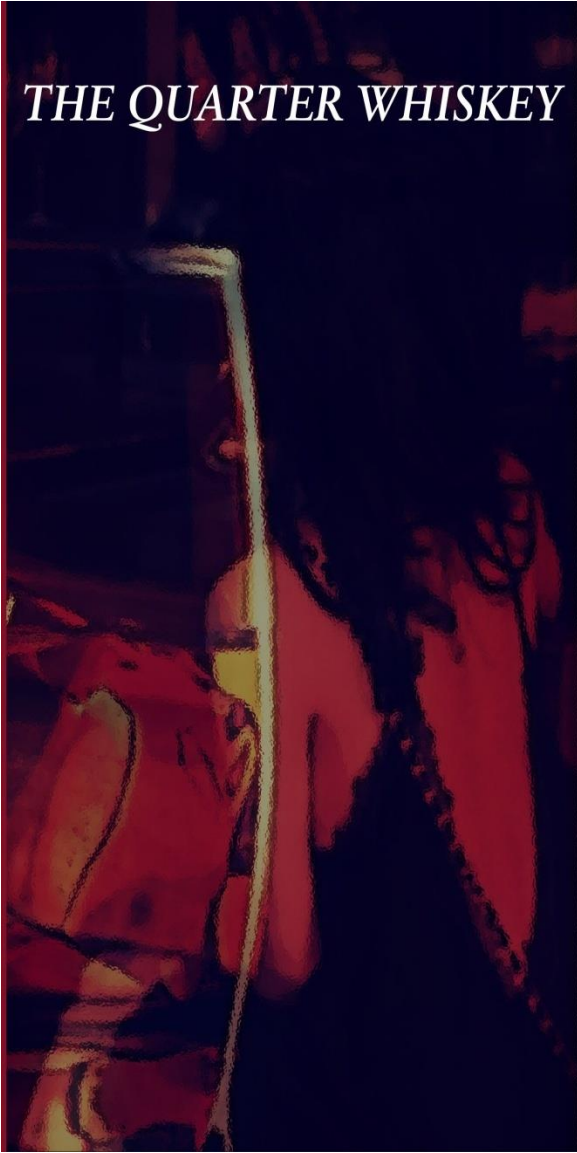


THE QUARTER WHISKEY





OnlineGatha – The Endless Tale





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The Quarter Whisky

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Chapter 1

2 am. 21st October

There and then, I poured insipid salt out of my bony sockets onto my cheeks. He seemed numb, numb towards my cravings, dumb towards my unsaid words which I tried whispering in his ears. He pushed me away saying, "I don't want to loose a person like you just by mere dating you."

All I could do was smile and these stupid creviced lips caressed his earlobe." Chill dude!" And nothing more came out.

With a plastered smile I virtually sank into cold, white tiles. I inherited his numbness. He was already slept, my thumb itched to caress that roughness of his cheeks, graze those lines upon his forehead and feel those parted lips.

But, something resisted that thumb and it got froze. Stacking up my pieces, I left the place.

I stumbled upon something, I guess my conscience. Sticking, myself in shower my skin again touched those cold, white tiles. I didn't even care to lock the door. I felt him expertise with the buttons of my wrinkled shirt, which left me so vulnerable and exposed. Icy droplets from that steel burnt my skin dissolving my fantasy and pinching me with reality. Darkness veiled my exposed skin making me absorb the grey reality.

For hours I sat there, slowly parting my lips with each drop trickling on its red lines. Water tasted salty, I guessed my tears imparted the taste. My skin swelled and got more wrinkled, but I didn't care, I was so numb. My bruises became stale, my stomach clenched, I needed his touch. Goddamn, I was mad at this man...

I wrapped myself in a white fluffy towel. Is this towel white or am hallucinating everything white. He was wrapped around me, it's really warm here. I felt safe. I found his eyes wet as if drops on my skin had been displaced. Holy crap! Was he crying, double crap was he crying because of me...

No, no no... I couldn't upset my man. I kissed the wetness o'er his face. I licked away his sorrow, his fear and his guilt and replaced it with red chubbiness. His lips twitched into a smile, I traced that curve with my eyes. I could lie down like this and see him smiling for whole of my life.

All of the sudden he humped me, pinning my hands o'er my head he laid on my back. I couldn't see him but I could feel him entirely o'er my every inch. He rubbed his lips intensely along the length of my neck. I was no more senseless, instead I felt heavenly.

