

# Their Wonder Years: Fall 98

## Chapter 101: Enter Melina

[ 1,064 words ]

Tyrel sat up, his eyes wide. “Is it ... ?”

Ravi wiped a waterfall of sweat from his brow. “No. No. It can’t be. She’s just a myth, a legend they tell freshmen to scare them...”

Marisol slowly lowered her sunglasses, her eyes gleaming. “Oh yes, papi. She’s real.”

Sarah spread her arms wide, her voice reaching a fever pitch of theatricality. “Ladies and gentlemen... fasten your seatbelts, say a prayer to whatever deity you failed on your last exam... I give you... THE WILDCARD!”

### *ENTRANT #5 - MELINA “THE APOCALYPSE IN HEELS” VEGA*

The hallway didn’t release her. She became the hallway. Melina Vega didn’t enter; she manifested into her final, devastating form. She wore leather pants that creaked with authority, a black spaghetti strap top, and a crystal-studded belt that probably doubled as a diplomatic passport. Her hoop earrings were of a diameter that would make a NASA engineer proud, and she carried a radioactive-blue Slurpee like it was the Holy Grail.

But her most impressive accessory was her entourage. Trailing behind her, in a state of hypnotized devotion, were three random Georgia Tech boys: a frat bro in a backwards cap who looked like he’d just abandoned his keg stand, a skater boy clutching his board like a security blanket, and a pre-med student who, for some reason, was wearing a stethoscope.

The peanut gallery lost its collective mind. Whispers became a roaring wave.

“Dang, she fine!”

“I heard she broke up with a guy by sending him a certified letter!”

“Bro, she once made a professor cry during office hours... and then gave him extra credit!”

“She’s the reason they had to add a new clause to the student code of conduct!”

Tyrel slapped Ravi's arm repeatedly. "BRO - SHE GOT A POSSE! SHE GOT HER OWN SQUAD! THAT'S THE FINAL BOSS LEVEL RIGHT THERE!"

Ravi nodded, his face pale. "Her Charisma stat is maxed out. We're just NPCs in her storyline."

On the bench, the other bachelorettes had visceral reactions. Priya took a long, slow sip of chai, her eyes glittering. "She looks like the reason midterm curves get ruined."

LaTasha gave a slow, respectful nod. "Okay. I see you. I respect the brand."

Dani muttered, scribbling furiously, "Subject E: Aura suggests high levels of confidence and litigiousness. Potential biohazard. Fascinating."

Nandita simply slid down in her seat, attempting to use her index cards as a makeshift cloaking device.

Melina took it all in, her expression one of majestic, divine boredom. And then she moved. She glided past the gawking bachelors, past the contestant bench, her entourage parting the crowd like the Red Sea. She didn't even glance at Tyrel or Ravi. They were mere scenery.

She stopped directly in front of the one calm center in the entire storm: the Commentary Table.

She looked down at Bharath, who was observing the spectacle with the same polite curiosity he might afford a particularly energetic squirrel.

Bharath blinked up at her gently. "Hello?"

Melina looked him up and down with a speed and efficiency that would put a barcode scanner to shame. A slow, dangerous smile spread across her glossed lips. "So," she purred, her voice like velvet wrapped around a switchblade. "You're the Bharath."

Bharath's polite smile remained, though a flicker of confusion crossed his face. "I... suppose I am? That is my name, yes."

She leaned in, just a fraction, but it was enough to make the entire food court hold its breath. The scent of her perfume - something called 'Nightshade and Lawsuits' - wafted over him. "You're cuter than the rumors," she declared, her tone leaving no room for argument.

Bharath's entire face transformed into a perfect, ripe tomato. He had not been briefed on any rumors pertaining to his cuteness. This was a critical intelligence failure.

At the hostess table, Sarah and Marisol completely broke.

“OH, COME ON!” Sarah shrieked, dropping her spoon-microphone. It clattered to the floor, forgotten. “MELINA! HE’S NOT A CONTESTANT! HE’S THE MORAL COMPASS! YOU CAN’T FLIRT WITH THE NARRATIVE DEVICE!”

Marisol was fanning herself with a stray napkin. “Dios mío, the cojones on this girl! She’s rewriting the script live! I’m not even mad, I’m impressed!”

Jorge, witnessing this breach of protocol, made a sound like a deflating whoopee cushion and had to steady himself on the mood lamp.

