

A black and white photograph of a hand reaching down towards a pile of confetti on a lawn, with an open book in the foreground.

WORDS BY ABINAYA

*a collection of*

# FABULA

# Fabula

Escrita por: *-PerpetualStardust-*

## Descripción:

A collection of short story entries for various contest prompts, random one shots and other collection of words from the heart of me, the gorgeous bride of Mr. Chocolate! Beautiful cover made by @DiyaMahe

## The Immolation

### Short story for Fruit Pickings #3

It took a while to get everyone on board with reality. People are very stubborn when it comes to accepting hard truths. They really can't be blamed because who would like to believe that the world was going to end up as a ball of fire?

A solar shower is going to hit up Earth in the next few days and it is going to end all lives on Earth. It is also predicted that most of Earth's sources that make it human-fit are going to vanish too. It was time for a farewell.

Unless for the set of people handpicked by the Organization Of Human Safety Across The World (OHSAW) and all the World Leaders to represent their races, countries, legacy and humanity by sending them off into the space far away from Earth where they get a nice popcorn-worthy view of the Earth getting deep-fried by the Sun.

The audition for people to get into that space ship had been very secretive at first because the OHSAW wanted only people worthy of bringing forward humanity to get into that ship. They decided not to put any money label on the seats. Only a good heart will get you inside.

This process has been going on for the past six months. 96% of the seats are filled as of now. The people of the world have been informed of The End, but not of the space ship in order to avoid any greedy chaos that spoils any plans.

Among the people who knew was Martha. She serves coffee to the all the members of OHSAW ever since they were formed. She is also one of the very few who wasn't panicking because of the nearing End.

"Martha?" She hears Mr. Clark, the 50 years old HR official call her. Martha smiles as she walks to him, serving his coffee.

"Thanks for the coffee, dear. But I didn't call you for that. I called you to give this," he bends down to pick his bag and fishes out a piece of paper and gives it to her. To Martha's shock, it was a ticket.

Mr. Clark smiles and says, "You deserve it, child. You've been a part of OHSAW ever since it began to exist and you're one of the most trustworthy person I've ever seen in my life. You have patience, loyalty, and a serene, pleasant attitude. So I choose you to represent one of the twenty members of the OHSAW panel in the ship. Go live your life, Martha."

Martha felt stumped. She never hoped to get into the ship. She had no talent, no special skills, nothing. And most of all, she didn't value the opportunity as much as

others. To her, the Earth was home and if it is going to die, she would rather die with it than escape into a new phase. That felt like a betrayal to her.

As she walked out of Mr. Clark's cabin, she bumped into a young man. He had a thick pair of glasses on.

"Sorry," the guy said, "I came to take my father, Mr. Clark, home."

Martha studied him head to toe once. "Do you have your ticket?" She asked.

The guy smiled. "Father thinks I'm not worthy of it. He said he'll give his ticket to someone at work he trusts."

She didn't take two seconds to thrust the ticket in his hands. "You deserve it," she said and walked away.

The world was ending. But she'd rather be an immolate to humanity than watch her home die.

\*\*\*

**Words: 594**

**Dedicated to @Dany1908 @LC\_BookClub**

**Cover Credits to the awesome @DiyaMahe Check out her works some time! She writes amazing! P.S. I have a soft corner for her book 'Rudra' ;) ♥■**

## LGBT came to town

**This one was a poem for a Fruit Picking contest long back. Thought I'd share it here!**

**P.S. I didn't win the Fruit Picking :P But I still like what I wrote, so here it is!**

**P.P.S Don't judge! I'm not a good poet like a lot here on Wattpad :)**

LGBT came to town,

And it made a lot frown.

The snobs, the skeptics, the meaningless homophobic vultures,

And the small minded people who thought they support cultures;

They all saw it as

Man kissing man,

Woman kissing woman,

Taboo kissing the Society,

Spreading wrong morality.

LGBT came to town,

But it did nothing to earn a frown.

It didn't show

Man kissing man,

Woman kissing woman,

Or taboo kissing the Society.

It wanted to show

Humanity kissing hearts,

Tolerance kissing minds

And Freedom kissing the closeted souls.

LGBT came to town.

And it deserves a mighty crown.

Because what is your business

In looking into other's beds?

How does it change their personality,

If they prefer coffee to tea?

One's sexual orientation,

Is in the matters of their own selves.

It does not require your validation,

So keep your judgement to yourselves.

LGBT came to town,

With high and might and all its glory.

It doesn't require a crown,  
It doesn't deserve a frown,  
It just needs co-existence.  
I'm ready to give that much.  
Are you?  
\*\*\*

## Priorities

The world is growing everyday -  
Or is it shrinking?  
I don't know anymore.  
There are 7.6 billion people abode this globe,  
But is there healthy human interaction everywhere?  
I can't see it anymore.  
'Coz the 7.6 billion have priorities.  
Priorities that does **not** entitle a beating live piece of flesh and the thousand nerves  
running through.  
Anything that has a screen of Liquid Emitting Diode and changes to the touch from our  
fingertips has our attention to its fullest.  
Our priorities have changed from eating to Instagramming our food.  
From spending time with friends to posting selfies with them.  
From spending time with family to tagging memes on Facebook.  
Our priorities have changed: from living to networking.  
\*\*\*

## Be like the sun

Life is an enigma of surprises.  
Some days, you may feel on top of the world;  
While some, being crushed by it's weight;  
A few, scared of Mr. Unexpected who randomly rows towards you in the ocean of  
Time;  
And a few others, like a negligible little being in this big blue earth.  
During times like those, my little Princess,  
Do remember this, to cease your being a damsel in distress!  
Do remember that  
The Bright Star from Earth, is the best regards of God  
He's the live example of life.  
He rises everyday, in his own pace,  
With a smile that warms the sky.  
He rises to his peak, shining the same way all day.  
Some like his radiance, some don't.  
But does he care about it?  
He shines and irradiates the whole world,  
Doing what he was destined for.  
Time comes, when he sets back, a little peacefully,  
Content with his day's performance.  
But does he stop there?  
No, he helps his other half, the Moon.  
He helps her shine like a big white bulb,  
That calms and breezes away the stress in the air,

