

Let's Meet Devil

Summary

Let's Meet Devil is the untold story behind the creation of *Let's Meet God 111*.

A journey marked by pain, perseverance, and the raw truths its author, Suraj, had to face while writing it.

Spanning from 2020 to its completion on January 1, 2025, this was not just a writing process—it was a confrontation with darkness itself.

At the heart of the story lies a brutal world where power, family, and morality collide.

A powerful land mafia leader with deep political connections finds himself in a fierce battle—not just with the outside world, but with his own daughter.

She's a determined boxer, fighting not only in the ring, but against the legacy she's inherited and the shadows it casts over her life.

Their struggle unleashes a wave of violence, manipulation, and heartbreak—pulling everyone around them into its wake.

But at its core, **Let's Meet Devil** is about something deeper: the erosion of love in the most sacred bonds.

Suraj invites us to reflect on the bonds that should hold us together—especially the sacred one between parent and child—and what it means when even that connection is tested.

If love can be lost there, what can we expect from the wider world?
From our friends, from strangers, even from those we turn to for spiritual guidance?

In an age of Kalyug, where moral lines are blurred and compassion often takes a backseat, can we still believe in healing? In redemption?

Let's Meet Devil isn't just a story—it's a mirror to the times we live in.
A reminder that the real battle may not be with others, but within ourselves.

Chapter One : Explosion

June 2022

9th June 2022, While I was in the shower this morning, I suddenly heard my wife Komal's voice raised in anger.

As soon as I stepped out, I was shocked to find her furious with our 1.5-year-old son, Shreeyan—who had done nothing wrong.

I took Shreeyan to another room to calm him down, but he kept crying and calling for his mother.

Seeing Komal, who usually shows so much love for our child, suddenly getting so angry, made me lose my control for the first time in eight years.

I wondered what impact this outburst would have on the child.

For the first time in eight years, I expressed my anger towards Komal.

What started as a normal conversation quickly escalated, and before I knew it, everything came pouring out—things I'd been holding back for far too long.

Some of it included blunt, maybe harsh, but honest remarks about her family.

They weren't insults—they were just facts that no one ever says out loud.

But of course, once those words were out, there was no taking them back.

Komal took it badly.

She got really angry and hurt, and now it feels like I'm the villain just for being honest.

It's frustrating because I wasn't trying to attack her—I just couldn't keep pretending everything was fine.

It's exhausting walking on eggshells, especially when the truth is treated like an offense.

Since the beginning, I had never involved my parents in our issues, so their intervention was never a question - only to preserve Komal's image in my family eyes.

The next day, when I went to talk to Komal, she told me that I always bring up old issues.

I explained to her that we had differences about the relinquishment of rights for two years, and when you read those documents, you were proven to be false.

So, who is responsible for the distance that has developed in our relationship over the days?

It's important to give closure to any topic.

Komal, in anger, retorted that if exposing the truth earns me an award, then she would give it to me.

At that point, I decided to stay calm and ended the discussion.

On the third day, in the morning, when I went to speak to Komal again, I found out that her cousin **Swapnil Rahul Kokane** also known as **Pintu** - was on his way to take Komal with him.

I asked Komal, "What happened that your cousin had to come to take you to your maternal home without discussing it with anyone?"

The "DON" arrived in front of our house and instructed Komal to leave without

even getting off his vehicle - **Range Rover 1112**.

I called him twice, but he didn't answer.

Despite this, I tried to reason with Komal, suggesting that we discuss the matter and that I would drop her off at her house in the evening.

I asked her to inform her cousin that I would be coming in the evening.

When Komal went to the parking lot to convey this, the "DON" refused to even listen to her.

I then told Komal to call her mother and explain that I would come in the evening if she wanted to go.

Komal called her mother, but her cousin still refused to leave without taking her.

It made me wonder about the level of pressure this guy had within that household—this is why he needs a licensed weapon.

Seeing this, my mother went downstairs and told him that we as a parent have no idea what's is happening between them about this issue.

She said that once Suraj's father returned, we would discuss it and, if needed, let Komal go in the evening.

The "DON" replied to my mother, saying, "Ask your son; they have some past issues."

He accused us by saying, "We lost one sister, and we don't want to lose another."

Eventually, I tried to explain to Komal that no conflict should be stretched to the point where it becomes irreparable.

To this, Komal angrily retorted, "Are you threatening me?"

Saying this, Komal left with Swapnil and the children to go to her maternal

home.

One day, after waiting for a phone call, the next day I went to our wedding mediator, Vitthal, also known as Nana Kate and discussed the entire issue with him.

Also informed him about the book that I was writing.

We scheduled a 10-day period for a meeting between both families.

Nana was shocked after listening to the whole story and showed complete agreement over the issue.

He assured me that things will be fine and you focus on your book - he wished me best luck for my book .

To complete the final stages of work related to the book and to reconsider the entire matter, I made my way to Goa.

There, I journeyed back in time to where it all began, all the way to November 2013.

A phone call from Nana Kate with a marriage proposal for Komal.

Chapter Two: Shubh Mangal Savadhan

March 2014

"Nitin Kokane - a friend from childhood, recommended my match to the Kokane family without asking me.

The Kokane family inquired about me and asked Nana Kate to mediate.

Nana called me, invited me to his office - for a resume exchange, and mediated to finalize the marriage."

"The Kokane family suggested that instead of spending a lot of money on a large wedding, they could save the money and keep 15 lakhs for couples future needs.

I agreed to their proposal. -This rule in the Kokane family applies exclusively to daughters, not sons.

My only condition for marriage was that the family should be the priority first, and then the job, which Komal agreed to.

Our marriage was arranged in December 2013 with the help of Nana Kate, who played a key role in facilitating the alliance.

The wedding date was set for March 25, 2014.

After our engagement was finalized, Komal and I began communicating and met a few times to get to know each other better.

Gradually, we began to get to know each other better.

Following the wedding, we went to Bali for our honeymoon.

During our honeymoon, Komal told me about her ex-boyfriend from her office -showing his photo.

She said it was in the past and she had been loyal to me since our marriage was fixed.

It wasn't about Komal's past; rather, it was the fact that she hadn't mentioned anything about it during all the months we had been speaking and meeting since our marriage was arranged.

What stood out even more was the timing she chose to finally reveal it.

Shortly after we returned from our honeymoon,

I happened to come across a transaction in Komal's bank statement—two movie tickets purchased at Inorbit Mall, located near her office. It immediately caught my attention.

When I asked her about it, she admitted that she had gone to a movie with her ex-boyfriend — and it was after our marriage had already been fixed.

According to her, it was the last time he had insisted on meeting her.

Komal had received a job placement directly from her college.

Later, she even referred him to her company and helped him secure a job there.

By the time our marriage was arranged, both of them were working at the same organization.

Given this background, I expressed my discomfort with the situation.

I asked Komal to consider changing her job. After nearly a month of discussions and debates, she eventually agreed and resigned from her position.

This decision created tension with my parents.

They were unhappy that she had to leave her job and blamed me for influencing that decision.

I chose not to tell them the actual reason, as it would have negatively affected Komal's image in their eyes.

To protect her reputation, I took responsibility for the situation without sharing

the full truth.

It's true that a certain level of adjustment is expected in any arranged marriage.

After all, both Komal's family and ours were already connected, and Nana Kate, who acted as the mediator, was a trusted link between us.

So I was willing to overlook minor issues, thinking that some compromises were part of the process.

But nothing prepared me for what I accidentally discovered.

One day, while using Komal's laptop, I came across her Facebook archives—old messages she had forgotten to delete.

Among them were conversations with someone I never expected to find: her maternal uncle, Nilesh Bhoir.

What I read revealed a deeply troubling truth—Komal had been involved in a past affair with him.

When I confronted her, she quietly admitted that it had started when she was in the 11th grade, and that this uncle used to visit her college during that time.

That moment shook me.

What disturbed me even more was realizing how he had continued to stay close, blending into family occasions, always smiling, always making an effort to speak with me.

I remembered how he once asked Komal to introduce me to him, as if nothing had ever happened.

He showed up at every event, seemingly warm and familiar—but now I saw the manipulation behind it.

At first, I was too stunned to even process my own feelings.

But soon, I began to see something even more painful—what Komal must have

gone through.

This wasn't just about betrayal; it was about exploitation.

Sadly, this isn't an isolated case.

Families that impose rigid control over girls often leave them vulnerable within the very walls meant to protect them.

In households where daughters are raised under constant scrutiny and fear—where even speaking openly is discouraged—girls often have no safe space to share or resist.

In our case,

Komal eventually assured me that her past would not interfere with our present or future.

I chose to believe her.

I didn't share any of our problems with anyone—not with her family, and not even with mine.

I kept everything to myself, hoping that time, trust, and effort would help us move forward.

For the next year to a year and a half, I made a sincere effort to build our relationship from the ground up.

Gradually, we began to find some rhythm, and I felt it was the right time to think about starting a family—partly from my own readiness,

and partly due to growing parental expectations on both sides.

Everything seemed to be falling into place—until one day, Komal's family unexpectedly brought up the *Hakka Sodh* (relinquishment) Document.

And just like that, things began to shift again.

Chapter Three : Hakka Sodh

2016

"While Komal was pregnant, during a birthday party of her cousin's child Aayansh.

Komal was informed about the documents related to relinquishing her family rights.

Komal told me that she would be going to handle the documents the next morning.

The document issue was handled by Komal's cousin Swapnil Rahul Kokane and his CA had instructed him to prepare these documents, which had been presented to Komal.

Komal's mother Kalpana Kokane - informed her that the relinquishment document pertained to only one plot.

Even a child could understand that something was being hidden. Komal had given excuses, and there was no discussion with me about it.

The next morning, Komal signed the documents without even reading them.

A few days later, the Kokane family offered her a flat in exchange for those signed documents.

All communication regarding this matter was being handled solely by the Kokane family with Komal, and nothing was discussed with me.

Naturally, anyone with even a hint of self-respect would refuse, and that's exactly what I did.

Imagine it's the second time your wife is being asked to sign a document without consulting you first.

At that point, I told Komal that her family was up to something.

My only issue was that the rights had been relinquished, not only me but even Komal was kept in the dark.

So I just asked them to clear Whatever intentions they had behind this, there was no question of any exchange.

This was especially because the documents were prepared by Komal's family without asking me.

I was not the one who initiated this document neither have I ever asked for any financial help from kokane family.

In fact Komal's Uncle once asked me through komal for the help of 15 lakh rupees as he was falling short to purchase some land.

The mastermind behind all the paperwork,

Mr. Swapnil Kokane—Komal's cousin—arranged a meeting at Hotel Blue Water in Ravet, bringing together all his sisters and their husbands.

I had a clear discussion with Komal, expressing that all I expected was transparency regarding the documents.

We had such an in-depth conversation that I made it clear—if it turns out that the Kokane family had forged the documents,

even if they only offer us 10% instead of the rightful 50% value, we would still accept it.

But before the meeting, Komal instructed me not to discuss any of the matters we had talked about transparency.

After listening to this from komal before the meeting, I wondered why we were even going to the meeting.

Despite this, I attended the meeting because I had informed everyone about it.

To avoid creating a scene, I chose not to say anything during the meeting.

Rather what would one say even after the meeting as it would have negatively impacted Komal's pregnancy as well.

Since I remained firm in refusing the flat, another meeting was scheduled, as the documents for Komal's sisters were still pending as well.

In this meeting, the attendees were:

- Komal's cousin - Swapnil Kokane.
- Her brother - Sagar Kokane.
- Uncle - Rahul Kokane.
- And myself.

During the meeting, Komal's uncle said, 'How can you refuse?

We're the ones offering it, so the decision will be ours.'

