

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 3

-3-Home and New Friend.

"It's completely Okay to be hidden or to wear the mask, to stay behind the bars of a smile, or to be invisible with the scars we carry. Until you find someone who would love you for Who you are and not the one for becoming while wearing a mask. You'll have to wait with a smile on your face, And, till then you can bleed through words. She will be invisible to my stories." [Ifveen]

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Jacqueline's POV:

After the a**embly, I was able to attend Four cla**es without any disturbance. Although I never got the perfect chance to make any subject my favorite one. it was like I liked maths in high school yet my marks were very low in it. So I took biology and left maths in plus-one.

But Biology was a subject that I never really paid attention to it Till high school. But as time progressed, I started having a tiny curiosity about biology. It's a wonderful subject plus I got great marks on it.

I knew according to my luck, there won't be a day in the world that I will be over without my bullying.

Bell for lunchtime rang. And I knew if I didn't leave the cla** first. I will be insulted by some of my best friends.

Just as I reached the corridor, Someone pushed me and I took two steps back to manage my stance.

"Oh, My Jacky queen. Can't you see where you are going!"

This voice. Ah! Tina not again.

"I'm sorry Tina."

"Sorry, my foot."

"Baby, she doesn't even deserve to be your foot," Jaan spoke in a mocking tone.

"You are right baby! Look she has oil in her head. Eww, it's gross."

The prettiest girl in my cla** said to her boyfriend. I shifted in discomfort, knowing very well that Tina was speaking about me.

While he gave a once-over to my entire physique. it made me shudder in embarra**ment. I knew I had too much fat which was distributed to my whole torso. It was like My breast were enormous.

Why wouldn't they be? My whole childhood, I ate chocolates like a pig. Also, They say you inherit your breast size from someone in your family. So in reality My mother was blessed with a large breast too.

Mine was 36 inches and a D cup. I have never seen anyone in my cla** having that large breast. However, My waistline was pretty large it was almost 32 inches. So that covered them from looking too extras. Also, my stomach was 35 inches large. So you could tell I was granted a curvy fat body. But, What mattered was that I was big.

"You are so fat Jacky. Why don't you just starve yourself? I promise you will look beautiful after that." Tina's boyfriend Jaan said loudly. The rude and the most handsome boy in our cla** always had the time to mock me. other than me, you will never find him bullying anyone. His rude words and his mocking advice shouldn't have disturbed me. I should have been used to it. but it still did. it hurts like hell. it always did. Jaan always had a way of being rude to me.

"Jacky, what a waste of your lips. if only you can be a little lean. I would have thought to make you my girlfriend. But you always have to eat."

His words brought a shiver to my spine, Just when I looked up I saw him staring at my lips. Taking a deep breath I tried to move away from him but he caught hold of my wrist.

"Where do you think you are going, sweetheart?"

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"What are you doing Jaan? It's Jacqueline." Tina said as she tried to free my wrist from his hand gently.

For once, I was happy for her presence. she might have bullied me a lot but at least she never tried her boyfriend to do that to me. She was kind for that matter. Maybe it was her sixth sense as a girl that his boyfriend was interested in me and in the wrong way.

"Tina let go of my hand." No, it wasn't a request from Jaan. it was a warning that she understood clearly.

Still Ignoring his words, She managed to pull my hand from his. Yelling at my face.

"Get lost."

Sighing in comfort, I ran through the corridors to reach the cla**room.

"God Bless tina. Fortunately, you saved me today."

Yet His unpleasant words kept echoing in my head till the end of the day. I never understood why he always was rude to me. I never provoked him. Except for his girlfriend's interest in me, there was no memory of me provoking him.

Shooking my head, I started focusing on my studies. Slacking off in a cla** was never my style. Anyway, these bullies are never going to pay me.

[Evening]

When Stars started filling the sky like pale corn into freshly turned ground. It was as if the promise of life turned into darkness. I returned home.

As I pa**ed through the room of my mother. I saw her crying hysterically. feeling bad for her. I left my bag at the table and turned towards her room.

"Mom, What happened?" I asked her sitting on the small chair near her bed.

"Who are you?" She asked in a hoarse voice.

