

TWO

BLUE NIGHT INN

BLUE NIGHT INN. A three-story building. It had the nineties look from the outside. The front gateway was bigger than normal. Four muscular bodyguards were standing right in front of the gate in a full black formal outfit. The club name sign was changing its colors continuously, blue-green-red, the again blue. The sound of the party music was way louder. It was easy to guess that Bollywood number. The whole building was so attractive. The beauty of infrastructure. Anyone could get easily attracted to it, and want to get in.

Dhruv was standing near his car across the street from the club. He was looking at the club, expressionless. After a couple of minutes, he took out his black leather jacket from his car, put it on his shoulders and started walking towards the club with a weak smile on his face.

When he reached the entrance. The Men in Black looked at him, but he didn't stop. He went straight for the door. The guards didn't try to stop him. He came near the glass door, opened it, and entered the lobby. The lobby was filled with different types of plants. Yes, it was surprising.

Dhruv went for the main club entrance. He opened the door and felt a cold breeze on his face. Air was filled with a sweet scent, he was able to smell the perfumes, all different flavours. It was like the club is dipped in a scented elixir. Dhruv started looking around. The club was a big hall, with full lights and decorations. There were four bar counters at four directions. Straight ahead the DJ was playing all the songs. Stairs were on both side for the upper lobby which was filled with all the couples. But all the focus lights were on the youngsters who were dancing in the middle of the club. It was like heaven. In Dhruv's words, all the beauty in the city was saturated in that single place. It was fascinating.

Dhruv started walking slowly towards the bar counter which was at the left, observing the people who were dancing around him. He came near the bar counter, pulled a pedestal stool sat on it. He waved a hand towards a blonde guy. It seemed that he was in his middle twenties, with a circle brown beard. He waved back and came to Dhruv.

"Hey, Dhruv. What brought you here?" He asked while making a Margarita with his unique style of making drinks and playing with them.

Dhruv turned his face towards the attraction point of the club. "Nothing much. I just wanted some time alone. And I really need it a lot." The blonde guy looked at with a curious look. "Then talk, eventually you are going to tell me then why not now." He asked.

Dhruv turned towards the blonde guy. "Of course Vivaan, I am here to talk with you, but first I need a Dry Martini." Vivaan took out a Martini glass, "That's my man." And he started making a Dry Martini. He mixed up some different liquids. When he saw Dhruv is looking somewhere else, he increased the alcohol level. He moved the glass towards Dhruv. "Here comes a special Dry Martini." Dhruv gave a dry smile and took a sip of that Martini.

Some girls came near the bar counter and ordered different types of drinks. Vivaan took out different glasses and started making the drinks with his talent, trying to impress these girls. "I know I am occupied, but I can still hear you while working, why don't you begin."

Dhruv took a deep breath. "It's about my promotion. I worked really hard and now I really need it. It is a dream."

"Aren't you getting it?"

"The board hasn't decided yet. I'll get to know tomorrow, but the competition is very tough. That's why all these thoughts are messing with me." He took another sip of the Martini. "And this the answer to your question. This brought me here." Dhruv finished the remaining drink in a single go.

"Bro, slow down." Vivaan said while taking the glass from his hand. "You are in my club right now, so enjoy, look at this beauty, this place. The stage is your man, do whatever you want to do, but no sad faces are allowed here. It's a place for the fun baby."

Dhruv chuckled, "Oh, okay."

"You want to get introduced?" Vivaan asked with a wide smile on his face.

"Why, are you going to set me up with someone? Don't you even think about it." Dhruv said with a smiling face. He was getting normal. Being her was helping him to forget about all the stress.

"No, I am not going to do anything. You turn around and it's done by itself." Vivaan said while staring at the opposite corner of the club.

Dhruv followed the gaze of Vivaan. "The blue one. Really? You know already, I am not into blondes." He turned back. "You better give me another shot."

"No." Vivaan said with a denial face. "Not the blue one. The red one and I promise she is not blonde. Just turn around now. You will thank me later." Vivaan winked.

Dhruv again moved to see her. "I am saying, this is not going....."

Dhruv drank a lot of water when he was at home, and the Martini was already so strong. It already started it's work, to get him drunk. And it worked.

He saw her. The red one. Vivaan got the hint, his friend is gone.

Dhruv was staring at her, with sparkling eyes. She was the most beautiful lady in the whole club. He stood up and started walking towards her. It was so hard for him to look away. He was unable to stop himself.

