

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 26

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“Be strong even when your bones feel like they cannot carry the weight of your soul.” [Jacqueline]

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[Jacqueline’s Pov]

After Rohan’s weird words, Mrs. Reina found me and she took me to the principal’s office, requesting a half-day for me given my knee as well as elbow wounds. And for that I was thankful. She even helped me to hail an auto-rickshaw for home. She was too kind.

The moment I returned, I found my parents fighting. Again. I looked through the window as daddy slapped her twice resulting in her falling on the cemented floor. Her clothes were disheveled while her eyes filled with tears.

Without my permission, my feet took me over to them and I found myself standing in front of my father. I looked up to his 5’7 form.

“Please Stop Daddy. Don’t hit her.” The moment my words ended, one slap landed on my jaw and I staggered back.

Another slap landed on mom’s face but I replaced her just in time as it landed on my back.

“Jacqueline Go away. She is not having her medicines and she has irritated me beyond the limit today. Today I will make sure to relieve all ghostly souls from her. That is if she ever had one.”

Tears fell from my eyes, but I managed to glare at him. As I yelled.

“Stop hitting her.”

He slapped me again, his black eyes flooding with fury.

“Who do you think you are to scream at my face?”

“I am not paying for your school if you learn to scream in front of your parents there.”

Another harsh slap landed on my backbone and I landed on the bed.

"b****." Another slap landed on my face as I tried to cover myself from his harsh beatings by my hands. Sometimes I couldn't understand the concept of respect in elders.

'Are we supposed to respect someone who physically abuses us? Just because he is paying for our bills? Can money make people so powerful? Can age make people respect them? Whatever it was! I couldn't possibly hit my father back. Since he had done so many things for me.'

"Get up." He yelled through gritted teeth and my body immediately followed his command as if to protect itself.

He glared at me.

I glared back at him.

He sighed,

"Jacqueline Make sure she has her medicines. I am a**igning you this duty to get her to have her medicines. And if you fail, you and she both will see hell."

My body shuddered at his threat. But I still maintained my gaze with him. Sweating started. Daddy hated people who were not courageous. So I faked, squaring my shoulders I uttered one word.

"Okay."

He left the room creating the noise of banging of the door. While I helped mommy up.

"Are you okay?" I asked hesitantly.

"No. Everyone wants to kill me. You are one of them too. Huh? Aren't you?"

"You neighbor I am your you neighbor, we ate biryani for a few days together. Did you forget?"

Slowly her eyes moved on my body and recognition flooded her eyes.

"Oh. Leila. He wants to kill me." She placed her hand on my lap while I ma**aged her scalp.

"He cannot hit you, now I am here."

In response, she only cried harder, clutching my hand in a death grip.

2 hours later, she had finally stopped crying.

"I am hungry."

"I will bring the food for you. Okay?"

"Okay."

"But first you have to eat these medicines."

"No God has ordered me that as his messenger I can not eat medicines."

The aching in my forehead increased and I nodded at her with a smile.

'Guess I will just have to add the medicines in the food.'

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2 hours later...

The polluted cold smell of fresh air of Delhi fills my system and I look around. It's 5 pm, and the orange sun is enveloping me in its color. I kept my eyes on the street, watching as a few cars pa**ed by creating white noise. I cough hard as the dust settles inside my nostrils. Besides a few cars, that pa**ed through the road, there seemed only police personnel, returning from their training. Their marched steps together fell in my ears as I tried to avoid them. 'Police always gave me creeps. And I didn't know why?'

'I guess it must have been related to their uniform and the kind of power, it provides them.

The street corridor was enveloped by some higher rank official's home as well as some shops. Particularly traditional. Then again it must have to be because they were government quarters. As I walked forward, a large banner, printed in blue "Shree women's Gym" caught my attention and I smiled.

Finally, I found it. I have been pleading with Nikki, since last month that to enroll in the gym. But she a confident girl always neglected it. Saying,

"We are beautiful we don't need to go there."

However, today I kind of preserved my courage to go to one and inquire about fees and everything.

The entrance didn't seem to be particularly eye-catching. Just a small metal door, that I opened from outside. Which leads to a small walk-in area surrounded by a

beautiful green garden. It was beautiful. Whoever she was she organized it quite amazing.