I was feeling his weight, he was heavy. He was becoming heavier, I couldn't take this anymore. I was trembling, I was wet again, his sweat I guessed. My eyes fell wide open, I found myself stagnant in that

wet white, lying on the mattress. Oh gosh! I was numb again...

I rose from that cage, leaving that wet towel behind, I tiptoed to the balcony. The breeze suited my mood, it was cold. Cold enough to make my nipples go hard. When everyone sensed nudity, I sensed independence.

No, no she hadn't committed any suicide; she is still alive and breathing quite fine. You have just met Amayra, not Amayra actually but October Amayra. Yaa, you heard it right, October Amayra, the girl two months ago. If speaking precisely, two months four days fifty five minutes ago.

Chapter 2

1:05 am, 19thSeptember

“Oh! Gosh... He is really kind a hot...” said Amayra checking out her latest crush’s profile. Meet, Alok Nehra, Amayra’s latest crush, height 5’11”, introvert, dusky complexion, kinky smile, rat eyes, and adorable aura. He was her friend’s friend; they got in touch on social media ‘cause of some mutual friends. This was how he became her crush, quite simple right. You must also have some crushes online, whose profile you stalk every midnight.

“What are you doing bitch?” asked Raiza, throwing a pillow at her. Meet Raiza, Amayra’s roomie, height 5’7”, fair complexion, outgoing, was fat; but somehow got into shape, most of the people think that her recent breakup was reason for this, as her depression made her to starved, anyway boys come and go, it’s figure what matters; social media freak, though rude and egoistic but have a heart of gems.

“Stalking profiles...” replied Amayra without diverting her look from her mobile phone’s screen. Immediately another pillow came, flying at her.

“Where is food?” asked Raiza, a bit irritated.

“Let’s order, I’m very tired to cook right now...” replied Amayra, still busy with her phone.

“Okay, if you got to pay, I don’t mind, order whatever you want...”

“Oh... no, no, not at all, we both will contribute, you know, I’m a bankrupt...” said Amayra making a puppy face.

“Will you stop looking at some moron’s pictures...” said Raiza agitated.

“Fine...I’m cooking; just give me five minutes...”

“Now...” Raiza pressed.

“Fine...” replied Amayra pressing a bit more.

Amayra started preparing stuffs in order to cook pasta. While Raiza sat on the bed with crossed leg. “So who is this new guy, you look so interested in?”

“Check out his picture there on my mobile, you won’t question my interest...” winked Amayra.

Raiza picked up her phone and started scrolling, she scrolled for a bit long without saying anything when Amayra interrupted, “Hey, I just told you to check out one picture not spy my whole photo gallery.”

“Give back my phone...” demanded Amayra.

“Hold on! Well...he is fine”

“What? Just fine...?”

“Yaa, quite fine...”

“No, he is smoking hot, indeed; your recent break-up has ruined your taste...” smirked Amayra.

“Oh-just shut up and cook...”

When they were done cooking and eating, Raiza dozed off while Amayra laid awake reading eBooks. She was a nocturnal, she usually preferred staying awake at night while passes off during the day. While she was doing so, a message popped up, saying *“Awake?”*

Oh! Oh! Amayra jumped off from her bed, this message was from our very own, I mean her very own crush, Alok Nehra.

“Yaa, very much...” she replied with a smile emoticon.

“Sup?” he asked

“Nothing much, I was waiting for your text, (wink smiley)”

“Wow, (grin smiley), actually I got a notification that you commented on some page, so I thought you must be awake...”

“Okay!” she replied.

“Amayra I need your help, will you help me?”

“Yes, sure with pleasure... (Smile emoticon)”

Likewise, they chatted whole of the night, until sun arrived. This continued for quite a long while. They chitchatted whole day and night. The bond grew stronger, maybe apparently or strongly, none was

able to decide. They were busy in enjoying each other's company. Their chats included silly talks, deep conversations about universe and life. Sounds fun...isn't it? Yaa, soon we would see...

Chapter 3

12:50 am. 21st May

“Crap! I don’t have time. I need to submit my assignment tomorrow. It’s 1a.m. I mean today, I’ve to submit this assignment today itself. If I fail to do I’ll be ripped with insults at a good level, as my studious seniors say” murmurs Amayra to herself.

Her eyes fell wide opened with as usual kickass insults from her mum. “Holy! Crap... I dozed off without writing a single word. Today, I’ll certainly lend myself into a good pretty trouble,” horrible images ruled her conscience.”

