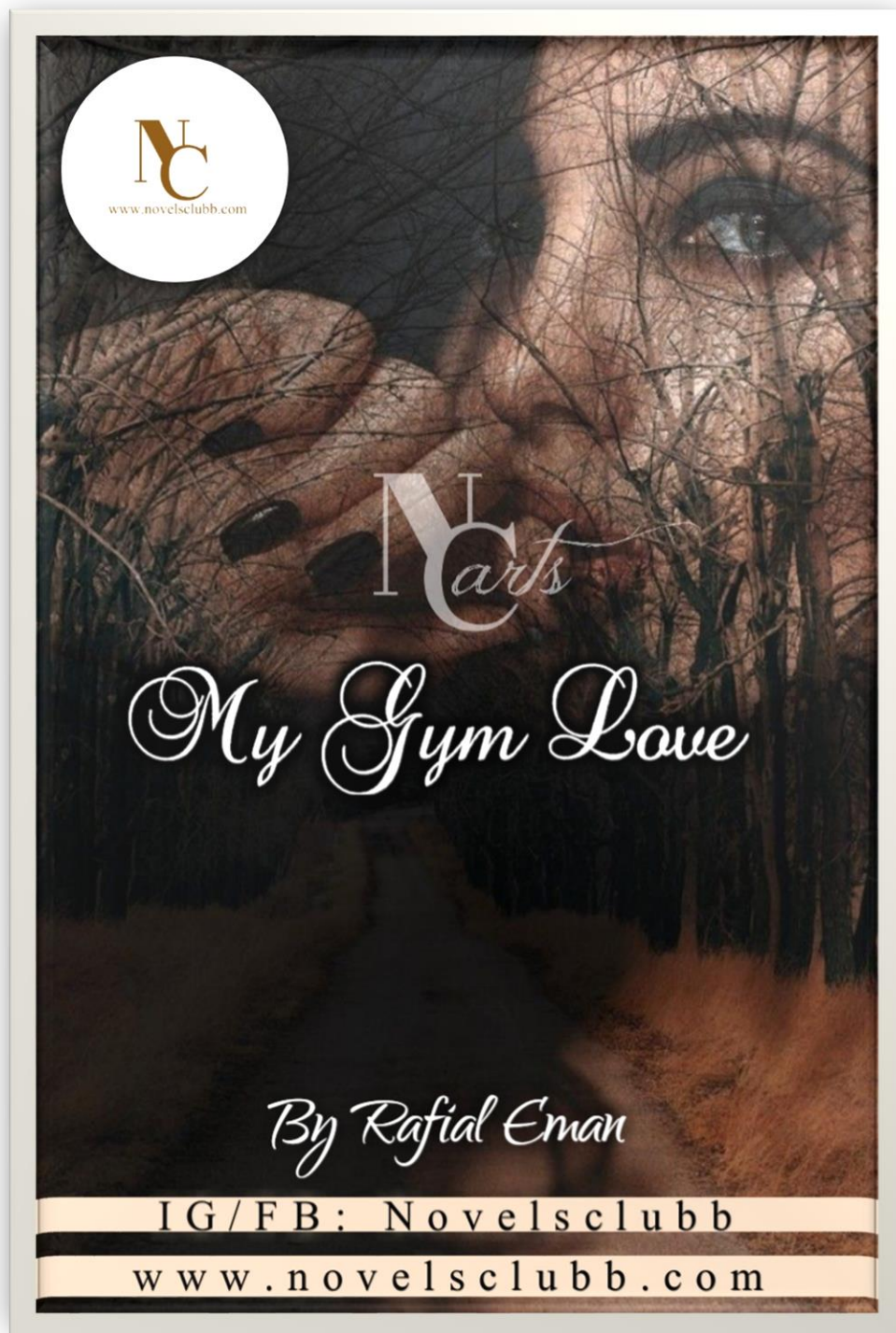


MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN



NOVELSCLUBB@GMAIL.COM
WWW.NOVELSCLUBB.COM

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

اگر آپ میں لکھنے کی صلاحیت ہے اور آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا دنیا تک پہنچانا چاہتے ہیں، مگر آپ کے پاس کوئی ذریعہ نہیں ہے۔۔ تو ہم سے رابطہ کریں۔