I was taken aback by his words—but deep down, I already understood the game he was playing.

Then I told him that I am already struggling in our relationship, dealing with the issue of your daughter's affair with her own uncle,

and I managed to keep it from reaching you or anyone else considering the impact of it on Komal's reputation.

And because of this document issue, you've only added more problems for us.

What are you even talking about—this whole giving and taking thing?

This shocked everyone, and the uncle said it couldn't be true.

Komal's cousin Swapnil said, 'I will go into that uncle's house and beat him up.'

The meeting ended, and all topics were closed.

Forget about confronting the uncle—none of these so-called well-wishers of Komal even considered her pregnancy or

thought twice before questioning her about her past relationship with Uncle Niles Bhoir.

When Komal learned about this, she argued with me, accusing me of defaming her in front of her family.

This meant that Komal's so-called well-wishers had only made things worse, as the rights had already been relinquished."

Imagine our relationship after this event.

None of Komal's family member addressed this issue and it was left it out open.

Since the rights from all the daughters had already been claimed, which was roughly estimated to be no less than 250 crores.

If even the Kokane family's daughters don't know the exact value of the property, how would their son-in-law know?

the Kokane family began their development in full force.

This included building a palace, purchasing cars, luxury vacations, and more.

Chapter Four : The Truth

2018

"Two years later, in 2018 a debate arises between me and komal regarding that issue, and finally for the first time Komal asks swapnil for the relinquishment documents.

At that point, she realizes that the rights to the entire family property had been relinquished at that time.

Where Komal's mother had lied to komal at the time of signing the documents stating that it was only for one of their properties.

Cousin brother Swapnil told her his CA has asked him to get the documents signed.

Even after the truth came out, Komal neither apologized nor even showed any agreement.

In fact Komal was like so what it is my parents property they will do whatever they want to, if they don't want to give thats ok.

Then I realized that the word "self-respect" doesn't exist in Komal's vocabulary.

I was disappointed and feeling pity looking at the irresponsible treatment of kokane family towards their own daughter.

"Inspite of the heartbreaking loss of their elder daughter, Kanchan Tai Garade, who died by suicide following her marriage, leaving behind two young children..."

What's even more distressing is that both children have now been placed in the custody of the Kokane family.

All for some extra bucks?

At that point, I saw no reason to continue discussing the matter any further—not even with Komal.

I told her clearly: forget about the flat, forget about anything.

I didn't want a single thing from the Kokane family.

I would rather cut ties completely than stay connected with people who had caused so much emotional damage.

To that, Komal simply responded,

"That's your choice. I will continue my relationship with the Kokane family as I always have. You can't ask me—or our children—to sever those ties."

The truth is,

I had never asked her to do that.

But in that moment, I realized just how far apart we really were.

After a rough start with our marriage at the phase of re-building our relationship this is what comes up by her family.

Kokane family added fuel to make it even worse.

"Who's really responsible for all the conflicts that started after the whole relinquishment of rights issue—

especially when we were just trying to fix what was already broken between us?"

This property issue isn't limited to just the Kokane family — it's a widespread reality across India.

To address this inequality, the government had to implement a law in 2005 mandating equal distribution of property between sons and daughters.

Yet, even after the law came into effect, many parents—often through

manipulation or emotional pressure—managed to allocate a larger share of the property to their sons.

This doesn't necessarily indicate greater love for sons over daughters.

Rather, it highlights a deeper truth: many parents prioritize their own long-term security over fairness.

If the cultural norm had been for sons to move into their wives' homes after marriage, the situation would be reversed.

In such a case, parents might have favored daughters in property matters, simply because their support system in old age would have depended on them.

Chapter Five : The Palace

2019

The palace, named **Shiv Siddhan**, was ready, and a Vastu Shanti ceremony was held at Komal's new maternal home.

The name **Shiv Siddhan** was inspired by the names of the Kokane family's grandsons—just like their previous house, *Swapnil Bungalow*,

which had also been named after a son in the family.

About 1-2 months before the ceremony, Komal's cousin Swapnil Kokane posted a birthday status on WhatsApp featuring that same uncle, Nilesh, with whom Komal had an affair.

I had previously disclosed to her family, including this cousin.

This cousin was the same one who in the meeting mentioned that he will enter the uncle's house and beat him up.

Seeing this, I was completely shaken up. I mean how irresponsible one could be specially towards such fragile issue.

I decided not to attend the function and leave the topic once and for all.

But again I had to change my decision due to Komal and her mother's request, fearing the issue would become public and lead to defamation once it came out.

At the event, I discovered that this uncle Nilesh Bhoir was also present at the function.

Forget about the apology from Swapnil regarding the display of Nilesh Bhoir's status; he was also invited to the function.

Realizing this, I left immediately, as the situation had become out of my understanding.

Looking at the careless treatment towards komal by her own family was in humane.

"From the start, I was aware of the selfish intentions of Komal's family towards her, and towards women in general.

They left me with no choice but to refrain even from getting upset with Komal.

In fact, Komal didn't even have the support of her own family, for which she was taking a stand against me."

Chapter Six : High Five Friends

Sep 2020

Lonavala, Karla Trip - 5 sep 2020

Cottage number 18

Five People

Suraj, Manjunath Shetty, Vinod nair, Prashant Ingle, and Kunal Rathod.

Dinesh Shende, Deepak Parkhi, Vicky Tiwari, Raja Tiwari later added to the group.

During this time, I came across a book titled *How to Talk to God* by Paramhansa Yogananda.

He mentioned that God speaks to him in his native language whenever he meditates.

There were many other things in the book that just didn't make any logical sense.

To speak any language, the most basic requirement is a body and a brain to store and process that language through conditioning and learning.

So how could God, without a physical body, communicate in someone's native language during meditation?

It seems obvious — either he misunderstood what was happening, or he was simply misleading people.

Just a week later, the idea to write this book came to me. I set everything else aside, including my work, and focused solely on writing.

As I went through the writing process, When everything fell into place, I couldn't believe it, but I genuinely forgave everyone.

I realized that those who were hurting me were also a part of me.

I felt like I was on cloud nine, seeing the possibility of eliminating everyone's pain in a single stroke.

In fact, I shared the news with Komal, handed over my work to her, and introduced her to trading.

"It wasn't just about handing it over – it was an opportunity for her to earn a good income for the rest of her life, so she wouldn't have to depend on anyone.

Only those who know me through trading will truly understand the value of the handover.

Chapter Seven : Hare Krishna

Jan 2021

Jan 2021, there was a BorSnaan program - Ritual of ShreeKrishna at our house.

Harshal runs into Nikhil... and tells him that "my X boyfriend Vishal would have understood me better than you".

Harshala Haribhau Sutar alias Meghna, a skilled Boxer and wife of my brother Nikhil Kate alias Dheeraj who is a Prison Officer, Arthur Road Central Jail, Mumbai.

Harshal's mother Lata Hari Sutar and her sister Snehal Viraj Hinge were also present that day.

Harshal had completely lost and was not listening to them either.

When I went to talk to her, she said, "Someone should take care of Ronav (Harshal's 2-year-old son), I am leaving alone..."

I spoke to Nikhil in person about the entire issue, and he mentioned that boxing was the main cause of their conflict.

After hearing Nikhil's perspective, I understood the seriousness of the situation and chose not to talk to my parents, focusing instead on protecting Harshal's reputation.

To help resolve the issue, I reached out to Harshal's father, Hari Sutar, as he seemed to be Harshal's last hope for a resolution.

He invited me to a meeting at his farmhouse.

During my conversation with Hari at his farm, I noticed a calf tied in the scorching sun with injured legs.

When I asked Hari about it, he casually mentioned that the calf must have been hurt by crows.

Meanwhile, hundreds of cattle capable of producing milk were kept in a closed shed and well taken care of, while this little calf was left exposed to the crows in the open.

That was all I needed to spot my first red flag.

We discussed the issue and reached a mutual agreement on how to proceed.

Hari assured me that he would talk to Harshal about her boxing and make sure she wouldn't cause any further trouble.

He suggested that we meet with both Harshal and Nikhil together at his home the next day, and so the meeting was scheduled.

Harshal and Nikhil had been living in the Mumbai Police quarters since their marriage, but at that time, Harshal was at her father's place while Nikhil was with us in Pimple Saudagar

The next morning, Harshal called Nikhil and asked him not to mention her

boxing in the meeting in front of her father, without informing her father about it.

I immediately called Hari to inform him and suggested we meet in person, as Harshal seemed to be trying to manipulate the meeting.

I took Nikhil with me to meet Hari. We decided to meet near Hari's dairy shop in the car.

While discussing, the topic of Harshal's X boyfriend Vishal comes up and Harshal's father Hari gets angry with both of us.

He said, " Don't YOU DARE defame Harshal." If your brother has any problem with the marriage tell me clearly.

As nothing came up, I asked him to call Harshal's mother and sister and confirm about Vishal.

Because I had already discussed it with both of them, why would one make such a serious accusation against someone?

In front of us, Hari called Harshal's mother,

Turned on the speaker and asked "Who is Vishal?" She said she didn't know.

When Harshal takes up the phone she says "I don't know... these people are making false allegations.

Immediately Hari got angry with us and threatened to kill us.

There comes harshal's brother Shivam Sutar and joins his father Hari Sutar to threaten us.

Hari Sutar was not only angry on Me and nikhil but also on Harshal.

Seeing Harshal's father's reaction, I took harshal and nikhil back home immediately.

When I got home I asked Harshal in front of 'Nikhil',

" If you have any topic of your X boyfriend in your mind tell me clearly I will talk to the senior members of our family on your behalf".

Harshal agrees that she & her mother lied over the phone to her father.

Because Her father is abusive and have been beating harshal, her sister and her mother whenever frequently.

I was shocked to hear that Hari had once assaulted his wife so severely that he literally inserted rods in her legs.

He didn't even spare his own mother when it comes to beating, and this is widely known.

Harshal agrees her entire relationship with Vishal and her mother had stopped her from asking her dad for the marriage with vishal because,

he was poor and not from a good family background, this in itself establishes her history before getting married to Nikhil.

This time I kept my recorder on coz harshal father blasted me as I had no proof about vishal as harshal had denied the same sometime back over the phone.

"After that, when Harshal returns to her father's place, he confronts her aggressively, questioning her about everything.

The confrontation escalates, and he violently assaults her, pushing her to the edge where she almost jumps off the building.

In response, Harshal manipulates her father, exaggerating small domestic issues and stirring up trouble, turning it against our family."

And In the midst of all the chaos, Hari called me at 1 a.m., with his son, Shivam Sutar, by his side and they both started abusing us followed by the threat of Murder.

Hari didn't even hesitate to defame my mother just because I brought harshal's x boyfriend topic on the table.

He demanded to bring 80 lakh rupees the next day on the table and your brother may opt out of this marriage.

Shivam said that he will shoot me and my brother.

Nikhil's marriage was arranged.

My aunt Anjana Pandurang Kate and her family mediated this marriage.

My first connection with the Sutar family happened during the program where Nikhil and Harshal were being considered for a match.

Later, I also went along with other family members to finalize the marriage, including my father-in-law Khandu Kokane and Nana Kate.

Hari Sutar was going on and on about the grand wedding.

At one point, he even said, "You tell me—where do we draw the line when it comes to wedding expenses?"

He said they were going to have a grand wedding with around 5,000 guests, and since they had given a car during their elder daughter's wedding,

they would give Harshal a car worth up to 10 lakh rupees as well, along with necessary household gadgets.

But just a few days before the wedding, Hari's father passed away. Because he was observing the mourning period, he postponed giving the car.

Giving a car during the mourning period isn't acceptable to him — but drinking alcohol every day during the mourning is completely fine.

