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"Saurabh presents interesting insights into the lives and thoughts of millennial generation."

– International Business Times (New York, US)

Love You Forever



SAURABH DUDEJA

Author: Saurabh Dudeja

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Praise for "Love You Forever Only In That Way!"

Saurabh presents interesting insights into the lives and thoughts of the millennial generation.

—*International Business Times (New York, US)*

Saurabh's life-transforming and outstandingly suspenseful plotline can well him to the league of Top International Bestselling authors across the globe.

—*Homeshop18 (India's Famous online store)*

Read Love you forever only in that way twice. It is just awesome. Author deserves the thanks for instilling positive thoughts through his book when I needed that positivity the most. God bless him! Looking forward for some more good works by him.

—*Sumona Pal (Kolkata, West Bengal)*

'Love You Forever Only In That Way' elegantly explains true shades of love.

—*Ankit Aditya Bhatta (Bhubaneswar)*

This Book gave me a right direction to think. This book is something that took me to some other world, and got to know what love means. Didn't count how many times I have read it. 'Love You Forever Only In That Way' <3 rocks.

—*Shreeya Chotai (Daman, U.T)*

Discovering yet another meaning of love in the topsy-turvy way. Get ready to flow with swirls and swings in Sid style.

—*Rookmani Radadia (Rajkot, Gujarat)*

This masterpiece made me laugh and cry at the same time. It kept me engaged till the end, so entertaining. Many writers are successful at expressing their feelings out and formulate a particular point of their idea. Saurabh Dudeja's book do both and much more.

—*Sunaina (Gurgaon, Haryana)*

The title attracts you to read the book. I really enjoyed reading the relationship between Sid and Avni. Sid was a flirt but after meeting avni, he was a complete changed person. His love was selfless love. It is good dose for weekend. I totally enjoyed reading.

—*Himani Goyal (New Delhi)*

This book keeps you on wagon of fun, laugh, sadness, romance and to a touchy love story that will surely connect young readers' life. One must buy this 'Chotta-packet-bada-dhamaka' book to get more enlighten for the concept of love.

—*Tripti Dixit (Lucknow,UP)*

'Love You Forever Only In That Way!' was like growing on me and I just wanted to reach its end. . . It really instilled a new hope and confidence in me to reach new heights in my life...

—*Nidhi Joon (Bahadurgarh, Haryana)*

The book is lucid and inspiring. The book is well written and keeps you engaged till end. It is a fun -to-read in all.. Happy Reading!

—*Chandan Kumar (Bangalore, Karnataka)*

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"To the
Love and Life
that blooms in you."

Introduction

People say- Love is tied to our fate. And that fate is something beyond our command, that fate is not our own... Is it so? Did you ever find this endlessly complex truth of love and fate, so intricately linked? This story unravels all these questions...

TRUE STORY OF A LIFE, WHOM LOVE TURNED INTO A
LEGEND.

Sid, a world class duffer, is embraced by love from all sides, yet misses love in his selfish life. Carefree Sid, never really caring for anyone, sees a terrifying nightmare of unrecognizable girl sinking deep in the ocean. Who is this girl? How is her fate connected to him? Dragged suddenly to the twisted fate, by love as well as circumstances, Sid is stunned to find a hidden truth – a truth that can destroy a life and many lives interconnected, or much worse, various lives across the globe...

Love is said to destroy evil. What if your own love reaches evil proportions? What if it slowly takes over your life? What would you do if your saviour love turns out to be your destroyer and darkens your fate? Will you be able to solve this endlessly complex truth of love and fate? Who will make you brave enough to see where your fate lives?

Fasten your seatbelts for a convoluted sky-ride fuelled by hilarious friendship, love, enmity, unacceptable deceit and lies, and above all – twisted life. A spell-binding tale that will help you discover why your life today, won't be like your life tomorrow.

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1

Love, Infatuation or Desperation?

