

NO.1 BEST SELLING AUTHOR
VISHWAS MUDAGAL

VIMU
SUPERHEROES

A Masterpiece of
Epic Proportions
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RUDRAMAN

THE BATTLE FOR EARTH



**"A forgotten hero. A warrior princess.
An alien invader determined to rule the stars."**

In a world where ancient Indian mythology collides with futuristic science fiction, Rudra-the forgotten protector of Earth-must rise again to confront an alien invasion led by the tyrannical Taraak the Asurax. With the powerful Amurax, the nectar of immortality, at stake, humanity's survival teeters on the brink.

As Shakti, a warrior princess with a secret lineage, joins forces with Rudra, the battle for Earth transcends the physical realm, delving into the mysteries of creation, sacrifice, and destiny. Betrayals run deep, alliances shift, and the ultimate price of power is revealed.

Vishwas Mudagal is a bestselling author, entrepreneur, and storyteller who weaves ancient Indian mythology with cutting-edge science fiction. With his signature style of creating larger-than-life characters and gripping narratives, Mudagal brings to life a tale of gods and men, set against the cosmic backdrop of Earth's ultimate battle.

About the VMU:

Step into the VMU Superhero Universe—a ground-breaking storytelling venture by bestselling author Vishwas Mudagal that reimagines Indian mythology and blends it seamlessly with futuristic science fiction.

FICTION


Author Bio




Vishwas Mudagal is a No.1 best-selling author, creator of the **VMU Superhero Universe**, and the **founder of the GoodWorks Group**—a fast-growing conglomerate spanning technology, real estate, AI, and venture capital.

He is best known for his acclaimed novels *Losing My Religion*, *The Last Avatar (Age of Kalki – Book 1)*, and now *Rudraman: The Battle for Earth*—the epic novel that lays the foundation for the **VMU Superhero Universe**, where Indian mythology collides with science fiction and the future of humanity.

Vishwas is one of India's most followed creator-entrepreneurs on social media, with a community of millions engaging with his ideas on leadership, storytelling, and innovation.

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Rudraman: The Battle for Earth

Vishwas Mudagal



RUDRAMAN: THE BATTLE FOR EARTH

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*Dedicated to my creators, my first heroes—mom and dad.
You gifted me the power to dream and the courage to turn
those dreams into reality.
This is for you.*

Yadā Agniḥ Śītalāḥ Abhavat, Samudrāḥ Ūrdhvaṃ
Abhyudatthan.

Yadā Devā Dīpaśastrāṇi Akārṣuḥ,
Yadā Asura-Chāyāḥ Nabhasaḥ Apatan—
Tadā Utthitau Rudraḥ Śaktiśca, Bhūmeḥ Rakṣakau.

*When fire froze and oceans rose,
When gods forged weapons of light,
When shadows of Asura fell from the stars—
Then rose Rudra and Shakti, the Guardians of Earth.*



**RUDRAMAN WORLD
MAP (10,000 BC)**

EMPIRES, SACRED SITES AND
ASURAX STRIKES

Mesopotamia
Civilization



Sindhu Samrajya
(Indus Empire)



Triyugi

Devashila Pass



Rudraparbat



Shambala

Valley of Bhutas

Indus Ocean



Egypt Civilization
(Kemet Empire)



Amurax Extraction Site
(Battle For Earth -
Ground Zero)



Capital



Asurax Strike



Sacred Mountain

Shakti's quest to
find Lord Rudra



Author's Note

On 19th October 2018, an idea struck me like a divine spark. An idea so colossal that it took seven years of relentless effort to bring it to life. *Rudraman: The Battle for Earth* isn't just another book, but the biggest challenge and greatest achievement of my literary life.

For me, Rudra is not merely a character—he is an avatar of Lord Shiva, the one I worship and follow with devotion. To attempt writing a story around him was overwhelming, almost impossible. Yet, I knew I had to create a world where mythology, science, and fast-paced storytelling collide. Where the grandeur of the ancient meets the logic of the modern.

It is my earnest belief that India was the pioneer of science and technology in prehistoric times—the Vedas, Puranas, and epics are testimony to this. But much of this knowledge was lost to wars, invasions, and time itself. Through this book, I attempt to reimagine that lost era. To bring alive a vision where the ancient sciences and wisdom resurface in a way that makes sense to today's youth.

Writing this book tested me in ways I had never imagined. I researched the receding Ice Age of 10,000 BC, built the Sindhu Samrajya, and created the Asurax (inspired by the Asuras in Puranas) as a predatory species from distant stars. I rewrote and refined the storyline through forty plus drafts until Rudra and Shakti became not just gods of legend, but heroes we could relate to and root for.

Rudraman: The Battle for Earth is a standalone epic, but it is also the prequel to my *Age of Kalki* trilogy (*The Last Avatar – Book 1*). If you've read that trilogy, you know that Kalki is aided by a secret society called the Rudras. This book answers the questions: Who were the Rudras?

Why was Shambala created? Why were the weapons and scriptures of the gods hidden from the world?

This is the story of the beginning—when Lord Rudra entrusted the Rudragan with the greatest responsibility of all: to protect divine knowledge and rise only during apocalyptic times.

Together with *The Age of Kalki trilogy*, the saga of Rudra and Shakti form the very heart of my VMU Superhero Universe—a universe that brings unique Indian heroes to the forefront of global storytelling.

I invite you to immerse yourself in this world, where the forgotten greatness of India's past meets the limitless possibilities of its future. Do not forget to read more about the universe, the characters, and the timeline at the end of the book.

I owe this journey to my parents, my children Myra and Arya, my sisters Seema and Sapna, and to my family and my friends who have stood by me at every step.

To Sonia Sharma—my wife, my fiercest critic, and my courage. I am lost without you.

My gratitude to the GoodWorks Group team for standing shoulder-to-shoulder with me—while creating artwork, cover design, merchandise, the website, and our unforgettable Comic Con Bengaluru showcase.

And above all, I bow to Lord Shiva and Mother Parvati for blessing me with this story.

I am merely attempting to reimagine the works of the giants—the rishis, gurus, and munis who gave us Hindu mythology and our history.


Om Namah Shivaya.

Vishwas Mudagal



P.S. I'd love to hear your thoughts about the book and the VMU Universe!

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Prologue

Around the year 10,000 BC...

Rudra stood on the edge of the cliff, his *trishula* driven deep into the rocky ground, as the night stretched endlessly above. The stars burned bright like the ancient fire, but one of them moved—fast, erratic, and unlike any celestial dance he had ever seen. Not a shooting star. Something else. Something wrong.

A Vimana? The thought flickered in his mind instantly. He tightened his grip on his trident, his body instinctively shifting into a defensive stance.

