

In his mid-forties, Rohan was still tall, with a wheatish complexion and strikingly handsome features, much like he was in his college days. But the years had taken their toll, and a deep sadness had etched onto his face. Life had not been kind to him, and he couldn't help but think back to the times when things were simpler and happier.

As his gaze fixated on the road below, he caught sight of a group of women perched on a ledge, their backs turned towards him. Could she be among them? It had been over two decades since he last saw Maya. Now he was here, driven by an insatiable longing to discover her whereabouts. He understood the quest to find her would be monumental, but his resolve remained unyielding. With each beat of his heart, he tried to conjure an image of Maya among those women, his anticipation mounting with every passing moment. Setting his thoughts aside, he directed his full attention to the coffee before him.

Rohan had come to the picturesque hill station of Lonavala, nestled a two-hour drive from the bustling city of Mumbai. With its verdant landscapes and serene ambience, Lonavala offered a temporary respite from the weight of Rohan's emotions. His son, Mahan, had recently departed for the United States to pursue his postgraduate studies, leaving Rohan with a bittersweet emptiness. Mahan was the only support system he had left, and Rohan saw him as a gift from his lost love, Maya, whom he had not seen in over two decades.

As he sat in the coffee shop, sipping his hot drink, he couldn't help but reminisce about his college days with Maya. He was in his mid-forties now, but he still remembered her vividly: her beauty, sensuality, and love.

As Rohan sat in the quaint restaurant sipping his coffee, the lush greenery of the valley sprawled before him; he opened his laptop sitting on the table before him. The air was cool, and a soft breeze blew through the trees, rustling the leaves. Rohan's eyes flitted from his laptop screen to the breathtaking view. He had been waiting for a Skype video call from his son Mahan, who was studying in the USA.

As he waited, he saw a mischievous monkey spring onto the window's ledge. The animal's beady eyes locked onto him, almost as if attempting to convey a message. Rohan couldn't help but chuckle at the unexpected visitor. But as his laptop signalled an incoming call, the monkey leapt off the ledge and scampered into the dense woods.

He clicked the key on his laptop, and Mahan's face popped up on the screen, warmly filling his heart. Rohan's thoughts began to wander. Though Mahan shared a striking resemblance to his father, for Rohan, his son was more than a reflection of himself. Rohan heard the echoes of Maya's infectious joy in Mahan's laughter. The twinkle in Mahan's eyes held the same enchanting allure that had captivated Rohan's heart when he first laid eyes on Maya. It was as if their son carried within him the essence of both parents, a beautiful fusion that reminded Rohan of their love. Rohan found solace and a bittersweet reminder of the woman he had loved and lost in Mahan. Rohan's mind drifted to memories of his beloved Maya, and he felt a pang of longing and sadness wash over him.

He quickly snapped back to the present, trying to focus on the conversation with Mahan and not let his emotions get the better of him. A smile spread across Rohan's face as the father-son duo engaged in light-hearted banter, chatting about everything from Mahan's long flight to his comfortable stay and how his university was faring.

"Son, I'm okay being alone," Rohan said with a hint of melancholy.

"But Dad, you can't just mope all day. You need to be more active, go out and meet people, and do something!" Mahan exclaimed, a look of concern on his face.

"I know, I know," Rohan replied, running his fingers through his hair. "It's just hard without your mother, you know that."

"I understand, but you have to move on. You can't let her memory hold you back forever," Mahan urged, his voice gentle yet firm.

Rohan sighed heavily, his eyes downcast. "I'll try, son. I promise I'll try."

The two continued their conversation, discussing Mahan's new life in America and the latest news from back home. Eventually, the call ended, leaving Rohan with mixed emotions - both happy and sad, grateful for the connection with his son yet longing for more.

Their bond was palpable, even over a distance of thousands of miles. They talked for almost twenty minutes, with the internet connection briefly faltering before ending the call. As Rohan shut his laptop with a sigh, he realised his coffee had grown cold, a testament to the warmth the conversation had brought to his heart.

As Rohan's gaze wandered out of the window, he observed the women rise from their perched position on the ledge and gracefully tread along the sidewalk below. Struggling to focus, he adjusted his spectacles in hopes of a clearer view. In an instant, a particular stride seized Rohan's attention. It was an unmistakable resemblance to Maya's gait, a walk he had etched into his memory. Could it truly be her? His heart pounded with anticipation, urging him to race down the rugged path below. The uneven terrain posed a challenge, but his determination to confirm the truth propelled him forward.

Despite the risk, Rohan was determined to get a closer look. If it was Maya, he had to know. After all these years, he couldn't let this chance slip away. He felt his heart skip a beat, the excitement of the possibility coursing through his veins. He considered leaving his coffee and making a run toward the road below, down the hilly terrain. But he knew it wasn't safe. The rocky, broken paths were treacherous, and one wrong step could send him tumbling down into the valley.

With a deep breath, he gathered his courage and rose from his chair, his heart pounding with anticipation, and began to make his way down the hill, his heart beating wildly in his chest. Would he succeed? Would he finally meet his lost love after all these years? Was she the same woman? Or was he imagining?