

## Cricket 135

### Chapter 135

After the thrilling match and the unforgettable moments on the field, we finally made our way back to the team hotel. The entire journey back was filled with energy—music, laughter, and the unshakable joy of victory. Every now and then, a teammate would randomly burst into a cheer, chanting my name, making me feel like I was on top of the world.

As we entered the hotel, the entire team gathered for a grand celebratory dinner. The dining hall was decorated beautifully, and the aroma of delicious food filled the air. Everyone was in high spirits, and the entire team congratulated me on my double century.

"Aarav, 200 runs! What are you made of?" exclaimed Shardul, playfully punching my shoulder.

"And two wickets too! That's like the ultimate all-rounder performance," added Kuldeep with a grin.

I laughed, shaking my head. "Well, lots of gym and good players to support!"

"Come on, don't be so modest. We all know who the star was today!" said Jadeja, raising his glass.

The entire team cheered, raising their glasses for a toast. It was a moment of pride, one that I wanted to cherish forever. The chefs had prepared a grand buffet and even a special dessert labeled 'Aarav's 200 Celebration Cake'.

As we sat down, everyone shared their favorite moments of the match, laughing and teasing each other.

"The way you flicked that six over midwicket, bro! Unreal," said shaw, shaking his head.

"And the no-look scoop over the keeper, man! That was straight out of a video game," gill added, pretending to hold a gaming controller.

I just smiled, enjoying the camaraderie. This was the best part of being in a team—not just the victories but the moments we shared off the field.

After dinner, I decided to sneak away for a bit of quiet time. As usual, I grabbed two bubble teas—one for myself and one extra, just in case I finished quickly. The terrace was my favorite spot; it was peaceful, away from the noise, and offered a perfect view of the city lights. The cool night breeze brushed against my skin as I took a deep breath, letting the calmness wash over me.

As I stepped onto the terrace, I spotted Virat bhaiya and Anushka bhabhi already there, engaged in a deep conversation. They turned to look at me, smiling warmly.

"Look who's here—the man of the moment!" Virat bhaiya said, walking over and giving me a pat on the back.

"Aarav, what a game! You were brilliant!" Anushka bhabhi added, her eyes full of admiration.

I smiled. "Thank you, bhabhi!"

"It was bound to happen! You're young, talented, and hardworking," Virat bhaiya said. "Just don't let it get to your head."

I chuckled. "Never, bhaiya. I know there's a long way to go."

We sat down on the terrace, enjoying the cool breeze. The conversation soon drifted away from cricket, and for once, it felt refreshing not to talk about the game.

"So, Aarav," Anushka bhabhi said with a teasing smile, "You're young, you're smashing records, and you're quite the handsome guy too. You must have a huge female following by now."

I felt my face heat up and just laughed nervously. "Bhabhi, come on! I don't really think about that."

"Ohh ho! Blushing boy!" she teased, nudging Virat. "Look at him, Virat! He's all shy now."

Virat bhaiya chuckled. "Anushka, let the poor guy breathe!"

"No way! I need to know!" she insisted. "Tell me, Aarav, do you have a girlfriend? Or are you seeing someone?"

I shook my head, still smiling. "No bhabhi, not in my current scope. Right now, my focus is on my career—both cricket and business."

"Oh ho, career-focused man!" she said, raising an eyebrow. "But isn't your family managing the business?"

"They do, but I like being involved. In fact, we have a new concept launching soon from PatMart—it's still a secret though."

Virat bhaiya leaned forward. "A secret project? Now I'm interested. Give us a hint."

I smirked. "Let's just say it's something revolutionary in online retail. And speaking of business, you know about the RayGlass tech that's booming worldwide, right?"

Anushka bhabhi nodded. "Of course! It's the hottest thing right now. Wait... don't tell me..."

I grinned. "Yep. Astra—my sole company—is behind it."

Her eyes widened. "What?! You're telling me you're not just a cricketing genius, but also a successful businessman? Aarav, what are you?"

Virat bhaiya laughed. "See, I told you he's a special one."

Anushka shook her head in disbelief. "Smart, handsome, talented, rich—so many girls must be falling for you."

