

# GREEN STICKER

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*Akhand Singh*

# Author's Corner

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## About Me:

I am an engineer craving to be to a writer and an artist trying to get his work on your mind.

Born in a middle class family where you don't have much money but plenty of emotions, I grabbed the pen when I was quiet young. Diaries and notebooks were my partners and since then the words begin to flow as soon as I get my hands on something to write, be it the old school way of pen and paper or the new age way of PDF's, MS word or Google docs.

Writing is more than a hobby for me, I write most of the times and even when I am doing other things I will keep thinking about "what next to write".

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## Message:

"You have only life, grab the pen and write about it. Write about everything you dream and everything you see. Someday your story would be heard and read louder than you would ever imagine. May be it will give hope to someone, may be it will scare someone and may be it will spread love."

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# Chapter 1- The Bed and the Coffee

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Threads of few dreams untangle as eye-lashes stands up with the air, *brown eyes* contracts at the core, stained by the illumination of sun, quickly they drop down and requests the hand for a cover. Then as the hand slides up to the face, covering the white-brown pearl, they stand up again, peaking through the gap between fingers, they search for her. There she stands on the porch, wearing his *sky blue shirt*, her legs clearly visible and the smooth skin shining. *Smoke* from her mouth slowly disappears with the air, her hand slides down to get rid of the ash of the burnt *cigarette* and then they move up again. Her black hair falls short on her shoulder, curling on the left one, the gold chain she wears on the neck shines as sun rays *hits* it's surface. The green sticker on her left wrist is still there, he slides up his left hand, and he has the same sticker.

She turns around with the noise the mattress makes as he tries to get off it.

“Did you sleep well?” She smiles.

He says nothing and tries to get up; tiredness on the knees and legs forces him to sit for a while. His mind slowly comes out of the dizziness he feels while making an effort to get up and then notices his bare chest and as his eyes scrolls down surety of wearing nothings hits him hard.

“What happened?” He asks, as she *walks* up-to him.

“Don't you remember anything?” She asks.

He remains quiet, trying to delve himself on what happened, but he knew, it was obvious, their naked bodies, scattered clothes and the messed up bed, was screaming loud enough.

“I made you a *coffee*” She smiles as she comes close.

Her big, beautiful, bold and beautiful eyes holds him tight, glimpse from last night makes a way into his mind, then the neurons walks up to brain with the pictures of them bumping into each other outside the club, she was wearing the white laced dress, that is lying down on the floor now.

“What happened?” She asks noticing his quietness.

“Nothing, my head hurts” he says holding his head.

“It's the hangover” She laughs.

“Do you remember what happened?” She asks.

He forces his mind to think about the last night, remembering that he was wearing black shirt over the blue jeans with his favorite brown shoes, the freshly shaved chest was pumping out after the morning workout and was adding to his brawniness when he bumped on her, she smiled as he did and then when bouncer didn't allow single men to go in, she offered that he could go inside with her.

“Dude, do you remember?” She frowns.

“I remember” He says, looking up into her eyes, the look that grabs his heart. Freshness of her skin and the fragrance of her curves on his body make him restless.

She slides her hand into his arms and then takes them to the neck, slipping up on him; she quietly bends and gives him the cute peck. He looks at her, eyes scrolling her body through the unbuttoned shirt, then to the legs, the shining softness of her skin, then the brown eyes slipping from thighs to toes. Resisting to the burning desire he grabs the pillow instead of holding her. She notices the reluctance and slips away from him and quietly walks to the kitchen. He sits there observing her as she walks, her catwalk excites him, the shirt falling up to her knees but moving up and down as she walks, pulls his heart out like it is tied with a string to her body. She picks up the cup and pours coffee and then quickly brings it out.

“Here you go” She smiles as she puts the tray on the table.

“How much sugar you want?” She asks.

“Two spoons” He says.

“How is your headache?” She asks as she stirs the spoon into the cup.

“It’s better now” He says, remembering the moment from last night when their head busted into each other while they were dancing and somebody shoved him and with the thrust he lost his balance and fell on her. They kept laughing for a while. He later held her into his arms and pulled her close and danced.

“How is the coffee?” She asks, as he sips.

“It’s great, just the way I like it” He smiles.

“You want to smoke?” She asks, putting the cup on the table.

“Alright” He says remembering that last time he smoked was when he was in college. It’s been very long since then.