“There the bitch is”, meet Naina, Amayra’s replica, shorter than Amayra in height but she is as fucked up as her in head. That’s why they were so compatible and shared a great bond. She waved at her but as usual she ignored her, she is too busy in texting her boyfriend. Amayra patted her back hard to tell her that she deserved a reward like this.

“You bitch,” Amayra gave Naina a smug look.

I guess I told you they both are each other’s replica, thus Naina was no less than her. She abused Amayra back that too with a punch. Snatching her ear piece, putting them in, Amayra rocked her head in accordance to the beats. They were sisters from different wombs, as one mother alone can’t breed two fucked-up creatures. They had a similar music taste, similar eating habits and many other things too that

you will get to know soon. She snatched an ear piece back and together they stood there connected by ear phones, waiting for their train.

“Where is the goddamn train, we will be late...” sighed Naina, “they are never on time, either too early that you will miss it or too late, that you will like to miss it.”

“Duh... I haven’t completed my assignment and this train will make me late for the college. My teacher will get two good reasons to smack my ass hard. Local trains the most irritating thing of my life. I really hate travelling in local trains.”

“Ha-Ha, you deserve it...” said Naina lightly smacking her butt.

They were in metro; Naina was still busy in chatting, while Amayra was busy in sending continuous prayers to hell. Yeah, you heard it right HELL, because here demons could only help her.

“I wish my ma’am is absent so that I can escape facing her and moreover I’ll get another day to finish the project off”, murmured Amayra to herself.

Passengers were rushing and boarding in and going out. A nerdy guy boarded in too and sits in front of Amayra. Though nerd, yet he owned a magnetizing personality. She was continuously staring at him unable to her eyes off. He was too busy with his headphones to catch her stare. Naina lifted her head and followed her gaze, “four on ten.”

“Noah, five on ten”, Amayra replied back. Actually they had a very bad or good I don’t know but a habit of rating guys randomly. Oh! No, no, no..... They were not dirty souls, they didn’t judge people on any basis; they just had invented a stupid way to deal with their horniness.

“It’s already 8:40 dude, we are late...” exclaimed Naina.

“Yaa, I already knew we would be late, my luck sucks...”

“No, those local trains instead...”

“Exactly, that is why I’m thinking of taking a room as paying guest near our college, ask your parents too, if they allow, then trust me it would be fun...” said Amayra with glistening eyes.

“My parents won’t allow, Amayra, I know them very well...”

“Still, try at least...”

“Okay, I’ll”

Chapter 4

Months flew away, summer break started and ended and college was about to reopen soon. Amayra convinced her dad for staying as a paying guest far away from her home, while Naina's parents denied. So, Amayra was looking for a suitable room near her college as well as a suitable roomie. She was contacting all her contacts, basically girls, precisely girls of her college that whether they were in need of a roomie and would be interested in taking a room with her.

All her efforts went in vain, most of them had already taken a room and they weren't interested. So she decided to stay alone. She got a suitable room at a walk of 20 to 25 minutes from her college. One day, when she started shifting her stuffs to her new home, she got a call from her friend Raiza. She too was in need of a room, thus asked is there space for her? Amayra instantly agreed, she was too happy as everything was going by her will.

Life away from home started.

7 pm. 10th August

“Amayra, listen, I'm going home this Tuesday, I forgot my important notes. I need to get them, so tomorrow I won't be coming here.”

“What?” Amayra gasped.

“Yes”

“Bring them, on Saturday when we both will go home...”

“No, Amayra I need them badly, Saturday would be too late...”

“But, Raiza I don’t want to stay alone...”

“So, you also come with me...”

“No, not at all, yesterday only I came back...”

“In, this case we don’t have any option. You have to stay alone here or go to some friend’s house; By the way, tomorrow I’ll leave around 2 pm.”

“Fine...” Amayra sighed.

Amayra was awake at night, thinking whom she should ask for a night stay. Going through her contacts, she mentally made a list of people whom she would ask. Then, she went through her list again; rejecting many she found just two names apt. Alok Nehra and Shubham Chandra.

Alphabetically Alok was the first preference; maybe her conscience also supported the preference. She messaged him, “Where are you?”

Within seconds the reply came, “At my room... Why? What happened?” Are you Okay?” Alok too lived as a paying guest, thus he got a room for himself and was appropriate for a night stay. Moreover, Amayra had never met him before so she wanted to meet him

as well; they just talked a lot on social sites. Though, Alok had asked her several times to meet but some or the other barrier was always there.

