

KING OF CRICKET

Chapter 2: Awakening

Ding!

A mechanical, feminine voice echoed in Aarav's mind.

"System awakened. Welcome, host. This is Aria, your personal system. This system will assist you in becoming the best cricketer in the world. While I cannot directly grant you skills, I can provide training manuals and guidance to achieve them."

Aarav sat up in shock. His heart raced as he processed what he had just heard.

"What?! A system? Like those isekai protagonists?" he thought, his excitement bubbling up. "Does this mean I'll have the tools to dominate the cricketing world and reach the top?"

But Aria's next words were like a bucket of cold water.

"Host, this system only provides training methods and guidance. You must practice diligently to master the skills."

Aarav's excitement faltered momentarily, but then a determined grin spread across his face.

"That's fine by me. If I have to work hard to get there, so be it. I'll shatter every record and become the greatest cricketer in history. I'll take the crown from Virat Kohli and surpass legends like Sachin Tendulkar."

Ding!

"Host, you have received a newbie gift package. Would you like to claim it?"

Without hesitation, Aarav responded, "Yes!"

"Processing..." Aria said. "Host, you have received the following rewards:

Injury Prevention & Fatigue Recovery: Reduces the chance of injury and ensures full recovery from fatigue after sleep.

Left-arm Bowling Talent: Grants natural talent for left-arm bowling, providing a new skill to master.

KL Rahul Talent (30%) + Training Module: Provides 30% of KL Rahul's batting talent and a comprehensive training module to reach 100%.

Mental Training Program: A specialized program to enhance focus, resilience, and mental strength for high-pressure situations."

Aarav's eyes sparkled with excitement. "This is amazing!" he thought. "I'm already ahead of where I was in my past life. With this, I'll crush every trial."

Lost in his thoughts, Aarav began formulating a plan. He recalled that in a month, he was supposed to join a local cricket academy. However, with his newfound abilities, he was determined to aim higher. He resolved to join Shivaji Park Gymkhana, an academy known for producing legendary cricketers and supported by top professionals and Mumbai Indians.

"If I can perform well there, I'll set myself on the path to playing in the U-19 World Cup or Asia Cup within two to three years," Aarav thought with conviction.

His thoughts were interrupted by his mother's voice.

"Aarav! Lunch is ready! Come eat!"

"Coming, Mom!" Aarav called back, his heart swelling with emotion.

As he walked to the dining room, he saw his father reading the newspaper at the table. Without warning, Aarav ran to him and hugged him tightly.

"Whoa! What's gotten into you, champ?" his father, Ramesh, asked, laughing in surprise.

"Nothing, Dad," Aarav said, tears welling up. "Just... had a bad dream. I'm glad you're okay."

Ramesh raised an eyebrow, perplexed, but patted his son's back affectionately. Aarav turned to his mother and gave her an equally tight hug.

"Beta, are you sure you're alright?" his mother, Meera, asked gently.

"Yeah, Mom. Just a nightmare. Let's eat," Aarav said, quickly wiping his tears.

The family sat down for lunch. The warmth of the moment, coupled with his mother's cooking, made Aarav feel at home again.

Midway through the meal, Aarav cleared his throat.

"Dad, Mom, I've been thinking about my future," he began. His parents exchanged glances but said nothing, letting him continue. "In a few months, there are trials for Shivaji Park Gymkhana. I want to take part."

Ramesh put down his spoon, studying his son carefully. "Why Shivaji Park? That's not a local academy. It's extremely competitive, and the trials are among the toughest."

Aarav's eyes shone with determination. "Because it's the best, Dad. They have world-class infrastructure, top coaches, and connections with cricketers and franchises like Mumbai Indians. If I make it there, I'll have a real shot at my dream."

Ramesh's expression softened as he considered his son's words. "You're serious about this, aren't you?"

"Yes, Dad," Aarav said firmly. "I'm one of the best at my age, and I'll prove it. I'll clear the trials and make it to the top."

Ramesh smiled faintly. "Alright. But what role do you want to play?"

"Right-hand batsman," Aarav said confidently, "and left-arm fast bowler."

"Left-arm fast bowler?" Ramesh asked, startled. "Since when do you bowl with your left arm?"

Aarav chuckled. "Since recently. Let's just say I discovered some hidden potential."

Ramesh shook his head in disbelief but couldn't hide his pride. "Alright, Aarav. I'll fill out the form for you. But remember, it'll take more than talent to make it. You'll need discipline and hard work."

"Don't worry, Dad," Aarav said with a determined smile. "I'll give it everything I have."

Meera placed her hand on Aarav's shoulder. "We'll support you, beta. Just promise us one thing: never lose yourself in the process."

"I promise, Mom," Aarav said, his heart brimming with gratitude.

As the family finished lunch, Aarav felt a renewed sense of purpose. With the system by his side and his parents' support, he was ready to rewrite his destiny.