

# Title: "Shadows Beneath the Waterfall"

**Genre: Mystery, Psychological Crime Drama**

**Setting: Modern-day India**

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## Prologue

They called it the perfect honeymoon.

Raja Verma, a 30-year-old government officer from Indore, had recently married Sonam Sharma, a 26-year-old makeup artist from Ujjain. Their wedding had been nothing short of a fairytale — a symphony of traditions, rituals, and joyous celebrations captured in viral videos, echoing with laughter, music, and the sacred promise of forever.

But forever ended before it began.

One week after their honeymoon began, Raja was found dead — miles from the resort, his body bruised and broken beneath a secluded waterfall. His bride was found days later, wandering barefoot and dazed, with no memory of what happened.

And thus began one of the most baffling murder investigations in the country's recent memory.

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## Chapter 1: The Disappearance

It was Sachin Verma, Raja's younger brother, who noticed the silence first.

Raja hadn't called home in days — unusual for someone so close to his family. His last message had been brief, sent from a hill station outside Manali: *"Reaching a no-network area for a couple of days. Don't worry."*

When that silence extended into four days, Sachin grew uneasy. He called Sonam. Her phone was off. The resort confirmed they had checked in, but couldn't verify if — or when — they left. CCTV cameras hadn't captured them leaving the main entrance.

Sachin filed a missing persons report.

Within 72 hours, a statewide search was launched.

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## Chapter 2: Found and Lost

It was a shopkeeper on the highway who called the police.

A young woman, barefoot and confused, had entered his general store, asking for water. She looked disoriented, her dress torn at the hem, her eyes vacant. Her identity was confirmed within hours — she was Sonam Sharma.

She had no luggage. No wallet. No phone. When asked what happened, she said quietly:

"I don't know where Raja is. We argued... then... I don't remember."

She was taken into protective custody.

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## **Chapter 3: The Waterfall**

Trekkers found the body.

Hidden in the underbrush 30 kilometers from the main highway, deep in a forest known more for ghost stories than tourists, Raja's body was discovered lying face-down on the rocks beneath a small but steep waterfall.

Forensics determined the cause of death: blunt force trauma to the head, followed by multiple stab wounds. Estimated time of death: 3 AM, three nights prior.

The news broke like wildfire.

Sonam was immediately placed under watch.

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## **Chapter 4: Echoes from the Past**

When police retrieved data from Sonam's cloud backup, one contact raised eyebrows — saved under the name "Sonia Makeover Studio."

It was not a salon.

It was Raj — a man from Sonam's past, 29, with no fixed profession, living in Jamshedpur.

They had a relationship years ago. It had ended under pressure, allegedly due to caste differences. Raj belonged to a lower caste, and Sonam's father was rumored to have intervened. After that, they lost touch — or so everyone thought.

In reality, they had been talking. Frequently. Even during the honeymoon.

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## **Chapter 5: The Scooters**

All five suspects — Raj and four of his close friends — had rented scooters from a vendor near the resort. The vendor provided a crucial detail: all scooters had GPS trackers.

The data painted a chilling map: - Raj's scooter was parked near the forest entry. - Two others stopped near a secluded trail. - One scooter made a detour toward the bus station where Sonam's phone was later found. - Another veered off to a remote location — later confirmed as the weapon dump site.

CCTV footage from roadside dhabas and petrol pumps matched the timeline. They were all in the vicinity the night Raja was killed.

But no one saw the murder. No camera caught the act. There were only footprints, misdirections, and a growing storm of suspicion.

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## Chapter 6: The Marriage That Wasn't

The media went into overdrive.

"Who planned the honeymoon? Was it Sonam — or Raja?"

This question lit up talk shows and Twitter threads alike. The answer, strangely, remained unclear. The booking was made through a travel agent — cash payment. The agent refused to say who had contacted him.

More fuel was added to the fire when college classmates of Sonam revealed her past with Raj. They had been deeply in love. Her father disapproved. Raj disappeared.

Was this honeymoon Sonam's attempt to run away? Or... to set Raja up?

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## Chapter 7: The Internet Reacts

Across the nation, people chose sides:

**JusticeForRaja — calling Sonam a traitor, a manipulative killer.**

**TrustSonam — painting her as a fragile woman, caught in a storm bigger than herself.**

A tea stall owner uploaded blurry CCTV footage of Raj and two of his friends eating Maggi near the forest entry that night. Another posted a clip of Sonam and Raja dancing joyfully just two days before — their laughter echoing like cruel irony.

Theories multiplied. Angles twisted. Truth blurred.

## Chapter 8: The Interrogation

All five suspects were caught from different states. They gave confusing, contradictory statements.

Raj said:

"I never met Raja that night."

One friend confessed:

"We were supposed to talk to him. That's all. Just talk."

Sonam remained silent. When pressed, she finally said:

"I didn't plan this. But I know something went wrong. Terribly wrong."

And then she asked for a lawyer.

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## Chapter 9: The Courtroom Waits

All accused remained in custody. The investigation was ongoing.

Sonam underwent psychiatric evaluation. Raj refused a polygraph. Sonam's father denied any connection to Raj, calling the media's caste narrative "fabricated nonsense."

Still, the question lingered: **Why did she surrender — if she was guilty?**

Or more disturbingly — **what if she didn't remember what she had done?**

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## Epilogue: The Ring and the River

Three months later, a local child found a torn piece of burnt cloth near a dried riverbed. Beneath it — a ring, engraved:

*S & S – Forever is a lie.*

It was tagged and submitted as Evidence #341.

No judgment had been passed. No final statement had been made. The case remained officially unresolved.

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## Final Page

*Some stories don't end. Some simply scatter into questions.  
The truth, like water, takes the shape of its container.  
And sometimes... the container shatters before we ever know what it held.*