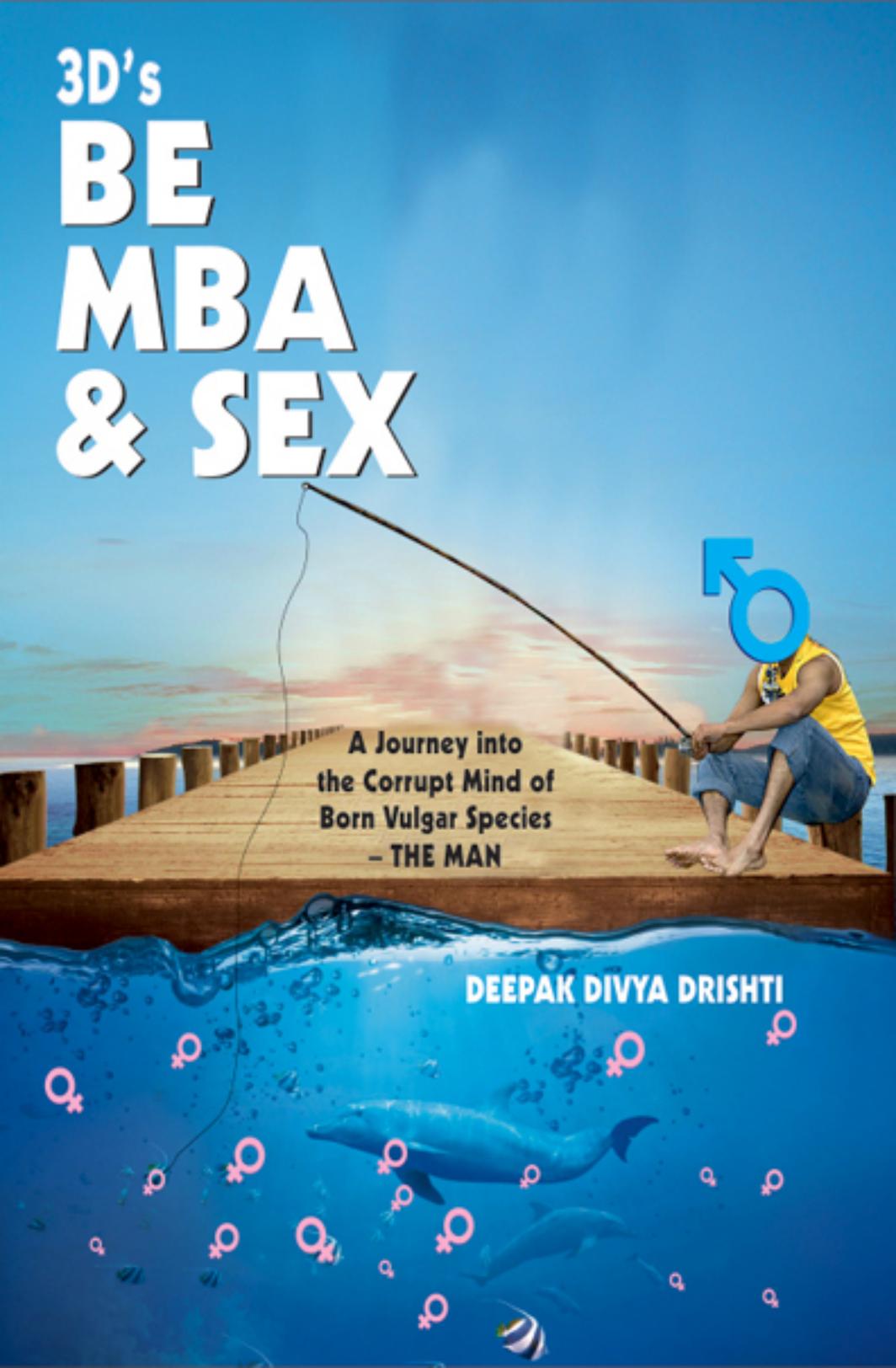


# 3D's BE MBA & SEX

A Journey into  
the Corrupt Mind of  
Born Vulgar Species  
- THE MAN

DEEPAK DIVYA DRISHTI



# BE, MBA & SEX

Deepak Divya Drishti



Indra Publishing House  
[www.indrapublishing.com](http://www.indrapublishing.com)

## Published by:



### Indra Publishing House

E-5/21, Arera Colony,  
Habibganj Police Station Road,  
Bhopal 462016

Phone : +91 755 4059620, 6462025

Telefax : +91 755 4030921

Email : manish@indrapublishing.com  
pramod@indrapublishing.com

Web. : www.indrapublishing.com

Copyright © 2011 Deepak Sharma

Title : BE, MBA & SEX

First Print : 2011

ISBN: 978-93-80834-35-1

₹ : 100/-

Printed & Published by Mr. Manish Gupta for Indra Publishing House,  
E-5/21, Arera Colony, Habibganj Police Station Road, Bhopal 462016  
INDIA

All rights reserved. No part of this book shall be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, magnetic, photographic including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without prior written permission of the publisher. No patent liability is assumed with respect to the use of the information contained herein. Although every precaution has been taken in the preparation of this book, the publisher and author assume no responsibility for errors or omissions. Neither is any liability assumed for damages resulting from the use of the information contained herein.