I groaned, "Bhabhi! How did we come back to this topic again?"

They both burst into laughter. "Because it's fun teasing you!" she said, sticking her tongue out.

After a while, the teasing died down, and we just sat there, talking about life, dreams, and random things. It felt like a real sibling moment, something I truly cherished.

"Aarav," Virat bhaiya said after a moment of silence, "Just keep being yourself. Work hard, and enjoy every moment. You have a long journey ahead, and I have no doubt you're going to achieve things beyond imagination."

I nodded. "Thank you, bhaiya. That means a lot coming from you."

Anushka smiled warmly. "And don't forget to take breaks and have fun too. Success is great, but life is about balance."

I smiled. "I'll keep that in mind, bhabhi."

After chatting for a bit longer, Virat bhaiya and Anushka bhabhi stood up.

"Alright, it's getting late. Time to head back," Anushka said.

Virat bhaiya patted my back once more. "Goodnight, champ. Get some rest."

As they left the terrace, I stayed back for a few more minutes, looking up at the night sky. The stars shone brightly, and I couldn't help but feel a deep sense of gratitude.

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After my heartfelt conversation with Virat bhaiya and Anushka bhabhi, I returned to my room, still feeling the warmth of the evening's events. The celebrations, the teasing, and the words of encouragement all replayed in my mind. But before calling it a night, there was one more thing I needed to do.

I grabbed my phone and dialed home.

The moment the video call connected, I saw my parents' beaming faces. My mother's eyes glistened with pride, while my father wore his usual composed yet proud expression.

"Aarav, 200 runs! You made history today!" my father said, his voice filled with admiration.

"We saw the match! What an innings!" my mother added, unable to contain her excitement.

I smiled. "Thank you, Maa, Papa. It was a special day."

The conversation naturally drifted to other things—my fitness, my training routine, and even the strategies I used during the match. But then, my mother's face lit up as she eagerly switched the topic.

"Aarav, guess what? We just finished our second nationwide charity event!" she said enthusiastically.

My interest piqued. "Really? Tell me everything!"

Her voice carried pure excitement as she explained how she, along with the company, had conducted a massive charitable initiative across 1,000 orphanages. They provided children with access to education, proper nutrition, and quality clothing.

"This isn't just a CSR activity," she continued, "It's something our family truly believes in. We've been fortunate in life, and this is our way of giving back. Can you imagine the smiles on their faces, Aarav? It was priceless."

I felt a wave of admiration wash over me. My mother had always been a force of kindness and generosity, and seeing her passion for this initiative only made me prouder.

"Maa, you're amazing," I said sincerely. "This is the kind of impact that truly matters."

"And you, my son, are making an impact in your own way," she replied with a smile. "Your journey inspires so many people. Never forget that."

After a bit more talking, I finally ended the call, feeling a deep sense of gratitude. But there was still one more call I needed to make.

I put the phone down for a moment, took a deep breath, and then picked it up again. A small smile played on my lips as I dialed the next number.

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Without a second thought, I scrolled through my contacts, found her name, and hit the call button. The phone rang for a few seconds before a familiar voice answered.

"Oye, superstar! Finally remembered me?" Shradha's bubbly voice came through the speaker, filled with playful teasing.

I chuckled. "I was busy giving interviews, madam. The world wanted to talk to me."

"Hmph! The world can wait. I should've been your first call!" she huffed dramatically. "Anyway, congratulations! What a match! My throat is sore from all the shouting."

"Oh? So, you did cheer for me after all?" I teased.

"Of course! And remember, remember!" she suddenly exclaimed, her voice filled with excitement. "Didn't I tell you? I am a goddess! I said you would hit the fastest 1000 runs, and boom! You did it in this match!"

I shook my head, laughing. "Why are you being so overdramatic?"

"Because I'm always right!" she laughed haughtily. "I am great, I know. No need to bow to me!"

I sighed. "You're unbelievable."

"Thank you, thank you. Now, come on, tell me..." she prompted, "How does it feel to be the hero of the nation?"

