

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 21

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“God knows your sorrows, your insecurities, your doubts, your fears, your goodness. Return to him. He will heal you. For he is the best healer.” [Jacqueline]

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[Jacqueline's Pov]

I found myself staring at the structure of the heart that our teacher had drawn on the blackboard. The first thing I noticed was it was neat. She had done an awesome job drawing it. That I don't think will be able to draw. It was not my zone. We were in the first lecture of our cla**es for the day. And Mrs. Neha was trying to explain about the pumping organ Heart.

I shifted in discomfort on the wooden chair I was sitting on. It was uncomfortable and I can even bet that no one would be comfortable sitting over it. Though the amount of fat I had on my b***ocks kind of feel like a cushion to me. But when you are sitting on it for the last 40 minutes without moving an inch, even it will fail you.

A tingling sensation made me furrow my eyebrows as I looked sideways.

Rohan. I should have known who could be better than him to disturb me at this point. His black eyes shining with mischief, while he smirked with his pouty lips.

Frowning I ignored him when another paper ball strikes my back. I stop my urge to scream. 'For someone who had forcefully kissed me yesterday, he sure had guts to tease me today.'

I ignored him again.

Another paper ball hits me. But this time on my face. And I whip my head at lightning speed towards his seat to glare at him. I wish I could burn him through it. Unfortunately, God made me a human.

Sighing I focussed on writing notes again. This time trying to avoid anything.

A girl sitting behind me nudges me with her hand. Speaking in a hushed tone.

“Ugly Jacqueline. This is for you.”

My hands tightened upon the pen I was writing with. That I so badly wanted to throw at him. But my grandfather said once self-control is a good thing. So I

exhaled. Faking a smile, I turn around. Looking at her questioningly. Her brown eyes were covered by stylish spectacles. Her eyes were beautiful but the emotion in them wasn't. It was the emotion that I was too familiar with. Disgust.

She forwarded her hand towards me, a paper ball in her hands. I looked sideways and noticed him eagerly waiting for me to take it. Just when I looked back she placed the paper ball in my hands, cleaning her hands with a hankie. As if I was having a viral disease that I will probably give her. As if.

I faked a smile at her and turned back. Since he so wanted to give me the paper, I will just take it.

[3/11, 20:11] Annie: Smiling at him, I tore the paper into small pieces without reading it. His rounded brows tightened and I saw as his jaw flattened too. I wanted to laugh at his reaction.

Giving him the reaction that said 'Serves you right.' I focussed on writing notes again. But then as if luck was not on my side. The

[3/11, 20:24] Annie: As Mrs. Neha took my name expecting an answer to the question I had no idea about.

"Jacqueline beta I am asking you something."

I looked dumbly at her trying to think what was it that she asked?

Looking at my confused face, she asked patiently.

"Do you want me to repeat the question beta?"

Giving her a nervous smile, I nodded at her.

My fingers felt suddenly sweaty as everyone concentrated their attention on me.

"What is the name of the wall of the muscle which separates the right and left region of the heart?"

[3/11, 20:26] Annie: The tension in my mind intensifies as I hear the question. I had no idea, what could be its answer since I was busy trying to mess with him.

Everyone starts talking in hushed whispers as I keep my mouth shut. My scalp tingles with sweat as I listen to their voice while there was still a fan on.

"She is not just ugly, she is stupid too!"

"Hah. What do you expect from her, she is a s***? I saw her walking with Rohan yesterday and now she is openly flirting with him. Can you believe that?"

"Really? When did this happen? Why didn't I know about it?"

"Oh, you weren't there yesterday. And I am telling you, Tina does the right thing, she keeps her in her place."

"Oh, God! Who knew she had a s*** in her behind her ugly face. But I am confused about one thing. Why would Rohan such a handsome boy will give her attention?"

"It must be because of some bet."

"Bet? Oh, you are right!"

She flips her hair and hums a response.

The girl who called me s*** had been the girlfriend of boys. She cheated on two. Betrayed one. She was the same girl who had given me the paper ball thrown by Rohan.

I clench my hands. My lips sealed shut. 'Don't cry Jacky! Don't! She is speaking nonsense.'

I chant the words in my head, trying to keep my emotions at bay. Having a breakdown in front of the people who were responsible for it will probably kill me. And I would never do that.

"Cla** keep quiet!" The teacher's voice instantly makes everyone shut.