*This book is dedicated to those visionary umpteen girls and their parents who prophesized my bleak future well and took well timed action by rejecting my love proposal and matrimonial proposal respectively in a very ruthless manner.*

*Intense feeling of rejection is the mother of creation behind this work. The book is a landmark demonstration of application of the most perverted mind on the earth, on a very nonsense yet sensitive issue of sex@campus.*

*Hopefully it will be a small step to realize my inflated ambition of joining the elite list of Most Eligible Bachelors of India someday.*



## *A Thankless Job*

Saying thanks without any material reward is the most thankless job of the world. During my college days when most of time my pocket money behaved like a 'species on the verge of extinction,' I felt very irritated on my showing location of an address to a stranger in a city and then ended up receiving a simple thanks. I often pondered that had he paid me rupees ten for showing him the exact location then it would have bought me one cold drink.

There are people like Mr. Manish, Mr. Pramod, Ms. Vasudha of M/s Indra Publication, Bhopal and Mr. Sandeep of M/s Anil Publicity, Indore to whom not only I want to say thanks but also to honor them suitably provided the book will hit a JACKPOT.

**So Presently No Thanks To Anyone!!!!!!!!!!**



## *Contents*

🍷 <b>The Back (Less) Ground</b>	<b>9</b>
🍷 <b>Second Crush, Primary School and IIM Dreams Crushed</b>	<b>12</b>
🍷 <b>Father and Oedipus Complex</b>	<b>14</b>
🍷 <b>14<sup>th</sup> Feb., 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of Aug. and 31<sup>st</sup> Dec.-Hunting Dates</b>	<b>18</b>
🍷 <b>South Porn Films - Unforgettable Good Times of My Childhood</b>	<b>23</b>
🍷 <b>Modern Sleazy World of MMS</b>	<b>27</b>
🍷 <b>A Flexible Attitude</b>	<b>32</b>
🍷 <b>A Bollywood Drama - Unveiling The Truth</b>	<b>44</b>
🍷 <b>My Born Vulgar Friend</b>	<b>49</b>
🍷 <b>Hopelessly Foolish Friend – A Blot on Male Species</b>	<b>55</b>
🍷 <b>The Cheap Chief Guest</b>	<b>62</b>
🍷 <b>James Bond as Auto driver</b>	<b>66</b>
🍷 <b>Operation – USA (Un Satisfied Aunt)</b>	<b>69</b>
🍷 <b>Final Chase and Tensed Neighbourhood</b>	<b>74</b>
🍷 <b>An MBA's Dilemma -Job or Wife</b>	<b>95</b>
🍷 <b>Dream Date Arrived</b>	<b>98</b>
🍷 <b>Epilogue Return to The Back (less) Ground</b>	<b>110</b>



# *The Back (Less) Ground*

Opposite sex has always been a charm to me since my birth, not something unique because it happens to all males. A male by nature is very romantic and colorful, irrespective of his natural age of reproduction. However if this attraction is towards the same sex then it happens to those rarest of rare with whom God gets confused while manufacturing.

My parents, my cousin and I are sitting at a place to see a girl for my marriage. After eating more than what we could digest, we are waiting desperately for her to arrive with a tea tray in her hand. Finally, she comes clad in a red saree gracefully. Everybody is watching at her face but my cousin's eye is on her navel. He is unaware that my eyes are fixed at him only.

He leaned towards me while still looking at her and murmured in my ear, "Brother you are so lucky, she is more beautiful than full moon."

This statement pushed me twenty-eight years back into the past.

I opened my eyes in a very sleepy small town with a total population of just twenty thousand. Town had very closely knit society. My father, a teacher in a government school put me in a municipality run primary school. This led to the first Indo-Chinese war broke out between him and me. However, earlier,

too many times he had waged an American-Iraq kind of war against me, for example I never wanted to be injected with vaccines against polio. However, he forced me to do so after holding my legs in his one hand and my hands in another putting me before the doctor like a goat with all legs tied on the belt of an electric butchery.

When I was seven year old and was in my second standard, I found a very attractive girl, who used to sit next to me in the class. One day while taking dinner at home with my family members I declared her as my father's prospective daughter-in-law. My mother smiled at me for this childish statement. She enjoyed such movements of my naughtiness and took them as a reward for the labour pain she undertook. However, my father came out with some cruel jokes on me and declared me as a colourful personality. He made it a matter to laugh among his friends and other relatives. Whenever they came to our house to visit us he started to narrate the incident making others laugh at me without bothering my innocent love feelings. My father by creating mockery of my first crush, tried to project himself as true man with all masculine qualities at their peak as his son was showing the signs of secretion of testosterone in just his seven years of age. He wanted to nickname me as a lion's cub - Sher Ka Bachcha so that indirectly he could acquire the tag of a lion.

