

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 16

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"Be a realist, in every way you find possible. Even in the times, you don't want or need to be." [Jacqueline]

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Jacqueline's POV:

The fear engulfed me from inside making me breathless.

'Who can it be?'

As my thoughts wandered, A name flashed in my mind.

'Rohan.'

'Who said things that happen in desperation can be good. The whole scene replayed in my mind in the spotlight.'

'Oh God, please save me.'

My whole body shuddered as the realization dawned upon me.

'I'm so done. He will probably kill me.'

Closing my eyes, I took deep breaths to calm down when the door of my bedroom opened and a head peeked inside. It was Nikki.

Her black eyes instantly connected with mine.

"Jacky, I made Gajar ka halwa. Would you like some?"

I gathered my wits to refuse her. But her hopeful gaze stopped me. Unable to say a word, I nodded at her. Smiling a fake smile.

And stepped forward walking outside and closing the door behind me. As I faced her in full light.

"What's wrong you look pale Jacky?"

Though Nikki was everything a sister should be, She was never a calm person. Telling her how a cla**mate of mine had stopped me from leaving the school premises and so I had stabbed him with a pen. To get out safely. It was a wrong

idea. Too wrong. Because then who will save him? From her? I have already done the worst to him. I didn't want to elevate it. So I lied with a straight face.

"Eh. Nothing."

Her brows furrowed as she looked at me skeptical about my response. While I maintained my expressionless face. For her to believe me, I even gave her a sweet smile.

"Are you sure? you look like you have been through hell."

Nervously I smiled at her secretly wiping my sweaty hands at the t-shirt I was wearing.

"Yeah. It must be because of indigestion."

"Only if you say so. By the way, I met Swati Aunty outside and she said, Mama, had called her to inform that Papa can return early. So make sure to cook a dish for him."

Noticing that she looked pretty convinced with my answer I breathed a sigh of relief.

And finally spoke. "Oh. Okay. I will cook something for him."

She held the door open for me as we walked up to the kitchen.

"Great. Let's try Gajar ka halwa."

"Yeah. Let's eat."

Saying this she served me a bowl of it. While taking out some for herself too. She sat on a stool keeping the bowl on the brown kitchen slab. And I followed her activity.

Silence. Utter silence. After a few minutes, She spoke first.

"Yesterday Mommy beat me up with a wiper. She thought I stole her something."

I paused instantly. And stood up. Wanting to fetch a first aid box for her.

"I. Did you get hurt? Why didn't you tell me earlier? Let me see where are you hurt?"

"Sit down first. There was a very little injury, So I am good. Don't worry about it. Besides, it wasn't the first time that I experienced something like that."

My eyes turned a little saddened by the fact. It was true, She had sometimes the tendency to hit people without a reason. And it wasn't the first time. Even I was hit severely many times by her. With the broom, wiper, slippers, a brush, and whatnot. There were a few faded marks on my face. My eyes turned a little red but I maintained my feelings. Losing the calm in front of her would only break her. And I didn't want that.

"Where was I at that time? Tell me exactly what happened?"

"Yesterday, When I returned home she was searching for something in her Almira. I came across her room to check on her. When she started screaming at my face."

A few tears escaped from the corner of her eyes, as she continued.

"She said, that I am a thief. And she will kill me for stealing her things. Initially, I wanted to pacify her, but she didn't let me speak a word. Without me noticing she took a hold of my hair and screamed at my face. Exactly at that moment when I understood it was futile to argue with her. So, I struggled to get out of her hold and ran outside in the verandah but she surprised me again, by attacking me with the wiper from the back. Though even after the hit, I didn't stop and sprinted towards my room and locked the door."

I understood, The word surprise was just a sarcastic remark of her. I imagined the whole scenario in my head. And my eyes turned redder as I closed my eyes.

Her tired voice compelled me to open my eyes. "When will it all stop, Jacky? I am tired of all this."

Standing, I walked up to her stool. And engulfed her large body in my small one. Giving her a little of the love that was still inside me.

As an elder sister, my heart hurt at the helplessness of the situation. How much I wanted to do something for her. Something that would have turned our situation a little better. No matter how much she grows up, she will always remain a kid for me. A kid for whom, even a bullied girl like me, fought with everyone who tried hurting her. I could never fathom that she had grown up to the point of getting wounds without even letting me know about it. Wasn't it the eldest one who will be the scapegoat for the youngest one? Not to mention she was supposed to be careless and irresponsible. But now the destiny had done such great injustice to us, that she had turned to be the responsible one.