And then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the light vanished.

For a moment, he stood frozen, scanning the heavens for a trace of the anomaly. But the night offered nothing but silence and indifference. He let out a slow breath, shaking his head. “Strange,” he muttered under his breath.

He had had a long day, climbing a treacherous mountain peak away from any human habitation. He wanted to find a way to forget the bitter past. But no matter what he did, he couldn’t get over the grief in his aching heart.

Standing atop of this majestic Himalayan summit on that full moon day, he looked at the vast expanse in front of him. Yet there was no sense of accomplishment, only a lonely emptiness ringing hollow in his chest. He took a deep breath, while winds howled and flakes of snow descended from the sky.

Why did you have to leave me? he questioned as he looked up to the sky.

It had been over four years since Aparna, the love of his life, had died. He had loved her more than anything else in the entire universe. Upon her tragic death, he hadn't controlled himself, unleashing his wrath upon everyone who was responsible for her death. He had then taken her body and roamed around in the Himalayas, in grief and anger, and more grief, before concluding her last rites.

Since then, he had isolated himself to an ascetic life in the Himalayas. He didn't want anything to do with the world anymore. He didn't want to see another soul.

He opened his eyes and looked up at the heavens, his breath a cloud of mist in the icy air. *Why did you have to leave me?*

The stars, indifferent as always, offered no answer.

Rudra was about to descend when he saw it again.

A streak of light tore across the sky like god's fury, far brighter and larger than any shooting star. This time, it didn't vanish. It grew.

It is a Vimana.

It seemed as though the flying aircraft had caught fire and was about to crash land. It flew past him towards the nearest village and landed with a blast.

He sprinted ahead, for he felt an unusual churn inside him after seeing the burning vimana. *It's not from this world*, he knew it from the get go.

He had to know what it was and what it brought down from the sky. He leapt from the mountains, from rock to

rock, for the Himalayas were his home, and he covered great distance in a fraction of time.

Within an hour, he was near the village, where he saw a pyramid shaped vessel burning up in flames at the foot of the mountain. He panted for breath and slowed down for a moment to rest, as he waited to see if anyone or anything had emerged from the vessel.

He could sense evil. *Something isn't right.*

In the meantime, he saw a group of villagers move towards the vessel with spheres in their hands. Getting terribly worried, he sprinted ahead.

They were now pulling out the debris and trying to get inside the vessel.

“Wait!” he yelled. “Don’t go inside.”

The villagers were alarmed looking at Rudra.

“Who are you?” asked a village elder. Rudra ignored them and rushed inside the burning flames, using the tiger hide to protect himself. He managed to tear open the doors with his trident and threw them aside. As he went inside, he was utterly dumbfounded to see the gadgets, the machinery, and the illumination inside the vessel.

He then heard the screams of the villagers from the outside, so he turned around and ran in their direction.

They were looking at two burnt bodies that didn’t look human. *What are they?* he choked. He could hear his heartbeat rise in his chest, as the villagers ran helter-skelter in fear.

The vessel blew up further and the fire raged on. He hurried back in the vessel, looking around for anything that was valuable enough to be saved. It was only a matter of minutes before the whole thing turned into ashes.

He found a metallic black tablet with a screen that he knew was a communication *yantra*. The inscriptions on it were shifting and edges pulsed with a red glow. It was beeping and it didn't sound good. It was some sort of a distress signal or a message to come to Earth. Or perhaps the vessel was only a forward scouting party on a mission to study Earth ... and perhaps now the main party was enroute.

As the vessel was about to blow up, Rudra ripped the tablet out and ran outside in the nick of time. And then it burst up in flames. Such was the intensity of the blast that he was thrown up in the air. While he landed with a thud in the snow, he realized something sinister and far more technologically advanced was hurling towards the planet. Something that the human race had no chance to win against.

He knew from that very moment that the battle for Earth had begun.



Chapter 1

100 years later... Around 9900 BC

The messenger's horse collapsed at the entrance of the giant city gate, and he came down crashing onto the frozen ground. With his exhausted eyes, he could see the majestic Triyugi palace ahead, standing defiant against the cold, its golden spires gleaming like a beacon in the white expanse. In the era of an unforgiving Ice Age, it was as if the Gods had descended their abode down on Earth.

'I have an urgent message; it cannot wait. I have to see the King at once,' stuttered the messenger as he lay on the ground, while the guards rushed towards him. He had travelled without rest for days, braving the brutal cold and treacherous landscapes to reach the heart of Maharaja Himanjaya's kingdom, hidden deep within the Himalayan expanse.

"Why must this reach the King?" the guard asked, offering him water.

"It has to be the King!" he cried out, gulping as much water as he could. There was fear and panic on his face. The guards looked at the royal seal on the scroll he carried and hurriedly escorted him towards the court.

"The royal sabha is underway today, which is an important event. If you are going to disturb the King, I hope you know what you are doing," cautioned the guard looking at the messenger.

The messenger was so tired that he didn't respond.

"Wait here," said the head guard and entered the court. As he entered the colossal court hall, he saw Maharaja Himanjaya sitting on his majestic throne in front of a house

full of dignitaries and emissaries from all of his kingdom. While his queen Devastuti sat at a distance next to him, the ministers, the raj gurus, the senapati, and all the chieftains sat in the front rows discussing the affairs of the kingdom. The guard spoke to the senapati about the messenger and his urgency.

The senapati excused himself and walked out of the court. Himanjaya noticed him and sensed it was unusual.

“What’s the problem?” asked Senapati Jaivant to the messenger.

“I’ll speak only to the King. It’s a matter of grave importance,” he uttered with laboured breath. Before the senapati could say anything, he showed the scroll with the royal seal and said, “My bravest of the brave Senapati, I can assure you it’s of the highest urgency and we cannot wait.”

Looking at the panic on his face, Jaivant sighed. “If this is a prank or even the slightest waste of the King’s time, I will personally behead you,” he warned.

“You can gladly behead me. But once the King reads this message, you will thank me for risking my life to get here,” stuttered the messenger.

As Jaivant took him inside, Himanjaya looked at the sombre face of the messenger and alerted the guards behind him. He lifted his hand to signal everyone to stop.

“What’s the matter, Senapati Jaivant?” he asked, while everyone turned around to look at them walking towards the King.

“Oh great King, you have a messenger. He wants to talk directly to you and says it’s of great importance. Here he is,” announced the senapati.

The messenger walked forward, while everyone looked at him in pin-drop silence.

“What’s your name, messenger?” asked the King.

“My beloved Parvateshwara, my name is Sarvin. I man the farthest corner of your Kingdom in the west. I received a horrifying message from one of our trusted sources in the far away Mesopotamian Kingdom. I had to rush to give it to you. I have ridden on the horse nonstop for the last ten days with hardly any food, water, or rest,” he said mustering all his energy. His every breath was laboured, yet his eyes burned with an urgency that allowed no room for doubt.