ہماری ٹیم آپ کو قدم قدم پر رہنمائی فراہم کرے گی اور آپ کی لکھی ہوئی تحریر دنیا تک لائے گی۔
آپ اپنا لکھا ہوا ناول، افسانہ، شاعری، ناولٹ، کالم یا آرٹیکل پوسٹ کروانا چاہتے ہیں تو اپنا مسودہ ہمیں ورڈ فائل یا ٹیکسٹ فارم میں میل کریں

novelsclubb@gmail.com

آپ ہمارے فیس بک، انسٹا پیج اور واٹس ایپ کے ذریعے بھی ہم سے رابطہ کر سکتے ہیں۔

FB PAGE:

NOVELSCLUBB

INSTA:

NOVELSCLUBB

WHATSAPP:

03257121842

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

My Gym Love

By

Rafial Eman

www.novelsclubb.com

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

(CHAPTER 01)

PROLOGUE OF THE STORY

I introduced him as the finest player, excelling not just in chess but also in his choice of words.

I dub him the predictor, skilled not only in anticipating moves but also actions.

He might shoot me with his eyes, possibly captivate me with his charm.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

I yearn for him to be mine;

I long for his touch.

Yet, when he arrived,

I couldn't help but giggle

and playfully run for my life.

SIDE SCENE:

Today is truly remarkable. Seated beside me is a boy as captivating as the sky, and with each reflection in his hazel eyes, my attraction deepens. The way he cradles his sketchbook, fixating his gaze on the lips of the sketched lady, is indescribable. I must admit, he's more alluring than my boyfriend.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

I find it impossible to divert my eyes from him. His disheveled hair adds to his charm, while his tinted lips and a subtle sheen of sweat on his forehead, now trickling down, reveal his muscular physique, making him even more comely.

I was on the brink of asking him for his contact when my train of thought was abruptly interrupted by the arrival of a blonde lady in a track suit. Goodness, she's stunning—a perfect match for him, I mused. "Hold on," I muttered to myself, caught off guard. "Wait, what?" It dawned on me that

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

she bore an uncanny resemblance to the sketched lady. They seemed to be immersed in a love game, I surmised.

Despite having my own boyfriend, I found myself oddly drawn to her's. As they settled down, he gallantly kissed her hand. An impulse to hurl a bottle at them surged within me, but thankfully, I managed to regain control.

After realizing that I should have a boyfriend like him, then why not him?

PRESENT:

DANICA PARKER :

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

"Are you accompanying me?" Ella inquired.

"I've told you twice. There's nothing special."

"Perhaps that muscular gentleman will make an appearance. What if he's part of this party? No one knows, right?"

She's utterly out of her mind. There's no chance he'll be there.

"I don't care. Even if he is present, there's no chance of us being together. He already has a stunning girlfriend."

"The future is unpredictable, you bloody

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

witch."

She flung her book at me. Sometimes she's a sweet little angel, but at other times, she transforms into a monster. Now her malevolent side is gradually surfacing.

"Please, come with me," she pleaded.

She returned, facing me with teary eyes, resembling a sweet baby craving candy.

"Stop blackmailing me with your tiny teary eyes."

"Please," she pouted.

"Fine."

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

"That's my sweet girl," she grinned.

I rolled my eyes. Ella is dear to me, and her pouty face is her way of blackmailing. I bet she can attract any guy in Atlanta except Liam.

Hats off to her; she did everything, from being a hot chick to giving him a Patek Philippe , but as expected, his rejection was, "I like Rolex more."

As we reached the place, I saw Liam waving at us. My gaze shifted between him and Ella. I knew she'd push me aside and go to Liam.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

As expected, her mind revolved around him.

"Gosh, look, Danica. How handsome is he."

"Who?"

