

Her Facebook Friend by Ifveen

chapter 31

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“Love yourself, Like the clouds love rain, love yourself like the moon loves the sky. Or just find the version of how you love people and then shower that same love upon yourself because you are a person too.”

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[Jacqueline’s POV:]

As I opened my eyes and looked around the white walls of the room made me feel depressed, I found three other girls sleeping on the beds that were placed corresponding to mine with white sheets covering up to their chin. I wasn’t sure how long I must have been sleeping here. There seems to be very little light coming from outside. While the room was illuminated by the bluish fluorescent light. The windows were covered with thick heavy blue curtains.

‘Why am I here?’

It suddenly dawned on me that I had blacked out when Jaan was talking to me, or rather when he was hara**ing me.

“That stupid jerk.” I clenched my hands and wiggled them from the side but immediately felt a shock as something sharp pricked my skin and I hissed. Something that felt like a needle.

‘Needle?’ I looked towards my side noticing the cannula in my hand. The needle almost was on the verge of bending when I loosened it.

swallowing hard I allowed myself to accept, I was in the medical room. But who would have brought me here?

‘Jaan?’

My subconscious voice scoffed at me, and I immediately found the idea ridiculous. It was impossible.

‘Even if I was dying, and he got the antidote he will never help me.’

A 40-year-old woman in a white lab coat entered through the door, the sunlight pouring from behind her silhouette.

With few steps, she was inside the room and glanced at every bed. Her big-black eyes stopped at my form.

She smiles.

I smile back.

“Hey. How are you feeling kid?”

“Eh?”

Very Gently she pops down on the stool nearest to my bed. Her brown curls flowing with the wind.

“I asked you how are you feeling now?”

“I am fine. Thank you.”

“Hmm. Let’s see.”

She said as she drew out a small notebook from the pocket of her coat.

Hesitatingly I ask in a small voice.

“Why am I getting an infusion?”

Flipping through the pages, she stops at one. Her eyes looking up at me again.

“You are malnourished, it seems you might not have eaten anything from yesterday. Also, your body is dehydrated and all the result of that is you fainted two hours ago in the school playground.”

‘It makes sense, I haven’t eaten anything in dinner, I forgot about lunch though.’

She gave me some time to absorb her words as if I didn’t know about them.

‘Or maybe she just wants you to realize what you are doing with your health.’ My brain taunted me and I exhaled.

“I forgot to eat dinner last night. Miss.?”

“Mrs. Natasha.”

I nod at her.

“Mrs. Natasha it must have been because of it.”

She sighs heavily, her eyes filling with pity as she scanned me from head to toe. And I felt as if a camera lens was scanning me.

"Look Beta(Kid)." She says smiling.

"Indeed your condition might have worsened because of skipping last night's meal. But the effect your body is showing is not the outcome of not eating a day or few days. You are severely malnourished, which means you are not eating properly for years."

I look down at my phone, feeling the tears welling in my eyes.

She sighs again.

"Look at me, Jacqueline."

Biting my lip, I control my emotions and take a deep breath. Locking my gaze on her wrinkled but beautiful face.

She looks at me seriously for some time pausing.

"Is it because you are fat? Are you starving yourself because you want to get lean?"

The air suddenly feels heavy. How does she know? No one knows that! But how can she understand that?

I look away noticing the color of the door. It was brown woody, with a golden handle it was a blend of shade from light brown to darker brown.

"Jacqueline Honey. Please look at yourself. Can you see if not eating had done you any good honey? Life is too short to hurt your body to fit those beauty standards set by people. You are beautiful."

My eyes shot up to hers once again. She finds me beautiful.

'Hah. Is she blind?'

She narrows her eyes, that we're br***** with sympathy.

"It's not like that Mrs. Natasha."

She steps forward towards me, pointing her hand to my wrist. I could see her little facial hair and smell her perfume. It was earthy and nothing fancy.

"Stop lying honey, The scar on your wrist is screaming you are having suicidal tendencies."

