

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 41

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Always Take Disrespect personally. Wrongly. Always." [Jacqueline]

[Jacqueline's POV]

I followed Nina by looking at her feet, as the noise around us grew louder. I shouldn't have worn her clothes. I wasn't even sure if I looked nice or if I looked fat. Me wearing a short top while my hair laid down on my shoulder loosely. It was creating a hell of anxiety within me.

A said to cla**mate B "Well, what the hell is she doing with Nina?"

"Who knows?" B answered.

"Did you see what she is wearing?" C questioned.

"I did. Dang, she doesn't look that bad." A replied.

"I think she is trying to impress someone." B scoffed and retorted.

"I think you are right." C and A agreed.

I wish what they said to be true. If only I could impress someone, I might have been having normal friends like them. I might be gossiping about someone like them too. I sighed, I didn't need to pity myself.

A boy whistled, "Dude. I want this s*** now." My palms clenched tighter but I didn't look up at the voice of the boy.

"Shut the f*** up f*** boy." Nina seethes. "One more word and I will kick you so hard, your sun will never shine." My head jerked up at her as I looked at Nina. She was in a staredown with the guy, who was talking s*** about me. After some stank-eye between them, the guy sat down as his friend pointed to a seat in the back where Rohan seemed to be sitting leisurely without a care in the world.

She stood up for me, but why would she? Perhaps guilt? Or maybe she found me pitiful? Halfway across the room, I realized I didn't sit at the back and we never sit together. Why was I following her so dumbly? I turned back when her hand caught my wrist.

She looked offended, as her eyes narrowed down at me dangerously. My face contorted in confusion as I said.

"My seat is there." I pointed to the place. Her eyes returned to normal.

"Hold up Jacqueline, we are sitting together."

"But. I sit."

"Please."

"Okay."

We walked up to the back of the cla**room, but the seat we took was the second last because the last one was occupied by Rohan. He scoffed at us. Or most probably me. Nina turned around and stuck her tongue at him. He snorted, behaving like he was angry with her. He didn't seem angry though, when I had looked at him he looked more like a guy who was sitting leisurely. I looked at their interaction as Rohan showed his middle finger to her to which she snorted and shot him back. They were best friends. Their vibe said it all.

"Anyway, Jacqueline. Don't get affected by someone jealous of us." I held myself to roll my eyes at her. He wasn't jealous of us. It was not like I was stealing his best friend away from him. Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be able to achieve that. I cut her a side-eye while Rohan laughed as if we had cracked a joke.

The chattering of students stops and we realize the teacher has arrived. Everyone greets her by standing up and singing Good Morning Mam, while she smiles and replies, Good morning students. Mrs. Neha Tyagi was pretty and tall. Her wheat skin was free of any makeup and around spectacles covered her eyes. Her black eyes always seemed to be filled with kindness. Her face was Oblong a short b***on nose and thick lips. Her clothes were always of modest light colors. She was a remarkable teacher and extremely hardworking at her job. I could still remember the first time we met face to face. It was about the time when she was just a**igned to teach us biology and I was unable to attend her cla**es because my peers always used to lock me up in the washroom. After a week, they were bored and left me alone so when I did attend her cla** she asked me why I was unable to answer her because of peer pressure as she quotes. However, She perhaps thought I was a rebel kid who didn't like attending cla**es. So she gave me a punishment for standing near the blackboard with my arms in the air. Exactly like when police say Hands up. After I did what I was told. She made an example out of me. I cried. I was unable to hold my emotions that day.

I still don't understand to this day why I had cried the way I did. Seeing me crying she first thought I was being a dramatic kid but then realizing that my tears were for real she asked me to go back to my seat. I did sit down quietly but my tears flowed down my cheeks. She asked me for reasons and even tried to make me laugh but I was unable to help it. Instead, I hiccuped so much that she told me to

go and drink some water. It was a bad memory but from that day onwards she has always been 50% kinder towards me.

Her capabilities as a teacher were immense, she was a HOD of Biology of our school. Her explanatory methods were phenomenal.

I shook my head and noticed, The lecture had started as she moved from blackboard to smart board to teach us how the nervous system works. She had already taken help from some of our cla**mates to take the blinds down and closed the windows. The lights at this time were off and the pointer in her hand was glowing.

“The nervous system takes in information through our senses, processes the information, and triggers reactions, such as making your muscles move or causing you to feel pain.”

The image of a kid pulling back his hand from a plate appeared on the screen. As she explained the example. “For example, if you touch a hot plate, you reflexively pull back your hand and your nerves simultaneously send pain signals to your brain.”

In the middle of the lecture Rohan and Nina Snickers jointly. And then laugh pointing a finger towards each other, the teacher is facing black-board unaware of their jokes. Dang, they have so much fun together.

My body goes rigid as I realize Rohan’s fingers were sliding in my locks. I clench my hands. He gathered my hair and lifted them high as one does when they tie it in a ponytail. I try to crane my neck to glare at him, but he tightens his grip on my follicles, and I stop struggling. Nina now seemed like she was too attentive in the lecture. As if nothing matters more to her.

He sniffs my hair and then sniffs my neck.

‘God! Is he a dog?’

Next comes his warm breath spraying on my neck.

“What the heck. Should I scream and notify the teacher?”

‘But if I did. The consequences would be lethal.’ My hands clench more tightly.

‘f*** I wished I could smack him.’

Suddenly, I remember I can attempt to ask for help from Nina. At least I should try.

I call her in the smallest voice I could muster when his grip on my hair tightens.

'Does he want to make me bald?'

"You have such amazing hair, Annie."

He mumbles in my ear, is he doing this in the cla**room. Like really, I couldn't believe his audacity. Though the teacher had darkened the room so that the smartboard could be beheld from a large distance too. But

There were still 40 teenagers in the room.

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True Love Never Seeks Validation. And this never seeking validation quality is what makes it true." [Jacqueline]

[Jacqueline's POV]

I exhale, this guy was getting on my nerves and not in a good way. I mumbled Nina's name again but she ignored me. Even if I was a dumb person at this hour, I could make out she heard me. She was just pretending she didn't.

The round of her face stared ahead as if nothing could shake her concentration over the topic. She sat cross-legged, her head held high. Her deep eyes refusing to look in my direction forget about my plea. I held my urge to snort at her dramatic pretense.

'Does she think I won't understand what she is doing?'

'Either she thinks I am dumb enough or perhaps she feels she is a great actor huh.'

In addition to the darkness in the room, people's sense of hearing must have increased. so behaving like she was deaf was ridiculous in every way. Perhaps she didn't care at all. Or maybe it was a reason she had taken me here to sit. But on second thoughts I dropped that ridiculous thought, she seemed more like a girl who was real with her thoughts and actions. Possibly she just loves him too much to let him do whatever he is doing.

I pursed my lips and bit my lip. I needed to help myself. I first tried to stand up, but Rohan's hands came down on my shoulders pressing me back to the chair forcefully. I clenched my hands more tightly. He had stood up from his seat just to make sure I didn't get away from his arms.

Gritting my teeth I muttered. "Let go of me."

He scoffed and whispered in my ear.

