

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 11

-11-Possession.

Sorrows other than love's longing does this life provide,

Comforts other than a lover's union to abide. [Remo]

.....

His eyes darkened with a sudden emotion as he read her text. It wasn't because he was still affected by it. But because every time he was reminded of it. He will always remember the betrayal. It always hurts like the first time it did.

"Yeah. I wrote it for my first love."

"You loved her too much. Huh. Didn't you?"

"I did."

Seeing the reply getting shorter and shorter Jacky realized she had laid her hands on his unhealed wounds. Feeling guilty she didn't reply thinking of a way to make him smile again.

While on the Other Side, Remo recalled how happy he was with her. He would have given her his world only if she didn't betray him. Yet after her, he understood how sometimes discretion was the greatest part of valor. How people won't understand you not your feelings. Nor how much you are hurting. Because for them it was similar to a Peac*** who danced in the rain but since no one saw him. There was no peac*** for them. He laughed at his thought.

For now, he just wanted to find someone who can give him company and yet be brutally honest with him.

Thinking for some time, Jacky got an amazing idea, and she texted him.

"Hey, As your first fan, I want your autograph."

A smile graced his lips as he read it. The girl was like a witch making him smile every time he talked to her.

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"I will charge you for it."

"Huh. Why?"

"Because I am going to be a superstar one day."

"Okay. I don't have money. If you don't want to write one for me. It's fine."

Looking at her text, he rolled his eyes. Who wanted money? She is probably too stupid.

"Stupid girl. I wasn't talking about money. I want your phone number."

"I.

"I don't use a cellphone."

"Stop lying. Do I look like I will believe your foolish words?"

"I am not going to send you my number. What if you turned out to be a criminal?"

"Oh, God! You mean you were serious about savdhan India?"

"Of course yes."

"You are one of a crazy girl. okay, don't give me your number. I will wait till you start trusting me. I will earn your trust and love baby."

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Her eyes t****led reading his text he would wait for her for a phone number. A boy as handsome as him would wait for her. 'Wow.' Her heart trembled with a strange feeling. As she placed her hand on her th***** heart.

Grabbing the notebook from his nightstand, he opened it. Scribbling his sign he wrote on it. "To My first and only fan♥ With Love♥Remo♥"

Seeing his signature with three hearts, her insecure heart melted at the sight. He said he will wait for her trust. Yet gave her his signature.

Knowing it might get awkward if he didn't smooth things over. He texted her again to keep everything normal.

"Hey and don't use it to steal my money from the bank okay."

Jacqueline chuckled at his way of teasing. He surely had a weird kind of sense of humor.

"What If I do it?"

"Fine Baby. You can take out as much money you want. After all, I am all yours. It doesn't matter what reaches your first me or my money."

Jacqueline laughed at another end, he had one hell of a crazy mind.

“. Wow. You are a Mental case.”

“Only if you are my psychiatrist baby.”

Throwing her head back, she laughed hysterically.

“Jerk.”

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“My baby. Now that you have my first autograph. Always keep it near you. I want you to see it every time you think of being a fan of someone else other than me.”

“Ah. Possessive about your first fan Huh.”

“Of course I am too possessive of people who I consider are mine. So don't even think of changing.”

.....

[Jacqueline's POV]

I know how it feels to never be good enough for someone. How it feels when the people we love don't love us back. Or how it feels when they don't even recognize us. why wouldn't I know? I am A girl who fights her insecurities every day. Who knew better than me, possession is nothing but a feeling of insecurity we develop to deal with our extrinsic circ**stances. To fake our insecurities in a wrapped-up great word. But who am I to give someone fake hope.

Always, what if accepting his answer gave him a wrong idea of acceptance of his possession. I am not in the place of being someone's possible possession even if it was a form of a joke. When my life was as good as a joke. I knew, people usually speak the truth through jokes. To protect their ego yet know about how someone feels about you. What a great trick it is. Isn't it. We are like clothes dying ourselves with new words to hide our real self. Not knowing how to respond to him, she said what she felt.

“Remo, I am not your possession. Please don't say any words like this ever again in the future. I don't like it.”

It was easier when she wrote it and was nowhere near him. Otherwise, it would have been too difficult for her to even say three words to him in front of his face. She might even run away from him if he would have been talking face to face with her.

But now that they were away from each other and only writing their words, it had turned too easy for her to turn down his words and for that she was grateful. She

didn't have any idea how to speak to boys normally and on top of that handsome ones. She was grateful for the technology to be this developed.

"Why?"

"I just don't."

"Okay. I won't."