She was a real beauty. She was possessing every weakness of Dhruv. Long, dark, silky hair. Her sharp eyes were so alcoholic for him, or it was the Martini affecting him. She was wearing a short, backless, sleeveless one-piece, with a shiny red shade and bonus red corset heels. It was like a dream to him. She took a sip from her galls and it caught the attention of Dhruv. Rich rosewood shade of lips were a perfect match. Yes, he was going crazy. Alcohol works differently on different people.

She was at the bar counter with her friend, gossiping and laughing. Dhruv came aside her and asked with a happy face, “May I buy you a drink?”

She started and looked at him with a question mark on her face. “Sorry?” Dhruv got the hint that one wrong sentence and he will mess up everything.

“Don’t worry, I am not trying to hit on you. Take it as a complement for your beauty.” He was speaking with a lot of confidence.

She blushed. “Why not, please.” Dhruv ordered two Manhattan and turned towards her, took her hand and said, “May I?” She replied in positive.

They went to the nearest table and sat there. “I never saw you before in this club, are you new in this city?” He enquired.

“Yes, my brother lives in this city, I am here for my vacation for a few more days. And I like clubbing so here I am.”

Dhruv replied with a joyful tone. “How fortunate, we meet today.”

“What about you?” She asked back to him.

“I am not that regular but I come here during stressful times to enjoy a little bit.” Her looks changed into curiousness.

The waiter brought their drinks. They both took a sip from their glasses.

“So, what brought you here today. And sorry I didn’t ask you your name.” She put the drink on the table as a sign of apology.

“It’s okay. I am Dhruv.” He smiled.

“And I am Aayushi, nice to meet you Dhruv.” They shook hands with a joyful gesture.

“You didn’t answer my question.” She asked again.

“Oh yes, it about my promotion and it’s messing with my head a lot. I’ll get to know if I am lucky or not tomorrow.” Dhruv looked down.

Aayushi took his hand. “I hope that you will achieve whatever you desire.” She leaned towards him and kissed him on his cheek and said, “Handsome men don’t look good when they become sad. And it’s not going to happen when you are with me. Be a happy man.” Dhruv smiled. And this time it was real.

Aayushi was rarely touching her glass of drink. Dhruv noticed it. “You okay?” He enquired. She replied. “Actually I am not that much into Manhattan. It’s okay but my favourite is Margarita.” Bummer. Dhruv got the idea that he is going to mess up.

“Sorry. I should have asked you. I’ll do something about it.”

“No, it’s okay.” She said and turned her head towards the bar counter. Her hair moved from her neck and it caught up his gaze. There was a tattoo on her neck. A fire butterfly. It was very small but it was so clear. Dhruv found it very attractive.

Aayushi ordered herself a Margarita. Dhruv was still looking at her neck. He was so curious about it and getting attracted or it was just Martini.

“The butterfly is so beautiful.”

Aayushi blushed. “Yes. Thank you. Tanisha suggested me to do this.”

“Tanisha?” Dhruv questioned.

“My best friend, the one who was talking to me over there.” Aayushi pointed towards the bar counter. A woman in mid-twenties, wearing green sleeveless same as Aayushi’s, and curly hair. She was waving towards her. Aayushi signalled her to come over.

Tanisha came near them.

“Hello, I am Tanisha and I am pretty sure that she already told you about me.” She laughed.

“Yes, she absolutely did.” He shook hands. “I am Dhruv”

“Oh, Hello Dhruv.” She leaned towards Aayushi. Muttered something in her ear and turned towards Dhruv again.

“I’ll leave you both alone now.” She winked at him. And hugged Aayushi. “I’ll see you tomorrow, love. Bye.”

“Bye,” Aayushi replied and Tanisha went towards the exit.

Dhruv had already finished two glasses of drinks and thanks to Vivaan he was getting drunk more and more. Aayushi ordered more drinks and they both kept drinking.

They got up and started walking. They became so closer to each other in the past hour. Either it was drink magic or nature. Hard to tell.

They stopped at the corner. The light was so dim. Even music was changed and now it was a romantic slow song. Due to less space, their hands were touching each other. Dhruv looked at her. She was looking so beautiful and attractive. He was going crazy. Aayushi looked back at him. For some moments there was smooth eye contact without blinking. She closed her eyes. Leaned forward. He followed her. His hand went up to her waist and other on her neck. She followed him back putting hands around his head. Both hearts were racing fast. And lips touched.

Dhruv felt like his head is hit by a hammer. All went dark. He lost his senses. The real ones.