“Sit straight. If you don’t want me to kiss you here.”

I ground my teeth in frustration. But my body followed his command, as I sat straight staring ahead.

‘Kiss. This pervert. Who does he think he is to threaten me.’ As I was cursing him inwardly a new sensation caused my body to shudder. He bit my ear. He f***ing bit me.

My eyes widened at its record while my mouth hung open. My cheeks flamed red.

‘Why did he just bite me.’ I was still contemplating what just happened when he leaned over me and whispered again.

“This was the result of tempting me.” His warm breath created goosebumps on my skin and I exhaled.

My palms shook slightly with disbelief. ‘When did I tempt him? This guy is crazy.’

This was too much to endure so I elbowed his face and he winced. Knowing I was in trouble now I stood up and walked up to the teacher who looked at me confused. My eyes for a moment stayed on Rohan whose mouth was curled upwards with a hint of challenge. He rubbed his nose carefully all the way looking at me and I smirked at his face and turned around to the teacher.

“Mam. May I go to the washroom?”

“Okay. Go. But come back quickly, this is an important topic.”

“Okay, Ma’am.”

I turned around and left the cla**room. The air had turned a little bit chilly, either it was because my hair was still wet or because it’s going to rain soon. The sultry summer wind wafts through my hair and plays with my shirt. One boy pa**es by me all while looking at me which I choose to believe must have been my delusion. As soon as I turned around the corner of our hallway and came to a stop near the stairs, I noticed a few girls and boys were sitting on the steps of the stairs. No one looked my way not until I bypa**ed them. Some kids throw curious glances towards me as the wind messes my hair but I make sure to keep my gaze fixed to the end of the staircase. I have only covered 11 steps when I feel someone’s behind my back. I turn and see Rohan towering over me more than he does when we stand on the same level. His white shirt and grey pants shining in the natural light that was still coming in between the clouds.

‘Wow. He had got a pair of school dress on him.’

He was gripping a water bottle in his left palm. He quirks his brows at me which I ignore. My lips pursed together looking at him in frustration, I was here to calm myself down not to mess with him. I turn around and walk down. My pace this time is faster. He follows me behind.

This time the curious glances of my schoolmates have turned into glares all thanks to him. As soon as I am on the ground I take the East direction which he follows. His steps sounded particularly harsh in my ears.

'What the f*** does he want?' I sigh inwardly. It struck me that I said 'why are you following me? He will laugh at my face or will maybe say something about how I am worthless to be followed by him. It struck me that bad boys are like the best in arguing with someone or perhaps looking down on someone.

I stop and turn around gazing at his black eyes with an emotionless face.

"Why are you walking behind me?" He frowned and from a little surprise reaction on his face I knew I was right about framing my question in the right way. 'Hah. He was expecting me to say, follow. Serves you right.' I mentally pat myself to be so intelligent.

He looked at me in awe as he crushed the plastic bottle in his hand creating a noise of 'pah'. He thinks for a moment and then replies.

"I was not walking behind you. It's just that you are walking ahead of me."

I almost wanted to laugh at his response. But I didn't, the things he was doing in the cla**room were not to be done in between the bully and bullied. He scares me. He had already kissed me tried to be intimate with me. It wasn't right if I laughed at him. I shouldn't have any kind of potential laughing or joking kind of relationship with him. It would do me no good. It's scary enough that I can't get rid of him

Not being able to answer him I snorted and changed my path in the west direction. Looking at the sliding gla** door and finding that he was still following me. But this time his steps became much firmer as he now walks by my left side. His palm finds mine and he takes it while I struggle to move my wrist away from him.

Had I not been a weak girl, I would have whooped his a** for even touching me. He interlaced our fingers together making me burn in fury. I wanted to crush his hand that dared to touch me, my eyes turned completely red.

Gritting my teeth I spoke "What the f*** do you want Rohan! You said I was walking ahead of you and now" I dangle our entangled hands in front of his eyes to prove my point. "What is this? Huh?"

He scratches the back of his nape and gives me an evil smile. One that sends a shiver down my spine.

"It's what you see it is." This time he dangles our interlaced hands in front of my eyes.

My eyes went gloomy in a second. I looked at him for a good one minute, in silence wishing he could just get burned with my glare. He was playing with me. Perhaps he wanted nothing but to get a reaction out of me.

"Oh. It is what it is, huh?" I dangle our joined palms again. He smiles and nods. I snorted and pinched his palm roughly. Once. Twice. Thrice. Ten times. Yet the grip he had on my palm never loosened, I looked up and noticed his cloudy brows. Other than that he didn't even wince.

"You are perfect for me." His pretty face breaks into a beautiful smile. His black eyes emit an unusual sense of warmth. I tried pulling my hand away again and this time he left mine. Before I could even get rid of his finger marks on the back of my palm, laughter echoed in the air. The wind blows more harshly and the hair strands envelop my face as if shielding me to see him. I can hear the rain grumbling out of the blue mixed with his hearty laughter. Hair strands float on my cheeks more wildly letting me smell that the fragrance of paint was still there. To fix them behind my ear I lift my hand but find myself freezing as another hand beats me to it. He gently fixes them with two fingers all the while looking at me. His knuckle brushed against my cheeks twice while I quietly looked at his tall form which was basked in the little light emitted from the sky creating a halo above him.

"Your skin is so soft." There was something in his voice I couldn't bring myself to look away from him.

He pauses, his black eyes br***** with genuine gentleness.

"You are beautiful Jacqueline."

The voice of my heartbeat fell in my ears and at this moment I realized how handsome he was and how dangerous he could be for me since I could acknowledge his beauty. I want to look somewhere else but it feels like he had cast a spell over me. I couldn't bring myself to look away.

The wild strands that he just had placed behind my ear are now back to their original place. Shielding my blood-red cheeks from him. He dips his head and fixes them again. A smile blooming on his face and my heart somersault at his smile.

'God! What is happening to me?'

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Friendship is a Miracle that can make you forget about your pain and hardships as if it was a fun thing that happened." [Jacqueline]

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[Jacqueline's POV]

He took the last step towards me, his shoes touching the front part of my shoes. Slowly he leaned down and looked into my eyes.

"Jacqueline, I have already left your palm, why are you not moving?" His hoarse voice was joking but seductive. I bit my lip and exhaled. Forcing myself to calm down I counted to ten at the back of my mind and turned my head away from his gaze finally.

He pinched my chin and forced me to raise my head.

"You look better when you are angry." Saying this he took a step back and smiled. Taking my hand in his, he kissed the back of the palm. Smiled again and walked away.

While I stood there looking at his straight and aloof back. My lips curled in frustration. I was nearly seduced by his charming and gentle aura. He had me at the tips of his fingers. I scratched my head and thought how handsome he looked with empathy in his eyes. How cute he looked when his cheeks lifted into a gentle smile. He seemed to be created by love. It was as if the guy he pretends to be in daily life is a lie. I wondered if he was kind somewhere in the depth of his soul. Maybe it was just a flicker of emotion or maybe it was nothing and I was in the bubble of my illusions. As if realizing my stare at his back he turned back and smiled at me raising one hand in the air and waved. Everything stilled at the moment, my heart rate quickened. With a silly smile on his face, he turned and walked away.