I promised myself, 'one day, I won't let you get hurt.'

Her voice brought me out of my reverie.

"Ouch. My head hurts. Are you going to crush me to tears?" As she uttered a teasing question. Grinning. A mischievous glint in her eyes. That she used to mask her sad feelings.

"Eh. Sorry."

Taking back my arms awkwardly I smiled at her. And sat down, smiling.

"It's so delicious. I am loving it."

Her response surprised me.

"I love you, Jacky. "

"I love you too my dear sister."

Her next words surprised me, "By the way, I punched a boy today." And the halwa got stuck in my throat as I coughed hard. While she patted my back.

"Are you okay?"

Glaring at her, I drank a few gulps of water.

"Why?"

"He was eve-teasing a girl. And you know how much I hate guys who do that."

Giving her a small smile I looked up at her. Thankful that I haven't told her about Rohan yet. Otherwise, I don't want to imagine what will happen if they fought.

"I know. But you don't have to punch him for that. Just tell the teacher about it. Or do something else. Don't use violence."

"I will try to stop myself from hitting someone again."

I glared at her hard, trying to show her that I was serious while she laughed harder. For I knew what she said was something she would never be able to work upon. She had the habit of using her hands more than her tongue.

I can't seem to think as to where we would be in a few years. Perhaps we would be happy somewhere. Or perhaps we won't. The only thing I understood was that at least we were moving forward even if it was without a path or a destination. By weaving dreams of happiness.

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Dear Readers,

I hope you are loving the story. And if you are! Please make sure to leave some honest reviews for it.

What to expect in the upcoming chapters: Suspense, Drama, and A little Romance.

Mama here means Maternal uncle. While Gajar ka halwa is a carrot-based sweet dessert pudding in our Indian subcontinent.

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 17

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“Eyes are the informers of heart. They darken when we are angry, while softens when we are filled with love.” [Jacqueline]

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Jacqueline’s POV:

I gripped the straps of my backpack tightly. My whole form trembling in anticipation of what would happen to me today. I shifted in discomfort from one foot to another as a kid of age 6 years glared at me. If you are wondering where I am? I am at my bus stop waiting for my school bus to arrive for the last ten minutes.

I could sense my cortisol level increasing with each minute. Cortisol; a stress hormone, our nature’s inbuilt alarm system. And it was alarming to me that I needed to calm down. But when does that happen what we want? Almost every time what happens is opposite to what we want.

I place my hand on my heart. Realizing that My heartbeat was abnormally high.

“Di are you okay?”

The same 6-year-old kid asked me confusion clear in her eyes. I think her name was Riya or something. She was my bus companion. Though we never chatted, there were times when she had flashed a bright smile at me.

“I. Ye. Yeah. I am fine.” I stuttered the first time I spoke to a kid. It was embarra**ing.

“But you look pale.” She clutched the hem of my kurta and inquires again.

I exhaled, trying to downplay the words I said.

“Ah. Do I?”

I could feel her, sus***ious gaze on me. But I didn’t say anything. Waiting for her to either say something or just left me alone.

"You are so cute Di. When you pout." She giggled, as she said those words of admiration.

'Cute? Can a child lie? I didn't know. But normally I never heard of a kid lying.'

Smiling, I bent down and caress her forehead,

"Thank you, Riya. But I think you are cuter than me."

Her black eyes widened, as her cheeks turned a little pink. Her pink lips edging into a pout.

With a shy look.

She mumbles.

"You think so?"

I answered back "Yeah. I do. By the way, I have chocolate. Would you like some?"

"I. Her gaze turned a little hopeful but then as if remembering something. It turned a little distressed. As she muttered a small

"No. Mommy said, to not take chocolates from strangers."

"How about I introduce myself to you? Although I am no stranger to you, I have been your bus companion since last year. But just for you, I can tell you my name. And then we will no longer be strangers. "

A smile formed on her lips, as she nibbled on her lower lip.

"Yeah. You are right. Let's do this."

I held my hand for her to take smiling.

"Hie, My name is Jacqueline."

She took it with a smile on her face.

"Hello, Jacqueline Di, I am Riya. But you can also call me RiRi."

"I would love to."

"Great." She clapped her hands while I handed her the chocolate.

