

Balled

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Introduction: The Pride and the Pitch

Before the dark days—before the excruciating waddles, the hyper-inflated linen trousers, and the escalating web of the most unhinged lies ever spun across the Greater Sydney basin—Nitin Maran was a king.

He was the undisputed, undefeated champion of the South Asian dating scene, a man who navigated the complex, multicultural landscape of Sydney with the effortless, lethal grace of an apex predator. Nitin possessed a jawline sharp enough to cut glass, thick, perfectly styled hair that defied the humid coastal breeze, and a

smile that had successfully dismantled the defenses of women from Bondi to Blacktown. But his physical attributes were merely the opening act. Nitin's true power, his devastating, unmatched secret weapon, was his tongue.

Nitin was a linguistic chameleon. He didn't just speak ten languages; he weaponized them. He understood that in a city teeming with diverse diaspora communities, speaking a woman's mother tongue wasn't just impressive—it was a direct, unfiltered shortcut to her heart. He could transition from the poetic, soul-stirring depths of formal Hindi to the chest-thumping, fiery bravado of Punjabi without missing a single beat. He could deploy the fast, rhythmic cadence of Tamil to disarm, the intellectual, artistic charm of Bengali to captivate, and the smooth, melodious roll of Telugu to completely paralyze. He treated Sydney's dating pool like a high-stakes international summit, and he was the master diplomat.

Life was a cakewalk. His phone buzzed relentlessly with notifications, a carousel of beautiful women captivated by his bespoke, culturally tailored charm. He was untouchable. Invincible.

Until the fateful Sunday of the local semi-pro cricket league nets session.

It was a blindingly bright, humid afternoon in late summer. The sun beat down on the parched, cracked earth of the suburban pitch, the air thick with the smell of freshly cut kikuyu grass, stale sweat, and the sharp, medicinal tang of Deep Heat muscle rub. Nitin was at the crease, looking every bit the dashing sportsman in his crisp white gear, his helmet securely fastened, feeling completely indestructible. He had just successfully charmed the stunning blonde barista at the clubhouse café, securing a lunch date for the following week. His confidence was radiating at toxic levels.

At the top of the bowler's mark stood Bruce. Bruce was a towering, six-foot-three local tradie with shoulders like boulders, a thick ginger beard, and a terrifyingly fast run-up. Bruce did not care about Nitin's jawline, and he certainly did not care about Nitin's fluency in Bengali. Bruce only cared about taking wickets.

Nitin tapped his English willow bat against the crease, his eyes locked on the heavy, red leather ball in Bruce's massive hand. *It's going to be a standard medium-pace outswinger*, Nitin's brain confidently calculated. *I'll step into it, drive it cleanly through the covers, look incredibly heroic, and call it a day.*

Bruce steamed in. His heavy boots pounded against the baked earth, creating a rhythmic, terrifying thud that echoed across the empty oval. He hit the crease and violently whipped his arm over.

But it wasn't an outswinger. It wasn't medium pace.

It was a rogue, wildly aggressive, 145km/h fast yorker.

The red leather blur bypassed Nitin's aggressively swinging bat with contemptuous ease. It completely ignored the inadequate, flimsy plastic of his standard-issue abdominal guard. It dipped at the very last microsecond, defying the laws of aerodynamics, and slammed dead-center into Nitin's groin with the horrific, echoing acoustic crack of a high-powered rifle shot.

For one agonizing, suspended second, absolute silence fell over the pitch. The birds stopped singing. The wind died.

Then, the pain arrived.

It wasn't just a localized ache; it was a catastrophic, systemic shutdown of his entire nervous system. A blinding flash of pure, white-hot agony exploded outward from his pelvis, rocketing up his

spinal cord and detonating directly behind his eyes. Nitin dropped his bat. He didn't scream—he couldn't draw enough oxygen into his lungs to form a sound. He simply folded in half like a cheap lawn chair, his knees hitting the baked earth as the world spun wildly out of focus.

"Ooh, mate." Bruce winced from down the pitch, the quintessential Australian understatement ringing in Nitin's ringing ears. "Caught ya right in the absolute cobblers, didn't it? Walk it off, champ."

There would be no walking it off. Over the next forty-eight hours, the swelling began. It was a medical marvel, a terrifying display of human anatomy pushed to its absolute breaking point. His testicles expanded rapidly, aggressively, transforming from standard human anatomy into two heavy, throbbing, hyper-inflated leather footballs. The pain settled into a permanent, high-frequency hum that dictated his every move, forcing him to adopt the wide-stanced, agonizing waddle of a man carrying live grenades between his thighs.

As he lay on his couch, surrounded by melting bags of frozen peas, staring at the ceiling in pure, unadulterated misery, his phone began to vibrate.

*Buzz.* Ms. Aussie from the café, confirming lunch. *Buzz.* Nikitha, the fiery Tamil IT architect, demanding dinner. *Buzz.* Puju, the Punjabi princess, sending suggestive emojis.