Then came three brown gates in my view. And deciding on one, I pressed the doorbell. A young boy who appeared just a year or two younger than I appeared as he led me inside."

And the next second a chubby yet slender woman in her late 30s arrived.

As she led me to her office, through the area of the gym. There was nothing extraordinary. Two electronic treadmills, a cycle, a criss-cross trainer, a tummy twister, few dumbbells.

Smiling she jotted down my body's measurement.

"What's your age dear?"

"17 aunties."

"Oh. I am sorry, then you should come next year. We don't allow people less than 18 years here."

My hands clenched tightly in disappointment but I still managed to smile at her.

"How about fees?"

"You will know next year, dear."

"Oh. Okay."

I returned home as the sunsets another light rises. The moon.

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 27

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"Self-harm is not a disease. It's a spell that is cast on us in the weakest moments."
[Jacqueline]

....

[Jacqueline's pov]

Sometimes I love that time pa**es. That it won't stop for anyone. Because sometimes getting through a night alive is the most audacious thing. Like last night I felt the need to just kill myself. The need to remove the pain of these sufferings. Is death that horrible? Or is it because people have never been able to

get through the real hidden secret of it that they blubber against deaths. Have you ever felt that? The feeling of just get the day over. So you won't have to stay in the same place that is hurting you? Huh. What I am even asking, everyone, does feels that. Not just sometimes. But various times.

After I returned home, I found Daddy hitting Mummy again. Her cries in agony pierced my heart. Her tears doing nothing just shattering my heart.

'Does anyone deserve this? Even if she had mental disorders. She doesn't deserve to be treated that way.'

The thoughts lined up in the back of my head and I clenched my fists. It seems the few men I have had the pleasure of having in my life had a knack for violence. First my dad and then Jaan and then Rohan.

"Please Stop punching her dad. Why are you hitting her?"

He turned around, his black eyes blazing in fury and I drew in a sharp breath to maintain the facade of courageous girl. A word that has nothing to do with me. While in truth I was too scared to even match his glare.

"She had cooked this egg curry instead of vegetables, and on top of that, she had screamed her lungs out that I have swapped her cooked dish with someone else. This crazy s***ty woman."

"She is ill dad. Please leave her."

"He had swapped my dish with a neighbor Leila I swear."

I ignored her a**ertion. In schizophrenia, people create their imaginations which lead them to believe in it.

"Shh. Please mo. I mean Aunty."

"Aunty?" His angry voice reverberated through the yellow walls of the verandah and I shivered.

"Please, Dad. Stop it."

"Why are you calling her Aunty? And who is Leila?"

"Dad, please."

A harsh slap landed on my face and I tumbled down on the floor.

"Don't you dare to raise your voice on me? I am not paying for your a** just so you can raise your voice on me. s***."

Tears gathered in my eyes and I bit my lip to stop them from gushing out.

'He is right Jacqueline. You are living on his money. You can not afford to angry him.'

My eyes clenched shut as I tried to blur his curses that he was throwing at us. After an hour when he was too tired to speak, he ordered me to fetch a gla** of water for him, and I the one without any respect followed his command without any word.

'Mom always said that one silent person beats hundreds.' And I did for the first time in my life I won and understood that the strength of silence and preference gives you the power to win anything you face.

After drinking water, he left home maybe for eating food in a hotel.

I sighed in a little relief. Anyone who had an abuser in their home will agree with me, that when they leave home it soothes us. It helps us to retain our patience.

Helping mom to the bad, I asked whether she was hungry. She nodded her head and I was almost heading to the kitchen when she spoke again.

Her voice is a little hoarse from all the crying while she hiccuped in completing a sentence.

"The egg curry I. I. Prepared. He threw it on the road, before he. He started hitting me. And I think the utensils would still be on the road."

My hands clenched while my body shook from her words. Visibly surprised I walked to the door to check if it was her imagination or was she right?

But there it was a large stainless steel pot and the curry s***tered all over the street coloring the road in yellow. While a few dogs were eating up the eggs happily. My eyes stung at least someone was happy because of his cruel ways.

Exhaling I picked it up. Tears falling from my eyes to the pot. I cried at my misery.