And becomes the guard that allows you to rest a while when she watches your back.  
And the next time you open your eyes,  
The bright yellow fellow is back!  
Be like the Sun, little Princess,  
And illuminate the skies of your own and others,  
Help your little Moons,  
Do what you're destined for,  
Turn a blind eye to the uncalled - for critics of your life,  
Be satisfied with your day,  
And most importantly,  
Find reasons to smile.  
Find more and more of them till your plush cheeks hurt.  
Because in this short voyage through the big ocean of time,  
The only difference between today and yesterday,  
Would be the moments you stretched the sixty muscles of your face  
And lightened the mood of your heart.  
Do this, and your life will be filled with souvenirs,  
Souvenirs of moments,  
Moments that matters the most when 'tis time for the sunset of your life.  
\*\*\*

**Okay, I really didn't know I would post so many of my shitty poems here  
\*facepalm\***

**I swear, I'm not that 'I love poems a lot so imma pretend I can write them well  
too' person. I know my poems are barely okish.  
But this one... It's a little special to me. I wrote this a few years back and  
suddenly stumbled upon it. The naive heart of mine from two years back could  
bring a sense of emotional strength to the stressed out today's me. I love  
myself a lot :))**

**Also, I'm posting this here mainly for my lovely family! Especially to dedicate  
this to xxangelbythewingsxx ■**

**Love,  
Abi.**

## HBD Ash

**This one's for Ash, my irl bestie here on Wattpad btsxkings HAPPY EXCITING  
EIGHTEEN ASH!! Let's see how much time is gonna kick in on your old face  
now (jk jk). So let's hear it now.**

*A day in Ash's life at Seoul, South Korea.*

Ash was blissfully sleeping in her plush bed, covered with too many pillows having the  
faces of all her K-idols. Her dreams come better this way, or so she says.  
Her mind was laced with the harmonic tunes of Sweet Lies as someone ruffled her  
head.

"Rise and shine, sleepyhead," a coarse yet beautiful voice interrupted her mind's  
playlist.

"Shine? We're not waking Hobi up, nuthead. We're waking Ash up," another sweeter  
voice dissed.

"Haha, yeah. But wait, why Hobi?" A deeper voice asked.

"Let's just focus on the bday girl now, please," a mature sweet voice retorted.

The word bday broke Ash's sleepy trance. She instantly opened her eyes to see her  
four favorite men standing in her bedroom. Oh Sehun, Min Yoongi, Kim Taehyung and  
Kim Jong-in.

"Oh my God holy shit!" She cussed as she jumped awake in her bed.

"Happy Eighteenth Birthday, Ash!" The four boys cried in harmony.

"Ugh I love y'all so much!" Ash said, rising on her bed and opening her arms for a bear hug.

Sehun is the first to come closer, but Yoongi stopped him. "No way you're touching her naked."

Sehun smirked. "FYI, I'm not naked. This is my night suit."

"I don't see no suit here, boi. You're wearing a pair of trousers that's all," Yoongi complained.

"What, as opposed to your grandpa pajamas?" Sehun shot back.

"HEY! These are Gucci premium. I handpicked them for him," Tae cuts in.

"Can we please just FOCUS. ON. HER?" Kai reminds them again and Sehun wraps his arms around her.

Yoongi blinks, trying to calm himself till Sehun lets go and then quickly hugs Ash. He quickly retrieves too, his face pink in shyness.

Taehyung and Kai quickly follow, one pinching your cheeks and the other tickling the underside of your neck.

"Wait, is it just 12 AM? Did you guys wake me up at MIDNIGHT?!" Ash cries.

"I told you to wait till she was up on her own. My girl's like me, prioritizing her sleep over anything," Yoongi says, dropping a gummy smile at the end.

Sehun and Kai immediately apologize. "Hey, it's okay, guys! It's super special that you did this to me. I love you all so much!" Ash says, her eyes welling up a little.

"Hey," Tae comes and holds her face. "You deserve it, okay? We all love you."

"Baby girl, no crying on your special day. Tell me now... What do you want? A birthday rap? Coz I'm awesome at it," Sehun says.

Yoongi smirks. "Are you kidding me? You didn't get her anything, did you? And we both know she likes my raps better."

Ash rolls her eyes. "I love both your raps so much. Now shut the hell up!"

"Oooh sassy, me likes," Sehun half grins.

Yoongi ignores him as he turns to Ash and looks straight into her dark brown orbs.

"Look, Ash. You're special, okay? You're very special to me. I've had a lot of tough times going, and even though you were not physically here, your support has always been getting me going. Every time you say "I hate him", I could actually feel the love behind it. Just, never leave me. And happy happy birthday, sweetie. Come downstairs when you're fully up and awake. I have a little surprise for you."

"Yeah," Tae butts in. "The piano is ready whenever you are!"

"Taehyung ah! It was a *surprise!*" Yoongi cries as they both head downstairs.

Ash turns her head to Sehun. He smiles heartily and sits beside you on your bed.

"You've been with me for, how long? 5-6 years? I think you know me the best out here, jagiya. You love to call me hoe," Ash blushed at that statement, "but you're perhaps the only one who knows I'm also a pure hearted one."

Kai smirks in the background.

"Anyways, you've stuck with me for so long. Even after you found Yoongi..."

Ash frowned. "I don't love you any less or more, pabo."

Sehun grinned cheekily. "I know, I know. That's what I'm telling. It's your best feature, you know. You stick with people, even after everything changes. You stuck with me, and you stuck with all of us through the passage of time. I'll always be grateful."