'Did he just recreate the moment of the DDLJ Movie? Or am I overthinking?'

I can still hear the noise of water drizzling on the ground. My head swung from left to right. I was still standing there where he left me ten minutes ago. The scene replayed in my mind like a broken record. He's caressing my cheeks, his kind black eyes, his beautiful smile. I was neither here nor there. I was exposed to his emotions and it was weird considering I am not exposed to my own emotions. They say lovers meet in rain and strangely enough it was raining today.

The shoe scr***** of someone brought me back to my senses a little. I looked at the watch on my wrist. I forgot to wear it in the morning and for once luck was in my destiny that it was protected from the red paint attack of Rohan so I wore it

when Nina had asked me to wear her clothes. The dial was a solid round made of bra** with a leather strap and tang closure. Ten minutes had pa**ed since I had come out of the cla**room.

'What is wrong with me?' I patted my cheeks to wake up from the silly thoughts. I was a fool to be thinking about a guy who had taken away my first kiss, almost made me wipe his shoes, and did whatnot. It struck me a little late that I cannot even like someone not until I am ready to die. It struck me that Dad would kill me if he got to know I was liking somebody. Exhaling thoughts I walked back to the cla**room any way I had wasted ten minutes already, Tyagi Ma'am will never appreciate it. I saw crows dancing in the drizzle, perhaps they were not dancing they were just trying to find a shelter. Walking inside I didn't find Rohan perhaps he was banking the cla** but it made me relieved that I won't be terrified to get caught.

The rest of the school hours pa**ed like the wind. As I stepped onto the bus, that's when I saw Rohan. His black eyes darkened, he beamed with his handsome face and stretched out his arm to help me up as if I was unable to step into the bus. The scene of SRK helping Kajol in the train in Dil Wale Dulhaniya Le Jayenge flashed before my eyes. The scene was one of the most celebrated scenes in the history of Indian cinema, while the movie was praised across the country. Still, it is.

'Is he trying to imitate Raj? Or am I thinking too much?'

My cheeks turned hotter and I chose not to accept his stretched palm and held the handle to step inside. He refused to budge from the gate while I stood there staring at his black shoes which were muddy now, perhaps because of rainwater pits in the ground of the school. It all happened within a fraction of seconds as someone pushed me from behind and my head landed on his taut muscles.

'God. What is happening to me today?' Moments pa**ed while a pin drop silence ensued.

"You want to fall for me huh?" His smile was full of bad intentions and his drowning eyes were cunning.

"No, I don't. Somebody pushed me from behind." I made a disgusting face at his remark and pushed him aside walking into the bus.

He followed me behind, like a puppy on its owner's tail.

"Who knows? What if you just wanted to touch me and are making an excuse now?"

I looked at him skeptically, my eyes burning in frustration.

"Are you nuts? Why would I do that?" My eyes wavered from his?

"I don't even like you."

He glanced at me questioningly.

"Really. you don't like me?"

"Yes. I don't." I had no choice but to answer him in a resolute tone because currently there was no way he would let me be in peace if I didn't shut him up now. Moreover, I wasn't just telling him this, I was telling myself too.

"Well. How about you stay at school with me for a week and I promise you will like me?" Rohan said.

The whispering around us increased. I glanced around and noticed people looking at me in disgust. I wanted to say to him to f*** you. But at last, I swallowed my words, turned around, and walked to my designated seat. Just as I sat he sat down on the seat next to me.

The sunshine after the rain was dim and it reduced the temperature. The breeze was gentle and soft and it made me feel comfortable.

Yet my heart was not comfortable at all, I was ashamed of myself for liking him. This day was perhaps the most legendary day of my life and in a bittersweet way. The worse thing was he was not leaving me alone to reflect on my emotions. I kept my face near the window ignoring him, if he wanted to play the follow-follow game I could play the opposite one. Ignore-ignore game. He snorted but chose to maintain the ignore-ignore game.

My phone pinged suddenly, interrupting my thoughts. But I chose to ignore it. The last time when he was with me, and I was reading Remo's messages, his behavior was harsh. The lesson was learned, I wouldn't check my phone in front of him again.

"You know Annie, Nina likes you?" I look back at his eyes questioningly.

Taking a deep breath he adjusted his mood into a serious one. His voice was faint and soft.

"This is true. She wants to be friends with you. I hope you can give her a chance to do that."

When I heard his words, the uncomfortable feeling died and a sense of calmness washed over me.

'She wants to be friends with me. Wow.'

"I know what she did that day is inexcusable, but that's how she loves people. If you give her a chance she will make sure to fight for you the same way she did for me." His tone is sincere.

"No one will dare to taunt you in any way, she will make sure of that."

"She is quite straightforward and takes action before thinking twice. Her parents died when she was a kid." His eyes filled with warmth and I realized he cared about Nina. In this city, I am the only one she could call closest to her family."

"What do you mean?"

"She was my father's friend's daughter and when he died, my uncle adopted her. My uncle is quite a busy man and his wife died very early. So she doesn't know how to be social, she prefers to stay with me than staying with a bunch of teenagers." His soft eyes took in my emotions and I looked at him quietly waiting for him to finish his sentence.

"I have never seen her interested in another teenager at all. But you have penetrated her walls in ways I don't understand. I hope you can give her a chance, Jacqueline. I promise if you do, I will stop bothering you."

The offer was tempting. I do wish to have a shoulder to rely on.

"Thank you for letting me know about her. Honestly, I am flattered about it. A girl like her wants to be friends with me. An ugly duckling? This sounds too good to be true Rohan. But I assure you I will think about it. I. Just to let you know Friendship for me is Holy, I love people with all my heart and I am hoping it's not one of your games."

His gaze held mine in a challenging stance and I swallowed.

"I have never played any game with you, Jacqueline, why do you think I would do so now?"

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"Love comes in coils." [Jacqueline]

[Jacqueline's POV]

If you are not playing any games, I will think about it." I was talking to him, but my tone was smaller. My ears were buzzing with my bus mates snickers but I kept my attention on the window.

“Okay. I will be waiting.”

I didn't respond to him, it wasn't necessary. Focussing all attention on the road. The buildings were passing one after another. The sidewalks were crowded with students, tourists, and some common middle-class people, it was lined with bushy trees ringed in metal grates. Our neighborhood was near and I mentally prepared myself to get down. I glanced around noticing my bus mates gossiping with their friends over the shouting of some few kids as well as the noise of traffic. My chest squeezes as I notice few kids staring at me and then saying something in their respective friends' ears.

“What are you looking at?” His voice startles me to the point that I almost jumped in my seat. I crane my neck away from his face. He was close too close to my face. Words cease to function for me as my heart speaks for itself as his black eyes glue me into his soul.

Tina was right, I don't deserve even a single second of his attention. Maybe every girl in school just like him.

He shakes a hand through his hair and pretends to come closer to me to which I back away my heart thumping in my chest while my head comes in contact with the window glass.

“Don't get stressed over these kids Jacqueline. People will always have something to say. So you ought to get used to it.”