I froze, not daring to breathe. A gnawing feeling to scratch my wrist rose in me. My eyes itching to check the scar she was talking about. But I refused to do that.

Checking it will only mean admitting it. The emptiness hollowed out my feelings and I matched her stare.

"I. Yet My tongue seemed to be beaten up to speak anything other than a single letter.

I knew I have torn my flesh with my knife and had counted calories so much that my flesh could align with the stranger's mind, but listening to it from the tongue of a person I just met. Hurts. It hurts.

Subduing my emotions, I tried to stand up When she spoke again. Her tone seemed too soft as if she was aware of what I was going through.

"I can help you, Jacqueline."

'Could she? Huh. No one can help me, people are cruel vicious creatures. They will just laugh at me.'

Trying to keep the pride that was left within me, I straightened my back and cleared my clouded brows.

"Thank you for taking care of me Mrs. Natasha. I need to go now." Surprisingly my words didn't waver while my tone seemed to feel like I was restricting myself from being rude.

'One thing I hated most in people was their superficial pity. Even if I die, I will never like it.'

With the certainty of tides, I turn around wanting to leave the room when she spoke again.

"I wasn't pitying you, Jacqueline. I want to help because I have been through that, I know how it feels."

My steps paused, my shoulders fell together with tears. And I knew if I didn't leave the room right that second I would have a breakdown in front of her.

I didn't stop, while I heard her steady footsteps towards me. The door opens with a thump and I found myself gazing at the boy with grat**ude.

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"We all are travelers in each other's lives with our kindness. Take care of those people with this kindness, for them, it will be the most beautiful thing you could do, and they will hold onto you and you will be able to make your life heaven. The most beautiful destination for anyone." [Jacqueline]

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[Remo's Pov]

Her enchanting dark black eyes took in my form, from head to toe for a few seconds, and then met mine. I s***ed in a breath of air, her eyes seemed to be glimmering with stars holding in the black ink universe. While her body seems to be lit with artificial lights in the grey school uniform. A second later her pupils dilated as she looked away.

'Why?'

'I could guess.'

The tears at the corner of her eyes were proof that something must have happened to her. She wasn't a cry baby that was what I got to know in a few days. Neither was she the one who feared the world, she was just a broken teenager who was brave enough to acknowledge her insecurities, who was battling with her emotions as we all were. Yet she was better than us, A person who accepts what they are dealing with is undeniably better than those who use different coping mechanisms. I sounded like a philosopher. Hah.

I didn't even know why she affected me, but she did like some celestial spell that has fallen upon me.

I wanted to fill those enchanting eyes of hers with love for me, I wanted my lips to nibble on her chubby cheeks. I wanted my lips to flow through her like energy. I wanted to fill her body with mine. I wanted her. But why? I didn't know.

She wasn't breathtakingly beautiful. But her glorious eyes that though most of the time looked empty gave me an illusion of heaven. Her body was voluptuous but was not enough to be called my wildest dream. Her lips though were a heavenly canvas of heart and natural color. They shimmered in natural light as she pressed them together and the outline of it felt like my heart was there. Her lips were purely mesmerizing. My heart bloomed when I remembered I was the first one to touch those soft petals that gave people an illusion of heart.

Earlier I had threatened Jaan after beating him. I compelled him to ask forgiveness from her but 'that b*****.' I planned to make her smile so that she would wipe out the ugly incident from her life. But I never knew it would lead her more embarra**ed. 'This was all because of that boy, Jaan.'

My hands clenched on the sides itching to beat the life out of him while My rounded brows plowed together.

'How dare he!' I was there when he was asking for an apology, I was there when he took steps towards her, I was there when he stopped her from leaving. It was my fault, that I behaved like a willfully ignorant human. How could a jerk like him

apologize for his rude behavior that easily just because I beat him up? It was my negligence. I should have known better.