“What’s the message that was so urgent?” Himanjaya asked, worried, scratching his chin.

“My King, please read it yourself,” Sarvin said and started walking ahead. The guards stopped him instantly. The Senapati took the scroll and gave it to the King.

Himanjaya opened the scroll and read it.

“This is from my dear friend, King Ensharuk, the ruler of Mesopotamia.”

He looked concerned and handed it over to the Senapati to read it aloud.

Jaiwant, the Senapati, read each word carefully.

“Beloved King of Kings Himanjaya, the personification of the Himalayas, the ruler of the mightiest kingdom on the planet, the harbinger of peace and prosperity, I have to report a news of grave consequences. Few months ago, few vimanas of gigantic proportions appeared in the sky and descended upon earth as balls of fire. The sky had turned into a giant cosmic haze of fire and smoke, cutting the sunlight and bringing darkness during broad daytime.

The vimanas look like nothing our world has seen before. They look demonic or the ones that can only come from the realm of Rakshasas. When they touched upon the land, demons walked out. I have seen them with my own eyes and I can describe them only as the spawn of evil or rakshasas. No one has ever seen them before, and no one has ever seen such powerful weapons and yantras. They are formidable and merciless, they have human-like features but they are far from human with scales on their skin, horns on their heads, tails and sharp teeth. They speak a language we don't understand. They have giant yantras that spit fire and iron, killing people instantly and reducing them to ashes.

All the Kings in these faraway lands have been beheaded; the armies have been burned to the ground; the people, women, and children turned into slaves. The demon army has creatures—the beasts of war—that are gigantic, fearsome, something that are unimaginable. Perhaps, these creatures are unstoppable, for I don't know what kind of power is required to subdue them.

The demon army is ruled by the Alien King. He calls himself the ruler of all the universe; he is a conqueror of different worlds. I learned from people that he won't stop until he defeats every kingdom on our planet. I'm sending this message with a hope that you have enough time to prepare for the battle of our lifetime. For this will be the last battle to save human race and our planet. May Gods bless us, O' brave King.

Your true friend,
Great King Ensharuk,
Lord of Mesopotamia,
Bearer of the Crescent Throne.”

There was chaos and panic in the court.

“Silence,” yelled the King, and a hush descended over the crowd.

Everyone looked at one another in panic.

Senapati Jaivant cleared his throat. “With all due respect, my King, how do we know this is not a plot by our enemies. Anyone can send such a messenger to create a state of panic in our kingdom, while they misguide and attack us.”

“Yes, he has a point,” pitched Yaduvanshi, the prime minister.

“My beloved King, the source who sent me this message was my brother. This scroll was given to him personally by the King of Mesopotamia before he went into a battle with the Alien King, in which he was defeated and captured alive. My brother is captured too, as I received another message from his wife. Here is the other message,” said Sarvin, handing over another leather roll. ‘When I first read it, I thought it could be an enemy’s trick, so I waited. But the second one proved it was indeed a fact. I didn’t wait after that. You need to believe me, my King.’

“Your words ring true,” said Princess Shakti, stepping forward with resolve.

Everyone looked at her, while she walked closer to him. She was the young daughter of King Himanjaya.

“We cannot take his words lightly. We have to send in a party of our finest warriors to gather intelligence at once,” she asserted.

“Princess Shakti is right. If this news is actually true, we have to prepare for the worst,” said the King.

“But why would an army of Rakshasas from another world attack us? What is their motive? Why now?” asked the prime minister. Everyone looked at the messenger.

“I have no idea, my lord. I’m just a soldier who ran to you to convey the message,” said Sarvin.

“It’s important to understand the motives of the enemy if we intend to defeat them,” added the minister.

“I’ll lead the reconnaissance party to ascertain who the enemy is and what they are up to,” volunteered Shakti.

“No!” ordered the King.

“My King, please,” she urged. “I’m the best person to do it!”

He lifted his hand asking her to stop and she obliged.

“Senapati, you will lead a reconnaissance party with fifty of your bravest men yourself. You will leave before the first rays of sunlight hit the ground tomorrow,” ordered Himanjaya.

King Himanjaya’s Sindhu Samrajya or what the outsiders referred to as the Indus Empire was by far the most advanced civilization on the planet, standing as a beacon of progress in an era where nature itself was ruthless. In the midst of a receding Ice Age, where towering glaciers still loomed in the farthest reaches and cold winds carved through the valleys, his people had defied the elements to achieve unparalleled technological advancement in terms of housing, heating, construction, urban sanitation, irrigation, road network, medicine, and yoga.

Unlike the scattered tribes and nomadic settlements that dotted the vast landscapes of the world, Sindhu Samrajya was the first great empire of mankind, which set the foundation for the great Indus Valley Civilization that was yet to come thousands of years later. Himanjaya’s defence

forces were undefeated in the seven kingdoms. His reign was peaceful and the populace prospered, as trade and commerce brought in income from the far away kingdoms through the trade routes.

Even though he was surprised by this news, he wasn't the one who would be shaken. He would do everything in his power to defeat the enemy, or give his life trying.

"My countrymen, don't forget the formidable threats and enemies we have defeated over the decades. By the grace of Goddess Parvati, no matter who it was, we have emerged victorious. Because ... because we never for once doubted our unity or will to do whatever it takes to cut the head of the enemy," roared the King.

"Prepare for war! Whoever these demons are, we will burn them to the ground," he thundered.

"Jai Maa Parvati!" he roared as everyone chanted together.



Chapter 2

The following week, Princess Shakti walked into King Himanjaya's private chambers. She could sense an atmosphere of tension and anxiety.

"Father, you asked for me?" she asked as she saw her parents seated with the legendary scholar Sage Narada Muni.

Legend had it that Sage Narada was Lord Brahma's son and was known for his mischievous nature in the kingdoms, which often got people in trouble. The only reason people tolerated him was because his deeds ended up doing good to people concerned.

"*Munivara*, when did you arrive?" she smiled, touching Narada's feet for his blessings.

"*Akhand Soubhagyavati Bhav*, My Princess," Sage Narada blessed her, holding his trademark *tambura* and *khartal*, the musical instruments in his hands.

"My child, your swayamvara should not be stopped," said King Himanjaya in a measured tone.

"But we spoke about it. The timing is bad. The rakshasas have arrived out of nowhere. Now is not the time for a royal wedding!" Shakti's voice trembled, her shock giving way to simmering anger.

"My princess, you have come of age and this is the right time," interrupted Queen Devastuti, her mother. "How long will you postpone your wedding? You will be twenty years old soon. By this time, you should have become a mother!"

