

An anime-style illustration of a young man and woman standing in a field of daisies at sunset. The man, on the left, is wearing a grey jacket and dark pants, looking towards the woman. The woman, on the right, is wearing a light blue dress and looking back at him. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a warm orange glow. The sky is filled with colorful, wispy clouds in shades of blue, orange, and pink. The overall mood is romantic and nostalgic.

WE WERE NEVER JUST FRIENDS

*A Journey From Almost
Strangers to Almost Everything*

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Just Friends

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Almost Everything*

From the Author

To the one who turned ordinary moments into memories,
who taught me that connection can be deeper than words,
and love isn't always loud—it's steady, quiet, real.

This is just the beginning.

A story still being written,
with pages full of lessons, laughter, and unspoken strength.

For what we were,
what we are,
and what we might still become.

— Abir Chatterjee

Acknowledgements

This story is based on real moments, real emotions, and a bond that was never ordinary.

To the one this was written for—thank you for being a part of something that changed me. Some stories don't last forever, but their impact does.

To my friends and silent supporters—your presence mattered more than you know.

And to everyone who has loved, lost, healed, or hoped again—
Thank You

— Abir Chatterjee

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Chapter 1: Before It All Began

Lucifer and Linda were two very different individuals, yet fate had its own plan for them—one neither could predict.

Lucifer was a storm in silence. With a tough exterior and a cold demeanor, he had long given up on love. His heart carried the weight of emotional scars from past relationships, especially one that had left him completely bitter. He had loved deeply once but learned that some people don't stay no matter how hard you try. So, he stopped trying.

Raised in an environment where he often felt misunderstood, Lucifer built invisible walls around himself. His anger issues became a shield, and he began to live with a “don't care” attitude. Emotions were a weakness in his world. Relationships were nothing but temporary distractions that always ended in pain. Over time, he convinced himself that being detached was safer than being broken again.

Linda, on the other hand, was light in motion. Bubbly, emotionally rich, and fiercely loyal—she wore her

heart on her sleeve. She believed in people, believed in feelings, and believed in love. Academically gifted and ambitious, she had a spark in her that people admired. But when it came to love, her life wasn't perfect either.

Her current relationship had its share of ups and downs, but she still held on. Her heart had been broken before—when trust was shattered by someone, she once called hers. Yet, even after the betrayal, she didn't stop believing. She still dreamt of something honest. Something where loyalty, softness, and understanding would mean more than just words.

She wasn't naive. She was just hopeful.

Both had their own versions of pain. One chose to lock it all away, while the other learned to live with it and still smile.

They didn't know it yet, but destiny had already drawn a faint line between them—a line that would one day pull their paths together, in the most unexpected way.

Chapter 2: In the Silence of Rain

The rain outside wasn't wild or loud — it was gentle, like soft whispers from the sky. A quiet drizzle that wrapped the evening in a calm embrace, almost as if nature itself was watching... waiting. The faint sound of raindrops tapping against the windows felt more like a blessing than a storm — a sign that something, somewhere, was about to change.

Lucifer was already there — alone on the corner sofa, his fingers scrolling through his phone with vacant focus. He wasn't texting anyone. He wasn't even really reading. He just stared, half-heartedly absorbing whatever filled the screen. His usual way of disconnecting from a world he didn't feel part of.

The room buzzed faintly with conversations and low laughter. A handful of familiar faces moved about, lost in casual talk and harmless jokes. The air smelled faintly of snacks, wet umbrellas, and cheap room freshener. For most, it was just another friendly gathering.

For Lucifer, it was just noise.

He didn't hate anyone in the room, but he didn't care much either. He existed in his own bubble — silent, guarded, and uninterested. The rain was the only part of the night that felt real to him.

Then the door opened with a soft creak.