Sehun placed a soft kiss to your hair and got up.

"Now sleep. Have a great sleep. When you wake up, all of EXO and BTS has the whole day planned for you! We can't wait to make this day special," Kai said, winking at the end.

"Dream well, Ash. Only good dreams," Sehun whispers as he makes her lie down again and puts her to sleep.

As Ash closes her eyes, she felt like the most loved person in the world.

"I love my life."

\*\*\*

**Okay, idk if this was too cheesy or not that good, but this is what I like doing on birthdays so HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY ASH MY BISH! Have a good one.**

**Love,**

**Abi.**

## I'm done

Slap  
An angel's wing falls off  
Slap  
God turns devil today.  
Slap  
Music is not melodies anymore  
All I can hear is the hatred encore.  
Slap  
The pit in my stomach tells me  
I'm not doing myself any good.  
But the intoxicated addiction of blithe  
Makes me a whore, wanton for love.  
Slap  
"I'm tired of trying. I have to let go."  
Hurt splashed across my ears.  
The babe never knew,  
Her babes had a knife through their heavy hearts. Again.  
Slap.  
The heart feels heavy.  
The lips feel chapped.  
The stomach feels devastated.  
The soul...  
Slap.  
The soul feels done.  
Not.  
The soul feels done not.  
It will fight, keep fighting.  
It will keep searching, searching for it's fallen wings.  
It will try till the body says no more,  
It will try to find its way to soar.  
It will find its path  
To look beyond the groans of demons,  
And get back to its sanctum of lay.  
It will not stop being that whore,  
Waiting for bills of love to be pinned on.  
It will try to remove all the knives,  
Bleeding and all apart.  
And it will ail to all wounds like a dutiful nurse.  
Heavy heart? Watch cute videos.  
Chapped lips? Lip balm duh!  
Devastated stomach? Tasty food.  
I'm done not.  
I'm nowhere near that edge.  
The only fear I have,  
Is that of being doomed.  
Well, if I'm going to feel that anyways,  
Why not get my daggers and shield on?  
SLAP!  
Take that, the Fate of my Life,  
The one hell bent to mess with my Stars.  
Take that dagger of failure, I'm going to keep my Hope.

I'm going to find more strength.  
I'm going to defeat you.  
I'm going to find my happiness. I know it's waiting for me at the end of the tunnel.  
Just lost my flashlight, but I'm going to step inside the darkness anyways.  
You ready to meet me headstrong?  
Bump. Meet my fists.  
Let's have a clean one.

\*\*\*

**There's that poem xxangelbythewingsxx :)**

## Bonus: Deserving

Not one flower. I cannot find the perfect flower in this whole big flower shop. I am pretty sure the owner thinks I'm paranoid because I have been in the shop for about one hour trying to find the right flower for her.  
Tonight is the big night. The night I'll be going on the first date with the girl I am going to spend the rest of my life with. I have been going crazy with that thought in my head. 'How do you know?' I asked myself. 'You ever heard of this thing? It's called conscience.' That was my answer.  
Finally, I lay my eyes on this one beautiful flower. It is like a spiral of petals with a thick stem. It is a beautiful baby pink color touches of white here and there.  
"Oh, this one? It's a lotus. They're pretty tough to find here. Here, let me open it up and show you." The owner opened the petals one by one in an outward shape and showed me the flower. It is so much more beautiful from the inside. "I'll take it," I say.  
"Really? That's awesome! How many, man?"  
"Five, and in a bouquet, please?"  
"That would be \$50, mate."  
"Seriously? I think I asked for five of them, not like a hundred!"  
"I told you, boy. They're pretty tough to find here. They're imported. So should I pack it or not?"  
Probably three would be enough, I think. When I'm about to pay, my mother's words come back to me. "*Do anything for your loved ones.*" I know the amount I had allocated for this night is exactly just that much and I couldn't afford the dinner if I lose it now, but she deserves these lotuses. Thought it means that I have to use up some of the money I saved for buying the yet - to - be - released new Nike sneakers, I should do it. Because she matters to me now; and definitely more than some sneakers that don't come for sale for another month.  
I say yes and pay my money after I get the bouquet. I have the best flowers for My Flowerbed. God that's cheeky.

\*\*\*

I go to her house that evening. She gave me the address and we happen to be in the same area. Fate, huh?  
When I knock at the door, she answers it. And my jaw drops.  
Wow, she's an angel. Her white strapless dress hugs her body smugly and does full justice to her curves. The baby pink lush coat she has on is so much like her skin: soft, silky, smooth. Her hair is let down without any binding just like at the party. She has very minimal makeup on, and her natural lips still remain without lip stick's falseness. I see her smiling at me like she knows what I'm doing.  
What am I doing?  
"Are you done yet? Or should I wait a minute more?" She says. "Wait for what?" "I thought honesty was your trait." "Yes, it still is. But honesty is my trait. Not blurting it out all the time."  
She laughs again. I just realized how happy that made me. It's like making her laugh is my prime duty.  
"Hi," I say.



"Hi, Phillip." I love my name. I love the way it sounds wrapped up in her voice. From the deepest of her throat to her rose, wet tongue and out through her beautiful lips. I love it.

"This is for you," I say and hand her the bouquet. She looks at the bouquet with doe eyes and then at me.

"Thank you so much! I love lotuses," she says and inhales the scent of them.

She smiles at me and slowly raises her hand. "Shall we?"

I hold her wrist softly and look at the flower tightly wrapped around her fingers.

"It's beautiful," I say. "Lotuses are beautiful. They are born to be beautiful..." She says.

"I'm sure they are. I meant your hand when I said it's beautiful."

"Okay, that's the weirdest compliment that I have received. But it kind of makes me feel good," she admits.

"Oh yeah?" I take her hand and bring it close to my lips and kiss it.

