

DESI ALPHA MALE

BEARD, BICEPS, BARAAT AUR
BAKWAAS

TITUS KUJUR

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The author does not intend to offend anyone — except maybe people who still skip leg day.

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Made with caffeine, sarcasm, and Wi-Fi.

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Preface

This book was not born in a library. It was born at a traffic signal.

Picture this: three boys triple-riding on a scooty, one hand on the horn, one hand holding a phone, and the third hand (don't ask how) waving proudly. Behind them, a truck painted with "*Horn OK Please*" belches smoke. Beside me, a man spits paan with the precision of an Olympic archer. And above it all, an aeroplane roars past a jumble of wires, because India never does subtlety.

That was my eureka moment.

I thought: "*We live in a nation of everyday Alphas.*"

Not the Hollywood kind with leather jackets and wolf packs. Our Alphas are unique. They measure dominance in gym selfies, wedding budgets, EMI calculators, and how loudly they argue with waiters. They roar not in jungles but in WhatsApp groups. They fight not wars but traffic jams. They're absurd, entertaining, and — let's admit — a little bit of all of us.

This book is my attempt to capture them in 60 chapters of roast, satire, and comedy. Think of it as a guided safari through India's Alpha zoo. Each chapter introduces a new specimen — from the Beard Messiah to the Tax Evasion Tycoon — with plenty of

laughs, punches, and the occasional uncomfortable truth.

If you chuckle, good. If you cringe, better. Because satire is not just about mocking others — it's about recognising ourselves.

So, welcome. Strap in. This is not a smooth ride. But then again, neither is India.

Introduction

Indians love labels. From “engineer” to “aunty,” from “bhakt” to “anti-national,” we can compress complex human beings into one word faster than you can say *chai samosa*.

But the crown jewel of labels? Alpha.

The Alpha Male in India is not just a man. He is a phenomenon. A species. A cultural juggernaut wrapped in deodorant spray and loud opinions. He exists in every lane, every office, every family WhatsApp group. You know him. You’ve met him. You’ve probably been him.

He comes in many avatars:

- The college boy who believes three patchy beard hairs make him irresistible.
- The gym bro who confuses whey protein with wisdom.
- The baraati who thinks blocking highways with his dance is patriotism.
- The crypto investor who refreshes apps every five seconds and calls it “vision.”
- The uncle who thinks tax evasion is freedom fighting.

This book is about them — the absurdity, the swagger, the humour, the chaos. But don't mistake it for pure comedy. Beneath every roast lies a mirror. We laugh at the Alphas, but deep down, we laugh at ourselves.

Why write this? Because India's Alpha problem is also India's comedy goldmine. We may never fix our potholes, but at least we can laugh while driving into them.

So here's the deal:

- If you're an Alpha, treat this book as your user manual.
- If you're not, treat it as a field guide for survival.
- And if you're somewhere in between (which most of us are), treat it as therapy.

In the end, this book is not about mocking men. It's about mocking the masks men wear — masks of dominance, bravado, ego. When we strip them away, what's left is something better: just flawed, funny, fragile humans trying to matter in noisy India.

Now let the roasting begin.

Chapter I

The Day He Grew a Beard

Every great empire begins with a symbol.
For the Romans, it was the eagle.
For the British, it was the crown.
For the Alpha Male of India, it was... the beard.

That patchy, uneven, lice-magnet of facial hair that sprouted like unwanted weeds on the chin of a Class 12 boy—he looked into the mirror and declared: “*Yes. Today, I am a man.*”

Never mind that he still couldn’t grow a moustache thick enough to filter tea. Never mind that his mother still screamed, “*Beta, vest pehno, hawa lagegi!*” This was his coronation day. A beard was not just hair. It was an announcement.

The First Stubble: Birth of an Emperor

It starts as three awkward strands under the lip, like bad signal bars on a Nokia phone. But in the Alpha Male’s mind, it’s already a full jungle. He strokes it like a philosopher, angles his chin towards the ceiling fan as if waiting for a portrait, and uploads his first WhatsApp DP captioned:

“Don’t mistake my silence for weakness.”