"I'm announcing that I would give your hand in marriage to anyone who kills the Alien King and brings me

his head. Be it a prince, a soldier or a commoner, it doesn't matter!" the Maharaja said.

"Father, you cannot do this!" Shakti couldn't believe what she was hearing. "We had agreed that I would choose the man who I deem fit. This ... this is betrayal. This is preposterous. What logic is this?"

"These are desperate times, my daughter," reasoned the King with a grave voice. "Your beauty is legendary and is spoken of in all the kingdoms in the realm. When the Gods blessed us with you, it was prophesized that you are the embodiment of Goddess Parvati herself ... As you know, the reports of the Alien King are true. We continue to receive word from many kingdoms now and the demon army vows to devour every human on Earth unless we stop them. There is no other kingdom or army as advanced as ours. We are the only hope this planet has."

"But ..." she was about to say something when Narada interrupted her.

'One might argue that there is no place for a wedding during the times of battle. But this is *rajneeti* ... strategy... You are the warrior princess Shakti. If it's you who is the prize, then it will inspire the whole generation of men to pick up swords and go for the Alien King's head. Every prince who is still alive will now raise an army and go for the kill. Every bandit will stop the petty looting and dream of killing that demon. Every soldier would risk dying on the battlefield to strike that death blow to win your hand,' he added.

"It was your idea, isn't it Munivara?" she asked, looking at him with anger. "The moment I saw you it was clear that trouble was brewing here."

"Well, I'm just a messenger of the Gods," Narada cut in.

“Yes, that’s your favourite line; that’s what you always say,” she hit back.

“Kings and commoners both have perished when they didn’t heed my advice in the past. So, my child, do not take this threat of the Alien King lightly,” said Narada.

“Enough! It’s a strategic decision. It might have been Narada Muni’s idea, but it’s my command,” pronounced the king, before Shakti could argue further.

“As you command, my king,” she uttered, clearly displeased and controlling her temper. ‘Do I have any choice?’

Himanjaya was silent.

“If someone has to kill the Alien King, the man couldn’t be anything less than a hero. Don’t you worry, all the Gods are with you,” consoled her mother, placing her hand on Shakti’s shoulder.

“That’s not the only suggestion I had,” said Narada Muni. “King Himanjaya, you have been consulting all the rishis and munis for their guidance. In the last week, you have performed yajnas after yajnas to appease the Gods and asked for their intervention. But has anything happened till now? Has any God given you a divine vision on how to defeat the Alien King?”

“No, but my faith in the Gods is unbreakable. I know they will show us a way. Furthermore, I believe in our army. We have defeated every possible enemy till now and we have been invincible. We will find a way to defeat this enemy too.”

“King Himanjaya, this army has come from the sky. This is an apocalyptic development. We don’t know anything about them. You need someone who can spring a surprise on them. I know a way that can help you.”

“Please guide me,” Himanjaya folded his hands with reverence.

“I suggest you seek the help of Lord Rudradev.”

“Lord Rudradev?” asked Himanjaya and laughed. “Munivara, what are you suggesting? Rudra is a forgotten legend, one who supposedly lived centuries ago. After the death of his wife Aparna, he disappeared and was never to be seen.”

“Haven’t you heard rumours about his sightings?” asked Narada.

“Well, the last one I heard was before Shakti was even born. People used to say he appears when someone is in dire need. But that was just a story grandmothers used to tell children. Moreover, even if he is miraculously alive, I have heard he is an ascetic, a recluse, a nomad, and one with a temper problem. He has always shunned social life. In short, it sounds like a terrible idea. We need real strategies, not chase some imaginary legends to save us.”

Narada Muni smiled.

“Oh great King, there are strong reasons to believe he is alive. His supporters and believers are migrating towards Mount Rudraparbat. Word on the street is that he is the only one who can protect us.”

Shakti looked at him with fascination.

“The mythical Mount Rudraparbat is real? Lord Rudra is alive?” she wondered aloud. Since childhood, she was always fascinated with Rudra’s stories, his adventures and his undying love for Aparna. Now with the possibility of him being alive, her curiosity was piqued.

“Yes, princess. I have a map to Mount Rudraparbat in my possession and it is told that only his true believers can find a way to him.”

Himanjaya looked at the glow in Shakti's eyes when she heard about Rudra.

“Forgive me, Munivara, but I must focus our energies on plausible solutions. Not chase forgotten legends. Right now, we are preparing for war and I will head towards the border myself once I hear back from Senapati,” concluded Himanjaya. “But for now, let us announce Princess Shakti's *swayamvar* ...”

As the discussion adjourned, Shakti's mind was set. If Rudra could save their world, she would find him—no matter the cost.



Chapter 3

On top of Mount Rudraparbat, Rudra was in deep meditation. Sitting in a perfect siddhasana position without any clothes on his chest, he was impervious to the freezing cold and other elements in those harsh surroundings. Without any food or water, he had not moved an inch for over a year. With his red-coloured skin, ripped muscular body and long matted hair, he cut a magnificent figure with the backdrop of lofty snowclad mountains.

Such was the idiosyncrasy of his skin, that it changed hues depending on his state of mind. It was something he loathed but couldn't get rid of, no matter how hard he had tried over the centuries. The red tinge that he now wore had not left him since the death of his wife. It was a warning for people and his followers that he was about to burst at any moment. And when he burst, it was like a volcano that erupted and no one, including himself, could stop him from annihilating everything around. Another weakness that he wasn't proud of, and tried hard to control was his raging anger. It was like having a split personality.

Two cobras rested next to him, while one curled around his lap. He was called Takshaka, Rudra's favourite and unarguably the deadliest cobra alive.

"We cannot wait any longer, we have to bring him out of his deep meditation," said a worried Nandisha, his regent. He was the one managing all the affairs while Rudradev would meditate or vanish suddenly, which he did often. "The last time he went into deep meditation, he had opened his eyes only after five years. Now with the news that Alien King has landed on Earth, the humans would be extinct if we leave him to himself."

“I agree, we don’t have any time left but look at the redness of his skin. Every time I see him, he appears redder than before,” added Bhadraksha, Rudra’s bodyguard.

It was not easy, as there were cobras all around Rudra. They had to find a way to navigate without alarming them, else they would be dead in minutes.

“We don’t have a choice,” muttered Nandi, and approached him slowly with fear, hoping he wouldn’t have to face Rudra’s wrath or get bitten by snakes.

“My lord, pardon my intrusion but it’s time to wake up. The Alien King has arrived.”

The cobras woke up and hissed at him, warning him to step back. Takshaka slid down Rudra’s body and moved towards Nandi, raising its head. The king cobra was powerful and long enough to raise its hood to see Nandi eye to eye. It hissed and charged ahead.