Later, Hari said, "Instead of the car, I'll give 10 lakh rupees."

This was because I had already bought a brand-new car for Nikhil myself.

It's been two years since Nikhil's wedding, and Hari is still promising to bring the 10 lakh.

But forget 10 lakh—even that never came.

Since Harshal - a new daughter-in-law was coming home, I personally spent around 40 lakh rupees renovating the house.

And that's apart from the wedding expenses for Nikhil's marriage.

And after all this chaos caused by Hari, he's now demanding 80 lakh from me and accusing my family members for demanding dowry ?

It was *supposed* to be a threat, but honestly, it felt more like he was begging with attitude.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gg0upG0s0go&t=3191s>

"Meanwhile, witnessing the chaos, Komal called her uncle, Rahul Kokane, and her brother, Sagar Kokane, to our place as the situation was getting too frightening.

On the other side, Nikhil, my dad, and I were taking turns talking to Shivam and Hari on the phone."

The threats were so severe that we locked our house and went to the Kokane family's place the following morning.

There, we discussed the entire situation with Vittal Kate, also known as Nana, and my in-laws, the Kokane family.

Nikhil then files NC against Hari and Shivam Sutar at Sanghvi police station for the safety of our family.

The next morning, Hari calls again and threatens, saying, "If you don't take Harshal, I'll leave her in front of your house and go."

Hearing this, I agreed to meet Hari, and along with my dad and Komal's uncle, Rahul Kokane, we went to our place.

My father and Rahul stayed in the office, which is located in our parking area, while Nikhil and I waited for Harshal to arrive with her father.

To our surprise, Harshal came with her brother Shivam Sutar, her pregnant sister Snehal Hinge, her nephew, her husband Viraj Hinge, her mother Lata Sutar, and the driver.

This is where the real drama began.

They came ready to fight, with Shivam already raising his voice and intimidating us, mentioning the name of Gajanan Marne, implying that he is like a son to Mr. Marne.

People who know Shivam are aware that he's a childhood friend of the son Mr.

Marne.

After some tense moments, Nikhil and Harshal decided to settle things.

Nikhil agreed to continue his studies for the IPS, while Harshal promised to take care of her son, Ronav, and stop pursuing boxing.

With that, a compromise was reached, and Nikhil and Harshal returned to Mumbai.

The entire issue now revolved around Hari's public image.

He was adamant that if Nikhil and Harshal separated, it would ruin their reputation.

So, he forcefully sent Harshal back, telling her, "If you create a scene in your marriage, the door to our house will be closed for you.

If not you can chose to die.

Seeing Hari sutar's reaction towards his own daughter and all the stupidity I disconnected from harshal and her family.

But Nikhil was caught in the custody of Harshal.

As Harshal's image got deteriorated in front of her father, she started harassing Nikhil even more, as they were staying at the Prison quarters without any of our family members, all by themselves.

Harshal Retaliates to the incident by starting to fuelling her dad against all our family members.

Around March 2021,

I stumbled upon a video on YouTube featuring Ayesha, a Muslim girl from Gujarat, who went live on social media before committing suicide.

What deeply affected me was her perspective on the afterlife and God.

After I finished writing on the topic of suicide,

I approached Sapna—Vinod's cousin—to help with grammatical corrections.

During our discussion, the Karla trip came up, and the conversation naturally shifted to astral travel and the movie *Spirited Away*.

*Eventually, **Let's Meet God** was copyrighted on May 14, 2021, during Akshaya Tritiya, and first published by BlueRose Publishers, Delhi, on December 24, 2021.*

A date chosen not only to coincide with Christmas, but also to honor the birthday of my friend, Manjunath Shetty.

One of the main reasons I chose BlueRose was because its owner, Sayed Arshad, is a Muslim.

I thought — what could be a better combination than a book about God, written by a Hindu author, published on Christmas, by a Muslim publisher?

To my disappointment, bluerose publications turned out to be one of those publications driven by the motive of making money rather than promoting content that fosters a harmonious society.

Take my own example: for a book priced at ₹330, I was given ₹60 as the author's share.

Adding to the disappointment,

Sayed intentionally set aside the book and completely disregarded the publishing process.

It became clear that he allowed his personal beliefs to interfere with his professional responsibilities.

That said, this kind of rigidity isn't unique to any one religion—it can be found in every belief system and community.

In my view, the only way to overcome such divides is through sincere and open dialogue—where people of different faiths come together, not to prove themselves right, but to genuinely seek the truth.

On matters as delicate as these, there's no room for error.

A single mistake can lead someone to unknowingly devote their entire life to the wrong path.

And worse, in defending that illusion, we may even commit further wrongs in its name."

All this while, I was silently enduring their unprofessionalism, watching the entire book project come to a standstill with BlueRose Publications.

Then one day, while I was in the shower, I suddenly heard Komal yelling — not just yelling, but screaming — at our 2.5-year-old son, Shreeyan.

And when I realized she was taking out her frustration from something else on him — when he had done absolutely nothing wrong — something in me snapped.

For the first time in eight years, I confronted Komal. I let my anger show.

In response, Komal's cousin, Swapnil Kokane, arrived and took her and the kids away without our permission like a mafia.

This means that if anyone has caused the most trouble between Komal and me, it would be Swapnil.

Yet, he is younger than me both in age and in relation.

I was shocked - Completely Aashcharyafakit, that Swapnil took such a firm stance in the disagreements between Komal and me.

Considering Komal's reputation, I never took our eight years of disputes to mediation, but in this case, going for mediation was necessary.

The next day, I went to Nana Kate, a mediator, to share my side of the story and requested a 10-day break before the meeting.

I then packed my bags and left for Goa alone.

Reference,

- 1.** Call Recording — Suraj and Hari (Discussion Before Meeting) — 20 Jan 2021, 6:55 PM
- 2.** Call Recording — Suraj and Hari (Discussion Before Meeting) — 20 Jan 2021, 8:18 PM
- 3.** Voice Recording — Suraj, Harshal and Nikhil — Pimple Saudagar — 21 Jan 2021, 1:15 AM
- 4.** Voice Recording — Suraj, Harshal and Nikhil — Pimple Saudagar — 21 Jan 2021, 3:12 AM
- 5.** Voice Recording — Suraj, Harshal and Nikhil — Pimple Saudagar — 21 Jan 2021, 3:12 AM
- 6.** Voice Recording — Suraj, Harshal and Nikhil — Pimple Saudagar — 21 Jan 2021, 3:12 AM
- 7.** Voice Recording — Suraj, Harshal and Nikhil — Pimple Saudagar — 21 Jan 2021, 3:12 AM
- 8.** Call Recording — Suraj and Haribhau — 11 Feb 2021, 10:11 PM
- 9.** Call Recording — Suraj and Haribhau — 11 Feb 2021, 10:58 PM
- 10.** Call Recording — Suraj and Haribhau — 12 Feb 2021, 1:14 AM
- 11.** Call Recording — Suraj and Haribhau — 12 Feb 2021, 1:14 AM
- 12.** Call Recording — Suraj and Haribhau — 12 Feb 2021, 1:14 AM
- 13.** Call Recording — Suraj and Nana — 12 Feb 2021, 10:44 AM\
- 14.** Police NC — Sanghvi Police Station — 12 Feb 2021, 12:30 PM

Chapter Eight : Old Villain Re-Entry

June 2022

While I was in Panchgani, I received a call from Harshal around 9:30 pm.

It had been nearly a year since I last spoke to her, following the incident with her psycho father.

Over The Call - Harshal Informs me about how Nikhil drove himself from Mumbai to Kolhapur after duty, he doesn't know.

Unknown people from Kolhapur had called Harshala from Nikhil's phone to inform her about Nikhil's mental state.

As soon as I understood, I set off from Panchgani to Kolhapur to pick up Nikhil, and two friends from Pune, Deepak Parkhi and Dinesh Shende, also left.

On meeting Nikhil in Kolhapur we realised that he is mentally disturbed.

The family with whom Nikhil was in Kolhapur said someone has done some black magic on Nikhil, as they enquired already.

Next day we brought Nikhil home, it was full moon. He was behaving strange.

In fact he couldn't recognise mom and dad, he was stable only when I was around.

It was hard to believe about black magic but the reality contradicted all tenable

logic.

We too started enquiring about the black magic solutions.

Harshal along with her 3 year old son from Mumbai went to her fathers place in sutarwadi, Pashan Pune.

The way Harshal Showed care about nikhil at that time, anyone would fall prey to her acting.

How can I be an exception.

After talking with nikhil for a whole day he was feeling better, almost out of that zone.

The next day I get a call from Harshal in the afternoon.

She was at the bus stop of Indira College Wakad with her 3-year-old son, and on her way to Mumbai.

She said she had some dispute with her father and she will never go back to her father's place again.

who will leave a girl with her 3 year old child in this situation.

I was no exception too.

Harshal was literally crying when telling me this story and she already had mentioned her fathers cruelty towards her in the last incident.

I heard her over the phone and in the next minute I left to fetch her.

An hour at Burger King in Wakad after convincing her that we are with you as a family and bring them both back home.

On coming home, Harshal tells me that Komal's family - kokane family has done some black magic on nikhil.

Komal and harshal were also not in talking terms since a year.

So much so that whenever harshal came to Pune komal would go to her mothers place.

Harshal's allegation was that Komal's mother did black magic when harshal had

gone for a dinner at Komal's place.

It was obvious that because my wife and kids were not seen in the house, one day Harshal would know the reason.

So I said its only because we had differences over old issues.

That's why her Cousin took her back home along with the kids.

She then tells me that Komal told her this long ago when harshal was newly married to nikhil, that I trouble komal over the issue of their ancestor's property.

Then I get to know these things from my friend Manjunath Shetty.

Once we went on a trip together, with the Shetty family, Komal told his wife the same thing.

In 4 years since the time the property issue started Komal has never spoken to me like this, but she chose to talk to people behind my back.

"Just as Harshal re-entered the house, Nikhil's mental condition worsened again."

"Nikhil's troubles recurred from that day, and to help him recover, we followed Harshal's advice and tried various things like ashrams, deities and sages.

Black Magic Drama

- Vinod , Manjunath, Dinesh and Deepak Parkhi.
- Kolhapur Connection.
- Numerologist Manasi Kale.

For two months, we couldn't even tell anyone about this because, along with it,

people might learn about **my personal situation and it would lead to defamation and embarrassment for Komal.**"

Harshal was acting as if she is my real sister, though I don't have any.

Some dialogues of Harshal,

- * Dada you will get a better girl than Komal, she don't deserve you.
- * If the Kokane family creates any problem, she assured support from her family in case of a dispute.
- * Made a diet plan for me.
- * Dino James "plastic" song addressed to Komal was sent by Harshal. So that I heal from Komal.
- * Harshal Even gifted The book I wrote (Bhet Devachi) to her college principal in Ferguson College in Pune.
- * etc

The care and love she showed for nikhil during that time also deserves an oscar.

Who would have thought a women can go to the extent that she tortures her husband first and then when he lost his mental balance she acts as if

she is not to be blamed instead she was with us to make sure nikhil does not get any medical treatment and only consult people performing black magic that too people from her reference.

During this time, Nikhil talks about the troubles he faced from Harshal.

"Still, I assured Harshal that no one would hold her responsible for Nikhil's mental condition, and once Nikhil recovered, we would discuss all your issues.

If it turns out that Nikhil was at fault, I will defend your side in court if necessary.

Nikhil was in such distress that at times he would speak as if he were another person.

His condition improved after a few days, so he joined his duty back in Mumbai.

This time, both my parents accompanied Harshal & Nikhil.

There, Harshal creates a scene again and Nikhil's mental balance is disturbed again.