Even though I was hiding in the shadows because I wanted to know why he hated her, why he was so active in bullying her. But the kids have surrounded them, protecting or more specifically operating as a shield from my eyes. I was walking towards the circle when a girl screamed and my footsteps quickened, for the first time I was scared of a stranger. Me. A person who was taught to break bones since childhood. A monster, a strong lethal teenager. Coldly I pushed against kids and managed to break their chain, but the sight that awaited me made me almost run frantically.

'Jacqueline has fainted.'

A distant tone of ringtone echoed in, and I strode towards her. The sole of my shoes clicking against the tiled floor with renewed determination to know the reason she had cried. Her cheeks spoke red, her pupils filled with moisture. She walked towards me and for a moment I was stunned. So stunned that I forgot to breathe.

The rays of Golden sunshine danced on her fair skin, singing with shine just pure like an angel. My heartbeat accelerated, faster than it would have ever been before.

"You are here to take me right?" Her voice bellowed with helplessness and worry.

"Huh?" She stopped saying anything and pressed her lips together. And I noticed the slight tremble in her eyes as she looked back at the woman in a lab coat.

"Oh. Yes, Girlfriend. I am here for you, Mrs. Reina wants to see you only if you feel fine now." I replied with a bold voice wanting to see her reaction.

Relief washed over her face and my smirk grew wider. 'She didn't notice I called her girlfriend. What did this woman say to her to make her behave like this?' My eyes moved to the older woman who seemed surprised at my words as if she caught onto the word Girlfriend.

"Alright. Go Jacqueline we will talk some other time."

"Thank you for taking care of my girlfriend Mam." I gave her one of my best smiles and she smiles back.

"You're welcome, son. Just remember to take care of her. She needs it"

After her words ended. Her eyes moved towards Jacqueline on their own accord who was weirdly quiet.

My palm seeks her palm amidst the apocalypse of my beating heart. She took it willingly, shocking me. My smile widened and I intervened our fingers together fighting back the urge to squeeze her palm through my rough fingers.

"Thank you, Mrs. Natasha." This time she spoke and her voice felt alienated. So cold that I was intrigued.

'What happened here? Why does she seem to take me as her knight?' I questioned myself but then dusted it off my mind. Even if she did take advantage of me I was happy, the feeling of being her knight in shining armor was unforgettable and delightful.

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"Sometimes you don't see the people who accept you for what you are. But you notice the people who don't. Sometimes you want love from those people who will never accept you for what you are. That's what toxic love is. And it will always result in destruction." [Jacqueline]

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Jacqueline's POV:

I knew I shouldn't have let him intervene with his fingers. I knew it was a dangerous step considering how he had already taken my first kiss. But desperation led me to it.

My Sister always warned me,

"Boys are bad news. All they want is their hormones satiated. We should stay away from them far away."

My Father always chided in,

"If I ever heard you having an affair behind my back. You should be prepared to die."

I always listened, but today was an exception.

Today I was caught by a stranger. My secrets were revealed by her. I could have begged her to stop saying anything if Rohan had not arrived at the particular moment. It seems I was always getting into trouble. My whole existence seemed to be geared with troubles. God seemed to be punishing me for the crimes I never did. Even my family seems to be my supposed punishment.

'What's next God?' I murmured inwardly.

I turned to Rohan who seemed to be enjoying toying with my hands.

Why?

I didn't know. Neither I wanted to guess. Shaking my head, I tried to pull my hand back but he didn't let it go. His fingers tightened around mine.

I was tired. Too tired to fight him. The sun glared down at my face as we walked into the ground. The sweat on my face was trickling down. Even my palms were sweaty but Rohan didn't pay any heed to it. As if it was the most natural thing to do.

'To hold the hand of a girl you know nothing about is Natural Hah.' Few kids bustled past us laughing and chatting.

He stopped walking and came in front of my face. Yet he didn't let go of my hand. My brows automatically furrowed as I gazed at him in confusion.

"What did she say to you?" He asked, his tone sounding curious.