Dead of full moon night, when humans sleep, wolves and bitches howl, nocturnal flying mammals fly out of caves and attics, around seven evil spirits came out of their graves illegally on the terrace to intoxicate themselves with alcoholic spirits. All evil spirits completely inebriated were shouting like peddlers selling lingerie in a retail market and barking relentlessly, "Any colour 100 ka 3, any colour 100 ka 3 (3 for Rs.100)," when one evil spirit nicknamed Phattu amongst them quavered, "Did anyone of you see Shikha today? She has completely transformed her figure to a curvaceous and salivating one. She has become a maal (hot stock) of our ICFAI engineering batch."

Another evil spirit named Sid agreed, "Yep, she used to be a hippo when she came that if she sits on a bike, air might gush out of its tires... But now from hips to head she is too horny. But she is a high-maintenance girl. Person will have to take loan from World-Bank to pay her bills."

"How did you know that...?" asked Phattu.

"Well, a-a-a-a...." Sid stammered, humbling his face with an arrogant smile. "She was my girlfriend a few weeks before. You know...She seriously belongs to too-hot-to-handle category as well."

"A FEW WEEKS BEFORE...???" Phattu's mouth went round to the size of full-moon in the sky. "Such a bloody beep you are. Why did you a break up...?"

"If she had been my girlfriend, I would never have split up..." Phattu said, his eyebrows uprising with wild intentions. "Ohhh! Her pouted lips... Goshhhh..."

"Don't you worry, grandpa of Goofball! She has a long list of boyfriends. So statistically speaking, you too stand a chance," Sid patted his shoulder, ironically multiplying his zero confidence. Oops! But zero multiplied with anything is still a zero.

"Ahhhhhhh! Don't blame her... you are also not less... if she has got 4 ex-boyfriends, then you got 6 ex-girlfriends... you are always two steps ahead from her. Moreover, you always have a new girlfriend before breaking up with the older one...."

"But this time I really realllyyyy love Shikha. And I have no spare girlfriend this time..." Sid pouted and reasoned that he broke up with her only because his phone-bills shot up like never before and he never wanted his friends to suffer paying his bills.

"WOW! What a smartass reason it is? Damn, I am so good at faking dumbs like Phattu. How to explain them what a bitch she is that she could not digest my upcoming relationship with Annie and bloody complained about me to her... For whatever Shikha did, I still love her only, until I find the spare one...." Smirked Sid, inside his heart.

"Whatevrrrrr... leave that.... As you know exposure is always a trend. One week before, she was in black skirt that ended a few inches below her butt-line. Oh! Man, her freshly-waxed-legs, that too without any stretch marks. GOSHH..! And desperate breeze sometimes gave her skirt a slight lift... That was just beyond the

range of the word AWESOME," said Phattu in overexcitement. Everyone laughed slapping their liquored stomachs.

"Ssssssss...", another amongst them nicknamed Ttuttu hushed.

"Donkey duffer, what ssssss sssss you are doing," Sid retorted angrily.

One amongst them poked Sid and whispered, "Psychic Shit! He is 'totla' (he lisps)."

Ttuttu informed, "I can hear the thumping of football shaped warden," and screamed abruptly as he heard the thumping of his footsteps, "Run, big-bum is on the terrace."

"BHAAAAAGOOOO!!! (RUN)" And all the evil spirits (ICFALians) fled clumsily horrifying the globe-like exorcist who was pumpkin faced with untrimmed moustache and overgrown beard. 5-feet exorcist, with his tummy size equalling that of Jupiter's, ran towards them. Unable to kidnap their shadows, he was only left with 8-10 empty bottles of rums and beers, 3 to 4 cigarette-ends and leftover potato chips as evidence. Puffing the perished cigarette-ends and munching the decayed chips, potatofied exorcist smiled and guffawed, "Lucrative-Inoperative Phallus!"

Slamming the door shut, Sid dashed into his room, sprawled on his bed and whispered, "Morning time is spent in writing exams, evening time in preparation, night time in drinks. These exams have cruelly raped me. Thanks to these previous years papers, lest my body would have been mummified in a grave," and fell in deep slumbers. Sid was the most respected last benchner, an inspiring failure with 'Good-for-Nothing' tag.

