

Cricket 70

Chapter 70

The air in the room was thick with anticipation as Day 2 of the IPL auction began. The television in the living room streamed the live event, with every bid bringing its share of cheers and gasps from players and fans alike. Aarav and Abhishek were seated together, trying their best to stay calm, but the occasional fidgeting and sideways glances betrayed their nerves.

Their parents were also there, adding a comforting yet exciting presence. Aarav's mother had prepared snacks for everyone, while Abhishek's father sat near the TV, occasionally sharing insights about the bidding strategies of the franchises.

Aarav's father leaned back in his chair, a small smile on his face. "It's surreal, isn't it? Just yesterday, these two were playing cricket in the backyard, and today we're watching their names about to be called in the IPL auction."

Abhishek's mother laughed. "It's incredible. Though I must say, Abhishek hasn't been this quiet in years."

At this, Abhishek groaned, shaking his head. "Mom, please. I'm just trying to focus."

Aarav smirked. "You mean focus on not panicking?"

"Speak for yourself, World Cup-winning captain," Abhishek shot back, though his grin betrayed his own excitement.

Abhishek's father joined in. "Boys, this is just the beginning. The auction is one thing, but once you're on the field, that's when the real work starts. Are you both ready for the challenge?"

Aarav nodded confidently. "Absolutely. I've been dreaming of this moment for years. It's a huge stage, but I'm ready to prove myself."

Abhishek added, "Same here. Getting picked is just step one. Once we're in the league, it's all about showing the teams they made the right decision."

The mothers, however, were less about strategy and more about celebration. Aarav's mom turned to Abhishek's mom with a gleam in her eye. "Can you imagine the celebrations if both our boys are picked? We'll have to throw a big party!"

Abhishek's mom clapped her hands. "Absolutely! And maybe even plan trips to see their matches live."

Just then, the auctioneer's voice boomed through the TV as another player's name was announced. Aarav's father leaned forward. "The competition is fierce. Some of these bids are going sky-high."

Abhishek's father nodded in agreement. "True, but talent like Aarav and Abhishek will always find its way to the top. Mark my words."

As the auction continued, Aarav and Abhishek's names grew closer on the list. Aarav could feel his heart racing, though he kept his expression calm. Abhishek, on the other hand, bounced his leg nervously, earning a playful nudge from Aarav.

"Relax, you'll give yourself away," Aarav teased.

Abhishek laughed. "Easy for you to say, Mr. Calm and Collected. Your name is going to spark a bidding war."

"And yours won't?" Aarav countered, raising an eyebrow.

The banter was interrupted by Aarav's mother, who placed a plate of samosas on the table. "Eat something, both of you. Nerves won't help you here."

"Thanks, Aunty," Abhishek said, grabbing one. "But honestly, I don't know if I can eat right now."

Aarav's mom smiled warmly. "You'll need your strength. This is just the start of a very long journey."

The TV screen flashed with updates as another player's name was sold. The tension in the room was palpable, but it was also filled with excitement and pride.

Abhishek's father finally broke the silence. "Boys, no matter which teams you end up in, remember one thing: play with heart. That's what will set you apart."

Aarav nodded. "We'll make you proud."

The room fell silent again as the next set of names approached. Both Aarav and Abhishek exchanged a glance, their nerves now replaced with a shared determination. This was their moment, and they were ready to seize it.

As the Batch of Uncapped Player starts, Aarav and Abhishek Looked at each other, as their name was just around the corner, because they were in this Uncapped Indian Set.

As the auctioneer's voice echoed across the room, "First name, Yashasvi Jaiswal, base price 20 lakhs," a hush fell over the gathering. The tension was palpable, not just in the auction room but also in a small, modest home in Mumbai, where Yashasvi's family sat huddled together around an old television. The room was dimly lit, the furniture sparse, but the atmosphere was electric with anticipation.

Yashasvi's father, a Pani Puri Seller, sat on the edge of a creaky wooden chair, his hands clasped tightly in prayer. His mother, with tears brimming in her eyes, held onto a tattered handkerchief, unable to keep her hands steady. His younger siblings sat cross-legged on the floor, their eyes glued to the screen, too young to fully grasp the magnitude of what was happening but excited because everyone else in the room was.

When the auctioneer asked for an opening bid, Rajasthan Royals quickly responded with ₹20 lakhs. Gasps filled the Jaiswal home, and Yashasvi's mother clasped her hands to her mouth. "Twenty lakhs," she whispered, her voice trembling. "Do you think it will stop there?"

Before anyone could respond, Delhi Capitals entered the fray, raising the bid to ₹40 lakhs. The number felt surreal. ₹40 lakhs? That was more money than Yashasvi's father had earned in his entire lifetime.

