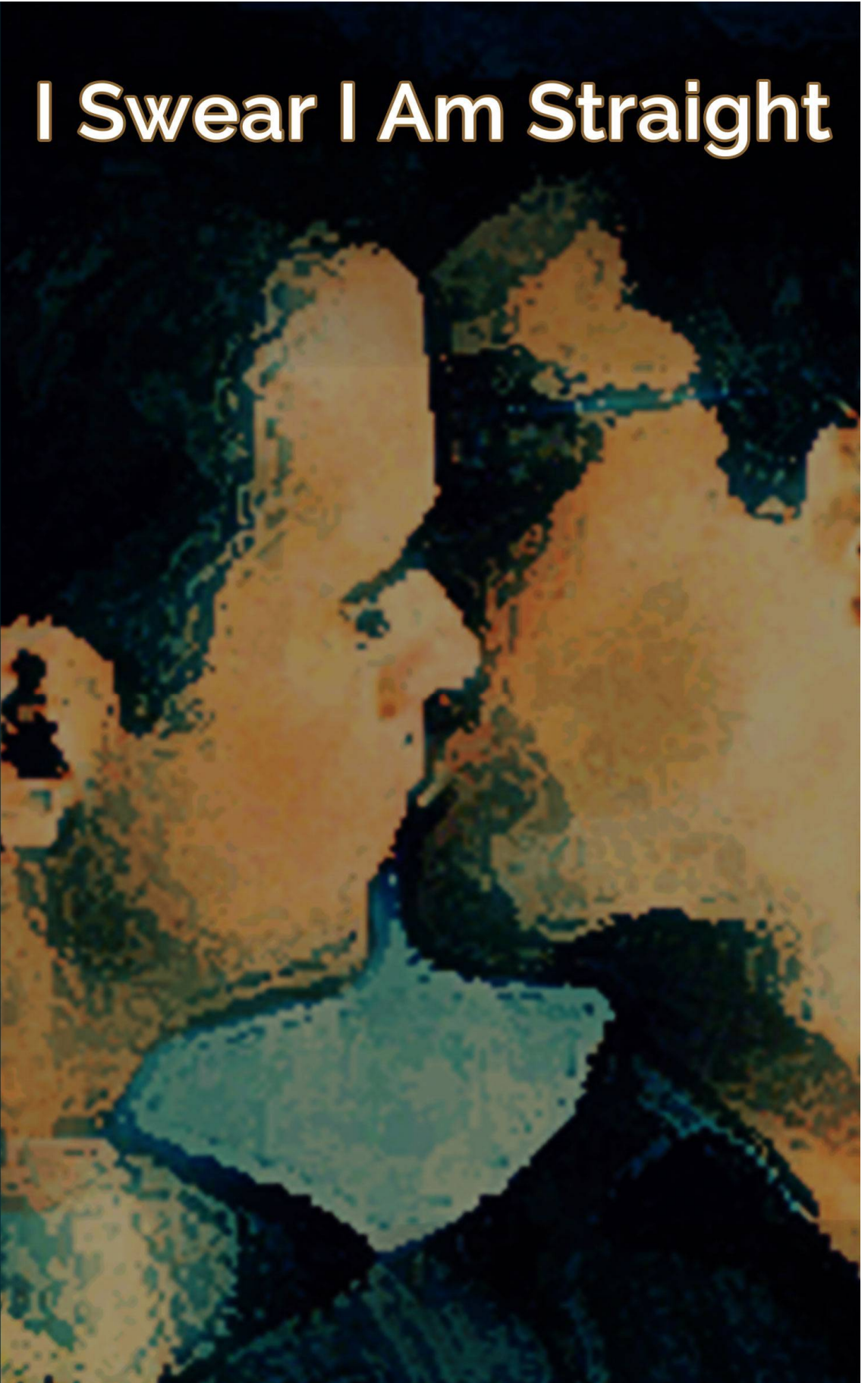


I Swear I Am Straight

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OnlineGatha – The Endless Tale



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Chapter 1

“Is everything alright?” *I wanted to sound like a concerned girlfriend.*

“Hmm...”