Patently the teacher taps her foot on the ground waiting for an answer. I didn't even know why she was this adamant that I knew the answer. Shakily, I look around noticing disgust in everyone's eyes. My eyes move to each corner stopping at Rohan. There was no emotion on his face. Not even pity. But staring at him made me feel like I wasn't that bad. It was no big deal to not know the answer to that question. He held my gaze, his eyes turning from no emotion to some emotion in his eyes. That I couldn't understand.

I look away, staring at my shoes, I mumble in a voice.

"I am sorry Mam. I don't know the answer."

As I look up, she behaves like my words didn't reach her ears.

"Come on Jacqueline. Answer it. We don't have all day!"

"I."

A voice beat me before I could speak more than a syllable.

“Septum. The right and the left region of the heart are separated by a wall of muscle called the Septum.”

Just when he finishes the answer everyone’s head turns towards him with lightning speed.

It was Rohan. The cla**’s atmosphere turns chaotic as everyone cheers for him.

“Woah.”

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chapter 22

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“The purest form of love is protection. If he can’t protect you. He doesn’t love you.” [Jacqueline]

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I was surprised by his interruption.

‘Did he just save me? But why would he? I questioned inwardly. To myself.

‘Is it because he feels guilty for kissing me forcefully?’

I glanced back at him with furrowed brows and he offered me a small smile. A smile that was filled with a**urance. I turned back without reacting.

Mrs. Neha was the first to react. As she glared at him.

“Is your name Jacqueline!”

I looked back at him. Waiting for his response. Initially, the hand by his side was now placed behind his neck. As he rubbed the area in nervousness.

“I. I am sorry Mam.” He stammered and I stopped my urge to laugh at his reaction. ‘It was cute. He looked like just a young boy who was nervous because his crush had asked him out!’ I realized how ridiculous an a**umption it was!

Mrs. Neha glared at him again. Her eyes filled that we’re filled with fury altered into a calm emotion.

“Since, This is the first time you have interrupted me. I am going to let you go without a punishment. But don’t repeat the same mistake! Now sit down.” Her voice held a sudden tone of anger in it.

"I understand Mam. I will not interrupt you again. And I am sorry once again. And Thank you."

"Hmm. You too Jacqueline sit down beta."

Just as her words ended, the bell for the next period rang. And she took her documents and sauntered towards the door. While I inhaled in relief. Which proved to be a short relief, since the girl sitting behind me snorted mumbling."

"What a s***!" I clenched my hands in an attempt to stop myself from doing anything stupid. Anything that will lead me in the dustbin.

I acted nonchalantly and completed my notes from the blackboard that Mrs. Neha has filled with important points of the chapter.

Suddenly there was a tapping of a finger on my table. As I looked at it I understood it was Jaan's. Since he had the weirdest sense of style. He liked having rings on his fingers. And no I am not saying it weird because he wears rings, I am saying it a weird habit because he wears a ring on each of his fingers. 'Can you believe that? I don't even know how he gets the strength to lift his hand considering the large size of stones on them.

"Jacqueline, I think we need to talk."

'Oh, God! Please save me from this stupid pervert.'

The first thing I noticed in his sentence was my name, he only calls me Jacqueline when he is pissed off over something. Something that will make him so mad that he might even hit me. The second half of his sentence confused me, Don't people say we need to talk to their girlfriends when they want to break up? Or because someone had cheated? Why is he saying this to me!

"Jacqueline. I said get up. And come with me. We need to talk." His sudden yelling caused me to stop writing. My furrowed brows looked up slowly from his ugly fingers to his ugly face. 'What? Just because he has fair skin? And a nice face shape and features. We can't call him handsome! They need to be handsome from within. What is the use of the face if he will just s*** it!'

I guess I was too slow in reacting or his patience was too limited because the next thing I knew was him dragging me towards the door.

'Where is Tina? OH God please send her here! Please! Please!'

He dragged me out of my chair and table while my elbow got slammed into the table badly. And I grimaced suppressing my whimpering.

Just As he tried to drag me out fully the corner of my Kurti got clasped in the corner of the table. Looking at it, I finally found my voice. 'I didn't want my only uniform to be torn apart by this beast.'

"You. You. What are you doing Jaan? My Kurti is stuck on the table. Please let me remove it first. Otherwise, it will be torn."

"Who said you to ignore me! Now bear with it. I am going to drag you with me in this way." His words sending chills down my spine. Colour left my face and I knew I must be pale.

"I am sorry. I. I wasn't exactly ignoring you. Let me just explain."

"Who wants to hear you! If it is going to be torn, let it torn down. Everyone will just see a good show. Moreover, no one will look at you, because of your fat even your fair skin can't compromise for it."