His father turned to his wife, his voice thick with emotion. "This is already beyond our dreams. No matter what happens now, our boy has already made us proud."

Rajasthan Royals immediately upped the bid to ₹60 lakhs. The room in Yashasvi's home erupted in a mix of gasps and cries. His siblings started clapping and jumping in excitement.

The auctioneer's voice rang out again: "Delhi Daredevils, will you respond?" The room fell silent, the suspense unbearable. On the screen, Delhi seemed to deliberate, but after a tense moment, they bowed out.

"Delhi is out. Anyone else in the room?"

The pause felt eternal. Every second was a lifetime for the Jaiswal family. Finally, the hammer fell.

"Yashasvi Jaiswal, sold to Rajasthan Royals for ₹60 lakhs!"

The Jaiswal home exploded into cheers. Yashasvi's mother couldn't hold back her tears any longer. She sobbed into her handkerchief, overwhelmed by pride and relief. "Sixty lakhs," she repeated, as though saying it would make it feel real. "Our Yashasvi did it!"

His father wiped his eyes discreetly, trying to maintain his composure but failing. "He's changed our lives forever," he said, his voice breaking. "We can finally see a better future for all of us."

Yashasvi's siblings ran to their parents, hugging them tightly. "Bhaiya is a hero!" they exclaimed. "We always knew it!"

His mother pulled them all into a hug, her voice trembling as she spoke. "He worked so hard. He sacrificed so much. All those nights selling pani puris, all the days practicing cricket under the sun... it's all worth it now."

The television continued showing the auction, but the Jaiswal family wasn't paying attention anymore. They were too busy celebrating, their modest home filled with an overwhelming sense of hope and joy.

Amid the jubilation, Yashasvi's father said, "This is just the beginning. Our boy is going to make us proud."

As the auctioneer's voice announced the next name, "Abhishek Sharma, base price 20 lakhs," the atmosphere in Aarav's house grew tense. The lively chatter turned into a hushed silence, and all eyes were fixed on the TV screen. Aarav, sitting at the edge of the sofa, clenched his fists in anticipation, while Abhishek tried his best to appear calm, but the slight twitch of his leg gave away his nerves.

Abhishek Mother's mother leaned closer to Abhi's father, whispering, "This is it. Our Abhishek's moment." His father nodded, a proud smile spreading across his face.

The auctioneer's voice rang out again, breaking the silence. "Anyone in the room for Abhishek Sharma at the base price of 20 lakhs?"

A moment of suspense. Then, "Delhi Daredevils coming up with the first bid at 20 lakhs!"

The room erupted into cheers. Aarav jumped to his feet, punching the air in celebration. "Yes! That's my boy!" he shouted, pulling Abhishek into a bear hug.

Abhishek's parents, seated across the room, couldn't contain their joy. His mother clapped her hands together, tears welling up in her eyes. "He's in! He's finally in!" she exclaimed.

The auctioneer paused, scanning the room. "Anybody else?"

The silence that followed was almost deafening. Aarav's house grew quiet again, everyone holding their breath as they waited for another bid.

"No one else?" the auctioneer confirmed. After a moment, the hammer came down. "Abhishek Sharma, sold to Delhi Daredevils for 20 lakhs!"

The announcement was like a spark igniting the room. Aarav's family and Abhishek's parents leapt to their feet, clapping and cheering. Aarav turned to Abhishek with a wide grin. "You're officially in the IPL, my brother! This is just the start!"

Abhishek, who had been holding back his emotions, finally let out a laugh of relief. "Delhi Daredevils, huh? Looks like I'm heading to the capital," he said, his voice trembling with excitement.

Abhishek's mother walked over and Hugged Abhishek. "We're so proud of you, beta. You've worked so hard for this moment, and now it's all paying off."

Abhishek nodded, looking at his parents, who were beaming with pride. "This is for all of us," he said, his voice filled with gratitude.

As the celebrations continued, Aarav raised his voice above the noise. "Alright, everyone, let's save some energy. My turn's coming up soon!"

The room burst into laughter, the joy and camaraderie filling every corner. The celebration wasn't just for Abhishek—it was for a shared dream, one that was coming true, one player at a time.

The auctioneer's voice echoed across the room, commanding attention. "Next name: Shubman Gill. Base price, 20 lakhs."

In Punjab, Shubman sat on the couch with his parents, watching the auction unfold on their large-screen TV. His father leaned forward, his hands clasped tightly, while his mother sat beside him, her face a mix of pride and anticipation. Shubman, calm on the surface, could feel his heart racing.