I averted my eyes, knowing I will fail in lying.

"Nothing." Even to my ears, it sounded like a lie.

A wave of heat distorts my vision and I clench my hands to stay conscious.

He scoffed, but barely a minute later I saw the worry in those captivating black eyes that I have started to gaze in them. I never had made eye contact with any guy other than him. It was like he had normalized staring into boys' eyes for me.

"Your blood glucose still seems low. Wait a second." He fishes out a green lollipop out of his packet. Unwrap it and hand it to me.

I look up at him in confusion.

"Have it before I change my mind."

"Thank you for offering but I don't eat these things."

"Stop being difficult Annie. Just start s***ing it. I will take you to the ice cream parlor after you have it."

My eyes widened in surprise. 'What does he mean, he will take me to ice cream parlor later? I must be overhearing things.'

He flicks my nose with his thumb and first finger.

“Stupid Girl. You are not overhearing anything, I am taking you with me.”

“Why?”

“You ask too many questions. Do you want me to tell everyone about your other Name, Annie?”

Shaking my head hurriedly I take the lollipop from his hand and start tasting it.

He smiles. His smile melted my problems for a minute.

“Good Girl.” He pats my head and I groan in frustration. We start walking side by side again.

“Don’t ever cry in front of anyone.” He suddenly says, and my breath halts. He knew I was crying. I should know about this the moment he saw me.

But it still felt slightly bad to hear from him. Though I knew I must have looked pathetic but what could I do? Now that he had seen me.

I didn’t speak a word. Knowing it was better to shut up than argue with him.

A few minutes later we had walked up to the canteen. He sat me down on a reclining stool before leaving. But returned once again.

“Which flavor of ice cream do you usually eat?”

“Vanilla,” I answered him uneasily, his sweet and kind behavior was creeping me out.

“Okay.” He nodded and walked away gracefully. The canteen in our school was nothing fancy. Just a few plastic tables with brown plastic chairs. Our school doesn’t cover the expenses of it. We have to purchase what we want to eat.

But the specialty of our canteen was they only sell Junk food. Not salad or proper meals. It has been one of the reasons that my weight had spiked. Because When my age adolescence started I used to eat those junk heavily because Mom was never there to cook something for us.

I sighed, I might need to throw up after eating this ice cream. Otherwise, I will be more fat.

Sighing, I took out my mobile phone and opened Remo's Facebook profile. Weirdly enough I have started to stalk him. My eyes wandered over to his profile picture. It wasn't anything special. Just a picture in clear lighting without any filters. Just looking at his face I was drawn to him.

I shook my head, dazed, and commented. "Basket of cuteness."

A few seconds later a notification popped up from the app, and I opened it eagerly.

"Thank you, Baby."

I played with my long black hair, curling it around my fingers. A smile making its way on my lips.

'He just said Baby to me in the comment section. Aww.' He surely had the way to make people feel instantly better.

"What are you reading Annie?" I almost threw my phone over the table. When did he return? Why didn't I notice he was standing behind me?

'Oh, God! Please don't let him know about my Facebook Profile. Please Please Please. God.'

"Nothing. Just a joke." I answer him immediately nervously smiling. My hands had started sweating again but I refused to acknowledge it.

"Oh. Can I see it?" He curled his brows, his pink lips forming into a pout.

"What. No. No." Almost horrified I stood up, practically moving my hands towards him. As a result of my uncoordinated movement of hands, The ice cream falls on the ground, and he screams.

"You!"

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"Sometimes you need to attach your heart to the things that make you happy, so you may realize that everything that makes you happy isn't good for you."

[Jacqueline]

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[Jacqueline's Pov]

Or I was getting controlled by someone else's soul. I didn't understand how he could always bring out the revengeful side in me. But it wasn't the time to think about it because Rohan's eyes had started to fill with killing intent. Everything around us has turned quiet. So quiet that even I could hear his harsh breathing. A pin-drop silence ensued. I kept my eyes glued to his pale cheeks that were now stained with white vanilla ice cream. I would have laughed at it if I wasn't the one who had rubbed his face with it.