"So you want to go out now?" I ask and she nods. And so we go out.

This is going to be my best night ever.

\*\*\*

"So you're telling me we share French and Calculus II together for four mouths? And I never saw you?" I say. "I know, right? I mean, at least I remember reading about you in the school newspaper when you won that match with - I don't know, I'm sorry. All I remember from that article is your name and what flattering things Nina Hansen had to say about you."

"I'm sorry about the article. I swear I don't know what I did to get her that obsessed with me. I tried talking to her, but she fainted. So I left a letter at her locker, and I hope she has moved on because a girl who can express so much of her heart in her writing deserves someone who can give the affection back."

She leans forward. "And why aren't you that guy?" I take her hand in mine and lean in.

"Because I didn't feel what I felt when I first laid eyes on you."

Stephanie blushes and her cheeks take the most beautiful pink hue I've ever seen. I thought white looked the best on her. I was wrong. Pink is her color.

"Stephanie, you look great in pink."

She blushes even more. God, I want to make her blush all the time. I love her pink.

"You know, it's rude to stare, Phil."

"You know it's also rude to be so beautiful and not realize it..."

She giggles and swats my arm. "You are one helluva flirting king..."

"Like I told you, I'm just an honest-to-God man."

She laughs again and my heart flutters, seeing her cheeks swell with excitement and joy. It constricts her eyes but those blue-green eyes fail to arrest all my attention with its gleam.

"So... Tell me about you, Phillip March."

I chuckle and say, "Why don't you guess?"

She smiles a smile that lights up the extra naughty in her eyes and says, "Alright..."

Phillip March, a 16-year-old handsome hunk who has the cutest dimples for a guy and is ignorant about his girl fandom. He's a sweet guy and a gentleman, at least he tries to be... And he's genuinely honest about his emotions... Or else he's a very smart flirt. He thinks beer is overrated. He has a Cupid for a best friend who is Ryan Reed. Now, I'm gonna make some wild guesses.

"You have a great family. The one that's happy 24x7. You love Harry Potter, guessing from the Hogwarts sticker on your car's dashboard. Your mom is a very beautiful woman, both on the inside and outside... I can see that from the picture in your car. You love her so much that you have that picture in your car... You love The Beatles because you have like tons of their CDs in your collection. You like football but you aren't comfortable with the fame attached to it. You like to read... You have respect for women. You are romantic by heart. It's like a default version of you. You wish to live a life where you make your loved ones happy. Oh, and you're Jewish."

I chuckle.

"I'd give you a 9/10. Yup, I love Harry Potter. Ever since I was 12. Who doesn't love HP? And yeah, The Beatles are legends! They, like, invented music! Yup, I love soccer, and I also love how you say 'football' instead of soccer... But I really feel it's overrated in terms of fame. I love to read as well... There isn't one genre I haven't tried... My wish is to keep everyone around me happy. And yes, my mom is BEAUTIFUL inside and out... She's a goddamn angel... Just like you."

"Really, I'd like to meet her!"

I smile, knowing that she'd definitely ask this. But I don't want to suffocate her with the tragedy of my past and so I say, "As soon as possible, Steph."

She nods and says, "Then why the 9 on 10? I was right!"

"Well, I'm Catholic."

She slaps her forehead and winks her left eye as she cringes, reveling in the silly mistake she has done.

That is the cutest thing I've ever seen.

"Oops, sorry."

"No problem... Now, tell me about you, Steph."

Before she opens her mouth to speak, the musician in the corner who was playing amazing music takes the mic and asks for attention.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to The Taste Of Life. It's a wonderful night and the stars are already gleaming above us... Today's a Wednesday, so whoo!"

The people next to us hoot back.

"For those of you who are new to the restaurant, Wednesday nights at The Taste Of Life are the best ever! You know why?"

The people cheer, "It's Karaoke Of Life night!"

All of them clap and Steph and I join them.

"So... Who's the first one to sacrifice your dignity and sing till our ears bleed?"

We all laugh.

"Me!" I say before I can stop myself. Stephanie's eyes widen.

I get up and receive the mic. "Hi guys! I'm Phillip and I'm here today with an angel who got stuck on earth... I'm gonna go ahead and make a fool of myself by singing a song for her. Steph, this one is for you!"

I start singing 'Don't stop believin' by Journey which is like a classic for karaoke.

I watch her the whole time... She's laughing, smiling, swaying to the music; she's got all of my attention by being just herself... She's got me.

When I finish, she claps. When I get to our seat, I say, "You forget one thing about me."

"What's that?" She asks.

"I really really like this girl named Stephanie..."

She blushes and laughs together. I really really like her.

\*\*\*

"How did I end up on the roof of your car?" Stephanie asks.

"Well, I'm pretty sure I hypnotized you so that you listen to me ask the time and when I suggested we gaze the night sky from the roof of my car, you agreed!"

She laughs and places a hand on my chest. We are lying down side by side on my car's roof. My left arm is supporting her head and she has to kind of snuggle with me so that we fit in without falling off. And I like it. I really really like it.

"Oh look! It's a shooting star!" She cries and I look at the sky.

It is a shooting star. I knew it was the right moment. I looked back at her and she turned herself to face me. I use my other hand to hold her face and lean in.

Her eyes gaze deeply into me and I marvel at its depth and intensity. Her lips look silver in the moonlight.

I know this is the right time to do what I wanted to do since the moment I met her. I tilt my head and slowly connect my lips with hers. It is so soft, so lovely. Kissing her should be one of the great repayments I get for doing good deeds in my previous life because it feels so heavenly.

I don't remember when I teased her lips with my tongue and when she opened her mouth, but all I remember was experiencing the velvety insides of her mouth. I forget how to breathe, how to inhale and take in oxygen and exchange and let out carbon dioxide. All I remember is her mouth and my mouth. And kissing. And that's all I ever want to remember.