The notifications stacked up—a relentless, terrifying wave of twelve incredible women he had ruthlessly charmed over the past month, all calling in their chips. A sane man would have canceled. A sane man would have cited a tragic sports injury, taken two weeks of bed rest, and lived to fight another day.

But Nitin Maran 's hubris was far greater than his agony. He was the undisputed king of Sydney. He would not admit defeat to a rogue cricket ball. He would go on the dates. He would maintain his flawless reputation. He would charm them, feed them, flatter them in ten languages, and then—somehow, someway—he would talk his way out of the bedroom before his horrific, football-sized secret was discovered.

And so, armed with nothing but the widest linen trousers in New South Wales, an arsenal of linguistic poetry, and a terrifyingly blank canvas for excuses, the greatest, most agonizing survival mission in dating history began.

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## Chapter 1: Ms. Aussie – The Bondi Blonde Bombshell

The golden, honeyed light of a Sydney summer afternoon danced blindingly across the turquoise waves of Bondi Beach, but Nitin Maran was in no mood to appreciate the view. As he limped his way toward the open-air pavilion restaurant perched right on the edge of the sun-baked sand, every single step felt like someone was methodically squeezing his already football-sized testicles with a heavy English willow cricket bat.

Two days earlier, his life had changed during a seemingly harmless Sunday net session at the local club. He was facing Bruce, a towering six-foot-three local tradie who fancied himself the next Brett Lee. Bruce had steamed in off a long run-up, the heavy leather ball gripped tightly in his massive, calloused hand. Instead of the standard medium-pace outswinger Nitin had expected, Bruce unleashed a rogue, fiery fast yorker that dipped viciously at the last microsecond. It bypassed Nitin's bat entirely, ignored the

inadequate protection of his standard-issue abdominal guard, and slammed dead-center into the crown jewels with the acoustic crack of a rifle shot.

The swelling that followed over the next forty-eight hours was nothing short of biblical. It was a medical marvel. His loose white linen pants—the widest, breeziest trousers he owned, purchased hastily from a beachside stall—did absolutely nothing to hide the ridiculous, physics-defying bulge between his legs. Walking required a slow, wide-stanced, painful waddle that sent shockwaves of agony up his spine with every heel strike. He desperately tried to pass it off as a “cool, relaxed cricketer swagger,” but the sheer concentration required just to put one foot in front of the other gave him the look of a man carefully transporting a live explosive.

His phone vibrated violently against his thigh, the buzzing sensation sending an uncomfortable phantom ache straight to the danger zone. He carefully fished it out of his pocket. It was a direct message from Ms. Aussie, the stunning, impossibly fit blonde barista he’d been relentlessly flirting with for the past three weeks at the hip organic café near the cricket ground.

“Hey big boy saw you at practice the other day. That bulge is absolutely criminal. Lunch today? My treat. I want to hear you speak all those Indian languages you’re always bragging about over your flat whites ”

Before the injury, Nitin would have replied in fluent, poetic Tamil or devastatingly smooth Hindi within three seconds and successfully sealed the deal before the dessert menu was even handed out. He could switch between Hindi, Tamil, Punjabi, Bengali, Telugu, and a half-dozen other regional dialects like most people change their shirts. It was his ultimate secret weapon in the Sydney dating scene.

One deeply romantic, soul-stirring shayari in Hindi for the dreamers, a cheeky, high-energy Punjabi line for the bold party girls, a touch of intellectual Bengali for the artsy crowd, and they melted on the spot. Picking up anyone in Sydney had been a literal, unmitigated cakewalk.

But now? The cakewalk had turned into an active, highly volatile minefield.

He leaned against a sun-warmed palm tree, took a deep breath, and typed back: "See you at 1, beautiful." Then he closed his eyes and muttered softly in Bengali under his breath, "Ei toh shuru holo jala (Here begins the torment...)"

Ms. Aussie was already waiting at the front of the restaurant when he finally arrived, looking like she'd just stepped out of a glossy, high-end Bondi surf magazine editorial. The sharp, nostalgic scent of expensive coconut sunscreen, salt, and sweet vanilla clung to her skin. Her long, perfectly tousled sun-bleached hair caught the coastal breeze, framing a face dominated by bright, icy-blue eyes that locked onto him the second he hobbled into view. She wore tiny frayed denim shorts and a crisp white linen crop top that showed off a deeply tanned midriff, enough to make any man's heart race.

She jumped up, her stack of silver bohemian bangles clinking loudly together, and threw her arms around his neck, hugging him tight. The moment her firm, athletic body pressed against his waist, a sharp, white-hot throb shot squarely through his swollen assets. Nitin sharply bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself from screaming, his body instinctively going rigid. She felt the flinch, misinterpreted it completely, and flashed a brilliant, pearly-white grin.