

# BEFORE YOU WERE MINE,

*A TRUE STORY OF LOVE AND  
BETRAYAL*

BY  
MONU LOHIA

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## Acknowledgements

This book is not just a story—it's my life. It's my love, my heartbreak, my growth. Writing it down was both cathartic and painful, but I did it because this is a story that needed to be told, and I hope that through it, others can find some truth, solace, or even the strength to face their own journeys.

First and foremost, I want to thank my family for standing by me through every high and low. You've been my rock, and without your endless love and understanding, I don't know how I would have gotten through some of the toughest moments.

To my friends, thank you for your honesty, your support, and your willingness to listen. You helped me see the strength in vulnerability, and your belief in me gave me the courage to share this story with the world.

To the woman this story is about—thank you. Even though things weren't always easy or perfect, you've left a mark on my life in ways I never expected. The pain, the lessons, and the love we shared shaped who I am today. This book is my way of making sense of it all, and I hope it honours our truth.

And to anyone who reads this and finds a piece of themselves in these pages—thank you. This story is as real as it gets, and I hope it resonates with anyone who's loved deeply, lost, or tried to rebuild something that was broken.

This book is as much yours as it is mine.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

This story is not just a book. It is a piece of my heart, poured onto these pages with trembling hands and tear-stained memories.

*Before You Were Mine* is inspired by true events from my life—a journey of love that began with innocent dreams and ended in silence, heartbreak, and unanswered questions. I did not write this to blame, expose, or provoke. I wrote it to breathe. To let the pain, find a voice. To give closure a chance, even if it never truly arrives.

Some moments in life shatter us so deeply that we never return to who we were. We become someone else—someone quieter, someone wiser, someone scarred but still standing.

Every name, every place, and every fragment of memory shared here has been handled with care and respect. Some details have been changed for privacy, but the emotions remain raw and real.

This is not a perfect story. This is a human one. I hope it speaks to yours.

— Monu Lohia

## Disclaimer

This book is based on real-life events and personal experiences of the author. While the narrative reflects genuine emotions and incidents, certain names, locations, and identifying details have been changed or fictionalized to protect the privacy of individuals involved.

The story is intended solely as a personal account. It is not meant to defame, offend, or harm any individual, group, or institution. All viewpoints and interpretations expressed are those of the author alone.

This book contains mature and emotionally sensitive themes including pregnancy, abortion, trauma, and interpersonal conflict. Reader discretion is strongly advised.

Medical, legal, and psychological references in this book are drawn from personal experience and should not be interpreted as professional advice. Readers are encouraged to consult qualified experts for guidance on such matters.

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# CHAPTER ONE

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## The Boy I Was Before Her

Before we discovered each other, I was an introverted person who had never been interested in girls until my testosterone levels peaked. Most of my time was spent studying, playing computer games, and enjoying outdoor activities with my friends when I was in 10th grade. The concept of love was foreign to me.

It wasn't until I reluctantly joined Facebook under pressure from friends that everything changed. I sent out hundreds of friend requests to girls and began chatting with them. In my 11th grade, I met a girl named Swera Mahajan Shinde from Nagpur. Despite never seeing her picture, we became friends after hours and days of chatting. Our friendship lasted for six months until suddenly, her messages stopped coming, and she disappeared from Facebook. I was devastated by the loss of this online connection, having grown attached to her.

Determined to focus on my studies, I worked hard for my 12th-grade exams to secure admission to Shaheed Bhagat Singh College in Malviya Nagar, South Delhi. My efforts paid off as I scored 96 out of 100 marks and enrolled in my favourite course, "B.A. (Hons.) Political Science," a subject I excelled in.

College life began with forming friendships, but they were all with male classmates; there was no interaction with girls in our group during the first year. My schooling had similarly isolated me from female interaction, as my school operated in two shifts — the morning for girls and the evening for boys. This arrangement meant my educational journey was devoid of any meaningful interaction with girls.

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