The mind screams I need to push him away or say something rational in his presence, but my heart beats like a drum. The bus screeches and stops. Fortunately, I have moved my face away from him. Otherwise, we would have kissed indirectly. His damp hair tickles my neck and I exhale before asking him to move away from me. He moves away from me immediately as if being thoughtful. I didn't want him to find out about my burning cheeks so I made a run for the door. Teasing laughter echoes behind me as he says goodbye to me. The kids behind me barked to move faster and I ran away quickly. My heart thump inside my chest. We were just a breath away from kissing. I didn't stop until I reached our door. Opening it from outside I entered quietly and walked up to my room. It was a rare day, but I was filled with happiness. One teenager wanted to be my friend, I didn't lose against Rohan, I looked great today. All the things were amazing. I went to the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror again.

I honestly looked fat but it was kind of a cute fat girl, not an ugly fatty. My whole face was much rosier and suddenly remembered our almost kiss. My fingers moved to my lower lip but Remo's face flashed before my eyes.

‘Strange! Why did I think of Remo?’ My heart thumped and I expelled a sharp breath. My smile re-emerges and I slap my face with water. After making sure my face was back to its original color I walked back to my bed. Noticing my phone's ping, I took it out from my school bag.

Third Person's Pov:

Remo finds himself staring at his reflection in the window. He senses a layer of loneliness slowly encapsulating him as he realizes his family must have been enjoying the party. He tries to brush his thoughts under the carpet but it doesn't help. His mind wanders to people and his eyes shine when Jacqueline's name pops up in his head. She could make him smile.

Remo: "Hey."

The response was instantaneous, and a smile bloomed on his face.

Jacqueline: Hie!

Remo: How are you?

Jacqueline: I am good. How about you?

Remo: I am fine too, baby.

Jacqueline: Jerk. Jerky jerk. Don't call me baby humph.

Remo: oh my baby You sound happy today. Want to share?

Jacqueline: Yes. You remember the guy I told you about?

Remo: I do! What happened to him?

Jacqueline: He threw red paint on me today in the cla**room.

Remo: What. Why?

Jacqueline: Well. He was challenged so it was his revenge.

Remo: He sounds like a kid from primary school. Who does that at this age?

Jacqueline: You are right he looked like a kid too when I hugged him.

Remo: You hugged him?

His palms clenched as he stared at her last text sharply. Why did her text annoy him to the point that he had texted her the question? She wasn't even his girlfriend. He found his reflected face which had somehow turned into a scowl. 'What's wrong with me?'

Jacqueline: Yes. Well, he was kind of smiling at me, so I painted him red by hugging him. It was so much fun.

Remo: uh. Oh. It does sound like fun, but Jacqueline, you shouldn't hug a person who wants to hurt you.

Jacqueline: You are right! It was just in the spur of the moment. It kind of happened.

Remo: Don't do that ever again.

Jacqueline: I won't.

Remo: My good girl.

Jacqueline's eyes turned softer as she read the text. Why did her heart thump reading his text?

Jacqueline: I am not your good girl.

Remo: You are my good girl whether you like it or not.

Jacqueline: Okay bad boy. We talked too much about me, how was your day?

Remo: Woah! I am your bad-boy. Hmm. It sounds so nice.

Well, today is my Grandpa's birthday so everyone's gone home and I have stayed.

Jacqueline: Nope. You are not mine. Why didn't you go?

His eyes narrowed but then loosened immediately. He can tell her about himself. It was only right.

Remo: Well soon I will be all yours. About grandpa, I don't like him.

Jacqueline: As if, Stop kidding. Anyway, Why don't you like him?

Remo: He kind of had thrown us out of the house when we were poor. He doesn't love us at all.

Jacqueline: I understand. I am sorry you had to go through something like that.

Remo: You can't. You have never been there.

Jacqueline: I have been there a lot of times.

Remo: What happened?

Jacqueline: My Grandparents have for some reason always hated us. They tried to kill me twice. They have chased us out two times.

Remo's eyes widened at the realization and for the first time in his life, he realized he should never make presumptions about people.

Remo: Tried killing you. What did they do?

Jacqueline: I was probably seven months old, and it was wintertime, my grandpa took me from the neighbors home who loved me a lot. He removed the scarf I was wearing and tried another one to my neck too tightly. Mom says I was unable to breathe when she found me. She was doing the dishes when an old woman who used to work in our home came to her and took me to mom. The old woman realized that I was suffocating and she told mom immediately. Mom says, her hands were trembling when she cut the cap from my head side because the scarf around my neck was so tight that it was impossible to cut it from that place. I survived though.

Remo placed a hand on his heart, it felt stuffy for some reason, she almost died.

Remo: why did they do that?

Jacqueline: I was my parent's first child and he was the sole bread earner. After he had me, his love and money were kinds of leaning towards me. They were in a bubble of insecurity and tried to harm me.

Remo: I am sorry, you had to go through that Jacqueline. I wish I could take away that pain from you but I know I can not. So I will be cheesy, that kind of thing has made you whatever you are today. Your kindness is probably the result of what life has thrown on you.

Jacqueline: Oh. Well.

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"Sometimes you need a human to get into your deepest painful memories, not a diary to feel appreciated." [Jacqueline]

[Third Person's POV]:

Remo: "I don't know what to say to that."

He wasn't sure what to say to her. Because any word he would say would never suffice nor could reduce what she had lost, forever.

Jacqueline: "You don't have to say anything, Remo. The fact that you are listening without judging me is enough."

Remo: "Okay."

Remo: "What happened the second time?"

Jacqueline: "We had servants in the house, out of which one was responsible for taking care of me. So one night she went to the ground floor to fetch some water when she heard hushed voices of my grandparents as well as uncle from the drawing-room. She tiptoed to the room and eavesdropped on them. They were discussing how they will kill me tomorrow, and then will beat mom and chase her out."

Her fingers quivered, her eyes welled up with tears. It was a painful memory for her that she never shared with anyone. She was too young to remember it. But every time she heard it from her mother, it would hammer her heart into pieces.

Remo: "What happened later?"

A sigh left her mouth as she typed again.

Jacqueline: "The servant informed my mother about what she heard and mom warned dad about it. But Dad didn't choose to believe her. The next day, Dad went to his duty, and Mom asked Our servant to hand me to our neighbors. Our Grandparents took me back and we're trying to make me a child who was not even one-year-old swallow fritters. Mom said I was crying, and hearing my voice she immediately came down and s*****ed me away. She said, my eyes were blood red and my mouth full of fritters and I was unable to breathe. She said she had to stuck fingers in my throat to get that out. That was when her patience broke and she took me to the first floor but they started screaming behind her. She tried to lock the door but they stopped it when she moved her neck behind. She found everyone coming behind her with wooden sticks and that made her make a run for it when Dad arrived. He forgot to bring his receipt book and had to come back after an hour of traveling. He got sus***ious when he found one servant standing at the gate and he was not letting Dad inside the house. Instead, he was asking what Dad wanted. So Dad pushed him aside and went in when he found Uncle almost hitting mom from the back with the wooden stick. Dad stopped him but ended up getting beaten by his younger brother, Mom's clothes were ripped by them and neighbors helped her to cover. Daddy wanted to register a case against his family, but mom refused to say they were still his family."