“But, it doesn’t look like so...tell me what’s wrong? Tell me what has happened? Why are you acting so weird? I’m calling you since last half an hour and you picked up on the eleventh call! This is not done, I’m your girlfriend and you can’t take me for-granted. Do you understand? So, now come on tell me what’s troubling you?” *Oops! That was too much of pretense, right? I almost seemed like a kinky, worried wife. I need to play it cool.*

“I’m worried Dhriti, I don’t know what to do...”

“Tell me baby, I may help you...” *Oh, wow I fake it so well.*

“I don’t know what to say, but...”

He got silent as if fumbling for words or maybe he was caught in dilemma whether to pour out those words or not. I too remained silent, waiting for him to muster some courage and puke out.

“Whatever is happening is not right...”

“Sorry baby, but what are you talking about?” *a calm tone may help, I thought.*

“Dhriti, you know right that I dropped a year to prepare for medical entrance and you also know that within two months my exams got to kick off. I need a lot of concentration, but I’m unable. Whatever is happening is not right...”

“Do you want to break up?” I almost said it, without giving it a thought. *Oh my God! I was hurrying it, what if this was not that he was talking about. This might lent him in a pool of doubt. It needs patience, I need to be patient.*

“Do you want to break up?” I repeated but with a change of tone, *I-don’t-want-to-break-up-because-you-know-I-love-you tone.*

He paused for a moment and then said, “No! Dhriti, no... this is not how I want...I mean, I just...” He paused again.

Holy crap, he doesn’t want a break-up. Anyway I need to deal with this and finish it off soon. This should not linger.

“I just... What Rudhra?”

“Dhriti, I want you to be my friend. Don’t seclude yourself from me. Let’s just carry it as friends. It’s just that I’m worried about my exams; I don’t want this year to go unproductive. I need to do well. I have to do well...”

Okay! It was done. *Finally it was over, oh yeah! He wanted a break-up. Great!*

“Great! So this is how we are breaking up, anyway all the best for your exams and may you do well in your life too.” I said in a low puppy voice but with a pinch of sarcasm added to it.

“Dhriti, don’t be upset, just because I am dumping you (*Idiot, I’m dumping you instead though indirectly*). I know that I’m not doing right to you (*Oh, you sweet fool*). I was the one who proposed you, I was the one who was after you, and also I’m the one who is doing this too (*For god sake relax, I too wanted this, so relax...*) I’m really sorry, please don’t be upset. We can...”

Oh! Gosh... I loved it. Yes, I really wanted this way.

“Fine, it hardly matters, Bye Rudhra...”

“Dhriti, listen I’m really sorry (*You, need not to be, I’m really happy with your decision*), I know that you are crying (*What? Are you nuts? Who the hell is crying?*), please don’t cry... (*Jesus! I bet you are a stupid jerk*)”

“Bye...” I hanged up and he was smart enough to not to call back because he too didn’t want it to linger on further. Ah! Finally it was over; I was happy, because I was free from guilt, from the stain of dumping him. He himself broke off, though I helped him a lot in realizing that, but anyway he smeared all the faults over himself and it was good; an unwanted six days relation was over.

So, is this incident enough to prove that I’m straight! Yaa... I know though a break-up story but at least it showed that I dated guys not girls.

Chapter 2

So, the story begins from there when I got admitted in the girl's college for my graduation. Duh! This atmosphere won't be admirable, I knew. I had always been studying in the co-ed environment. Here boys would be like out of the picture, we could just see boys as sweepers, canteen-workers, etc. Oh! Did I forget to mention teachers? Yes, old, grumpy male teachers. I really wonder why girl's colleges don't heir hot guys as teachers.

Ok, so somehow I got admitted into college, anyway I had to adjust. It wasn't that bad as I thought it would be. It had a fine aura full of positive vibes, indeed. I got along with girls quite easily. It was fun actually. I made a very good friend too, Kanishka. She was that kind of friend which you call best friends or which you tag those, as hash tag besties hash tag forever friendshash taghash tag love them, on instagram. Everything seemed quite fine.

One year passed very smoothly. My whole college life revolved around Kanishka. I used to only hang-out with her. We ate together, bitch about bitches together. We shared our secrets, our lunch almost everything. No, no, no, not boyfriends obviously. She was in a serious relation with a guy and I was the forever single one.