"Oh My God! Did Dad throw the curry here? Or was it mom?"

Nikki's voice made me inhale sharply as I wiped the tears from my sleeves trying to control my emotions.

After making sure there were no more tears I turned around looking at her with a half-smile. Her tall form towering above mine, yellow street light shining on her square-shaped face. The backpack behind her told me she must have been in one of her tutitions.

"Yes. He did." Even I was surprised that my voice would come out that calm.

Immediately after she stepped towards me. Her black eyes filling with concern.

"Oh, my God Jacky! Did he hit you?"

My eyes widening in realization. I didn't want to speak because I knew if I did my voice will betray my calm face.

I turned around quickly and walked up to the gate. Mumbling a small no. Because I wasn't able to express to her what has happened without crying.

That night after preparing a potato curry for mom and her I retired to my room. I wasn't hungry. Not even a bit. Hah! Who would be? If they are slapped a tenth of times in a day.

Nikki had tried asking me what happened but I simply chose to ignore her making her feel like I was too busy to answer her questions. That way at least one of us would be able to sleep in peace.

The earlier scene flashed in my mind like a dark movie. One when mom used to beat me almost every day without a concrete reason. Because she was mentally unstable. And then to my father when he used to beat us for every single thing that happened badly. As if we were responsible for his misery. The thoughts of self-harm consumed my mind and for a moment I wanted to try killing myself.

'What's the use of this life? If I am only going to suffer? Maybe death would make me feel peace! Maybe I will be happy there. Maybe everyone's sufferings will end! Maybe dad will finally realize to never abuse a woman without a solid reason? If I kill myself! Will he?'

Hesitantly I picked up the fruit knife on the table wanting to slice it through my wrist. Tears shedding on the shinier part of it.

'God, should I come to you?'

'Please, God! Forgive me for this sin that I am going to commit!'

'Will you forgive me today God?'

'If you don't want me to kill myself? Then please kill me! Please! I want to come to you. I am done here!'

Closing my eyes I took a deep breath and started a small cut. Blood gushing out from the small wound but I didn't feel any pain. Was it possible that my brain was not working anymore? That my sense failed to send signals to my brain?

'Hah. What I am thinking? I should just slice it in one go. Then there will be more possibility of my death.'

As I tried to embed the pointy part to my wrist more by applying pressure a sudden notification scared me and the knife fell from my hand. Creating a noise of tang and I came out of my reverie.

Horrified I looked down as the blood fell drop by drop on the knife and white floor staining both in red.

'Oh, God! What was I doing? In a weak moment, I was going to kill myself?'

'What will happen to Nikki? If you killed yourself? She will have to endure this s***ty life alone and there would be no one to share her pain. Do you want that jack?' A voice in my head reprimanded and advised me and I found myself unable to reply.

'Maybe it would have ceased my pain. But do I want Nikki to stay in this life alone?'

The answer was quick. 'No.' I would never want that.

Another notification's voice popped up and I came out of my thoughts realizing I still had a wound to attend to.

My feet took me to the corner of the wooden table and I picked up the first aid from it. Applying the Dettol on the wound followed by the topical antiseptic cream.

After I was done, I walked up to the bed taking the phone to check who was my Saviour.

Remo's name flashed on the screen. And I found myself staring at his text.

"Hey."

"Sorry about earlier. I was angry."

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 28

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"A day will come when you will realize that not killing yourself is the best feeling in the world because you will realize there is much more in life than the sadness that surrounded you the time you tried to suicide." [Ifveen]

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“Sorry?”

“I was angry” huh. My eyes sharpened reading the text, why was he angry? Just because I declined to send him a picture. Who does he think he is! How can he hurt me and then go back to like it was nothing? As if.

‘But he saved you today Jacqueline! Otherwise, you might be dead, instead of seeing yourself here.’

‘You could end this in a second Jacqueline. This weird friendship if you want to.’

‘But would you like that? To end your first friendship this miserably? It wasn’t like you didn’t say anything to him. You did. You have trust issues, Jacqueline. You have insecurities, so you can’t force your explanation on him.

What if he just wanted to see you?

What if he didn’t have any bad intention towards you?

What if he was hurt by your words?’