Linda stepped in, gently brushing off her umbrella. She was late, but unbothered. Her presence was light but warm, like a soft breeze drifting into a closed room. She wore a red and black striped shirt, its bold pattern matching the quiet confidence in her steps, paired with fitted black jeans. Something about her looked effortlessly beautiful — not loud, not trying — just naturally radiant in her own skin. Her eyes were glued to her phone screen, her fingers rapidly typing. A smile lingered on her lips — the kind that comes from a flirty message or a sweet inside joke. She was talking to her boyfriend, unaware of how the night would slowly shape her story too.

Lucifer didn't look up immediately. But after a moment, something pulled at his attention — maybe her voice, maybe her laughter — just enough for him to glance sideways. He saw her.

Linda, still in her bubble, caught his glance for the briefest moment. Their eyes didn't lock. There was no spark, no smile, no dramatic pause.

Just... awareness.

Two people in the same room, living entirely different realities, yet unknowingly written into the same story.

They didn't speak.

They didn't need to.

The rain continued outside — soft, steady, calm. Not just falling, but witnessing.

Chapter 3: The Unexpected Bond

It had been a few months since that brief interaction at the Durga Puja, and neither Lucifer nor Linda had given it much thought. Life moved on, and their worlds continued to spin in different directions. Lucifer remained as distant and uninterested in connecting with others as always, while Linda was still happily in a relationship, chatting with her boyfriend throughout the day. The memories of their first meeting seemed to fade into the background.

On this particular rainy November morning, the usual excitement of hopping pandals was replaced by a change in plans. The downpour kept people from venturing far, so instead, everyone gathered around the neighborhood pandal to continue the celebrations. It wasn't as lively as the other pandals, but it was still a cozy and familiar setting.

Linda arrived early, her phone in hand as she texted her boyfriend, who, unfortunately, hadn't been able to join her due to some prior commitments. But that didn't stop her from enjoying the time with her friends.

Dressed in her green, black, and white checked shirt and gray jeans, she looked effortlessly stylish, her warm smile lighting up the space. As she chatted with her friends, her laughter blended with theirs, filling the air with an infectious energy.

Between laughing and chatting, Linda would occasionally glance at her phone, checking for any updates from her boyfriend. A quick smile would appear on her face as she typed, her attention briefly divided. But her friends had her focus now, and she didn't mind it. It was a quiet, pleasant day, and she was content to be surrounded by people she cared about, even though her boyfriend wasn't physically there.

Lucifer, on the other hand, was anything but excited to join the gathering. He had no intention of interacting with anyone, least of all strangers. He would have much preferred to stay home, in the comfort of his own space, away from the crowd. But one of his friends had insisted, calling him over to join the group at the pandal. Lucifer reluctantly agreed, not wanting to be rude, though his mood remained unchanged.

He arrived with his usual indifference, his face expressionless as he slipped into the circle. He kept his

phone in hand, pretending to be busy, his attention clearly elsewhere. He wasn't there to socialize, and it was evident in his body language. The moment he sat down, he distanced himself from the group, a physical barrier between him and the others.

Linda, absorbed in her conversation with her friends, didn't pay much attention to the new arrival. It wasn't until Lucifer started speaking, breaking the silence with an unexpected question, that she even noticed him again.

"So, anyone here into anime? Marvel?" Lucifer asked, his voice loud enough for the group to hear. He wasn't looking for a deep conversation, more of a way to fill the awkward quietness.

The group was slow to respond, most people uninterested or distracted by their own conversations. Lucifer pressed on anyway, asking if anyone had watched the latest Marvel movie or was into any popular anime series. It was clear he was looking for some kind of connection, but no one seemed to share his enthusiasm.

Linda, however, heard him. She glanced up from her phone, a soft smile tugging at her lips. Despite her

initial disinterest, something in the way he asked—so casually, yet persistently—caught her attention. She set her phone aside and decided to join in.

“I’m into Marvel,” she said, her voice light but clear. “Iron Man’s my favorite. I think his character arc is amazing.”