But... But always during his nutty talks with his friend, a few impending events continued to haunt Sid- What if Shikha will be back in his life again? What if Shikha infringes the LOC (Line of Control) and sticks to Sid's fate as an ex-girlfriend? What if it

was all Sid's desperation hammering in his head to think of such nonsense stuff? What if Shikha would never come back? What if these were stupid sparks of infatuation towards Shikha, as it had been with any of his ancient girlfriends?

Threatening swords of 'What-ifs' dangled over his confused fate.... *Fate, which was destined for something Sid could never imagine!!!*



Third week of Murderous May, 2009.

Sid, all screwed up to every dna-molecule of his blood-cells coz of exam preparation, yearned for a hardcore break. So, to unclog the jammed conduits of his brain, Sid went to his closet for electronic-notebook. While physics' laws of motion already twirling inside his brain, he opened his notebook and logged into his Facebook account, the social-networking website. Unintentionally, Sid bumped into profile of some girl named Avni, who was there in his friend-list but they never had a talk with each other before. On her Facebook status, it had, "Unable to stop my tears :-(." Sid had a confusion whether she was actually upset or not, but he really had an unpleasant feeling regarding that status message. Whatever, girls had an intrinsic trait to flaunt their crocodile tears online...

Suddenly, Sid heard bleep from another disturbing gizmo called "mobile phone" and ignored it. Assuming the call could be of a girl desperately wanting to rock him on bed, Sid thought of greedily going through his mobile phone's missed calls' list, "What the crud? Six missed calls from Hemanshu (nicknamed Charlie), he might be in an urgency," and pouted in disappointment as Hemanshu was not a girl. *Poor me...*

Sid called him back just to reassure Charlie was all right. "Sorry, I wasn't able to pick up your call because I was busy somewhere. I hope everything is fine?" Sid asked with concern.

"Well, when I was going to wash-room, water lying on the floor defeated me. It gave a blow on my ass," pouted Charlie. Sid tried suppressing his overpowering laugh with superhuman efforts, and burst out laughing.

"Jackass..! I am suffering from severe pain in my ass, and you are laughing like an exploded ass," Charlie screamed bleeding Sid's ears.

"The way you described your free-fall provided me an uncontrollable desire to laugh," Sid reasoned to escape from Charlie's frightening shrill voice. A friendly top secret conversation about Charlie's ex-girlfriend went on that she was extremely naughty whenever they made out and a few more entertaining personal facts.

Well, that one hour conversation was exhilarating, and Sid promptly braced himself to fight a losing battle with his exams' preparation. He was studying in the evening at 8, when someone knocked at the door. It was his friend calling him over at the Diner, a restaurant nearby his college-hostel and a place where all the economical night outs unchangeably ended. Sex engulfed every part of that place, behind the tinted car windows in the parking-lot or behind the wide trunk of trees in the greens. Even the seemingly incapable guys, physically, morally or financially were doing it. Having girlfriend(s) was a fashion, and not having even one girlfriend was kind of bringing disgrace. There was a sense of competition among boys whether whose girlfriend was more steamy and horny. And the same rule applied to girls.

When Sid came back, after having his delicious-n-aromatic dinner, he was completely exhausted and his nerves still felt the high-pressure that had been converted into high blood-pressure, if he would not have opened his laptop and began 'Face-booking' with some girls that could turn him on.

Shortly, he noticed the updates by the same girl Avni, saying,

"Something unpredictable happened :-("

Ah! Girls will remain girls and strategic broadcast of their suffering over internet their birthright...

"Hi! Avni," Sid greeted and she was supernaturally online.

"Hi!" she replied, in super-nanosecond. It seemed gals also could not lose chance to talk to guys. Maybe, desperation was all around.

"Well I never had a word with you before, but still I would like to ask. What's the problem you are going through?" Sid inquired, casually.

"Yes, I know. As none of my close friends have asked me, and you are the first person asking me about all this, I will surely let you know."

-And Avni began barking virtually of what happened with her in the last week. The reality was she broke up with someone. "Someone..?" Sid's eyes were wide open. *Hopefully, that someone is not a girl, and she not a lesbian...*

"Hmmm it's a reality you are facing, but you will have to face it, and you'll not face it alone, I am here to help you :-). In a day or two you will definitely be out of all these circumstances. And your way of greeting 'Hi' will be cheerful next time."

