

A Girl Nobody Wanted Chapter 2 - Tips

That morning I had a severe headache. So I stayed home. I anyway didn't have any lectures, since two of the lectures got canceled. I wanted to go to the cafe where I do part-time, but my headache kept me tied to the bed the whole morning and afternoon.

After getting a good sleep I woke up around 3 pm. Today there is a football match on the campus. One of the other university teams is coming to ours for a friendly match. As I said earlier I never miss even a single football match, the only chance to see my Jake as much as I desired.

So I took a wash, dressed my usual clothes, and prepared to go to university.

I came down from my room, ready to go to university. I was shocked to find mom was weeping on the couch in the living room. Dad was holding her hand and trying to calm her down.

I didn't know they were at home. Normally at this time, they both should be at work.

"Mom what happened," I asked panickily. My mom is not someone who easily cry. So I was really scared that something really bad has happened.

She stopped sobbing for a moment and stared at me. Then she got up from the couch ignoring dad who tried to make her sit again.

"You bl00dy bi*** you destroyed my life" she started to hit me out of nowhere.

"mom... please...what I have done...I am sorry" I apologized for something that I don't even know while trying to escape from her.

But she grabbed my neck and she was suffocating me.

"What you have done... You born... that is what you have done...I should have k!lled you right in my womb " she was screaming.

I felt like my heart stopped for a second. I couldn't breathe, not just because she was choking me. But since my heart was throbbing out from what I have just heard.

“Lisa let her go... you are going to k!ll her” dad tried to get mom’s hands-off from my throat.

“I want to k!ll her... I should have done this way earlier... I was afraid it would harm my Shane, or else I would have already k!lled this bit***” she was not ready to let me go, she was screaming and choking me more and more.

I was coughing like hell. I wiggled as much as I could, it was so painful, I couldn’t bear that.

However, dad could get her off me. I fell down to the floor lifelessly. It was so difficult to breathe. I was still coughing and trying to process everything.

“We could have put her in an orphanage right after she born... you didn’t let me” my mom was still screaming while trying to escape from dad’s hands and strike me.

She was totally like a crazy beast. She was screaming and cursing me.

I wanted to get up and run away without hearing her words. But I couldn’t, my legs felt like jelly. I tried my best to get upholding to the table next to me but each time I again fell back to the floor.

So I couldn’t stop hearing all the unbearable, unexpected words from my mother, the person who gave birth to me.

Finally, I could stand up on my feet, she was still yelling at me. I h.ugged my backpack tightly and ran away from home without even looking back at them. But by then I have heard enough... enough for my entire life.

I don’t know how I came to university. I was walking towards the faculty and it was already 4.30 pm, the match starts now. But I have no mood to go for it.

I walked inside our faculty building and get on the elevator. I pressed the 10th floor on the highest floor.

There are some lecture rooms on that floor, but most of the floor area is utilized for storage. Nobody even uses the existing lecture halls on that floor. So whenever I want a hideout, that is where I go.

In my life it is quite often I need a hideout. So I have prepared a permanent place for me there.

Just after I reached there I burst into cries again. My ears were filled with my mom's word.

How my mom could even think of killing me even before I was born. She was telling she wanted to kill me right after she got to know she is having twins.

How they decided it was me who should get killed, not Shane, even before we born, without even knowing our genders.

If they need only one kid, why couldn't they pick me, why is it, Shane? Why mom? why you and dad selected him over me. What wrong have I done to you, even before I was born?

I knew they don't love me. I knew they always chose Shane over me no matter what. But hearing that they wanted to kill me when I was in my mom's womb and they had plans to put me in an orphanage... it killed the last tiny hope I had for my family.

I was always left out... I have no one to be with me... but today at this very moment I feel a thousand times lonelier than I have ever been.

Can I really go to them again? How can I face them again knowing they wanted to kill me...

But do I have any other place to go? What am I going to do now?

I was sobbing and battling with my thoughts God Knows how long. I might have fallen sleep in the middle. When I opened my eyes it was really dark and I couldn't see a thing.

I open my phone to check the time, it was 9 pm already.

I got up and collected a backpack from the floor.

I saw a cup on the nearby table from the flashlight of my phone.

It was a Hot Chocolate and it was hot... I looked everywhere in the room to see who kept this cup right here. but nobody was there. Whoever kept it here should have left not long ago.

There was a small note stick to the cup.

“Drink and Smile,” the note said.

I gr0aned. Is someone try to do a prank on me? It is usual they give this kind of surprise to me, which put me in trouble later.

Then suddenly my phone vibrated notifying a new message.

It was from an unknown number. “Hope you enjoy your favorite drink. Don’t worry this is not a prank. Go home safely”

I almost dropped my phone with surprise. Who the hell is this? How Does He or She know hot chocolate is my favorite drink?

So is this not a prank for real? Or have they gone to a totally new level of pranks?

I took the cup in my hand and smell it. It smells heavenly and I remembered I haven’t eaten anything since morning.

I took a small sip and God it was so delicious...

“Thank you for the nice surprise. It is delicious. But may I know who you are?” I replied back while walking towards the elevator with the half-empty cup in my hand.

After coming out of university, I again fell into the same dilemma. What should I do now? Should I just forget everything and go home? Or where should I stay? at a bus stop? station? where?

Without even knowing I get on to the bus to go home.

Three of them were talking about random things and watching TV when I entered.

“Where the hell you were? We had to order food since you didn’t prepare dinner. you fuc**** useless bi****” mom shouted when she saw me.

I didn’t tell anything and directly walked to my room.

After taking a quick wash I sat near my table. I was not sleepy at all. And my mind was filled with a lot of thoughts.

Then my phone vibrates.

A new message from the unknown number. I opened the message with my fingers shaking, I really wanted to know who is this.

“You may get to know at the right time. Until that, you can call me whatever the name you prefer. Good Night Princess”

Princess.... tears filled in my eyes. This is the first time in my life someone called me Princess... I know it is just a kind gesture. And some anonymous messenger called me princess nothing big about that.

But My life is only filled with sorrows and tears, so this small thing... it felt so pleasant in my heart. And for the first time in my life, I felt special...