

Cricket 91

Chapter 91

As I took the key from the hotel reception and was leaving the lobby, I suddenly heard a cheerful voice shout, "Aarav Bhaiya!"

I turned around to see little Ziva running toward me with her arms wide open. Her excitement was contagious, and I couldn't help but smile. Bending down, I scooped her up in my arms and spun her around.

"Woohoo!" she squealed in delight, her laughter ringing through the lobby.

After a few spins, I gently put her down and ruffled her hair. "Where are you going, champ?" I asked.

Ziva grinned. "We are going shopping, Bhaiya! Me and Chiku Bhaiya's family!" she said, referring to Virat Bhaiya by his popular nickname.

Before I could respond, I saw Virat Bhaiya, Anushka Bhabhi, Dhoni Bhaiya, and Sakshi Bhabhi approaching with warm smiles on their faces.

Virat Bhaiya, always playful, smirked. "Where you're off to, Aarav?"

I scratched my head and replied, "Nothing much, Bhaiya. Just planning to drive through Auckland's coastline and enjoy the view."

Before Virat Bhaiya could respond, Anushka Bhabhi chimed in with a teasing smile. "Ohhh, alone? Or is someone joining you?"

I felt a little embarrassed but grinned sheepishly. "No, no Bhabhi, it's just a solo trip... all alone."

As we all walked outside the hotel, Ziva's eyes suddenly widened in awe when she spotted the green Lamborghini Huracán Evo Spyder parked right in front.

"OHHHHH!" she exclaimed in excitement. "Dad, look! It's an open car!"

Dhoni Bhaiya smiled and nodded. "Yes, Ziva, it's an open car. Cool, right?"

I chuckled and said, "Well, this is the car I booked for my day."

Ziva gasped, eyes sparkling. "Bhaiya, I NEED a ride in this! Please, please, please!" She started tugging at my hand, her excitement overflowing.

I laughed, looking over at Dhoni Bhaiya. "Sure, champ, but only if your papa agrees."

Ziva immediately turned to her father with her signature puppy-dog eyes. "Please, Papa? Just one ride? Please?"

Dhoni Bhaiya shook his head with a soft chuckle. "Okay, fine. But just one round, Aarav. We have to go shopping too, remember?"

Ziva clapped her hands in delight and did a little victory dance. "Yayyy!"

Anushka Bhabhi smiled. "Seems like Aarav is winning hearts everywhere."

Virat Bhaiya patted my shoulder. "Take good care of my niece, bro. She's our princess."

"Of course, Bhaiya. VIP treatment for Ziva!" I assured with a grin.

I opened the car door and helped Ziva get into the passenger seat, securing her seatbelt properly. As I slid into the driver's seat, I glanced over at Dhoni Bhaiya and gave him a thumbs-up.

"Ready, Ziva?" I asked.

She nodded excitedly. "Ready, Bhaiya! Let's goooo!"

The moment I revved the engine, the roar of the Lamborghini echoed through the area, making Ziva giggle in excitement. As we rolled forward, I could see Anushka Bhabhi and Sakshi Bhabhi waving while Dhoni Bhaiya shook his head with a smile.

"Bhaiya, this car is sooo cool!" Ziva exclaimed as the wind blew through her hair.

I smiled. "It is, isn't it? Maybe someday you'll drive one yourself."

She nodded enthusiastically. "I'll tell Papa to buy me one!"

I laughed. "You better start saving up, Ziva."

After a short, smooth ride around the hotel's driveway, I slowed down and parked back in front of the entrance. Ziva jumped out and ran to her dad. "Papa, it was amazing! Thank you, Bhaiya!"

I smiled. "Anytime, champ."

Virat Bhaiya clapped his hands. "Alright, time for shopping, people! Let's not get distracted by sports cars."

After saying goodbye to Ziva, I got back into the driver's seat, feeling the smooth leather under my hands. As the others were making their way to their car, a playful thought crossed my mind.

With a mischievous grin, I floored the accelerator, and the Lamborghini Huracán Evo Spyder roared to life. The tires screeched slightly against the asphalt, and in just three seconds, I hit 100 km/h, zooming past them like a green streak of lightning.

Ziva's eyes widened in shock and excitement. "Big brother is sooo cool!" she squealed, clapping her hands in pure joy. "But when I was in the car, he wasn't this fast!" she whined, pouting at Dhoni Bhaiya.

Virat Bhaiya, standing next to his car, blinked in disbelief. "Holy moly! He was too fast, man. That was definitely 100 km/h in a blink!"

Anushka Bhabhi chuckled, nudging Sakshi Bhabhi. "Looks like Aarav has a need for speed."

Dhoni Bhaiya, ever the calm and composed figure, shook his head with a knowing smile. "Young blood," he said in his signature cool tone. "They love speed and adventure."

As I slowed down and made a smooth U-turn, I could see them all watching me with amused expressions. Pulling up beside them, I rolled down the window and smirked. "Not bad, huh?"

Ziva leaned in through the open window. "Bhaiya, next time I want a FAST ride, okay? No slow driving for me!"

I laughed. "Alright, champ, next time, I'll put the pedal to the metal for you."