":-(", she replied and unexpectedly went offline.

The way Avni went offline, left Sid a little anxious on that lazy night. With all his inbuilt biological batteries discharged, Sid went straight to his bed. Two hours elapsed... Sid, still tossing in his bed, pondering about her. Newton's laws of physics, now overpowered by her emotive talks this time; he was striving for a piece of sleep.



Sharp eight of next morning, barbarous alarm continued machine-gun firing right below his sleepy ears. "HUAAHHH!"

Sid shouted after waking up as if a demon or hell-messenger had alarmed him to take him to malicious and stinky hell. His room-mate was still snoring like a grunting pig that had failed to find its food in puke-smelling gutter.

"Hi handsome," Sid whispered in the ears of Mahesh (Sid's room-mate), and Mahesh held his hand as if Sid was his girlfriend. Mahesh had a girlfriend who was really sweet and beautiful. Not like the ones you would ogle at and shag with, but the ones you would like to take home to your parents.

"Come on psycho pervert, WAKE UP. I am not your girlfriend anymore. We broke up yesterday. We need to write exam today, if you remember," Sid shouted to wake Mahesh from his girlie dreams.

"WHAT THE HELL! DAMNNN!" Mahesh popped out screaming from his bed, just like bursting popcorn off a pressure cooker. They started prinking up.

Sid was simultaneously trying to cram for his exam, but could not. Avni's talks were still speeding like a bullet-train through the cables of his brain.

Sid tried extra hard to focus on his exam's preparation and managed to prepare just fine. Sid was a hostage inside boys' hostel, interior to the college campus, and his wrestling match against exams was going to begin at afternoon. Soon after finishing off with his brain-sucking cramming, he opened his Facebook homepage.

"Hi!" Avni's online message flashed in 1/1000 of a second. Dumbstruck Sid, with his eyes enlarged to the size of snooker balls on her abrupt message. Sid now had no other task but to concentrate on how to continue talking to her, forgetting he had an exam today. MAP THE TRAP! Girls are innate hypnotizers to brainwash guys and make them forget even their own names. So, if Sid forgot his exam, what's the big deal?

"So, how are you doing?" Sid asked drily.

"I'm fine," Avni replied, hiding her grief which was clearly perceptible.

"I have an exam today, and I seriously don't want to fail. So, it is for you to decide, my mother-India, my lord - whether you will still feel dejected or you will send me a big smiley for I can go happily to write my exam," Sid flirted. Avni sent the smiling emoticon so that Sid could write his exams with pleasure and satisfaction.

"Thank you, for a delightful morning. I hope u will carry a big smile on your face from now onwards. If not for anyone, at least for the sake of my felicities."

"Awe right! No problem," Avni replied in a seemingly stolid manner.

"Hmmm.... I get that, but don't worry about that super-idiot who dumped you. I assure you that you will be fine, jigging about on your bed in a few days thanking that fortunate day when you broke up with him," Sid assured her.

Laughing from the mid of her wobbling stomach, Avni replied lively, "Hehehehe."

"This is what I really need, a 'Token' to spend my whole day happily. Thanks," Sid messaged her, and out of no reason a broad smile captured his face.

He was unaware of the short steps he was taking towards an unexplored marshland, all by himself.

"I have only half an hour left to reach my examination hall. I got to run," Sid said dryly. "Okay!" Avni replied and wished him luck.

"Thank you. I needed that, but your smile is already working. It seems you are an enchantress, aren't you?" Sid asked, trying to make her laugh even more and take her out of adversity. And she smiled. Not just smiled. She actually burst into supersonic

laughter that would have detonated the whole damn roof of her home.

"It's working. But unfortunately, I need to leave. So, talk to you later :-)," Sid messaged and went offline. Flapping down his laptop, he shot like a missile for his exam.

They were unaware of the events in which time was serenely putting them to test!!!