Seeing her not identifying me broke my heart. it was so wrong of God to do that to me.

"Your daughter Mom."

"But, I don't have a daughter. You are lying." She yelled and started throwing things on my face.

Knowing things will be more difficult If I opposed her. I sat down, trying to smile through tears.

"Mo. I mean Aunty, I am your neighbor. Uncle had asked me to take care of you. He is on a business trip."

"Oh. But, I feel he was here 20 minutes ago. he even slapped me. See Leila see." She showed me a handprint on her face. seeing her face, instantly brought tears to my eyes. 'How can he do that to her? Why was he so cruel? God. Why?'

Shaking my head in pure disappointment. I masked my emotions trying to make her calm.

"Aunty it must be a dream. He is not here for three days now."

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"You are right. Joel loves me so much. he would never hit me. it must be a dream."

"Yeah. Here take your medicine."

"What medicine? I Am fine."

"Don't you have a headache?"

"Oh my gosh. I forgot. Thank you so much for your help dear. You know if I was pregnant at that time I might have a daughter of the same age as you."

Her words cut through my heart but I still manage to fake a smile giving her the tablets.

"You are welcome, Aunty."

Closing the door, my tears broke free continuously. For years, My life had been nothing but a bed of thorns. There had been so many adversities I have faced that it has turned into a normal routine.

Cleaning the mess in the kitchen. I made an egg Omlet for me and my sister. Placing it in the hot-pot for her I left it in the kitchen.

Being done with dinner. I moved to my room cleaning it and then trying to sleep. But with all the sadness, it became impossible to sleep.

Turning on my phone, I opened my Facebook account. instantly there was a text from Remo.

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"How are you Beautiful?"

For once, she wanted to forget she was ugly. so she replied.

"I'm beautiful! remember. But How about you?" Remo threw the water he was drinking. Replying instantly.

"Wow, Smarta**. I'm extreme for you."

"For me?"

"Yeah for you."

"You are funny."

"You are the first one to say that to me."

"Oh, I know that this must be the same line you have texted the girl you must be talking to before me."

"So you are intelligent too Jacky. But no, I am not lying. People usually say either I am too hot to handle or something about my body. They don't usually go beyond my face and body."

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Wait I will send you a Screenshot."

"Huh. Why?"

"Just see first. Then you will know."

"Okay."

Seeing the screenshot, Jacky chewed her inner cheek. There were three screenshots of different chats of different girls. When she counted, 18 girls had texted him. But he wasn't replying to them. The texts were unread. But all the last messages were the ones they had sent him. one common thing was almost every girl was flirting with him or asking to meet him.

Seeing his friend list, She felt like crying. all the girls were too pretty to even compare. When she checked their profiles, She saw they were as hot as hell. A beautiful face, Model bodies, and a fortune to spend on.

'they are so hot. why is he even talking to me? I don't even deserve to text him.' Feeling self-conscious. she sighed and decided to let him be.

While at the other end, Remo waited and waited for ten minutes but there was no answerback.

'She! How dare she! she is the first one to ignore me!'

Deciding to talk to her one last time, he texted again.

"What's wrong Jacky?"

"Don't call me Jacky. it's Jacqueline for you. Also, when you have so many friends to talk to. why did you even bother to text me?"

Remo was astonished, What was wrong with this girl. I just texted her to show I am only showering my attention on her and she is taunting me.

"Stupid Girl. I wanted to talk to you. That's why I did text you. Why are you getting so angry?"

"Don't call me stupid. And I am sorry. I thought you were showing off."

Remo was stunned at her honesty. 'Goodness Are their people who can say what they mean at their face.'

Delighted to have the challenge to make her his friend. He texted again.

"It's okay. I wasn't showing off. I just wanted to let you know how people see me. They just see me as a pretty body and a handsome face. Nothing more than that."

"So what's wrong in that? GOD, has blessed you with that. Be grateful for it. if you feel it as a burden then YOU ARE CRAZY."

Seeing her taunting him, so easily like she knew him for ages Remo chuckled and texted.

"YOU ARE RIGHT. I'm CRAZY. But only for you baby."

Reading the text, Jacky's cheeks blushed red, and she suppressed her smile. 'He is something huh.'