Lucifer raised an eyebrow, mildly surprised that someone had actually responded. “Yeah, Tony Stark’s development is one of the best in the MCU,” he replied, his tone softer now, his initial aloofness fading slightly.

The conversation flowed easily after that, the two of them talking about their favorite Marvel movies, characters, and even a bit of anime. While Lucifer hadn’t been looking for this, he found himself enjoying the interaction more than he expected. Linda’s easygoing nature and shared interests made her easy to talk to, and soon enough, he found himself leaving his phone aside as he engaged in the conversation.

The rain outside had started to pick up again, but neither of them paid much attention to it. The sound of the raindrops on the roof provided a comforting backdrop to their conversation. It felt like the world

had paused for a moment, giving them a chance to connect in a way neither had anticipated.

Their group continued chatting around them, but Linda and Lucifer were lost in their own world. Linda, with her bright smile and easy laughter, and Lucifer, with his usual guarded demeanor, somehow found a common ground. It wasn't anything extraordinary, but it was enough to spark a change in both of them.

And for the first time, Lucifer felt a strange, unfamiliar warmth in the midst of the rain. He hadn't come here for connection, but in that moment, he found something unexpected in Linda's company.

As the rain continued to tap rhythmically on the roof, the conversation between Linda and Lucifer slowly shifted from casual exchanges to something more personal. Both of them had started to feel a strange ease in each other's company, a rare moment where time seemed to stand still despite the chaos of the world around them. Lucifer found himself laughing more than he had in weeks, his usual stoic expression replaced by a faint smile that seemed out of place but not unwelcome.

The small talk about Marvel and anime eventually faded into quieter pauses, but neither seemed uncomfortable. They had entered an unspoken understanding, and as the group around them continued chatting, they found themselves falling into a natural rhythm.

“You know,” Linda said with a smile, glancing at her phone before putting it down, “we should continue this conversation. It feels like we could talk forever.”

Lucifer hesitated but, for the first time in a while, found himself agreeing. “Maybe we should.”

Linda beamed. “How about exchanging Discord IDs? It’s easier than texting.”

Lucifer raised an eyebrow. Normally, he would have avoided giving out any personal info, but something about Linda made him reconsider. Without overthinking it, he handed her his phone, allowing her to add herself.

“Done,” Linda said, handing it back to him with a smile. “Looking forward to our next random chat.”

As the group around them continued to chat, Lucifer stayed behind for a moment, not quite ready to leave.

Linda's presence had made him feel something he hadn't felt in a long time—a connection that he didn't want to dismiss.

“I guess I'll see you around?” Linda asked as the group started to leave.

“Yeah, see you,” Lucifer replied, the slightest smile crossing his face.

As they parted, both wondered if this was the beginning of something unexpected. Neither knew exactly where it would lead, but the spark of something new had been ignited.

Chapter 4: Almost Strangers, Almost Friend

The days drifted by in their own quiet rhythm. Linda and Lucifer, now connected through Discord, exchanged messages like two strangers brushing past in a crowded street — familiar enough to nod, but never lingering long enough to truly connect. Their conversations were light and ordinary: “How are you?” “What are you doing?” Snippets of daily life, traded like postcards from different worlds.

Linda often brought up her boyfriend. She was the kind of person who wore her heart on her sleeve — loyal, expressive, and deeply in love. She talked about their moments together, the sweet texts, the late-night calls, the petty fights, the way his voice calmed her. She shared it all openly, not to flaunt it, but because it was simply part of who she was.

Lucifer, on the other hand, kept his distance. Not in a rude way — just naturally reserved, emotionally tucked away. His replies were usually brief, dry, and straight to the point. He didn’t believe in love, at least not in the way people romanticized it. But even with

that disbelief, he never questioned Linda's feelings. He never teased, never acted cold, and most importantly — he was never jealous.