They walk to the porch; he rests his hand on the wall and looks at the sky blue water of the swimming pool. She takes out the cigarette from the packet and puts one in his mouth, then grabs the lighter that she kept on the table to light it. As he inhales the white stick burns and starts turning into ash, she then grabs a cigarette between her lips and raise herself on her toes, holding his shoulders she climbs up to his lips and lights her cigarette with his. The very thought that she is so different from all the girls he ever met before turns him on, then her actions have been so seducing that the wall of restraining breaks. He holds her hand, and after spitting out his cigarette, he pulls away the cigarette from her mouth and throws it on the floor and then passionately kisses her. Their lip remains lock for few minutes, she moans with the passion and pleasure.

A bang on the door separates them, and he stares at the door as if he knew what was coming.

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# Chapter 2- Stranger at the Door

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He *walks* to the *door*, legs moving heavily, one step at a time in a slow pace. Then bends his body and rest on the door to find out who is there, with the hazy vision he looks at the guy standing at the door.

“Who is there?” He asks.

“Courier for you sir” the guy says.

He keeps looking at him, blue shirt and an orange cap clicks on his brain, “*FedEx!*” He thinks and opens the door.

“Hello sir” the guy says.

“Hello” He says and lifts his hand, expecting the parcel.

The guy drops the parcel on the ground and quickly takes out the revolver he was hiding beneath his shirt and points at him.

“Walk in, don’t make noise or I will shoot you” the guy says and pushes him.

He walks slowly, while she stands at the porch, leaning on the boundary, still smoking. He wants to warn her but fears the guy would shoot him and her as well. As they walk in, the guy shuts the door and then walks behind him, still pointing the gun.

“I don’t know you, what do you want from me?” He asks

“Shut up, where is she?” the guy *yells*.

Hearing to the noises she turns around and screams “What are you doing here?”

“You know him?” He shouts.

“I said shut up, I will shoot you” the guys shout.

“Marco what are you doing here?” She shouts.

“Boss asked you to kill him, not sleep with him” He shouts.

“Kill me?” He frowns.

“I said shut up” Marco yells and hits hard on his head.

“Robert” She screams and runs to him, as he falls on the ground.

“Don’t touch me” Robert yells.

“Margaret stay away from him” Marco grabs her hand and pulls her towards him.

“Don’t tell me you are in love with him” He shouts.

“Oh! No this cannot happen, you are seriously in love with him” He laughs, as she stands there, tears rolling on her cheeks.

“Boss would kill you” he says.

“Marco, please let us go” She pleads.

“You know I can’t” He stares.

“I am so sorry Marco” She says

“Sorry for what?” He asks.

She suddenly bends down and throws her leg on his neck and twist it, the pressure cracks his neck and Marco falls as she falls on ground. Robert slides away with panic “What did you do?”

“Is he dead?” he cries

“Robert, its ok” She says grabbing his shoulder.

“Stay away from me, you stay away from me” He yells staring at Marco’s body.

“Let me explain Robert” She pleads while Robert slides away.

Suddenly the window glass breaks as the bullets pierced it and hits the wall, the floor and the TV. Robert and Margaret runs inside the room “keep your head down” She yells as Robert panics. She grabs her purse from the bedroom and takes out the pistol. “Who are you?” and “What is going on” Robert yells.

“I’ll explain if we make it alive from here” She says and inclines towards the window to find a way out, as she inclines to peek, a bullet just misses her head by an inch.

”Watch it” Robert says and pulls her on his arms, “So you do love me” She smiles.

He releases her and speaks “I know a way out” and pulls her out of the bedroom. They slowly walk through the gunfire towards the exit, as he crawls out of the door, two men hiding outside grabs his head and pulls him out through his hair, he cries loud with pain at first and then throws a punch on the stomach of the guy at left, he loosens the grip giving Robert the moment to get up, but as he tries to stand the guy at the right kicks him on chest and he falls again, meanwhile Margaret jumps out of the door following Robert and without a blink shoots the other guys.

“Come On let’s go” She helps him up on his feet and they run down through the stairs.

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# Chapter 3 – Love, Life And Death

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*Love is a strange thing, one moment you lie on the bed, cherishing the flavors of each other scents and the very next moment catching your breath and saving your life from strangers.*

“Wake up Robert!” *Margaret* screams as he lies on the ground with open eyes and *blood* coming out of his *chest*.

She applies pressure on the wound to stop the blood but he lies still, it was already too late.

His *heart* stopped beating, “Wake up Robert! You can’t leave me alone” She screams, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Few hours earlier...

“Hurry up” She *yells* as *they run* down through stairs.

“Not from this door, follow me” he says and pulls her.

“Are you sure you know where we are heading?” She frowns.

“I know, just shut up and follow me” He says.

They run down to the basement and get into the *laundry room*.

