

THE SQUARE OF SECRETS

'You need Class
& Imagination to write
like him' – The People



'Outstandingly
Suspenseful plot...'
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Saurabh presents interesting insights into the lives and thoughts of the millennial generation.

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Read his previous book '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!

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Its story 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..
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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.....
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Saurabh is in a Class of his own. Many writers are successful at expressing their feelings out and formulate a particular point of their idea. Saurabh’s books do both and much more.
—*Sunaina* (Gurgaon, Haryana)

Introduction of The Square of Secrets

Of all the secrets we disguise, our destiny disguises the deepest secrets never known to us... With awareness of such secrets, humans would overturn the laws of nature, resulting in the definite doom of their own race. Such dark secrets is what they encounter-

Suhani, a supermodel face, set to win Pageant Beauty Contest, but lives under the black shadow of an unknown since birth. Before she knows it, **Sid**, who is always her protection, becomes the sole reason for her destruction. Thus humiliated by Suhani, Sid plots revenge. But, a deadlier plot sparks the mind of **Aditya** to rule someone's life...

One tries to gamble the destiny of the other to turn time in his favour. But time forges itself, reversing all the rules of one's game to gamble with one's fate. One broken link, one minor mistake and their life turns upside-down...

What if your past holds the secret key to destroy your future?
What if your blessed birth turns out to be your tragic curse? If so, who will appear to lift your curse?

Spinning the complex plots, bestselling author Saurabh Dudeja, awarded for his life-transforming stories by Homeshop18, brings a breathtaking suspense thriller packed with witty humor that will transform your life by exposing the secrets barely revealed by mankind...

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Prologue

PULL THE CHAIN! PULL THE DAMN CHAIN!

A male voice screamed, in a flash, as if his thing had got jammed in zip of his pants. Indeed, he shouted because of me. I crawled down, gasping heavily, on the floor of Rajdhani Express, Coach B-2, Birth no. 42. The train had just escaped and traversed only a kilometre's distance.

“Hold on! Hold on, son! I’m a doctor,” a man barked out. “This normally happens with a person travelling for the first time in an A/C train. The compartments smother you as if someone has rammed a tube-light down your throat. Let me check!” he added and began examining. He was almost a perfect sphere, triple my waist size I figured, dressed in navy blue jeans and a green shirt with buttons that were threatening to burst open. It felt as if our whole damn planet was sitting beside me.

“No need to worry. No need to worry. He’ll be fine in a minute or two,” the doctor said confidently, releasing my wrist.

The very moment—That instant—the same bloody second he uttered those ‘No need to worry’ soothing words, I began panting more heavily. My whole damn body was shivering as

if breath would escape just now, and I would die right there and then, putting all blame on the doctor's collar.

Watching my pathetic 'Any-time-death' condition, the doctor, who was almost drowned in tons of sweat by then, fumbled to pull the train's chain. Chain- that was more in demand than the doctor himself.

"CALL THE AMBULANCE!" he barked louder this time. Ambulance- the loudest word of all. The train halted two kilometres from Bangalore City station. I was a kind of laughing inside while watching the wretched condition the doctor was in by now. You just pinch him once and he would break into kilolitres of tears.

Soon ambulance siren was heard crying sharp like hell. It grew stronger with every passing second till it was crying under my ears and above my shoulders. These bloody ambulance sirens, truly, were fully capable of killing a patient faster than the time he would have otherwise taken to die normally.

Doctor and his beautiful daughter (around 21 of age in skin-tight attires) crutched me up to the stretcher. I tried hard not to stare at her and not to let my tongue hang loose.... but I couldn't resist resting my hand on her smooth-as-hell back as she supported my weight and her father tried his best to throw me onto the stretcher. I could never explain that awesome feeling of fondling back of a smoking hot girl right under her dad's nose.

T.h.e.r.e.. I.. w.a.s, dropped badly into Artemis Ambulance, like a badly tampered cricket ball. The doors were latched and I lay there gasping, flat on my back on the narrow bed. It was so damn packed like Indian local buses that there was hardly any space inside to sprawl out. White bed-sheet was all bathed in bloodstains - big, round and deep red stains. I felt nauseated as its smell flowed through my nostrils to vibrate my entire stomach. Even someone was not yet a patient would instantly become one, once dragged into this space.

My eyes half closed, I could see the trademark south Indian nurse, one of those kinds who the moment see new patient can't control their thirst to bang injection square on rumps of the patient. She fine-tuned the quantity of liquid injection, adjusting the plunger a couple of times, ready to go for the kill.

3.. 2.. 1.. GO!.