Who mistook his silence for weakness? Nobody. In fact, nobody noticed him at all. But the beard gave

him license to imagine he was suddenly Bhagat Singh, Virat Kohli, and Ranveer Singh rolled into one hormonal package.

The College Hero Phase

By college, his beard has grown into what can generously be described as “sideburns trying to escape.” Yet he walks into the campus like Moses parting the Red Sea.

- Juniors look at him and whisper: *“Bhai senior hai.”*
- Teachers look at him and sigh: *“Attendance zero.”*
- And his friends look at him and ask: *“Razor leke mar gaya kya?”*

But in his own head, he is the Alpha Lion of the campus jungle.

The canteen tea tastes stronger when you sip it while stroking your beard. Even Maggi becomes gourmet if eaten while staring at your reflection in the steel plate. And of course, every photo on Instagram gets the caption: *“Beard game strong.”*

The Romance Miscalculation

Ah, the beard—the ultimate chick magnet, at least according to Alpha Male propaganda. He genuinely believes girls will faint at the sight of his jawline hidden under three layers of dandruff and yesterday’s samosa crumbs.

So he texts her: *“Hey. Coffee?”*

She replies: *“Hey. Comb?”*

He sends a mirror selfie with his beard angled like a weapon. She blocks him faster than Jio sim activation.

But does that break his confidence? No. In true Alpha fashion, he convinces himself:

- “Girls don’t get it.”
- “They like clean-shaven losers.”
- “Bro, they fear the beard power.”

And he writes a two-page Facebook post about how “real queens respect kings with beards.”

The Gym Connection

No Alpha Male beard story is complete without the gym. Because apparently, testosterone doesn’t just build muscle, it also irrigates beard growth.

Our hero enters the gym not to lift weights, but to adjust his beard in the mirror from 17 angles. One dumbbell curl, three selfies. Bench press 20 kg, upload 20 hashtags:

#BeardGoals #AlphaMode #LionRoar
#NoPainNoShave

And in the locker room, he lectures newcomers: *“Bro, beard and biceps are connected. Science hai.”*

Science is quietly crying in a corner, but who cares?
Alpha logic > actual biology.

Parental Opposition: The Anti-Beard Brigade

Every Indian Alpha Male must face his first enemy: his own mother.

“Beta, shave kar lo. Shakal saaf lagegi. Rishta aayega.”

But he stands tall: *“Maa, beard is my identity. Without it, I am nothing.”*

At which point, his father mutters: *“Haan, with it also you are nothing.”*

The house becomes a battleground. The mother sharpens the Ustra (razor). The son hides his Gillette in the cupboard. Family WhatsApp group gets filled with “Shave = job success” forwards from uncles who still think Orkut exists.

Yet, he resists. Because no true Alpha surrenders his beard. He would rather lose Diwali bonus than shave it.

The Office Reality Check

Ah, adulthood. The Alpha walks into his first job interview with beard flowing, chest puffed, and resume filled with lies disguised as “skills.”

The HR looks up, down, sighs, and asks: *“Do you know Excel?”*

He strokes his beard. *“Ma’am, I know life.”*

Two weeks later, he’s working in a startup, making PPTs about “Vision 2030.” His boss, a clean-shaven MBA graduate, calls him “Baba Ramdev’s intern.”

The office chaiwala asks if he's starting a spiritual channel on YouTube.

The beard, once his badge of honour, is now HR's excuse to mark him "unprofessional."

But Alpha doesn't quit. Instead, he grows it bigger. Because if people can't respect the beard, they must fear it.

The Tinder Misadventure

Modern Alpha Male cannot survive without online validation. Enter Tinder.

He uploads 12 selfies.

In 11 of them, only the beard is visible.

In the 12th, he is holding a guitar he cannot play.

His bio reads:

"Sapiosexual. Gym rat. Beard enthusiast. Looking for a queen who can handle a king."

Swipe left. Swipe left. Swipe left.

Finally, a match! He messages: *"Hi."*

She replies: *"Hi, uncle."*

Block.

Beard and Politics

Eventually, the Alpha realizes the beard is not just a fashion statement—it's a political weapon. He joins college politics, standing at chai stalls delivering speeches about "youth empowerment."

