

A Girl Nobody Wanted Chapter 11 - Tips

“What!!!! you fu**ing kidding me right? You got pissed off with me for that... Oh my God, Sarah... if only you knew what that cute face of you did to me yesterday night... I didn't even imagine a simple photo of your face would put me in that kind of circ.umstance so that I even forgot to say how naturally beautiful you look...” I was frowning at his message. What kind of a circ.umstance is he talking about? A simple photo of my face, put him in what kind of a situation to be exact?

Did he mean No!!! you have got a really dirty mind, Sarah... First, you thought he is asking for a dirty picture of you and now you are thinking he did that after looking at your stupid photo... How you became this rotten ha? You have even missed the part that he said you are naturally beautiful!!! Isn't that the thing you were so desperate to hear from him. You made all this mess just to hear this from him, and now you barely noticed it.

I don't want to make my self further embarrassed than I am already, but on the other hand, I couldn't really hide my curiosity either.

“What kind of a circ.umstance?” I swear I regret that.

“Out of everything I said, you noticed that?? 😊 😊 😊 Anyway you are too innocent and naive to know about that princess “

Too innocent and naive? After all, you don't know about me, man...

I was really mad at my self for asking such a stupid question from him. But in the end, it seems not that bad because his text clearly shows he is not pissed at me anymore.

He is back to his usual sweet, gentle self... Or maybe not his usual self, but his usual way of dealing with me... No doubt I love his gentleness, but his rough, possessive and dominant way made me feel a totally foreign yearning deep inside me...

“Anyway... I am so sorry for making a h.uge mess” I replied quickly, reminding he may be waiting for my reply, probably somewhere near my house.

Yeah... he may be near my house, now only it came to my mind. I ran to the window and put my head out to have a better look at the street. There were several vehicles parked down the street, but I really didn't know what is his. I

have seen him drive a few times, but couldn't recall his vehicle. As far as I remember he was driving different vehicles most of the time.

"You don't have to say sorry. But I do hope you will never make me worry about you like this. I am trying my best to understand you as much as possible but I have no experience with this kind of relationship with anyone. So I may not understand you exactly all the time. If you have anything to tell, even if you want to scold me, you can just do it. But if you ever keep on not replying me, and ignoring me like this God knows what I will do"

"That will never happen :(" but I would love to see what you will do if that happens...

"That's better....okay then. since you are fine, I think I should go and get my car repaired now"

"Why what happened to your car"

"What happened!!! I faced an accident when driving like an i***t worrying about you"

"What? God are you okay?" what have I done? I made him got into an accident.

"I am okay... my car got damaged a bit that's all"

"I am so sorry...You get into all these troubles because of me"

"Save that for later princess... one day when I meet you in person you are going to pay me for all these 😊 ;)"

"I don't think I will be able to earn enough to pay you "

"Don't worry... Didn't I tell you there are other means you can pay 😊 😊 :P"

I blushed, my heart rate doubled. An unknown shiver ran down my spine... Oh my God!!! I am so looking forward to meeting you soon.... and I would love to pay you of course...

All these days chatting with him and of course, having that awkward silly fight with him, made me realize that there is nothing I want for the rest of my life than being with him. Until now I had two things that get me going, enduring all the hard times.

They were my education and Jake. Now when I compare how He makes me feel special, cared and loved every second, my education or my blind obsession for Jake feel so insignificant.

Of course, I can't just lose my focus on my education, if I like it or not, but I have to get rid of this other thing. My first love or to be exact my obsession...

I don't know when and where I started to have feelings for Jake. I knew him since high school (not just him, I knew Luke as well. But I don't remember much of him as I didn't pay any attention to him back then... sigh...) He was not in the same high school as me, but I saw him in several inter-high school competitions, functions, and of course during a couple of football matches in our school ground when I was forced to volunteer in welcome committee.

Even back then he was everyone's prince charming. He was super famous even in my school. It is true that first I attracted to him for his drop-dead gorgeous look and his incredible talents. So I started to follow him, I, however, manage to participate most of the inter-school competitions and functions just to see him. I voluntarily volunteered during football matches when it was between my school and his.

Observing him over the period, I got more and more attracted to him due to his admirable qualities. How he always act decent and calm even in the most pressures situations, how he always stand up to the injustices, how smart and professionally he dealt with people...All these made me get really drown in the obsession for him.

Those days every high school girl wanted to get his autograph (at least). I also wanted the same, but observing his cold response towards his fans most of the time, I was so damn scared to ask for an autograph.

One day after a match in our ground, I gathered up all my courage and joined the bunch of girls flocked around him, asking for his autograph. He seemed to be in a good mood that day, so he was giving his autograph generously.

I could reach near him finally and with my shaking hands, I present him my book to get his autograph. Even now when I remember what happened next it

makes me feel super stupid. Due to my silly nervousness, I dropped my book on his feet, right when he was going to take it from me and sign. I quickly grab it and present him again whispering "Sorry".

He looked right into my eyes. For the first time, his devilishly handsome eyes met mine. My heart stopped and everything froze, leaving just me and him. I couldn't really get the expression in his eyes, what I could think was how handsome his eyes looked. I don't know how long he stared into my eyes most probably for a second? But it felt like hours for me.

Then suddenly everything was getting back to life and he walked away without giving me his autograph.

I knew he doesn't even remember such a thing happen on that day, yet I felt embarrassed whenever I see him remembering what happened that day. Anyway, I didn't try to get his autograph ever again. But my obsession never faded away, it got even stronger. I didn't miss even a single match he played. I even went to learn Karate (though I hate martial arts and obviously I sucked at them) as the classes were held in his school and I got to know he was coming to the classes. However, without learning anything valuable I stopped Karate classes when he stopped coming to them.

I started collecting his photos, newspaper articles about him, his interviews with sports magazines and anything that was at least slightly connected to him.

I was on cloud nine when I saw him at the university for the first time. I was the happiest when I got to know he was following the same degree as me. Even though we never talk to each other or never met face to face, seeing him daily gave me the happiness I wanted.

But now the time is right to say goodbye... I want to make my self fully committed and available for him... just for him...

First I need to get rid of all the stupid things I have collected about him. Going through my drawers I got out all the posters, magazines and newspapers. I am going to burn this all, except you... I told a poster of our university football team, which was issued a few months back. I am going to keep you because you don't just have Jake, but you have other people too...

There is a far important thing I should actually get rid of than these posters and magazines, that is my Scrap Book. The Scrapbook totally dedicated to

Jake. It carries a lot of pictures of him along with my silly thoughts or mostly my fantasies about him. I don't even know why I maintained such a pathetic thing in the first place, I was so sick...

I went through all my drawers, my cupboard and every damn place possible to keep a scrapbook, but I couldn't find it from anywhere. Where the hell I kept that stupid thing?

sitting on the floor by the bed I tried to recall. I kept in my locker at university!!!! What?? Why the hell I kept it there, why I took it to university in the first place?

If anyone got to see it, that would be the end of me. I won't be able to recover from humiliation for the rest of my life. Especially if Luke got to see, what kind of fantasies his sweet innocent princess had about his friend, there is no doubt he will block my number and never ever talk to me again... Even thinking of that gave me heartaches...

No!! I am not letting that happen....

Dear stupid Scrapbook stay safe until I come and get you, don't let anyone lay their hands on you....