“HOLD ON! HOLD ON! I am all fine. I can walk. I can talk. I can breathe. I can fu...” I yelled at her, heaving myself up in one quick motion and sitting upright on the bed.

“Aaaaahh!” the nurse screamed, all frozen and scared as hell. She flung the expensive injection in the direction of the door. The driver brought the van to a screeching halt, hearing her outcry. I could think of nothing, but to swoosh out of the closed door like Superman, only the one without red underwear of course.

“SORRY! SORRY! You are as charming as red wilted rose on an autumn morning,” I smiled, moving her cheeks sideways. I knew my statement was bitchy contradictory, in no way complimenting her beauty, but then it made the nurse smile.

“I am in rush. I gotta go,” with these words, I sprung out like a laser beam from any antenna straight to a satellite.

All those events were planned. Crazy, isn't it?

This was me, ‘not-so-sick’ dude—Insane, Intelligent, and of course— Innocent. It was today I realised that I was the most indisciplined, the most irresponsible and the most uncivilised person on planet earth as I had—

- (1) made a running train stop by pulling the chain (though I was not the one who actually did so).
- (2) stirred up the soul of a doctor, his death almost rising up to the epiglottis of his throat.

- (3) groped the back of a young beautiful girl, the doctor's daughter (honestly, against my principles).
- (4) called an ambulance; other genuine patient could have needed it more.
- (5) made a nurse's eyeballs rolled up, and an expensive injection had broken into pieces. So, she had to pay some bucks as penalty to hospital. Maybe much more than her monthly salary. But again, my smile was what she compensated for.

After breaking all the laws, being uncivilised, I was intuitively racing back for a dreadful reason orchestrated by fate and forged by time... A reason that pulled us all into cryptic maze of a mysterious destiny.....

The only question unanswered was: Will I be able to stop the ongoing disaster that had come as a result of gamble which was played against the fate.....?

Chapter 1

The Deception Point

Mouth paranormally agape, eyes ripping open, eyelashes in a standstill mode, necks turned slowly from one side to another like malfunctioning pendulums moving in a real-slow motion screwing all real-time variables. Boys blessed with the supernatural sighting of Suhani could not help their tongues hanging out loose. Girls who glimpsed this Goddess of Beauty had every square millimetre of their nose-hair fired, seething with jealousy.

Suhani was fair-complexioned with super silky and shiny straight dark brown hair. Her dimpled smile created the most adorable sight ever. Her beautiful walk with cute steps made everyone's day. She had a typical traditional Indian dressing sense, yet her appearance had the abnormal American flavor. She was so beautiful that one crook of her little finger and a whole army of useless guys would appear to cater to her every whim. She was irresistibly cute without an iota of artificial glamour, so cute that a guy would like to carry her in his pocket to prevent her from the struggle of walking. She was truly one of a kind in Bangalore, a limited edition, with that arresting supermodel face and figure. Out of the various beauty contests she had won, next year's was the mega one. She was all set

for Pageant Beauty Contest, blissfully unaware of the mysteries her blessed birth would soon bring her way, clueless about the master game in which the stars of the skies would put her to the test...

PUCCCKKKK....POPPPPP....CHHISSSHHHH....

The foamy froth escaped the beer can. “Oh... STINKY HELL!” shouted Aditya, nicknamed Ady. The yellowish liquid had splashed all over his denims. Ten solid, slow seconds of silence followed. Then they burst out laughing bombastically, like out-of-order speakers, only to rupture the eardrums of Ady. It was purely symbolic to something unusual as these jerks never laughed like that before. Of course, how would you react if froth had splashed over your friend’s objectionable place where it should not be...?

“Looks like you were up to some kind of indecent practice, performed mostly alone. YUCK! You yourself would puke,” Sid exploded into laughter again. All other surplus idiots also detonated into peals of laughter like nuclear chain reaction of bombs connected in series.

“Why the heck are you laughing? Is my problem a joke to you all?” hollered Ady. Nut-skulls still devoted into uninterrupted rounds of laughter.

“Hehehe...Your father is finding a ‘Laxmi’ (a suitable girl) for you. How can that be a joke? It is SO SERIOUS!” Irony of ironies, it was Suhani consoling him thus. She laughed holding her hollow stomach. Now this is an extraordinarily commendable trait in girls — they would crack jokes that are funny to them alone and subsequently laugh like mentally unfit patients.

“Freaky Ady...We shared so many beautiful dreams that every one of us would go in for a love marriage but you are a big disgrace to our gang, you’re like some bloody eunuch!”

Sid boomed at him. "The proverb 'Every gang has a traitor' seems true now, just coz of you. Huh!"

