

No Revenge

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If you are feeling wronged by anyone, do not wish for revenge. Instead, think this comes from God and be grateful.

- Seventh Maxim of Sahaj Marg

Until Death, All Defeat Is Psychological

- Jocko Willink

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Introduction: The Architecture of the Mind

The human mind is a vast, echoing architecture. It can be built as a soaring sanctuary of light, or it can be meticulously constructed as a dark, windowless prison. We are the sole architects, yet we often hand the blueprints of our inner world over to those who wish to see us break.

This is not merely a story of betrayal, though betrayal is the bitter, jagged cornerstone upon which it begins. It is the anatomy of a far more insidious poison than any chemical toxin: the poison of justifiable revenge. When we are wronged—when our trust is violently fractured, our homes occupied, and our bodies pushed to the brink of agonizing collapse—the societal instinct is to fight fire with a devastating inferno. We are taught to balance the scales.

But what if balancing the scales requires stepping onto a battlefield that only guarantees your own spiritual death?

The ancient epics have always warned us of this. The great war of Kurukshetra, chronicled in the *Mahabharata*, was a righteous war of duty and dharma, but it ended with a landscape choked by the stench of ash, copper blood, and the devastating wails of widows. The victors inherited a kingdom of corpses. In the modern age, our personal Kurukshetras do not feature chariots or raining arrows. They are fought in the suffocating, fluorescent-lit corridors of HR departments, in the damp, crowded waiting rooms of civil courts, and in the agonizing, silent hours of the night when we plot the downfall of our enemies. The weapons are legal notices, defamatory whispers, and cold, calculated sabotage.

Yet, the result is the same: a wasteland of lost time and drained energy.

Through the journey of Chunmun Singh, this book explores the terrifying, magnetic pull of vengeance. You will smell the sterile, terrifying scent of hospital bleach mingling with the cloying, deceptive perfume of a traitor. You will hear the maddening, relentless *tick-tock* of a clock that measures not just passing seconds, but the irreversible draining of youth and potential. You will feel the suffocating heat of the Bangalore monsoon, thick with the exhaust of a million stalled vehicles, mirroring the stagnation of a mind obsessed with settling scores.

But a deeper melody plays beneath the noise. It is a rhythm akin to a classic Rabindra Sangeet playing softly on a distant radio—a poetic reminder that even the darkest, most terrifying night must eventually bow to the blinding, golden light of the morning sun. It is a call to awaken the soul, to step out of the shadows of victimhood, and to realize that holding onto a grudge is akin to grasping a red-hot iron coal with the intention of throwing it at someone else; you are the one who burns.

This book is an exploration of the ultimate truth: *Until death, all defeat is psychological.*

Physical assets can be stolen. Bodies can be broken. Careers can be stalled by the petty, vindictive actions of others. But true defeat only occurs the moment you allow your abuser to permanently occupy the sacred real estate of your mind. To seek revenge is to invite them to live there rent-free.

As you turn these pages, you are invited to witness the snapping of those heavy, rusted chains. You will travel from the toxic, congested streets of the past to the expansive, salt-sprayed shores of a liberated future. You will see that the greatest, most devastating

victory one can achieve over an enemy is to completely and utterly outgrow them.

Welcome to the journey from the darkness of reaction to the brilliant, unbound light of absolute freedom.

Chapter 1: The Poisoned Bond

Chunmun Singh had always believed in building a life with his own hands. A diligent IT professional navigating the relentless, pulsing energy of Bengaluru, he poured his savings and sweat into a modest flat in a rapidly growing suburb. The city around him was a symphony of chaos and progress—the roar of auto-rickshaws, the sharp tang of exhaust fumes mingling with the sweet, heavy scent of rain-soaked red earth, and the golden, dusty sunlight that filtered through the jacaranda trees. His flat, however, was his sanctuary. He had meticulously painted the walls a soothing, pale cream and installed warm yellow LED lights that cast a gentle, welcoming glow over the teakwood furniture he had handpicked. It smelled of fresh polish and the quiet promise of the future.

When he met Tuni, a woman from a politically connected family in West Bengal, he thought he had found a partner who shared his dreams of stability and growth. She swept into his life like a sudden, vibrant monsoon. She favored deep, blood-red sarees that caught the light, and she always carried the faint, alluring scent of jasmine and sharp mustard oil. Her laughter was a bright, echoing chime that filled the previously quiet corners of his home, and her parents, with their booming, authoritative voices, treated him like a

son. Their courtship was swift, painted in the rosy hues of shared dinners and promises whispered under the silvery glow of the Bengaluru moon. Trusting their bond, he lent her family fifteen lakhs temporarily to help with a business venture. He even handed over the metallic, heavy keys to his sanctuary, allowing them to stay in his flat while he worked long hours under the harsh, blue-white glare of corporate fluorescent lights.

At first, the relationship brought immense joy. The aroma of rich, spiced curries simmered by Tuni greeted him at the door, masking the sterile scent of the office he carried on his clothes. But cracks appeared soon, subtle at first, like hairline fractures in glass. Chunmun began feeling unusually fatigued. The warm yellow lights of his flat suddenly seemed blinding; the ambient hum of the refrigerator grated on his nerves.

Then came the vomiting. It was a horrible, daily ritual that left him weak, trembling, and severely dehydrated. He would wake up to a metallic, bitter taste coating his tongue, followed by a violent churning in his gut. The bathroom tiles, a stark, clinical white, became his daily view. He would lie there, his cheek pressed against the cold ceramic, the sharp scent of bleach and his own acidic bile burning his nostrils. The sound of his own ragged breathing echoed off the tiled walls. Doctors, examining him under the blinding, sterile lights of the ultrasound room, found gall bladder stones causing excruciating pain that radiated through his abdomen like a hot, jagged wire.

Later, urinary bladder stones added another layer of torment. He endured waves of agony that made simple tasks impossible. The pain was a blinding crimson flash behind his eyes, accompanied by a high-pitched ringing in his ears that drowned out the world.

He dismissed the suspicions at first. How could the woman whose jasmine scent he loved be involved? Yet, the subtle signs mounted. Tuni's indifference during his hospital visits was a cold breeze. She would sit by his bed, bathed in the sickly greenish light of the hospital monitors, scrolling on her phone. The rhythmic *beep-beep* of the heart monitor was the only sound bridging the cavernous silence between them. Her parents' evasive glances, darting away like shadows when he entered a room, spoke volumes.

One evening, after a particularly severe bout of illness, Chunmun lay in the semi-darkness of his bedroom. The air was thick and heavy. Through the partially open door, he overheard a hushed conversation. The voices were low, gravelly, and stripped of their usual warmth. The words he caught were sharp and transactional. Doubts solidified into a chilling, ice-cold realization: he was being slowly poisoned. The betrayal cut deeper than any physical pain, wrapping around his chest like a cold, iron band.

Despite this, Chunmun chose not to confront them immediately. Work demanded intense focus; the rhythmic clacking of his mechanical keyboard and the soft hum of servers were the only constants keeping him grounded. Legal matters loomed like dark, gathering storm clouds. Tuni and her parents outright refused to return the fifteen lakhs. They occupied his flat—the flat built from years of coding late into the night, skipping family events, and saving every rupee. Eviction notices, crisp white papers smelling of fresh ink and legal doom, went ignored. Court hearings? They simply didn't attend. The silence from their end was deafening.

In quiet, dimly lit moments, Chunmun felt the sharp, acidic sting of injustice. "Why me?" he whispered into the darkness, the sound swallowed by the empty rented room he now occupied. But a deeper voice, echoing perhaps from childhood teachings or an