‘You can’t run from people all your life Jacqueline. Your coping mechanism will fail you one day Jacqueline.’

My mind reminded me, a part telling me that I was right. While another part telling me that I was wrong. Without even realizing I found it hard to breathe when my gaze landed on the white gauze wrapped around my wrist.

‘That’s right. He did save me. So I shouldn’t ignore him. It’s all me. He just wanted a picture that I denied because of my insecurities. He must have felt bad about it.’

I assumed his emotions by heart even though he didn’t say a word.

Taking a deep breath, I opened the FB again. Texting him back.

“It’s Okay. I was a little bit rude earlier today. I am sorry too.”

Almost immediately another text arises and I found myself staring at it.

“It’s Okay. I will wait for the day till you start trusting me so much that you will share your picture with me willingly.”

My sealed lips tugged upward ever so slightly in the gloominess of night. Yet My mind jumbled all the thoughts together making me struggle to find a perfect reply.

“It will never happen!”

"We will see."

After a minute or two, I replied.

"Hm."

"What happened? Is everything alright with you Jacky?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"I don't know, I feel like I am not talking to you."

"Why?"

"What's wrong Jacqueline? Would you like to share it with me?"

"Nothing is wrong."

"Okay if you say so."

"So Have you had your dinner?" The feeling of an empty stomach and empty soul surrounded me and I reminisced the part where I was getting slapped again and again. Where I have faked the tasteless bravery.

Another ping brought my attention back to the cell phone.

"Jacqueline?"

"Yes."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I meant yes I had dinner."

"Your words feel like you are sad today. Did something terrible happen? Tell me, Jacqueline?"

Staring at the white screen filled with blue marks made my eyes sting as the tears fell on the phone.

Drop by drop.

Both hands found it difficult to even write. Making me feel as if the alphabets are laughing at my misery, Just like how my schoolmates do.

"Nothing Happened. Good night."

I didn't remember when I had sat on the bed when I was in the middle responding to him.

'Was it his effect? Or the sadness that seems to swallow me.'

Hesitatingly I lifted the covers and laid down. But the tears didn't stop, as if my eyes had decided to water as much as a river. My distracted mind had returned to the same scene where dad was hitting me like I didn't matter to him. Like I was nothing in his heart.

The tears fell on the pillow covers, wetting them in certain patterns while all the beatings that I had been through in my life played in my mind like an action-packed movie where I was the punching bag of everyone. Whether it was Mom or Dad. Or Grandad or Grandma.

"Oh, God! Please change daddy into a nice husband. A nice father. Please, God. Please. Please. Please. Please cure Mumma's illnesses." My knees pressed against my stomach as I found myself crying without making a noise in the fetal position.

"Oh, God! What wrong did I committed that you are punishing me in this way! If you can not change these conditions. Then call me to heaven. Oh God, Please give me death. Please."

I chanted those words in my heart again and again till I fell asleep.

The next day when I woke up, it felt like a part of me had died yesterday.

My eyes were red filled with dark circles, my face seemed too red leaving traces that I must have cried. The white flowery pillow was soaked from one side. Maybe it was the combination of tears, snot, saliva.

Not wasting a minute, I changed my clothes into the uniform and left for school. I was early today, I knew I was. But I didn't have the energy to answer Nikki's stupid questions. If she saw me with the gauze, she will make me tell her everything. I didn't want that.

Greeting driver uncle I sat down on my regular seat. While he turned his neck towards me as he said locking his gaze on mine.

"What's the wrong Beta? Are you fine?"

I faked a smile.

An enthusiastic one.

"Yes Uncle, I accidentally got some soap in my eyes when I was in the bathroom, so that's why I look like this."

Nodding he said seriously, his black eyes softening

“Remember to take care of your eyes next time beta.”

“Yes, I will uncle.”

A noise of ping caught my attention and I found myself unable to stop about Remo. It must be him.

Hastily I pulled out my mobile phone, to look at what he was texting me then I found Rohan’s text.

“Wait for me in the hallway sweet cheeks, I have something to tell you.”

My eyes sharpened in frustration. We are not even friends, how can he just say to meet him in the hallway. Yet the next second I remembered his words and my whole form shuddered in fear.