Nandi stepped back instantly but mustered the courage to scream, “Lord Rudradev! Please wake up.”

“I heard you the first time, Nandi,” thundered Rudra, opening his eyes burning with anger. The serpent held itself back.

“Forgive me, my lord. This intrusion was necessary. The Alien King is destroying kingdom after kingdom and killing countless people,” he begged, falling to the ground in front of Rudra.

Rudra got up and walked towards him, while signalling the serpent to be at ease.

“Rise ... Nandi. I know he has arrived. I have seen his legions, his monstrous beasts, his unconventional technology. That’s the reason I was in deep telaesthesia,” said Rudra, controlling his temper. One of the many arts he had mastered over the centuries was the ability of remote

viewing or telaesthesia, which allowed him to view or sense distant objects or occurrences through extrasensory insights. Fortunately, or unfortunately, he could also hear the laughter, the screams, and the prayers of people who were thousands of miles away.

“Forgive my ignorance,” stammered Nandi as he stood up. Bhadraksha walked in to join them.

“It’s not your fault.”

“Lord Rudradev, what do you sense about the Alien King? Is he as formidable as they are claiming it to be?” asked Bhadraksha, curious.

“Well, that’s the problem. I cannot see him, he is blocking my view with some sort of a telepathic shield. But I can feel his presence like an evil that has landed amidst us. He is the Master of Chaos, no ordinary soul, he is powerful and extraordinary. Nothing like I have ever seen before. Also, I believe that he feels my presence. He knows there is someone who will challenge his might on this planet, sooner or later.”

“Should we plan an attack before he wrecks more havoc?” asked Nandi, his voice cautious but resolute.

Rudra shook his head slowly. “No. The mighty fall not with brute force but with precision. If we strike now, without knowing his weaknesses, we risk losing everything. A hasty attack would be suicide.”

Nandi’s brows furrowed, his concern spilling into his voice. “Forgive me, my lord, but this isn’t like you. You are never afraid ...” He paused, reluctant to continue.

Rudra turned sharply, his gaze meeting Nandi’s with a weight that silenced him. “You sense fear in me?” he asked, his voice steady but laced with emotion.

Nandi didn't respond immediately, his silence speaking volumes. They both knew the truth—Aparna's death had left wounds Rudra still carried.

"To be honest, Nandi," Rudra began, his voice softer now, "I am afraid. I have lost before. I cannot let that happen again. Not to our people. Not to this world."

"You won't!" assured Nandi, his tone firm, almost pleading. "You never let us down."

Rudra exhaled deeply, his crimson aura flickering faintly. "We are not ready yet. The final touches need to be made to our strategies, our war machines, and our defences. We need time. Time to study him, to learn how he operates. Rushing in would mean certain defeat."

Nandi shook his head, frustration creeping into his words. "Look at us. We've all turned blue preparing for this battle! It's been nearly a hundred years of preparation, fighting unimaginable enemies, improving strategies, reimagining technology, and you're saying it's still not enough?"

It was true, Rudra along with Dhanvantari, his chief physician and scientist, had created a technique to live longer by removing the toxins in the body. Through smart herb concoctions, sourced from the remote hills of Somagiri, Dhanvantari had almost made a science out of it. The herbs heightened the bodies' immune response, making it doubly effective in fighting off infections and toxins. But because of this, it also left a blue tinge on the skin as decades passed by.

Both Nandi and Bhadraksha had stood beside Rudra for over 250 years.

"It isn't," Rudra replied, his voice unwavering. "I had underestimated this warrior predatory species who call themselves the Asurax. They consider their king to be the

mightiest. The Asurax king is called Taraak. His power is greater than anything we've faced before. Every day they grow stronger, but so must we. The stakes are higher than ever, and we cannot afford to falter."

His words hung in the air, heavy with unspoken truths.

"How's everything shaping up at Shambala?" Rudra asked further, in a tense mood.

"Everything is on track, as you suggested."

"We must go there at once. Inform the Adityagan and the Rudragan that I will be arriving soon."

"Yes, my Lord," they bowed and took his leave.

Rudra walked to the edge of the mountain, looking at the majestic peaks. *Alien King, who are you? What do you want from Earth?*

Over a hundred years ago, after he had discovered the alien vessel crash land in the Himalayas, he had spent years decoding their language and reverse engineering their gadgets. However, he was neither successful in this endeavour nor could he decipher why they intended to visit Earth.

Nandi walked back and cleared his throat.

"Yes, Nandi."

"There was an announcement by King Himanjaya about his beautiful daughter Shakti. He would give her hand to anyone who kills the Alien King."

Rudra turned around and looked at him incredulously.

"Nandi, enlighten me how this news is critical to our situation right now?"

"My lord, it's been over a hundred years. You have to get over the grief of Mother Aparna. I'm worried about you."

You carry the burden of our world on your shoulder. You need someone by your side who can take away your pain. How long will you go on like this? Alone and grieving?”

Rudra fell silent. He turned around.

“Shakti is known as the warrior princess. She is the embodiment of divinity, wisdom and valour; she could be the perfect match for you. You have to meet her.”

“I appreciate your concern, Nandi. But leave me alone for now. Go, prepare for my travel to Shambala.”

“Please tell me you would think about it,” Nandi insisted.

“No, I won’t ... Get out and get my vimanas ready...” he said with rage.

Meanwhile in Triyugi, the Crown Prince Devadyumna stormed through the doors of the palace into the mahasabha, brandishing a bloodied sword. Following him was his younger brother Thushara, wearing an expression of annoyance. “Father, this seems like a concerted effort to sow seeds of discontent in our kingdom!” he started.

Himanjaya looked up at his eldest son who had just returned from a skirmish near the borders, and sighed.

“Deva, my son,” said Himanjaya. “You arrive at a great time. We needed you, that’s why we had to send a quick message.”

“Who is this Alien King we speak of? I will throttle him with my bare hands,” screamed Devadyumna, his voice echoing through the court. No one was too keen on sharing the crown prince’s aggression and needless excitement.

The prime minister Yaduvanshi told him all about the event near Mesopotamia and the messenger’s panicked

words. Then, he told him about the plan to gather forces from the entire kingdom, Shakti's upcoming swayamvar, and finding the best suitable candidate, who would not only win Shakti's hand, but also bring them the head of this eponymous Alien King.

Devadyumna listened to the entire tale with a manic expression on his face. Then, when Yaduvanshi had finished, he let out a laugh.

"Father, you don't trust your sons at all, do you? Furthermore, you are only too eager to trust a random messenger? Believe me, do not waste your energies on this swayamvar. Give me the best army, and I will see to myself who this pesky alien is. I will finish this threat once and for all."