His manifesto:

- Free WiFi
- More canteen samosas
- Beard oil subsidies

And when someone heckles him, he declares: *“Look at my beard! Does this look like the face of a liar?”*

Of course it does. But the beard gives him immunity—at least until exam results arrive.

The Emotional Undertone

But here’s the secret nobody tells you: behind every beard is a boy who just wants respect.

The beard is armour. A mask. A desperate attempt to be taken seriously in a country where everyone—from uncles at weddings to bosses in boardrooms—measures you by your looks, your car, your salary, your accent.

The Alpha Male, for all his loudness, is just hiding his insecurity under facial hair. He thinks the world will finally salute him once the beard is thick enough. But the world doesn’t care.

Real respect comes not from the hair on your face, but the work you put in, the kindness you show, the laughter you create.

The beard is decoration. The man is substance.

The Lesson (Disguised as Roast)

So here's the truth, dear Alpha Male of India:
Your beard doesn't make you strong.
Your beard doesn't make you wise.
Your beard doesn't make you sexy.

At best, it makes you look like a backup dancer in a Honey Singh video.

But if you can own your flaws, laugh at yourself, and still carry your chin high (with or without stubble)—that's when you become a true alpha.

Punchline Ending

And yet, tomorrow morning, at 7:45 AM, outside every Indian college, hundreds of boys will still stroke their patchy beards, adjust their collars, and whisper to themselves in the mirror:

“Ab toh main asli mard ban gaya.”

The only person who believes them?
Their barber.

Chapter 2

Gym Selfie, No Dumbbells Lifted

Every Alpha Male in India has one dream: to become the next fitness icon. Not necessarily *fit*, but definitely an *icon*. And where does that journey begin? At the holy temple of testosterone—**the gym**.

But here's the twist: gyms in India are not about lifting weights. They're about lifting **ego**. The treadmill runs on insecurity, the mirrors are for worship, and the dumbbells gather more dust than the teacher's table in government schools.

For the Alpha Male, the gym is not a place to sweat. It's a stage to perform. His real workout? **The front-camera bicep curl**.

The Alpha Enters

You can spot him instantly.

- He walks in with Bluetooth earphones blinking like Diwali lights.
- Gym bag? Empty. Nothing inside except deodorant and a packet of chewing gum.
- Water bottle? 80% protein shake, 20% Instagram prop.

The moment he enters, his eyes don't go to the weights or machines. They go straight to the mirror. He adjusts his T-shirt sleeve, pulls it up two inches, flexes what little bicep exists, and whispers to himself:

"Bro, already looking pumped."

No warm-up, no stretches, no cardio. Who has time for biology when there's chemistry with the mirror?

The Warm-up Ritual

Normal people warm up with skipping or push-ups. The Alpha warms up with... **selfies**.

He angles the phone just right:

- Left arm flex, face tilted like a philosopher.
- Black-and-white filter to hide acne.
- Caption: *"Sweat. Sacrifice. Success."*

Did he sweat? Not yet.

Sacrifice? Only the ₹500 he borrowed for gym fees.

Success? At best, two likes from fake accounts he runs himself.

But the Alpha doesn't care. He has captured proof of existence. The dumbbells can wait.

Weights vs. WiFi

Every gym has zones. There's the cardio section, the heavy-weights corner, the stretching mats. But our Alpha Male sets up camp in only one zone: wherever the WiFi is strongest.

He opens Instagram mid-set, tags the location (“Iron Temple Fitness Hub”), and writes:

*“Monday motivation   #AlphaModeOn
#BeastUnleashed #NoPainNoGain”*

The truth? His only pain is when the internet lags. His only gain is followers from shady accounts with names like “Hot_girl_1997.”

Meanwhile, the dumbbells wait patiently, like abandoned relatives at a wedding.

The Alpha Workout Routine

Let’s break it down:

1. **Bench Press (Preparation Phase)**

He loads the rod with plates heavier than his dreams. Two friends on each side, one friend recording video. He lowers the bar one inch, then screams, *“Bhai, spot kar le!”*

Translation: the friends lift everything while he provides the sound effects.

2. **Bicep Curl (Social Media Phase)**

Curl once, drop weight, pick up phone.

Curl once, drop weight, change filter.