I forgot about him yesterday. He said he will be the only one to bully me.

Oh God! what should I do?

To distract my mind I opened my messenger finding 10 of Remo’s text messages.

“Okay. Nothing happened. I am not going to force you to tell me, sweets.”

“Why did you say Good night. I want to talk to you, Jackie. Talk to me.”

“Listen if you are angry because of my words. I am sorry again.”

“Jackie I wasn’t prying into your life. I just wanted to know what’s bothering you. Because that’s what friends do. Aren’t we friends?”

“You left. This is wrong Jacky. Aren’t we supposed to share each other’s pain?”

“Aren’t you going to ask me, if I feel sad tomorrow?”

“Will you just let it be?”

“No. Na baba. I know. So please try to understand.”

“I hope whatever’s bothering you will diminish.”

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen chapter 29

/ Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

"Your pain isn't just painful prose. It's a novel. So fight those battles and slay."
[Jacqueline]

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"Jacqueline's Pov:"

There was no sound of birds chirping, just the sound of man-made vehicles moving, colliding people or vehicles, the chattering voice of my bus mates, and chaos.

My eyes took in the environment around me and then focussed on the phone again. I was doing this for five minutes, just taking everything in that was happening around me.

Remo's last text was,

"Stop ignoring me Jacqueline Please. I am going to pray for you."

The feeling of emptiness was getting killed by the feeling of flattering. 'Someone can pray for me.'

'A stranger can pray for me.'

'Someone does worry about me.'

I am not lonely, someone does care about me enough to pray for me.

It was a savoring feeling for me, a one of a kind that spilled somewhere inside my brain and shuffled to everywhere it could reach. Suddenly, my wrist started hurting me and I found myself wincing.

Pain affects you when you are cared for. Glancing at the gauze wrapped around my wrist I felt only pain.

I tried to eradicate the sweet feeling inside me but the warmth his words brought has already buried itself deeply in my mind, body, or soul.

As my eyes read his texts, again and again, I found slowly, very slowly the sadness had started vanishing. My eyes brimmed with tears and I couldn't comprehend my own emotions. My painful prose.

'Why am I crying again?'

"It's Okay. I wasn't angry, I was just a little sad."

"And you are right, we are supposed to share each other's pain. We are supposed to be there for each other, I would do that too because That's what friends do."

"Of course, I am going to ask you, if you feel sad Remo. I will share my pain with you sometimes. I am sorry I behaved like a b**** yesterday. I will tell you another time what was bothering me. And, Thank you for praying for me♥ It means a lot to me, You almost turned my sadness into nothing. Thank you, Remo. Thank you so much."

The minute, I pressed the send b***on another text arrives.

"I wasn't able to sleep last night Jacky, I thought something happened to you. Please don't leave me hanging next time. I even searched your address on your profile to make sure you were safe. I don't why Jacky, My gut was telling me to reach you."

The morning breeze fluttered my black hair lightly. They were so silky that even when I had tied my hair into plates, they come out of it. I smile without even knowing I tuck my hair behind my ear.

Somehow his words were soothing me without even me knowing.

"I am sorry Remo, it won't happen again. I promise."

"I hope so Jacky. And I would like to know what happened?"

The bus stopped and I stood up, placing the phone in my bag. As everyone left, and I started walking to the door I felt someone's eyes on me.

And the next second driver uncle's voice stopped me dead in my tracks.

"What happened to your wrist beta?"

"Ah. This. Uncle. That. I."

"Don't tell me, you. Did you try to kill yourself?"

I averted my eyes from his black ones and Asian face glancing at the metal door wishing to just fly away from the scene.

"Ah. No. No. Uncle. My little cousin's sister's gla** shard pierced through my skin when I was trying to take it away from her."

I was surprised to see that the doors were a little rusty, as well as dusty at the corners almost blueish. The paint had started coming off, overall it looked pretty old.

When I didn't found his response I looked back at him but found him looking at me intently. He didn't acknowledge my answer like he already knew I was lying.

After a minute, his voice reached my ears again. I could sense some pity and love in that one sentence.

"Please take care of yourself, Jacky. Life is a blessing and we all need to cherish it. Always know, I am here and I care about you."