Sakshi Bhabhi playfully scolded, "Aarav, don't teach her such things! She's already a handful."

Virat Bhaiya leaned on the car and smirked. "Where did you learn to drive like that? Are you hiding another career from us?"

I shrugged playfully. "Let's just say cricket isn't my only passion. Cars have always been my thing."

Anushka Bhabhi smiled. "That's great, Aarav. It's good to have hobbies beyond cricket. But just remember to stay safe, alright?"

I nodded sincerely. "Of course, Bhabhi. Safety first. Speed second."

Virat Bhaiya gave me a fist bump. "Alright, speedster, enjoy your drive. We'll see you later. Just don't end up racing anyone on the streets."

With a final wave, I revved the engine again, and Ziva giggled excitedly, waving her little hand. "Bye, Bhaiya! Drive safe and fast!"

With a grin, I waved back and sped off, the city skyline stretching ahead of me, the wind rushing through my hair, and the thrill of the road calling my name.

As I pulled out of the hotel driveway, the Lamborghini Huracán Evo Spyder purred beneath me, its engine humming in perfect harmony with the quiet Auckland evening. The cool breeze hit my face as I drove through the well-lit streets, feeling an exhilarating sense of freedom. The streets weren't too crowded, just the occasional car passing by, and the city lights shimmered beautifully under the dark sky.

I decided to start my trip along the Auckland coastline, where the view of the ocean meeting the horizon was simply breathtaking. The waves crashed gently against the shore, and the moonlight reflected on the water like a sheet of silver. I lowered the convertible top, letting the salty breeze fill the car, and for a moment, I felt like I was in a dream—just me, the road, and the rhythmic sound of the waves.

Driving along the coastline, I stopped at a few scenic spots, stepping out to capture the mesmerizing views with my phone. The Auckland skyline in the distance, with the towering Sky Tower standing proudly, created the perfect backdrop. I snapped a few shots and stood there for a while, absorbing the serenity of the night.

As I continued my drive, I decided to head toward the Sky Tower, Auckland's iconic landmark. The tower, illuminated in vibrant colors, dominated the cityscape. I parked nearby and walked closer, looking up at the massive structure. Standing at the observation deck, I could see the entire city sprawled beneath me—twinkling lights, cars moving like tiny dots, and the harbor in the distance. The view was simply spectacular, and I couldn't resist taking a few more pictures to capture the moment.

After spending some time enjoying the panoramic view, I got back into my car and headed toward the Auckland Art Gallery, a place I had always wanted to visit. The gallery was quieter at this hour, but I took a stroll around its grand exterior, admiring the intricate architecture. Even though I couldn't go inside, just being there and soaking in the artistic aura felt inspiring. I imagined the masterpieces housed inside, the stories they told, and the artists who poured their souls into each piece.

Next on my list was the Auckland Harbor Bridge. Driving across the bridge with the wind rushing past and the city lights reflecting off the water below was an experience I wouldn't forget anytime soon. I slowed down a bit, enjoying the view of the boats anchored in the harbor, their lights flickering like stars. The bridge itself was a marvel, standing strong and mighty over the waters, and I couldn't help but admire the engineering brilliance behind it.

I decided to take a break at a small café near the harbor. Sitting outside with a cup of coffee, I scrolled through the pictures I had taken so far. Each one told a story—the vibrant city life, the peaceful coastline, the artistic charm of the gallery, and the architectural brilliance of the bridge. I smiled to myself, feeling grateful for this solo trip, a moment to step away from the cricket world and just embrace the beauty around me.

Feeling refreshed, I resumed my drive and headed toward the final stop of my trip—the SEA LIFE Kelly Tarlton's Aquarium. Even though it was late, the exterior of the aquarium looked inviting, with colorful lights shimmering around it. I walked around, reading about the different marine species housed inside, and made a mental note to visit during the day to explore properly. The ocean has always fascinated me, and standing there, listening to the distant sound of waves, I felt a sense of calmness wash over me.

By the time I left the aquarium, it was already past midnight, but I wasn't ready to head back just yet. The city had a different charm at night—quiet, peaceful, yet full of life. I drove around aimlessly for a while, exploring lesser-known streets, discovering quaint little cafes, and even spotting a group of street performers practicing their routines under a street lamp.

Eventually, exhaustion started to catch up with me, and I realized it was time to head back to the hotel. As I cruised through the empty streets, the city lights guiding my way, I felt a sense of contentment. This trip wasn't just about exploring Auckland; it was about finding solace in solitude, appreciating the journey, and taking a break from the pressures of my career.

I arrived at the hotel at around 2:30 AM, parked the car carefully, and handed the key to the valet with a tired smile. The lobby was quiet, with only a few staff members around. I took the elevator up to my suite, my body feeling heavy but my heart feeling light.

As soon as I entered my room, I kicked off my shoes, threw my jacket on the couch, and flopped onto the bed. My phone buzzed with messages—texts from teammates, family, and friends—but I decided to check them later. Right now, all I wanted was to sleep, with memories of a perfect solo adventure fresh in my mind.

With a satisfied sigh, I pulled the covers over myself and drifted off, feeling grateful for the experiences, the stunning views, and the little moments that made the trip unforgettable.