That night when I got a call from harshal, I left for Mumbai and got all of them back home.

Nikhil comes to say that he is having trouble with his wife and asks to keep her away from him.

Even so, in all this confusion,

I used to ask **Nana Kate** about the Kokane family, but he said that I should first take care of Nikhil and then address the Kokane matter.

It made sense because Nikhil's condition was serious.

Irrespective of this ,my mother **Surekha Uttam Kate** and aunt **Anjabai Pandurang Kate** visited Komal's house to get her back.

Komal told them, 'There is nothing to talk about anyone except for Suraj...

Let him come here and Apologise to my family.'

Komal's mother reminded my mother about the distance in relations regarding my mother and her brother, related to their ancestral property in Dhanore.

In other words, the mother-in-law has come to take her daughter back home irrespective of the dispute.

Amid such a significant issue, Komal's mother was taunting my mother and advising her at the same time about how to maintain relationships with siblings.

Komal's mother should have called me to clarify the real story about the whole Dhanore matter.

Because of me my mothers family got their disputed land sorted out and whatever money we got from that deal we renovated our house.

It wasn't a palace, but compared to how Komal used to live before her marriage, it could be considered a palace.

For your information, Komal's mother only wears a black blouse and doesn't attend any functions, not even in hotels.

This is because Komal's elder sister committed suicide after her marriage."

"On the next day, I called Komal and suggested that we meet in person since it wouldn't be possible to discuss everything over the phone.

However, Komal refused, saying she would be deceived if we meet alone."

So the meeting Never happened and we all got busy with the treatment of nikhil.

We tried other options like consulting Numerologist Mansi Kale, various Dev Rishis, Shankar Maharaj Math, Swami Samarth Math and more,

but nikhil's mental condition showed no progress.

So excluding harshal we all decided to go for medical treatment no matter what happens now.

During this time Nana Kate came home to meet Nikhil.

After seeing his condition Nana suggested a doctor for the medical treatment. From that day The treatment got started.

Harshal was angry with Nana as well because the medical treatment got started on his recommendation.

Instead she opposed the treatment and started forcing us to stop Nikhil's medicines.

(all this so that if nikhil gains back his mental sense he will tell the truth about harshal's torture)

"I had taken 10/15 days for the meeting with Nana Kate, but 3/4 months have passed in all this time.

I haven't been able to work on the book or hold the meeting.

Until now, I had full support from Harshal.

"But since the issue of Nikhil's medical treatment started, Harshal turned

against me.

I told Harshal, 'I am stepping out of your matters now... You, your parents, and in-laws should make decisions about Nikhil,

because I need to solve my own problems.'

And so, Nana Kate and others from our family were also involved, and Nikhil's treatment was ongoing.

Then Harshal suddenly called Komal without asking me.

The next day, when I found out, I told Harshal clearly that no one should come into my matters.

I am in contact with Nana Kate, and apart from him, no one else knows about this issue."

"Until yesterday, Harshal was not even talking to komal for almost a year and trying to incite me against Komal, and today there was a direct party change.

As soon as I understood the intentions of harshal I called komal and told her not to entertain harshal at all.

Obviously harshal and komal were enemies over a year and were not even in talking terms with each other and suddenly harshal calls komal in this situation to destroy my relationship.

So inspite of warning komal about harshal they both teamed up.

Where harshal spiced things and komal got even more upset and angry on me.

The Biggest Blunder in this whole story I would say.

Even though Harshal was forbidden from doing so, she still got in touch with Komal and ruined everything.

The doctor advised Nikhil to take complete rest for 15 days with sleeping pills.

The next day, Harshal got angry at home and, in front of my parents, insulted me by saying "dada chya aai chi Gand" and hit the wall with her fist.

By the time I got home, my father had taken Harshal to the hospital and had her hand put in a plaster."

"The next day, Harshal went to her parental home in Sutarwadi.

Within a week, Harshal, her brother Shivam Hari Sutar, the driver, and her mother Lata Hari Sutar came home without informing anyone.

The doctor had advised Nikhil not to meet people...(specially harshal).

As a rest measure, my father suggested Harshal stay at her parental home for a few days, as she also had her hand in plaster, and Nikhil would also get some rest.

Harshal was adamant about not leaving the house and was speaking loudly to my parents.

She was threatening to file a complaint at the police station.

When I got home, she was also angry with me.

There was no other option, harshal had come prepared for a conflict. so I called the people from my family and they came over.

1. Manish Sahaji Khandve
2. Sameer pandurang Kate
3. Anjana pandurang Kate
4. Mittal dhondiba Kate

After everyone explained things to her, Harshal went back to her parental home."

"That night, We translated the entire book *Let's Meet God* into Marathi. "Bhet Devachi" And that's how the marathi version came into existence.

Hoping these illiterate people around me will understand what I am working on

but what to expect from people with tonnes of money and brain that is worth less than a penny.

Turning point

When my cousins got involved into the matter. We took nikhil in lonavala at Mannshakti Center for his treatment.

Harshal was at her parents house after all the drama and everyone realised that harshal was the reason behind Nikhil's mental state.

Harshal gets restless since Nikhil's treatment was going well and without her information.

So she again started calling me irrespective of the fact that I had clearly mentioned harshal to not involve me anymore into your matter.

Amidst the ongoing family drama, the situation with Bluerose Publication was no less stressful.

I eventually reached a point of saturation where I felt it was necessary to sever ties with them.

This led to my de-listing from Bluerose Publication, Delhi, on 30th September 2022.

In the meantime, Nikhil's health improved after receiving treatment at Manshanti in Lonavala.

Observing the situation and Harshal's struggles, Nikhil decided to sever ties with us and move permanently to Mumbai.

Pressured by her father, Harshal joined him there.

Despite her reluctance, Harshal had no choice but to go to Nikhil in Mumbai.

Her father had made it clear that if she chose to leave Nikhil, she would not be allowed to return to her parental home.

His reasoning was that his reputation in society would be damaged, and his

younger son, Shivam, might face difficulty finding a good match if Harshal's marriage fell apart.

As a result, Harshal, against her will, went back to Nikhil in Mumbai.

A few days later, while Nikhil and Harshal were living together, Harshal called my mother.

I answered the call, and Harshal said, "Tell your mother to stop calling Nikhil. She is inciting him."

If Not She will come to Pune and kill her.

"I told Harshal that from now on, my mother would not call nikhil and disconnected the call.

○ **9 Oct 2022**

- Kojagiri Purnima
- Meditation
- Vinod Nair

○ **Lets Meet God 2 - Second attempt**

In November 2022, I self-published the second edition of *Let's Meet God* in both English and Marathi on Amazon.

This time, I handled everything myself—from formatting and printing to getting it listed—so the quality was significantly better.

Interestingly, despite the improved production, the overall cost came down to just ₹150, compared to the ₹330 price tag when I had published it earlier through BlueRose Publishers.

Printed 2000 Copies.

Distributed about 1,000 copies for free, and the remaining ones are still lying around at my place.

Amidst all the chaos, I was seeking isolation and a spiritual place to reflect on the situation.

During my search, I stumbled upon the **Osho Rajnesh Ashram** in the Himalayas - **Osho Nisarg**.

I had tried enrolling at the Osho Ashram in Pune a couple of times before, but was denied on both occasions.

This time, however, I called the ashram and found out that a staycation period was currently going on,

allowing anyone to check in until the next batch begins—there was a window of 10–15 days available.

Without hesitation, I booked my tickets and made my way to Dharamshala.

Jan 2023

Upon arriving at the ashram,

I was instantly captivated by the atmosphere—it felt as though I had been transported to an entirely different world.

Tucked away in the Himalayas, the place was so beautifully and thoughtfully maintained, it was as if every single stone had been intentionally placed.

And when I experienced Kundalini meditation there, it was unlike anything I had ever felt before—almost as if I was intoxicated, but without having had a single drop.

It was a completely new state of being.

Without a second thought, I decided to stay on for the next batch of Vipassana—a 21-day silent retreat- facilitated by **Maa Priya**.

Technically, this retreat was meant only for senior members, but since I was already staying at the ashram, I got lucky and was allowed to join.

The retreat turned out to be exactly what I needed at that point in my life—I was

deeply moved and grateful for the entire experience.

Osho has always held a special place in my heart because of his fearless, rebellious spirit.

Just imagine—challenging the very idea of God and questioning deeply rooted beliefs back in the 1970s!

And now, here we are in 2025—and it's surprising how many people still go through their entire lives holding on to inherited beliefs without ever stopping to question them.

For me, Osho became a source of strength when I, too, found myself questioning everything I had once believed.

Through his discourses and a few of his books that I read, he gave me the courage to explore my doubts while still staying centred and grounded.

In a world where 99% of people don't even dare to dream of owning a single Rolls-Royce, Osho was gifted 93 of them.

It made me wonder—what was it about him that inspired such immense admiration and generosity from people.

In the beginning, my respect for Osho was immense.

But gradually, as I spent more time in the ashram and encountered his views on core subjects like the *Bhagavad Gita*, the *Vedas*, and gender in general

I found myself questioning that reverence.

Many of his interpretations seemed not just unconventional—but openly contradictory to the very foundations of the spiritual traditions he appeared to draw from.

Ironically, all the meditation techniques in his teachings are rooted in the ancient *Vigyaan Bhairav Tantra*—one of the most profound texts on meditation

and inner awakening.

It's a sacred dialogue between Lord Shiva and Devi Parvati, where 112 timeless techniques for reaching higher states of consciousness are revealed.

These practices are deeply revered in the Indian spiritual tradition.

So how can one dismiss or undermine the value of the *Vedas* or *Bhagawad Gita*, yet simultaneously build an entire spiritual movement on the very knowledge system they belong to?

It only adds to the confusion—especially for those sincerely seeking truth.

The contradictions didn't stop there.

After Osho left his body, what unfolded was equally disillusioning.

None of the books circulating worldwide were actually written by him—they're transcribed discourses.

Yet they're sold and marketed globally under his name, without accountability.

Worse still, there is no real unity in the so-called Osho community.

There's no regulation, no spiritual integrity—just a brand loosely held together.

And perhaps the deepest irony: an Indian master, drawing from ancient Indian wisdom, ends up having that very knowledge repackaged, modified,

and sold back to Indians through Western channels—sometimes more as a lifestyle product than a path to realization.

Reference,

- 15.** WhatsApp Image — Harshal's Handwritten Diet sent to me
- 16.** Photo — Harshal giving book to her principal
- 17.** Handwritten Notes — From Nikhil
- 18.** Family Photo — With Harshal, sent to Mom
- 19.** Call Recording — Suraj and Harshal — 5 Aug 2022, 11:12 AM

Chapter Nine : Middleman

April 2023

Upon returning to Pune, I contacted Nana Kate again.

When I mentioned my trip to Himachal, he responded with a dismissive comment, asking what I was doing in the Himalayas like some baba, wondering if I was planning to carry a palkhi.

It was then I noticed a shift in his behavior.

He even began questioning Komal's relationship with her uncle, asking if I had any proof.

Despite this, I told him that we would go to Komal's place and bring her back.

Nana Kate arranged a meeting at Komal's house, which marked my third attempt to reconcile.

I went to the meeting with Nana and my father, but the Kokane family didn't even bring my children to meet us.

I asked Komal to speak to me in person, as her family members sat in a circle around us.

When I asked her what we should do now, she replied that I was responsible for everything and that I needed to apologize to her family before she would return with me.

Komal demanded an apology.

As we spoke, I realized she had been in contact with Harshal, despite my warnings.

Without wasting more time, I told her I needed a day to think about her demand before replying.

I had expected her to apologize, but instead, she seemed to be playing the situation the other way around.

