

Spoiled

Von elfogadunk

Kapitel 7:

The days were going by very quickly. Shikha and Manghesh were doing everything that Sharmili could feel like home in their house and it helped her a lot. Everyone was so nice to her that within a few weeks she settled down and felt like an actual part of the family.

Only Aditya was still unapproachable and stubborn. She always tried to ignore him and tell herself that it didn't matter if he liked her or not but secretly she knew it was a lie. She wanted to get to know him better but it was hopeless. Every time she got a glimpse of him she found him pejoratively staring at her and she had no clue why. But with time she got used to it even though his behaviour still hurt her sometimes.

"No, I don't think it's because of you." Shikha intended when Sharmili asked her about Aditya's strange behaviour. It was a nice Sunday evening and the two of them were sitting and chatting on the terrace of the mansion.

"He was always aloof to people he doesn't know and usually needs a lot of time to trust somebody. And I guess he didn't even try to get to know you, hai na? He's just so stubborn and I have no idea where he got that from." Shikha laughed and winked at her. Sharmili smiled back but the awkward feeling in her stomach when she thought about Aditya was the same as before.

Some hours later she lay in her bed and couldn't find some sleep. She absolutely couldn't help that Aditya was running through her mind all the time. Despite his coldness towards her she found him fascinating in a way. He seemed always so calm and mature – in an icy way of course – and seemed to be very fixated on his studies. It was very seldom that he was meeting or going out with his friends.

Sharmili wondered how it was to be at a university. She never got a solid education in the slums because it simply wasn't needed. It was more important to know where to get food and water from. Yes, she could read and do basic arithmetic operations but her general knowledge wasn't good at all.

Suddenly she felt dumb and had the feeling that she knew nothing. History, biology, literature – everything seemed to her like a book of seven seals. Some tears were pouring down her cheeks when she turned around in her bed to look out of the window. The sky was dark blue like velvet and studded with millions of sparkling stars. Sharmili wanted to believe that her parents and her brother were up there to look over her and protect her.

She closed her eyes und sighed heavily. Almost every night she had those thoughts. She just couldn't get over it. Even though the Tagores were so nice to her and tried

everything to integrate her in the family she missed her own family so much. She knew she had to be strong but it was so hard...

She stood up while closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. She was thirsty and needed a glass of water. For a moment she hesitated because she was wearing only her white, thin salwar for sleeping but after a glance at the watch she decided to go to the kitchen. It was 1 am so she was sure that everyone in the house was sleeping.

Because she were used to the darkness she didn't turn on the light. Slowly she went upstairs and was already about to enter the kitchen when she suddenly tripped over something and fell on the floor. A surprised gasp came out of her mouth when her knees and her elbows hit the hard marble floor.

"Ow..." she murmured while raising her hand to the kitchen chair next to her to pull herself up. But suddenly she grew stiff. The `chair´ was surprisingly soft, warm and... formed like a thigh. Startled she looked straight up into Aditya's face and realized that she was sitting on all fours between his legs. It was quite dark but the pale moonlight was bright enough to see his features well. He looked as surprised as Sharmili was, so none of them said one word for ages as it seemed.

Aditya was finally the first one who was able to compose himself. His surprised face gave away a disdainful glance. "What's this?" he asked sneering. "Are you trying to seduce me?!" His words woke Sharmili up. Hastily she took her hand from his thigh and stood up. "I... I'm very sorry...! I didn't want to..." she stumbled and felt the sudden heat in her cheeks. This was just too embarrassing. Why had those things always happen to her?!