

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 9

"Have you ever made a scene, you saw in a movie or read somewhere in your head and then put yourself in it? Have you ever watched yourself from a different person's view going deeper and deeper into the scene, away from you? I hope you can feel my pain by placing yourself in the scene where your mother asked you to pack some food for your Parents. " [Jacqueline]

My head throbbed, clenching my fist, I sp***ed some rice-eating it. But now it felt tasteless to me. I think just because I always wanted to have food with her in the same way she had served me was the mere reason which made it tastier than it was. But her words had completely ruined my appet**e. Maybe because food may fade away but feelings don't.

"Are you okay dear?"

"Yeah."

"Then you didn't answer me?"

"Thank you for asking, aunty, but my parents are not at home. So it's not required."

"Oh Okay. By the way, Do you know Joel gifted me a necklace today? He said he bought it for my birthday. see. How's it?"

I was in so much daze that I didn't even notice the necklace she was wearing. it was beautiful

It glittered attractively in the light and all her behavior now made some sense to me. she gave a soft tap on the purple diamond and I breathed a sigh in relief when it didn't shatter which it would've done if it was a fake and made of cheap gla**. She ran a thumb over its polished surface and smiled at me. almost grinning. I have never seen her smile so genuinely for months. Her black eyes shined in happiness. While her beautiful pink lips curved though the reason for the smile was a necklace. But to me her smile was the most beautiful jewel I'd ever come across and well, I suppose there is beauty in the simplicity of the word "beautiful" for truly had I thought it to be grand, majestic, glorious, or even royal there is no comparison to when I imagined it as the epitome of the Grace.

"It's beautiful Aunty. But more than that Your smile is the epitome of beauty. You should smile more."

Hearing my words, her smile turned more profound than it already was. Her white face blushing a little and I found that cute.

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"Aww. Thank you dear for such a compliment. But I don't deserve it."

"No aunty you deserve it. You should see yourself."

"Thank you so much, Dear. Today you made my day."

"Don't thank me, Aunty. I was just telling you what's true. You are truly beautiful."

Smiling She stood up and kissed my forehead. instantly making me feel better.

"Thank you, my dear daughter."

My heart nearly jumped through my throat hearing her words. 'Did she remember me?' I was nearly prepared to embrace her when she spoke again.

"I mean you are just like my daughter I never had."

This was the part of my life where I was disappointed but I couldn't do anything about it. I coughed a little to stop myself from crying and asked her to have her medicines.

"30 minutes later."

I placed my feet on the cold hardwood, I walked to her room. Seeing her sleeping form. I sat outside her room listening to the heavy snores she made in her sleep. it was enough to calm me down. I don't know how long I sat there but after a point, I went back to bed, pulled the covers to my chin until my sadness stopped.

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Almost immediately, my phone beeped and I moved to open it Finding his text messages again.

"You are my cruel baby."

My first reaction was a smile. I quickly sit up in my bed realizing how easily he can turn my bad mood into a good one.

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[Writer's POV:]

"Shut up," Jacqueline replied back

"What's wrong Baby?" While Remo Frowned at her answer. What happened to her. She didn't even call him a jerk. Something must have happened.

“Nothing.”

Remo asked again. He could almost imagine her vibes. “We are friends Jacky, You can tell me anything dear. Come on. Tell me What’s wrong?”

While Jacqueline was confused, She did not want to tell him about her mother. it would do her no good. ‘what if he laughs at her and leave her.’ She never wanted that. Thinking of a reason. She remembered Rohan. Maybe He can help her with an idea.

“I lied to a stranger today about my name. But he turned out to be my cla**mate in half an hour. What should I do? I am scared?”

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Though he felt it couldn’t be the reason for her sadness, he understood even if he forced her, she won’t tell him anything.

“Are You shouldn’t be scared. It’s not a big deal.”

Jacky rolled her eyes at his reply, ‘What was he. Not a big deal. it must be because he was never bullied before.

“He confronted me in front of everyone in a small voice when the teacher asked me? I think he will make trouble for me. I am scared.”

Seeing her answer almost made him a little bit angry. A boy asked for her name. ‘But what was wrong with that. why are you getting angry at such a small reason?’ he couldn’t find an answer to retort to his subconscious voice

“Oh, so the stranger is a he! huh! tell me from the start what exactly happened?”

“I told you already.”

He didn’t even know why he was getting anxious to know

“I am asking you. How did it happen? Why did you lie to him in the first place?”

“I was traveling on the bus to school when he came into our bus, he was soaked in water and there was no seat so he sat down on the one near me. after that he asked for my name. But I neither wanted to tell him my name nor I wanted to create troubles for myself so I lied. And then when I reached cla** Our teacher introduced us and asked me to help him. And he got to know I lied. So he questioned me when he was returning to my seat.”