While we were talking in the garden, the Kokane family, including all the women and Nana Kate, were discussing property matter with my father.

As if I am causing all the problem because of the property issue.

By the time we left, the Kokane family ensured that none of my children met us.

We departed without getting to see my kids.

One day, to my surprise, Komal knocked on the door.

Amid all the chaos, where she was both upset and angry with me, waiting for me to apologize to her family,

she arrived with her sister-in-law, Vrushali Swapnil Kokane, without informing anyone beforehand.

Komal asked for the key to our wardrobe, saying she had come to collect her belongings and documents for our daughter, Khiaa.

My children had already been taken from me, and now Komal had chosen a

school for Khiaa and needed the documents for that.

I was having lunch at the time. Hearing this, I handed her the keys and left the room.

Komal and Vrushali went inside my room and took whatever they needed.

I wasn't supposed to meet my daughter Khiaa on her birthday unless Komal was with me.

However, they allowed me to take Khiaa out for two hours on her birthday, with Komal accompanying us.

We went to a mall in Aundh, did some shopping, and then dropped Khiaa back. In the evening, the entire Kokane family celebrated her birthday together.

During this time, Khiaa was not allowed to call me, but she had memorized my phone number and used to call me secretly.

One day, I received a missed call from Komal's mother's number. When I called back, Ayesha Garade, the daughter of Kanchan Garade

(Komal's sister, who had committed suicide), recognized me and immediately ended the call.

I called back again, and Ayesha disconnected the call saying wrong number.

Later, Nana Kate began ignoring my calls.

He was the one who reached out with a marriage proposal on behalf of the Kokane family, and now he's left me in a confusing mess, like a shuffled Rubik's Cube.

Nana switched sides to support the Kokane family purely out of political self-interest — he has nothing to do with what's right or wrong.

Everyone knows how much our entire family cared for Nana Kate — whether it was a new car or someone's funeral, nothing happened without him.

And yet, in every single one of *his* elections, I spent my own money, gave my own time, and stood in front of the people myself — all for him.

If this is how he treats close ones, imagine the respect he has for everyone else.

Despite making multiple attempts through Nana Kate to arrange a meeting with the head of his political party, Sharad Pawar, or Supriya Tai Sule (NCP), regarding the book,

it never materialized—not even once.

It was around this time that I realized there was no point in apologizing to the Kokane family or maintaining a fake relationship.

In my view, whether it's a wife, a partner, or any close relationship — what truly matters is having someone who stands by you when it counts.

Even if I did something as extreme as taking a life, if I was on the side of truth, then at the very least, I shouldn't be condemned without understanding why.

Sometimes, even an act of violence can come from a place of self-defence.

And if I ever stray from the truth, then when the time comes, if someone I love stands as a witness against me in court — I could accept that.

That's part of being fair.

But this... this is something else.

Komal was emotionally broken—manipulated and misled by the very people who were supposed to protect her.

Her own family, instead of guiding her with care, poisoned her thoughts and then shamelessly shifted all the blame onto me.

What hurt the most was that even when I tried to stand by her, to help her see the truth beneath all the manipulation, I was the one painted as the villain.

I was left carrying the blame for everything that went wrong.

Is this what relationships have become?

A place where the one who stays honest, who chooses to support instead of abandon, ends up being the one held responsible for the damage others caused?

Is this what justice looks like?

What made things even worse was the Kokane family's attitude after everything came to light on June 9, 2022.

Their behavior since that day has only added fuel to the fire.

Not a hint of remorse, no attempt to acknowledge the harm done—just arrogance and deflection.

Anyone in my position would eventually hit their limit—and I did too.

There's only so much emotional burden one person can carry when the truth is constantly twisted, and silence is mistaken for guilt.

So a divorce was clearly the better option—for me, for Komal, and for the future of our children.

To proceed with the divorce, I needed funds for alimony.

The quickest way to raise that money was to sign a film deal based on my book and use the signing amount.

I decided to offer Komal the same amount she was rightfully entitled to from her father's property—an amount he never gave her.

This share wasn't small: it ranged between ₹60–80 crores, plus an additional ₹80 lakhs that Hari Sutar had demanded for Nikhil and Harshal's divorce settlement.

So, my trips to Mumbai began to meet with filmmakers.

Vinod accompanied me on one of those trips, during which we visited the offices of several top directors and producers, including Rajkumar Hirani, Karan Johar, and Zoya Akhtar.

Despite repeated attempts, none of them were reachable.

Alongside, I also made several attempts to personally meet LGBTQ+ celebrities to gift them a copy of my book.

Unfortunately, I discovered that most of these meetings are only possible through paid appointments.

One experience that truly surprised me involved transgender social activist Laxmi Narayan Tripathy.

I reached out to her manager and requested a brief appointment,

explaining that I am the author of a book that offers a unique perspective aimed at supporting the mental well-being of the LGBTQ+ community.

I emphasized that I only needed ten minutes to present her with a copy of the book as a gesture of goodwill.

To my shock, the manager responded by quoting a fee of one lakh rupees for the meeting.

Like many others might have, I simply said, "I'll get back to you."

So, I decided to visit the Humsafar Trust in Mumbai, an LGBTQ+ organization, where I personally donated a copy of the book.

Reference,

20. Call Recording — Suraj and Nana — 24 Sep 2021, 10:25 AM

21. Call Recording — Suraj and Nana — 29 Sep 2021, 11:07 AM

22. Call Recording — Suraj and Nana — 17 Oct 2021, 2:19 PM

23. Photo — September 2023 — JCB Garland by Sagar Kokane to Nana Kate

24. Photo — September 2023 — Sagar Kokane receives Yuva Pudhari award in Politics

Chapter Ten : Family Drama

May 2023

On the Other Hand, My Parents behaviour surprised me the most.

When I realized that Harshal was involved with people practicing black magic,

I noticed it was affecting everyone in the house — including my friends — except for me.

It felt as though some kind of power was hypnotizing them, which explained their strange behavior.

The only reason I seemed unaffected was because I wasn't consuming non-vegetarian food or dairy — something that appeared to shield me from the effects of the magic.

I tried to explain this to my parents, hoping they would stop eating non-veg as well.

However, not only did they continue eating it, they also began encouraging my children to do the same.

I felt helpless, watching something so important slip through my hands while trying to protect the ones I love.

Earlier for 8 years they didn't know how rough my marriage was going on but now that they knew everything inspite of that,

they were forcing me to go and say sorry to Komal's family and get her back.

Komal and her family should have apologized, only then our relationship would have been restored, especially after Swapnil's event.

One evening, I overheard my father speaking to my mother — his voice sharp, angry.

He said that maybe he should start calling me a *motherfucker*, just like some of his friends call their own sons.

He didn't know I was listening.

But I was. And those words hit harder than he'll ever know — not just because of what he said, but because it came from him.

And guess what he said to me ?

leave the bullshit of the book and resume trading.

And you don't know what meditation is and so on....

I had never talked back to Dad before, so this time too, I couldn't say anything...

but I had told Nikhil about Harshal right from the beginning.

I warned Nikhil not to marry Harshal, but he didn't listen.

I also cautioned him about her temper, yet he insisted he could handle it.

In the end, he couldn't, and Harshal not only ruined his life but destroyed everything around him.

Harshal was trying to trap all of us in a court case, but no one would listen to me.

Everyone was getting caught in her web.

Throughout my entire life, I have never disrespected my father and have always respected his boundaries.

However, to preserve my self-respect, I eventually had to leave my home.

Harshal was clearly looking for a reason to drag me and my family into a dispute, hoping to exploit the biases in the law that favor women.

Things only got more complicated after Komal joined forces with Harshal.

☐ Honda City Reverse Crash at home

As a result, I moved out of Krushnai Nivas in May 2023 and rented a 2BHK flat in Kolte Patil, Marunji, Pune.

☐ Sky lamp - Vinod Nair

☐ Flat Lights 1902

☐ 12 July 2023 Bhagawangadh, Beed, Maharashtra.

- **Namdev Shashtri**
- Drive Honda city

☐ 26 July 2023 Gujarat

- **Morarji Bapu**
- Flight missed
- Second flight on the second day almost missed.
- Unforgettable Bus Ride on the way back

☐ Pune

☐ August 2023 - Dharamshala

Reference,

25. Rental Agreement — Kolte Patil, Life Republic, Marunji

Chapter Eleven : Harrykom

August 2023

Harshal Strikes Again,

On August 11th, 2023, Harshal caused a scene by going to my house, raising her hand against my parents, and taking back all her gold.

I was at the Osho Nisarg Ashram in Dharamshala for the Neo Sannyas Program, beautifully facilitated by Swami Chaitanya Keerti.

Once again, it was an incredible experience—largely because of Keerti ji.

Even without many words exchanged between us, there was an unspoken connection.

We effortlessly slipped into a teacher-student bond that felt deeply natural and intuitive.

From what I gathered, the essence of sannyas isn't about renouncing the world but about a shift in perception—living more consciously and with heightened awareness.

It felt like stepping into a new version of myself.

And in that light, adopting a new name made perfect sense—a symbol of transformation and inner alignment.

But in my case, no alternative name felt right.

I mean, let's be honest—anyone in my place named *Suraj* would naturally hesitate a little before letting go of it!

So, I decided to surrender the decision.

I thought, "Let Keerti ji choose the name—whatever flows through him, I'll accept it as coming from the universe itself."

That's why I left the name section blank on the sannyas form.

A few hours before the initiation, Keerti ji messaged me, asking whether I wanted to keep my name or go for a complete change.

I simply replied, "I leave it up to you."

And then came the moment that left me utterly stunned with gratitude.

During the initiation, when I looked at my certificate, I saw the name: **Swami Dhyan Suraj**.

No one has ever moved me the way Keerti ji did in that moment.

The name carried not just my past, but also the light of a new beginning—honoring who I was, while gently guiding me toward who I'm becoming.

That's how *Swami Dhyan Suraj* was born into my life.

On the very afternoon of my sannyas, I discovered the chaos Harshal had caused at my place.

I was furious—this time, she had truly crossed all limits.

In a moment of anger, I called her to confront her about what she had done.

Instead of taking responsibility or even engaging in a conversation, she went straight to the Kharghar Police Station in Mumbai and filed a complaint against me.

Soon after, I started receiving calls from the police regarding the matter.

After completing the sannyas program, I moved to **9 Chimes** in Bhagsu.

On August 21, 2023, *Let's Meet God* was uploaded to the website www.surajkate.com from the Bhagsu Naag Temple in Dharamshala.

- ☐ Chinx
- ☐ Ashish
- ☐ Rama Gadre
- ☐ Nitin Kamath
- ☐ Poonam
- ☐ Rahul

Shortly after, I returned to Marunji, Pune

Meanwhile, Harshal continued to stir up conflict by turning her father against me.

Her father Hari Sutar called me from his own and two other associates' numbers,

abusing me and threatening to kill me through below mentioned phone numbers.

1. 9011772346
2. 9673039000
3. 9881656565

I went to few influential people regarding the same including a police inspector Jadhav in Sanghvi police station, pune but everyone suggestion was to sort it out mutually or else

harshal will trouble us all in the court since the law is in the favour of women.

Harshal not only brainwashed Komal but also tarnished our reputation with all relatives, causing people to be misled.

Kokane family joined hands with Harshal which gave her more power.

Harshal's Father Hari Sutar and brother Shivam Sutar were after my life since Jan 21

Passport Renewed in September 2023

- Markal Scene
- Partner Ravi Landge
- Amit Kate
- Solapur Trips

Manjunath Shetty Episode September 2023 - Special Episode

In the end, I published the story of the Sutar family on social media in an interview on September, 2023, and left Pune.