"Shut your goddamn proverbs inside your mouth, Sid," Ady made a long face. Looking at his expression, someone would think his parents were lining up thousands of divorcee women for him. Divorced at least three times and thereby equipped with superior quality of experience.

Ady had a spiky hairdo and silver piercing on his eyebrows and beneath his lips. If only he had superhuman courage, he would have had the rest of his body parts decorated as well. According to Ady, girls liked guys with piercings as they found guys damn horny and were ready to bed with these guys any moment. What a determined disillusion! He was completely unaware of the reality; the majority of girls ran away with twice as much speed when they saw him coming, convinced that he was gay. But whatever the truth was, no gal could stop praising the legendary horniness of handsome Ady. Though he was a bit rude to girls sometimes, he was undoubtedly sexier than all the other guys in his office.

"Why don't you understand my problem?" said Ady, scratching his head.

"What problem...Don't we have any problems? Don't I have any problem?" Sid hollered, turning his neck a quick 180 degrees just to take a stretched glance at an oomph girl passing by.

"Oh Maaaah GAAAWD! Doesn't she have problems?" Sid pointed at the goddess of oomph who had just passed by, a piece of genuine TNT dynamite with the intrinsic capability to detonate the hearts of a million boys at once.

"Ady...Ady...the girl on your left is gazing at you," Suhani yelled out.

Already horrified by the paranormal prospect of arranged marriage, Ady began walking towards the girl with his chest puffed out like a first time gym-goer, flaunting his bud-like chest

as if he was the clone of Arnold Schwarzenegger, only with India as birthplace in his birth certificate.

“Don’t you have anything to do other than smiling at sexy guys like me? Trying to flatter me with your stupid charm... Huh! GET LOST! Your smile won’t do,” he howled at her, blowing their positive hopes out of water.

The innocent girl fled, emanating angry fumes from her nostrils.

“What an idiot he is! Rarely does any cute girl smiles at him and shithole that he is, he always misses opportunities... You know what they say, when a girl smiles at a guy, half the love battle is won. Losing a half-won battle is like jumping out of the bed just before you are done making out,” Suhani chuckled.

“Good, good! You and your attitude towards girls. Do you know how bloody rude that was! Who would want to fall in love with you? Go and get married to the girl your parents have chosen. What the hell do you think of yourself!” Sid muttered aloud, his impressed hands clapping loudly in Ady’s honour, only a lot more insultingly.

“Cut the bullcrap,” Ady said gruffly. “And listen, I don’t want my parents to force me into marrying a girl I don’t love. That is the only one thing in my life that should be of my choice, my life partner. Right from the time I was a tiny kid sucking my thumb till today when I am twenty-six, everything has been of their choice, damn it!” Everyone was stunned, and stood staring at him a little too long. “Now what??? Why are you staring at me like that? Everybody sucked their thumbs when they were infants, so what’s the big deal?”

“Aaaaahhh...!” Suhani said, exasperated. “Here comes The Don. Parents from every neighbouring country are eagerly hunting for a son-in-law like him, the brave man who will love their daughter forever.”

“TO HELL WITH YOU GUYS!” Ady retorted angrily, his nose turning a charming red.

“Let us leave now, we are getting late. We need to drop the girls at their Paying Guesthouses(PGs) as well...,” Sid said, hiding the fact that he had an important office assignment to complete.

“Shut up, duuuuh... We need a life. And why are you worried about us, we are grown-up girls. Thanks for your unwanted concern,” Suhani screamed ultrasonically, her vocal chords producing thousand oscillations a second. “And hell..... are you really concerned about us? Or is there someone you have to meet late in the night? We completely understand late night pleasures, Sid....”

“Yeah, Sid will have fun in the red light area with some red-hot beauty,” Ady guffawed aloud. Everyone started fixating at Sid as if he was a frequent sex-offender willing to do any outrageous thing for his economical night-outs.

“Ha ha ha...WHATEVER,” Sid laughed at the joke that was funny to Ady alone.

In one-thousandth of a second, Suhani pounced on Sid like any evil-looking witch starving from a hundred years, now greedily wanting his sensitive and delicate body parts in dinner. “Let us go to Indiana, Sid. It’s a weekend. We’ll have fun dear. And it might solve Ady’s problem of finding a life-partner of his choice.”

“Okay...Only for you, my dear. I’ll get my Scorpio. So everyone, pick up your lazy bums for a boom-boom night,” Sid cried out, pulling her cheeks which were cute enough. “But we will be back by eleven.”

“Chooo...chweeet!” Suhani cooed, pinching his chin, as if he had spouted a James Bond dialogue. Of course, if it had been James Bond in his place, she would have fainted on the spot.