I knew he would not leave me after what I have done. His face contorted into a distortion. His black eyes seemed to be lit up in the fire of fury. His tongue slowly licked his lips.

"I. Rohan." Scared by his silence I dropped the tissue on the ground. I tried to move back but a slap landed on my face. I was pushed back with brutal force and my b*** landed on the ground with a thud. It hurt. I stayed quiet looking up from the ground. It was Naina Raichand, a new student. The crowd around us started murmuring but nobody decided to intervene. Not even one dared to intervene. My eyes took a moment to see everyone around me. And then settled on her

I really should have seen it coming, between the last week I came to know about the new student Naina Raichand's secret obsession with Rohan. And from the day she arrived at school, she was around him a lot. At least more than a new student and an arrogant boy would hang out. But why would she slap me?

Her black eyes narrowed at me, her lean body straightened. She grinned at me, her darker skin than most Asians glowed under the sunlight and it made her look scary. My skin crawled in fear. stepping near my pathetic body she stopped grinning. I wanted to stand up but my exhausted body didn't support me and for the first time in my life, I understood the reason for eating. I had barely managed to exhale when a series of sharp kicks came down at my legs.

"How dare you touch my best friend from your filthy tissue."

Guess now I knew why she had slapped me and why Rohan let her hang around him so much.

She stepped away from me, her hair that we're set in a ponytail swung with air as she walked around me in a circle. "You b****. Let me teach you a lesson."

Heat flooded my face as I noticed Rohan standing behind her without any intention of stopping her. But then I questioned myself the next second why would he stop his best friend when I had insulted him?

She grabbed a fistful of my hair and made me stand up by force. I didn't wince neither I looked up at her.

Looked up, because she was three inches taller than me. My gaze remained settled in Rohan's coal-black eyes who seemed too unresponsive to react. Her hold upon my hair tightened as she urged me to pay attention to her.

Dang, She is good with hurting people because the next moment my head was tilted in such a way that I was looking into her black eyes. They weren't particularly black, her eyes were brown from the center but had blackened towards the end of the periphery. An oval face with a straight nose and thick lips, she seemed beautiful. I must have been turning into a crazy girl that I was observing her, admiring her, instead of thinking of a way to get away from her. But then again, how the day turned out for me had made me numb to realization. Or to feel bad about it. From Jaan's weird words to Mrs. Natasha seeing through me to Rohan turning from a caring guy to a bad boy. It was too much to take in a single day.

Her glare sent shivers down my spine and I cast my eyes to her behind, on Rohan. I didn't know why my eyes were settling on him again and again. Maybe because I was in this situation because of him, or maybe because I never wanted to eat ice cream and he was the one who had forced me to follow him resulting in the situation I was in. Perhaps he was responsible, for pretending to be something else. In any way, I hadn't asked him to help me.

"You had the nerve to glare at Rohan in front of my face. Huh?" I looked up at her disbelieving face.

"He humiliated me first." My voice was bland. Devoid of any quiver of emotion. I didn't understand where that courage came from, that I was able to speak to a woman who had already slapped me kicked me in the gut, and was now holding me like she might kill me the next second.

"You threw your ice cream on his shoes. You humiliated him first." She held my hair tighter and this time I did wince. My scalp was hurting with the amount of force she was applying.

I grounded my teeth as I held my tears back. 'Don't cry Jacky. He doesn't deserve it. Think of something that makes you smile.' I tried to think of something and immediately Remo's face flashed through my memories. His teasing words proved beneficial and I was able to hold my tears back.

"It was an accident."

"But you rubbing his cheeks with the tissue you cleaned his shoes wasn't an accident."

