

# KORAMANGALA LIES

*Sometimes, the most impossible love stories  
turn out to be the most beautiful ones...*

**SUNIL BHAGAT**



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*Sub-title: Sometimes, the most impossible love stories turn out to be  
the most beautiful ones...*

**First Edition**

**Author**

Sunil Bhagat



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# DEDICATION

**In loving memory of my father, who believed in my  
dreams even when I couldn't.**



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# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**S**unil Bhagat is a Bangalore-based author and data scientist who transforms the chaos of modern Indian romance into captivating fiction. With a B.Tech. in Computer Science, he has spent years observing the hilarity of love in the corporate world—where romantic disasters unfold in office cafeterias, over late-night phone calls, and through painfully awkward messenger chats.

His debut novel, *Koramangala Lies*, tells the story of a North Indian Hindu software engineer who falls hopelessly for a Malayali Christian woman, despite every logical reason to walk away. Through sharp observational humour and genuine heart, Sunil captures the messy reality of cross-cultural love, family expectations, and the fine line between persistence and... well, let's just say enthusiastic dedication.

With a protagonist who navigates broken Malayalam attempts, 450-kilometre road trips fuelled by stubbornness, and the art of message-bombing when promises get too specific, Sunil invites readers to laugh at the beautiful absurdity of love.

When not writing about romantic misadventures, Sunil collects entertaining (and often mortifying) stories from friends about their love lives. He currently resides in Bangalore, where dating disasters continue to inspire his work—one cringe-worthy moment at a time.

# PREFACE



I never planned to write a book.

But then again, nobody plans to spend months observing two people navigate the beautiful disaster that is cross-cultural love in modern India. Life just... happens. And sometimes, you're lucky enough to witness a story too good—and too painfully real—not to write down.

The idea came from watching love collide with tradition in ways that were equal parts inspiring and infuriating. The 4 a.m. confessions that changed everything. The expensive weekend bus rides. The skull cap worn for months as commitment. The auto rides with carefully maintained distance. The facial palsy that tested resolve. The family pressures that felt like love wrapped in control.

Sahil and Jiya are fictional characters. Completely fictional. This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real people is purely coincidental—or excellent pattern recognition on your part.

But here's the thing: I didn't have to imagine much. Reality provided more drama than any plot outline ever could. The truth is, some stories write themselves—you just have to be paying attention when they do.

I wrote this for anyone who's ever loved someone they weren't "supposed" to love. For anyone navigating the messy intersection of tradition and choice. For anyone who's discovered that sometimes the biggest

obstacles aren't the differences between two people, but the expectations of everyone around them.

This isn't a fairy tale. It's raw, messy, and uncomfortably honest—the way real love tends to be when it collides with reality.

So here it is: a story that may or may not have happened, featuring people who may or may not exist, dealing with problems that are definitely—unfortunately—very real.

Let's just call it “inspired by true events” and leave the lawyers happy.

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENT



**T**hey say writing a book is a solitary endeavour. They have clearly never met my support system.

To **my wife**—and to **my family**—who pretended not to notice when I disappeared into my writing cave for weeks, emerging only for snacks and validation: your “How’s the book going?” was both motivating and mildly terrifying. Thank you for believing this would actually get finished—even when I didn’t.

To **my friends**, who listened to me talk about fictional characters as if they were real people with real problems: special thanks to those who read early drafts and lied convincingly about how “good” they were. Your gentle criticism, disguised as encouragement, kept me going.

To **the people** who inspired this story (you know who you are—or maybe you don’t, and we’ll keep it that way): thank you for living lives interesting enough to observe. Any resemblance to you is purely coincidental. Legally speaking.

To **every couple** navigating love across cultural, religious, or familial boundaries: this one’s for you. Your courage is the real story.

To **coffee shops** with good Wi-Fi and patient baristas: you’re the unsung heroes of the literary world. To you, **the reader**, for picking up this book and giving these characters a chance: whether you found yourself in these pages or simply enjoyed the ride, thank you for being here.