If anything, Lucifer quietly supported her. He listened when she vented. He dropped a “that’s good” or a “hope it works out” without sounding sarcastic or dismissive. He respected her bond with her boyfriend, never overstepping, never hinting at anything more. For him, Linda was someone kind, someone interesting — but not someone to fall for. He had drawn that line early and stuck to it.

One quiet weekend, their chat drifted slightly deeper. Linda, in her usual playful tone, asked, “So... do you have a girlfriend? Or maybe a secret crush?”

Lucifer's reply took a moment, but when it came, it was honest and simple:

“No, not really. Not my thing.”

Linda smiled at her screen, not judging him. She could tell love wasn't something Lucifer chased or even believed in — and yet, he never made her feel wrong for cherishing what she had.

“That’s fair,” she replied. “But hey, if you ever do feel like talking about anything... I’m here.”

His response was short, just a:

“Thanks. You too.”

And just like that, the conversation drifted back to safer, smaller talk. They stayed on their own sides of the fence — comfortable, distant, but respectful.

Chapter 5: What Healing Looks Like

Time has a strange way of unfolding. What begins as casual check-ins and harmless jokes can, without warning, turn into something far deeper — not love, not romance, but something just as rare: *trust*.

Lucifer didn't let people in. He never felt the need to. But Linda — with her persistence, her empathy, and her quiet warmth — slowly started chipping away at the walls he'd built around himself. At first, he brushed it off when she said, "Let me be your therapist for a while." He smirked at the message, typed a dry "nah I'm good," but didn't want to hurt her feelings. So they continued — little by little, day by day.

Lucifer never spilled everything. He wasn't the type. But he started to open up just enough — just enough to let her see there was more behind his silence than just apathy. Linda listened, never forced, never judged. She gave him space but stayed close, always reminding him he didn't have to go through things alone.

At the same time, her own world was slowly cracking beneath her feet.

Her relationship, the one she used to speak of with such joy, had taken a turn. She didn't complain at first — just small sighs, a change in tone. But soon, she broke. One night, she messaged Lucifer and poured it all out — how things weren't as happy as they looked from the outside. Her boyfriend had started treating her poorly. Emotional neglect. Dismissiveness. Harsh words hidden behind emojis.

Lucifer listened quietly. He didn't give her clichés. He just stayed there, offering stability where everything else in her life felt like quicksand. She even showed him screenshots — the kind that made him grip his phone a little tighter.

Still, he didn't fuel any hate. In fact, he *tried* to fix it — to talk to both of them, to help them find their way back if that's what they both wanted. He reached out to her boyfriend, calmly, kindly, as someone who only wanted to help. But the response wasn't what he expected.

One day, Linda's boyfriend lashed out — and not just at her, but at Lucifer too. He insulted him, questioned his character. Lucifer never told Linda about it. He

didn't want to be the reason things fell apart between them. But somehow, she found out.

And she didn't stay silent.

For the first time, Linda stood up to her boyfriend — not just for herself, but for Lucifer too. That day changed everything. Her boyfriend didn't apologize. Instead, he walked away. Coldly. Carelessly. As if she — and everything they'd shared — meant nothing.

The weeks that followed were a blur of numbness for her. Lucifer noticed the silence. No online status. No messages. No updates. Then came the news.

Linda had tried to end her life.

The weight of everything — the betrayal, the heartbreak, the loneliness — had pushed her to the edge. Her parents, unaware of the full story, were devastated. They hadn't known much about her love life, but they saw the pain it left behind.

Desperate to help her heal, they reached out to someone they trusted — a psychologist named Ms. Lopez.

Neither Linda nor Lucifer knew at the time, but Ms. Lopez was connected to both of them. An old friend of Lucifer's, someone he once trusted deeply.

Under her guidance, Linda began to heal. Slowly. Carefully. Quietly. She started understanding herself again — and more importantly, forgiving herself.

A month later, on a quiet afternoon, Lucifer's phone lit up.

Linda: "Hey... I don't know if you're free, but I wanted to talk."

He froze for a second. Relief. Worry. Hope. All at once.

