

A Girl Nobody Wanted Chapter 4 - Tips

I went to the medical center and got my wounds dressed. I had no serious wounds than the k!lling pain in the knee. I got my knee band-aided. And got some pain k!llers.

After that, I went to my favorite hidden sp0t in the lib.rary. It was in the rear end of the lib.rary, students normally don't come to this part of the lib.rary, so it is a perfect place for me to do my work without any interruption.

I got to finish an a.ssignment, not mine but Shane's. I have already completed mine. Shane never pays any attention to taking home a.ssignments. I am the one who always does them for him. He doesn't even bother to have a look at them before submitting.

I kept my aching right leg on the chair in front of me and made my self comfortable enough to begin my work.

I had to do something, before anything... I took my phone out to reply to my dear anonymous messenger, but I saw I have already get another message from him.

"Good girl... now sit somewhere and give your leg some rest"

What!!! so that implies he has even seen me going to the medical center. Is this person becoming a stalker?

I tried to recall the people who were nearby when I entered the medical center. But that was quite impossible as a lot of students were out there.

"I am in Lib.rary... won't leave here for next couple of hours" I typed and sent back.

I waited a few minutes for him to say something, but didn't get any reply. I pushed my phone to the other side of the table annoyingly.

Why the hell I am carving for a message from him? I have more important things to do than waiting for a stupid reply.

It took me nearly 3 hours to finish the a.ssignment. I was totally drowned to the work and didn't even notice the time passing. Pain k!llers should have done an amazing job, I didn't really have the k!lling paining anymore.

I reach to the other side of the table and grab the phone.

Still no messages...He must be busy with his other work. He can't just keep on texting me right? he got other things to do as well. I sighed, keeping the phone down on the table.

I felt really hungry, no wonder it's around 2 pm now. I couldn't get breakfast as well since I was in such a hurry. But I didn't have cash in my hand to buy something to eat... I had to spend all my savings to get my laptop repaired, and I couldn't go to the cafe this whole week. So I am totally broke.

Even my water bottle was empty. I stand up to go to the water filter. "Don't worry Sarah... this is not the first day you had to stay hungry... You are strong... you can go through this..." I walked murmuring to myself. You know when there is no one to cheer you up, you have to become your own cheerleader.

I filled my water bottle and also went to the washroom. When I came back to my table there was a small parcel and a Hot Chocolate cup on the table.

The moment I saw them, I kept on staring at them for a few seconds and then ran to the table.

There was a chicken sandwich inside the parcel. And also a small note with a smiling face was stuck to the hot chocolate cup.

Did he come here? Did he really come here?

I felt the phone vibrates in my pocket. I took it out quickly and opened the message...

"I didn't see you taking lunch"

How caring he is... He is really after my every move isn't he? He knew I didn't have lunch and he managed to keep all these here for me, within the few minutes I was out.

I was happy to get that kind of attention, but the meantime it made me scared. I have read so many stories about stalkers. Didn't all of them start with little things like this? Even thinking about those freaked me out.

I wanted to find out who this person really is? If he knew I went away from my table for a couple of minutes, that means he should be somewhere closer, where he can observe me.

I walked towards the middle of the library. He might be somewhere here still. Many students were reading books and studying. I walked to all the places which were close to my table. Carefully looking at every student. I should be looked so creepy, some students gave me deadly stares while some of them even scolded me.

But I didn't care, I wanted to see if there is someone suspicious... someone who can fit into my anonymous messenger role.

In a corner of the library, where no one can easily see as it was covered with a huge column, I saw someone sat.

I walked a bit closer carefully to not getting his attention. I covered to a nearby bookshelf where I can have a closer look on him, without him noticing.

It was Luke!!! A very handsome guy, a member of the football team and one of my batch mates. And...One of Shane's best buddies.

As I said earlier it is rare for Shane and his friends to even attend to a lecture. So one of them being in the library is pretty suspicious. I have never seen any of them at the library before. What actually Luke is doing here?

He was staring interestingly at his laptop, with a slight smile on his lips. With such a smile on his lips, I was pretty sure he was not doing anything related to academics. So why he came to the library? They have so many other places to do whatever they want.

Is he... is he the one?? My heart started to beat like crazy as it was going to jump out of my chest.

Could it really be him?

It is true that he is one of Shane's best buddies, but he never bullies me even verbally. Anyway, he doesn't show any special attention to me either. So I can conclude he has a neutral attitude towards me.

Wait!!! has he been really neutral towards me? I recalled some moments where he bumped into me in the faculty corridors. He apologized, sometimes

even it was my fault... Some times he even asked if I am okay... oh my God!!! yeah... he even asked if I am okay on some occasions.

What happened today morning began to flashback in my mind. When Shane and his friends made me fell to the ground, when they were telling stuff to me and when they were laughing their brains out over failed attempts I made to stand up... he was... he was just looking at me... he didn't laugh. He didn't say anything. I didn't feel any difference in that at that moment. All I wanted was to get up and run away from them. But now in my flashback, I could see vividly, how he was staring at me, his eyes... yeah... those eyes were filled with hurt... His lips were stretched to a thin line, as he was trying to control himself...

How didn't I notice any of these before...

He had given me some signals... But I was so damn blind to them... Or am I just daydreaming? He may be just having some sympathy for me...But could a guy who is that handsome, that rich and that popular have any kind of interest over "A girl Nobody wanted"?

I had only One way to check!!!

I took out my phone and typed a text... "Thank you for the delicious lunch..." and gluing my eyes on him I hit the sent button.

My heart was thumping so hard, my legs were trembling... My eyes were anxiously waiting...

He shifted his eyes from the laptop screen to his phone which was on the table... he took it and then the next moment he was smiling looking at the screen... and I saw his fingers quickly ran over the screen.

My heart stopped, my whole body was frozen... next moment the phone which was on my hand vibrated lightly.

"I am glad you like it, princess..." the new message displayed...