\*\*\*

After about half an hour, I take her to her home. We hold hands the whole time back to her home. I love the way her hands fit in mine. So soft and smooth and creamy... It's almost like holding a delicate feather. She doesn't have long nails like most girls. It's cut to the correct size and lies just on the tips of her fingers. She has a beautiful baby pink hue on her nails, which suits her baby hands. It's the most natural color on her. When we reach her home, I walk her out to her door. She stops on the porch and turns towards me. Damn, she looks beautiful in the moonlight...

She puts her arms around my shoulders and brings me to her embrace. I hug her back. "Thank you for this amazing night," she whispers.

"Thank *you* for this amazing night," I say. She giggles and pulls back a little. I sniff a little of her scent and it's so captivating. When I look down, I see her face lined with mine and her eyes boring into mine.

I lean in to brush her lips against mine. But this time it's a soft and smooth little kiss and we part away soon.

"So, I need to get in..." She says. I loosen my grip on her and she goes back to her door, still facing me.

"Is it too early?" I ask.

"Too early for what?" She asks, beaming to know what it is.

"Is it too early to ask you out again?" She laughs and says, "Well, the damage is done, so... Yes! I'll be glad to have another date with you."

"Will it be too early for it to be tomorrow?"

She laughs again. "Phillip! You just can't get enough of me, can you? Tomorrow's fine by me."

With that, I rush to her and plant a kiss on her lips. She returns it with an equal eager.

I cup her cheeks and let our lips play salsa with each other.

When I pull back, we're breathless.

I plant a kiss on her cheek and say, "Good night, Juliet."

She blushes, taking in her new pet name. She told me how much she loves Shakespeare's works and that Romeo Juliet was her most favorite novel, however clichéd it may seem.

"Drive safe, Romeo," she says. "Well well well, a modern Juliet... Porch instead of a balcony; Drive safe instead of 'Go home with my heart'..."

She laughs and smacks his arms. "You can't go home with my heart. I need it to pump blood into my body."

I laugh. She kisses my cheek, taking me by surprise. "I'll see you tomorrow," she says.

"Bye," I say and part away. She tugs at my arm and says, "No bye. Don't say bye. It means we're parting. Say I'll see you. It gives hope for tomorrow."

I smile at her. Wow, she's got a beautiful soul, this girl. I'm the luckiest man on earth.

"I'll see you by the rise of dawn, Juliet. 'Till then, let the night part us with its darkness.

'Till then, I give you my heart to have and to hold."

She laughs.

I walk to my car and still find her on the porch. "You have my heart, Juliet!" I shout from the porch and she laughs deeply. "Seriously, Go!"

I start driving after blowing an air kiss and waving my hand.

She smiles the warmest and loveliest smile I've seen my entire life. The smile that reaches her eyes and travels through mine to reach every nerve ending in my body and making me feel loved and happy.

She has my heart, alright.

My Juliet has my heart...

\*\*\*

**Author's note:**

This is one of the first drafts I wrote for Deserving. This is like 2 years old, so forgive me for the cheese. However, the cliché content is called for, because Philanie is nothing if not cliché-loving.

This one is for two of my most favorite readers whose birthdays have passed and/or near.

Ima\_3112\_A My Mimi, whose bday was December 31st (sorry for the late gift).

She's my most loyal and sweetest ever reader! And my cute little sister <3

Miu\_Chama Miu, who is the girl of the hour! Her bday is today! I remember how she was feeling about her bday being the same day Steph died, so here's something to cheer that up ;) You're also one of my favorite readers! I love it when you binge my stuff!

watery\_wet Naoki! I don't exactly remember your bday, but this one is for you as well :)

And to all my beautiful readers who made Deserving a beautiful experience for me.

Note: Deserving is complete now so anyone reading this can go check it out and binge it!!

Love,

Abi.

## Bonus 2: Deserving

### Phillip and Stephanie at 17

Life has become really ecstatic for me. Senior year and it's rush is sure pressurizing but Stephanie has made it really great. Speaking of which, Stephanie is right now wrapped up in my right arm, sound asleep from her day at school, the extra classes that can be added in college applications, the intense group study session with Kara Waters, Amy Stevens and I, and to the final touch, a stupid party again which Amy insisted we go to relax but in reality, it lowered our energies even more until Stephanie said in the lowest voice ever, "Please take me home. I'm so tired I want to sleep right here while standing."

So I drove her home and she slept as soon as she set her foot in the car. I kill the engine when we reach her home. She's still wrapped up in my arm and sleeping very deeply. She didn't even stir during the whole ride. This is the most peaceful side of her I've seen today. So much stress, so big plans... Her forehead had been creased the whole day. I lean in to kiss her relaxed forehead and slightly shift her head so that she's lying in her seat. I slowly get out of the car and go to her side.

Once the seat belt is off, I pick her up with my arms and she cuddles onto me wrapping her arms around my neck, never once pausing her sleep. My little angel. Denver opens the door after seeing me in the driveway. I whisper, "Nothing to worry. She's just tired and sound asleep."

He smiles and says, "Yeah, as if she would take pot and beer. She's such a bore." I shake my head. This guy is such a great person to be around, with the heart of a teenager born 15 years too early for this generation. I take the stairs and get into her room.

As I place her on her bed, she removed herself from me and sticks onto the bed. She's like glue, sticking onto stuff. I lean into kiss her forehead once she's tucked in when she whispers, "Stay with me, Phil."

I chuckle and say, "So you're awake now?" She slightly nods her head and I take off my sneakers to sit on the bed beside her. I take her hand in mine and stroke it as I see her through the darkness of the room and the night.

She raises up and says, "I want to sit in between your legs." I laugh.

"That's an odd request. Come sit, honey."

Once she sat between the v of my legs, she lays her head on my chest and fiddles with the hem of my shirt. I wrap my arms around her and rock back and forth like she's my baby. She is in fact my baby.