Camila, however, was in cinematic heaven. She dropped to one knee, zooming in on the intense, two-shot of Melina’s smolder and Bharath’s flustered innocence. “Yes! Yes! The plot thickens! The wildcard targets the neutral observer! This is Shakespearean! This is better than Jerry Springer!”

Tyrel shot to his feet, pointing an accusatory finger. “HOLD UP! TIME OUT! FOUL! SHE’S SUPPOSED TO BE OUR DATE! THAT’S OUR FRIEND! HE’S LIKE A SWEET, CONFUSED LAMB WITH TWO GIRLFRIENDS! YOU CAN’T JUST... GRILL THE LAMB!”

Ravi joined him, his voice squeaking with indignation. “Yes! This is a gross misallocation of romantic resources! He’s not even trying! We’re over here putting our fragile egos on the line, and she goes for the one guy who’s just here for the free emotional trauma!”

The peanut gallery, however, was fully on Team Melina. They began chanting her name, a low, rhythmic murmur. One brave soul yelled, “YOU GO, MELINA! GET THAT POLITE INTERNATIONAL HOTTIE!”

Melina, without even turning her head, raised a single hand. The chanting stopped instantly. She treated her simpering fans with the disdain of a queen swatting away a gnat. Her attention remained fully on the blushing Bharath.

“We’ll talk later,” she said to him with a wink, a promise and a threat woven into three simple words. She then turned and finally, blessedly, deigned to acknowledge the bachelors and the other contestants. She sauntered to the bench and sat, crossing her legs with a definitive snap. Her entourage settled on the floor around her like devoted courtiers.

Sarah, finally retrieving her spoon, clapped her hands together, her voice strained with the effort of regaining control. “OKAY! FANTASTIC! Let’s... let’s just get all the contestants to their seats and... proceed!”

Marisol, still recovering, added with a wheeze, “And the bachelors... try not to faint. Or spontaneously combust. The school’s insurance doesn’t cover idiocy of this magnitude.”

Melina, ignoring everyone, shot one last, lingering wink at Bharath.

Bharath, utterly bewildered, blinked slowly in response.

The peanut gallery sighed in collective rapture.

Jorge, with trembling hands, lifted the Pizza Hut clapperboard. It was a pathetic, crumpled symbol of a world gone mad.

CL-CLACK!

“SCENE TWO!” he yelled, his voice cracking. “TAKE ONE! MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON OUR SOULS!”

And just like that, the games had truly, horrifically, magnificently begun.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 102: Speed Dating Disaster: The Food Court Massacre

[ 1,600 words ]

The Georgia Tech food court had officially shed its identity as a place of sustenance. It was now a glitter-covered, hormone-fueled gladiator arena, and the scent of frying oil and desperation hung thick in the air.

Sarah raised her plastic spoon-microphone with the gravitas of a general leading a charge into certain doom. “LET THE GAMES BEGIN! ROUND ONE: SPEED DATING... WITH THE STAKES SET AT ‘DESPERATE!’”

Marisol strutted beside her, a vision of chaotic management. “Ladies, prepare your wits and your tolerance for nonsense. Gentlemen... try not to vomit from nerves. The linoleum is new... ish.”

Tyrel slapped Ravi’s back with enough force to dislodge a lung. “BRO. THIS IS OUR MOMENT. WE GOT THIS!”

Ravi, pale and sweating, muttered to himself, “My ancestors engineered the concept of zero. I am about to be reduced to one. A big, fat, failure-zero.”

*THE BATTLEFIELD:*

Tyrel's "Smooth" Zone: A wobbly table by the Pizza Hut, strategically chosen for its "cool, spicy" vibe. It smelled faintly of stale garlic bread.

Ravi's "Nervous" Nook: A slightly sticky booth by Chick-fil-A, chosen for its perceived safety. It smelled of anxiety and Polynesian sauce.

Melina's Throne Room: An armchair Jorge had dragged from a dorm lounge, placed directly between the two date zones. It was a power move that required its own zip code.

The Contestant Bench: A plastic pew where LaTasha, Priya, Dani, and Nandita sat, already conducting their own silent, cutthroat assessment of one another.

The Peanut Gallery: Melina's three devoted groupies, now equipped with stolen cafeteria trays which they were using as both fans and ceremonial gongs and the blossoming college students looking for anything as an excuse to cut classes.

The Commentary Bunker: A fortress of cafeteria food where Bharath and Jorge huddled over a shared plate of nachos that looked as sad as Ravi's prospects.