I was speechless, how can he be such an evil boy who was comfortable in ripping someone's clothes. My eyes clenched shut. And I tried to think of a way to protect myself. Because I was sure as hell that nobody else would do it for me.

If sweet-talking doesn't help. Should I use evil methods? I should have trained myself in taekwondo or martial arts. If I was! I wouldn't have to worry about this sc** bag.

'Kick him, Jacky. You can do it!'

'Even if I do! He will make sure to torment me later. Oh God, I don't even want to imagine the consequences of it.'

'Do you want everyone in this cla** to laugh at you? To look at your bare body? Do you want to be bullied till next year for this incident? What if you hit him here and everything stops! Maybe he will get scared and will never bully you!'

'Hah. As if!' It was impossible! But I knew I could not deal with the embarra**ment!'

Filled with new confidence, I opened my eyes he wasn't able to drag me because I was holding the table to support myself, and because of my weight, he was not able to drag me. He looked back, his brows frowning at the hand that was holding the table. He left me and walked up to me. Giving me an evil smile. He placed it on mine, trying to remove my hold upon the wooden table.

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 23

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"Dear Me, I pray I treat you kinder, I pray I never make you feel like you are not good enough. And you deserve better. You will get better." [Jacqueline]

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[Jacqueline's POV]:

Inhaling a deep breath slowly I bent my leg towards his crotch wanting to kick him but out of nowhere, someone's punch landed on his face which sent him flying down to the ground which brought me to a halt. my eyes widened as saucers in fear and something else I couldn't describe.

The familiar black eyes captivated me for a while, they were filled with fury, and I felt a chill on who is going to bear the brunt of it.

"Who the hell do you think you are? Huh? How dare you touch her?" His voice laced with anger. And I inhaled at that. Rohan out of all people would save me twice a day. Is it a dream?

2 minutes later, Jaan who was still in shock tentatively placed one hand on the area of his cheek where he was punched. His eyes glaring at me if looks could kill I might have been dead with his infamous glare.

"You! Rohan! Look, I don't want to fight with you, so stay the f*** out of this matter! This is between me and her!"

Rohan laughed coldly, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

"She is my friend. Everything that involves her will automatically involve me."

The chaotic cla**room instantly got hushed. I could even hear my heartbeat in my ears it was that silent.

Yet, His words instantly calmed me. A strange sense of warmth flooded in me. 'He just called me his friend? Isn't he afraid everyone will laugh at his face or worse will mock him to befriend a girl this ugly?'

No one reacted not even me. After a while, Jaan was the first one to return to his senses.

As he mocked Rohan while looking at me in disdain as if it wasn't Rohan who had punched him or rather it was me.

"You and her Friends? Are you kidding me, bro?"

'Don't look at me, Buddy! Even I don't know what just happened!'

I averted my eyes from his face.

He laughed like someone had cracked the biggest joke showing his yellow teeth. It was weird to watch him laughing hysterically while clutching his stomach. He looked like a mentally disturbed patient who had got the disease to laugh.

However, Nobody else followed his actions. Not even a single person. This was weird because from the day Jaan started hara**ing me everyone started following his steps.

I could only guess that maybe my cla**mates had started admiring Rohan more than they admired Jaan.

Another punch landed on his face and a scream echoed in my ears as my whole body shuddered in panic. It was Tina.

“Jaaaaaaan. Nooooo.”

For the first time, I saw the pure worry in her eyes as she walked up to us. There was no purposeful swaying of her hips. No throwing of her hair at her back. Instead, her hands were clenched, her lips pressed together. There was a water bottle in her hand. And I understood now where was she? She must have gone to fill it.

In no time she was in front of us glaring at first me then Rohan.

“What the hell are you doing Rohan? Why did you punch him?” She yelled through gritted teeth, her voice a new octave higher and I got the urge to place my hands on my ears. Nonetheless, I stopped myself. She would swallow me whole if I did that in front of her face.

Throwing us a glare that might have resulted in our death if she had superpowers. She bent down to help him. As he had fallen to the ground earlier when Rohan punched him.

‘I never knew he was this weak. Like he was a man of two punches!’

Ignoring her, Rohan rounded around the corner and pulled out the corner of the kurta from the table gently though. His eyes softening at me.

Although I was touched by his protectiveness I knew better than to trust him. ‘What if it’s just for a bet or worse he is doing this to get into my pants?’

‘Look at yourself! Does he need to get into your pants?’

