

A Girl Nobody Wanted Chapter 10 - Tips

Rest of the days went almost trouble free. Mom got a job, in the middle of the week. That was a great relief for me. I didn't have to lock my self up in the room all day. I could watch TV, prepare something nice for me to eat and enjoy sick leaves after all.

During these few days, he became so much closer to me. We were like talking always. Our talk was not anymore limited to day to day stuff, we talked a lot about other crazy stuff. Our childhood imaginations, our weirdest thoughts about society and so much more.

Our modes of communication also got extended. We email each other quite a lot, long email threads discussing subject related matters and other academic stuff. I was totally amazed by the comprehensive knowledge he has on this stuff. After all, he must be really focusing on his studies though he hardly goes to any of the lectures.

We also started chatting in WhatsApp. I preferred it mostly since it was much more economical than normal texting.

But we didn't forget normal texting as well.

Whatever the medium we used, they seem to take us so close to each other from word to word. We could really understand how each other think, what we like and what we dislike.

People normally fell in love once they understand each other and realize they have a lot in common, don't they? I just asked guys, I have no experience after all.

Anyway, in our story, I basically knew nothing about him. But I fell in love with him, for the simple fact of he cares about me when nobody does. However, making me one of the luckiest on the Earth, the person I blindly fell in love with, turned out to have the same level of thinking as me. We do really have a lot in common. When I text with him, I felt like I am just talking with my self. Our thoughts matched to that extend most of the time.

However there was a couple of time, I acted like a total i***t without realizing what he was telling and embarrassed my self to death. Most especially at one time, I did one hell of a stupid thing and it ended in a totally unexpected way.

It happened on the 5th day I stayed home. We were just chatting about some random stuff on WhatsApp, he suddenly said "Send me a photo"

I was freaked out and almost dropped my phone down. A photo? What photo? What kind of a photo?

I know couples normally exchange their photos. But aren't they mostly that... that sort of photos? So what does he really want? Is he asking for me.... No... no... it cannot be...

We are not even a couple, right? Yes, he said I love you, but didn't he ask me to forget everything the next moment and demanded to stay as friends?

"A Photo" after typed and deleted more than 20 messages I typed and sent the dumbest thing that came to my mind.

"Yeah, a photo. Why is that something bad to ask for?"

Bad... it defines with your thoughts....

"wait!!! Wait!!! I got it. You thought that I asked you to send n.udes right? :p :p :p :p" I felt like he was giggling to my ear.

I blushed my ear to ear. I wanted to dig a pit and bury my self and never get up again.

"What NO!!! I didn't think so. Are you crazy?" I replied immediately, while my heart was yelling at me, that I actually thought so for a second.

"I haven't seen you in 5 days. So just want to see your face. But it seems you have other thoughts...:p :p :p"

"I didn't have any other thoughts right."

"Oh really? But you sounded like you had other thoughts"

"How you even know what I sound like from just one word?"

"Oh, baby... I know everything... so can you send me a photo of your face and if you wish, you can send whatever the other photos you just thought of taking as well 😊 😊 ;)"

You j.erk!!! I am going to hit your handsome face until it turns bl00dy red like a ripe tomato. He is teasing me... The only way to stop him was by sending him a photo.

I ran to the bathroom and washed my face applying a huge amount of face wash. After carefully dried my face, I release my messy bun and started to disentangle my stupid messy hair.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I had no makeup to apply. So my face looked dried and un nourished as usual but it was a bit presentable than before. I wish I had an angelic face like most of the other girls in my batch. No matter what time of the day, they always look flawless. Anyway, I have to live with what I have got right?

I took a selfie and sent him.

For a few minutes, there was no reply. I know I am not pretty, but can't he just say something nice? I put a lot of effort to take that damn selfie after all. I pouted to the phone.

It was now almost 30 minutes. What the hell is he doing without saying anything? I was anxiously waiting, tapping the phone with my fingers.

"Are you sleepy?" exactly after 35 minutes he replied. What the hell... are you kidding me? Don't you get anything else to say you fool??

I didn't reply to him. Instead, I silent my phone and went to sleep. I was really pissed off. I deserve to hear something nice from him right? When boys tell their girlfriends they are the most beautiful in the whole world, do they really mean it? No right? It is just a sweet way of expressing love. Why this fool can't even understand that?

I will never ever send any photo to him, I swore to myself a thousand times.

Next day morning when I woke up, the first thing I did was check my phone. Two new messages. You better have told something nice...

"Hey!!! You slept"

"I think you did... good night princess... sweet dreams..."

Sweet dreams... my foot...

I normally send him a good morning message right after I wake up. But today I decided not to...