If I had to quote an example to show how deep and serious our relation was, I would always tell that, that day or that incident. A glowing day shining brightly was spreading its rays. Kanishka had some different lines drawn on her face, lines, which were quite unrecognizable. I asked her what was bothering her. She gave me nod stating everything was fine. Strange expressions were still drawn sharp on her face. We had a class to attend, but I pulled her by hand and dragged her out of the classroom to the lawn. "We are not attending this class and may be even next too and next to next as well, and so on unless you tell me".

"What? I'm fine. I want to attend class..." *From when did she become that studious?*

"Shut up!"

By the end we reached a comfortable and apt. place to sit, I found Kanishka was sobbing. My God! Something was really wrong, because Kanishka was not that kind of girls who cries easily. *Jesus! What to do? I'm so bad at handling people while they are crying. I mean, I can handle people when they are drunk, that too beyond limits. But, this crying is really hard to deal.*

I did what I mostly saw in movies. Hugging her, I lightly tapped her head, whispering, it's okay! It's okay!

"Awe...! Don't cry Kanishka, c'mon tell me..."

I waited for full two minutes thirty nine seconds when she finally said, "Iain't got any periods yet..."

"What?" I gasped, "Is this what you are crying for?"

“Yes, by this time I should have been down, but I’m not. This makes me worried...”

“Why so? Did you make out or something?” Without even waiting for her to reply, I said, “Gosh! Don’t tell me that you doubt your pregnancy!”

“Yes” she said pissed.

“What to do now?”

“How would I know Dhriti?”

“Okay, relax! We will figure out...Do you want pizza, coke or something?”

Well, food heals it all. Doesn't it? Anyway Kanishka didn't even know what a blowjob means then how could she had sex? Strange...right? And even if she knew how could she became pregnant just by a minor make-out, still strange... Any way something had to be done, she was tensed and something had to give relieve her.

She was not pregnant for god’s sake. Okay, so are you curious that how we got to know this? Well, we were (are) science students of 21st century, so obviously we went to medical store, bought a pregnancy test kit. Negative results... this was how we got the surety.

Okay! So was this enough to state that Kanishka and I were damn good soul mates.I still remember how bad she wanted me to join her while she was conducting that test; she was so afraid and how she promised me that she will give me a bumper treat if results were negative. Yaa, I even remember her stupid boyfriend calling and asking her how did she do that alone without seeking any help from doctor. *Though he was kinda hot, yet stupid, very stupid I tell you. Beauty doesn't always come with brain, this seemed very apt. in his case.* I remembered it all.

Chapter 3

So, what happened next was something same was happening again. Same Kanishka, same tensed face, same unidentifiable lines. I almost thought something same might have happened again. But, no! One fine day, I found Kanishka quite serious sitting in classroom with a tight jaw. Every time when she used to see me, she used to get so jolly, she called out my name loudly waved at me like a mad dog. Well, I told you something again was wrong. So, I thereby followed the same kind of ritual which I did before. I went up to her, asked her if something went wrong, was everything fine sorta questions. Yaa, you guessed it right she gave nod stating everything was good. Oh! She too was following the ritual, but more passionately this time. Damn! My God, she was too adamant to tell anything. I asked her if everything was fine with her boyfriend, Oh yeah! Again got a nod...

This time she stretched it very long. It was like every day I used to come to college, saw her clenched face, asked what was wrong, what had happened, was everything fine and got that nod every time. *Let me tell you, I really don't have taste for a thing called patience. Still, I tired, I waited. I waited for everything to be fine again.*

As, I was sipping my drink of patience, the distance between us grew and the drink tasted bitter and more bitter than before, with every sip of mine. Tell me do you remember group activities which you used to do at college? Do you remember that look which you gave to your friend every time when the teacher said pick yourself a partner for this project? You do right...? I too do...

“This assignment carries 20marks and you have to do this in group” said our art and craft professor, “Make a group of four and hand me over the list.”

Obviously I never had worries in picking up a group. No matter with which group I'm working with, Kanishka was in it. So, I sat peacefully as the list rotated in the class and student wrote their names in a group. The list came to me and I was expecting my name to be already written somewhere with Kanishka. *Ok, so my expectations betrayed me, I was nowhere on the list.* Kanishka's name was written in a group and there was no space for me in that group, they were already four. *Did she want to convey something through this? 'Cause it had never happened that Kanishka would forget to write my name.*

I went up to her and asked, “Hey, what about the group? Are you not doing this assignment with me?”