"Phillip, today's the day."

"What day, Steph?"

"The day my parents knew I was there."

Wow, that is news. No wonder she kept herself busy. Facing that is quite a handful.

"How do you know?"

"My mother wrote a diary when she was pregnant so I could read it when I grow up.

Today was her first entry. She was just 4 weeks pregnant when they got to know. Can you imagine that? I was 4 weeks old when my parents came to know they had created a beautiful life that they would love, care and spoil because it was God's gift to them and their gift to the world and they want it to be the one worth anybody's attention, care and love. My mother quoted that very big line. And it was so beautiful to read it. To feel it..."

I kiss her hair and wrap her tighter around me and whisper, "Imagine when we could really feel it." She gasps and I continue.

"I can already feel it. We'll name her Amelia May March - Scott."

She starts sobbing hearing that.

"Hey," I cup her cheeks and look deeply into those beautiful eyes of hers. "We'll have a wonderful life, okay? We'll bring the best mix of your mom and my mom and spoil her to the ends of the earth. We'll take care of her like we would to our mothers. We'll make sure we are there for her all the time and be the best shoulders she would have: to cry, cuddle, rest and rise above too."

"Oh Phillip..." She cries into my shirt and tears flow from my eyes as well.

"Stephanie?" I whisper and she looks up from my chest to my eyes. The way souls seek out for their parts is amazing. Always finding their best part and melt and mold into one... All the while warming the whole being with love and passion, liberating them from the darkness and worries and bringing a bright ray of hope. And leading to the verbal confession of love.

"I love you, Stephanie." She laughs as she cries, a very natural thing that happens in moments uncontrolled.

"Took you quite sometime, Phil."

"Well, I wanted it to be the Best Love Confession in the history of Romance."

"And how is it now?" "It is the best moment because we just put forward the perfect daughter yet to be born and the love she's going to receive from us. All the while talking about your parents and how this might be the exact moment they expressed their love when a new life they created with their love entered their life. Nothing is better than a happy moment from the past and a happy thought of the future mingling with the happy present. Except, you didn't reply to my confession directly."

She laughs again. "I love you too, you romantic idiot!" And I catch those words with my lips and kiss her through our confession and the glory of it. I'm in love with you, Stephanie. And I've finally told you.

\*\*\*

**Author's note:**

**EXTREME CHEESE, I KNOW!**

**But I hope you liked it <3**

**Love,**

**Abi.**

## Bonus 3: Deserving

**Phillip and Stephanie at 18, Prom Day, Stephanie's POV**

I've tasted honey once. Not the ones packed in Target. Pure, raw honey. I've been to a beekeeping house once and I've tasted honey there. It isn't sweet gooey perfectly

shaded liquid you get in stores. It's raw and fresh. It's a darker almost black shade of semi-solid. And the flavor... It's a hundred shades of exotic. It's not just sweet, it's an unexplainable sense of heavenly taste that one can only feel and not express. Even when expressed, cannot be understood. Ever.

It's so similar to what I'm feeling now. I'm going to prom. With Phil. Today.

I'm trying so hard not to squeal right now! The past year has just been amazing with him and I have no words to express how I feel about him. Except for the very obvious statement: I love him.

My face feels warm at that confession and my pulse rate doubles for a second. It's been almost three months since we started using the L-word, but it still feels like the first time.

"Honey? I don't wanna break your happy bubble but you gotta let your skin dry!"

I smile at Mimi's words and get out of the bathtub. Reaching for the robe, I close my eyes once more to repeat over and over that this is real. This is happening.

When I open the bathroom door and take a peak, I see Mimi sitting on my bed with a blow dryer in her hand.

She turns to me and smiles. Emily Cohen is a woman who can hypnotize you with a small smile. Her smile has such an attractive power. You feel wanted, welcomed and beautiful, even, when she smiles at you. And I'm a goner for that smile.

"Mimi!" I squeal, emphasizing on the nickname I had kept for her as soon as I began to speak as a toddler.

"Baby!" She squeals back, equally enthusiastic about the prom. She walks up to me and hugs me, squeezing me tightly.

We giggle happily and I sit in front of the dresser and remove the towel wrapped around my hair. She switches the blow dryer on and starts blow drying my hair.

"So, how's life at Philanie - Ville?" Emily asks and I chuckle.

"Mimi!" I shriek at the name she has kept for us.

"Oh Mimi, what can I tell? He's so amazing! Even the other day, he gave me a whole pack of yellow M&Ms.; He had spent so much time in segregating yellow from the whole pack for me!"

"Wow, he must really love you!" Mimi says, sarcastically.

I blush at that, remembering what Phil had said.

*"Yellow, the color of sunshine. The color of joy. The color of your favorite M&Ms.; I must really love you, as I picked them out for you."*

"Earth to Stephanie. You here?" Mimi shakes her hand before my face.

I roll my eyes. "Yes, Mimi!"

"Good. Now let's get you shining and beautiful for your Knight In Shining Armor," she says.

"God, Mimi, if there's someone cheesier than Phil and I, it would be you."

She just grins at me. I couldn't help but smile back just as wide. Life is good here.

\*\*\*

After about an hour of hairstyling, makeup and dress up, I was finally ready.

Looking in the mirror, I see a spitting image of my mother, Amelia, during her prom. I remember seeing her prom pictures and she looked like an angel. And I look a lot like her in the pictures.

The royal blue dress with aqua green sequin and patterns brought out the color of my eyes. The dress came up to my toes with a fluffy mermaid-style hem. It was a strapless dress and it complimented my skin very well.

My hair was set straight, gently touching the tip of the dress with its own tips. The front side of my hair was braided intricately and held together perfectly by bobby pins.

I had on light makeup, with just a soft coat of light blue on my eyelids and a single perfect stroke of mascara. My cheeks were adorned with a coat of light pink blush and my lips had a luscious light pink glossy shade.