"Wohoo!" an overexcited buzzer hooted right on his eardrums outside examination hall. "No single fearful crinkle of exam on your brow, you seem so happy, dude?"

"Yep! That's undeniably true. A crying enchantress had casted a happy spell on me," thought Sid, refraining to disclose about Avni lest they pester calling him sex-offender for the rest of his life.

"So... heard you're busy sweating yourself while rooting someone on one-night-stand last night?"

"Ha...ha.... Ha...." Sid exploded the laughing radiations out, "Yep, I was busy sweating the exam-phobia out of my fearfully vibrating soul by rooting the coils of my brain."

Glancing through the pages for quick revision, Sid skimmed whatever he could not comprehend. In state of despair, Sid approached towards the designated seat, looking downward with his cheeks gravitationally dangling out of dread. Soon after his bums kissed the exam seat, he craned his neck around trying to identify if some male-angel in form of his batch-mate could help him out from such a homicidal situation.

As the student-eater invigilator took each step forward to distribute the papers, the lub-dub sound of his heart started accelerating with ultrasonic pace beating right through his frozen ears. Sheets got distributed to everyone.

"GOD! SAVE ME!" worried Sid sent prayers from his heart to

his trembling soul to the celestial planets. Oops! Same celestial planets dropping dead on his head appeared in his next thought, foretelling the arrival of big honourable zero in his exam.

With his eyes shut, heart begging on its pseudo-knees before God and mind recollecting all the topics he had read, he opened the question paper directing his eyes one after another on that apocalyptic paper. With his eyes round-open to the size of celestial planets he had just imagined and open-jawed expressions intact on his face, he burped noisily.

"THANK GAWWD...MOTHER-BEEPINGLY EASY...!"

With the strike rate of 200.00, he finished his paper in 1.5 hrs. Tendulkar, Don Bradman, or whatever, must have hung themselves from the ceiling fan of their homes if they had known his strike rate.

"Sir, I have done my exam. Can I leave now?" Sid asked the invigilator. All the pathetic faces in that room with their mouth agape, eyes popping out of sockets, stared at him as if finishing the exam was equivalent to finishing their lives.

"No, you can leave only after 3 hrs are over," Invigilator replied arrogantly and the faces this time smirked at him.

"What the heck this arrogant bastard, frustrated from his life, thinks of himself?" Sid shrieked to 1000 mega-decibel level in his mind.

Smartass Sid contorted his face to punctured expressions and said in beggarly tone, "Sir, I request the favour of your granting me permission to leave early."

With a Hitler-kind of bossy smile on his face, autocratic invigilator, after making him beg on his suicidal voice, allowed him to go.

Handing over his answer sheet to invigilator, Sid turned and smirked evilly at batch-mates flaunting his middle finger, and left the examination hall twirling his mocking hips.

All through the lush green areas surrounding college campus to the swathes to his hostel where he could see money-vending boyfriends strolling with one arm around their respective so-called girlfriends and hopefully begging for a profitable kiss. Entering the room, he sprawled on the bed in prostration with his limbs twisted to obscene angles that it would have made into blockbuster scene of x-rated movies.

Sid's rippingly open eyes tried adjusting its adamant pupils to enter into sleeping state. Unable to bully the adamant pupil of his eyes, Sid flapped up his laptop and begun with his time-assassinating process viz. Facebook chatting. It had been days he hadn't had a hygienically affordable girlfriend. Neither online nor offline.

Always playing with the danger, Nude-dude... Wo.. o.o... Wo... ooo! A teasing rhyme far from the other side of the corridor molested his ears. 'Dude' was Sid in this melodiously harassing phrase. It was this friend, who dubbed Sid as Dude, or better, nude-dude.

Sid rocketed himself to the doorpost and shrilled at him, "It seems you badly need a microphone CJ to broadcast the endorsed nudity of 'Dude' to the whole world, Isn't it?"

"Yep, how did you know that," CJ laughed out loud. CJ as in Commercial Joker, the only reason for massive suicidal rates wherever he made his brain-sucking jokes.