"The one with brunette hair."

"Obviously Liam. Look. My gosh. He's coming. How do I look? Is my hair okay? My lipstick? Tell Diana."

"Diana."

She almost burst my eardrum. I looked at her with a straight face.

"What?"

"Who the hell are you looking at?"

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

"No one."

"You are such a .."

Thankfully, Liam arrived. Otherwise, her non-stop chatter would mess with my mind.

"You look gorgeous. Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Can you join?"

Liam offered her red wine. Well, I think that's the beginning of a new love story.

He'll definitely be impressed if she gifts him a Rolex.

"I don't drink."

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

Wait, what? She doesn't drink since when?

Why is she lying?

"Text me when you'll be free. See you."

I strolled in the opposite direction of the palace entrance, situated across from the swimming pool. During my walk, my attention was caught by a blond guy who seemed to be gazing at me. Generally, I'm not a fan of blond hair, but on him, it strangely worked. I had a strong hunch that he would gather the courage to ask me out. A voice complimented me from behind with

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

a simple "Gorgeous," but I chose to dismiss it, just as I had ignored the blond guy. As expected, he positioned himself directly in front of me, donning slightly outdated red glasses.

"Are you single?" he inquired.

"Not your type," I retorted dismissively.

Ah, this was merely the prelude. Lace up your shoes because when I flip my hair back, everyone will be chasing after me. I derive satisfaction from witnessing the expressions on faces after rejecting them. I

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

wished my dream man were here to throw a punch, kiss my neck, and assert, "I'll protect you at any cost. You are mine. Just mine."

I am Danica Parker, the epitome of fashion.

People, especially those with muscular physiques, think I'll be won over by their impressive triceps, but I am the queen of my own mood. All my love is reserved for someone in the future. Every strand of hair and every toenail is truly his.

Upon opening the restroom door, I found a couple behind it, the man fervently trying to

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

make his companion notice the moon.

"Carry on," I quipped. "I won't disturb you."

With an evil smile, I turned toward the mirror. "Gorgeous," I admired myself. I gracefully slid the gown strap off my shoulder, refreshed my lipstick, and reveled in my reflection.

The restroom was adorned with large mirrors, and I took my time to appreciate my reflection. The soft lighting highlighted my features, and I couldn't help but revel in my own beauty.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

Leaving the restroom with an air of confidence, I continued my stroll through the palace. The party was in full swing, with laughter and music echoing through the opulent halls. I made my way to the grand ballroom, where the dance floor was crowded with elegantly dressed couples swaying to the rhythm of the music.

www.novelsclubb.com

I spotted the blond guy from earlier, still wearing those slightly outdated red glasses. He seemed undeterred by my earlier dismissal, determined to win my attention.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

As I glided through the crowd, he intercepted me again.

"Hey there, I couldn't help but notice you from across the room. I'm Jake," he said, extending his hand.

I raised an eyebrow, considering whether to indulge him. "Danica," I replied, shaking his hand with a hint of indifference.

"So, Danica, what brings you to this exquisite palace tonight?" Jake inquired, clearly trying to charm his way into a conversation.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

I gave a nonchalant shrug. "Just enjoying the glamour, you know. It's a shame about those glasses, though," I remarked, eyeing his red frames.

He chuckled, seemingly unfazed. "Yeah, they're a bit retro. But I like them. Adds character."

We continued our small talk, and I found myself reluctantly enjoying the banter. Jake had a sense of humor, and his easygoing nature was a refreshing change from the usual attempts to impress me with macho

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

bravado.

As the night unfolded, I couldn't shake the feeling that maybe, just maybe, my ideal man wasn't the one I had envisioned.

Perhaps he wasn't the one to throw punches or make possessive declarations, but someone who could appreciate my independence and wit.

The dance floor beckoned, and I decided to let go of my preconceived notions. Jake extended his hand for a dance, and with a sly smile, I accepted, ready to see where the

night would lead. After all, even a fashion icon like Danica Parker could use a bit of unpredictability in her life.