My ears were highlighted by the diamond earring loops that was once my mother's. It was a firm infinity loop with a diamond at the center. Around my neck was a beautiful 'heart of the ocean' type necklace. It was a platinum chain with a heart shaped blue stone in the middle. Phillip gifted it to me last week when I told him the color of my

dress. I first protested saying that he was wasting so much money and he tried to come up with tons of reasons. Finally, he admitted that it was his mother's. It was May March's family heirloom that was gifted to her on her wedding day by her parents. I remember the conversation I had with him that day.

*"Phil, I can't possibly have this. It holds such a great meaning to you. It belongs to your mom. It belongs to you."*

*"And it belongs to you now, sweetie. What belongs to me belongs to you too, Stephanie. Seriously, if mom had been there, she would've ordered me to give it to you already. Or better yet, she would've given it to you herself," he said and kissed my forehead, pressing the jewelry box into my hands.*

*"I don't know how to take this. Will it be too selfish if I say thank you?" I asked, a little taken aback that I'm taking something so valuable for him.*

*"Babe, you can never be selfish. Whatever you say isn't gonna mean anything wrong to me. Come here," he said and I snuggled into his arms.*

*"I love you, Phillip," I said, taking in his sweet scent that drove me crazy. I didn't know if it was hormones or our new confession, but I want to bury myself completely in that distinct sweet smell that belongs to him.*

*"Love you more, sweetie," he said and kissed the top of my head.*

I touch the heart-shaped stone at the center and I can almost feel his mother's approval of me. A bright smile slaps itself on my face.

"Oh my Gosh, you're so hot, babe! I bet Phillip can't keep his hands off you!"

I turn to see a very elegant looking Olivia Johnson. Olivia is Ian's girlfriend of two years. She's suffering from leukemia. I can see her tiredness through those once energetic green eyes which are now sore and swollen. Nevertheless, she actually looks so beautiful with her attitude to live fully for however long she can.

"So do you! Let's see how much Ian can resist!" I say playfully.

She smirks. "Oh, he hasn't resisted at all. We already did the deed the moment I came here."

"Eww, TMI, Olivia!" I cringe my nose.

"Aww, you poor virgins!" She pouts in a cute manner before we both laugh aloud.

"How long have you been here?"

"For almost an hour now, I guess," she says. Wow, Ian really does NOT resist.

"By the way, your Prince is downstairs now. You better get going," she says and points to the door.

Hearing that news, I get down the stairs as fast I can without stumbling through the steps. When I reach the last few steps, I can see him.

My breathing hitches.

There he is, wearing a black tuxedo with a white dress shirt and a perfectly done black and white polka dotted bowtie. His coat pocket has the beautiful triangle of royal blue cloth. His hair is gelled perfectly to the sides and his eyes are extra chocolatey today. Those deep ethereal brown eyes have a glint of wild honey that is shown only for me. No one in the world can see his wild honey eyes that he acquires when his eyes come in contact with mine. Only me.

\*\*\*

**Low-key gets too cheesy/freaky after this ■■  
But anyways, enjoy this bonus!**

## JUNG HOSEOK

**Warning: For those of you who don't know, Jung Hoseok is a member of the K-pop boy band BTS. And this is a post meant for his appreciation and my love for him. Read ahead only if you want to see love. No hatred will be tolerated. Have a good life.**

My baby boy, little prince, my ruler, king, sunshine and all its rays, my moon, the earth, water, food, oxygen, lifeline, my BIAS...

I WELCOME YOU ALL TO JUNG HOSEOK OF BTS, HE'S MY HOPE, I'M HIS HOPE... HE'S J-HOPE!

(This is how he'll look when he sees me and falls for me in a whisk of a second)  
He's the most precious human being on earth and I think he's the next biggest source of life on earth (coz he's SUNSHINE, duh)

The thing is, IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY TODAY (I can't control the emotions sorry)!!!!

So, here's top 24 reasons why I love him like I do. I hope somehow all odds go in my favour and he reads this and loves himself a little more because of teeny tiny old me (I know that's a lot, but a girl can dream. A Hoseok girl can dream.)

24) His voice when he gets excited and shouts gives me pure bliss. Hobi is one of the fearless adults I've seen not afraid to let their inner kid go loose and wild. It gets tougher as you age, but he's effortless in doing it.

23) His cute ass sound effects and noises while doing everything. Honestly, I love this because I do it all the time. Every push of the door, locking a room, just walking around comes with sound effects from me, but only a few notice it. And it's so meant to be as he does it so beautifully TT

22) His parted hairstyle. The way his forehead glistens in this style legit kills me.

21) His mommy voice when he played an ARMY mother in House of ARMY. The fan chant he and RM did was on fleek!!

20) His extra ass performance when he tried to impress Min Yoonji as an emotional poetic boy. The water bottle tears Oh My Lord!

19) Basically all his Run BTS performances!

18) His recent log posted on BangtanTV and how he was so happy and contented to the point of heart swell after performing at the AMAs. You can actually feel the happy tears choking you seeing him speak with so much content like that.

17) His stage presence and the aura around his performances. He becomes a demigod when he gets on stage, I swear.

16) His love for nature and the colour green. The care he has for earth flutters my heart.

15) The hard work he has done and is doing for his hixtape! Man, it's going to be lit!!

14) His awesome body features that he doesn't flaunt like a lot of stars even though he has them. Oh, he has them all. I love his humility and confidence in his own character that way.

13) His relationship with the rest of BTS. No one ever has one bad thing against him and they hype him up in all his success because A) they're awesome and B) they know how pure this boy is and how much appreciation he needs

12) His weird and CUTE sense of touch when he's asleep. He told he likes to be caressed when he's asleep as his mom did it when he was young and how he involuntarily soothes his own skin when he's sleeping. PROTECT HIM OMG.