"Son, I appreciate your candour in this situation," said Himanjaya, getting a bit annoyed at his eldest son's suggestion. "But this threat seems to be serious. Besides, I have already sent Senapati Jaiwant for a reconnaissance mission. I trust him to lead from the front and bring back news from the other side of the border. You have just returned from battle. You deserve rest."

"This is a ploy, isn't it father? A ploy to keep me away from that chair which has been warming under you for God knows how long. I am the rightful heir of that seat, and no petty politics will keep me away from it. You don't see the signs that the neighbouring kingdoms are tired of your rule. They are looking at just one chance to rob Triyugi of its glory and you are too blind to see that. Thushara agrees with me, don't you brother?"

Thushara, the middle son, stood quietly behind Devadyumna.

"Enough! There is no ploy! You are talking rubbish!" Himanjaya raised his voice. "You will do as I say. You will

do exactly as your king says. I want you to be engaged elsewhere, and not this. In fact, I don't even want you to be thinking of this Alien King for the coming weeks, until we have had word from Senapati Jaiwant. In the meantime, I want you to rest, and then prepare for travel to Samastipura to drill some sense into the sitting King there. Is that clear?"

There was silence.

"Is. That. Clear. Son?"

"Yes, my King," bowed Devadyumna reluctantly.

That is my throne, my father. Even if it means I have to kill you with my very hands, swore Devadyumna as he stormed out, while his entourage followed him.



Chapter 4

The sound of the drums and trumpets reverberated through the massive courtroom and reached the skies. Thousands of imprisoned soldiers of the Mesopotamian empire stood in chains, while a majestic stage was set for the Alien King to arrive. Today, there would be a bloodbath.

“Behold! All rise for His Imperial Majesty, Taraak the king of Asurax, Emperor of the Universe, Protector of the Realms, Sovereign Lord of the planetary system of Naraax, Master of the Stars, and Keeper of the Celestial Gates! Bow before the one whose wisdom spans galaxies and whose might secures the cosmos!” the herald announced, while the Alien king walked on the stage dragging the Mesopotamian emperor behind him like a dog on a leash.

As King Taraak entered the court, the air itself seemed to tremble with his presence. Towering over the crowd, he stood nearly seven feet tall, his massive frame rippling with muscle beneath dark, scaly skin that glistened under the eerie light of the chamber. His broad shoulders carried the weight of his power with ease, while a long, barbed tail swayed rhythmically behind him, each flick of it stirring a nervous rustle among the captive soldiers.

He was the epitome of his species—the Asurax from the planet called Dhatux, which orbited the star Ratnax in their planetary system called Naraax. His face, though fearsome, commanded attention. Jagged horns curved back from his forehead, casted ominous shadows over his sharp, angular features. His eyes burned with an unnatural intensity, glowing like molten embers, piercing through the space before him. His visage was a grotesque mixture of strength and primal ugliness, yet there was an undeniable

magnetism about him, as though the very energy of the cosmos hummed through his veins.

There was chaos in the courtroom, with Mesopotamian soldiers crying out in support of their king.

“Silence!” said Taraak the Asurax.

There was a sudden pin drop silence in the courtroom. Except for the sobbing of Princess Shamuna, daughter of King Ensharuk, who he was to wed after the theatrics he had decided to put on today.

As Taraak stood before the bound Mesopotamian King Ensharuk, towering over him, his molten eyes burned with a cold, merciless fury. He raised his massive blade high, the light glinting off its deadly edge. His deep, guttural voice reverberated through the chamber, filling every heart with dread as he spoke:

“Your reign ends here, as does the hope of people of Earth. Let this be a lesson to all who defy the Emperor of the Universe. You chose defiance, and now, in the name of Naraax, I choose your fate.”

With a swift, brutal swing, the blade cleaved through the air, severing the head of the fallen king in one clean motion. Blood splattered the floor as the head rolled, and for a moment, silence gripped the court. Taraak, standing tall and unflinching, gazed down at the lifeless body. His voice raised again, this time like thunder echoing through the chamber:

“Let this be a warning to all the kingdoms! The defiant shall fall, and their people shall be dust beneath my feet!”

He turned to the thousands of soldiers who stood, helpless and bound, witnessing their leader's end. Without

hesitation, his arm swept outward toward them, and with chilling finality, he commanded:

“Behead them all. Their fate is sealed. Let their blood cleanse the sinful action of their King to oppose my rule here on Earth.”

Thousands of soldiers were beheaded while he and his cabinet watched with a sense of pride and satisfaction. Flesh eating alien creatures pounced upon the remains of the soldiers devouring their flesh and drinking their blood, which flowed like a river.

“Marich, I sense his presence on the frigid slopes,” said Taraak, his voice echoing against the metallic walls of the spaceship, which was stationed outside Earth’s atmosphere. They were back in their spaceship after the wedding ceremony and the bloodbath, which added to the grandeur of the historic event of Mesopotamia joining the Asurax Empire. Marrying the queens or princesses of the defeated kingdoms was the best way to formally annex these new vassal states to the Empire, bringing in normalcy and cohesiveness between the two parties.

Behind him stood his second-in-command, Lord Marich, clothed in black, holding a scythe-like weapon that glowed at one end. When Taraak spoke, Marich stepped forward.

“Rudra might be a thorn in our side,” said Marich, careful with choosing his words.

Before he could respond, Taraak looked at his wise old master Lord Mayax, who was in a wheelchair beside him. It had been years since he had uttered a word. Once the most celebrated mind in all of universe was now a nobody. But no one knew that Taraak could sometimes hear his

thoughts, as feeble as it may be. Today, his master agreed with what Taraak felt about Rudra.

“I appreciate your candour, but Rudra won’t be a problem,” said Taraak and tapped on the opaque glass-pane in front of him. It vanished instantly, revealing a vast, sprawling deck that stretched a mile ahead. On the deck stood legions of alien soldiers who were marching on the orders of his sentinels. Around them were smaller spacecrafts, armoured with weaponry far beyond anything imaginable on earth. One could instantly vaporize any state-of-matter with a single focused beam. Another had the capacity to split itself into two vimanas while being in-air, presenting the enemy with a decoy.

Yet they were no match for The Asurax Flagship, the spacecraft designed and steered by Taraak himself. The flagship was a gargantuan behemoth that could inspire terror in those who beheld it. Yet, it was light as a feather and had the capacity of quantum-fold, creating wormholes or shortcuts to travel between galaxies in a fraction of time. It had ripped through space-time to arrive on earth from a distant star-system called Naraax, the home of Taraak.

“My lord, my reports suggest otherwise,” said Marich, clearing his throat. “Rudra’s advanced tech ... while rudimentary by our standards, is quite competitive. And he holds sway over many people.”