“Oh really, you think they won’t find us in laundry room?” She frowns

“Would you keep quiet?” He *yells* and bends down to grab the rod and then hooked it into the window’s frame and pulls it hard to the left.

“I didn’t know you are this smart” She smiles.

“I am smart” he frowns.

“Hurry up, help me someone is coming” He says.

She jumps up and they pull it together, the frame comes out and he lifts her up, she climbs up through the window jumping up from his shoulder and then watches his back through the window. He jumps and as he gets out of the window they run towards the car.

“Wait they are watching the car” She exclaims and pulls him back as he tries to run for the car.

“Damn, let’s go that way” he points to the inner streets and they quickly run and later disappear.

“We should hide here for a while” She says pointing to the wrecked building across the street.

“I am not going anywhere until you tell me what’s going on” He frowns and stands still.

“This is not the time to be childish, lives are at stake” She yells.

“I know and it’s my life that has always been on stake, so you better tell me” He shouts.

“Ok, if that’s what you really want to know” She says.

“I was sent to kill you, remember the night we first met?” She asks

“Yes we met yesterday outside the club” he says.

“No Robert we have met before” She says

“I don’t remember meeting you” He frowns

“We met at the library, you were reading book and I was following you, studying you and understanding how you stay in day to day life” She says.

“You were my assignment and after I had retrieved the *hard disk* from you, I was supposed to kill you” She says.

“You were after my hard-disk? You were after my research?” He shouts.

“My boss has been paid a large amount and he chose me to get this done” She says.

“Then why didn’t you kill me?” He yells

“Because... I fell in love with you Robert, because I saw how good you are, and now I can’t kill you” She whispers, droplets from her eyes falls onto her chest

“I have been following you since a month, I saw how you take care of everyone, and I saw the extreme good in you” She walks near him to hold his hand.

“Don’t touch me” He says and steps back.

“You are a killer” He screams.

“Robert, I would leave everything for you” She pleads.

He stands restless, troubled with millions of thoughts that his mind tries to process, “Is she telling the truth?” He asks himself.

Suddenly she falls on the ground with the thrust of bullet piercing her right shoulder, “Margaret” He shouts and turns around. Noticing four guys running towards him, he lifts her up and runs.

“Leave me here Robert” She cries, “You can’t carry me for long, they will catch you” She says.

“I won’t leave you” He yells and runs.

“Hide somewhere” she says.

He takes her and hides behind the garbage box. “Stay quiet” She says and peeks through the edge and as the guys approach them, she takes out the gun and starts shooting. The gunfire kills the three guys but she misses the last one as her pain reaches her mind and not missing the chance the fourth guy shoots her on the chest. She falls with immense pain and blood pouring out with a blast.

“Margaret” Robert screams and stands up, grabs the gun and shoots. The fourth guy falls on the ground as the bullet pass through his head.

“I am ok, let’s get out of here” She smiles.

“I am sorry, you should have killed me” He says.

“No Robert, I always knew there is no happy ending to this, but I am glad I met you” She says. “Let’s go” She insists.

He carries her on his arms and climbs up the stairs to the roof. His eyes pour tears as her wounds pour blood. Deep in his heart he remembers her face from yesterday, her smile when they bumped into each other, her scent while they were lying on the bed and her lips scratching his. He didn’t knew her but there was something he felt last night that he never felt before, his heart was pounding as he saw her, then as they stepped into the house, he could see love on her eyes, the pure and strong love. He remembers how he undressed her and how she moaned and now as he climbs up, he looks into her face suffering from pain but still trying to smile to make him happy. He knew this was love the very moment they kissed and he knows this is love when she is dying for him.

“Close the door” She says as they step into the roof. He puts her gently on the ground and hurries to shut the door and then runs back to her. “I love you Margaret” He says and holds her face.

She smiles and inclines towards him, he bends down and holds her lip with his and they kiss. “I love you too Robert” She cries.

“They will never get the hard-disk Margaret, I destroyed it when we ran away from the house, and they will never be able to get my research” He says.

Far away, listening to the conversation through the micro transmitter bugged inside Margaret’s wrist when she joined the company, a stranger aims to Robert’s chest. With the steady hand he dials a number and puts the phone on his ears. “Shoot him” He hears and pulls the triggers. Bullet hits Robert chest and pierce through his heart, with the thrust he falls on the floor, eyes wide open and hands still holding her.

Present...

“Robert wake up” She shouts and cries, while stranger aims on her head. As he pulls the trigger the bullet hits her head straight and she falls on top of him.

*“Love is immortal, the flesh would die but songs of joy and love would always be heard”*

The End