Camila, The Artist: A whirlwind of denim and zeal, her camera whirring like a trapped hornet, documenting the impending train wreck from every possible angle.

#### *ROUND ONE: TYREL vs. LATASHA*

"Tyrel Johnson!" Sarah boomed. "Your first victim ... ahem, date ... is the formidable LaTasha!"

LaTasha didn't walk to the table. She processed, her every step a silent remix of a Biggie track. She sat, folded her arms, and unleashed a single, devastating word: "Go."

Tyrel placed a hand over his heart, striking a pose he'd practiced in the mirror. "Girl, from the moment I saw you, I knew the universe was aligning ... "

"Hold up," LaTasha interrupted, holding a single finger aloft. "That accent. Explain it. You sound like you learned English exclusively from Puff Daddy music videos."

Tyrel's confidence flickered. "It's... it's the authentic sound of the streets!"

"Which streets?" she asked, leaning in. "The cul-de-sacs of Alpharetta?"

From the Commentary Bunker, Jorge mumbled through a mouthful of cheese, "She's not just reading him. She's performing an autopsy on his entire persona."

Bharath watched, mesmerized. "It is remarkably efficient. She has identified the core structural flaw in his opening argument."

Camila, zooming in on Tyrel's sweating brow, whispered, "Yes! The sweat! The subtle eye-twitch! This is cinema!"

Sarah hissed in their direction, "Will you two shut up? You're breaking the fourth wall!"

"THERE ARE NO WALLS!" Camila yelled back, not moving the camera. "ONLY TRUTH!"

LaTasha concluded her assessment with a slight smirk. "You're a fraud. A high-effort, committed fraud. I can respect the hustle." She patted his hand. "Just be a good fraud for me, okay?"

Tyrel, utterly dismantled, could only whisper, "Yes, ma'am."

### *ROUND ONE: RAVI vs. PRIYA*

Meanwhile, at the Nervous Nook, Ravi sat across from Priya as if she were a visa officer who held the key to his entire future. He folded his hands, unfolded them, then settled for gripping the edge of the table.

Priya took a slow, deliberate sip of chai, her eyes performing a full-body MRI on his soul.

"You're breathing like a startled gazelle," she stated. "Stop it."

"I'm sorry!" Ravi squeaked, immediately holding his breath.

"Now you're turning blue. This is not an improvement." She placed her cup down with a soft click. "Let's cut to the chase. What is your single most dateable quality? And 'nice' is the personality equivalent of beige wallpaper."

Ravi's mind went blank. "I... I have a... robust understanding of theoretical physics?"

Priya stared, deadpan. "Thrilling. Can you use it to make a decent cup of coffee?"

"I... don't drink coffee."

"Noted." She made a mental checkmark in the air. "Deficit."

Seeing his friend flounder, Tyrel's sense of "synergy" kicked in. He leaped from his table, yelling across the food court, "DON'T LISTEN TO HER, RAVI! TELL HER ABOUT THE TIME YOU FIXED THE VCR! WOMEN LOVE A MAN WHO CAN DEAL WITH TAPE MALFUNCTIONS!"

Priya didn't even turn. "Tyrel, your unsolicited advice is as useful as a screen door on a submarine." She then looked back at Ravi. "He's not helping your case."

Ravi put his head in his hands. "I know."

*ROUND ONE: TYREL vs. DANI*

"Next up!" Marisol announced, enjoying the schadenfreude. "Tyrel and the one woman who seems to have arrived via time machine from a corporate HR department... Dani!"

Dani marched over, sat down, and opened her five-subject notebook with a definitive thwack. She clicked her pen. Tyrel looked like he was about to be audited by the IRS.

"Tyrel. Question one: What is your five-year plan?"

Tyrel, still reeling from LaTasha, defaulted to bravado. "To be living large! A phat ride, a fly crib, maybe my own brand of hot sauce ..."

Dani wrote 'DELUSIONAL' in large, block letters. "Question two: What is your stance on financial literacy?"

"Spend it if you got it!" Tyrel said, giving a weak finger-gun.

'FINANCIALLY ILLITERATE.'

"Question three: On a scale of one to ten, how would you rate your emotional availability?"

"I'm a solid... seven? Eight? It depends on the day, you feel me?"

'EMOTIONALLY VOLATILE.'

Dani snapped the notebook shut. "Assessment complete. High risk, questionable reward." She stood to leave.

"Wait!" Tyrel cried, pointing a trembling finger. "What's my score?! What did you write?!"