Remo: "Oh, That was one adventurous and horrible experience your parents had gone through. They are amazing."

Jacqueline: "Thank you."

Remo: "I don't know why, but I am happy that you are healthy and alive. I am even glad that your parents protected you with her life. Where did your parents stay after that?"

Jacqueline: "My parents went to stay in Moradabad with my maternal Grandparents. We stayed there for 4 years and then came back to stay in a rented house."

Remo: "Oh. Why did you go back to Delhi?"

Jacqueline: "Well. My paternal aunt. Dad's sister's husband cheated on her and got married. Things were going south for our paternal family. So dad has to come for his sister."

Remo: "Oh. It seems you have gone through a lot Jacqueline. I honestly admire you, here I was stressed and thinking that perhaps I am the most unfortunate person in the world. But you showed me today, maybe everyone is struggling with something that we don't know about. I am sorry for judging you before even knowing anything about you. I promise I won't ever judge you again."

A beautiful cage of being taken care of, formed around her heart. Her eyelashes fluttered. It felt good to share her grief with someone. Someone who didn't hate her, someone who didn't mock her, or someone who didn't believe she was too sentimental. And the most precious thing about it was that she shared it with a human and not her diary.

Jacqueline: "It's Okay. I am good now. How about you? What exactly did your grandparents do?"

Remo's eyes Flashed with bitterness. It was a sensitive topic for him. Remembering those incidents always cuts the deepest. Nevertheless, since Jacqueline had shared her deepest pain, it became a duty that he did too. No matter what was the depth of his deepest fears.

Remo: "You Know Jacqueline It's during the worst storms of our life, we understand real people. When I was 2 years old, our grandparents chased us out of their homes for no reason. He even s*****ed the money my dad used to earn at that time claiming that it was rent for the years they lived with them. We had to sleep in Church for three days without food and then as if heaven had taken pity on us Dad's Friend found us in the church and he took us to his home, where we lived in a single room. It was Our kitchen, bathroom, sleeping room, and playing room."

Remo was unable to forgive his grandparents, no matter what. The life they had to live there was the worst. Four people sharing a single space with a very limited amount of resources. How many days his father would only have one meal so that they could have the two meals per day. The whole school mocked him for being poor. There were no relatives, nothing. Forget about the toys he should have had when he was little. He spent his entire childhood with a single red toy car that his

father's friend gifted him, other than that, there were no toys. He had felt the pain deep in his bones, for seven years they lived life the same as beggars. Perhaps a little better than beggars because he was going to school even if it was for free. He wouldn't have such an unpleasant childhood if his grandparents had shown a little kindness to his family. His father wasn't a vain man, but he was blinded by his parents. He was an employed man but all his salary was given to his parents. In the end, his father's blind love had left them with nothing. Not even a penny.

A ping from the phone brought his attention back to the phone.

Jacqueline: "Oh People who go through the worst are the strongest Remo. I believe it was the experience that made you, so I am not going to say sorry to you for something that made you, you."

His eyes fixated on her text. He found he cannot remember when was the last time someone said something so heart-touching to him.

"How did your parent's relations change with your grandparents?"

Remo: "We have spent 7 years in that single room, and I will always be grateful for His kindness. He even helped Dad to open a small shop with his money, and Dad's efforts finally paid off. When we purchased a bungalow for us, our grandparent's love started developing suddenly, their visits became more frequent and they said they were guilty. My parents chose to forgive them, it turned out they needed money the next day for something, and Dad gave him cash without any issue. I think my parents had chosen to ignore the fact that they came back to us for money."

Jacqueline: "I don't think they have ignored the fact Rem. I just believe they are strong enough to give everything they have to people they love even if they are aware of their real intentions."

"It's toxic for them though, and they will realize it soon. And I hope when that happens you can pick their pieces and start over."

Remo: "That's a beautiful way to see things, Jacky. But I just wish they don't waste their time on those leeches like that."

Jacqueline: "I will pray for you Rem. I will pray they can let go of this toxic love before anything happens."

Remo took a deep breath and admired her texts before typing again. His eyes were close to crying. He felt like she was hugging him without any physical touch.

Remo: "Thank you for talking with me Jacqueline. Before talking to you, I felt lonely even though my family was surrounding me. Perhaps it was because they didn't choose to understand me. And You did! Now even though I am alone, I feel loved. Maybe being understood by someone is the best feeling in the world."

Jacqueline: "Isn't that what friends do?"

Remo: "You are the best person I came across, Jacqueline. Thank you for being here."

Jacqueline: "Hush. Stop saying thank you again and again. It makes me feel like we are formal friends."

A smile formed on his lips and a tear finally rolled down on his knuckle. The tear that he was trying so hard to restrain from flowing. It was the best feeling he had in years when he was perfectly happy from inside. His hand moved to his heart and he realized it was beating. She proved to be a thread that pulled him to reveal his deepest painful memories.

Dear Readers,

Happy Reading

Don't forget to

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen chapter 46

[/ Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen](#)

Every event will teach you something in your life, but the only lesson will be to remain strong all alone." [Ifveen]

Amidst the whispering students, the ringing bells, and the bright red roses, I was walking to my cla**room. The sunlight was brighter today or maybe it was just me feeling better. After Remo shared his past, we talked to darkness. We only spoke of good things. It was a special duration, it felt like I wasn't this ugly girl who had issues bigger than her life no more Like I was the most blessed person on the earth. He made me feel good, he made me feel beautiful. Something that I would never believe myself to be. He reminded me of the goodness of humans. Making me contemplate if he was like that with everyone else.

'Does he tell everyone what happened to him in the past? Or it was just me. Am I special to him? Or he is just a kind person and I am a**uming things. I wish I was special for him, not just someone he could talk to. His texts show he cares about me, even if it's a little bit. He did confess that he never had told his insecurities to anyone other than me. The sensation of being someone's secret-relieving cushion felt better. Does he cherish me as much as I cherish my diary? Perhaps I am thinking too much, we were not that close. He had not yet seen my face. If he did, would he have left me too?

The sadness seeps from me. I hated this, this my quality of overthinking it to the point that I could turn beautiful moods into the wreckage. I hated myself for being the one who didn't see good in anything. My head collided with something hard, halting my steps. I rubbed my forehead and looked up, my eyes found his mesmerizing black pools. His stocky body stood there like a stone. His lips curled into an enigmatic smile, one hand in a pocket while one at the left side. His chin slightly tucked in as he raised a brow at me.

I stared, he blinked. My eyes were lured into the abyss of his dark eyes. In our simple formal school dress that is a white shirt and grey pants. He looked painstakingly Handsome. The white shirt complimented his dark yet soft features. His beautiful short black hair flowed with wind and fell on his eyes. Making my hand itch, for a second I wanted to remove his hair to gaze into his eyes. My hand was midway when someone next to me cleared her throat and I put it back down in shame.

'God! What's wrong with me! Why am I getting fascinated by him!'

The person who cleared her throat was Nina. His best friend. She smiled at me and I smiled back after all she had helped me yesterday.