We both spent half an hour waiting for our bus to arrive. Eating chocolates and laughing at each other. As chocolate stained our lips, into a brown color.

As I saw the bus coming our way, I held her hand. And took out a small napkin from my backpack. Cleaning her lips with the tissue.

“You got some chocolate here RiRi. Let me just wipe it for you.”

“Okay JJ.”

I held her chin and cleaned it. Just when I tried to stand up, she held my cheeks and placed a small kiss on my cheeks.

“Thank you.” Uttering a word, she ran to the door of the bus. Her two ponytails swaying with the wind. As her little arms stretched out. The sight of her warmed my heart.

Several students peek out of the window. Looking at us curiously. While I patted my cheeks to cover up the blush.

On reaching the door, She glanced back and yell my name.

“Come faster JJ.”

I calm down and walk towards the bus exhaling. And she walks inside.

I watch as she settles down with her friends, smiling at me. I smile back and settle down on my usual seat.

Though she did manage to calm me, but now that I was alone again. Fear engulfed me. I fidget in my seat.

‘What am I supposed to say to him?’

‘That it wasn’t intentional. Or that it flew from my hands.’

My attention drifts to my cell phone. As I glanced at it. Remo had not texted me since yesterday. Why? I don’t know.

I opened my FB account, wanting to send him a message and ask where is he? Though I did not want to admit it, I missed him. I missed him a lot. Probably if last night I could have talked to him, my mood would be much better than right now.

I decided it was better to just text him if I wanted to. Because there are how many times I did the things I wanted? Probably very less.

“Hey, Where are you Jerk? Are you alright?”

"I am missing you."

There was no response. Exhaling I puffed my already puffed cheeks.

'Where do people go when we want them the most? When we are in desperate need of their presence. Where the hell is he?'

I guess he must be busy. Too busy to entertain me. Perhaps he might have some very important work to chat with me on useless topics.

The school arrives. And I glanced out of the window. Thinking about whether I should head inside or just leave. The driver's uncle glances at me from his seat. Confusion clear in his eyes.

"We are here Bitiya. Get off."

"Eh. Okay, uncle."

"By the way where were you yesterday, you didn't return and I had to leave the school because of kids screaming. So I am sorry to not be here for you."

"Mam Leila needed to discuss a project with me. So I was occupied by her. And don't say sorry, Uncle I know how difficult it is for you to deal with brats like us."

He nods at me, understanding my words.

"Not like you. Just except you. You are a good girl."

I grin at his words. A feeling of warmth flooding inside my chest.

'He thinks, I am a good girl.'

"Thank you, uncle. I will be going now. And I wish you Have a good day ahead."

"Thank you Bitiya. Bye."

I walk towards the entrance with slow steps wanting the gate to be closed before I can reach it. But it doesn't happen. As if time was laughing at me. As if Every second was spent making twice as much as a minute pa**es.

Then it happens, what I didn't want.

The Watchman sees me and yells at my face to enter inside fast.

I was still anticipating my reaction. When a hand fell on my shoulders. A very rough hand. A hand that I can recognize must be of a man.

Then his body and face come in view making me freeze. my eyes widening in fear and reality. The reality dawned upon me.

'Rohan.'

'I am so done.'

He smiles at me. A fake one.

And said.

"Let's head inside baby Jacky."

His husky voice sending shivers down my spine. He forced me to step along with him.

Despite my fear, I nod at him walking at the same pace.

"Good morning uncle. Don't mind her, she was waiting for me."

I could feel the watchman's judgemental gaze at me. As he looks at me like I am some dirty girl.

Though my heart was screaming at me to tell him, That he was lying. I wasn't waiting for him. Or that I wasn't in a relationship with him.

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 18

[/ Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen](#)

"When you try to save yourself from something. You are going to be more caught up in it." [Jacqueline]

....

I put up a fake bravado and gathered my courage out. Daring to explain to him.

"I. Uncle. He and I. It's not like what you are thinking."

His hold tightened upon my words. And I almost yelped as he pinched me on the shoulder.

"She is upset with me. Uncle. That's why she is saying that. Don't mind her."

"I." I was trying to say that he is lying. But I stopped when I looked at him from the side and noticed he was already looking at me. He mouthed the words, 'I will kill you. If you didn't shut up.' And I gulped and stopped explaining to him. Even if

I did, uncle will probably never believe me. He will think I was just hiding the fact of having a boyfriend.