Despite his warm words, I felt cold all over. If an uncle as old as him can see through my lies, how am I going to deal with my bullies?

Not wanting to delay him further, for his second trip to the student's home. I nodded and said.

"I know uncle. I know you care. I will share with you if anything like that arises. Have a good day."

"You too beta. You too."

Having listened to uncle's words I dashed out of the bus. Sprinting towards my cla**room. I didn't want to encounter Rohan again. Who knows what he will do this time?

The security guard glared at me, adjusting the brown cap on his head to the glare he sent to bad students or the students who were in a relationship with some bad boys.

He puffed his flat chest that was covered in light yellow almost khaki color shirt. A stance he did when he wanted to intimidate someone.

'Bloody b***** Rohan. Now even the Security guard uncle hates me. I hope you find c***roaches in your clothes.'

I cursed Rohan in my head and avoided having eye contact with the guard. Pretending to smoothen the creases from my uniform or adjusting the backpack as if it was too heavy.

The moment I finally pa**ed through the entrance that was around 10 feet long, four feet wide. I could feel his fury gaze on my back, but when it stopped I exhaled.

"Finally I am out of his eyesight."

The moment my words ended, another voice interrupted my small victory.

"Jacqueline."

'Not you again.'

“Jaan?”

Ever so deliberately, I turned around looking at him. His young cheeks were still bruised, there was obvious proof of their fighting on his face. But he still managed to look handsome.

‘Handsome yet cruel.’

There were worse places to be stranded with him for sure but it wasn’t that worse.

Seeing he stood motionless I asked. “Yeah. What?”

His eyes filled with fury but he seemed to be suppressing it. As if there was an invisible force compelling him to do so. He faked a smile at me, his smile didn’t seem to reach his eyes. And I shuddered. I would never imagine that he could smile at me, even if the world was ending. It was impossible, so impossible that I might have believed if someone said the sun was rising from the west. But him smiling at me.

‘No. No. No. I must be dreaming. But why would I dream about him smiling at me?’

I mentally prepared myself to run, as I started to walk away from him, but without turning around. Just a few steps back and I could run easily.

“I. You. Wait, Jacqueline. Don’t move.”

My lips thinned while my feet stopped moving, following his command as if he was the ghost who was controlling my body.

“I. He started to say, but then His eyes moved towards a corner I followed his eyes. There was no one in the corner, who is he looking for? Confusion painted my features.

I was surprised when I noticed He had closed his eyes while clenching his hands at either side. ‘What’s wrong with him?’

However, what surprised me more were the next words that left his mouth.

“I am sorry about what happened that day Jacqueline. Please forgive me?”

My eyes turned saucer, while my mouth hung open. Literally.

‘Did he just apologized to me?’

‘No. No. I must be dreaming. It can’t happen!’

I mumbled to myself, shaking my head in disbelief.

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 30

[/ Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen](#)

Dear Readers♥

Thank you for giving this story a chance. What to expect?

1. Emotional connections.
2. Heartbreak, betrayal.
3. Steamy chats.
4. Steamy scenes.
5. Kidnapping.

....

I will try to update as early as I can. So don't forget to comment on what you think about it.

"Don't pour your heart in the people who don't even have any idea how to take care of it!"[Jacqueline]

....

[Jacqueline's POV]:

I pinched myself hard on my wrist.

"Did he just apologized to me?"

'Or am I dreaming?'

'No. No. He can not apologize to me. It must be a dream.'

"What's wrong with you Jaan? Did you forgot to have your medicines today?"

He smiles. A weird smile that gave me a creepy feeling. One you get when you hear a sound in darkness and you assume it's a ghost.

"There's nothing wrong with me. And what medicine are you talking about? I don't take any medicine. f***. I barely have medicines in fever." He groans in frustration and runs a hand through his black hair that he seemed to have dyed with brown. Gross.

"Then why did you apologize to me?" I ask, looking him in the eye. My voice sounded a little harsh.

He leans closer crossing his arms across his chest. His white shirt flexing his muscles.

'He seems to work out a lot.' I declare to myself inwardly.

"Yes, I did. Jacqueline. I am sorry Please forgive me." His eyes moved towards the corner again. And my eyes followed his action like a hawk.

'No one is there.'