Suhani and Sid were just close friends, but most jobless people thought they were the cutest couple. Well this is India. When someone roams with a person of the opposite gender, the shitty brains of people begin to fan rumours about *shahi*

chicken biryani cooking between the two. In this case, it didn't matter if *shahi* chicken biryani was really under preparation; their lives were dedicated to the 'free-falling mechanism' as everyone put it- Sid's cuteness made horny girls fall freely in love with him, Ady's horniness made charming girls fall freely on his bed, and Suhani, she made all guys fall freely down on their knees, regardless of their tastes, standards or alpha-male egos.

Dark clouds of uncertainty hovered over Ady on the way to the nightclub. *Shall I lay my cards on the table before Suhani today and divulge all the cryptic secrets of the past? If I do that, what will be the consequences...?*

.

Indiana—the most crowded and happening nightclub during weekends. People from every strata of society, whether a mediocre nine-to-five employee or a business magnate, rocked the place. A top-notch disco overflowing with snazzy and ultramodern girls with their cool and crazy boyfriends who were always ready to burn a hole in their pockets for them. Another category a.k.a. 'Singles' would come there just to try their luck, looking for a quick shag with some bold babe or macho man, a Richie Rich. These singles were usually happily geared up to spend money on stag entries costing over `2500; these were the types who could not control their hormones, more so because after 1 a.m. Indiana would call high-profile entertainment escorts to profit their business. No matter what the price, whatever the loss, everyone was doing it. Relaxing at a nightclub on the weekend after a long stressful work week was more of an aristocratic rule than an immoral habit.

In the pitch black everywhere, hundreds of heads bobbed in superfast pace with the music. The psychedelic lights danced as if they too had found their respective dance partners. Freshly waxed legs, deadly moves and a few rhino-

like bouncers, and added to this chaos was Ady's horribly demented smile at Sid.

"Sometimes it seems Ady is really a gay and a girl will surely feel secure in his arms. What an extraordinary duffer he is!" Sid thought and smirked.

Ady was unable to control his desperation to fall in love, clear from his hungry eyes. Ady's eyes hovering at every next female frame, scanning them from head to toe as if his eyes got laser beams installed to look across their apparels.

Sid continued shaking his hips with the music. "Hey, Ady...Watch out for the girl in black...", Sid shrilled into his ears. "She is just at your right. Go fall in love with her. OVER!"

"Ohhhh Nooooooooo.... This girl is a bloody bitch. She was with other rich uncle the last week. And now she is kissing a.....s of this super-rich spectacled nerd. This girl is too volatile an investment for me. I can't take risk with such highly-volatile stocks... hahahahahaha. OVER AND OUT!"

SCARY HELL! Sid's hand got yanked, all of a sudden; it was Suhani in this alien-attack forcibly dragging him away from the crowd.

"What the hell does she want," he thought. "Where is she taking me to? Towards the bar?! O JESUS! Maybe she is taking me to some honeymoon suite on the first floor..." number of thoughts blew up Sid's brain.

Suhani placed her soft palms on his chest and pushed him down on an exotic couch.

"WHHHHAAAAAAAAAATTT...?" Sid shouted nervously out. "Are you out of your mind?"

"NO. My mind is out of me!"

"Have you gone crazy? Why are you doing this stuff? Why are you behaving so strange?"

"That's because I am Strange," she said, biting her lips, imbalancing his hormonal stability. Sid realised her voice was passionate like never before.

“Thank God... it’s not a bed. It’s just a couch... Oh shucks! But still it can satisfy her intentions... Ahhhh! I forgot she is wearing *salwar-kameez* and not tee-shirt, otherwise she could have ripped it off and started with something over-romantic,” Sid conceived through his puzzled mental calculations.

“Hehehe! I am just kidding. Why are you turning so pale?” Suhani chuckled, playfully pinching his nose.

“DAMN! My heart almost jumped off its place and migrated in my mouth. HOLY YOU!”

“It’s always one or the other guy flattering me. They even say things like, ‘It will be my pleasure to buy a drink for you, Miss’ but for the first time today, I will be the one offering a costly drink to a guy,” Suhani said slowly.

“Ahaaaaa! Cool... It seems you are in love. Who is that lucky guy?”

“You know him very well,” Suhani responded, raising her left eyebrow.

Curiosity getting the better of his sense of fright, Sid asked, “Ummm....I don’t know.”

“I’m talking about you, you dumbo! And no, I am not in love. I am just offering you a drink. It will be my pleasure to buy you a drink, Sir. Which one would you like, sirrrrrrrrr?” she asked, her naughty smile growing wider. Her sparkling eyes had love and romance suffused to 200 per cent. There was something inexplicable in her eyes, her smile, in every word she said. Something that would have provoked any guy to kiss her full on the lips at that very moment. Sid felt the same urge, but curbed it somehow.