When they spoke again, it wasn't like before. This time, there were no masks. No sarcasm. No "I'm fine." She told him everything — the breakdown, the therapy, her regrets, her realizations.

Lucifer didn't say much. But he listened — not out of obligation, but because he *wanted to*. For the first time in his life, he was truly worried for someone else.

There were no confessions of love, no romantic undertones. Just two people, scarred in different ways, offering each other what the world often forgets to give — understanding.

They weren't in love.

They didn't need to be.

They had become something just as rare: real friends.

Chapter 6: When Friendship Felt Like Home

Months had passed since Linda's breakup — a storm that had shaken her to the core. But amid the chaos, something beautiful had taken root. Her bond with Lucifer had flourished like an old tree growing quietly in the background — steady, strong, and comforting.

They weren't lovers.

They weren't just friends either.

What they had was something in between — deep, comforting, and beautifully undefined. Every night before sleep, they would talk for hours. About their day. Her school stories, his college life, funny moments, deep thoughts, occasional rants, and even the quiet spaces in between. On the nights when one of them was too tired or unwell, the other always understood. No guilt. No complaints. Just care.

Linda, a quiet book enthusiast, often talked about the stories she read. Lucifer, the gamer and techie, shared about the worlds he explored on screen. Despite being so different, they respected each other's space and

interests. Their lives were separate, yet interwoven like pages of the same book.

Time passed. The rhythm of their routine felt natural.

But one day, something shifted.

Lucifer, after watching many of his friends fall into relationships, decided—maybe he should give it a try too. Linda had often teased him about trying with someone, asking about crushes. He always brushed it off. But this time,

he asked Linda directly,

“Do you have a friend you’d want to introduce me to?”

She was caught off guard but genuinely happy. “Actually... yeah!” she smiled and sent him her best friend’s Instagram ID.

The next day, she told her best friend everything — that this was the Lucifer she always talked about, the one who made her smile, the one who felt like home.

Her best friend was already fond of him just through Linda's stories, so she agreed instantly.

Lucifer and her best friend began chatting. Slowly, a new connection bloomed between them.

But something felt... off for Linda.

She supported them, of course. Encouraged the bond. But when she didn't get the same attention from Lucifer — the daily chats, the updates, the shared laughs — a small emptiness crept in.

She didn't say much. Whenever he messaged, she replied warmly. But inside, she was missing him. Missing them.

Days passed like this. Lucifer, in his usual clueless way, didn't realize what was going on. Until one day, Linda's best friend messaged him:

"Hey... why aren't you talking to Linda much? She's not okay. She misses you."

The message hit him hard. He rushed to talk to Linda.

She was, as always, polite and warm. But quieter. Her usual spark dimmed. And that day, when he tried to cheer her up,

he said with a chuckle,
“Hey Linda, you can be my half-girlfriend, half-best friend, and full-time therapist!”

Linda paused. “Why not full?”

He blinked. “Huh?”

“Nothing... never mind,” she replied.

He didn’t press. But the weight of those words lingered.

A few nights later, while chatting with her best friend, Lucifer suddenly got a message from Linda:

“Hey, I need you here.”

He left the other chat and came to her instantly.

“What happened?”

“Why don’t you give me time anymore? Don’t you know I need you...?” she typed.

“We’re best friends, right?” he replied.

Then came her reply:

“Why did you say I’m only half your girlfriend?”

He froze. “What do you mean?”

“Nothing. Forget it.”, She said.

The conversation lingered awkwardly.

A few days later, they decided to play a simple text game — *Truth and Dare*. But only the *truths*.

It started light, until Linda asked,

“How am I to you?”

Lucifer laughed. “A great friend!”

Next round.

“Do you have feelings for me?”

He laughed nervously. “Maybe...”

She pressed.

He dodged. “Naah, forget it. Let’s keep playing.”

But Linda wasn’t letting it slide.