“Oh! But the group is already formed and we can't make it five as sir said four...” She replied casually.

“So, you mean to say there is no space for me (*in your life*)?”

“I don't know, ask sir...”

Dammit, what to ask from sir? This, that why are you doing this? Does this mean that everything is over? Do you want to convey that we are no more? Do you want to say that we

are done? Do you want to tell that this was the reason of your weird behavior from last few days? Do you want to say that I'm no more, good enough?

“Kanishka.....” I paused, she looked at me with cold eyes waiting for me to finish, “Kanishka, Is everything over?”

She blinked at me as if trying to interpret what I just said but her eyes told the answer so well, “Okay!” I said and went.

*Yes, I knew the answer that it was over, but still I asked. No, it was not for confirmation; instead, I wanted to know the reason. My lord! I wanted an explanation. I begged for it. I wanted it, I wanted it so bad. I wanted to know why it was the end. You know, what is the worst feeling? **Knowing that they left without even considering you worth an explanation...**”This makes you feel useless and vulnerable. Do you know how bad that feels? When you don't even know what your mistake was but still you accepted the punishment. It only expresses that your mistake is really very, very grave and letting you not know what you did should also be a part of your reprimand. Yes, I still don't know what had happened, why did she do that? Why were we not friends anymore? Why did she leave without telling me the reason for it? No warning, no assurance only a sudden disaster and you were sitting over the ruins.*

What's next? I don't like crying openly, because I'm always afraid to so. I ran to the washroom and threw the bathroom door beside me. Sinking on to the floor, I covered my mouth and cried. I cried without noise, so no one would come knocking with sympathy. I cried for almost two minutes. Then, a splash of water on my face and I was back to the class. I sat away from Kanishka, showing my back to her, so that in case she looked at me, she won't see my tears. Anyway, I was not crying anymore. I was looking into my book, though with blank eyes. I stared at a word, unable to move from that to other. I tried reading but couldn't. Everything was blurred, because my eyeballs were again swelled with tears. “No, I don't want to cry here, in front of everyone (Kanishka). I don't want people to go thinking what tragedy had happened with her that she is crying. Weak cries, no I can't.” I told my eyes. “Go away...” I requested those drops. I rubbed my eyes and ran a hand over my face carefully without letting anyone notice me. But, those tears were so adamant, they came again. I too threw them again. Three-four times and Alas! Anushka noticed me.

“Come here, Dhriti...” she said.

Chapter 4

Holy Fuck! She saw me crying. Now, I guess, she wanted to know the reason behind. No, no, no I'm not going to tell her. I can't. I can't display this story for people to enjoy or mock.

"No, I'm fine..." I whispered, gesturing at her that there is no need of this.

"Come..." she said with a smile. No, that was not a sympathetic smile, which I was expecting. In fact, it was a very normal smile. A smile which a friend gives to another friend stating that it's been a long time that we talked, come here let me hug you, come-here-tell-me-how-you-have-been smile.

Okay! I forgot to tell who Anushka is. Here, meet Anushka Rao, height-(fucking sexy) 5'7", creamy white complexion, eyes always winged with eyeliner and Oh what to say about her lips, adamant, freaking classy, dominant, the one you don't want to mess with, the one who keeps you away with her charm and aura, the one whose ways you would avoid crossing.

Well, you must be wondering in spite of such a badass personality why she wanted to comfort me. Yaa, that's what I was wondering too.

I couldn't make up mind to go to her, I denied again. Meanwhile, our professor noticed us. *Holy fuck! He too got to know that I was crying.* "Go, Dhriti, if she is pressing that much, go!" he said. Well, I was left with no options; I got up from my seat and settled near her. I was expecting her to ask, why were you crying, what's wrong, are you doing fine? But, she said nothing like that instead she talked about where she went yesterday with her friend Rushali and what all they did. She showed me photographs on her handset, and told stories behind them, like what were they doing when they captured it. Soon, she was joined by our professor too, he too stared showing funny photographs on his handset, laughing in between. *Damn, they wanted to comfort me.*

How to tell them, that I'm not used to such caring nature. Screw this act of comforting me because you will find me crying more. It irks me, it surprises me that how could you react to my emotions so fine? Don't you think I'm pretending? Don't you think I'm faking those tears? Don't you think I'm just wasting my time in doing so? Don't you think I'm doing this because I want people to know how depressed I am? Don't you feel, this is just a way to seek attention? Don't you think? Tell me don't you?