“Then let us have tequila shots,” he answered, gunshots already firing in his head.

“YIPPIEEE!” Suhani shouted happily into his ears, as if Brad Pitt had accepted her marriage proposal and was willing to divorce Angelina, Sid thought. Poor Angelina, and poorer would be Brad Pitt if he had married Suhani, he mused.

She jiggled away, her hands and hips oscillating without any pause as if God himself had installed faulty pendulum mechanics in her structural design.

“She is damn beautiful. Isn’t it..? She is driving me crazy!” Sid heard someone whisper behind him. He swivelled to see. It was Ady! Shock Knock.

All of a sudden, Ady was jumping all over the lounge as if there were multiple springs fitted to his rear. “Let me try my luck with her,” he said, releasing a thick cloud of cigarette smoke on Sid’s shocked face.

“Oh c’mon Ady. She is innocent and pure. If a girl agrees to go with a guy to a discotheque, it doesn’t mean she is morally wrong. I know you very well, you’re just an animal. And moreover, you are not even conscious, otherwise I may have left you with her...”

“Chuck it. I am not interested in your Vivekananda kind of speeches. I am only interested in Suhani. Go walk it off, I will convince her with something,” Ady said huskily, his heroic mouth spewing smoke like a fused grenade. This was not Ady, he had become someone else, Sid could read his intentions in his glazed eyes.

“Hey Ady, did you find any girl of your choice?” Suhani butted in, holding a tray full of tequila shots, smiling stupidly at Sid. A stupid, sweet, out-of-the-ordinary smile so heavenly, anyone would be ready to kill armed forces of thousands to preserve it.

“No... not yet. I think there isn’t any beautiful angel left in this toxic heaven. Anyway, let it be, but tell me, why are you taking tequila shots? It won’t have any effect on you,” Ady drawled.

“Why not?”

“Ufff... ’Coz you are bloody alcoholic, way beyond the tequila shots” Ady looked steadily at Suhani, confident that he was the only expert flirt in the entire universe. Sid was

engaged in drinking water than in listening to his pathetically flirty taglines.

“You’ve got no one to flirt with, except me. Hmph! And don’t you know... Someone was already holding me before you got here?” Suhani said, looking stupidly around.

“WHHHOOOOO...?”

“Sid!” she blurted out loud. GHOSTED GIRL! Sid spat out the water he had just drunk, right back into the same glass from which he was drinking. Ady’s eyeballs bulged out of unexpected 4000 megawatt shock.

“WHAAA...TT??? When was I holding you?” Sid cried out, eyes so wide open. Suhani worried whether his eyes would pop out of their sockets.

“Aha! Don’t try to act over-smart, Sid. Weren’t your hands on my waist a few minutes back?”

“Noooo....You were the one who pulled my hand and placed it there,” Sid’s eyes all in shame, not ready to accept the forced reality.

“Okay fine, I agree, but didn’t you admit to the fact yesterday night, that you like me?”

“Okay guys... I am leaving... Enjoy yourselves!” Ady dismissed himself and began walking in the direction of the door.

“Oyee... what happened? What happened, Ady? Why are you leaving just like that?” Sid continued reiterating before he disappeared into blackness.

Ady’s behaviour was odd that night. His brusque irritation was clearly visible; his voice had never sounded so hoarse before.

“What was that all about? Why did he leave just like that? Is he in love with Suhani? No, I know him, he can never fall in love with any girl. Girls are just playthings for him, a material to play with. So, why did he leave?” A million questions exploded in Sid’s head. “Ah! Forget it. For the time being, just focus on drinks, Sid.”

“Okay...Let’s booze coz no great story started without booze. LET’S BOOZE AND GET LOOSE,” said Suhani, sitting close to Sid. She was so damn close that even homeless air dreaded passing through.

Sid moved himself an inch back. She came an inch closer.

Sid backed himself again. She came closer again.

Sid’s ‘backslide-defense’ repeated. Her ‘counter-firing’ deteriorated.

Every time her skin touched his, Sid felt a spark rush through his body. Sid could feel her soft smooth thighs warming his own. Her silky-arms sometimes rubbed against his arms to bless him with warmth outside. Inside was a hot and burning sensation – 1000 centigrade hot. These feelings were something greater than the feelings any word could detail.

His mind was like a fused circuit; he had never expected Suhani to get so freaking intimate with him. “It seems I have signed my own death warrant after accepting that I like her,” he cursed himself.

