

THE STOLEN HOUSE

Truth is stranger than fiction



Kailash Amesur

The Stolen House

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I (Kailash Amesur) Started as a production scheduler with a leading production house. My career being started with a production house in which I Gained great insight in to the art of story writing and intriguing plot creations. Later having started my own Venture as an Entrepreneur and being immensely successful at it. I then decided to pen down my thoughts in a way that one can not have enough of reading. This is my second book in the succession after an immensely successful first book which is also an inspiration in my life to arrive at *The Stolen House*. I have put across uniqueness in this fiction which I hope will be appreciated by each one of you. I hope you enjoy

Acknowledgments

My sincere thanks go to all the Amesur family for putting their trust in me once again, and especially to Tarun – thank you for your support. My lovely wife Priti who had been listening patiently to each of the characters and twist in the middle of the nights while i was writing it. Grishma Khatri whose input to *The Stolen House* in particular is invaluable. Thanks to Mr Balasubramanian for his efforts and time . Very special thank to Master Jay to make my thoughts readable. Radhika who helped to get the cover page. Thank you everyone for all your hard work, insights and time you all spent helping me to get this book right.

Very special thanks to my mother without her this would have not been possible at all.

The stolen house



It was sharp 11:54 am AND was raining HEAVILY. “lookS like it’s not going to stop for few days”, THOUGHT Senior inspector milind AS HE GOT READY TO leave for his daily round up and see if there was any help required. As he was about to leave his cabin he was surprised to see a visitor. Mr. Roy was waiting for him.

Mr. Roy, the most famous and reputed criminal lawyer of the city. he was proved to be the most efficient and promising lawyer at a very young age. At the age of just 28 he had argued more than 100 criminal cases out which 98% were found not guilty. With a huge list of success stories behind him he soon became a celebrity and was always seen in the headlines.

Inspector milind was little confused to see Roy at police station at that hour as there was no case registered under his vakalatnama. usually his staff would visit the police station rather than roy himself. He walked across to greet him and pushed him a chair to sit. “I am glad to see you sir, but is there anything serious that you have to come to the police station , this time?” Asked milind.

Roy sat down the chair and rested his elbow on the armrest. He wore a thoughtful look and took a few seconds before beginning. “I am here to register a complaint”.

Milind thought for a second and enquired, “what complaint would you like to make? is anything or anyone troubling you? any kind of threat received?”

Roy replied again in a very thoughtful manner. “I am here to make a complaint against a theft. I hope you can help me on this. My bungalow, where I have been staying is stolen!!!”

After meeting Roy, milind could hardly sleep. he was just trying to get rid of those thoughts and take a small nap when suddenly the phone rang. Usually he wouldn't have answered but it was the commissioner's call. With little hesitation, he answered and was shocked to hear the angry voice on the other side.

Since milind did not take Roy's complaint on paper roy had called the commissioner in the middle of the night and complained about Milind's behavior. now he was asked to complete this on priority basis and solve the case as soon as possible. Not only that, he needed to report to the commissioner on daily basis regarding the progress. The line was disconnected after the string of instructions given and Milind didn't have a chance to clarify.

Milind got up from his bed and started wondering how was he going to start the investigation and what kind of case was this. A stolen house !!! was this some kind of a joke. was he dreaming!!!

Milind decided to follow his senior's instructions to start of with. He first went to Roy's Office. usually no one could meet him as he was a very

busy lawyer. Even at times police would have to wait but since this case was registered by Roy himself, Milind thought he might be able to meet and then will go to commissioner's office to clarify that it was just a joke by a drunk lawyer. He identified himself to the receptionist and asked if he could meet Mr. Roy. No further questions were asked. He was ushered into a meeting room where Mr. ROY was already waiting for him

Already waiting!! he had not taken an appointment and not called to ask for one. How come he was being expected there?

Milind was greeted personally by Mr. Roy. It was a very large conference room and could easily occupy more than 30 people at one time. A large flower arrangement decorated the center of the oval table. There were note pads and pencils nicely stacked up on a side table. A neat tea set adorned another side table. The room looked readied for a large board meeting. Roy sat at the head of table and got up to greet milind. milind shook his hands hesitantly and took a seat. A young fellow clean shaven and smartly dressed walked in and stood in a corner. roy offered if milind would like to have some tea or coffee. His attire seemed to be expensive and looked very good on him. At least he was wearing better clothes than milind. Shaken with his own stupid thoughts milind declined the offer. With a wave of his hand, roy dismissed the boy out of the room and turned to milind.

Mr. Roy was a very sensible lawyer and always talked to the point. Unlike other people, he was very direct, to the point and did not like any kind of

interruption while he spoke. Mr. roy cleared his throat and said, "milind I am really sorry to bother you last night." hearing this milind's tight worried look relaxed and he had a small smile on his lips. he felt as if he had won the game and was right about the lawyer being drunk in the night. or maybe he was going through an emotional phase. His thoughts were soon interrupted by Roy...