I inhaled.

'Probably if he said so, no one will believe you. Have you seen his face, his body? If he is saying that you are his girlfriend. No one will believe you. Though they might bully you for being so ugly and still getting his interest.'

"Stop Thinking and step forward. If you don't want to create drama here."

His warm breath tickled against my ear. Creating a tingling sensation in the area. To create some distance from him, I nodded dumbly and stepped forward while he followed my action.

'Oh, God! Please save me from this devil. I don't know what he would do with me once he gets the chance.'

'Maybe he will kill you with his bare hands? Or maybe he will kill you with a pen the same way you did?'

I exhaled. And placed my hand near my chest area. Imagining it in my head.

'I did not want him to do that. I have b***s. I didn't want him to see me in that embarra**ing situation.

'A pen stuck in my breast.' I shuddered at the thought.

Soon I found myself standing in front of the isolated cla** of our school it was the cla** where no one came. There was a rumor about this cla**. That a kid had committed suicide in this room after failing the tenth cla**. Her name was probably Jannat. And it was said from then on a few more kids had died without any extra evidence.

When her death was announced initially the school administrators tried to cover it up. And they managed to cover it up in the end. After that day, more deaths happened. Whoever came near the cla**room alone. They died. And from then onwards, it was said that her spirit had turned evil and was doing all this to take her revenge against the school.

There was no evidence of someone else entering the room except the dead children themselves.

It was said, probably she was the one who killed other kids.

There was no clue, of their death. Even after the postpartum. After all the deaths, it was confirmed that she was haunting the area maliciously of the cla**room. So,

it was declared a no-entry zone. School administration prohibited anyone to even come near the area.

'Why did he took me here? I almost heard ghostly background music.'

I peeked at him and noticed him staring at me with an evil smirk.

The color drained from my face. And I paled.

"Why are we here?"

"To talk."

"What?"

He smiles.

"You heard me, I said to talk."

I shook my head in negative. I don't want to talk to him. Even if I do, it can not be in this place.

"How about we talk somewhere else?"

"Who said you have a choice, My dearest Annie baby?"

"It's Jacqueline," I mumbled in a small voice.

I press my hands on my legs. Silently readying myself to run away from him. From this place.

I barely had twirled when he spoke in a threatening manner.

"Don't you even dare to do that Jacky? I will bring you back on my shoulders like a sack of potatoes if you tried to run away from me. Not after the stunt, you pulled yesterday sweetcheeks."

I bit my inner cheek.

"Look. I. I. I am sorry for that."

I downcasted my gaze at my foot. Noticing the muddy water, in which my polish of shoes had now faded. And was just covered with wet sand. I inhaled, I had a thing with clean shoes. I will need them to clean three times now.

For me, it was a sin to get my shoes dirty. To top it off, when I was the one who was responsible for doing the laundry.

'Don't get angry Jacky. Calm down. You almost killed him yesterday. He deserves your little amount of tolerance.'

I inhaled a sharp breath.

'One, two, three.

Life is only free.

Till you are three.'

I chanted my peace poem. Again and again. Inhaling a few times. Peace.

The moment I looked up, I found him opening the b***ons of his shirt. Horrified I looked down again and tried to walk past him. But he grabbed my wrist. Halting my actions.

So I closed my eyes. I didn't want to see him naked.

"What's wrong with you? What are you doing?"

"I said. Don't even think of getting away from me. Not at least today Jacky."

His husky voice sent shivers down my spine. He sounded mad.

"Open your eyes. And look here."

I opened my eyes and looked up at him. He was closer than before.

He had opened the first four b***ons off his chest. His chest looked firm and white. I closed my eyes in regret. I was ogling at his naked chest.

"I."

"Huh. Who wants your sorry. Open your eyes sweetcheeks. See what you did! Look here."

I did not attempt to do what he was asking me to do. I might have a bucket list of the things I wanted to do. But looking at a man naked who was not my boyfriend. It wasn't on my list.

Just when I thought, he will spare me. He held my chin. The warmth of his fingertips entering my cold skin.

And I shivered at the contact.

His voice turned husky and he pressed a finger on my lips. Tracing my lips shape. And it all caused me to shiver more because of heightened senses. I wanted to open my eyes. But his naked chest made me decide otherwise.

"I must say, You have got some killer lips, Sweetcheeks. I am almost tempted to touch these soft petals. They seem juicy and sweet. How about I taste them?"