Her eyes moved from me to Rohan and then panned out at me. She forwarded her hand for a handshake, grinning at me. Her smile was adorable and I found my lips automatically lifting into a smile. I guess she was the kind of person whose smile could light up the room.

"Hey, Jacky. I heard from Rohan that you would like to be my friend. Thank you for accepting me. Let's be friends from today onwards officially." she said softly, wistfully.

I raised a brow at Rohan. I would have even stepped back if it wasn't for her smile. I closed my eyes and looked at him again, he was something. He even lied to his best friend. He chose to look away, hands in pockets and a requesting smile on his face.

Yesterday I just said I would think about it but he told her something else. Of course, he would choose to lie, why did I even expect something other than lies from him. 'A bad boy like him is always going to choose to lie over anything else.'

Nina's eyes wrinkled and I saw her shoulders stiffening.

"Jacqueline." She said beckoning to me from the gate of our cla**room. "What happened?"

I shook her hand with a smile, even though I hated her Best friend at that time. The liar, the perpetual believer of getting everything he wanted. I wanted to say that he lied to you, Nina. But the hope in her gaze stopped me.

“Nothing. I was just surprised.”

“Okay. Friends?”

I smile and mumble softly, “yes Friends.”

How long will I be able to keep his lies? I think of pulling her into a corner and telling her what her friend did or show her how much of a jerk he was. But she hooks my arm with hers and my heart clenches. Sure she had hurt me the first day we met, but it didn't mean she deserves to lie to or be cheated on.

“Love you, Rohan.” She announces sending him a fly kiss that he dramatically catches and puts it in the front pocket of his shirt. It was cute, but will she still believe in their friendship if she came to know he had lied to her. Or it wouldn't matter to her. Perhaps she didn't lose anything but what about Rohan. Won't he lose her unshakable trust in him?

We turn around to walk inside the cla**room, and I crane my neck back to glare at him. He flinches, yet his gaze remains dangerous and got feeling like he would do something stupid.

“You know you are the first friend I have officially made, Jacqueline. Thank you for accepting me.”

I bit my lips tightly, to shake off the guilt from my soul.

“You will be my first real-life friend Nina. And. And It's my honor to have you in my life as a friend. Plus I don't want to be beaten down again.”

This was the first time I was able to look into a person's eyes and still lie. Perhaps because it wasn't a malicious one.

She smiles as a single deep dimple forms on the left side of her lips.

“Oh Gosh! Jacky, you are funny.”

Her barrel chest and compact form looked harmless at that time. If someone would have asked me if she could hit a person as she did I would have laughed at the person's face.

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 47

/ [Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen](#)

“You will make it soon. Just keep believing in yourself.” [Ifveen]

“Really?”

Her black eyes gleamed in excitement and she nodded hurriedly.

“Yes Really. I don’t know why, but I feel like we are going to rock.”

My forehead creased, as I questioned her sanity in my mind. Why would she think I can rock, I the boring nerd, what could I possibly create that would be rocking. I wanted her to be aware of what kind of person I am. No matter from what kind of foundation our friendship started, what matters now was she should have a clear understanding of what kind of person I was. I cleared my throat and looked at her somewhere in between our interactions. We had ended up sitting on the last bench in the cla**room. While Rohan seemed to be sitting diagonally to our seat in the left corner. “Nina I don’t know why you felt I could be a friend for you. I am very different from you in personality and I can a**ure you that I am not a fun person. To begin with, I have a cage around my heart. I am broken to the point that I don’t know if I even deserve you.” My tone is low so that my cla**mates can’t hear it.

She smiled at me, a kind smile. As she took my hands in hers, caressing them slowly.

“Yes, we are poles apart Jacqueline. But haven’t you heard? Opposite poles pull each other.”

Her fingers paused the caressing motion and she looked up at me. Her eyes filled with warmth that I never saw in someone’s eyes.

“I have never seen someone so brave as you, Jacqueline. Someone who dares to be herself in the world of fake personalities we are living in. I hope you can give me a chance to break that cage around your heart and make you believe in yourself. From today onwards, your grievances are mine to relieve. I hope you find me worthy enough to share your pain.”

I listened to her quietly, waiting for more sentences from her. I have never had someone who could ask me to shoulder my vulnerabilities with her. I didn’t know if she meant what she said, but at that moment I wanted nothing more than to share my sufferings with her. The pain in my heart is a special kind of irony, hammering my inability to accept her tempting offer. I drew my hand back from her and gave her a nervous smile.

“It’s okay you don’t have to rush it, babe. I can wait. I will earn your trust.”

I stared at her straight figure. My feet carefully stepped on the concrete wooden plate of the table to get comfortable. I honestly felt amazing that she would like to hang in with me until I can trust her. It was an enjoyable feeling.

"Good Morning Cla**."

I looked ahead at the center of the cla**room, where our Dance teacher stood in a blue formal saree of our school with a hand on her hips. Her hair swept up in the form of a bun, her lips colored in a dim red lipstick. Her eyes are eyelined with black eyeliner.

Everyone stood up to greet her, and I followed suit.

"Morning Students. Now Sit down."

We sat down, and murmuring started.

"What is Nidhi Mam doing here even before the a**embly."

"Who knows?"

"Students just keep quiet for a few minutes, I will tell you why exactly I am here before the a**embly." She says and smiles but her lips seemed to be tightly pressed together.

"Okay, Madam." Everyone hums.

"So, the names I am going to announce will stand up on their seats then come to me one by one and I will then inform you why I am here."

She walks from east to west announcing each name and then throwing a glance at them to show that she acknowledged the person who stood up. Tina, Jaan, Nina, Rohan all we're on the list. And here I was praying to God, to keep me away from such a list. After almost 12 cla**mates, my name was announced and I practically wanted to shriek. In all honesty, I was not the dancer type, never been one. So why would she choose me? Since I took extra time to get up, she stopped moving and turned around. Her eyes traveled through the whole cla**room and then landed on me.

"You are Jacqueline right honey? Stand up for me, please?" It sounded to me as if she has not asked me to stand up, but to sign up for mockery.

"Okay, Miss," I grumbled and stood up. My eyebrows knitted as I looked down at my shoes.

Everyone was called out one by one which included seven girls and seven boys. She paired each girl with a boy. Nina was paired with Jaan. How funny. While Tina was paired with the male nerd of our cla**. It was funny. But as the pairing thing continued, I realized what would happen to me too. A heavy feeling weighed down on my chest and it shifted to my stomach. I examined the boys around me that were left. There was Rohan, Anirudh Kaakran, Himanshu Pandit. All in the category of bad boys. Anirudh and Himanshu never bullied me, but they did laugh

at me hundreds of times. And I was sure they wouldn't want to be my partner in any way.

"Jacqueline Your partner is uhm. Mhm. Rohan."

The fake smile on my face stiffened, and my back broke out in a sweat.

'Why does God never do what I ask him to do for me? Why God Why?'

I refused to look at him, despite his low shouts of my name. Nina looked at us grinning and I held my urge to glare at her.