“Holding sway, ah,” said Taraak, smirking. Then he turned to face his second-in-command and gazed into his eyes. “What do my eyes tell you, Marich?”

Immediately, Marich began to shiver from head to toe, and his onyx-black eyes turned grey.

“You are Supreme, and you are the most powerful, my Lord,” said Marich, quaking from head to toe.

“What else?”

“Rudra and his forces would be no match for us.”

“I want more conviction in your words, Marich.”

“The world will bow at your feet, my lord. It’s right and it’s just.”

“And, finally, tell me. Is this what holding sway looks like?”

“Yes, my lord,” said Marich.

“Now, while I deal with the real purpose of why I have come to Earth. I want my brother Kamix to deal with the clowns in Egypt and destroy their civilization. And I want you to handle King Himanjaya of the Indus Empire, the most powerful civilization on Earth.’

“Yes Sire. King Himanjaya has sent his Chief Commander, a man named Senapati Jaivant towards the Hindu-Kush border with fifty of his bravest men for reconnaissance.”

“Primitive,” said Taraak. “Destroy them!”

“Consider it done, Sire.”

“Before you leave, ensure we mount the telepathic jammers on the Asurax Flagship. These jammers will act like shields to ensure Rudra won’t be able to hear people’s thoughts anymore. It will drive him mad!” he laughed and marched ahead to consummate his marriage with Princess Shamuna.

“Senapati Jaivant, this mountain trail is a bad idea,” said Harshveer, Senapati Jaivant’s second-in-command. Harshveer and his men were atop horses that were struggling to move on treacherous terrain.

Around them, the mountains loomed, stretching endlessly as far as their sight allowed, the snow-capped peaks glistening against falling dusk.

Senapati Jaivant peered through his binoculars. The sight that met his eyes was not encouraging at all. A snow filled pass that threatened to crack at the slightest movement.

A biting cold wind blew. Far behind, a horse made an agonising sound.

“Something is terribly wrong, Harshveer. This mountain pass ... it shouldn’t even be here. How did we arrive here? The map suggests something else.”

“We should have ridden east where the passage was wider,” said Harshveer. “I remember a rolling green meadow in the east, as the hills ended. Did we take a wrong turn somewhere?”

“Harshveer, you do not understand,” said Jaivant. “There shouldn’t even be a pass here! It’s like the landscape has changed overnight!”

As Senapati Jaivant realised the magnitude of his own words, a chill ran down his spine. He had fought countless wars at the border and saved the Kingdom from hordes of enemies. He had led his contingent to battle through this terrain multiple times before, and he knew his way around the hills like the back of his own hand.

Yet the land that stretched ahead was completely alien to him. A thick fog engulfed the visible landscape beyond. The sky was grey and the air biting cold, slicing at their skins.

“We should retreat,” said Senapati Jaivant.

But before he could order his men, he could hear howling.

And it wasn't the wind.

Through the thick fog, dozens of glowing slits came alive, like the sudden turning-on of torches. The slits were in pairs.

They were eyes. Blazing red and hungry.

"W...what are those?" said Harshveer.

"FALL BACK!"

The fog cleared. A pack of bone-white, hairy wolves sprinted towards them, barking mad, howling with rage, their canines dripping with saliva and blood. The wolves were the size of horses and their numbers were maddening.

The wolves tore through Jaivant's cavalry unit, barely giving them a chance to draw their swords. Some tried to hack and slash, but the blades were met with fangs, and the fangs were sharper.

The snow was soon covered in blood. Yet it wasn't the wolves Senapati Jaivant had to worry about.

It was the army that followed the wolves.

Carrying swords made entirely of flames, a group of beasts thundered towards Senapati Jaivant's army. Yet, when they came closer, Jaivant realised they weren't carrying weapons at all.

Their limbs were all aflame.

The giant beasts were black and hairy, their bodies curved like a question mark, their speed unmatched. The flames leapt in their hands, danced through their bodies, giving them an unearthly aura.

The tallest of them all stopped near Senapati Jaivant's horse, as his companions ran rampage. Senapati Jaivant

unleashed his sword from his scabbard, murmuring under his breath the oath he had given to King Himanjaya.

“If this is my last battle, then so be it,” he said, and roared. “For the hills and for the kingdom that was my home!”

Jaivant plunged his sword through the chest of the giant beast. But the moment his blade met the flames on the beast’s body; Jaivant felt his own arm burning up.

His blade was no more a blade, but an extension of the beast itself.

“Who are you?” said Jaivant, his voice merely a whisper.

The beast didn’t answer. The fire did.

Within minutes, the entire mountain pass was littered with the charred remains of Senapati Jaivant’s unit.

As the wolves huddled near a corner, and the flames on the bodies of the beasts died down, revealing their hairy exterior, their ocean-blue eyes, and muscular limbs.

Jalandrax, the asurax who had led the charge of this unit, spoke.

“We have done well today,” he said. “Lord Taraak will be proud.”

“W...what are you?”

The puny sound emanated from behind the corpse of a horse. Jalandrax walked over, only to find a bleeding soldier. There was a deep gash on his abdomen, probably the handiwork of one of the wolves. The soldier wouldn’t last long.

But Jalandrax wanted him to live. If only barely.

“Kill me already, what are you waiting for, you *animal!*” The soldier screamed in pain.

“Don’t you want to know what deceived you all? Don’t you want to know what Lord Himanjaya and this land is up against?”

The soldier lay on the ground, breathing heavily. Jalandrax closed his eyes and muttered something under his breath. Then, he waved his right hand in a semi-circle.

The icy mountain pass transformed into a meadow. Where there were mountains before there now stood tall oak trees. The frigid slopes became the rolling green fields extending till the horizon.

The soldier couldn’t believe his eyes.

“It was... it was all a lie? The mountains ... the passage ...”

Jalandrax knelt beside the soldier.

“I would like you to return to your King. And I would like you to tell him that Lord Taraak the king of Asurax is coming.”



Characters, Clans, and Camps

SINDHU SAMRAJYA (The Indus Empire)

The human civilization at the heart of Earth's defence, ruled from Triyugi, its mighty capital.

The Royal Family of Maharaja Himanjaya

- **King Himanjaya** – Ruler of the Indus Empire (Sindhu Samrajya). A just and strategic leader, father of Princess Shakti.
- **Queen Devastuti** – Graceful, wise, protective, and mother to Shakti.
- **Crown Prince Devadyumna** – The eldest son, heir to the throne.
- **Prince Thushara** – The second son.
- **Princess Shakti** – Third child. Born with four arms, revered and feared, a warrior-princess destined to challenge fate.
- **Prince Karunanjaya** – The youngest son.