“Well, now I am going to test the effect of alcohol on my brain. Want to test how robust my thinking-machine is?” Suhani challenged him, holding out the n’t h tequila shot.

“WOW! So you are screwing your brain, then how will you think!” Sid replied, the wow expression plastered to his face.

“Shut up! Girls never think from brain. We bloody losers think from heart.”

Oops! Was that a compliment or an insult to girls, Sid was totally confused. Whatever it was, one thing was bloody clear, girls had the talkative brains installed in their heart.

Tequila shots were lined up on the table. They began swigging them, one by one–

1. First Tequila down. “Cooool... I never thought she would drink it in one gulp like that!”

2. Second Tequila down. "I am damn sure, she won't be able to resist now..."
3. Third Tequila down. "Ohhh Myyy Gaaawddd...she is a drunkard's hot mom..."
4. Fourth Tequila upside-down. "No doubt! This time this beautiful-bomb is totally bombed."

Even the tequila drink itself had gone trippy after kissing her lips.

"C'mon Suhani... A few more shots, a few more shots"- it appeared to Sid as if other tequila drink was screaming to kiss her lips again. Sid kind of rubbed his eyes thrice and to his amazement it was Ritika shrilling at her back and cheering her on.

Sound-overloaded-disc now seemed like it had gone mute. The shots had taken their toll, conquering every fraction of his liquored brain cells.

"Nooo... No more shots to Suhani, Ritika. She is bumper drunk right now," Sid made an excuse about Suhani, only to hide his own stoned state, which was clear from this stupid face otherwise.

"Okayyy... Shhhiiiiidd... Nooo more drinkshhh." Suhani slurred. Her 'sh' words were simply sweet and fresh. Suhani rested her head on his shoulders, almost dead.

"Ritika, since Suhani is totally gone-case now, will you drop her to her guesthouse or should I take her to my apartment?"

"Your apartment??? Ahaaaan! I got it," Ritika's erotic eyes went colossally round to the diameter of Tequila glasses.

"Ah! Forget it. Why all you girls have installation of Einstein's brain, always inferring non-sense out of no sense?"

"Hahaha! Just kidding," Ritika laughed her lungs out, "But I'll be here for an hour. You can take her to your apartment meantime. When I'll get back home, you can shift her to my

apartment. Coz the gate to PG apartment would have closed by now.”

Sid gently locked Suhani’s right arm around his shoulders and embraced her velvety waist with his other arm for support as they made their way out. Her soft hair spilling all around her face distracted him. She appeared more beautiful than any of the angels he had seen in animated movies. The feeling in his heart was beyond the feeling of love- Feeling that would just bring a big smile on your face. Feeling that would convince anyone to smack kisses all over her face and love her beyond limits. Controlling those weird feelings with superhuman effort, he carefully tucked in the stray strands behind her ears.

“Shhhho romantic....” she murmured as soft as dove, marking a smile on his face. “Look Shhiiiiid...You are a cute rashhhcal, adjusting my hair and.....And holding my waist again. Hnnnn?” Suhani winked mischievously.

“Shhhhh!”

She was so drunk that she couldn’t even put one step forward without stumbling and holding on to Sid’s shoulder tightly. Her footsteps suffered from sheer alcoholism. She was so hell drunk as if all her inner organs got replaced with bar-tables filled with Tequila shots.

Crutching her to car was freaking difficult than carrying baby in a womb for nine months. If God had asked his choice, Sid would have preferred the latter.

Getting her comfortably seated inside, he adjusted her like any hubby would do. Just when he was about to pull away, Suhani tugged him towards her and all at once, she firmly locked her arms around his neck, smiled madly into his eyes and pulled him down until he was horizontally sprawled above her. Sid could feel her heart beat. It was if every inch of her body was demanding, crying out for his sick love, his touch. The first rampant shock wave travelled through his entire body vibrating all his internal organs. He could hear the loud thud

of her adorable heartbeat keeping rhythm with his pulsating own.

“Where are you taking me?” she asked, naughtily.

“To..To my flat, 'coz it is half past eleven and you are completely drunk.”

“LIAR! LOAFER, why can't you say you want to take advantage of me tonight?” she smiled, tracing one finger gently on his left cheek. Everything seemed to have come to a standstill—their heartbeats, their breaths, their locked eyes, - except her finger lining his cheek.

“SHUT UP. Now let me drive the car...”

.

Sid took her straight to his bed room. Clearing off beautiful banyans and gorgeous underwear kept for drying on his bed, Sid dropped her on the bed and began leaving.

“Pleashhh shhtay a leettle longer Shhiiid...” Suhani murmured, promptly catching hold of his wrist. Sid moved to her side and no sooner had he put his feet up on the bed than she heaved herself over him, pasting her body on top of his as if they were in a Fevicol adhesive advertisement..

