

# Bus to Meerut

*A Psychological Thriller on Memory, Secrets, and the Roads That Never Let Us Escape*

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## Preface

Every journey has a destination.  
Yet some journeys are not meant to arrive.

There are roads in India that carry more than vehicles. They carry secrets, unfinished conversations, lost relationships, and silent crimes buried under the dust of countless wheels. A bus ride—something ordinary, something routine—can become the stage for the most extraordinary unraveling of the human mind.

*Bus to Meerut* is not merely a story about travel. It is a story about **memory, identity**, and the terrifying realization that the past does not remain behind us—it quietly travels with us.

In the bustling highways between Delhi and Meerut, thousands of buses run every day. People board them with luggage, expectations, and worries. But sometimes, someone boards carrying something much heavier: **truth that refuses to remain buried.**

This novel explores the fragile architecture of human psychology—the way guilt reshapes memory, how fear distorts perception, and how love and betrayal can coexist in the darkest corners of the mind.

The characters in this story, **Ayush** and **Seema**, represent two psychological forces: the mind that wants to forget and the mind that refuses to forget.

The bus journey becomes more than a physical trip—it becomes **a descent into psychological confrontation.**

Because sometimes the road to Meerut is not about distance.

It is about **conscience.**

— **Devanssh Mehta**

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## Why This Book

Modern thrillers often focus on action, espionage, or crime. However, the most powerful battles rarely occur with weapons. They occur **within the mind.**

This book attempts to explore three fundamental psychological questions:

1. **Can memory be trusted?**
2. **Can guilt reshape reality?**
3. **Can truth remain buried forever?**

The setting of the story—an overnight bus traveling toward Meerut—creates a confined psychological environment where characters cannot escape their thoughts or each other. In such enclosed spaces, human behavior reveals its rawest form.

Ayush believes he is traveling toward a normal destination.  
Seema believes she is traveling toward justice.

But neither of them truly knows what awaits them at the end of the road.

Through suspense, emotional conflict, and psychological tension, this book aims to immerse the reader into a narrative where **every conversation carries hidden meaning, every silence conceals danger, and every mile brings the characters closer to an inevitable revelation.**

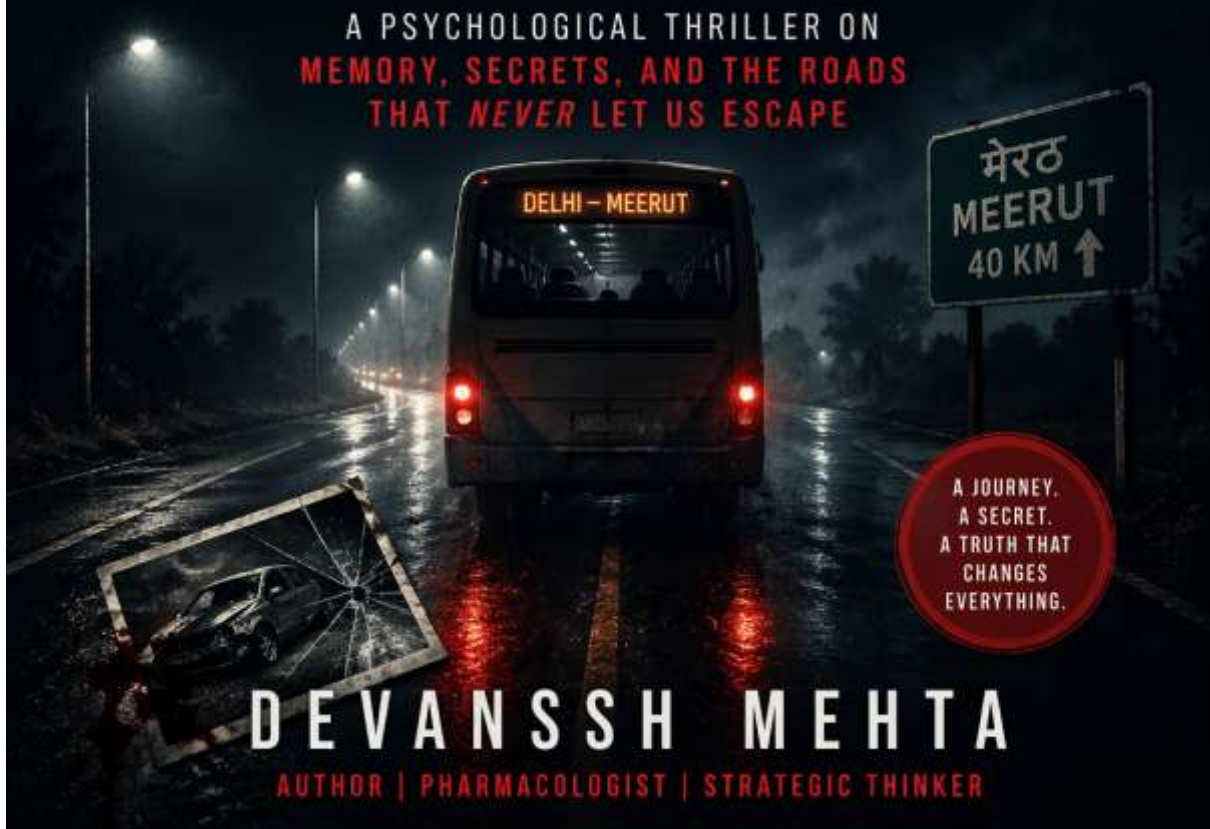
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SOME JOURNEYS DON'T TAKE YOU FORWARD.  
THEY TAKE YOU **BACK**.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL  
THRILLER