“Yaa, I’m fine...” replied Amayra.

“Sup?”

“Actually, I wanted to ask are you free tomorrow (nervous smiley)”

“As if you want to meet (laughing with tears in eyes smiley)”

“Yes (wink smiley) (grin smiley)”

“What? (Shocked smiley)”

“Yes, you know what my roomie is going to her home tomorrow and I would be alone at my room. I don’t like being alone, I guess you know I ain’t a solitude-lover. So, I was thinking if I could come at your place. Moreover, I really want to eat the food cooked by you...”

“Oh!”

“(Emoticon of rolling of eyes)”

“Great! I’m so desperate to meet you...It would be fun and yes I’ll certainly cook for you.”

“(Kiss smiley)”

They discussed the time, the place where they would meet. Warning each other not to be late, they made promises that they would come on time. They both were quite excited and fantasized about the coming day.

Chapter 5

As decided, they both met. Amayra was about to call Alok asking him where he was, why he is late, when she heard someone saying, “Really? Shorts?”

She turned around and saw it was Alok. “Oh! Hi...Yaa shorts. Were you expecting me in a sari?”

“Ha-Ha obviously not, we would be going to Faridabad and there would be many eyes ogling at you...”

“What? Why didn’t you tell this to me before? I would have worn jeans...”

“Relax, never mind...Tell me how you are?”

“Fine, by the way you are not as tall as I thought...”

“Ha-Ha and you are not as short as I thought...”

In meantime, the metro arrived and they both boarded in. All the way they talked without a pause. He teased her by asking how much time she took to get ready and she described her life. They took an auto to his house. He told him that he had a roomie to whom he told that she was his classmate and was coming for a night stay. She nodded.

When they reached there, Amayra admired the interior and asked what he had cooked for the dinner.

“Sorry, I was too tired to cook anything, we can order something...” Alok replied.

“What? Like really? You said that you will cook, this is not done, no I want you to cook, and you have to cook...”

“But, baby I haven’t bought any grocery. Worry not. I won’t keep you hungry.”

“Ha-Ha, you think you can keep me hungry, Ha-Ha what a joke...”

“Whatever” he smiled.

Alok arranged the bed and set a movie on his laptop, while Amayra changed her clothes. After having dinner, they slipped under a same blanket. They watched three, four movies back to back. Around 2 pm. Alok noticed that Amayra had dozed off, so he turned off the laptop and kept it aside.

Actually, Amayra didn’t sleep, she was still awake. Just acting like, she was in deep slumber. She had always fantasized to see what would a boy would do seeing her asleep, what would he say or how would he act. So, in reality she was waiting for Alok to act.

She saw Alok was least concerned with how she looks like when she sleeps, instead he was busy with his mobile. This annoyed Amayra, thus she slipped her hand lightly on his chest, pretending like she did it in sleep. Alok without getting surprised slipped one of his hands under her head. His muscular hand acted like a comfy pillow. He played a music track and kept his mobile aside. With his other hand he got hold of Amayra’s hand and started rubbing it.

Amayra felt his soft touch which ran chills down her skinny cage. She couldn't resist herself responding and out of reflex she clutched his fingers tight.

Their fingers intimately got twined and danced in each other's palm. He pressed her fingers first nimbly then harshly. Then, she took the charge and took his pinky in between her thumb and index finger and squeezed it tight as she breathed, "You got a very soft skin..."

"You are still awake?"

"No, can't you see I'm sleeping..."

"Oh! Yeah...sorry, sorry, sleep..." he replied as he tapped her head Baby-like.

"Change, the song, it's so boring..."

"Here, change yourself." He sheepishly smiled.

"As you say sir..." she replied and climbed his chest and sat on his waist." Ouch" he jerked. "Are you fine?" she smirked.

He didn't reply instead he got hold of her ass and pushed her on himself. She abruptly fell on him, veiling his face with her brown cascade. He lifted her a bit and adjusted her on himself. Collecting the strands he put them aside. Before she could say something, he pushed her onto the bed and humped her. Amayra was mesmerized; she wrapped her arms around him.

Alok started giving little pecks on her necks. She dug her hands into his t-shirt and tried exfoliating it from his skin. He seemed stubborn, as if he didn't want to come out of his tee. She tried really hard and brought it till his neck. When she was about to remove it, he flipped her upside down. Raising her tee, he started kissing her back. He removed his tee and slowly and slowly lifted her t-shirt higher and higher, but Amayra held his hand and lowered her tee, "No" she said.