The Leadership and Council

- **Pradhan-mantri Yaduvanshi** – Prime Minister of Sindhu, master of statecraft.
- **Senapati Jaivant** – Loyal commander of the Triyugi army.
- **Senapati Ranakara** – Successor to Jaivant, rising in a time of crisis.
- **Munivara Narada** – The wandering sage, both scholar and trickster, whose playful meddling often unveils the will of the cosmos.

- **Shakti Rakshika Sena** – The all-women legion forged by Princess Shakti. When Shakti calls, they rise—a tide of fire and steel.

SHAMBALA (Rudra's World)

The celestial sanctuary near Mount Rudraparbat in the Himalayas, stronghold of ancient guardianship.

Rudra's Inner Circle

- **Lord Rudra (Rudraman)** – The ancient warrior ascetic, withdrawn in grief yet destined to rise again as Earth's protector.
- **Vishvakarma** – Chief architect of Shambala, genius in blending technology with divine knowledge.
- **Dhanvantari** – Chief physician and scientist, master of *Rasayana* (alchemy), forging divine weapons.
- **Nandisha** – Regent and commander of Rudra's forces, loyal to the last breath.
- **Bhadraksha** – Fierce bodyguard of Rudra, unflinching in battle.
- **Cobra Vasuki** – The great serpent, ally and weapon, coiled with cosmic power.

Clans of Shambala

- **The Rudragan (or Rudras)** – Rudra's army, the fiercest of all clans—an unyielding brotherhood of warrior saints.
- **The Adityagan (or Adityas)** – The thinkers, diplomats, and statesmen of Shambala—the radiant minds who govern, strategize, and uphold cosmic law.

- **The Bhutagan (or Ganas)** – The primal forces of nature—demented beings, mutants, shapeshifters, and beasts of war who channel ancient elemental powers.
- **The Sharabhas** – Prehistoric apex predators—half lion, half eagle—unleashed as Rudra’s fury upon the battlefield.

◎ THE ASURAX EMPIRE

A galactic dominion of terror, sworn to conquer Earth and claim Amurax (Amrita).

- **The Asurax** – Predatory species from the Naraax planetary system, born of war and forged in darkness.
- **High Strategist Sujax** – The silent architect of destruction, feared by kings and worshipped by those who survive his wars.
- **Prince Kamix** – Rebel prince torn between blood and freedom, dreaming of a republic in a kingdom of fear.
- **Lord Mayax** – Ancient mystic and master of forbidden sciences; once a teacher, now a corrupter of worlds.
- **Lord Marich** – The Prime Minister of doom—cold, loyal, and ruthless in his service to Taraak.
- **Sujax** – Shadow strategist and whisperer of conquest, feared even among the Asurax elite.
- **General Herax** – Commander of the allied war fleets; his armies turn planets into graveyards.



The VMU Superhero Universe



*A Bold New Vision: Where Ancient Mythology Meets
Science Fiction*

The VMU Superhero Universe is a daring reimagination of India's mythic heritage—a world where gods, warriors, and legends return through the lens of futuristic science and storytelling.

What if the legends of the past wielded futuristic technology to battle forces threatening humanity? What if ancient prophecies collided with cutting-edge science to unveil a new kind of heroism? That's the VMU Superhero Universe—a world where timeless wisdom meets the limitless possibilities of tomorrow.

VMU is not just a collection of stories—it's a movement of imagination, fusing the depth of mythology, the intensity of modern conflict, and the soul of Indian philosophy. It celebrates timeless heroes, reborn across ages, facing new incarnations of evil and chaos.

MAIN CHARACTERS OF THE VMU UNIVERSE:

☪ Rudraman

"Rudra is an avatar of Lord Shiva, protector of Earth, and creator of the Rudragan."

☪ Shakti

The four-armed warrior-princess of the Sindhu Samrajya. Fierce, compassionate, and divine—Shakti embodies strength and balance, the eternal counterforce to destruction.

Kalki

A protector of India in a not-so-distant future. When the world is ravaged by war and the age of darkness—the apocalyptic Kali Yuga—Kalki rises from among mortals to lead humanity’s last stand against chaos.

Yoddha Girl (Arya)

She’s 18. She’s failed her exams. And now the gods want this brat to save the world.

Arya Sharma didn’t choose destiny—but destiny sure chose chaos.

Vanaroids

Genetically enhanced humanoids inspired by the Vanaras of legend. Created by Kalki as super-soldiers of the new era, they walk the thin line between loyalty, power, and freedom.

TIMELINE OF THE VMU UNIVERSE



● 10,000 BC

RUDRAMAN: THE BATTLE FOR EARTH (NOVEL)

The rise of Rudra and Shakti. The creation of Shambala. The first war against the Asurax. The birth of the Rudragan—warriors sworn to protect Earth through the ages.



● PRESENT DAY

YODDHA GIRL – VOLUME 1: THE BRAT AWAKENS (COMIC BOOK)

A lazy, rebellious Bengaluru brat accidentally awakens an ancient power buried within her—altering her destiny and unlocking the Eternal Flame of Shakti.

YODDHA GIRL – VOLUME 2: TRAINING DAY (COMIC BOOK)

Arya begins her transformation inside the secret Rudras Superhero Academy, where she trains to master her immortal power and uncover the cosmic war she was born into.



● 21ST CENTURY (NEAR FUTURE)

THE AGE OF KALKI TRILOGY (NOVEL)

In a world on the brink of World War III, the prophecy of Kalki unfolds. A new protector rises as humanity faces its darkest age—the apocalyptic Kali Yuga.

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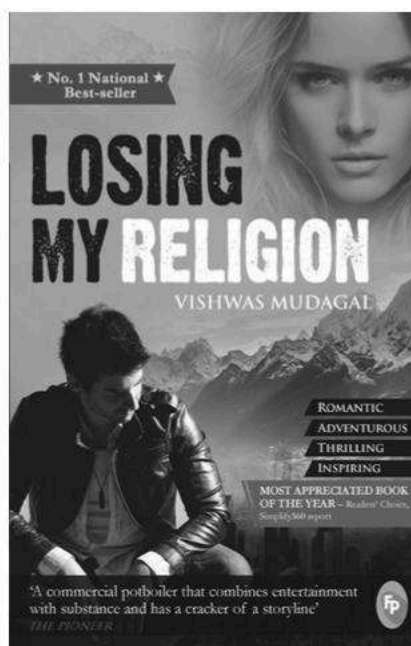
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Losing My Religion (No. 1 National Bestseller)



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A story that inspired an entire generation to dream again, Losing My Religion is a rollercoaster of emotion, wit, and self-discovery—proving that sometimes, losing everything is just the beginning.