My eyes flew open at his words, and I glared at him hard. Screaming at him.

"Leave me, Rohan."

"No. I won't."

My eyes first landed on his chest, because of his tight that was exactly near to his upper abdomen. There was a white gauze wrapped around his chest. With a little red patch in between it.

'It must be because of the pen that had sliced his chest yesterday '

A smile graced his lips as I looked up, from his lips, I noticed a mischievous glint in his eyes.

I struggled with my hands. But he took them in just one of his hands. And practically rolled me to a nearby wall.

"What. Ar. Are you doing?" I stuttered, words leaving my brain. As I understood the real difference between the strength of a man and a woman. When I failed to even get away from him

"Let me tell you one thing, Jacqueline I always get what I want."

I was still in shock and in process of what he said. When his lips came crashing down on me. And my eyes turned wide at the realization.

'He is kissing me.'

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 19

/ [Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen](#)

"All the good girls do is chill and ignore people. While working hard at the same time on their dreams. And there are going to be very few ones who will allow you into their lives. So respect them." [Jacqueline]

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[Jacqueline's POV]

'He freaking took my first kiss.'

Realizing it was her first kiss, I struggled hard from his grip. But he pinched my wrist making me gasp in pain. which he used as an advantage and entangled his tongue with mine. Further Deepening the kiss.

'Oh, God! Please help me. What should I do?'

'1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.'

I counted to ten, that he will be done by the time. But when he didn't, I realized I was choking on air. My breathing had stopped while my heart was feeling like it had run over a mile.

For what felt like an hour, was only a minute in reality when the kiss ended. And his lips left mine. I felt a tingling sensation on my lips, while my breathing came in short pants. Everything around me felt blurry.

We were still in the same position. Him holding my wrist above my head while his whole body was pressed to mine. Without any space. He placed his head on my neck and inhaled deeply creating goosebumps on my skin.

I shuddered at the sensation. After calming myself, I took a deep breath. I needed energy lots of and lots of energy to do what I was going to do.

When I was sure, I had regained my energy. I hit my head hard on his, taking him by surprise again. But this time it wasn't because of pain. He grunted in a pain. And I took it as a chance to run away from him.

Heading towards the direction of the school playground. While hearing his scream,

"Come back, sweetcheeks If you don't want me to carry you back. And trust me it would be in a way that you will be in trouble."

"I don't care." Looking back I yelled through gritted teeth. And I saw him standing there with a lost look and surprised expression on his face. He had placed his left palm on his forehead. Where our heads had collided, while the other palm was on his lips. Touching his lips with the fingers of his right hand.

When I noticed I had reached a great distance away from him. I stopped running and turned around. Yelling.

"You are sc**. How dare you kiss me."

Amus****t flickered in his eyes. As his eyes met mine.

“Glad to know it was your first.”

Standing up, he gave me a cold smile. One that drenched my whole back with sweat. Taking few steps towards me.

I followed his suit, walking away quickly. As his voice fell in my ears again.

“You will regret hitting me, Sweetcheeks. You will regret running away from me.”.

I inhaled a shaky breath and walked back to him, surprising him.

‘Yeah. Surprise surprise.’

I poked his chest with my index finger. His eyes widened in disbelief. He opened his mouth to say something but closed it again.

‘Words failed huh?’

“We will see. But just for your information, I am not afraid of you Rohan. I do avoid unnecessary troubles but it doesn’t mean I am afraid of you. Or I am chicken-hearted. Trust me you won’t want to see my courage.”

He smirked. He f****ing dared to smirk at my words. Grabbing my hand he pulled me towards him.

One-hand on my waist clutching me tightly.

His eyes shining with amus****t. As he asks.

“Really?” He closes the gap between us, and I held my breath.

‘I probably should have left him without making a facade out of it. It would have been safer that way.’

My fickle mind reminded me, and I clenched my hands. I noticed his zoomed face just in front of mine. A few centimeters apart. I held my breath when he leaned in, and I tried to back away from him. Failing miserably as he tightened his arms around me so much that I a**umed it would leave red spots on me.

I was still weirded out by his weird actions when he licked my earlobe. I shuddered.

‘Eww Gross.’

I struggled to come out only to fail when his hold tightens upon me.

"Is that a challenge I am hearing sweetcheeks? I would love to see your courage."