I let out a breath, "Consider this from my perspective, what do you expect a 17-year-old girl to do after a boy forces her to eat ice cream with him and then forces the same girl to wipe his shoes clean that we're stained in the first place because of a small mistake. What do you think is more humiliating? Huh? Icecream stained shoes or asking a girl to wipe his shoes in front of the half school. You've got to cut me some slack." She had been looking down at me but the last phrase snapped her neck towards Rohan who chose to shrug.

"He forced you to eat ice cream with him?" She asked incredulously.

She knew she was wrong. I could see it in her eyes.

“Can you imagine a bullied teenager to go with a guy happily who looks like Rohan?” She left my head and I rubbed my scalp to smooth my hurting scalp.

“Can you imagine having no one there for you when he asked you to wipe his shoes? Can you imagine being slapped by a girl who knew nothing about what happened? Can you imagine kicked by her too? Can you imagine being humiliated by four people on the same day?”

“I. I.”

“No.” I was upright glaring up at her.

“I didn’t beg to eat ice cream with him. You can ask him.”

“Forgive me, Jacqueline.” She said holding out her hand, “I didn’t know.”

“Well, now you know. But I don’t think you need my forgiveness.”

I gathered my phone and things and started walking towards the door, but stopped and slowly half-turned to look over my shoulder.

“If you think Rohan of forcing me again for anything. Think again.” I told him emotionlessly.

“I intend to take it as a challenge Jacqueline. Don’t tempt me, because I will only focus on you from now onwards.”

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“If the hurt comes, so will the happiness. So don’t ever lose hope.” [Jacqueline]

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[Jacqueline’s POV]

I stared at him stunned. His words were spoken with so much determination that I felt the intensity of his emotions behind the words. His eyes were throwing daggers at me. I had never explained this much to anyone. Neither did I ever warn anyone. It wasn’t me. What’s wrong with me? Now I seem to have made another enemy? I should have stuck to my mantras of channeling my emotions with a behavioral alteration. I shouldn’t have yelled it aloud. I shouldn’t have screamed

myself hoarse. I glanced down at myself feeling heavily embarrassed, my white kurta had a shoe print on them, a gift from His best friend. My clothes were drenched in sweat. I was on the verge of crying. A mess. A total mess. I was bullied yes, but it was limited to classrooms or washrooms. Never in my life, I was humiliated in the canteen. Maybe it was the reason for my outburst earlier.

“Shut Up Rohan.” She said as she came in front of Rohan to protect me from his vicious glare. “Take it easy Jacqueline. I promise I won’t let him do anything wrong with you again.” She said evenly. Her lips stretched into a kind smile. But I wasn’t going to appreciate it. I was no angel who would forgive people who hurt me so easily.

“I am sorry again Jacqueline. I shouldn’t have kicked you without knowing your perspective. Please let me know if you need help with anything. So that I can make it up to you.” I looked up at her, startled. Nobody ever asked me to make it up to me. Not anyone had ever apologized to me in public. Heck, I would never apologize in public with such sincerity. It takes a considerable amount of strength to accept your fault in public and apologize for it. It was satisfying to hear it aloud, especially when I was embarrassed in public and was having a vulnerable moment.

I marched out of the canteen in large strides without responding to her. Perhaps it was because I was alarmed with tears that were forming in my eyes and I wanted to keep my last shred of dignity in front of those wicked teenagers. I knew they would notice if I didn’t leave at the moment.

Within 7 minutes I was out of the canteen. Not knowing where to go I stepped inside the washroom beside the corner. It seemed God was finally being kind to me. Because There was no one in any of the washroom stalls. After closing the door I sat down on a side stool outside one of the washroom stalls. It was there so that kids could wait if it was occupied by someone else. I lifted my head to look out the window, as I heard the squeals of laughter coming from outside. The other students were enjoying their life, they were blooming with joy swaying to the mild breeze but here I was born the worldly blows. I once had many aspirations of living a life like them but I was mocked as a fat kid. Never had I ever thought it would stay the same even if I starve myself. When mom was fine and I told her about me being ugly and fat, she lied to me. She lied that I had a dimple that only beautiful people have, she lied to me that I have the most beautiful doe-like eyes. She lied to me that I was gorgeous. She lied and lied and then she fell into depression.