ELLA:

Liam's allure is captivating; it's nearly impossible for me to avert my gaze. Even if I desired to, I find myself ensnared in his charm. When he extended a shot of wine, I declined, fearing it might seem peculiar to share a drink with him.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

"Ella," Liam called out, producing a sound by snapping his fingers. "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"Care for some?" he offered again, presenting his own glass.

"Um, sure."

"It would be delightful if you drank from my glass," he suggested.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

What? Did I hear that correctly? Despite recognizing his flirtatious advances, the revelation intensified my attraction to him.

"You... want me to drink from this?" I clarified, taken aback.

He gave me a peculiar look. "Yeah! What's so unusual about it?"

"I... I... nothing," I stammered.

As I reached for the glass, my phone began to ring. Damn it, Danica. This is hardly the appropriate time for a call. I rejected the

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

call, but she persisted. It was incredibly irritating.

"Someone special, huh? You can take it," Liam remarked, observing me with an almost accusatory gaze.

"Yeah, someone truly special," I replied, eliciting a surprised expression from him. Strangely, I found a sense of satisfaction in that reaction.

"Where are you? It's seven o'clock. Are you with Liam? I was right; you're ditching me

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

for him," Danica's voice came through the phone.

Frustration surged through me, and I wanted to hurl the phone away from my ears.

Though I cherished her friendship, I refused to take her side in this matter. She consistently left me with Liam for no apparent reason and, in the end, blamed me for everything. And here she was, repeating the same pattern.

"I'm not with him. Meet me in the backyard," I stated firmly.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

When I reach the backyard, Danica is waiting for me. She's holding her red heels in one hand and her modern gown in the other. When I look into her eyes, she's holding back tears. Is she crying?

I approach her, and she looks down. I lift her chin with my thumb, and her eyes are filled with tears.

"What happened, sweetie? Why are you crying?"

I sense something is wrong with her, and I'm sure she must have done something.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

"Tell me. What happened?"

She avoids eye contact.

"I... I... I broke his nose."

"What?" I shout in shock. "Who? Whose nose did you break? And why did you do that? Where is he now?"

I'm utterly shocked after hearing this.

"That guy with the red, outdated glasses. He was misbehaving with me, trying to get too close. I got furious and punched him. He was bleeding, so I left him and ran to the backyard."

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

"Thank goodness you didn't use those heels to smash him."

I say, glancing at her heels. She smiles, and now I think it's time for some enjoyment.

Danica is like a crackhead—taking the law into her own hands, punishing the creeps, and then smiling like a cute baby. In the end, we enjoy like crackhead besties, drinking together and occasionally punching another guy. We giggle and run for our lives, sometimes ending up in a hospital or getting

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

arrested, earning certificates of appreciation.
It's kind of cool, I think.

LIAM:

Being with a girl can be challenging.

Whether you're deeply in love with her or she's pursuing you relentlessly, it feels like a constant struggle. I find myself alone in this house, having organized a party just to see Lily, but as expected, she didn't show up. On one side, there's Ella, who surprises me with a gift of Patek Phillie, while on the other hand, Lily doesn't even seem bothered.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

Lily is my high school friend, and we went to college together. We were on the verge of starting a relationship, but unfortunately, she became infatuated with someone else. The phone rings, and it's Ella calling. Siri is shouting notifications like we're in the middle of a war. I'm irritated and wonder why she's calling me.

www.novelsclubb.com

"Yeah, sweetheart."

"Sorry, I couldn't make it to the party. We can plan something later."

I roll my eyes, finding her annoying.

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

"Sure."

"Is Jack okay?"

"I think so. she hit him a little too hard; he's having trouble walking properly."

She laughs, and I can't help but find her laughter cute—probably the only thing I like about her.

"I like that." www.novelsclubb.com

"What?"

"Your smile."

MY GYM LOVE BY RAFIAL EMAN

“ You praised me for the very first time in years. I'll remember this day.”

Her comment surprises me, but I guess I wasn't wrong about her. Flirting with her was routine, so it's nothing special.