Yaa, same happened, tears started drooling out and I vigorously rubbed my face.

"Don't do this" Anushka said. I lifted my face to look at her. "Just don't, otherwise I might go and slap them." Hearing this I almost gasped.

Holy shit! How come she got to know about this? I don't even remember when I last communicated with her. Actually I never did. She was just my classmate and we hardly talked to each other. I still remember how much guts it took when I burrowed a novel from her. Then, telling her about how bad it was going with Kanishka was something out of the scene. God Damn! How she got to know.

I kept on looking at her hoping that she would tell her how she knew all this. But, she didn't. *Badass I told you.*

“We should not cry for those who don't even care to notice your tears. It isn't worth lingering on those who don't want you in their life...Stop it Dhriti...” she said. Then, she didn't talk about it further. Instead, she continued with her stories what all she did with Rushali, what all funny they encountered and much more.

I was staring at her lips as she talked. Jesus! I wanted to hug her tight. But, I preferred being in my limits, after all she was Anushka Rao. I was so mesmerized to know that when Kanishka didn't even notice that I was miserable, she did. I never told her what all bad I was experiencing but she knew it all. This intimidating beauty enthralled me to an extent that I sat applauding. I almost forgot about Kanishka. Strange! Huh...?

I never had forever kind of friendship. I was in longer contact with those whom I used to be best buddies with. We barely talked. It was like someone became friends with me, then our friendship attained a peak, then as time passed they fell out of love with me, down they came rolling from the peak straight away into the ditch and that was how every time it got ruined. They were people tagged as ‘somebody I used to know’. But, I should accept that I'm damn lucky in one thing which was whenever someone fell out of love with me, very soon some other fell in. But, this time I don't think same could happen, with Anushka? No, no, no... Dude not at all... *Why? Uh...huh...well because you don't know who Rushali is. Get to know then you won't ask why...*

Meet Rushali, Anushka's best buddy, soul mate, her lover, no this was not sisterly love. She used to call Anushka as her girlfriend. I couldn't replace Rushali, neither was I interested in doing so. Days passed, I started building bond with these guys I used to hang out with them. We were four in the squad; me, Anushka, Rushali and Prachi. They were the only reason that I could get over Kanishka.

Though, we got tagged as friends but still I rarely talked to Anushka. It was like Anushka and Rushali had a world of their own in which I didn't want to be interfere. So, the only option I was left with was Prachi. Prachi, though an introvert yet a gems of heart. She was really a simple person, but I was fond of complex things. Anyway, somehow the days passed on.

I couldn't forget that day, it was unexpectedly amazing. Rushali caught viral and she was not coming to college. For a small span of time, Anushka got her attention diverted from Rushali. There was a change in her behavior, umm... a lovable kind of change. Well, I'm that kind of person who loves attention and here Anushka was doing it so well.

It was the second day of Rushali being absent. With beer cans in our hands we were playing truth and dare. Actually not we, but just Anushka and me... Consider, Prachi out of the scene. Because for every question asked her answer was, “I don't know...” and for every dare given her excuse was, “I can't...” *Damn her introversion.*

“What are your ways to turn a boy on?” I asked

“Actually, I don’t need to...” she smirked.

“Yaa, Right!” I nodded.

“If you get a chance to kiss a girl, whom would you kiss?”

“Actually, I’m not sexually attracted towards girls, so...” I replied.

“I just said if...take it as a fiction...”

“No, I don’t know...”

“Oh, c’mon...” She persisted.

“You...” I blurted out, “maybe” I said with a pause. This made her lips twitched into a wonderful smile.