"Feels amazing," I admitted. "But I want to know—how was my performance?"

I waited, full of confidence, already expecting an exaggerated response. But instead, Shradha hummed thoughtfully, tapping her chin as if deep in contemplation.

"Hmm... So-so."

I blinked. "What?! So-so?! I scored 200! I think it was the fastest 200! I even took two wickets!"

"Mmm... still so-so," she said nonchalantly.

I was baffled. "Then why were you jumping and cheering for me so loudly?!"

She froze for a moment, caught off guard. Then, grinning sheepishly, she stuck out her tongue. "Okay, okay, fine!" she conceded.

I smirked. "Now what? Is your network bad, or are you just lost for words?"

Suddenly, she shouted, "YOU WERE AMAZING! JUST FABULOUS! I WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU BAT AND SCORE SO MANY RUNS! SEE?! I AM YOUR LUCKY CHARM! ON MY FIRST VISIT, YOU HIT A DOUBLE CENTURY!"

I laughed at her enthusiasm. "I guess I should make sure you attend every match, then."

"Obviously! And I demand VIP seats from now on!"

We continued talking, our conversation flowing effortlessly. We reminisced about old times, joked around, and she teased me relentlessly about my newfound stardom.

Then, out of nowhere, I blurted out, "Hey, let's go out tomorrow. We can visit some places and grab lunch or dinner."

There was a pause.

Then she asked teasingly, "Are you calling me on a date?"

I burst into laughter. "Haa haa haa haa! Asking you on a date?! Haa haa! Okay, okay, this is the best thing I've heard today!"

She pouted. "Hey! What do you mean?! I am a good-looking young lady!" She huffed dramatically. "Hmph!"

I held back another laugh. "Okay, okay! You're very beautiful. Now, come on, get ready tomorrow. We're going to visit some temples in New Zealand. I'll pick you up at 11:00 AM."

She smiled sweetly. "Okay, okay!"

After we cut the call, I found myself staring at my screen, lost in thought. Then, slowly, a soft smile spread across my lips. I even felt a slight blush creep onto my face.

Before sleeping, I decided to make the day even more special. I quickly rented a McLaren 12C for tomorrow's outing, imagining the surprised look on Shradha's face. As I scrolled through the details of the car, I couldn't help but imagine the wind rushing past us, her excited laughter filling the air as we drove through the scenic roads of New Zealand.

Satisfied, I lay back on my bed, smiling to myself as I drifted off to sleep. My dreams were filled with vivid images of tomorrow—a day that I was sure would be unforgettable.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the call, Shradha sat on her bed, clutching her phone to her chest. Her face was burning with a deep blush, and a wide grin refused to leave her lips.

"He... he called me beautiful!" she squealed, burying her face into her pillow. Unable to contain her excitement, she kicked her legs in the air and giggled uncontrollably.

After a few minutes of giddy excitement, she finally calmed down, still smiling as she closed her eyes.

However, as she lay there, thoughts flooded her mind. What should she wear? Should she get up early to prepare? Should she act casual, or should she let her excitement show? Her heart fluttered at the thought of seeing him again, spending an entire day together. It wasn't a date... right? Or was it?

She shook her head, scolding herself for overthinking. "It's just a friendly outing. Nothing more."

Still, the excitement refused to fade. She reached for her phone and set an early alarm, determined to look her best. Her smile lingered as she snuggled into her blanket, the warmth of happiness wrapping around her like a comforting embrace.

Tomorrow was going to be special.

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So, I've been diving deep into this romance, and I wanted to take a moment to hear what you think. How's the romance going for you? Is it clicking or does it feel rushed? Maybe it's a little too fast, or perhaps too slow? Is it the kind of love that makes you sigh or cringe a bit?

I always try to walk the fine line between keeping things exciting and real, but I'm curious about your feelings. Romance can be such a tricky dance—does this one have the right rhythm, or should I slow down and give these characters a little more space to breathe?

Also, I don't have any experience in romance and love! as I currently hold lifetime single award like you all! so if you don't like it, you could tell me and yeah tell me how could I improve, as I f\*king don't have any experience!