After finishing the morning housework I came back to my room, and grab the phone to check messages. I hated my self for not having self-control at all. I wanted to stay away from my phone and teach him a good lesson. But here I am desperately looking for his message.

“Good morning sunshine... are you still sleeping??”

Yes sleeping... I am going to sleep to the death...

I managed to retain my self from the growing eagerness to reply to him.

“Okay... now I am worried... I don't think you are sleeping till 9. ” he sent another message.

I frowned at the phone. Yeah... I want you to worry, you dumba.ss...

He sent me emails, text messages, and WhatsApp messages... a lot of them...

“Sarah.... Just tell me if everything is ok. I am acting like an i***t right now... ”

“I am coming to your house”

“Everything is ok” I sent him immediately. He doesn't have to come all the way here...What is the big deal?

“Thank God you replied. If everything is fine, why the hell you didn't reply”

“I was busy”

“Busy with what, not even to find a minute to reply?”

“I said I was busy”

“What is wrong? I don't feel like everything is right”

“I don't care what you feel” sh!t did I really send that?

“Okay... this is enough. I know you are pissed at me for something. Can you please tell me the reason?”

“I think you know the reason”

“What? How the hell I know. If I knew it, do you think I will send you hundreds of messages worrying about you? Do you think I am a fool to keep the phone in my hand all this time and waiting for you to reply... Do you think if I knew the fu**ing reason I will drive all the way near your house not knowing what should I do next”

“why you care about me... I am just nobody stops bothering about me”

“Sarah... you are really getting on my nerves okay? I need a direct answer. Why the fu** you are pissed off”

Getting on your nerves... oh really? So now I am making you angry ha?

“Fu**ing answer me will you?”

“Stop talking like that” I wanted to shout at his face... How my sweet Luke even capable of talking to me like this?

“Look, Sarah... I am not a person who does sweet talk to people. I can't even remember the last day I called someone the way I used to talk to you. I always keep people in distant, and never ever care what they do. But You are fu**ing special to me. So I fu**ing changed the way I deal with people when it comes to you. I never said anything to make you hurt, because I can't stand you getting hurt. But you are always pushing my limits. You are making me telling things I regret. I wanted to make the moment I confess my feelings to you a magical one, but your fu**ing stubbornness made me so helpless and I had to tell it over a stupid text. Now you are being foolishly stubborn again for a reason I don't even know and going to make me do something I regret whole my life. Stop fu**ing play with me and tell me the goddamn reason. So I can make it fu**ing right”

I stared at his text while tears rolling down my cheeks. I couldn't even believe he was talking like this...

“if someone else made me pissed off like this I swear I will beat him until he can't even walk. But this is you... the girl I fu**ing love more than my life. I can't hurt you even for a second. I hate myself even for talking to you like this...”

“I will fu**ing do anything for you and you know that. But I can’t let you draw yourself away from me even for a second... you have tortured me enough now...”

I am so stupid!!! So so Stupid!!! I made him pissed off with me over just nothing... I turned him from that innocent sweetheart to this raging monster. My heart was aching, my head felt like it is going to explode.

I started to hit my self with both of hands, crying and screaming. Why you do this to me? He was nothing but nice to me. His every word made me jump with joy and assured me that I am safe. But you chose to be a stupid little bit** over just nothing. What did you want? You wanted to test how much endurance he has? You knew he is going to get worried, but you didn’t care...you fu**ing ruined everything for me... He is not going to forgive me now... Even if he forgave things won’t be same again... I was scolding my self.

“Sarah!!!! This is the last time I am asking. If you don’t answer now, I am going to come to your fu**ing house and make you talk to me. Do you want me to do that?”

I would love if you come... I would love to run to your arms and apologize for being this stupid. I would love to make it up to you, personally... But this is not the right time... You were working to a plan... You wanted to take your time before telling me your true identity because you have a good reason for it. Though I know who you really are, and you have nothing to worry about, I don’t want you to do this out of anger... I want it to be a magical moment... I spoiled the whole beautiful thing of hearing you say “I love you”. I ruined it for both of us and I am not going to add this also to the same list.

“After I send you my photo I kind of wanted you to tell something. I waited for 35 minutes anxiously. Then you replied asking if I am sleepy. That made me really pissed off” even typing that to a text verified how absurd and egotistical I have been the whole time.

“What!!!! you fu**ing kidding me right? You got pissed off with me for that... Oh my God, Sarah... if only you knew what that cute face of you did to me yesterday night... I didn’t even imagine a simple photo of your face would put me in that kind of circumstance so that I even forgot to say how naturally beautiful you look...”