**Simran- The Godfather**

**The dimly lit room seemed to suffocate her. It sapped any emotions that escaped into the air. She stared hard into the veiled eyes of her cold husband, failing to decipher his blank expression. Dread gnawed at the pit of her stomach. She trembled. “D…Did you?” she whispered, her heart leaden. “No” a thick tone. A look of immense joy cascaded down her face and the two awkwardly embraced. Moving into the light, into the truth, she whipped around. As if emerging from the shadows, 3 suited men stood, to the point of blocking the man from view. The bitter taste of betrayal lingered in her mouth. They closed the door on her. Lies. Her once-beloved husband was a traitor. Lies. This was it. It was over.**