I got goosebumps as his husky voice penetrated my eardrums. I attempted to come out of his arms.

"Let go of me. You a**hole."

Though with his behavior, I didn't expect he would leave me. I still screamed at him. Biting his arm. Sinking my teeth in the flesh of his arm.

"Ah. My wild cat! As you wish."

Giving me an evil smile, he left me and pushed me a little to the back. I staggered and my a** kissed the ground.

'Ah. I should have left when I had the chance. It was better than getting insulted by him.'

My subconscious taunted me back.

'I agree. Courage my a**.'

"You look better when you are lying like this."

I glared at him hard, hoping he would burn to ashes. But it didn't happen.

Exhaling. I tried to stand up. But failed miserably as my foot slip again. And I landed on my a** again.

He offered me his hand. Suddenly a serious look on his face. But I refused to take it. 'Who does he think he is? He can insult me however he wants and still think I will accept his so-called help. He was the sole reason I was in this situation.'

I ignored him and tried again.

His lips tug upward as his eyes scan my body. From top to bottom. Intensely.

"Ah. Somebody is angry! I just wanted to help you, sweetcheeks. I promise there was no trick in it. You are overthinking babe."

This time I was able to lift myself. And I exhaled. Grabbing the other end of the wall.

"I am perfectly capable of helping myself. Also, I am no damsel in distress."

He lifts a brow at me. I grab his collar wrinkling it a little. Trying to stain it with the sand that was on my hands.

“Oh! When did I say you can’t help yourselves?”

Puffing out my cheeks, I glared at him. Clenching my hands and then unclenching them again.

“Actions speak louder than words Rohan. Moreover, I am in this situation because of you. You are a pervert! How dare you take my first kiss away! Who do you think you are? Huh. How dare you force your kiss on me?” Uttering those words, I shook him hard. Wanting to bring some sense into him.

“Eh. But I wanted to kiss you. So I did. You are overthinking babe. It was just a kiss.”

“Just a kiss. Huh?”

I asked and stood on my tiptoe bending my knee aiming for his shin. kicking him there. Smirking

“I hope you won’t mind! After all it just a kick!”

However, he didn’t fell to the floor as a villain did when heroines kicked them. And My smirk vanished.

“You. Should have kicked a little lower sweet cheeks. My balls are not there.”

He chuckled though he was in pain but not as much I wanted him to be in. He rubbed the place where I had kicked him.

Hearing his words I gazed where I did kick him. And realized, he was indeed right. I kicked a little bit higher than I should have.

I wanted to kick him again but knowing him, he might be aware of my next move. So I kept mum and walked away from him.

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 20

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I was back in my room, doing my delayed homework that I needed to complete. After our bad encounter, The rest of the day went smoothly for me without any difficulties and I didn’t saw him again too, just a few rude words here and there from some of my bullies nothing worse.

‘Your first kiss is stolen. What could be worse than it?’

My stupid brain reminded me and I shook my head to clear my thoughts. Crying over things that I have no control over will do me nothing good. It will only increase my problems.

Inhaling a breath, I opened my phone to distract my mind. Wanting to see if Remo did text me again or not.

“Hey”

“Are you worried about me Jacky?” I read and reread his text multiple times.

‘Why? I didn’t even know myself.

Scrolling down I saw his other text.

“Riots have occurred after the last day we talked and the internet was shut down for a few days here, so I couldn’t contact you. But don’t worry about me! I am fine. Nevertheless, if you missed me so much how about you give me your phone number. It will be easy for you to contact me.”

Instantly my brows frowned and I opened the google and searched for it.

‘it had happened. Oh, God! And I didn’t even have any idea about it. Riots in our country happen almost every year. It was nothing new. Two communities fighting over something without even a concrete reason mainly it was always caused by the political parties just before the election to win in one.

“Hey. I am sorry to know about it. Are you Okay? How about your family? Is everything okay?” This time I typed faster than I would have typed. Maybe he had created a little place for himself in my heart.

“I am fine Jacky. Don’t worry, me and my family both are fine. I didn’t know I mattered to you that much. ” his reply was ready in an instant and my heart decided to do a summersault without me knowing. What was I doing? Getting worried over a boy I talked like from a few days ago.

At that time I didn’t get the idea, of how to reply to him. So I took few seconds to type out the perfect reply

“Of course, I knew about the riots, that’s why I was asking.” I tried to portray that It was a nonchalant reply.