Reference,

- 26.** CCTV Footage — Harshal raises hand on my parents — 11 Aug 2023
- 27.** Call Recording — Numbers: 9011772346, 9673039000, 9881656565 — Marunji, Pune — 13 Sep 2023, 9:30 PM
- 28.** Marathi Interview — Facebook & Instagram — 18 Sep 2023
- 29.** Chat — Harshal & Suraj — August 2023
- 30.** Video — Harshal conflict with her uncle (Anger Issues)
- 31.** Call Recording — Suraj & Komal — 6 April 2023, 8:04 PM
- 32.** Call Recording — Harshal & Suraj — 12 June 2023
- 33.** WhatsApp Chat — Harshal & Suraj — 25 July 2023

Chapter Twelve : Take Off

September 2023

After exposing the Sutar family on social media, it was no longer safe to stay within their reach.

So, through a reference from Vicky Tiwari, I traveled to Krabi, Thailand, to stay around Piyush Sharma—also known as Jordan.

The plan was known to Vicky Tiwari, Dinesh Shende, and Raja Tiwari.

I handed over all my valuables, including gold worth around 15 lakhs, my Honda City car, and the keys to my flat to Dinesh Shende.

Krabi ,Thailand - 17 Sep 2023

– Jordan Cannabies Store

Phuket - 28 -September-2023

While I was there, I realized I needed to stay a bit longer to fully recover my health.

In India I wasn't even able to walk outside comfortably, let alone go to the gym.

However, since I was on a travel visa, I could only stay for 15 days.

So, I decided to return to India, extend my visa, and then come back to Thailand.

○ **Flight Missed inspite of check- in, Krabi.**

With no other option left, I made my way back to Himachal.

Meanwhile, in Pune, the Kokane family was celebrating my son Shreyaan's birthday as if nothing had happened.

Swapnil Kokane was flaunting his revolver on social media,

and the middleman, Nana Kate, was celebrating Bail Pola with my children — while I, their father, had no access to even talk to them.

From Himachal, I applied for a 3-month visa to Thailand and eventually handed the flat back to its owner.

The keys to the Honda City were left with Dinesh Shende, and the car was parked at Kolte Patil.

The rest of the furniture was moved to my house in Pimple Saudagar by Dinesh Shende.

No one knew about the flat except a few close friends — not even my parents."

Shende had started trading and confidently promised a daily profit of ₹15,000 to ₹30,000 on an investment of ₹12 lakhs,

along with a guarantee to return the capital in case of any loss.

Since I wasn't working at the time, I figured it made more sense to invest the gold with him rather than just letting it sit idle with him.

He seemed confident, so I agreed to let him invest it in trading.

I had a similar experience with him earlier, when I shifted to Kolte Patil — he had offered me the same kind of deal, and I had invested ₹10 lakhs.

But back then, in four months, he didn't give me a single rupee in profit, so I had taken my capital back.

For those four months, he was practically living at the flat, spending nearly 12 out of 24 hours there every day.

Still, I went ahead with the deal this time as well as the safety of capital was promised.

He encashed the gold and began trading, while I was waiting for my visa to get approved.

When my visa was approved, I had to travel to Mumbai to collect my passport, and that's where I met Vinod again.

Bought a new laptop while I was there and then returned to Himachal.

On the other hand, Harshal has shown an impressive level of cunning, even attempting to set a honey trap for me on Instagram through two different profiles:

one under the name "Anna" and the other as "Harshala Archer," the same individual involved in Nikhil's situation.

This appears to be connected to Harshal and Swati Kate/Lande.

I returned to Krabi and quickly got back into my routine with full energy.

I rented an apartment for ₹50,000 a month with a one-month deposit, leased a bike, and enrolled in a health club on January 22, 2024

My mornings were spent working out, evenings in the pool, all while continuing to work on *Let's Meet God 111*.

I couldn't make any online transactions due to the fear of being traced by the

Sutar family.

So, whenever money was needed, Shende would send it from India to Piyush's account, and I would collect it from Piyush

Every time I asked Shende for the money, he failed to transfer it on the day he had promised.

Forget the ₹2.5 lakhs in monthly profit he claimed I'd earn — even when I requested just ₹2 lakhs from my own capital, he kept delaying.

Because of this, I ended up going through situations I can't even put into words.

While I was trying to understand Dinesh's strange behavior, I eventually discovered the truth — he hadn't just lost my ₹12 lakhs in trading.

He had taken money from several others too, and the total loss added up to around ₹70–80 lakhs.

Not once did he tell me this was the reason behind the delayed payments, not even when it came to returning my capital.

And what shocked me the most was finding out that Dinesh had been trading under the influence of heavy drugs.

He was regularly using MDMA and had become completely addicted.

Eventually, he admitted that he couldn't pay me back all at once, but promised to return my capital slowly, in parts, over time.

While I was in Krabi, I met Ben — a partner of Piyush in a local restaurant.

He was from London and was there with his girlfriend, Jasmine (or Jass) from Iraq.

She had taken out a mortgage on her house and invested the money in Thailand through Ben.

Ben and Piyush were very close and even encouraged me to join their business venture. Everything seemed to be going well — until the twist came.

One day, Ben suddenly disappeared due to some problem in their business. Jasmine, who was entirely dependent on him — for her stay, expenses, everything — was left stranded.

On the very day rent was due, Ben vanished.

The apartment staff asked Jasmine to check out immediately. Her flat was in the same building as mine.

She called me in a panic while I was at the gym, explaining everything.

When I returned home,

I learned that Ben and Piyush had a serious falling out over business matters, and Jasmine had been caught in the middle — with no place to stay and no money, not even for food.

I did what anyone with a heart would do in that moment — I helped her.

Jasmine packed up her belongings and moved into my apartment.

Piyush had trapped Ben in the business, which is why Ben couldn't send money to Jasmine.

But the moment Piyush found out that Jasmine had moved into my apartment, his behavior changed completely. It was like a switch flipped.

He suddenly started acting like Ben, Jasmine, and I were all on the same side — against him.

That very day, Shende had transferred ₹2 lakhs, but Piyush made excuses and didn't pass the money on to me.

At that point, I didn't have any money — and neither did Jasmine.

To survive, we had to take money from Ben's restaurant counter, just enough to get by for two days, until Piyush promised he'd send the funds.

But when I called him after two days, he started ignoring my calls.

And when he finally picked up, he just brushed me off, saying he didn't know when the money would come.

That's when I lost my temper. I told him straight — if you're not going to give me the money, just say it. I'll figure something else out.

And it was like he'd been waiting for that moment.

He immediately snapped back: 'Fine, I'm not giving you anything.

Do whatever you want

That's how much itchy Piyush had to create drama — just look at this.

Within 30 minutes of our phone call, he showed up at my apartment with a few guys and some local contacts.

He had been living there for a while, so he knew people and carried himself like a local.

He called me from the gate, clearly prepared for a fight, and demanded that I come downstairs.

The issue was Jasmine's, the conflict was between Ben and Piyush — I had absolutely nothing to do with it.

And yet, here he was, showing up at my door ready to beat me up, like I was the enemy, dragging people along with him.

He's such a disgusting person — just because Jasmine moved into my apartment, he assumed I was dating her.

Had I gone downstairs, I don't know what I might have done to him in that moment.

But I held back my anger and chose to handle it maturely. I called our mutual friends, Vicky and Raja Tiwari, and asked them to intervene and calm him down.

It was only after Raja called Piyush that he finally backed off and left.

He didn't just bring a group of guys to confront me — he even brought along the lady I had rented the bike from, the same one he had originally referred me to.

The rent for the current month was pending, only because Piyush had been deliberately delaying the payment for over a week.

And now, he had the audacity to tell her, "He doesn't have the money — either collect it from him directly or file a complaint."

He didn't just try to ruin my reputation — he even went so low as to question Jasmine's character.

I honestly don't understand where people like him get this level of twisted thinking from.

I calmly spoke to the lady on the phone and assured her I'd clear the rent the next day. Eventually, Piyush and his gang left from the gate of my apartment.

All of this happened over the intercom — every word, every bit of drama.

At that point, it had become completely unsafe to stay in Krabi — not even for a single day.

Piyush was involved in the cannabis business, so he had connections with the local police too.

And I didn't even have money for a return ticket. Only Jasmine and I knew how we were managing to survive through all of this.

I called Dinesh, hoping he'd help in such a serious situation — but even then, he was of no use.

A little while later, Jasmine told me that ₹30,000 had just been deposited into her account.

Without a second thought, she booked my ticket for the next morning — from Krabi to Delhi via Bangkok.

As for the Delhi to Dharamshala leg, the ticket was arranged on credit by Raju, a travel agent from Dharamkot I had only recently come to know.

Everything was set for my flight the next morning, and I barely had ₹4,000–₹5,000 left — just enough for food and basic travel expenses.

But the next day, as I was heading to the airport, I found out that the wrong ticket had been booked.

Instead of a flight from Krabi to Delhi via Bangkok, the ticket was for Krabi to Delhi via Chiang Mai — with a full-day layover.

In all the chaos, we hadn't even checked the ticket details properly when it was

booked.

Now my already tight budget got even worse — I had to manage a day's stay and food in Chiang Mai with whatever little money I had left.

At airport check-in, I was hit with another surprise: luggage charges weren't included in the ticket. I had to shell out ₹1,500 right there.

While I was in Chiang Mai, I got a call from Jasmine — Piyush had returned to my apartment *again*.

He was like a wild animal on the hunt — obsessed, relentless.

Somehow, I made it to Bangkok, holding it all together by a thread.

What stressed me out the most was the fear that Piyush might file some fake police complaint and get me stuck in Thailand.

So, as soon as I reached Bangkok airport, I was pulled aside during security and taken for a private screening with a couple of guards.

In that moment, I was convinced — Piyush must've done something at the last minute. But then, came the twist in the story.

At the counter, I was informed that my economy ticket had been randomly upgraded to first class.

Given everything that had been happening, I couldn't believe it — it felt surreal.

Here I was, barely holding on with ₹1,000–₹1,500 in my pocket to survive until I reached Delhi, and suddenly I was seated in first class, enjoying a gourmet meal.

The experience was unbelievable. Everyone on the flight kept glancing at me, probably wondering, "Who is this guy in a hat? Some celebrity?"

In moments like these, even if you don't want to, you can't help but feel there's a higher power watching over you.

Anyway, I finally made it back to base — to Dharamshala.

Since I didn't have a long-term visa for Thailand, I returned to India and then

went back again — just so I could focus on my health and complete the final edition of my book.

But because of everything that happened with Piyush, I was forced to return within just a month.

Not only did Piyush never give me the ₹2 lakhs he owed, but I also ended up losing my apartment deposit, rent, and other expenses — all wasted.

Up until **March 2024**, Harshal kept sending me messages on Instagram, often concerning ethics and wisdom.

Eventually, I decided to block her to stop the harassment.

By **April 2024**, I had developed a simplified version of the book, *Let's Meet God*.

Before launching *Let's Meet God 111*, I reached out to Nilesh Vitthal Kate to help mediate our family issues.

But Then On Instagram I get a message from Ameet Zol. - Nikhil's Friend.

I discovered that Harshal had taken possession of my house, making it impossible for my parents to stay there.

This was a complete shock to me.

So I unblocked Harshal on Instagram and sent her a message:

In response, the Sutar family filed a complaint against me as well and connected me to Nikhil's case.

The situation has now escalated to the point where my once mentally disturbed brother, Nikhil, along with my parents, are handling the issue.

I had conveyed to my parents that I would come at the right time, and instructed Nikhil to collect the Honda City from Dinesh Shende and exchange it with a Swift for one of my friends.

However, my father insisted that I come to Mumbai in person to collect the car, which only deepened the trouble I was already in.