The auctioneer continued, "Anyone in the room for Shubman Gill at 20 lakhs?"

Almost immediately, the bidding began. "Kolkata Knight Riders with the first bid of 20 lakhs!"

"Rajasthan Royals, 40 lakhs!" came another voice.

The energy in the auction room picked up as Kings XI Punjab entered the fray. "Kings XI Punjab, 60 lakhs!"

Back in Punjab, Shubman's father couldn't contain his excitement. "It's happening, beta! They're all fighting for you!" he exclaimed, his voice brimming with pride.

Shubman smiled, trying to remain composed, but the sparkle in his eyes betrayed his excitement.

The auctioneer raised his voice to match the intensity in the room. "KKR back in the lead with 80 lakhs! Do I hear more?"

"Rajasthan Royals, 1 crore!"

The room in Punjab was now buzzing with excitement. Shubman's mother clasped her hands together. "One crore, Shubman! This is unbelievable!"

But the bidding was far from over. Kings XI Punjab wasn't giving up. "Kings XI Punjab, 1.20 crore!"

The auctioneer barely had time to acknowledge it before KKR countered. "Kolkata Knight Riders, 1.40 crore!"

Rajasthan Royals hesitated but made their move. "Rajasthan Royals, 1.60 crore!"

Shubman's father leaned back, shaking his head in amazement. "They're going all in for you, Shubman. This is incredible."

KKR wasn't backing down either. "Kolkata Knight Riders, 1.80 crore!"

The auctioneer gave a moment's pause, scanning the room for any further bids. "Any more bids? Rajasthan Royals? Kings XI Punjab? Going once... going twice..."

The hammer came down. "Sold! Shubman Gill, to Kolkata Knight Riders for 1.80 crore!"

Cheers erupted in Shubman's home. His father jumped up, clapping his hands. "1.80 crore! Kolkata Knight Riders! You've made us so proud, Shubman!"

His mother had tears in her eyes as she hugged him tightly. "This is a huge moment for you, for us. We always knew you'd make it, but this..." She paused, wiping away her tears. "This is beyond what we could've imagined."

Shubman, ever humble, smiled and said, "It's a big amount, yes. But for me, this is just the beginning. Now it's time to work even harder and prove I'm worth every penny."

His father nodded, his face glowing with pride. "And you will, son. You've earned this with your hard work and dedication."

As the family celebrated, Shubman's phone buzzed with congratulatory messages. His parents sat beside him, watching their son soak in the moment, a proud and united family celebrating not just the financial windfall but the recognition of Shubman's talent and potential on the grand stage of the IPL.

The auctioneer's voice boomed across the room. "Next name: Aarav Pathak. Base price, 20 lakhs."

Before the words had even finished, a sharp, confident voice rang out. "Mumbai Indians, 20 lakhs!"

Almost instantly, another voice cut in. "Chennai Super Kings, 40 lakhs!"

Back at Aarav's home, the room fell silent as everyone leaned forward, eyes glued to the screen. Aarav sat at the edge of the couch, trying to remain composed, but his mother's face lit up with excitement. His father, calm as ever, watched with a small smile, his pride evident.

"Mumbai Indians, 60 lakhs!"

"Chennai Super Kings, 80 lakhs!"

The rapid back-and-forth bids caused the room at Aarav's house to buzz with anticipation. Abhishek nudged Aarav playfully. "Man, they're not stopping. You're the hot property right now!"

Aarav chuckled nervously, his hands fidgeting. "Let's see where this goes."

As the bidding crossed one crore, the auctioneer called, "One crore, Mumbai Indians! Chennai Super Kings, do you want to respond?"

"Chennai Super Kings, 1.20 crore!"

Back at the house, Aarav's mother couldn't contain her excitement. "Aarav, just look at this! Both teams are fighting for you!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling.

"1.40 crore, Mumbai Indians!"

"1.60 crore, Chennai Super Kings!"

Aarav's father leaned back in his chair, a proud smile gracing his face. "You've worked hard for this, Aarav. This is just a testament to your talent."

The bidding continued relentlessly. "Mumbai Indians, 1.80 crore!"

"Chennai Super Kings, 2 crore!"

At this point, the auctioneer paused briefly. "Chennai Super Kings at 2 crore. Mumbai Indians, your move?"

A long silence filled the room before the MI representative nodded. "2.20 crore!"

Suddenly, a new voice entered the fray. "Royal Challengers Bangalore, 2.40 crore!"

The room at Aarav's house erupted in surprise. "RCB's here too?" Abhishek exclaimed. "This is heating up, Aarav!"