I inhaled.

My subconscious mind was right. I doubted this theory.

'It must be because of his revenge.'

If people take revenge like this! I might want to see more of it.

"Are you alright sweet cheeks?" He asked placing a hand on my cheek. Concern dripping from his voice. I froze right at the spot contemplating whether I should just kiss him or kick him. Words failed to comply with my tongue. So I nodded stupidly. However, in my mind, I was swooning over him. A handsome as hell boy in a white shirt and grey pants with lots of protectiveness in his eyes as they bore into mine. This was exactly my type. A man who can protect me at all costs. I gripped the hem of my kurta tightly to control my raging hormones. I didn't want to make a joke out of myself by doing what my dirty mind was telling me.

'Just stand on tiptoes and kiss him. Kiss. Kiss. Kiss. He deserves a kiss.' Isn't that what happens in romantic movies.'

Wow, this was the first time I got to know my brain could produce these romantic dirty ideas.

I mentally shook myself out of my thoughts and focussed on the surrounding.

"Great. Let's go."

Confusion painted my features as I looked up at him.

'Go where? It's our cla**!'

Noticing my features he decided to elaborate.

"You were crying earlier, and so you might need to use the washroom."

I nodded at him dumbly again while he placed one hand on my shoulder and I inhaled.

'What is he doing?'

His black eyes turned frightening again as he glanced at the best couple of our cla**.

"Sina. Meena. Whatever your name is! Keep your boyfriend away from her. If I found him disturbing her again, there won't just be a scratch on his pretty face."

Tina's face turned pale as she glanced at Jaan again. There was little blood at the corner of his lips which must be because he might have accidentally bitten his lip

or tongue. His cheek had turned a little purple by the punch. Yet he had the guts to throw a glare at him.

'If I were you! I wouldn't have done that buddy.'

I mentally scolded him.

Tina was the first one to break the silence.

"Who the hell do you think you are? Huh? First of all, My name is Tina. And secondly, how can you beat people like this?"

Fury painted her features as she spoke through gritted teeth.

Without even blinking an eyelid he said or better I felt like he warned.

"I am who I am. You can go and ask your dear pappa who Rohan is! And I don't care what your name is! Also, I can beat anyone I want! if you have a problem with it. Go to the principal and complain."

Jaan came forward to block her view of him. His eyes throwing daggers at me and then Rohan. He still doesn't get his lesson. I frowned 'He is such a stupid boy. Where does he keep his brain? Does he want to get beaten up again!'

Squaring his shoulders he looked up at Rohan. Since Rohan was a good 3 inches tall from him.

"Don't you ever dare to talk to her like that again! Otherwise!"

"What otherwise? What will you do huh?"

"Trust me, you won't like what I will do to you."

"A man who can not protect himself is threatening me! Hahaha!" Rohan laughed. And I pinched myself to stop the smile that was threatening .

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 24

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You are not beautiful until your beauty comes from your heart." [Ifveen]

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[Jacqueline's POV]:

to come out. My nails dug in the flesh of my fists.

Embarra**ed Jaan mumbled some incoherent words and made way for us. Taking poor Tina with him.

He walked forward taking me with him, while I felt everyone's eyes on my form. My whole body shook a little and I knew he must have felt it too. Because he was the one who had placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Is there anything wrong with you sweetcheeks? Should I take you to the principal to give you a day half?" He asked as we came out of the door.

"No. No. I am. Fine. I am fine. I don't need to go home." I gave him a small smile.

He raised a brow at me looking at me sus***iously.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I am."

"Good." Holding my hand he took me to the nearest washroom and I walked inside without looking at him again.

The light was dim, and There were no large mirrors in our washroom. Just a small one. As small as a book. That was also broken from its sides. I tried to a***yze my face through it opening the flashlight of my phone.

I didn't even realize I had cried if Rohan didn't tell me. Are my tears this worthless that they flowed without my permission?

Looking at myself in the mirror I noticed it wasn't big deal. My face didn't look that horrible, because I don't use any makeup. Nobody could tell I had cried if only my eyes, nose, and cheeks were not that red. They were as red as a tomato. It seemed blood might pour out of them.

I splashed water on myself without actually noticing it might even wet my Kurti.

After I was sure, I looked presentable. I walked out.

'Rohan must have left. But where should I go now? The teacher must have been giving a lecture and I go now, I might be scolded. And worse maybe Jaan and Tina will kill me.'

Without noticing someone was in the way I walked forward causing me to knock into someone's chest. I froze right at the spot my head hurting a little. Very slowly I looked up and found Rohan staring at me.