"Okay, then I too am not getting naked." Alok smirked and held his tee to wear, when Amayra snatched his tee and threw it off.

"No, you are", she winked.

"Oh! Really..." He exclaimed and pinned her again to bed. Without uttering furthermore, he started scalding her lips with his, biting, licking, sucking and tasting her. She moaned under him trying to match his rhythm. Kissing him back she put her hands into his pants and rolled them down. But, before she could remove them completely he pushed her away, "No, I don't want to get naked alone..."

"What do you mean?" asked Amayra as she sat raged.

"I mean, strip for me and I may allow you to slip into my boxer briefs." He gave a kinky smile.

"Fuck off..." she replied. Pulling the entire blanket towards her, she turned away her face away from him

and positioned herself to sleep. This left Alok completely gasped. He got into the blanket immediately and wrapped himself around her. Amayra laid still and didn't say anything.

“Are you even breathing?” Alok mocked and shook, “You so still just like a lifeless body. She still didn't say anything.”

“Sorry Amayra...Listen please, I'm really sorry...” he whined.

She threw his legs and arms off, and he didn't dare to wrap again. No sooner did he inch away from her, then she turned towards him and climbed back.

“Now this is something...”he whispered.

Pressing him onto the bed, she rigorously kissed his back, leaving marks of the bites as if cigarette was put on his skin alive. He deeply moaned under her touch. When Amayra was done, she slipped into Alok's arm and gave him a light peck on his lips and they both dozed off.

Chapter 6

3:05 am. 19th September

“Amayra, I need your help, will you help me?”

“Yes, sure, with pleasure (smile emoticon)”

“I know you write really well, please help me in writing a piece of work...”

“Ha-Ha okay!”

“Really”

“Yes”

“Tell, when should we start?”

“Anytime you say...”

“Okay, start from tomorrow (smile emoticon)”

Yes, Amayra was taking to none other than Alok Nehra. No, they are not dating each other, though Amayra desperately wanted to do so, but she was waiting for Alok to ask her out. They still talked to each other every day, and used to swear upon their friendship. They used to tell how important they meant to each other. Amayra used to write about him and praised him in her words, while he used to laugh when she recited her poems to him, telling her, she bragged a lot about him.

11:35 pm. 19th September

"Up baby?" popped up a message from Alok

"Yaa, I messaged you in the evening, but you didn't reply..."

"Sorry, I've been drinking..."

"So, are you drunk?"

"Yes"

"Okay!"

Amayra felt really obliged whenever someone got drunk and messaged her, because according to her, it was really a special thing. When a person couldn't think of any damn thing, he or she thought of messaging someone and that was really adorable.

"Do you remember, you promised me to help in writing a novel"

"Yes, I remember, tell me about what you want me to write? I mean what is theme of the novel?"

"Hmm..."

"So?"

"Amayra, today I'll tell about my love, the girl I love the most..."

This sent butterflies tickling in her stomach, she thought it would be a wonderful night, as today Alok

would express his love for her. Today, he would tell her that how much he had loved her.

“Okay!” She replied.

“Darling,

I've been waiting to say all these and even more to you since a long time. It might surprise you that I am writing to you; but you know, sometimes where there is too much to say, a man prefers writing all else.

You know, ours is a very special relationship. We both know how hopelessly we're in love with each other without ever saying so. It's been tacitly accepted by both of us without feeling the need to express anything poetically or melodramatically.

Like a sparkling crystal vase, you are delicate and fragile and just precious to me. The dark, deep eyes set in contrast to the fair face have the depth and gleam which makes me drown in them. I love to be close to you, to protest and to make you feel the same about me.

I remember the first time I saw you, it was one of the best moments of my life and I thank god for giving me such a moment. When I saw you, a tiny angel but a quiet lady who seemed to be in a similar plight with a school bag tugged on your back, in school dress, something out of this world, some force of attraction gave me the courage and initiative to be yours forever.

You remember, I sent you friend request and you didn't accepted on Facebook and I thought," Oh, this girl has some damn attitude...Never reply to my texts or even talk to me..."

"But after all those good morning, good night, looking good messages from me. You finally start to talk to me so much... Getting your phone number to hear your voice and seeing you at last, and the day I was fully drunk just because I wanted to express my feelings for you after our brief break up, that night we talked on phone for more than 3-4 hours and I didn't want the phone to hang up, but we have to cause it was your exam tomorrow or I guess test..."