He might be aware of the concept of 'Oedipus complex' so was not ready to leave a single opportunity to show supremacy over me. Once he found me gifting bread from my lunch box to his just five year old would be daughter-in-law. He took this issue seriously and complained it to my mother suggesting her to rename me as Deepak – 'The Donor' on the lines of a title of a Bollywood film DAAAG – The Fire. My mother, then acting like a municipal commissioner, reduced my quota of ration from

## *The Back (Less) Ground*

two slices of bread to one. However, the fight between father and me not ended there only but continued without any effort of truce from either side.

On the issue of choice of school, I was at loggerheads with him. I insisted for admission in the public school of my town but he vehemently opposed. He tried to convince me with an unconvincing argument that he has admitted me in a government school, which is public only, and not a private one so I should be happy with a public school tag. I wanted to scratch all my hair as well as of him on his cruel sense of humour.



# *Second Crush, Primary School and IIM Dreams Crushed*

**M**y father was the only earning member of family so commanded the final say in all matters. He forced me to take admission into the school of his choice. I was fortunate enough as the school though declared as boys' school but invariably allowed girls to take admission. In my fifth standard for the second time, I had a crush on a girl who also used to sit beside me in the class. This concept of sitting close had very important implication. It suggested that given an opportunity even RAMU KAKA's son too could get married with the daughter of the man topping the Forbe's list of world's richest. All he needed was an opportunity to sit together, to study together, to work together or to play together with her.

The girl often smiled at me because I had topped monthly tests and half-yearly examinations. Other students felt jealous and envied of my brilliant mind that made me score first rank. However, before this innocent love story could blossom into a full-fledged Bollywood film, the cruel government came between us as a typical villain and transferred her father to a remote city. She left me deprived of love. I felt like a camel rider who suddenly woke up from his camp in the desert only to find that his camel has run away after breaking its rope in the dead of night leaving the half piece of broken rope for the rider with obvious message to hang himself. It is a different thing that there may not be any tree in the desert on which one can hang himself.

## *Second Crush, Primary School and IIM Dreams Crushed*

So, the girl has left me in the desert alone. Soon I forgot her and got busy with preparation of my primary board examination. My second crush got crushed under the ruthless ambition of my parents who were expecting me to top the race and stood ahead of others. I cracked primary board and secured a place in merit list. However, during examination; memories of my second girlfriend got transferred from long-term memory chamber to short-term memory and then lost permanently.

My father shifted me from a tehsil to a village due to his transfer under the government's scheme of educating the rural masses. This noble thought of government took a heavy toll on my career. Studying in rural areas, I lost touch with the English, the unofficial national language of India. I got mixed with the country people not knowing that this colour of patriotism will discolour my prospects in the forthcoming race to IITs, IIMs where wearing tie and navy blue blazer and speaking in English with astonishing fluency, during group discussions and interviews is something as essential as superman wearing underwear over his unbranded trouser. Since, speaking English is not very common to a person who has grown up in the countryside so his chances of securing admissions into these dream institutions are also very uncommon.

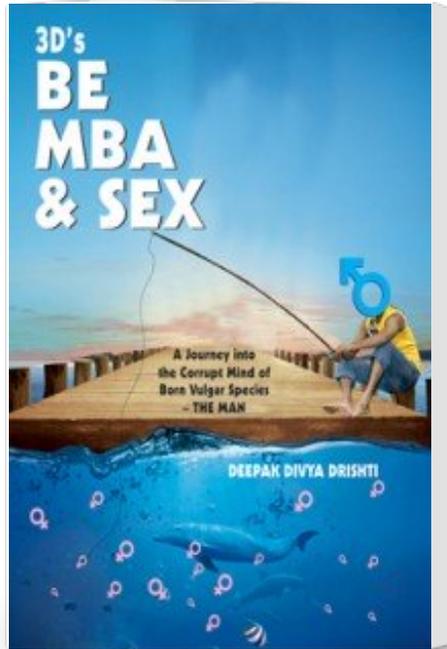


# *Father and Oedipus Complex*

Nevertheless, in the rustic village I saw a very beautiful girl in my eighth board, she resembled with a leading film actress of that time. I don't want to quote her name here because her husband, a Bollywood producer may sue me for eve teasing and molesting despite my sitting thousand kilometers away from Mumbai. In fact, all young males of that time could see only that actress in every beautiful girl. Contrary to that as a true lover, I found that the actress looked like my girlfriend. Interestingly, I met with beautiful girls only in those years when I was supposed to prepare for board examinations.

She was studying in the girl's middle school but I kept trailing her in small market, temples whenever she was with her father. Fortunately, the village didn't enjoy separate girl school after 8th class so she was forced to take admission in my School for higher studies. In my School, there were two sections in the ninth class. Most dangerous thing that could happen to me was studying in a different section other than her. I prayed desperately to God on every possible occasion for obliging me to study with her. God was fed up with illegitimate demands of corrupt politicians of India so attended my innocent plea on priority and blessed me by approving her admission into my section.

# BE, MBA & SEX By Deepak Divya Drishti



Publisher : Indra Publishing

ISBN : 9789380834856

Author : Deepak Divya  
Drishti

Type the URL : <http://www.kopykitab.com/product/3278>



Get this eBook