"The data is inconclusive," Dani stated blandly. "And also, disappointing."

As she walked away, Ravi, feeling a surge of misguided solidarity, rushed over to Tyrel's table. "Do not worry, bhai! Her loss! She probably has a spreadsheet for her feelings!" He patted Tyrel's shoulder a little too hard, sending him face-first into the remains of his soda.

From the bunker, Bharath observed, "It is like watching two penguins trying to help each other climb a tree. The intention is noble, but the methodology is fundamentally flawed."

Jorge nodded. "And the tree is on fire."

"I HEARD THAT!" Sarah yelled, throwing her hands up. "NO MORE COMMENTARY FROM THE NACHO CORNER!"

#### *ROUND ONE: RAVI vs. NANDITA*

"And now," Sarah announced, her voice softening a fraction, "a moment of pure, unadulterated awkwardness. Ravi, meet Nandita!"

Nandita approached like a baby deer on ice, clutching her color-coded notecards. She sat, offered a tiny, trembling smile, and promptly dropped her entire stack. Cards fluttered to the floor like sad, paper confetti.

"Oh! I'm so sorry! My talking points!" she gasped, diving under the table.

"No, no! It is my fault for having a table with legs!" Ravi declared, diving under after her to help.

THUD. Their heads connected with a sound like two coconuts knocking together.

They both emerged, rubbing their skulls, eyes wide with shared pain and panic.

"Awwww," the entire contestant bench cooed in unison. Even Melina cracked a smile. "Dios mío, they're like clumsy, academic puppies."

Tyrel, seeing his chance to be the ultimate wingman, sprinted over. "I GOT IT! I GOT THE CARDS!" He slid the last few feet, baseball-style, but misjudged the grease on the floor, sliding directly into Ravi's legs and taking them both out.

"SYNERGY!" Tyrel yelled from the floor.

"YOU ARE A MENACE!" Ravi yelled back, from underneath him.

Nandita, still holding her head, let out a genuine, tinkling laugh. "You are both... very enthusiastic."

Ravi, extricating himself from Tyrel, blushed. "We try."

#### *ROUND ONE: MELINA ENTERS THE CHAT*

Sarah took a deep, steadying breath. "And now... the moment we've all been waiting for. The wildcard has chosen her first target. Melina Vega!"

The peanut gallery erupted, banging their cafeteria trays. "MEL-I-NA! MEL-I-NA!"

Melina glided to her throne, sat, and crossed her legs, her gaze sweeping over the two disheveled bachelors.

Tyrel straightened his jersey. Ravi frantically tried to smooth his hair.

She pointed a perfectly manicured finger at Tyrel. "You. What's Bharath's favorite color?"

The food court fell silent, save for the distant hiccup of the Coke machine.

Tyrel blinked. "...what?"

Ravi's brain short-circuited. "His... color?"

"Don't make me repeat myself," Melina purred. "I need data. Is he a blue? A thoughtful green? A passionate red?"

"I... I don't know!" Tyrel sputtered. "Why are you asking about *him*? This is our show! We're the stars!" He gestured wildly between himself and Ravi, who was nodding frantically.

Melina ignored him, turning her laser focus to Ravi. "You. What's his love language? Is it acts of service? Does he express affection through... I don't know, sharing his notes?"

Ravi looked utterly lost. "He... he shares his notes with everyone. He is very... communal with his knowledge."

"Communal," Melina repeated, writing a note on her own hand with a lip liner. "Sexy."

"HOW IS THAT SEXY?!" Tyrel exploded, throwing his hands up. "I AM LITERALLY WEARING FUBU!"

"Exactly," Melina said, not looking up from her hand.

From the bunker, Bharath paused, a nacho halfway to his mouth. "I am... being discussed."

Jorge patted his back. "You're the MacGuffin, man. The silent, polite MacGuffin."

Camila was in ecstasy, swinging the camera between Melina's intense questioning and Bharath's bewildered snacking. "THE CONTRAST! THE UNREQUITED... REQUITAL? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL IT BUT IT'S BEAUTIFUL!"

Melina stood, satisfied with the intel she'd gathered from her utterly useless sources. She blew a kiss - not at the bachelors, but straight at the Commentary Bunker.

Bharath, caught off-guard, instinctively gave a little, polite wave back.

The peanut gallery lost their minds, one of them fake-fainting into the arms of another.

Share to your friends

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 103: Melina Strikes!

