where Arya is meticulously arranging vibrant flower petals into a grand Pookalam. The air is thick with the scent of fresh jasmine and the rhythmic sounds of festive preparations echoing from the kitchen.



Near the ornate wooden gate, Govind watches Arya from the shadows of a jackfruit tree, his heart racing with excitement. He has arrived hours before the official feast, hoping for a private moment with his new fiancée before the house fills with relatives.



Arya reaches for a basket of orange marigolds, only to find a familiar hand already holding it out to her. She gasps in surprise, her eyes widening as she sees Govind's mischievous grin, his traditional mundu crisp and white against the greenery.



"You shouldn't be here yet," she whispers with a playful scold, though she can't hide her radiant smile. Govind kneels beside her, his fingers brushing hers as they both place petals on the intricate floral design, creating a secret pattern known only to them.



Suddenly, the heavy wooden door creaks open and the sound of Arya's aunt calling her name drifts across the veranda. Panic and thrill mix in their eyes as they scramble to hide behind the thick, carved pillars of the ancestral home.



Pressed closely together in the narrow space, they hold their breath as the aunt walks past, her footsteps fading toward the garden. The proximity is electric, the only sound between them the frantic thumping of their hearts and the distant chirping of birds.



Once the coast is clear, Govind pulls a small, silk-wrapped parcel from his pocket and presses it into Arya's palm. It is a delicate gold bangle, a token of his love that sparkles in the dappled sunlight filtering through the eaves.



Arya slips the bangle onto her wrist, her face flushing with a mix of joy and the heat of the afternoon. They share a lingering look, a silent vow of a lifetime of Onams spent together, before the reality of the busy day pulls them back.



With a quick, daring squeeze of her hand, Govind disappears back through the garden path, moving as silently as a shadow. He leaves behind a trail of crushed petals and a sense of magic that outshines even the brightest festival colors.



Arya returns to her Pookalam, her movements light and her spirit soaring as she finishes the final circle of white petals. Every guest who admires the beautiful design throughout the day has no idea it holds the memory of a secret morning tryst.