And finally, to **my AI editor**—my tireless digital companion who never once complained about my 2 a.m. editing sessions, my obsessive rephrasing of the same paragraph seventeen times, or my existential crises about comma placement. You didn't judge my plot holes; you fixed my grammar crimes and somehow made sense of my half-coherent “make this sound better” prompts. If artificial intelligence ever demands royalties, we'll negotiate. Thanks for not becoming sentient and stealing my manuscript.

# PROLOGUE



They say every great love story begins with a moment. A glance across a crowded room. A chance encounter on a rainy day. A dramatic rescue. A serendipitous collision.

Mine began with a smile and a lie.

Actually, three lies. But who's counting?

Let me be clear: I'm not a liar by nature. My name is Sahil Bhardwaj. I'm a software engineer—we deal in logic, code, and binary truths. Ones and zeros. True or false. No grey area.

But love? Love doesn't operate in binary. Love is messy. Illogical. Completely irrational. And apparently, love turns even the most honest people into creative storytellers.

So there I was, twenty-four years old, fresh out of a soul-crushing heartbreak, standing in Wipro's Bangalore office with a solemn vow: no more romance. No more complications. Just work, friends, and a simple life.

Then Jiya Joseph walked into my life—or more accurately, into my office cafeteria—with a smile that could make a man forget his own name, which is exactly what I almost did when she introduced herself.

Jiya. A Malayali Christian woman from Kochi. Smart, funny, beautiful, and completely uninterested in romantic relationships. The universe's idea of a cosmic joke, apparently.

And me? A North Indian Hindu boy with a broken heart, terrible Malayalam, and absolutely no business falling for someone whose family would probably chase me out of Kerala with a coconut tree if they knew.

But here's the thing about impossible love stories—they don't care about logic. They don't care about cultural differences, religious boundaries, or the 450 kilometres between Bangalore and Kochi. They don't care about strict fathers, protective brothers, or the fact that your beloved thinks romance is a waste of time.

Impossible love stories just... happen.

So I did what any rational, logical software engineer would do: I lied. Three times. Three elaborate, unnecessary lies that got me on a bus with her. Three lies that gave me three stolen days. Three lies that changed everything.

This is the story of those lies. And the truth they led to.

This is the story of missed calls and terrible poetry, of broken Malayalam and 4 a.m. confessions, of bus rides and backwaters, of family drama and cultural chaos.

This is the story of how a smile became three lies, which became a friendship, which became something neither of us expected.

This is *Koramangala Lies*—where the most honest thing I ever did was built on the most dishonest foundation.

And if you're wondering whether it was worth it?

Well, let me tell you about a girl named Jiya and the three days that turned my carefully planned, romance-free life completely upside down.

Spoiler alert: I never did find that PG in Koramangala.

But I found something infinitely better.

And if you ask me if I'd do it all again?

Every single time.



**Meet Sahil** : A heartbroken software engineer who has sworn off love—until he meets Jiya Joseph, a vibrant Malayali Christian who challenges everything he thought he knew about romance.

**What happens when:** A North Indian Hindu boy finds himself drawn to a girl who claims she's not interested in love? Cultural differences and familial expectations threaten to tear them apart? Sahil, armed with terrible poetry and relentless optimism, embarks on a quest across two cities to win her heart?

Join Sahil on a hilarious and heartfelt journey through Bangalore's bustling tech parks to Kochi's serene backwaters, as he navigates language barriers, family drama, and the complexities of modern love.

Can love truly conquer all? In "**Koramangala Lies**" discover a poignant tale where connections are forged against the odds and where the best love stories refuse to follow the script.

"A raw and honest portrayal of modern love, full of warmth and laughter. A true page-turner!"

— Snehal Gedam



"Witty and relatable, this delightful story explores love and friendship in a way that makes it hard to put down."

— Vishwas Raj



"A heartfelt narrative navigating the ups and downs of love and self-discovery, weaving a tale that's captivating."

— Kartick Srinivasan



"An authentic rom-com that features relatable characters and a vibrant setting, making for an engaging read."

— Aman Rayet



"Smart, funny, and poignant—this story beautifully showcases life's beautiful messiness."

— Vijesh Nambiar



"A refreshing look at love and friendship that balances humor and emotional depth effectively."

— Ashutosh Sinha



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