Oh! What to say about her lips. I always found myself tracing those contours. Hardly did I ever spot rough lines of misery over them. They were always blooming red, but I personally liked them pink. Whenever, she used to smile, I always wanted it to change into a grin. I just loved the way she grinned, a baby-like grin. Her tongue used to come out and she unconsciously rolled it over her upper lip. Wet. Then, her lower lip got curved in followed by her wet companion. Together inside they kissed the tongue and then slowly they came out with the marks of love. This was how she used to beam.

“You turn, ask...” she said.

“Uh...um... What is the dirtiest thing you ever did?”

“I made out with three guys in a single day...” she replied almost immediately.

“Well, that was something really dirty” I winked swallowing what she just said. Even Prachi gulped it hard.

The game continued and we got to know many things about each other, which we won’t have told anyway. Maybe it was the beer effect or Absence-of-Rushali effect. I know it was cruel but I was fucking enjoying it.

The last question with which we ended the game was, “Can you really turn Homosexual?”

“Yes...” Anushka replied without batting an eyelid.

I know she said in respect to Rushali, But I don’t know why it still sounded good.

Chapter 5

Well Rushali was back again. Everything was same again, Rushali and Anushka; I and Prachi. It was not like that I was jealous of Rushali or I wanted to replace her. No doubt I was attracted to Anushka and some or the other I wanted it to work out with her. But definitely not this way...Kicking out Rushali and taking her place. No, no way... I was fine with whatever was going on. Rushali and Anushka were damn good friends and ruining this would be a sin, something which my souls didn't permit.

It was going fine, I was not offended. Instead, I was happy because slowly and casually we were building a great intimate bond. We knew each other deep. Gestures and facial expressions were enough to interpret the words. In short, I adored it.

Change was obviously there. To quote it, I loved the way we used to joke. Whenever Anushka used to crack some joke or tell a funny incident, we all started laughing whether it was funny or not. Well, her dominating aura demanded laughter if she thought something she said was funny. Uh...Huh, don't include me in that everyone. I used to give a grin wide and clap like an insane seal if something was actually funny or I would just give a half smile pretending, Oh I too agree. It became quite customary, whenever something was recited by Anushka; she used to steal a glance at me. I don't know why. At times I froze as I was already looking at her and she caught me doing so. But, it happened repeatedly. I had to be prepared for her disarming look whenever I gazed at her. I didn't know what her intention behind this was. But, I found it really cute. It was like she wanted to see my reaction, Heaven knew. All, I knew was I had to be prepared for it. But, before every effort seemed lame, all I could do was look into her eyes and freezing those eyeballs with the heat of mine.

Yes, I had very badly fallen for this girl, too bad and mad that I always found myself smiling insanely while I looked at those marks.

Then there came a day which unnerves me till today.

07:45 pm. 20th October

I'm really sorry. I pushed your genuine hand away. I'm really sorry. I didn't do it intentionally. I didn't want to insult you. I didn't want to disrespect you. But, the truth is, I didn't want your hands to be stained with my salty tears. I didn't want you to sympathize with me. I'm scared of showing my emotions. I'm scared of seeing others emotions as well, especially when they cry. Because, I feel I won't be treating them right. I may misinterpret them; I may hurt them deep and incurable. Trust me... I'm not rude; I'm just scared.

You told me you didn't like it when I pushed your hand away. But, trust me... I didn't want to piss you off intentionally. The care you had shown, let me tell you, I can cross any limits to be responsible to it. Yaa, it was mesmerizing, yes I felt special (important to you). But, hear me once. Hear my plight. I know you are smart enough not to judge so fast. Just hear me once.

If I wouldn't have pushed your hand away, I would have certainly got attached to you and would have owed to you a lot. When I see peeps reacting to my tears fine, then I feel that it is really adorable. I praise them a lot and I can become their slave for my entire life.

I know, if I won't have pushed your hands away, then I would have certainly crossed my limits, in spite of knowing that you are really precious to other. I would have got possessive for you. I would have gone mad for you. I swear, I would have fallen for you.

But, I can't, I had to push hand away, I know you didn't like, you hated it instead. But, I just couldn't, because I was aware it won't be right, getting possessive for you, going mad for you, and most importantly falling for you.

But, the fact is, these were fulfilled to an extent. I can't lie. The moment you lifted your hand, I was fallen very badly for you. I was fallen so bad, that I still have the bruises. Look, I'm smiling because I'm looking at those bruises.

