



Five Missed Calls

joan classic



Under the soft glow of streetlights, Lily walked along a bustling city street, her eyes glued to her phone screen. She tapped it again, a tiny frown creasing her brow, as if willing a message to appear. The vibrant cityscape blurred around her, but all her focus was on the silent device in her hands.



Earlier that day, inside a cozy coffee shop, Lily sat across from a boy named Leo. He smiled shyly, a nervous but hopeful glint in his eyes, as he promised, "I'll text you when I get home." Lily returned his smile, a soft blush on her cheeks, and gave a gentle nod, feeling a flutter of excitement.



Late that night, nestled in her bed, Lily's room was dimly lit by a bedside lamp. Suddenly, her phone screen flared to life, casting a bright rectangle on her face. A single notification appeared, breaking the quiet anticipation of the evening.



A soft, delighted laugh escaped Lily as she read the message. Her eyes sparkled with amusement and affection as she quickly began to type a reply. Her fingers danced across the screen, a playful smirk playing on her lips, crafting the perfect response.



The phone in Lily's hand buzzed and lit up once more, but this time, it was a call. Her heart gave a happy leap as she saw the incoming name. With a wide, joyful smile, she pressed the answer button, ready to hear his voice.



Lily stood by her window, the city lights twinkling in the distance, a warm and contented smile gracing her face as she spoke softly into her phone. The conversation flowed easily, filling the quiet night with a sense of connection and happiness. Everything felt perfectly right in that moment.