



The Return of the Raichand

Diksha Agarwal



The five heirs of India's most powerful families—Hridaan Raichand, Kabir Mallik, Aryan Singhal, Veer Chaudhary, and Ishaan Chaturvedi—stand together on a private helipad overlooking the Delhi skyline. Bound by childhood friendship and immense wealth, these 27-year-old men are as possessive as they are lethal, ruling their respective empires of business, law, and politics with an iron fist.



In a high-security office in London, Hridaan Raichand concludes a ruthless takeover, his cold eyes reflecting the city lights. While his parents Vikram and Gayatri see a devoted son, the outside world knows him as a terrifying force who handles the Raichand family's business and underground dealings with lethal precision.



Hridaan arrives at the sprawling Raichand mansion in Delhi late at night, exhausted after two years away. Finding his own room unprepared and dusty, he quietly slips into his cousin Rudra's room to sleep, unaware that Rudra is busy playing video games in the soundproof gaming room down the hall.



The next morning, the Raichand household is buzzing with life as the family gathers for tea in the sun-drenched veranda. Diksha Agarwal, an orphan artist and Rudra's bubbly best friend, arrives with her usual infectious energy, greeting 'Badi Maa' Gayatri and the rest of the elders with a warm, innocent smile.



Determined to wake a supposedly lazy Rudra for their college lectures, Diksha hatches a mischievous plan with the elders' silent, amused permission. She fills a heavy bucket with ice-cold water, whispering to Gayatri, 'Aaj toh Rudra gaya! He won't know what hit him,' as she tiptoes toward the bedroom.



Diksha bursts into the darkened room and heaves the entire bucket of water onto the sleeping figure huddled under the blankets. 'Utho, lazy bones! Get up right now or we'll be late!' she shouts with a triumphant laugh, watching the water drench the bed and the man beneath.



The figure bolts upright with a terrifying roar, his eyes flashing with a lethal, predatory instinct that stops Diksha's heart. 'Kaun ho tum? How dare you touch me!' Hridaan snarls in a voice like thunder, his mafia-trained reflexes causing him to grab her wrist with a grip of steel.



Instead of trembling, Diksha's fearless streak flares up as she grabs a nearby pillow and thwacks him across the face. 'Chor! Thief! Tumhari himmat kaise hui? How dare you sneak into Rudra's bed and then yell at me?' she screams back, ready to fight the stranger who looks nothing like the photo she had seen.



The entire Raichand family rushes into the room, gasping in shock to find the most feared man in Delhi dripping wet and being scolded by a tiny, defiant girl. Vikram and Gayatri stand frozen, never having seen their ruthless, lethal son looking so completely bewildered and outmatched by a simple prankster.



'Main chor nahi hoon, pagal ladki! I am Hridaan!' he growls, while Diksha crosses her arms and refuses to call him 'Bhaiya' or apologize. As the family erupts into laughter at the wet, grumbling heir, the cold walls around Hridaan's heart begin to show their very first crack.