[ 1,027 words ]

Before Marisol could continue, a shadow fell over the table. The air grew thick with perfume and unspoken ambition.

Melina had arrived.

She leaned on the table, completely ignoring Ravi's existence. Her focus was laser-locked on Priya and Nandita. "Ladies. A quick, impartial question," she purred. "Based purely on his silent, snacking, non-participation... what is your read on the quiet one?"

Ravi made a sound like a stepped-on hamster. "WHY IS HE THE CONTROL VARIABLE IN EVERY EXPERIMENT?!"

Priya, utterly unphased, took a slow sip of chai. "The calm one? He's either a zen master, deeply medicated, or he's dissociating so hard he's in another dimension. My bet is zen master. He has very kind eyes."

Nandita nodded vigorously. "He looks... safe. Like he'd remember your birthday and not make a big deal about it."

Melina's smile was one of pure, unadulterated victory. She was gathering data, and the data was conclusive. "Excellent. Proceed." She glided away, her court of simpering freshmen trailing behind her.

Ravi let his head fall onto the table with a solid thunk. "I am competing with a man whose primary talent is silent snacking. I use my outside voice indoors. I am doomed."

Priya shrugged. "Yeah, but you're a fascinating train wreck. He's a peaceful garden. Sometimes you want to watch the derailment."

The chaos reached its zenith during a segment where the bachelors were supposed to "help" each other by offering a compliment to the other's date.

"Ravi!" Tyrel yelled from across the court, his voice full of misguided confidence. "Tell LaTasha her vibe is... is... IMMACULATE! Yeah! Tell her I said that!"

Ravi, eager to please, turned to LaTasha. "Tyrel says your vibe is... immaculate? Like a... very clean room?"

LaTasha stared at him, dead-eyed. "A clean room."

"Yes! Very... sterile."

Dani made a note: "Subject Ravi: Confuses social charm with hospital hygiene."

Enraged, Ravi decided to retaliate. "TYREL! Tell Priya that her... aura of intellectual superiority is both intimidating and... magnetically attractive!"

Tyrel, not one to be outdone, puffed out his chest. "You heard him, Priya! Your brain-aura is... real strong! Like a... a magnetic... fridge! You stick to my mind!"

A stunned silence fell over the entire food court.

Priya slowly put her chai down. "Did you just compare my intellect to a refrigerator magnet?"

The peanut gallery howled. One of Melina's fanboys laughed so hard he fell off his chair.

"SYNERGY!" Tyrel yelled, completely misreading the room.

"YOU ARE A SOCIAL ARSONIST!" Ravi screamed back, burying his face in his hands. "YOU BURN DOWN EVERY BRIDGE YOU CROSS!"

It was during the "Perfect Halloween Costume" debate that Melina made her final, fatal move.

Ravi was nervously suggesting, "I was thinking maybe... a stressed-out grad student? It's low budget."

"BORING!" Tyrel interjected. "We go as Method Man and Redman! It's a classic!"

Melina materialized, as if conjured by the sheer force of her own agenda. She looked directly at the two bachelorettes. "Quick question. If you had to choose a Halloween costume for the quiet, snacking one, what would it be? And what should I be for you to snack on me?"

That was the final straw.

"CODE RED! WILDCARD MALFUNCTION!" Sarah shrieked, sprinting across the linoleum and inserting herself between Melina and the table, her spoon-mic held out like a Jedi's lightsaber. "ABORT! ABORT THE BHARATH INQUISITION!"

The entire court froze. The Tekken music from the boombox faltered.

Melina arched a perfectly sculpted eyebrow. "Problem?"

"PROBLEM?" Marisol echoed, arriving as backup. "Mija, you have taken your one-question privilege and turned it into a full-scale psychological operation on a non-combatant! This is a violation of the Geneva Convention of Dating Shows!"

Sarah jabbed her spoon in the air. "This is The Boo-chelor: Tyrel & Ravi Edition! This is not Flirt With The One Sane Man We Know Hour!"

Tyrel threw his arms up to the heavens. "Thank you!! Justice at last! My brother has been avenged!"

Ravi was nearly in tears of relief. "I've lost more ground to a man eating nachos and cheese than I did in all of high school!"

Melina simply shrugged, a picture of unbothered elegance. "I'm just conducting market research."

"You're trying to poach our boyfriend!" Sarah yelled, her voice cracking. "On behalf of the Selection Committee and basic human decency, Melina Vega... you are DISQUALIFIED!"