"Regardless you win the Voice Hunt Contest or not, but you will definitely become champ of any Laughter Challenge Show. Then you would be a superstar, surrounded by girls desperately wanting you on a date followed by a few more smooches, wild caressing and.... You know what could be next?" grinning Sid ensured him ironically.

"Imagining this has already elevated my testosterone levels," CJ retorted, holding his crotch and both of them exploded their

vocal cords to bouts of laughter.

Rotating open the door clutch, Sid invaded back into his room. His eyes went round to the size of the door clutch to see a pop-up window flashing on his laptop's screen, with the name Avni licking the title-bar of that window. A lethal message from her was greeting him tempting 'Hi'.

Soon he nosedived into the conversation, with formal talks trying to know more about each other. Avni, the crying-motor, was pursuing graduation from Motilal Nehru College of Delhi University. They were astounded when they substantiated they were from the same place and they studied at the same high-school. The most startling thing was that they never conversed with each other in their entire school life.

During conversation, Sid egged her on to change the status message of her profile which displayed, "Something unpredictable happened :-(".

":-(" Avni replied, and disappeared from the chat. *Ah hell! These goddamn crying-motors kind of girls will be the ones to be alleged for my suicidal stunts, one day.*

"It's good she went offline and saved the precious time of my life, but then why am I anxious about her? And filthy fraud! Why am I even thinking of her..???" Sid talked to his heart and his brain too. Even the conferencing among three of them could not find the answer of the supernatural riddle.

"Always playingggg with the dangers, Nude-Dude," CJ entered while rapping the rhyme. The rhyme that always made Sid smile in a silly way, this time failed to do so. Growing dread for Avni was a juggernaut, and every other feeling was too short to dominate it.

"Dude, let's go for dinner," said CJ, the son of a rapper, or better, raper.

"Not in good temper right now," Sid replied drily.

"What happened, boy? You seem to have been castrated... hahaha"

Sid replied with normal expressions on his face, "Nothing as such."

"Okay! We will leave for dinner after one hour?" CJ said.

"Roger that."

CJ, had his bums stuck there for a while, trying to elicit the reason, but could not actually do so. Farting the stinky molecules, he left the room with no delay, after patting his shoulders.

The way Avni went offline made him sweat bullets. His nerves feeling the flow of blood, nerve centre (logically brain) overpowered by heart-thumps, and optic nerves (eyes) feeling the pain as they were continuously focusing on pop-up window of the chat application. Titled with her name, pop-up window anxiously waited for her to reappear online as early as possible.

20.30.50.60 minutes passed away. And Sid's hunger was overtaken by growing fuss this time. Despite hunger, he went straight to his bed.

"WHAT THE HELL! I don't even have her phone number?" Sid shrilled in his mind, dreading the inside surviving cerebellum, cerebrum or anything for the sake of it.

Lying in a prostrate position on his bed, he was pondering about her. All his body parts turned to ice, except his heart synchronous with his brain in intense worry. He slowly closed his eyes, and portrayed her image in his imagination. Unable to imagine the tears falling from her eyes, Sid suddenly opened his eyes. Indeed, the increasing concern for Avni was torturing him with every breath he took.

Damn-Damn-Damn! What the fuddling flip is happening to me? What is it sinking me in...?!



With the cordless suspension of round blazing yellow fireball in the sky next morning, Sid set ablaze his bottoms towards the washbasin inside restroom. He began brushing his nineteen-year-old teeth, which he forgot cleaning from past two days. He watched himself in the mirror that hung up over the washbasin.

WHAT THE SHUCKKK!!! Hellish enough, images of Avni kept on flashing in the mirror one after another like a stupid slideshow presentation. The refresh rate of slideshow went on to her hundred pictures per second. The brushing speed of Sid went on to thousand wipes per second. Stopping his brushing session right there and then, he ran supersonically to his room and slammed the door shut with his mouth fully stuffed with toothpaste froth. *Damn! This is something strange, neither good nor bad, neither pleasant nor unpleasant.*

Sid was so hungry that restless churning in his stomach was felt like hundreds of buffaloes, cows, bulls, donkeys were on a stampede inside. Yet, he opened Avni's profile and left her an offline message.