"I became very restless the moment I found my house was not there and couldn't think of doing anything that's why I made my way to police station. But I would have appreciated if you would have listened to me and taken down my complaint, I would have not called the commissioner." Continued Roy.

Milind's jaw dropped. The ordeal was not over. He couldn't believe this. His mind raced with multiple questions and milind was In no mood to listen to this any further. He thought to cross question roy and ensure that this lawyer would not come up again with such stupid things. Milind began his investigation.

"Sir if I hear you correctly you are saying the bungalow, you have been staying at, is lost?" Questioned Milind.

"Yes!"

"How long you have been staying there?"

"More than a year."

"Did you buy this house or did you inherit this place?"

"Well, I bought a plot and made a bungalow on It." Replied the renowned lawyer.

“Sir, if you had bought the plot, I am sure you will have the legal papers or are they also stolen with your said bungalow?” inquired Milind

It was clear that Mr. Roy felt bad the way it was asked, however he just smiled like a wise man. Smiling at this stupid question, he called his secretary on the phone and asked for his house documents. She walked in with a huge file. it looked like the file contained documents for more than 10 houses.

Mr. Roy handled the file to milind and said, ”It has got all the papers from registration to the installations. utility bills for water, electricity, phone and other bills which he has been paying for a year. Milind couldn’t believe his own ears, a house which was build more than year and had all the amenities was actually stolen. He had no words but to believe the lawyer now. He knew he was talking to the country’s best lawyer. Milind felt foolish on his decision to cross question as roy was ready with all the answers. It looked like the file was a big slap on Milind’s face. With no option milind took the file, shook hands with Mr. Roy and quickly left like a defeated soldier.

Milind’s grades were the highest in his team. he had been nominated best police officer several times and had received awards more than 3 times for his exemplary service. He ranked the best at his training at the police academy. His work was praised by seniors and his juniors followed his methods and learnt from him. He had good credits to his name. in fact, the police commissioner had

advised him to join the secret service as he has cracked in strong and twisted case in 24 hours.

But this case seemed to be the worst case of his life. With little hope, he left in search of his first lead, the address where the house was stolen from. On the way he kept wondering what kind of question was he going to ask. It is going to be difficult.....

He drove towards the location and found an empty plot. It seemed like the plot was cleaned with no signs of a house built on it. Except for a big gate and name plate on it. Though the gate looked welcoming he preferred to park his car outside and made his way towards the empty plot. There was nothing to check it was all empty. What kind of clue could he get here? He kept wandering around the entire plot, inspecting everything, but got nothing which could help him further. Disappointed, as he was about to leave, he heard someone's voice.

Hello? What the hell are you doing here???

He turned towards the direction of the voice which came from a neighbour's garden which seemed to be hardly 5 meters away from that place and could be easily seen. He could see a middle age man waving at him. With a sigh of relief milind walked towards him, thinking that this case was almost solved. 'This man will prove there has been no house here and it was a false report. I will call the media and report the same and ensure the entire country knows about it the lawyer will face serious charges.....' Thought Milind.

Milind walked briskly towards garden of that house as if he was running to receive a winning

trophy. He flashed his id card proudly assuming to receive the usual reaction the common man had when a police officer flashed his id card !!! He said, “ I am inspector milind and I am the investigating officer and would like your help with a case.” The neighbor preened his eyes and took a long look at his card and eyed milind cautiously, as if he was trying to verify. After he had done reading everything on the card and replied, “my name is Bhaskar rao, how May I help you officer?”

Bhaskar was a middle aged man, well dressed and handsome. He appeared to be a professional and wore glasses which brought out the sophisticated look on him. Bhaskar was enjoying a cigarette in his garden. “So officer what help do you want and May I ask you why did you go to that place. do you have a permission?” milind said he was there to investigate the case filed by Mr. roy and was searching the place. To which Bhaskar laughed and said, “Indian police ! What the hell are you searching in an open place?” hearing that milind was filled with joy, he was not able to hide his excitement. He was a genius and had solved the case in less than 24 hours. How proud his seniors were going to be..... it was the right time as he was due for promotion this is going to add up. How lucky he had met Mr. Roy and the commissioner assigned this fake case to him. He could now take revenge on Mr. roy. He felt humiliated and he had sworn for revenge while leaving Roy’s office, he was going to make sure the truth would come out in front of every one. Eager to know more he asked Bhaskar, “so I was right, there

is no stolen house. In fact, there has been no bungalow here and so nothing has stolen right Mr. Bhaskar?”

Milind continued his questioning with Mr. Bhaskar when suddenly he was disturbed with a noise of horn.