A collective gasp swept the room. Camila zoomed in on everyone's shocked faces, whispering, "A MID-EPIISODE BOOT? THE DRAMA! THE STAKES! I'M HYPERVENTILATING!"

Marisol nodded, her expression grave. "The charge is emotional trespassing. And conspiracy to seduce the narrative's moral compass."

Bharath choked on nothing. "Compass? I am merely a spectator!"

Melina looked from the furious hosts to the devastated bachelors, to her own bewildered fan club. A slow, genuine laugh escaped her - not her usual predatory smirk, but a real, surprised sound. "Alright, alright. Touche." She turned, her gaze landing one last time on Bharath. "You're lucky your friends are so... protective. Otherwise ... you know... "

She didn't strut this time. She just walked away, her peanut gallery dispersing like lost sheep, the pizza-box fans drooping in defeat.

The silence she left behind was louder than any Tekken guitar riff.

Sarah took a deep, shuddering breath, smoothing down her plaid shirt. "Okay! Toxic element removed! Ecosystem... re-calibrating!" She turned back to the shell-shocked

bachelors and contestants. “Now... where were we? Oh, right! Trying to find one of you two a date!”

Tyrel looked at Ravi. Ravi looked at Tyrel.

“Bro,” Tyrel whispered. “I’ve never been so happy to be insulted in my life.”

At the commentary table, Bharath stared into the middle distance.

“Jorge?” he asked quietly.

“Yeah, man?”

“What is my brand?”

Jorge clapped him on the shoulder. “Your brand, my friend, is ‘Untouchably Polite.’ And it’s driving women wild. Now eat your nachos. The show must go on.”

And as the confused, chaotic energy of the Boo-chelor slowly stuttered back to life, one thing was clear: this was a disaster. A beautiful, hilarious, and profoundly human disaster.

The Boo-chelor episode had gone on so long that the Chick-fil-A workers had started a structured betting pool. The sauce dispensers were just a cover. The real action was a whiteboard in the back with complex odds scrawled next to names.

*"Ravi: 10-1 (High Anxiety, Low Game)."*

*"Tyrel: 3-1 (High Confidence, Zero Substance)."*

*"Complete Societal Collapse: Even Money."*

By the time Sarah screeched, “FINAL ROUND!” into her spoon-mic, even the perpetually aggressive fryers seemed to be sighing.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 104: The Boo-chelor Pumpkin Ceremony: Dignity Dies, Dates Survive

[ 1,738 words ]

The food court had been rearranged into what could charitably be called a "ceremonial space," which mostly meant someone had kicked the stray trays into a corner. A sad, wrinkled orange bedsheet was draped over a folding table. On it sat four neon plastic pumpkin pails that looked like they'd been won at a carnival by a very unlucky child.

Each pumpkin had a name scrawled in what was definitely Marisol's liquid eyeliner:

TYREL

RAVI

UNDECIDED / PLATONIC STUDY BUDDY

ABSOLUTELY NOT (SYMBOLIC)

Sarah tapped the spoon against her palm like a warden. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND VICTIMS OF OUR EXPERIMENT! Welcome to the BOO-CHELOR PUMPKIN CEREMONY!"

Marisol leaned into the collective mic-space. "Some of our contestants will leave with a date. Some will leave with a story to tell their actual therapists. The 'Absolutely Not' pumpkin is for anyone who wants to make a statement. We encourage statements."

The crowd, now consisting of dozens of students who had heard the word "spectacular," buzzed. A guy in the back was openly selling bags of chips at a markup.

At the Commentary Bunker, the mood was tense.

"This is... profoundly stressful," Bharath noted, his posture unnervingly perfect. "It is like watching a public execution, but with more plaid and worse music."

Jorge nodded, pale. "The stakes are imaginary, but the humiliation is forever. My money's on the collapse."

Camila swooped in, her camera lens foggy with excitement. "This is the moment! The crucible! Where social contracts are burned for the sake of CONTENT!"

Sarah's grin was unhinged. "Ladies! The choice is yours! When I call your name, you will approach this altar of poor decisions..." She gestured to the sticky table. "...select your pumpkin of destiny, and present it to the bachelor you believe is least likely to ruin your Halloween."

Marisol added, "Remember, 'Undecided' means 'I might tutor you if you pay me.' 'Absolutely Not' means 'I am visually recording your face for my burn book.' Choose wisely."