11) His proud sense of clothing. It's more vibrant and faultless and he owns everything he wears. Especially that mini pouch Good Lord!

**We're down to top 10 now!**

10) His heart shaped lips when he smiles. It's so pure and radiant. He has the realest smile I've seen on any human being.

9) The way his lips curl and show his perfect teeth when he smiles wider. I've died a million times from his beautiful, pure, radiant, world-curing, mood boosting smile.

8) HIS EFFING DIMPLES! Those cute ass buggers that appear when he smiles with lips closed!!!

7) Kind of obvious, but his DANCING. He lives the most when he dances, music runs through his veins when he moves. He becomes one with music, the art of dance and with all that is in this earth. It's the most beautiful thing to watch.

6) His popping moves and body rolls, especially. Yes, I'm a slave for them. Yes, I'm already a ghost. Ever been since No More Dream dance break.

5) The way he keeps the other members happy and carefree with his whimsical acts and just his mere existence.

4) His soft vocals. They make the beautiful lyrics even more beautiful! Just, PRECIOUS!



3) His rap tone and voice! He spits so much fire and energy... And then those hook lines like 'Wonhi Manhi Manhi' and 'La La La La La' GODDAMNIT, HOBI!

2) The hard work, passion and soulful indulgence he has poured into his career starting from a dancer in a dance group to one of the hottest rappers with a sweet af vocal voice and moves to kill anyone watching. Just. Pure. Talent. With. Hard work. The fact that he didn't even have a rap background when he entered BTS and is now about to release a whole hixtape tears me up. Literally. He inspires me.

1) Himself. His existence. His character. How genuine and realistically well wishing his nature is towards everyone in the world. His love for nature. Everything. Just. Everything.

I can go on for about a 1000 more to be honest... But I'm going to leave it here.

I love you, Jung Hoseok, my Hobi, Sunshine, J - Hope! I may actually be in love with you... ♥■

**Have a wonderful year and life ahead. Smile and laugh and radiate the world more. Also feel the love around you and get some of the radiance inside you as well. You deserve to be loved like the king of all our hearts, and you will be! Behind all those smiles and laughs, I hope you get more and more genuine happiness and heartfelt content.**

From the heart you're living in,  
Abinaya.

## alles Gute zum Geburtstag, Machli

**This is a poem for my bub, my lifeline, my sister by all ways but blood, my fellow Piscean, my confidant, my world of harmony and peace. annieeee\_18. Happy birthday, Anvii. I love you from the vast ends of my heart, and in each cell of them. This one is for you. Happy birthday!**

*The boy*

He was six,  
Saw the world go to school.  
His shackled mind crinkled against the bindings,  
A mind that needs fix.  
'No school for dumbs'  
Said his sperm donor.  
Took him a while to follow the crumbs,  
He was less father than owner.  
Gazing at the deep dark sky,  
Inked with blue and scattered indigo,  
He wanted but to fly,  
Just get up and go.  
Came along a loyal lad,  
Beauty and benevolence, flawless.  
Hope he was called,  
Schooled the boy, selfless.  
He entered the boy's courtyard  
When the sun began to pack.  
Hope spoke like a bard,  
Until the moon shone without lack.  
The boy learnt his language,  
And he leaned to love.  
Wise beyond his age,  
His world approached him with a shove.  
'Open, open. Let it out.'  
Said his world in a crazy trance.  
Filling his pen with ink and roaming about,

His mind fell on the stage of romance.  
Gliding across the virgin papers,  
He christened his thoughts.  
Letters he wrote to all his shapers,  
Words formed his wings in lots.  
*Dear father, he wrote,  
Thank you for teaching me kindness.  
Your words spoke to me,  
Your actions reached my soul,  
And I understood the world isn't a fan of me.  
Thank you.*  
*Dear mother, glided his pen smoothly,  
I haven't seen you, ever.  
I can't validate your existence.  
But I remember my wondering thoughts well,  
And you're the Goddess of Goodwill in them.*  
*Dear Hope, a smile kissed his lips.  
You taught me to be me.  
You taught me who I am.  
Love may just be another emotion,  
But it's the only colour I immerse you in.*  
***Dear God, went his unwritten letter,  
Thank You for being there with me.  
I hope You're not lonely out there,  
I'll wish for your cozy company.***  
This is the story of the boy.  
His name is Human.

\*\*\*

**Credits to anniee\_18's book Shivers Down My Spine from which this tale came from. Do check out her writing! She writes like a queen.  
Happy Happy Birthday again, bub. My carrot. My Machli. My Piscean astrology addict. My sweet sweet soulmate. My little sister.  
Love,  
Abi.**

## To the girl I want to live for

Happy birthday, my soulmate.  
You're nineteen already.  
Here's to all the ice cream you ate,  
They say you look pretty.  
Two years since we started tapping on our screens,  
Smiling at one another, souls gleaming,  
We been knew... Since forever;  
God did the right thing with our teaming.  
You and I, we fill each other's voids.  
Even the things I keep to myself,  
With you I cannot avoid.  
You're the salvation to my closets.  
The darkest spots of mine,  
The deepest thoughts in my head,  
The things in my life that's got a bright shine,  
They don't hold meaning unless I share them with you.

You've become that person,  
That person who defines a part of me,  
That person who divides my days into two:  
With you or without you.  
(And trust me, without you sucks.)  
So, on this beautiful day,  
I'm blessed to make one more prayer.  
Here's to hoping zero more without you,  
And a million more with you.  
I love you, je t'aime, te amo, otte, my darling.  
And a promise to keep us strong and alive for a hundred years more,  
Coz trust me, our fight over Ridge is nowhere near to end.  
\*\*\*

QueenOfHerOwn this one's for you, sweetie. Have an amazing birthday!!  
Love,  
Abi.

Gracias a Ramiro Alex Flores Santa Cruz.