Not only have I been separated from my kids for two years, but my life has been a constant struggle.

I can't focus on work or income, and I can't even travel safely or make online payments without being traced by the Sutar and Kokane families.

Now, Harshal has trapped me in their case, and there was a warrant out for my arrest.

Yet, my genius father is still telling me to come to Mumbai to collect the car.

To make matters worse, my family is now threatening to file a missing persons report against me at the police station, all under the guidance of my chain marketing expert uncle,

Mr. Prakash Kale.

His story alone would take another book to tell. Once again, they've left me with no choice but to ignore their actions.

Parvati Valley

Manali - May 2024

- Krishna Home Stay
- Mayur Vasaikar

On one side was my family, on the other—my friends. Torn between the two, I somehow held on.

And finally, after everything, with the last instalment of ₹1.5 lakhs by the end of June 2024, Dinesh returned my capital.

What can I even say...?

Because of his mistake, I could never find stability. My funds were tied up, not accessible, and as a result, everything I did ended up costing me twice as much

as it should have.

What hurt the most wasn't just the situation—it was that I started resenting the people I was once closest to.

I couldn't help but wonder: if they could treat me this way, how must they behave with others?

It wasn't about being tricked or deceived. It was the pain of having shown them the most genuine, honest version of myself—and still being let down

From that day till now, I haven't heard a single word from him.

Reference,

34. Photo — 28 Sep 2023 — Shreyaan's Birthday

35. Photo — October 2023 — Swapnil Kokane flaunting his revolver on WhatsApp status

36. Photo — October 2023 — Nana Kate celebrating Bail Pola

37. Photo — October 2023 — Handover of flat to the owner by Friends: Dinesh Shende & Raja Tiwari

38. Instagram Messages — Harshal — Until March 2024

39. Document — Copy of Court Sutar — 26 April 2024

Chapter Thirteen : Last Resort

June 2024

On June 17, 2024, I sent all the details to Hari Sutar and Shivam Sutar via WhatsApp because they had threaten me for murder as I had no records earlier.

Hoping they understand the intensity of the matter but Same results again.

Hari asking me to see me in person and Shivam casually replies to me " go to the court then"

They have already managed and manipulated things in court and police stations.

Nepal - June 2024

- Gosaikundh Trek
- Har Har Mahadev
- Trek Guide Anish Thapa

Vrindavan - July 2024

- Premanand Baba

Rakkar, Himachal.

- Meditation

There came a moment when I decided to make one final attempt.

I sent a detailed account of the entire situation, supported by evidence, and formally requested an apology from both families.

If they chose not to respond, I made it clear that the edited version of this interview would soon be published as a book titled "**Let's Meet Devil.**"

My only hope was that they might still find the wisdom to stop their own downfall—before they destroy themselves with their own hands.

On **July 27, 2024**- through Nitin Kamath,

I reached out to **Vilas Palvi**, a friend of Komal's father, who had conducted my interview for marriage, as well as to Nitin Kokane - the first intermediary in my marriage,

to convey the message via email.

Additionally, I contacted **Nitin Pandurang Kate**, the intermediary for Nikhil's marriage. He simply raised his hands and suggested that I directly contact Hari Sutar.

Hari Sutar was inquiring about my whereabouts and refused to continue the conversation.

On 29 July 2024, Kokane replies with a notice of court against me for domestic violence on komal.

Aascharyafakit for the second time.

First, they ruin their daughter's life, then brainwash her against her husband, and in the end, the poor husband is made the scapegoat—just for a few extra bucks?"

"Komal was angry with me mainly because I had informed Nana Kate about her X uncle Nilesh Bhoir.

If Swapnil hadn't played such a crucial role, would things have escalated to this point?

Is it considered defamation to go to a mediator and discuss the issue?

In the past eight years, have I ever gone to a mediator? Isn't it the same when Komal's reputation is at stake, as it is with my own?

Before all this, she was angry because I had informed her family about X uncle Nilesh Bhoir.

Nilesh Bhoir continued messaging her on Facebook for six months after her marriage.

During every event, he would find a way to meet me and Komal, and on top of that, her family was playing the game of creating unnecessary tension.

Later, Swapnil came in a 'don' style, took Komal and kids without my permission, and accused me of driving Komal to the point of suicide.

He even told my mother, 'We lost one daughter, we won't lose another' — hats off to that courage!

Along with Harshal, they tried to destroy my entire family.

And on top of everything, accusing me of domestic violence... Unbelievable!

Is that how I'm supposed to feel?

Like a robot to them???

Anyways,

"Feel free to explore Chapter 4, titled 'Creation - Human,' in the book *Let's Meet God 111* on www.surajkate.com to uncover valuable insights on,

addressing the underlying causes of domestic violence that impact men, women, and the LGBTQ+ community worldwide."

Reference,

40. WhatsApp Chat — Shivaam & Suraj — 17 June 2024

41. Legal Notice — Kokane Domestic Violence Notice — 10 July 2024

Chapter Fourteen : Detachment

August 24

After Sutar and Kokane, it was time for the Kate family again.

My Parents conveyed a message to me through my friend Vinod Nair saying we will accept you the way you are so come back home.

So even after creating the whole mess they are in the same illusion that I am away from them because I am sorry for what I did.

My final attempt to retrieve my car was through Vinod Nair, asking Nikhil to help me once again.

As I had done before,

I never denied my return; I simply stated I would come at the right time.

But this time, not only was I denied the chance to reclaim my car, I was also given an unsolicited lesson on Lord Ram's wisdom.

They told me to focus on doing good at home first before thinking about the world.

For the second time, I had no choice but to ignore them.

I later found out that Harshal had lost the case in the High Court and had relinquished possession of my house.

Vinod also informed me that Shivam Sutar was once again planning to kill Nikhil, among other troubling things.

Hari Sutar is focused on planning Shivam's political career in connection with the leaders of Bhartiya Janta Party from sutarwadi pune,

while the Kokane family is busy strategizing Sagar Kokane's political future by constantly flattering Nana Kate from Ajit dada Pawar's Rashtrawadi Congress Party.

As for Nana Kate, despite four failed attempts, he's still chasing his MLA dream, while the Kokane family lounges in their palace, plotting how to throw me behind bars.

My parents had moved back, and Nikhil had resumed his duties.

Meanwhile, the Honda City had been sitting in the parking lot of Kolte Patil in Pune since July 2023, unresolved.

And what about my kids?

They have no idea where their father has been for the past two and a half years —nor, for that matter, where his entire family has gone.

Imagine the stories my children must be hearing from their well-wishers on their mother's side of the family.



Himachal

10th Aug 24 - 20th Oct 24

- Dharamkot
- Meditation

My savings were completely drained, and my account balance had dropped to just 60,000 and some gold worth 1.5 lakh with Vinod Nair.

I had some unlisted stocks that I bought in 2018, Metropolitan Stock Exchange shares at 2.3 INR each and diamond ring from divine solitaire worth 1.05 lakh

It's been over two years since that ordeal was behind me, yet I still can't bring myself to return to work, as I had taken a break when I began writing this book back in October 2020.

Forget about business; I couldn't even make G-Pay or any online transactions because these people who were after me would be able to track my location.

For a long time, I am living under the constant threat of my life from Sutar Family.

I had to be extremely cautious, even when stepping into public spaces."

When I was living near Nitin Kamath's place in Rakkar, I transferred the balance amount to him for my regular expenses.

After moving to Dharamkot with a balance of 30,000, I instructed Nitin to send the money to the owner of the house where I had shifted, and I settled there.

Until then, all my online transactions—tickets, Amazon shopping, recharges, etc.—were being handled by either Vinod or Nitin Kamath,

while I managed my routine expenses with cash.

Up until that point, everything seemed fine. But then, one day,

Vinod said, "I believe your parents are right, and Nikhil will handle everything, so you should at least call them once."

No one else besides Vinod knows about my journey from the beginning, and now this is what I hear from him at such a crucial time.

I told him, You don't entertain them as it is my business, I will deal with them at the right time.

Vinod was the last point of contact from my old world and also the link between my parents.

Despite telling Vinod to stay out of my personal life, he would constantly bring me messages from my parents, reaching a point where I could no longer trust him.

I then asked him to encash the gold, but he responded that he was busy and wouldn't have time until the weekend.

Not only did I lose the last link to my old world, but also one of my sources of online payments.

From that point on, I stopped sharing my details with Vinod.

Gold Circus

- Valli
- Bhairavee
- Jai

After two years of not being in touch with any of my friends, when I suddenly reach out to someone for help, it feels like a whirlwind because everyone knows I've been out of sight.

And that's exactly what happened.

Regarding the gold encashment, I called one of my friends, Shano Johnson.

We spoke twice, but after that, he got scared and didn't reply to me anymore.

It has been a week that I shifted to dharamkot where food was included in the stay and the rent of 30000 was suppose to be send by Nitin Kamath on day one.

The owner of the house informs me that Nitin Kamath called him and asked him for some extension for the money without even talking to me.

Now the money which was 30000 was mine and I had transferred to Nitin for emergency expenses.

On the Promised that he use to fail to make the payment and later on after 15

days tells me that he could not transfer the money to the owner as he used my money somewhere else.

Now also not only I lost a friend but the last source of online payments.

What can I even say about Nitin Kamath?

We were supposed to be working on printing the book on hemp paper — he even went ahead and ordered samples.

Playing the part, at least on the surface.

He was the one who reached out to Kokane and the Sutar family on my behalf just a month ago.

So let's be clear — he knew exactly what I was going through.

And now? At the most critical moment, this is what I get from him.

Some people don't need to stab you in the back — they just smile while watching you fall.

Now I am in a situation where I have stayed and eaten for 15 days without making a payment and some gold that Vinod was encashing as in when he used to get time.

Finally the gold worth 1.6 was encashed.

After spending 72 days in Dharamkot, I finished both books and began searching for a designer.

I originally planned to stay just a month, but after over two years, I finally came across the most magical homemade food with the warmest, most homely vibe— so I chose to stick around longer.

I reached out to Vinod to see if his Bhabhi, Sonal, who had previously designed the book, could take it up, but they responded that they were too busy.

I also contacted Deepak Rajgire, an account manager at Profit Mart Service and a friend, for help with encashing the unlisted stocks of Metropolitan stock exchange.

Unfortunately, we couldn't find a buyer, even at 1.5 INR per share, so the stocks became worthless.

With no other option, I decided to encash the diamond ring as well.

When I checked the nearest store for Divine Solitaire, I discovered it was in Dehradun, so I moved to Rishikesh with the intention of encashing the ring and getting the book designed.

Chapter Fifteen : Lets Meet god 111

October 2024

Through a mutual friend, I arrived at Tebaar Hostel in Tapovan, where I met Vimal Bhat—fondly known as Babaji - **21 Oct 24- 7th Jan 25.**

To my surprise, I discovered that the **MVT ISKCON** center was right next door.

They hosted soulful kirtans every Wednesday and Saturday, along with enlightening wisdom talks on Thursdays.

It felt like I had found exactly what I was searching for—

a place where I could engage in meaningful discussions about the Bhagavad Gita and the Vedas, and learn from authentic, knowledgeable sources.

If not at ISKCON, then where else?

And to top it all off, they served free vegetarian dinner for everyone after the kirtan—so naturally, you'd find me there all three days!

I was utterly blown away by the kirtan—the energy was electric, the atmosphere alive with devotion.

People from all walks of life, from different corners of the world and belief systems, stood united in a shared spiritual joy.

In that moment, it hit me with absolute clarity: nothing—absolutely nothing—can stop the Hare Krishna Bhakti movement.

It's only a matter of time before it becomes the most powerful spiritual force on the planet.