“Say your truth. Your real feelings for me.”

His fingers hesitated over the keyboard. His heart knew. But he was scared.

Scared to ruin what they had. Scared to lose her.

She insisted.

He finally typed:

“Yes. I have feelings for you.”

Silence.

Lucifer panicked.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to. Please don’t leave. We can forget this. Just don’t go.”

Then came her message.

“You idiot I have feelings for you too.”

And just like that, the silence turned into something beautiful.

They didn’t need to define it yet. But for the first time, they both knew — they weren’t just a comfort zone. They were each other’s safe space... and maybe something more.

Chapter 7: A New Kind of Us

The confession changed everything—and yet, nothing at all.

Their bond still carried the same warmth, the same laughter, the same late-night check-ins about random moments of their day. But now there was a softness in their words, a hesitation sometimes, like walking on a new path in familiar shoes.

Lucifer wasn't used to this. He never believed in love, never saw himself falling, and definitely never expected someone like Linda to be the person who could shake that belief. But she did, effortlessly. And now, with both of them having said what they felt, he was stuck somewhere between wonder and worry. He didn't want to lose the comfort they'd built. He didn't want to mess this up.

Linda, on the other hand, felt like a storm had calmed inside her. After everything she'd gone through—with her ex, her breakdown, the healing—this connection with Lucifer felt safe. Not perfect, not magical, but real. And that was enough.

They didn't rush. There were no cheesy lines or dramatic promises. Just small gestures—Lucifer texting her “home?” when she was out late, Linda leaving him voice notes of her book reviews because she knew he wouldn't read them but liked hearing her talk anyway.

Sometimes they joked about being an “almost couple.” Sometimes they didn't call it anything at all.

They weren't sure what this was, but they both knew what it wasn't—it wasn't just friendship anymore.

One evening, during a casual conversation filled with playful teasing and half-serious what-ifs, the topic of kissing came up.

"I've had exes, yeah," Lucifer admitted, scratching the back of his neck, “but... I've never kissed anyone.”

Linda blinked. “Wait, what? You? Mr. Heartbreaker?”

He laughed. “I swear. Never felt it was right. I told myself... I'll save it for someone who actually stays. Not someone temporary.”

Linda's silence was soft, thoughtful. “Same here,” she said after a moment. “I always imagined it being something meaningful. Not just a tick on a list.”

That moment didn't change anything immediately, but it deepened something unspoken between them. They weren't in this for a fling. They didn't talk about kissing after that—not seriously. Sure, they threw in the occasional playful “kiss” in chats or teasing emojis. But in real life, they never crossed that line.

Until December 20th.

Ms. Lopez had invited them over for a casual lunch get-together. A few close friends were there, including Abir's business partner. The afternoon was lighthearted—full of food, laughter, banter, and stories that felt like they belonged to another, simpler world.

But as the hours slipped by, Linda realized she was late. She had to leave, though she clearly didn't want to. Lucifer walked her down to the stairs, where they usually said their casual goodbyes.

Only this time, it wasn't casual.

She turned, earphones in hand, pausing for a second longer than usual. A look passed between them—curious, hesitant, almost daring. She tilted her head slightly, giving him a subtle signal. He froze. Unsure. Confused. A little scared.

But Linda didn't wait. She leaned forward, gently pulled him closer—and kissed him.

It was unplanned. Soft. Real.

In that one stolen moment, the world around them went quiet. No noise, no time, no people. Just two hearts that had danced around each other for months, finally touching in silence.

When it ended, she smiled, whispering a small “Bye...” before walking away—leaving him stunned, standing still with a heartbeat that felt too loud.

That kiss wasn't just a kiss.

It was a promise.

Weeks passed. The bond only grew stronger. On **February 8th**, Propose Day, Lucifer decided to make it official—this time, not through a message, not over a game. In person.

He stood in front of her, eyes steady, heart racing.