Curl once, drop weight, flex in mirror.

Total reps: 3 curls, 30 selfies.

3. **Leg Day (National Holiday Phase)**

The rarest event in Indian fitness history. He has never seen a squat rack in his life. Why?

Because **legs don’t show in selfies.**

4. **Cardio (Escape Phase)**

Runs on treadmill for 45 seconds. Posts Insta story: “10K *marathon training* 🏃💧.” Then leaves treadmill, panting, and blames “machine fault.”

By the end, his muscles are the same, but his gallery storage is full.

Protein Philosophy

Gym bros love protein. But Alpha Male India takes it to a new level.

- Every sentence begins with “*Bro, protein lena zaroori hai.*”
- He buys imported whey at triple price but still drinks half with water, half with lies.
- At home, his mom gives him dal and paneer. He refuses: “*Maa, isme protein kam hai.*”

The irony? His protein intake is solid, but his workout is imaginary. Basically, he’s building **expensive urine**.

The Gym Hierarchy

Inside every gym, there’s a caste system.

- **The Silent Lifters:** Actually train, rarely talk, ignore everyone.
- **The Trainers:** Half physiotherapist, half philosopher, mostly broke.

- **The Real Beasts:** Wear torn T-shirts, grunt like tractors, look scary but help others.
- **The Alpha Male Wannabe:** Our hero—loudest in the room, weakest in the room, busiest on Instagram.

He mistakes attention for respect. People stare, yes—but only because he just spilled his protein shake on the treadmill.

Romance at the Gym

Every Alpha dreams of gym romance. He sees a girl lifting dumbbells and thinks it's his Bollywood moment.

So he swaggers over, flexes, and says: *"Need a spot?"*

She replies: *"I'm lifting 5 kg. What are you spotting, bro—my water bottle?"*

Embarrassed, he returns to the mirror and uploads a sad selfie:

"Strong outside, broken inside 💔 #HeartbreakMuscle."

Police of Fitness

If you scroll through his Instagram, you'll think he's a Navy SEAL in training. Poses with ropes, battle cries with tyres, captions like *"Beast mode ON."*

But reality check: the only beast mode he knows is when Swiggy delivers biryani late.

He can quote Arnold, The Rock, and Bruce Lee. But ask him to run 200 meters, and he'll say, *"Bro, I'm bulking, not running."*

The Emotional Undertone

Here's the sad, secret part: behind all that flexing and fake hustle, the Alpha isn't chasing fitness. He's chasing validation.

He doesn't want to be healthy. He wants to be seen. Every like on his post is a medal. Every emoji comment is oxygen. Without it, he feels invisible.

The gym is not his temple of strength—it's his stage of insecurity. And selfies are his prayers.

But true strength isn't in filters. It's in discipline. It's in showing up daily, sweating without witnesses, lifting without applause. It's in respecting the body, not broadcasting it.

Punchline Ending

And yet, tomorrow morning, at 6:30 sharp, he'll be back at the gym.

New T-shirt. New angle. Same biceps.

He'll post: *"Transformation journey begins today 🏋️💧."*

It's the 47th "Day One" of his life.

The only thing transforming?
His phone storage.

Chapter 3

Protein Shake > Family Shake

For most Indian families, the morning ritual is sacred.

Papa reads the newspaper like it's a holy scripture.
Maa serves parathas with butter thicker than government files.

The sister scrolls reels while pretending to study.

And then enters the Alpha Male of the house—
wearing gym shorts at 7 a.m., shaker bottle in hand,
moving like a prophet of fitness. He doesn't touch
chai, ignores parathas, and announces:

"I only take protein."

The Gospel of Whey

Somewhere between Class 12 tuition and his first gym subscription, he discovered the powder of the gods—
whey protein. Imported, expensive, and smuggled in
containers that look suspiciously like paint buckets.

To him, whey is not just a supplement. It's salvation.

Dal? Too ordinary.

Milk? Too desi.

Parathas? *"Bro, carbs kill gains."*

But whey? Whey is his ticket to becoming an
Instagram gladiator.

He holds the shaker like Shakespeare held the skull:
"To whey, or not to whey—that is the question."

The Family Rebellion

Of course, the family doesn't get it.