Confused, I uttered.

"You! I thought you must have left."

"I didn't. I was waiting for you."

Gently I tried pushing him away from me, but he sneaked a hand behind my waist securing me in the same place.

My heart hammered inside my chest at an irregular pace ordering me to stay in the same position while my mind ordered me to push him away.

"Why?"

"What why?"

"Why we're you waiting for me?"

"Ah! That. So that I can look after you."

My mouth formed an o shape and my eyes widened at his statement.

"Okay. I understand that and Thank you for helping me earlier. But Now can you let me go pleased?"

"Huh. Is that how you talk to your savior?"

"But I didn't do anything wrong. I am just requesting."

"No. I won't."

"Huh. What do you mean?"

"I mean. I won't leave you."

"Why did you protected me earlier From Jaan?"

His hold tightened upon me as he snuggled closer to my ear and I felt his soft lips pressing firmly just below my ear on the neck. I shivered. I tried to push him off me but to no avail.

"Mmm. You don't use makeup. This is the best thing you do sweet cheeks." His mouth opened a little as he licked my ear.

'Eww. '

"What's wrong with you Rohan. Just let go of me. You. You are overshadowing your good actions by the bad ones."

"I don't care about that sweetcheeks. I saved you from him because only I can be the one to bully you." After completing his sentence He bit my ear.

'Wow and here I was thinking about him so great things. I am stupid.' Done with his stupid words and actions I pushed him roughly away from me because previously I was trying to not be rude to him but now that he had revealed his real intentions. I shouldn't feel bad about it.

He stumbled a little from my rough force.

"You are a jerk. Stupid. Crazy boy."

I yelled through gritted teeth. He smirked. He f***ing dared to smirk at my words.

'What is he? A mental case. How can he be so unreasonable?'

"f***ing jerk."

"I like it when you are angry sweetcheeks.."

"Arggh." Done with his stupid antics I ran back with my backpack on my shoulder. While he yelled.

"You can run, as much as you want. But we will meet again. And the next time it won't be just a bite, Annie."

"Oh, God! Why did I even get his attention? It would have been better if we had not met."

After a long while, when I saw he wasn't behind me. I stopped and sat down on the cemented chair.

I panted heavily. 'Oh God, when will all the problems disappear from my life! Please God, Make it soon!' I complained to God for a few minutes. And then Opened my backpack and took out my phone from the bag. And opened it wanting to play some games to play but ended the opening facebook.

"Hey."

"Jacky!"

"Why are you not replying to me? What's wrong?"

"Okay, sorry Baba. I shouldn't have said those words. It was just some healthy flirting."

He is weird. He changes his words so quickly. First, say something wrong then ask for sorry.

"It's Okay."

I hadn't even replied to all his texts when I received another one from him.

"Great. Where are you?"

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[Writer's POV]:

"In school. How about you?"

"Same. How are you using it?"

"A cla**mate of mine had held my wrist earlier and. Um."

"Yeah? What happened then?"

"He was trying to drag me out but a new cla**mate saved me. So I ran out of the cla**room."

His hold upon the phone tightened. A boy held her wrist trying to drag her. Why would a boy do so? If he is not interested in her.

"This is bad. But I don't understand one thing. Why was he trying to drag you?"

"I don't know. But he has some serious issues with me. Even the last time he had done the same but his girlfriend had saved me."

Reading her text made him frown almost unknowingly.

"Does he like you?"

"Haha. You must be kidding. I am too ugly."

He found himself staring at the screen. 'Is she saying this so that I a**ume she is ugly? Or is she ugly in real?'

The only reasonable explanation he found is, she was just joking about her ugliness. Because being a boy he could contemplate no boy will save a girl who he thinks is ugly. And no sane boy will try to drag an ugly girl twice once in front of her girlfriend and once in front of the whole cla**. Does that mean she is insecure and doesn't know she is beautiful?.

Confused Remo, sighed.

"Can I see you once Jacqueline? Can you show me Your picture? I don't know why I feel, but I feel like you are beautiful."

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 25

[/ Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen](#)

"No one will ever recognize how rare you are! If you don't recognize it yourself. So recognize your rareness, deal with the pain that life has offered you, make mistakes, experience failures and do everything you want.[Jacqueline]

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[Writer's POV]:

The yellow sun rays engulfed Jacqueline's body and the sweating started. From armpits to the corner of cheeks. Sweat rolled down her back and she felt it as it traveled inside the fabric of Kurti.