He found his car was in the middle of the road and had blocked the traffic. Lost in his thoughts, he forgot he had parked his car on the road in front of that plot.

He drove off to his favourite coffee shop. He always went to this coffee shop whenever he was stuck badly in a case. When there was pressure from media and seniors and no lead to crack the case but in this case there was no pressure in fact media was not aware about it. But milind had created a pressure in his mind because he was feeling defeated and he didn't like to lose. But in this case he felt lost moreover he had been humiliated. the day had been very tough for him. Suddenly he felt as if he needed a leave and spare some time for himself, but asking for leave in the middle of this case would be a very bad remark for him and could be also bad on his growing carrier. Milind as usual ordered the cappuccino and lit a cigarette and started thinking about what Bhaskar had told him. Bhaskar was not a big help, instead he made things more complicated. As per Bhaskar the bungalow was very much there and as a neighbour he had attended several parties there. Also the night before house was stolen, he had attended a small get together and had a good time in the evening with Mr. Roy. They discussed about rising prices and

global warming, had 2 snifters of brandy and left at mid night. And the next day, of course the house was stolen...

After the hectic day milind reached the police station and started working on some old cases. He was still not sure whether to file the fir on roy's complaint. May be he needed to consult his seniors before doing anything or probably he should try to collect some more information and then file a fir. Anyways he was very tired and it was better to do some other work which would occupy his mind and might make him feel better.

As usual milind skipped his lunch and was in his office working on files. He jotted down the details on a piece of paper just in case he might have to file the fir and kept in his drawer. He heard his colleges' voice who had come for his shift and realized it was too late. It was time to leave for home and take some rest. he greeted his associate rawat and left for the day.

On the way back home milind called his only friend jay to join him for dinner as he hadn't had anything since morning. Though he was not hungry he wanted to avoid sleeping on an empty stomach.

Jay and milind had been together since childhood, they had been to same school, same class and same college. They had shared everything. both wanted to pursue their career in police. both had a crush on the same girl However milind proposed to her and she agreed, after which jay left the college half way and continued his college term in a different stream. he opted for graduation in mass media. jay could not bear the defeat and felt it was

better to choose a different stream. Because of that girl jay left his dream of becoming police officer and got into criminal journalism. Milind was surprised by jay's decision as they both had decided to become police officers. But jay did not tell him about his feelings about her girlfriend and chose to part ways with his childhood friend. He felt defeated from milind and so decided choose a different stream and became a senior reporter. Even after so many years milind was not aware about jay's love. He had asked jay so many times to get married but jay would simply change the topic.

As he always wanted to become a police officer he choose to be in crime section and slowly he was known to be the best Senior criminal reporter in cracking unsolved cases. At time even police would seek help from him, he would investigate every case closely, find out the truth and then publish it. Unlike other writers, he quickly worked on the leads, search them and get it. Unless convinced with the facts he will not publish them as his job was to deal with criminals. Like milind he had managed to build a very good network. At time even milind had asked him why he wanted to build network with wrong people, he could get information easily. But jay would always ignore him and kept on making his network stronger which wasn't really needed. Jay knew almost all the contract killers. He knew everything about high profile criminals and how they operated. They would make things look like an accident or natural In fact, these criminals have their own huge teams for everything. To make things simpler, they would have one team for

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Synopsis :

Milind is no hero, he's a maverick cop whose relentless pursuit of truth has earned him some dangerous enemies. But when he is about to get promoted , he comes across the most mysterious case of his life "The Stolen House " .

A typical small town in Goa is famous about 2 things; clean beaches and criminal lawyer Roy . Roy has fought more than 100 criminal cases and won all of them, winning has become his hobby now .

A suspense conflict between maverick cop and insolent lawyer

Reviews:

His writing style is unique and Kailash has a flair for the mysteries : Dr Ramz Hawai BDS ,D HONS (MAXILLOFACIAL RESCONSTRUCTION IMPLANTOLOGY) University of lille2, France

One of the few books in the recent times that will keep you glued to it till the end and you don't have to leave it halfway, good story writing and concept.: Dr . Chanchal Bherwani , Mumbai

This is going to be the bestselling novel of the year : Mahesh Lakhwani Editor Janjyoti Newspaper (Nasik)

Previous Books by author: *After you leave your last job*

Next Book: *The hidden den*



About the author:

Kailash Amesur - I started as a production scheduler with a leading production house. My career started with a production house in which I Gained great insight in to the art of story writing and intriguing plot creations. Later I started my own Venture as an Entrepreneur and being immensely successful at it, I then decided to pen down my thoughts in a way that one cannot have enough of reading. This is my second book in succession after an immensely successful first book which is also an inspiration in my life to arrive at "The Stolen House".

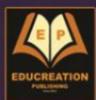
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