

# Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

## chapter 14

"You can shrink your real self in the corner of your head, but it will bounce back the moment you will be yourself." [Jacqueline]

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"What are you doing Rohan?" I screamed at Rohan for the hundredth time. The last class of attending was already over and almost all students had left for their homes. While I was stuck in a room with him. 'Why?' Because I forgot my diary on the table and when I came back to get it. Someone came from outside and locked the door. That, someone, was Rohan, The a\*\*hole. For half an hour I was requesting him to open the door and let me leave. But it seemed either he was deaf or I wasn't speaking. Every time I got to the door, he will drag me back to the bench. Now that I had caught the handle of the gate in a death grip, he had placed himself on the door. I was agitated to the point that I would have kicked him or punched him only if I was able to. But since I have never practiced taekwondo and I am aware of men's and women's differences in strength. So I did not try to hit him. I don't want to get hit by him.

"You promised me on lunch. Yet the moment I tried calling you, you escaped. So now you will have to listen to me."

"What the hell! What in the world is so important that you had held me here from half an hour."

He smirked making me shiver. A single deep dimple emerged in the corner of his lips. Enhancing his small mole that was present on the left side of his lips. 'I was sure it will be anything but good.'

'But what could I do? Should I kick him where the sun doesn't shine?' My eyes followed his private area as I thought of doing it.

I was brought out of thinking when he spoke in my ear

"Don't even try that sweet cheeks."

"I. What?"

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"Exactly what you were thinking. Because you are not going to like, what I will do to you."

His eyes turned a shade darker as he stared at my breast. The moment I registered his words and a\*\*yzed his actions. I ran opposite to where he was

standing. To the last bench of the room. It was important to protect myself. Inhaling a deep breath I sat down and saw him still standing there chuckling.

“You are so cute.”

I wish I was though. But in reality, it was a blatant lie. From where does he think I am cute. He must be saying it to make me trust him. So that he will take great pleasure in hurting me. ‘What kind of bullying style is this? He is just making me sit here? Is that how he bullies everyone. If it’s one of his ways. It proves one thing that he is a kind boy. At least according to me. But if he is stopping me here just for this why don’t I complete my homework. At least I will be done with one more work.

I opened my bag and took out my notebooks and pen. And buried my head in work. Though it wasn’t possible considering the bad yet kind bakin boy sat down across me. You must be thinking what bakin is, well I invented it for him. The first two letters of bad and the last three letters of the word kind. Sometimes I think how great it will be when I will publish my dictionary. Since I had this weird habit of inventing new names by joining them. Which though I now was neither funny nor intelligent.

“What are you thinking about?” He spoke again trying to get my attention. He was doing it for the last 10 minutes. Asking me what I am doing or what’s wrong while I was hell-bent upon ignoring him.

I shrank in the corner of the bench I was sitting on. While he followed me.

“Rohan, tell me honestly what do you want? Why have you kidnapped me?”

“Hahaha.”

Though my words were serious, he interpreted I was joking. It was apparent by the way he was laughing while clutching his stomach at the same time. He even dared to wipe some tears from his eyes. Which was fake since there were no tears. I glared at him hoping my glare can shatter him into pieces. Which again I knew was impossible.

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“Me. Kidnapping you! Hahaha!”

He did it again, what’s wrong with this guy. He had wasted an hour of mine just to laugh his a\*\* off.

Already done with his ways, I stop up picking a pen from the table. My favorite pink pen. I muttered an apology to it in my head. ‘I am sorry, hope you will forgive me for abandoning you.’

Squaring my shoulders, I bit my lip and gathered all my courage for what I was going to do now.

Filled with determination I opened the cap of the pen, but then on the second thought placed the cap inside my kit.

When I threw a glance at him again, I noticed he was still laughing. His shoulders were shaking with the laughter. He was trying too hard to suppress.

I placed everything inside my bag placed it on my shoulder. Just when I tried to move forward he stopped me with his legs. Since he was sitting just next to me. On my way out. For one last time, I requested. Because I didn't want to hurt him. For I knew how much it affects us.

"Rohan, please let me leave from here. I promise I will talk to you tomorrow. My mom must be searching for me by now." It was a lie, my mom wouldn't have been searching for me. First, because she doesn't remember me. Secondly, she wasn't in Delhi. Because My Mama must have taken her to the hospital of Saharanpur or maybe someone who cures people with magic. Since they think there's a presence of a ghost on her. Who was making her do the things she was doing. Which was not true. But you can never argue over it, to Indians. Because every time we have an issue of something like this. People don't treat it as a disease they treat the patient as someone whose soul is occupied by a ghost.

Anyways, back to the present, I noticed his eyes softened when I mentioned my mother. But he didn't make way for me. I tried again.

"Please let me go, Rohan. Otherwise, you will be hurt."

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It seems that I hurt his bad boy ego because the next second he stood up towering over my small and fatty form.

Amus\*\*\*\*t flickering in his eyes as he gazed at me.

"Huh. What! Okay, I am ready for it. Hurt me."

"Huh."

"I said hurt me baby come on."

After saying that he moved away from me a few steps. Challenging me.

Since he was asking for it so much, I held the pen tighter and aimed it at his chest.

Though he had not expected it, because there was an emotion of surprise in his eyes. As they turned as large as saucers.

The pen got stuck in his chest and I ran for the door.