She replied to him with a single word.

"No."

Her one-word response frustrated him. He wanted to still ask her but his man ego decided otherwise.

"Fine. Bye."

Jacqueline's lips thinned as she held the phone in her hand tighter. He wanted to see her, but could she trust him this early. This easily. the answer came a second later. No. She didn't want to imagine the consequences of trusting someone she never met in real life. f***! She never trusts anyone in real life. How could she trust a man she barely knew.

"I am sorry. But I don't trust you. f*** I barely trust people in real life, So please try to understand from my viewpoint."

Jacky didn't know why she was explaining to him. It was improper of her to do that. To explain herself to a stranger.

To which He only replied with a "hmm."

Disheartened by his words, she logged out. Noticing the atmosphere around her.

Two girls seemed to be gossiping about something and then they giggled together hitting each other on the back. She craved that kind of friendship. A friendship where she can be herself and will still be appreciated. Still, be loved. Adored. Yet it seemed like it was impossible to happen for her at least in this life.

A few kids were playing around with the football. Not particularly by rules, just kicking it on the body of each other. While the gardener watered the plants smiling.

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[Jacqueline's POV]:

Sighing I stood up, it wasn't the time to pity myself. However, the moment I stood up, my leg twisted and I fell on my stomach on the cemented floor with a thud. A painful groan escaped my lips. And I closed my eyes muttering in frustration.

"f***. God! How many terrible things are going to happen to me today!"

The sound of steady footsteps echoed and I opened my eyes in a flash. They landed on the familiar black shoes. Rohan again. Oh, God!

My eyes darted from downwards to upwards in slow motion and I noticed him smirking.

I inhaled.

'Oh, God! I hope this is just a nightmare.'

"Need some help sweet cheeks?" His baritone voice sent shivers down my spine and I stiffened. It wasn't a nightmare. It's real.

Begrudgingly I yelled through gritted teeth.

"No."

"Are you sure?"

I noticed a few kids gathered around us. Almost surrounding us. My cheeks flushed red and I bit my lip hard wanting to find a hole in the ground and disappear in it.

"Yea."

Almost everyone seemed to be looking at me with contempt. Some even laughed at my face.

"Oh, God! She can't even walk!"

“Leave that. Just look at her b***. She is too big.”

“Yeah. You are right. She is.”

I tried to get up, but it seemed God had other plans for me. My ankle must have been strained because I couldn't get up from my position.

My eyes darted in between people and at last locked with his enchanting black ones. As black as darkness. Hypnotizing me.

He didn't seem to be particularly enjoying my misery. His pink lips were set down in the shape of a scowl while his furrowed brows proved, he was doing anything but enjoying.

Without a word exchanged between us, he bent down placing his arm on my sweaty one. In one swift motion, he had placed his neck in my right armpit, Supporting me to stand. While everyone around us gasped.

As I stood up he glared at the kids surrounding us. Yelling through gritted teeth.

“The f***ing show is over. Get lost Guys.” His angry voice made me shudder.

In response to his words, Almost everyone glared at me pointing at me with a finger.

“Are you guys deaf! Just leave!”

Everyone s***tered in an instant and he took me to the bench I was sitting on earlier.

After making sure I sat down he removed himself from me. And I exhaled a breath that I didn't know I was holding.

Earlier when he helped me, his fragrance had reached my nostrils creating a ripple of b***erflies in my stomach.

“Thank you, Rohan. And I. I am sorry about earlier.”

His eyes swirled with emotion as his face enlarged in front of my eyes. He had closed the distance between us.

Taking my chin in between his rough index finger as well as his thumb, he pinched me.

It hurts.

"I hate it when you are bullied by someone else Sweetcheeks. I want to be the only one who can bully you." His husky voice and cruel words made me realize I was thinking too much. He wasn't thinking to exactly help me. He just wanted to help me to do those things himself.

For a moment, my voice was lost. I didn't know what to say to him. What kind of cruel ways he had. Can people be this unreasonable?

"Don't ever try to cry for anyone Jacqueline. You can only cry when I will bully you."

My hands clenched on either side while I bit my lip hard.

'Would it be fine if I smack him across his cheek even if he had helped me a minute ago?'

'No! You are a kind as well as Good girl Jacky. You can't do that.'

'Deep breath Jacky. Deep breaths.'

Closing my eyes I inhaled.

One. Two. Three. Four.

I can't think of a reason why every time I encountered him, my patience line seems to flee away. He did have a weird way to get on my nerves.