When i think of kirtan, I usually associate it with traditional bhajan mandals of Maharashtra.

But experiencing kirtan alongside foreigners brought a whole new and unique dimension to it.

At ISKCON, I met the team—Most of them were foreigners

I was deeply moved with respect and admiration for them.

Having grown up in an environment where elders would often insist that we engage in kirtans and study the Bhagavad Gita—something many of us still struggle to take seriously—

I found their dedication truly inspiring.

Unlike us, they had to let go of their previous belief systems, embrace a new spiritual path, and commit to not just walking it themselves, but also guiding others along the way.

That kind of inner conviction and transformation left a lasting impression on me.

The global spread of Krishna consciousness stands as a testament to the unwavering willpower and deep dedication of Srila Prabhupada,

who fulfilled the mission entrusted to him by his spiritual master, Srila Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Thakura—to bring the teachings of Lord Krishna to the Western world.

Remarkably, Srila Prabhupada embarked on this mission at the age of 70, founding a spiritual movement that has since touched the lives of millions across continents.

Meanwhile, many self-styled gurus flooding the spiritual marketplace are more concerned with crafting an image than conveying truth.

They shamelessly masquerade as avatars of the very deities they claim to worship — Transforming spiritual pursuit into a hollow, theatrical circus.

If the so-called guru is dark-skinned, he parades himself as Shiva; if fair-skinned, he claims to be Hanuman.

It's a mockery of sacred tradition—an exploitation of faith to manipulate and brainwash the naive.

During a kirtan at ISKON, I learned that someone on their team was a book designer who worked on publications for ISKCON.

It felt like the universe was speaking directly to me—I was stunned, as I had been actively looking for a book designer myself.

However, when I spoke to Prema Murthy, he mentioned that they don't take on external projects, and if they ever do, it's on a paid basis.

Unfortunately, it didn't work out.

The only time I truly felt centered amidst all this emotional and spiritual turbulence was during the kirtans.

In those moments, I found peace.

Within a couple of days, while I was at the Secret Garden Café, Nishtha—a mutual friend of Vimal—approached me about the book designer.

Coincidentally, her friend, a designer, had just returned to Tapovan.

We quickly finalized a deal: ₹20,000 for the cover design and nine illustrations, including formatting, to be delivered in PDF format since the book was intended for an online release.

I paid an advance of ₹11,000 and requested a credit of ₹9,000, which I planned to clear once my ring was encashed.

Due to budget constraints, I had to postpone the designs for *Let's Meet Devil*, but we began work on the current project. Interestingly, instead of her friend,

Nishtha herself took on the design work, using her iPad.

I was genuinely amazed by what she created—her designs perfectly captured what I had only imagined.

After several creative sessions at the Secret Garden Café, the designs finally came together beautifully.

For the first time, I felt an unexpected emotional attachment to the ring I was about to encash. Torn by confusion,

I found myself turning back twice from the shop, hoping I might arrange the funds elsewhere.

But finally, on my third attempt—on December 31st—I handed over the diamond ring at Kamal Jewellers in Dehradun.

They assured me that the payment would be processed by January 10th.

The journey from Tapovan to Dehradun on the Activa that day was truly unforgettable—etched in my memory like a quiet turning point.

After covering all my expenses, including the design of *Let's Meet God 111*, with a pending balance of 9,000 to the designer, I was left with 15,000 in cash.

On January 1st, 2025, I launched a free pdf download of "Let's Meet God 111" on www.surajkate.com during a kirtan at MVT, ISKCON Tapovan.

As soon as I logged into Instagram to post, I was absolutely stunned.

I received a message from Deepak Rajgire, informing me that the price of unlisted Metropolitan stock exchange had shot up from 1.5 to 14 INR and was now trading at 9 INR.

He had been trying to contact me about it.

I only found out when I logged into Instagram to post about *Let's Meet God 111*.

I can't remember the last time something left me this stunned and surprised in my life.

But even then, encashing the stocks wasn't possible because my Aadhar card was linked to an old number, which was required to receive the OTP for activating the Demat account.

I also received a message from my cousin, Girish Zachak, on Facebook. We spoke over the phone, and I sent him the details. After waiting until January 7th for a response with no reply,

I decided to return to Dharamshala, where I could stay on credit until I received the money from Kamal Jewellers on the 10th and sorted out my Demat account activation.

When I called Kamal Jewellers on the 10th, they informed me that they needed my permission to remove the diamond from the ring in order to get it valued for encashment.

As soon as I found out that the ring was still alive, I asked them to cancel the encashment process.

So I had to go to Dehradun to collect the ring again.

I finished all the documentation for Dmat account and encashed the stocks by 21st jan 2025 and headed to Dehradun, Rishikesh.

I attended another retreat organized by ISKCON, once again facilitated by Chaitanya Charan Prabhu — a respected speaker in the movement, often referred to as a "spiritual scientist."

Having attended a similar retreat earlier, I had entered this one with measured expectations.

The previous experience had left not only me but several group members quietly disappointed.

Still, I gave it another chance — hoping for clarity, insight, perhaps even connection.

But this time, what left me stunned wasn't the depth of wisdom — it was the commercialization of it.

Right at the heart of the retreat, we were introduced to a book authored by the very monk conducting the sessions.

The subject of the book?

The exact same concept he was teaching us during the paid retreat.

If understanding one spiritual idea costs ₹250 in book form — sold by a monk — how much would it take to understand the *entire* Bhagavad Gita?

And how many monks must I consult to complete that puzzle?

I had once hoped ISKCON would be a space for open, heartfelt discussion on the Gita — not a marketplace of monastic merchandise.

If monks themselves are engaged in promoting books during retreats designed for spiritual upliftment, then whom does one speak to freely, sincerely?

And there's more.

Across various talks within the movement, a recurring narrative dominates:
"Life is misery."

It's spoken almost as a foundational truth, and somehow still presented as part of a joyful Bhakti movement.

How can we call it Bhakti — devotion — if it begins with hopelessness?

This contradiction led me to reflect more deeply.

Could it be that we've misunderstood suffering altogether?

Could it be that life is not punishment, but part of Krishna's loving design to help us grow?

Suffering and the Divine Design: A Bhakti Reflection on Lord Krishna and the Bhagavad Gita

In the vast universe we inhabit, where stars dance in harmony and planets move with mathematical precision,

it is easy to see the hand of a grand intelligence — a cosmic composer orchestrating life with extraordinary balance.

Consider this: if the Earth were just 5% closer or farther from the Sun, life as we know it would not exist.

Such delicate harmony cannot be the result of chaos or carelessness.

It reflects a design — not random, but deeply intentional.

And yet, when pain enters our own small lives, we often question this same design.

We cry out in protest — to fate, to karma, to God.

We ask: *"Why me?" "Why this?" "Why suffering?"*

In such moments, many even begin to doubt the very nature of the Divine.

If God is love, if Krishna is compassion, then how can suffering exist?

But perhaps this question arises not because the universe is unjust — but because we are yet to understand the deeper intelligence behind sorrow.

The Misunderstanding of Misery

To say "life is misery" is to misunderstand the very core of Bhakti — the path of devotion.

Bhakti is built on the recognition of a loving, caring, and all-knowing Lord who resides not only in temples and scriptures, but also in the hidden folds of our daily experience.

When we declare life to be miserable, we are, in a way, accusing this Divine Presence of cruelty or neglect.

But Krishna is not absent in our pain — He is present *through it*.

In the *Bhagavad Gita*, Lord Krishna speaks not to a distant philosopher, but to a grieving warrior — Arjuna — who stands paralyzed by sorrow and inner conflict.

In that moment of despair, Krishna does not scold or abandon him. Instead, He patiently teaches him the eternal truths of life, karma, duty, and love.

In Chapter 2, Verse 14, He says:

**"मात्रास्पर्शास्तु कौन्तेय शीतोष्णसुखदुःखदाः।
आगमापायिनोऽनित्यास्तांस्तितिक्षस्व भारत॥"**

"O son of Kunti, the contact of the senses with their objects gives rise to cold and heat, pleasure and pain.

These experiences are temporary — they come and go. Endure them with courage, O Bharata."

Krishna gently reveals that both pleasure and pain are transient — fleeting ripples on the surface of our consciousness.

They are not ultimate truths; they are experiences meant to evolve us.

Dukha: A Teacher in Disguise

If we reflect deeply, we begin to see that suffering — *dukha* — usually has two deeper causes:

1. Shikshan (Learning):

Some suffering comes as a tool for our inner growth. It teaches us patience, compassion, humility.

It breaks the ego that separates us from Krishna.

Like a chisel shaping a stone into a beautiful murti (idol), pain often shapes the soul into something more refined, more receptive to grace.

2. Shiksha (Justice):

At other times, suffering is simply the working out of karma — the law of cause and effect that even the gods do not override.

This is not punishment, but balance.

A divine justice that Krishna upholds, not to condemn, but to restore harmony.

Neither form of suffering comes from a place of cruelty.

Rather, they are instruments of evolution.

The Creator who balances galaxies does not mismanage our lives.

If we are experiencing difficulty, it is not because Krishna has turned away — it is because He is *turning us inward*.

The Loving Hand Behind the Pain

In *Bhagavad Gita* 18.66, Krishna offers His ultimate promise:

"सर्वधर्मान्परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं ब्रज।
अहं त्वां सर्वपापेभ्यो मोक्षयिष्यामि मा शुचः ॥"

"Abandon all varieties of duty and simply surrender unto Me. I shall deliver you from all sinful reactions. Do not fear."

This is not a call to escape responsibility, but a call to shift our center — from fear to faith, from resistance to surrender.

When we give ourselves fully to the Divine, even our suffering becomes sacred.

It becomes part of His plan to draw us closer, to polish the soul until it reflects His light completely.

Life Is Not Misery — Life Is Krishna's Classroom

When viewed through the eyes of Bhakti, life is not a punishment ground.

It is a classroom. Sorrow is not a curse; it is a curriculum.

Every heartbreak, every loss, every challenge — is a lesson written by the hand of our dearest friend, Krishna.

Not to break us, but to bring us Home.

Let us not say, "Life is misery."

Let us say, "Life is Krishna's method of awakening us to eternal joy."

Let Bhakti not waver in the storm — let it deepen.

For in every tear, in every trial, there is the whisper of the Divine:

"I am with you. I have always been. And I always will be."

Jai Shri Krishna.

May we walk this path not with complaint, but with courage, faith, and love.

Back to Shiksha,

Due to budget constraints, I couldn't complete the design for *Let's Meet Devil* alongside *Let's Meet God 111* earlier, but this time, it became a reality.

Launched the cover for *Let's Meet Devil on social media* at MVT Iskon Kirtan on Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj Jayanti, February 19th, 2025.

Although their words were never spoken openly, the actions of the Kokane and Sutar families left me with no choice but to write this book.

Their manipulations and behavior forced me to confront the truth and share my story, not only for my own healing but also to bring to light a reality that others have chosen to overlook.

If a bond as sacred as that of Harshala Sutar and Hari Sutar—father and daughter and Swapnil Kokane's behaviour towards his sister Komal—can descend into such depths of betrayal and bitterness, what can we possibly expect from other relationships?

When families with temple franchises, political clout, and a net worth of over ₹300 crores are still embroiled in such shameful property disputes,

imagine the grim reality for women in households that struggle to meet even their basic needs.

If this is the condition in powerful, well-connected families, one can only shudder to think what kind of exploitation and injustice women face in homes where survival itself is a daily battle.

If this is the state of the world, where even the most primal connections are tainted by conflict and darkness,

then perhaps we should stop holding onto the hope that this Kalyug will end, even after four lakh years.

What can we hope for from a world where the very bonds that should unite us, the ones we're born with, are so easily broken?