“Whatever makes you sleep at night baby.” He teased and instantly a smile Bloomed on my face.

He has a way with words.

"1234567890 this is my number. If you are worried about me next time, don't hesitate to call me. I will be happy to answer you back." I found myself staring at the screen again.

'How can he just give me his phone number, doesn't he have any trust issues?' I was still processing the information he gave me when His second message comes quickly and my breath hitched reading it.

"By the way, I couldn't stop thinking about you in the last two days. I know you might think I am just trying to flatter you, but this is coming from my heart. I missed you, Jacky."

I exhale, God, when the hell did these words, started affecting me. Am I falling in love?

I looked at his text again. And then again. Reading it like twenty times. And then look up from it looking at myself in the mirror on the wall. Along with understanding his flirting, I was smiling. I couldn't wipe out the smile from my face.

"Jacky? What happened?"

I didn't reply. I didn't know how was I suppose to reply to him. So I kept my phone aside and concentrated on my books. Biology book. Highlighting the important lines and making a question at every line. Thanks to him, I was able to reconnect with the subject without any hindrance from my mind since it was a topic of hormones. Chemical messengers of our body, responsible for our various emotions. 'Yeah, it must be hormones that were making me behave in the way I was doing.'

I was midway through writing the question at each line when my new pen's nib fractures and my veins tighten. 'I am still thinking about him!'

Another ping from my phone compelled me to grab it up and I saw his other text

"I would like to kiss you once Jacky."

His words changed again, I was still unaware of how his mind worked?

Nikki's voice along with her knocking on my door made me sit up. "Jacky! Come down for dinner!"

Clearing the crease from my clothes I stood up walking towards the door. It was her turn to make something for dinner today. And she had this weird habit of making people eat dinner the moment she finishes simmering it.

"Coming."

Abruptly, I open the door at her face.

I scream. "Ah!"

and she screams

"Ah.."

"You."

I laugh flickering a finger on her forehead.

"Someone is scared!"

"I am going to kill you, Jacky!" She tries to grab me. But I run towards the stairs waving at her. Laughing.

"Hahaha. Catch me first dear sister."

Though she was better than me in sports, it didn't mean she was better than me in running. It was the only aspect I was better than her.

'Hah. Since I am also better at running away from my problems.'

I stopped for my breathing to normal. While She came from behind me tickling me. Oh, I forgot to tell you I was always a ticklish person. Even if someone just touches me in sensitive places I get tickled.

She hands-on me; my stomach. As she pressed her fingers near my belly b***on.

"Haha. Stop it, Nikki, please. I swear I will not do it again."

I thrashed my hand to hers trying to stop her but she is the strong one. She Held mine in one. Without any extra effort.

"No. Who told you to mess with me. Now bear with it."

"Hahaha. But Nikki it wasn't too much. So stop it. haha Please."

Her eyes narrowed at me and I ignored my urge to roll my eyes at her.

"You have to promise me?"

Controlling my giggles, I nodded at her eagerly trying to make her believe that I was serious when in my heart I wasn't. The minute she will leave me I will mess

with her again. She dusted the invisible dust from my clothes and ran her fingers on my stomach again resulting in my giggling again.

“You should know, what I will do to you the next time if you tried that prank on me.” She said coolly her eyes filled with mischief while her fingers played across my bulge again making me inhale.

My eyes filled with tears because of all the laughing.

“Yes she cries a lot, but she is not fragile like dolls not like petals. She can burn you in flames if you dared to mess with her.” ifveen]

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She is going to tickle me to death if I didn't agree with her. So I nodded meekly at her.

I felt her hand loosening on my wrists and I collected my weak body. Walking further away from her. I should attack her from far away since attacking her when I am this near to her is dangerous.

I took a deep breath to calm my nerves and quickly I pulled up the cushions from the sofa hurling at her face in a swift motion

She gaped at me, wide-eyed but her eyes showed a clear emotion of affection and happiness.

Laughing I stuck my tongue out at her as I ran opposite her. Looking back I saw amus****t clear in her eyes.

“You should laugh more like this Jacky. I want to see you laughing so carefree and so happy. Again and again.”

Her words made me press my lips in a thin line. Remembering my reality of life.

She put the cushion down and raised her hands to touch me and just when I thought she was going to tickle me, she hugged me gently though.

Mumbling “I missed seeing you like this Jacky. Please stay this way. It brings joy to me too.”