Tyrel was vibrating. "This is it! The big leagues! The moment of truth!"

Ravi looked like he was about to be sick on his shoes. "I feel like I'm awaiting a verdict for a crime I definitely committed."

From the lineup, Priya called out, "The crime is being yourself, Ravi. The sentence is... pending."

Sarah dragged each girl in front of Camila's camera for a five-second verdict.

LaTasha: (Arms crossed, one hip cocked)

"Based on the last hour, Tyrel's entire personality is a sound effect. But the sound effect is occasionally... loyal. I'm 60% sure he'd take a bullet for a friend. The other 40% is sure he'd yell 'I'M HIT!' and make it about him. It's a gamble."

Dani: (Holding her notebook like a shield)

"My preliminary data suggests Ravi's nervous system is a proof against perpetual motion. However, his response to stress - apologizing to furniture - indicates a deep-seated, if misplaced, empathy. He is a fascinating, high-maintenance specimen. I do not have the lab space."

Priya: (A smirk that could cut glass)

"Observing Ravi is like watching a Wikipedia article read itself aloud during a panic attack. It's informative, overwhelming, and you're not sure why you're still listening. High entertainment value, questionable boyfriend material."

Nandita: (Twisting her lanyard into a noose)

"He's... a lot. But when he tried to help me with my cards, he was so... earnest. It was like watching a golden retriever try to do calculus. The effort was... touching. And he hasn't mentioned his GPA once, which is a shockingly low bar he has somehow cleared."

"First decision!" Sarah boomed. "Dani Cruz!"

Dani marched to the table with the purpose of a quality control inspector. She eyed the pumpkins, her gaze lingering on “ABSOLUTELY NOT” with what looked like professional curiosity. Then, she picked up “UNDECIDED / PLATONIC STUDY BUDDY.”

She turned to face the bachelors. “Tyrel.”

Tyrel stood up straight. “Yes, ma’am?”

“Your five-year plan is a cry for help. Your understanding of basic economics is a liability. You refer to yourself as ‘Big Ty,’ which is a red flag the size of a parade float.”

Tyrel deflated. “I feel seen. And attacked.”

“However,” Dani continued, “you possess a baffling, un-data-supported optimism. And you did not once, in this entire process, try to explain something to me I already knew. That is a rare and valuable trait.”

A flicker of hope crossed Tyrel’s face.

Dani placed the pumpkin back on the table with a definitive clack. “Therefore, I am categorizing you as ‘Not a Romantic Partner,’ but potentially ‘Adequate Group Project Member.’ My offer stands. Read the Roth IRA pamphlet. We can reconvene in six months for a progress review.” She gave a curt nod and exited the selection pool.

Sarah stared after her. “She eliminated him... with a performance improvement plan.”

“Next! The woman who knows your secrets... Priya Singh!”

Priya ambled to the table, picked up the “RAVI” pumpkin, and weighed it in her hand as if judging its density. She then meandered over to Ravi’s booth, where he was sweating through his shirt.

“Ravi,” she began, and he flinched. “Your entire existence is an over-correction. You are a human exclamation point in a world of periods.”

“I... I know,” he whispered.

“You apologized to a chair. You tried to use physics to justify your fear of the punch bowl. You have the social grace of a startled horse.”

Ravi looked ready to melt into the floor. “Is there a ‘but’ coming? I feel like there should be a ‘but’.”

“But,” Priya said, her voice dropping, “you are genuinely, bizarrely, without a single manipulative bone in your body. What we see is what we get. And what we get is a lot, but it’s... real.”

She held the pumpkin just out of reach. “I could handle you. But I’d break you. And I’m not in the mood for repairs.” She leaned in, kissed his cheek with the finality of a judge’s gavel, and walked back to the table, placing the pumpkin back down. “I recuse myself. It’s more fun from the sidelines.”

The crowd gasped. It was the most elegant murder they’d ever witnessed.

The tension was thick enough to spread on a cracker.

“Nandita Rao!” Sarah called, her voice softening a fraction.

Nandita crept forward as if the linoleum was mined. She stared at the pumpkins, her eyes wide.

Her hand darted out, retracted, then finally snatched the “RAVI” pumpkin like she was stealing a sacred artifact.

She shuffled over to Ravi, who was now pale and trembling.

“You... you talk so fast,” she stammered.

“I know! I’m sorry!” he yelped.

“And you get very loud about... public transit logistics.”

“THE EFFICIENCY IS IMPORTANT!”