"So Students, as you all know, our annual function is approaching. And this time, management has decided to s***e up things. So this time, you all are going to participate in our Annual Function's dance compet**ion. Doesn't that sounds great kids?"

Miss Nidhi's voice startles me, breaking me from my fearful thoughts back into the reality of real uncertainty. She then looks at us with a mysterious smile.

Every school in India celebrates its founding day by organizing a grand annual function in the school auditorium. Our school was founded on the 15th of September, so in our school every year, our school administration organizes a grand annual function, adding all the elements there are available. Different Dance forms, Drama, Singing, cultural performances, the National anthem is played at the beginning and many more. An esteemed chief guest, who is most of the time a prestigious personality of the city is invited to perhaps show-off. Parents of children are invited to enjoy. Each year different types of annual functions happen. One year it is supposed to be cultural and entertaining mostly related to dance, singing, and other forms. And the next year, Sports Annual functions were different kinds of sports activities organized. Last year was the sports annual function, so this year it was supposed to be the dancing one.

"The selected students will not be left out no matter what kind of excuse you try." Her black eyes gleam with a silent giggle. Once she composes herself, she explains. The remaining students will be selected under different compet**ions. Every student has to participate in these compet**ions because you will be getting marks for participating in extracurricular activities. And I repeat no one can say no."

Her words topst**ched into my memory and my body visibly shook in nervousness. What kind of Annual function was this. Why was our school management forcing us to participate?

"It's a wonderful opportunity for everyone Students, so make sure you get the fullest fun from it. Also, this year we are inviting the most successful choreographer and their styling team from Mumbai to teach you." She made it sound like it was a blessing for us.

Everyone hooted, but I stood rooted to the ground to let reality sink in. I don't want it. I didn't want to do it. But the question was can I say No? The answer was a No.

Sadly, I wanted to shout to give us a choice or say that they can't do this to us. But no word left my mouth in comparison to the kids who seemed to be talking to her happily. Their happiness stung my eyes. How can they be so happy to care about nothing else?

Even Nina, Looked happy. I didn't assume she was a dancer type, but I guess I didn't know her enough to decide that about her. She blinked and asked us to follow her.

As we walked forward, Rohan's hand found mine as he took it despite my struggle to get away from him.

"I am sorry about earlier." I furrowed my brows. What was he talking about? I spared him a glance. And he continued. "I didn't have the guts to break Nina's heart."

We journey down to the hallway but I don't say a word, he didn't lie to me he lied to her. He was supposed to say sorry to her, not me. But I didn't want to tell him that. A decade seems to have passed before we reach the auditorium.

"Leave my hand, Rohan." Gritting my teeth, I speak lethally.

"No. You are trembling."

His words were enough to silence me. Because I was trembling with anxiety.

We stand alone before the white gates. Everyone seems to have entered but we. Rohan didn't leave my hand nor did he choose to say anything. Nina was lost somewhere in the crowd of other class students. I look up at the sky, strangely it is clear and blue devoid of humidity that had plagued us since morning. I close my eyes, taking in the real last time.

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 48

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Dance your sorrows away. Dance like nobody is watching you." [Jacqueline]

.....

[Jacqueline's POV]

The teacher chose to stand on the stage while everyone else stood down discussing things with each other. There were a total of 40 students, which

automatically led to the division of twenty couples. If we analyzed each pair, Almost every paired boy was tall while the girl paired with him was short. Now it made sense as to why the teacher chose me and Rohan as a pair. Because of our height difference. We stood there in four rows each since I and Rohan had entered the Auditorium. At last, we were standing at the back too. Tina and her partner were standing adjacent to our position and honestly, she looked bored. Even though she was a student who lived for extracurricular activities like dance. It was perhaps for the reason that she was not happy with her partner. Her partner seemed very happy with her though, as he would glance at her now and then with a silly smile. I knew him

Like a Good girl, I stood there quietly waiting for teachers to finish whatever they wanted to say. Rohan on the other hand was restless, now and then he would steal glances at me while pretending to be nonchalant about it, which I would have not felt if I was like other girls who enjoyed the attention. But I wasn't. I was the kind of person who could make out if a person had even seen me for a second and would feel conscious about it.

'Why is he watching me like this? Stupid Guy.'

Meanwhile, I noticed Nina desperately trying to make friends with Jaan, it was sad to see though. Nina was better than him in every aspect and I wouldn't want her to be related to the douchebag in any way. It was disrespectful to her. She'd sway her hands in front of his eyes to make sure his attention was on her even though Jaan seems to be searching for someone in the crowd. She would touch his arm now and then when he would crane his neck away from her. She held his hand and beamed like a kid who got his favorite candy. However, he was ignoring her completely. His wandering eyes met mine and I s***ed in a breath when he withheld his gaze on me. I gathered my fist and bit my lip trying to stop myself to show him a middle finger. The idea surprised me, I wasn't the kind of person who would even think of doing that. It might even be considered taboo in our country but why did this idea feel so tempting to me.

Rohan's sudden actions brought me out of my staring contest and thoughts as I found him standing in front of me. Face to face.

"I am excited about this rehearsal with you Annie."

I threw him a confused look and looked around, noticing how everyone's male partners were standing 20 centimeters away from their partners just like Rohan was standing in front of me. When our eyes met again, he threw me a wink while I glared at him. Somehow I had zoned out from listening to whatever the teacher said.

A teasing smile graced his lips as he put his hand on my waist and pulled me to him. While I tried to struggle away from his hold, it only tightened. Sometimes, I hated the fact that God made Males stronger than us, they didn't deserve to be stronger than us. They should have been equal to us in everything, not stronger.

"You didn't hear a word the teacher said huh?" His husky voice penetrated my eardrums and I found myself dumbfounded at his seducing actions in front of the teacher. My hands itched to pinch him on his waist and I did. I pinched him as much as I could but he didn't even wince and just gave me a silly smile.

"Now Boys take a step closer to your girls and twirl them away when the music starts, this is how you are going to enter the stage and I don't want anyone tripping in front of our choreographer so I am going to make sure you get mastery in the most important step of our dance forms."

"Rohan, is it for dancing?" I whispered and tugged at his sleeve feeling guilty, I shouldn't judge a book by its cover. Since he was wearing a half sleeves shirt, my scratching was rather evident and some even we're filling up with blood.

"Yes. That's what Madam was saying when she was giving instructions." He looked back at me, smiling.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was trying to tell you. But you didn't let me finish when you started scratching me like a cat." He smiled mockingly looking at the scratches as if they were artwork.

"I am sorry."

"It's Okay. It doesn't matter when you always assume the worst from me, Annie. I don't think I have done something that could make you assume the worst in me."

The Music started as I looked up at him quietly. We were closer than before, he had an arm around my waist but then he suddenly took two steps away and twirled me around. My hands trembled and my feet went shaky. If not for him tugging my arm to balance me I would have fallen on my face. My face did fall but on his chest, it hurt but it was better than falling on the ground. The perfume he was wearing was too much and I ended up sneezing like the crazy girl in front of his face. He grimaced even though the liquid didn't touch him in any way. He left my waist finally and I felt relief filling my insides. However, Rohan didn't seem that comfortable as he took out a small bottle of sanitizer and sprayed it on his hands dramatically then smelled his hands and inhaled as if it would soothe him. If I wasn't stressed about dancing in front of so many people I would have laughed at the funny scene.