I'm emotionally a fucked up person. You must have witnessed. I'm unaware of what I wrote, but still I did it because I needed to do this. Just like I need to breathe otherwise I would have choked.

I might have written shit but I don't know why I want you to read it.

I'm drunk sweetie. These words may be insane but please do trust me, it isn't fake. I guess, I told you, I'm drunk... ☺

Yes, you are right I wrote this for Anushka on the day when we all four were incoherently drunk. We were at Prachi's house as her roomie was at her hometown. After getting drunk I was dancing like a crazy donkey. While Anushka and Rushali were busy in cuddling and clicking selfies and Prachi lay on the bed as if she just had sex and was fucking exhausted. In between all this, there arrived a time when we had to depart to our respective home. Everyone frowned at the idea, but anyway we had to. Then, I suggested the idea, that why don't we call up our parents telling them that we were engaged in a project and we needed to submit it tomorrow. We were not done yet, so could we stay at Prachi's house. *Oh! They liked it.*

One by one we started calling our parents, my parents agreed. *Bingo.* Rushali's parents also agreed though her mother got a bit irritated with the idea. *Bingo2.* Anushka was on the call with her father. *Damn, she was talking so rude to him as if they never shared a friendly talk.* Then, her mother took the cell and Anushka was talking to her, complaining about her father. In midway she said I'll call after 5minutes and hanged up. But, her mother didn't wait for the minute-hand to move five times, and she called. Anushka didn't want to talk to her so she it towards us. Rushali grabbed the phone and I left uttering give it to me, give it to me, I...I'm very good at handling parents. *Oh! Yes, she was not giving it to me at any cost. I frowned.*

Rushali talked to Anushka's mother for a while when Anushka said, "Give..." *Oh! Yeah, I was almost about to do the Gangyam style.* She talked to her mother asking why her father

was so adamant why he was not letting her stay. Hardly did she argue for two minutes when she started crying. *Gosh! Shit happened.*

Anushka Rao is crying? What? What? What? I sat horrified looking at her face. Tears were swaying out of her eyes in handsome ways. Never did I ever saw Anushka crying, even imagining her crying was something unfathomable. Oh! I wanted to embrace her like a baby. But, it would be like crossing my limits. I held her leg tight and crawled slowly towards her. Prachi also came running to hug her. Damn that bitch made her conscious of her tears and she snapped like a snake.

“Fuck off”, she said and locked herself in the bathroom. We all sat silent waiting for everything to get back to normal. Then, we all decided to go back to our houses. Anushka seemed fine just a bit irritated. Oh, I forgot to tell why I wrote that so and so about her.

Before calling our parents, we were thinking to go home without creating a scene, but I sat like an adamant kid in the corner, uttering that I won't go home, I don't want to go home. Yaa, when they all refused I started crying, that was the point when Anushka lifted her hand to clasp my face in between, as a gesture of care and comfort, saying, “Listen Dhriti...” But, before she could lift her other hand, I removed her hand placed on my cheek. A sin.

Let's freeze this moment. Damn, she was annoyed.

“I start developing hatred towards those who throws my hands aside when I try comforting them.” she said giving me deadly dirty looks.

“I didn't want you to clean my tears...” I said in defense. *Begging inside, please don't hate me, please don't. (Now, who would tell her that If I didn't do so, she would have found me kissing her and that could had raised several serious issues.) This is not how I wanted. It's bad.*

“I don't rub tears...” again a dirty look. Now I couldn't say anything. I sat in silence waiting for the topic to change. Yaa, it did.

On my way to my home, I was still worried about what happened, Hatred, Hatred, Hatred was banging in my ears. I was afraid because Anushka was of that kind who used to hold a grudge till eternity. I wanted to call her and ask if everything was fine but I was scared, then I thought of texting her asking about the same, but damn I was afraid. So, I wrote that and posted it on the instagram in a hope she would read.

Next morning when I woke up, I found her comment on my instagram post. “It's a deep stuff; drunken people got no filters...”

“Indeed...” I commented back. Everything got back into shape, back to routine normal life in which we all were doing fine.

‘Not every woman is 100% straight says the recent research’, flashed a post on my Facebook. I shared the link on my timeline.