The auctioneer, now clearly energized, kept up the momentum. "2.60 crore, Mumbai Indians!"

"2.80 crore, Royal Challengers Bangalore!"

Back and forth, the two teams battled. Aarav's mother clasped her hands together, her smile widening with every bid. "It's not about the money," she said softly, her eyes misting. "It's about seeing everyone recognize what we've always known—our son's talent."

The bidding continued. "3 crore, Mumbai Indians!"

"3.20 crore, Royal Challengers Bangalore!"

The room was electric. Aarav's father, who had remained quiet, finally spoke. "It's not just the amount. Look at how much they believe in you. That's worth more than any number."

The auctioneer gave the room a moment to settle. "3.40 crore, Mumbai Indians!"

RCB quickly countered. "3.60 crore!"

At this point, Aarav's mother grinned widely, unable to sit still. "I don't care where you go, but this is amazing!" she said, squeezing Aarav's hand.

The bid came in strong. "Mumbai Indians, 3.80 crore!"

The auctioneer looked around the room. "Royal Challengers Bangalore, are you still in?"

RCB countered. "4.0 crore!"

A long pause. Then, "Going once... going twice... SOLD! Aarav Pathak, to Royal Challengers Bangalore for 4 crore!"

Cheers erupted in Aarav's home. Abhishek leaped off the couch, pulling Aarav into a bear hug. "RCB, bro! The big leagues!"

Aarav smiled, his heart full. His mother wiped away a tear as she hugged him tightly. "It's not about the money, beta. It's about seeing your dreams come true. We're so proud of you."

His father, ever composed, gave him a hug. "Congratulations, son. This is just the beginning. Show them what you're capable of."

Aarav, humbled by the love and support, nodded. "I'll make you all proud. I promise."

The room was filled with laughter and celebration as Aarav's phone buzzed with messages of congratulations. This wasn't just a moment of financial victory—it was a moment of validation, the start of a new chapter in Aarav's already remarkable journey.

The auction continued with palpable energy in the room. The next name brought a ripple of excitement.

"Next up: Prithvi Shaw. Base price, 20 lakhs," announced the auctioneer.

Without missing a beat, Delhi Daredevils made the first move. "Delhi Daredevils, 20 lakhs!"

The bidding quickly escalated. "40 lakhs, 60 lakhs!"

As the numbers climbed, Aarav, watching from his living room, grinned. "Prithvi's a strong pick for Delhi. They'll definitely go all out for him."

Finally, the gavel came down. "Prithvi Shaw, sold to Delhi Daredevils for 1.2 crore!"

In a cozy apartment in Mumbai, Prithvi's family erupted in cheers. His mother clasped her hands together, her eyes glistening with pride. "Prithvi always wanted this," she said, her voice thick with emotion. "He's earned it."

The auction moved quickly to the next name.

"Arshdeep Singh. Base price, 20 lakhs," declared the auctioneer.

"Kings XI Punjab, 20 lakhs!" came the bid almost immediately.

The room at Aarav's house buzzed with chatter. Abhishek leaned over and said, "Arshdeep's got serious potential. Punjab's making a smart move."

The auctioneer glanced around the room. "Any other bids? No? Going once... going twice... SOLD! Arshdeep Singh to Kings XI Punjab for 20 lakhs!"

Back in Punjab, Arshdeep's family celebrated modestly but with immense pride. "This is it." his father said. "We always believed in him."

As the evening rolled on, the excitement only grew.

"Next: Ravi Bishnoi. Base price, 20 lakhs," announced the auctioneer.

The first bid came from Rajasthan Royals. "20 lakhs!"

Mumbai Indians entered the fray immediately after. "40 lakhs!"

The bids climbed rapidly. "60 lakhs, 80 lakhs, 1 crore!"

At Aarav's house, the intensity was palpable. "Bishnoi's a game-changer," Aarav said. "MI knows that."

The bidding war continued between Rajasthan Royals and Mumbai Indians. "2 crore!" shouted the MI representative.

Rajasthan Royals paused, signaling they were out. The auctioneer turned back to the room. "2 crore, Mumbai Indians! Any other bids?"

The gavel came down with authority. "SOLD! Ravi Bishnoi to Mumbai Indians for 2 crore!"

Back in Jodhpur, Bishnoi's family celebrated with exuberance. His younger siblings danced around the room while his parents exchanged emotional glances. "Our boy's going to MI," his mother said softly. "He's finally getting the recognition he deserves."

Aarav and his family, along with Abhishek, soaked in the excitement of the day. Each bid, each name called, felt like a celebration of young talent and hard work. For Aarav, it was a reminder of the journey ahead—and the opportunity to make his mark among legends.