All the years I listened to all sorts of insults, bearing all the abuses thrown my way by creating small cuts in my thighs. The pain gave me the courage to take it all in and not die. With teenagers coming my way, my issues got bigger and bigger than my body. I began to cut open the old wounds on my thighs with the thread to preserve it within my broken soul. Nobody knew the pain I was going through. Nobody cared. Nobody cares now. Tears fell on my school dress. Drop by drop. I knew I was on the verge of insanity, and my emotions would fall from my body just as water comes out of the bottle when the lid is broken or when the lid is pressurized. I could feel the panic increasing. I needed to stop myself.

What should I do? To stop me from having a panic attack here. I needed to think of something else. Something that could make me forget today’s events. I

mumbled "Crying here means trampling on your dignity Jacky. Crying. Trampling dignity." My words came out jumbled. The scene of shoe wiping and me getting kicked started playing in my mind. I forced my mind to divert my thoughts and My hands fumbled in the bag to get something out that could soothe me. I found my phone. Maybe I should play a game but a game. Or maybe I should watch something funny. However, I was sure it wouldn't be enough to calm me. The superficial things can never calm me. But maybe it would divert me to think of something else. The moment I opened the screen, a text message from Remo on Facebook Caught my attention.

"Hey. Missing you Baby. I was thinking of doing something real for you."

"So here it is."

There was a voice recording of two minutes. Accidentally I tapped on it.

"One day, I hope for you to be a great friend of mine. (alternate picking of guitar music)

Dam. Dam da. Dam(table tapping).

Talk to me about the things you find,

Full of wistfulness (tapping of the guitar)

Or anything that makes you stress....

Dang. Dang. Dang. Dang. (there was table tapping voice with each dang)

You are my serendipity

Don't ever defenestrate me

Even if you find my Epoch to be a crime.

You are ineffable to me

Come to me

When you find yourself in a s***ty situation

I will woefully make you smile.

Come to me

When you find no hope

Neither you know how to elope

Just come to me

We will talk it out.

Don't cling to anything that doesn't make you smile.

You are my serendipity

So be serendipity for your cute soul that is now mine.

If Darkness makes you feel like home

Come to me

I will sting your eyes with light that comes from within the mine.

Dang. Dang. Dang. Dang.

We will be friends in the afterlife

Even if we die.

Come to me

Just

Come to me

In every moment of your life.

Maybe one day out beyond your town or mine

We will sit together beside a quiet river with moist soiled glued to your toes and mine. "

"Gosh! His voice!"

His tone was raspy local but changed into a solid one till the end of every sentence all in low harmony. A guitar tapping played in the background in most of the lyrics.

Somehow I smiled. Gawking. I couldn't believe he would sing a song for me. His words linger in my mind slowing down my overthinking process. It made me feel loved right there in the words exchanged between us. A simple gesture of sending a song made me so happy that I listened to it again and again. I wondered why I felt like I was being hugged by him. He is something else, firstly I thought he just had a knack for singing, and perhaps if he worked on his skills he would turn into a superstar one day but today his voice felt the purest. The rawest. Or maybe it had something to do with because I could relate to it. It felt as if he had visualized my life. He filled the void of my emptiness today. The feeling of staying at the receiving end of his love was magical.

His diversion led me to feel solitude that resembled a human covering you with a warm blanket when you are sitting in the snowfall in winter. My eyes stung with tears as they fell and I hugged my bag crying silently as his song played in the background.

"Thank you, Remo, for this. You have healed a part of me."

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Dear Readers,

Her Facebook Friend is special to my heart, it has a part of my life. And sometimes I am stuck, that it is only special to me and not you. Please leave comments if you even liked one part of the story. It would encourage me a lot. One comment from you can make my day♥So Don't forget to leave a review.