“Pleashhheee come close Shhhid...”

“WHAT?” Sid asked, his eyeballs doubling their normal diameter. She locked her palm in his right palm. Her soft touch transfigured his entire body into one of the icebergs of *Titanic* movie.

“Why do you drink so much?” Sid asked, opening his frozen jaws somehow.

“I drink to make other people interesting,” she smiled and her face inched closer until they were at kissing distance. She laid her head on his chest, her arm draped over his stomach, and cooed, “You know what Shhhiiid, I trussht you blindly... I am confident you will nevvver break my trust...”

“Yep. Never, Suhani,” said he replied, adjusting the hair strands that were falling into her eyes.

“You know whaaat... Your smile has the power to heal anyone with its healing powersshh. But the problem isssh... your smile appears just like a meteorite shooting. Onsssh in hundred years...” she beamed. Her smile was so lovely and fetching, it could have blessed a blind man with vision to see this beautiful world.

By this time, the tequila in Sid’s own system began whirling him around. Suhani was now tracing her fingertips along his jaw line, and Sid was trying his very best to keep distance. This time though, he wasn’t too sure he could hold himself back much longer. He struggled so badly, it was as if the tequila shots had been laced with Viagra and Sid was being tortured under the effect of its (s)exploitation.

They were hardly speaking now. Their Face was more than close till they felt each other’s breath. Her every next breath went heavy with reducing distance. Tilting heads to 30 degrees in opposite directions, they started bringing lips nearer and dearer. The distance between their lips was down to millimetres. They closed their eyes with utmost slowness. Breath got almost exchanged. Sid could feel his lower lip brushing against her soft upper lip. He could taste the tequila drops that were still on her lips. Her lips soooooo soft like strawberry marshmallows. This was the first time Sid felt that she was crossing all her boundaries. They felt each and every shiver of that moment.

They were lost in a different galaxy so romantic and so passionate that for a few seconds neither knew what was happening. All of sudden, a spark-like thought crossed his mind. Sid twitched himself back; propelled out of his bedroom in tear-hurry as if missiles fitted on his rears were now activated for an unknown assault.

MINUTES LATER.....

A yellow envelope next to the bed magnified the pupils of Suhani's eyes to the dimensions of the clock that was hung on wall. Smiling Suhani overstretched her liquored arms from the bed and hunted the target envelope. Her head spinning with the alcohol, she gleefully slipped two fingers inside the envelope to remove its contents. A letter and something cylindrical fell out. In a matter of seconds, her starving eyes gobbled up every line of the letter...- And then... Something mysterious, really mysterious, began haunting Suhani soon after skimming through the message calligraphed on the letter....

Chapter 2

The Crashed Saturday Night

DEAD SHOCK! Suhani's dreadful scream woke the dead out of Sid. Sid emerged into his room supersonically as if just fired from a rocket-launcher.

He saw her in right-out-of-alcohol freshness for the first time which floated inside his head for a few seconds till she blew him off.

C H H H A T T T T T T T T T T T T T ! ! !
H.e.r.e...i.t...w.a.s...It resounded in the whole room. She released her hand on his face, highly unbelievable. Her soft hand landed with a bang on his left cheek. Sid kept standing there without moving an inch, his head down meditating on something he could not understand yet.

Not even a single word emanated out of his mouth. His tongue got frozen— the same tongue that might had dribbled with hers a few minutes before. Words were not at all ready to come out his mouth, and his eyes were not in position to talk to her drenched eyes, which were now becoming lakes out of sadness and mistrust. Five slow, long seconds of painful silence followed.

“What you wanted to do with me, Sid? And why?” Her voice came out choked with tears. There was sound of

splintering as her voice cracked. "ALL YOU THOUGHT OF WAS JUST..... WHY SID???"

Though the entire room was lit with bright moonlight, yet it was lost against the dark that fell all around her. Her crying froze Sid as though touched with ice. Every body part was felt numb, lifeless, screaming with pain.

In completely lost state, she backed herself against the wall and waveringly sat down wailing and sobbing. Sid could see a small water puddle adjacent to her head, drops falling into it depressing him to commit suicide. Her cries pinned his heart every passing slow second.

"You broke my trust, Sid...Why did you...?" Her voice trailed off and she stared unseeingly at the floor, whispering curses in a fierce undertone as every word of the message flashed before her eyes. Her scream was sort of several needles flowing through his blood tearing his veins. "All you wanted to do was sleep with me tonight? Apply your cheap tricks, exploit me off my unconscious state and satisfy your shameless intentions...?"