Partly gratifying his estrogen-famished hormones for Avni, he rushed to the mess for 5-star quality breakfast, not even fit for junkyard dogs.

Stirring the spoon in sweet corn soup that was 99.9% water and beautified with one piece of corn, CJ said playfully staring at Sid, "Yesterday, you didn't come downstairs for dinner. Why so? I hope you were not watching something important, something luscious like X-rated in which a pervert tip-toes his fingers up the girls back to what she wears inside and is about to unhook something that's not required."

"Ha.Ha.Ha...VERY FUNNY!" Sid grunted and smiled fake. Sid, tried to battle with his own brain over why his idiotic concern for Avni made him bluff CJ by casting a fake smile.

We just had a sort of introduction, then why so much of ado

about her. I never felt anything like this for anyone else before. What am I to make of it? What is it this time? Is it love, infatuation or just desperation? Bury the Worry!!!

Attacking back into his room, Sid opened up his Facebook homepage, where online Avni had pinged a message, "Ahem ahem..."

Sid somehow refrained himself from disclosing his extraterrestrial feelings for her and asked, "What is ahem ahem?"

"Ahem Ahem means you are an undisputed IDIOT. Hehehe... Nothing, I just received your message today morning, saying I can't even imagine tears in your eyes. I don't know whether it's true or not. But I won't cry and definitely try to be happy from now onwards. Okay, IDIOT :-):-P."

"And I am assuring you that you will be behaving happily in coming days. Forget the one who hardly cared about your feelings. You know what, pondering about the one who never cared for you is like craving for the toothbrush with sucked bristles which was never yours..."

"Hehehe.... I'll forget him. Damn sure... :-)," she promised.

"And you know what, you really do childish things. You are super-stupid," Sid said.

"Yepo! I know I am super-stupid.... :-)" Avni teased, molesting herself by her own words.

"So, how will you guarantee you won't be creating Pacific Ocean at your home next time?"

"Pacific Ocean?! My stomach is not freaking reservoir to hold that much water. I don't drink that kilo-kilo-kilo-kilolitres of water every day... hehehehe..."

"Shut up!" Sid laughed out loud even planet Mars would have wobbled on its rotational axis from his laughing frequency, "I meant, what's the guarantee you won't weep next time?"

"You are with me, naa. So, I won't have any problem," she replied. All the female specimens on this entire planet, perhaps, on every planet, have an inbuilt strategizing molecule to buy guys with diplomatic answers.

"I hope you will not weep alone next time. Do remember me in such awesome times. We will hang around crying. :-P," Sid replied, activating all his internal flirt buttons installed by God. And they both began laughing carnival on their dumbest jokes. Cell-phone numbers got exchanged, and so were 'The' dumbest jokes ever phrased by mankind. When in college, this would be the first trademarked thing guys or gals would love sharing- their cell phone numbers, then their everyday schedule, then their feelings, then their... Ahh! Forget it, it's better to stop here...

Thenceforth, their talks went on escalating like escalating corruption in India. They had sowed the seeds of 'Friendship'. And Sid held her fingers through her way, to bring joy and vivacity back in her life to her heart's content.

"nooo... NO... NOOO!!!"

A scary nightmare shook him awake from his hypnotic sleep. It was the nightmare that he had encountered four months before. The nightmare wherein he witnessed a girl submerged under the ocean, as he looked at the fuzzy reflection of sun over the water and the blurry face of the girl underneath. Blurred Sun was fading away as the drowning breaths of girl were fading away surrendering to hell with every perishing second and Sid - Sid just could not do anything except witness her entering the radius of death.... All his perspiring face, escalating gasps, terrified eyes as always, could not make out anything off the horrible nightmare for the second time in the same year??



Hi dear,

I hope you liked the sample chapter of 'Love You Forever... Only In That Way!!!'

The book has been released. You can purchase the entire book from bookstores or shopping carts across the world. If this can make a crying person smile and set a hopeless person to upbeat mood, I will feel it has solved its purpose. Share your gags with every special person. I would really love to hear what you think of the book when you've read it. Feel free to write in to me.

Warm regards,
Saurabh



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