Honestly, I had danced in the shower a few times, sometimes belly dancing before but this time was different. I wasn't the person to dance in front of so many people even if they were all teenagers like me. And that too with the opposite gender being so close to me. But Rohan seemed like he wanted me to try again and again.

"Try again Guys. I will keep playing after ten seconds rest."

The Dance Teacher announced as she got down from the stage and gave a vivid description by doing the same step with the guy who was standing in the front row. Some boys hooted for him while some laughed.

As soon as she finished teaching the step, the music started again, this time the teacher came around every couple and told what they were doing wrong by using a wooden stick and performing them again and again. Nina seemed like she didn't even understand the D of Dance as she stepped on Jaan's foot again. She refused to let go of his neck, despite him yelling at her to leave him. The dancing teacher hit her legs with the stick and held her forcing her to twirl. It was ironic and funny watching as one teenager and one elder danced together. Tina however didn't seem like she was having much trouble in doing the twirl, why would she? She was the dancing queen of our school. Her steps were graceful and to the level, because Madam praised her with an example.

"Look Here everyone and See how Tina is doing it, this is what I want you to do."

Tina and her partner performed the step gracefully and Mam clapped her hands together to appreciate it.

"Come on Guys!"

She clapped her hands for attention again.

"One: Take a position."

"Two: Two steps away from your partner."

"Three: Boys Twirl your girls."

"Start: Come back to your partner, girls."

Despite my unwillingness, Rohan held me in a tight grip looking me in the eye like I was his mission dance. He refused to bend his spine and twirled me around again and again. Until I felt my back sweating and the world around me rotating.

'f***. God. Please. Please. Please. Keep me conscious."

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 49

/ [Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen](#)

"All my life, I never wanted any love from myself but others and now I am an utterly empty vase." [Jacqueline]

I took a few deep breaths to calm myself, readying myself mentally for another twirling.

“Forget Everything Jacqueline. Forget that you are here. Just pretend you are in your room, dancing on your favorite beats and nobody is watching you.” Roman said huskily, looking at me with a sincerity that I never thought he was able to have. I exhaled and closed my eyes.

“Help me.”

He chuckled, the voice that fell in my ears today felt delighting. Something that I would like to hear again.

“That’s what I have been doing since the last 10 Minutes baby.”

My eyes flew open at his endearing words, gazing in his dark pools.

‘Did he just call me, baby?’

‘Something that Remo calls me.’

“What did you just call me?” I asked looking up at him, he was too tall and by now my neck was hurting from so much craning. Since we stood quite close, all I was able to see was his smile and prominent nose. Until he looked down, his black eyes t****ling mischievously. His long lashes drooped almost as if to fascinate me. His dark natural hair rebelled and fell over his forehead giving me a euphoric feeling as my heart thudded inside my chest harder. I swallowed harder to keep myself in control.

“Hey you two, what are you doing? Focus here, Guys. You were not able to do this simple step from the last ten minutes. Come on, try again and get it done.” Dance Teacher shouting brought me out of my reverie and I looked down at the ground murmuring a small apology.

“It’s okay. Now focus on the steps.”

I couldn’t deny the fact that she was right, almost all couples had gotten better at doing the steps other than us.

“Just Look at me, Jacqueline.”

I bit my lip and c***ed my head upwards looking at him.

“Good Girl. Now follow my cue.”

I mentally rolled my eyes.

'Hmph! Why does he sound like Remo So much!'

"Come closer."

I walked the last two steps between us and stood in front of him just a breath away. His hand instantly came forward circling my waist as he held me much closer.

"Now repeat after me and follow what I say. Or what you are saying to yourself."

I nodded at him looking up.

"Two steps back."

"Two steps back," I said flatly.

I stepped away from him two steps immediately.

"Twirl."

He held one of my hands and gave me a jerk. I immediately twirled, muttering a small twirl-twirl.

"Hands-on the chest of Daddy."

He jerked me towards himself as I muttered.

"Hands-on the chest of Daddy." And placed my hands on his chest. I gaped at him after realizing what I just said.

'This jerk.'

The voice of applause broke my stare away from his face. The Music stopped followed by the noise of shoes scr***** against the floor. I looked back and saw Ma'am walking towards us. She smiled and clapped again.

"Well done guys. Very nice. This was much better." She exclaimed. The Dance teacher was known for her praising behavior. But then, All teachers are supposed to be known for their praising behavior.

I smiled at her and said a small Thank you relieved to feel the torturous step was finally over.

"So now that you all have done quite a nice job in doing the step. You can go back to your cla**es. From tomorrow onwards, you have to be here in Zero periods as our choreographer will be present to teach you his steps."

"Ma'am, won't you be teaching us?"

"Well no. I might assist Sir if he would ask me to though. But guys make sure, you do the best job you can. It's a great opportunity if Sir liked someone he will devote a free dance coaching for a year. But remember that would be for only kids that will charm him through their performances."

The crowd cheered and broke into thunderous applause and I honestly wanted to go and ask the kids who were doing that, what could be so amazing in a free dance coaching that they were getting so crazy. But I realized a minute later as the teacher tried to calm everyone down and said to ask one question each, for it might not be a big deal but for kids who loved dancing it might be a big deal.

"Ma'am please can you disclose the choreographer's name? We want to know. Please. Please. Please." It was Tina who asked this question coming out of the crowd and looked at Ma'am with a twinkling in her eyes. I wasn't surprised though, she practically worshiped dancing. I would have been surprised if she didn't come to ask something related to it.

"Nope Guys. That's a surprise for everyone. I don't know which famous Choreographer is coming."

"Oh, I understand Mam."

"Any other questions?"

A short timid girl stepped out from the crowd and asked timidly.

"Yes, Ma'am. I have one."

"Ask right away."

"May I be disqualified from this competition? I can't dance." It was a question I had thought of asking but I would prefer after the crowd left.

"No, you can't. These are CBSE suggested rules, this year we will grade students according to the extra-curricular activities too. The instructions from boards are that teachers can select a student for a random competition anything that challenges them and is not their fixed talent. You will be rewarded by grades for participating though and it's mandatory for every standard from 9th to 12th graders."

Her response saddened me. It wasn't fair to force kids to dance.

"Please, Mam. I can not dance." It seemed the girl was pretty much as saddened as me as her voice felt like practically begging.

"Well. I can not do anything about it, Dear. You are selected for dance now and the decision is not made by me, it came from your cla** teachers too after very much contemplating."

"Any other questions Guys?"

"No Ma'am."

"Good. Now Get going."

Few people grumbled curses in a low voice and I was one of them. As the crowd moved forward I slowed my pace to get away from Rohan. But as if he was a ghost, his pace automatically slowed down. I cursed him heavily. At that moment I realized he was not going to leave me anyway so I increased my pace. As we arrived at the gate of our cla**room I hurried inside finally sighing in relief. If I stood near him I knew he would never let me leave without teasing me. I don't know why I felt that I just knew.