"I am not getting what you are speaking, Suhani," Sid said, voice retarded to his own ears, let alone Suhani's ears.

"JUSTTTT SHUT UP! You are the person I blindly trusted and you just...How could you be so inferior, Sid...?" she lashed out, traces of tears all around her face just like several gorges out of two waterfalls. "You say you don't understand, huh? I don't think you are dumb, neither are you innocent. What does this letter means?"

Suhani flung the letter right at his face. Embarrassed, still unable to meet her eyes, Sid picked up the letter and read the words...

Sending you two capsules of a hypnotic drug.
Pour the contents of both capsules in Suhani's drink
And quench all your desires...
Voila! My superstar champ, make me proud...

Sid sat down next to her, took her hand in his and mumbled an apology. His voice sounded extremely contrite, showing signs of guilt he had.

“Do you think your sorry will work? Saying sorry is easier than realizing the damage you have caused, Sid. A person like you, so selfish, so ready to destroy someone for their own perverted benefit. You know something Sid, I really liked you. And you... you were just making a move on me, for this reason, for tonight... I’m disgusted, Sid... You and your cheap intentions, GO TO HELL.... All men are cheap creatures.... GET LOST!” she retorted with boiling rage not at all allowing him to calm her down. She could no longer take him on trust.

“But... Suhani just... listen to me once...”

“JUST SHUT THE HELL UP! All men are same. They are all bloody cheat,” she shrilled as Sid stood up and began walking away.

“Who told you to try all of them?” Sid said, finding the situation a little funny.

“JUST GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE, NOW!” she cried and cried, and cried beyond words could explain.

Sid stood silently at one corner without saying a letter. Even if he had to speak up, words never sprung out before Suhani. All he was left with nothing but himself alone with disgrace. Sid truly cursed himself for something he could yet not apprehend.

Multiple images of the past flashed in Suhani’s brain—‘the pleasant memories, and Sid’s caring nature that always boosted her to do even the seemingly difficult and entangled things. His touches and caresses. His friendly and pure smile. His mischievous and clever ways to tell lies, and her stupidity to consider them true. His first time enjoying fagging, and on noticing this Suhani twisted her nose...and in the next second he stubbed it down and smiled foolishly at her.’

“All you love is yourself, Sid. You are a big damn fraud, Sid. A big damn fraud!” stoically she wiped tears off her face,

and dashed inside en-suite washroom. She now hated Sid, Sid's bed, Sid's bedroom, Sid's home, Sid's cherished memories and any of the things that had any association with Sid. Even the feelings she had for him, and furthermore herself for trusting his disguised purity and integrity.

"SCOUNDREL! I hate you. I hate you.....Son of a...," she shrilled from the washroom. From her melancholic voice, Sid could easily make out the suffused pain and suffering she had that instant. "JUST FOR THE SAKE OF SE....YOU BAS....."

Dashing outside, she was left with no other choice but to glance at his face which she now detested the most. Sid was smoking fag-ends. Her swollen eyes were callously staring at him and like before, he dropped the fag-end and smiled foolishly again.

"You are big damn fraud, Sid. A big damn fraud," she yelled again. She then cold-bloodedly turned her face aside as if her heart contained no more emotions, and left silently.

"Duh! What should I do? Should I go after her or run to the toilet to cry like girls do, wasting away toilet papers No, let me save trees. It's better not to do any such thing and focus on cigarettes," Sid thought. He picked the discarded cigarette butt up from the floor and sucked it all in one shot. "But I hope she won't announce tonight's events on Facebook now! Girls are sick at writing about their feelings on social networking sites. Updating depressing statuses on Facebook is as gratifying as the romance itself for them."

All you love is yourself, Sid. You are a big damn fraud, Sid. A big damn fraud! a fiery memory of a similar chiding scream years ago by another girl returned to haunt him...

Introduction of Love You Forever...Only In That Way!

Prequel to “The Square of Secrets”

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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Thanks a lot for reading the sample of the Book- *The Square of Secrets*. If you would like to read this life-transforming book, you may have it from the shopping carts mentioned below.

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Lots of Love and Wishes,
Saurabh

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Saurabh Dudeja, dubbed as 'Life Transforming Author' by Homeshop18 and 'Youngest Youth Icon' by Infibeam.com, is a national bestselling author of Love You Forever Only In That Way. Besides being a pragmatic author and hilarious motivational speaker, he is a boring software engineer.

His stories have unpredictable variation enmeshed with complex knots of suspense, and practical message for his readers. At one second, an event will make you laugh, and the very next second you might enter into trap of suspense. Huge readership across the globe telling how his books inspired and enriched their lives brings a wide smile on his face.

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