# BUS TO MEERUT

A PSYCHOLOGICAL THRILLER ON  
MEMORY, SECRETS, AND THE ROADS  
THAT *NEVER* LET US ESCAPE



A JOURNEY.  
A SECRET.  
A TRUTH THAT  
CHANGES  
EVERYTHING.

DEVANSSH MEHTA

AUTHOR | PHARMACOLOGIST | STRATEGIC THINKER



# **\*\*Chapter 1**

The Bus That Left at Midnight\*\*

The Anand Vihar Bus Terminal was never truly silent.

Even at midnight, the place breathed like a restless organism. Vendors shouted half-heartedly, engines hummed, stray dogs wandered between the benches, and tired travelers clutched their tickets like fragile promises.

Ayush stood near Platform 14.

The digital board flickered above him.

**DELHI – MEERUT (MIDNIGHT EXPRESS)**

He checked his watch.

12:05 AM.

The bus would leave in ten minutes.

Ayush adjusted the strap of his bag and exhaled slowly. It had been a long week in Delhi—meetings, deadlines, exhaustion. The thought of reaching Meerut and sleeping in his childhood home felt comforting.

Yet something about the night felt unusually heavy.

Perhaps it was the strange quietness of the platform.

Or perhaps it was the feeling—irrational but persistent—that someone was watching him.

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# **\*\*Chapter 2**

Seat Number 17\*\*

The bus interior smelled of diesel and old upholstery.

Ayush found his seat.

**Seat 17. Window side.**

He placed his bag above and sat down.

Passengers slowly filled the bus. A young couple argued softly. An elderly man coughed repeatedly. A college student scrolled endlessly through his phone.

Normal people.

Normal night.

Then she entered.

She stepped into the bus calmly, almost silently.

Her name, Ayush would later learn, was **Seema**.

But what struck him first was her composure. She moved with unsettling confidence, as if she already knew every seat, every passenger, every detail.

And then she sat beside him.

**Seat 18.**

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## **\*\*Chapter 3**

The Stranger Beside Him\*\*

For the first fifteen minutes, neither of them spoke.

The bus rolled onto the highway.

The city lights slowly faded behind them.

Finally, Seema spoke.

“Going to Meerut?”

Ayush nodded.

“Yes.”

She smiled faintly.

“Interesting city.”

Her voice carried an unusual calmness—almost analytical.