“I know we joked about being an ‘almost something’... but I don't want it to be almost anymore,” he said, kneeling down. “I want to be yours—fully. No half-steps. Will you be mine?”

Linda smiled, her eyes soft. “You already are,” she whispered, before nodding. “Yes.”

From that moment, it was official.

But love, like life, is never a straight line.

Linda’s exams were just around the corner, and they both knew how important they were. Lucifer didn’t complain, didn’t demand her time—he gave her space. For an entire month, they barely spoke. Short chats, no meetups, only quiet check-ins.

He waited.

And when her exams ended, it was like spring again. They picked up where they left off—dates, laughter, longer conversations, and little moments that made up a soft, shared reality. For five to six months, things were good.

Really good.

But life has a habit of testing even the strongest connections.

And sometimes, the real story begins *after* the fairy tale part ends.

Chapter 8: When Love Is Tested

One night, Linda messaged him:

"Hey... my dad has some medical tests. I need to be with him. I may not be able to give you time. Will you please understand?"

Lucifer felt a knot tighten in his chest. But he understood—because to Linda, her dad was everything. Her superhero. The man she loved more than anyone. And Lucifer respected that deeply.

Even though he couldn't be there physically—because neither of their families knew about the relationship—he became her anchor through calls and late-night texts. Whenever she broke down, he stayed up to remind her she wasn't alone.

Then the test results came in.

And the world around her crumbled.

It was a major illness. Something that sent tremors through her entire family. Her dad, the strongest person

she knew, was suddenly fragile. Her mom tried to stay strong, but Linda could see the cracks forming.

But Linda didn't fall apart.

She stood tall—because Lucifer held her up from the shadows. Through six long months of operations, hospital runs, and healing, he never left her side emotionally. She changed during that time—became quieter, more mature, more focused—but their bond remained.

Slowly, against all odds, her dad began to recover. Faster than expected. And life started to piece itself back together. Though the trauma lingered, Linda and her family moved forward—scars and all.

They started going out again. Even with the frequent doctor visits, they made time. During Durga Puja, her parents came home, and everything felt almost normal again. Lucifer even visited her house to see her dad. Seeing him smile after everything—they both knew that was a moment they'd never forget.

During Puja, Lucifer and Linda hopped pandals again, laughed like they used to, and created memories better than the old ones.

But not every love story flows in one direction.

The next year brought darkness for Lucifer. Financial problems at home. Dreams of further studies fading because of money. Friends moving ahead in life—getting jobs, stability—while he stood still. His business struggled, and every plan he had seemed to fall apart.

He tried. Fought. But the pressure crushed him.

And somewhere in the chaos, he started changing. Breaking. Losing parts of himself. He lashed out. Grew distant. Spoke harshly. Treated Linda like a burden—worse than how her ex had once treated her.

And yet—Linda didn't leave.

Even when he left her.

Even when he shut her out again and again.

She stayed. Held him. Believed in the version of him he was before the storm.

But the problems never stopped. Just as one settled, another arose. For two long months, it became a cycle—love, damage, repair, repeat.

Then one day... Lucifer disappeared.

No calls. No messages.

Silence.

And when he finally looked back—Linda had moved on. Quietly. Completely.

He reached out. No response. He tried to talk to her in public—she ignored him. As if he never existed.

Desperate and broken, he turned to their mutual friends—Ms. Lopez and his business partner. Told them everything. That he messed up. That he wanted her back—not as a phase, but forever.

Ms. Lopez saw the pain behind the mistakes. She called Linda to her place and convinced her to hear him out. She came. Calm. Composed. But guarded.

Lucifer poured his heart out. But in his pain, he said something he shouldn't have. Something sharp. And it broke Linda—again.

The next day, Ms. Lopez brought them back together.
One last time.

Lucifer: *“No more promises. Just a chance.”*

And Linda said:

“I’ll give you 15 days. Show me that you can be the man I fell in love with. That you can love me the way I deserve. After that... I’ll decide.”

To be Continued...