'Who is he looking for?'

His eyes locked with mine again. He didn't seem guilty. Not even an ounce of guilt was in his eyes. Neither his posture.

Yet his words made me feel ironic. Why? He was the first guy who was good at everything. From studies to the football team. He was the guy who started bullying me without a concrete reason.

Even Tina had one, that I have stolen my pencils from her. But he, on the other hand, had none. Not even one.

I avoid eye contact with him and look slightly off to the side at our school's mini, water fountain. I find the constant rhythm of babbling water to be soothing and comforting. The logo of our School shining in the sunlight on the back wall of the fountain. It was a weird one. Two green leaves surrounding a black book where Modern School was printed in italics. Nothing too fancy.

"Jacqueline."

His voice brings me back to reality.

"Yes." I perk up.

"I am sorry."

"I heard you the very first time Jaan." I fake a smile at him briefly meeting his eyes.

"Oh?"

I dig my not so manicured nails into my palm. To get off the pressure of his persona that seemed to surround me.

“You. You made school life hell for me Jaan. So hell that I didn’t even want to come back to school. What makes you think I will forgive you. Forgive hah. What makes you think I will believe your fake apology? Or your fake drama. I don’t seem to understand why you are doing this though?”

I pause giving him time to comprehend what I said.

“Tell me it’s a dare Jaan?”

“I” he takes a deep breath as if he had stopped breathing from the moment I was speaking. Maybe that’s what he did.

“Trust me, the apology came from my heart.”

I laugh. I don’t even know why I laughed. Or why even I was trying to argue with him. Was it because I had been through death last night? Or was it something else?

“Stop lying Jaan.”

“I am not lying.”

I scoot away from him a little and allow myself to fake compa**ion.

“You can’t ask for my forgiveness Jaan. It’s not possible. A guy who hated me without a reason will never apologize to me. And on top of that, if that guy is you. You are a bad boy.”

I could feel students watching us as they walked inside the campus building. Some were even whispering am*** themselves. But my laugh, my one octave higher laugh, increased people’s attention on us as they stopped a little farther away from us to listen to what we were talking about.

My gaze lock on his again. He seems stunned. Surprised. as if he wasn’t expecting me to say those words. But he masks it pretty quickly.

He smiles but it lacks vivacity.

“Who said I hated you without a reason? I have a reason. A very good one at that Jacqueline.”

He c***s a brow at me walking close. Much close than I would have liked.

"Don't come so close," I say, trying to maintain distance between us by walking backward.

The students chattering voices grew louder as they form a semi-circle around us. Yet they do nothing. Not even stopping him. Not a word.

He smiles at me. A cruel one as I notice his eyes narrow dangerously, his lips tugs upward from a corner.

Bending down, He takes a hold of my elbow tugging me towards him with such force that I land on his chest.

Words seem to fail me. As he speaks in my ear.

"You want to know why I hate you? Huh?"

His warm breath tickles my skin and goosebumps arise. I struggle from his hold but it does nothing to him as his fingers tighten around my elbow. Almost in a painful grip.

"What. Words are failing you now Jacky. huh?"

He uses his other arm and forces my head to stay on his chest. His minty smell makes me grimace. And I found myself shuddering.

What is he doing in front of such a large audience.'

My eyes move towards other students who were doing nothing but watching us. Like a show. My pleading look doesn't seem to reach anyone's eyes. And for the first time, I felt.

'People with eyes can be blind too.'

Seeing no one is going to help me if I didn't help myself. I found myself screaming.

"Let go of me, you b*****."

He fakes his voice into a husky one. Still pressing me to his chest. His arm had folded around my waist now while another was still on my head. Keeping me in place.

"Shh. I won't do anything. Didn't you said, you don't know the reason why I hate you? I just want to tell you the reason why I hate you?"

He bends down again, this time speaking in my ear.

“Because I like you, Jacqueline. I hate you because I like you. I like your simplicity. I like your morality.” His hands loosen upon my head and I look up, while he closes the distance between our faces.

” I like your lips. I hate that I can’t have you, even after liking you so much.”

My vision blurs and I shake my head in disbelief. I would have even said a few words to him to not lie to me. But my head starts spinning and I found myself blacking out.