I couldn't understand it then 'because I was drunk, but I'm glad that I did talk to you then and I'm so happy that day came cause I got to know that I'm incomplete without you.

I couldn't understand why you were so special to me. But the time we spent together was so enchanting that each moment, without you is like an epoch. There was something else 'bout you. Although you were a reserved person, still you seemed to tell me everything 'bout you, your home, family, your feelings and work. I was your emotional support and seemed to occupy a unique and special place in your heart. When you cried out your grief and sorrows into my bosom, the feeling of being close to you, engulfing you in my arms seemed to make you feel safe and secure. I felt extremely happy and proud to give you this support and comfort.

It gives me a great pride to show you my darling... "MY LADYLOVE", I'm immensely satisfied that I love a girl who makes me lose myself in her. My cherished moments are our long phone calls, our deep conversations, stupid fights, my weird talks to make you laugh.

Girl, your dark black eyes, your rosy lips, that long hair of yours, your voice (the best music I love to hear every time), made me "LOVESTRUCK".

Yes, I'm madly in love with a girl who completely amalgamates herself with me. I love the way she sparkles at my achievements, and the sheer delight that creeps through her when she is swept off her feet. I love that most special lady in the world... Oh! I love you. My sweetheart...!!!

Still you feel that I don't love you. Then I should better shut my eyes forever and ever to get involve in your dreams completely and be yours forever and ever till my soul exhales your name..."

When Amayra started reading this initially she thought, "Oh gosh! He wrote this for me." But slowly she realized, no it is for someone else. His love, pure indeed, "it's for her", he said. "This I wrote on our 3rd anniversary."

Holy Mary! He dated her for three years? Might be more her inner witch said. Amayra was stained with envy.

She poured herself some whiskey, a quarter of the tumbler, because she didn't want to regret filling it up to the brim. A full glass left without drinking can be a sigh.

"What's her name?" Amayra asked as she gulped whole of the whiskey in one go.

"Muskaan" he replied.

Whole of the night Alok told about her, how did he meet her, what was his first reaction when he saw her, what did he first do to impress her, how he made out with her, where they used to meet, how their love got intensified.

Amayra listened to him peacefully as she prepared herself many quarter pegs. She didn't want her bottle to cry, seeing it's beloved liquor getting wasted, when Amayra would fill up to the brim and won't drink it. But, unluckily same happened with Amayra. Alok filled her up with pure emotions and love up to her brim which was about to overflow, but left her unconsumed. Yes, her soul was left unconsumed, untouched when he confessed about his true love.

"Great! I'll start writing from tomorrow, I'm very tired now, will talk to you later" she replied.

"Okay! Take care!" he texted back.

The next day arrived and Amayra was thinking what she should do. Now, she knew that Alok loved someone else but she was not in his life and he

wanted to engrave her in his words, so that some day when she will read them she would understand how truly did he love her, how pure was his love, how sacred was his love. Well, she had promised him that she would help, in spite of being envious. Amayra never go against her words, so she decided to help him.

“There?” she messaged him.

“Yes, tell me...”

“Send me, whatever you had written about Muskaan, so that I can proceed further...”

“I can’t” he replied.

“What? Why?”

“No-share-of-work-policy”

“What do you mean?” asked Amayra a bit irritated this time.

“I mean, I can’t share my work with you.”

“But... Why? You only asked my help, now you don’t want to share. Does that mean you don’t want my help now?”

“I want, but I...”

“I... What?”

“I can’t share my work, because you can copy it and publish it as yours...”

For a moment Amayra got froze looking at her mobile’s screen, reading his message again. In, his message he clearly stated that he didn’t trust her and he blamed her of plagiarism.

“Fine, even I can’t help like this, I wished you would have trust me...”

“I don’t need any help, I can manage myself. I fucking trust nobody...”

“Fine, I never ditched your trust but still...”

“Bye Amayra, thank you and take care...”

“Wishing you a hearty fuck...” she replied.

Yes, it was all. It was over.

2 am. 21st October

Amayra was sitting naked in shower and scribbling vigorously something o’er a piece of paper as if murdering someone using her pen, staining his body with her ink and then burying his body under her words. When, she was done, she poured a quarter whisky into a tumbler glass. She still didn’t fill her glass till the brim.