Maa: *"Beta, doodh pi lo."*

Alpha: *"Maa, doodh mein lactose hai. Lactose = fat. Fat = loser."*

Papa: *"In our time, we drank milk, ate roti, and became strong."*

Alpha: *"Papa, in your time there was no WiFi."*

Soon, the dining table becomes a battlefield. On one side: Maa's hot parathas, steaming chai, and fresh chutney. On the other side: a shaker bottle filled with suspicious brown liquid that smells like cement water.

The Alpha picks his side. Every. Single. Time.

Protein shake wins. Family shake loses.

The WhatsApp Uncle Wars

Relatives never miss a chance to interfere. An uncle, holding a steel glass of lassi, smirks:

"Yeh sab nakhra hai. Body banani hai toh kheton mein kaam karo. Yeh powder-podder kuch nahi bota."

Another aunt whispers: *"Shaadi kaise hoga? Ladkiwale sochenge ladka nasha karta hai."*

But Alpha is unshaken. He sips his whey slowly, eyes closed, as if performing a sacred ritual. In his head,

he's Rocky Balboa training for the championship. In reality, he's skipping family lunch to post:

"Family doesn't understand the grind ☒ #Sacrifice #ProteinOverParatha."

The Social Media Sermon

Alpha Male India doesn't just drink protein. He preaches it.

Every newcomer in the gym is his disciple.

"Bro, protein lena compulsory hai. Without protein, your workout is waste. Gym hai temple. Whey is prasad."

He forwards articles, shares reels, even fights on WhatsApp groups. His favourite line:

"Bro, one scoop = 25 grams protein. Do you know how many chanas you'll need for that? 2 kilos. Tu khayega?"

The poor beginner, confused, ends up buying a ₹6,000 jar that lasts two weeks, then spends the rest of the month eating Maggi.

The Economics of Alpha

Here's the irony. His entire monthly salary (or pocket money) goes to protein. Rent delayed? Fine. Bike EMI pending? Manageable. Girlfriend's birthday gift? Skip.

But protein shake? Non-negotiable.

He'll eat street momo for ₹50, drink cutting chai for ₹10, but the protein jar—imported, foreign, blessed

by the gods of Instagram—costs ₹5,000, and he guards it like national treasure.

Even if the fridge is empty, his shelf has protein jars stacked like Diwali sweets. Guests arrive and ask, “Beta, yeh kya hai?” He replies proudly, “Power.”

The Great Protein Scam

The funniest part? Half the time, the protein he buys is fake. Smuggled powder with labels like “*Arnold’s Secret Formula*” or “*100% Organic Buffalo Whey*.”

The scoop tastes like chalk, smells like despair, and dissolves slower than Indian bureaucracy. But Alpha drinks it anyway, grimacing like a soldier in battle, telling himself: “*Pain is gain.*”

Meanwhile, his stomach makes sounds like a malfunctioning washing machine.

Protein vs. Love

Every Alpha faces the ultimate test—when family or girlfriend tries to replace his protein shake with love.

- Maa sneaks ghee into his dal. He screams: “*Maa, tum mere gains ki dushman ho!*”
- Girlfriend offers homemade kheer. He posts: “*Real love = understanding macros.*”
- Sister teases him with pizza. He blocks her WiFi password.

To him, love is temporary. Protein is eternal.

The Emotional Undertone

But behind all this drama is one simple truth: Alpha isn't addicted to protein. He's addicted to **control**.

The family decides his clothes. The boss decides his salary. The government decides his petrol price. But protein? That's his choice. His rebellion. His proof that he's different from the lassi-drinking uncles of his mohalla.

Drinking whey makes him feel in charge. Every scoop is a declaration: *"I am building myself, my way."*

Of course, most of the time, he's just building expensive pee. But still—control is control.

Punchline Ending

So tomorrow morning, when his Maa lovingly serves parathas with butter, and Papa offers him chai with adrak, he'll refuse again.

He'll raise his shaker, shake it like James Bond with a martini, and sip with pride.

Caption ready: *"Sacrifice tastes bitter, but success tastes sweet*

 ."

The only thing sweet?

His Maa's paratha—still lying untouched.