“But...” she said, and the whole food court leaned in. “When you thought no one was looking, you shared your chicken nuggets with Jorge. And you helped Tyrel up even though he caused the problem. And you remembered I liked DDLJ.”

Ravi blinked. “It’s a classic! The train sequence is cinematic history!”

A tiny, brave smile broke through Nandita’s nervousness. “So... if you promise not to explain the plot to me during the movie... I would... maybe... like to try? The date? Not the train explanation.”

Ravi’s brain short-circuited. He just stared, mouth agape.

“The pumpkin, Ravi,” Sarah hissed from across the room. “Take the pumpkin!”

He snatched it from her hands like a lifeline. “YES! Yes! No explanations! Just... vibes! I can do vibes!”

The crowd erupted in relieved applause. Tyrel screamed, “MY BOY’S GOT A DATE! WE’RE EATING ZIMA TONIGHT, FAM!”

From the bunker, Bharath let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. “A triumph of hope over reason.”

All eyes turned to the final boss.

“LaTasha Williams!” Sarah announced, with the gravity of a royal proclamation.

LaTasha took her time, strolling to the table as if she owned the concept of time itself. She looked at the two remaining pumpkins. “TYREL.” And “ABSOLUTELY NOT.” She picked up the “TYREL” pumpkin, then immediately put it down and picked up “ABSOLUTELY NOT,” holding it up for the crowd to see.

Tyrel’s face fell into a tragedy mask.

Then she winked, put the “ABSOLUTELY NOT” back, and picked up the “TYREL” pumpkin for real. The emotional whiplash was audible.

She sauntered over to Tyrel, who was now sweating profusely.

“Tyrel,” she said, her voice flat.

“Your Honor?” he squeaked.

“You are, and I say this with clinical precision, a lot.”

“I am! I’m a whole lot!”

“You perform your personality like it’s a paying gig. You got more catchphrases than sense.”

He nodded, miserable. “It’s my brand.”

“But,” she said, and the room froze. “When homeboy over there ...” she jerked a thumb at Ravi “ ... was having a full-system failure, you got quiet. You got real. For like, ten seconds. I saw a glimmer of a person who isn’t just a walking jukebox.”

She held the pumpkin out, but didn’t let go when he grabbed it.

“One date,” she said, her eyes narrowing. “Club Zero. You get one ‘yeah, baby!’ for the whole night. You use it on the bouncer, you got nothin’ for me. You understand the terms of this probationary period?”

Tyrel, gripping the plastic stem for dear life, nodded frantically. “One ‘yeah, baby!’ Got it. Conservation of catchphrases. I can do that.”

She released the pumpkin. “Then you have my permission to be my problem. For one night.”

The food court exploded. The Chick-fil-A crew high-fived; the guy with the 3-1 bet on Tyrel did a victory lap.

### **EPILOGUE: THE AFTERMATH**

Sarah climbed onto a chair, spoon raised to the heavens. “AND THUS, WITH BAD MUSIC AND WORSE JUDGMENT, WE CONCLUDE THE INAUGURAL SEASON OF THE BOO-CHELOR!”

Jorge turned to Bharath. “Well, they did it. They somehow navigated the gauntlet of shame and came out the other side with... plans.”

Bharath watched as Ravi showed Nandita his pumpkin with the reverence of a museum curator, while Tyrel attempted to dap up LaTasha, who simply stared at his outstretched hand until he put it away.

“It is... a very American success story,” Bharath decided.

Camila finally lowered her camera, a single tear of artistic joy rolling down her cheek. “It’s beautiful. It’s a beautiful, beautiful mess.”

As the crowd began to disperse, a single, clear voice cut through the chatter. Melina, who had been observing from the shadows near the exit, walked calmly up to the commentary table. She ignored everyone else and placed a small, folded piece of paper next to Bharath’s elbow.

It was a phone number. Written in the same liquid eyeliner as the pumpkins.

She didn’t say a word. Just turned and left, her work done.

Bharath looked at the number, then at Jorge, his face a perfect canvas of polite confusion.

Jorge just shook his head, laughing. “The game is never over, man. The game is never over.”

And somewhere, the Tekken theme music played on, a perfect, chaotic anthem for a perfect, chaotic night.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 105: Checking In

[ 2,309 words ]

After the madness of the past few days with the draft and the Boochelor... things settled down. Ravi and Tyrel had dates and now it was up to them to make good on it.

The digital clock on the nightstand blinked 4:37 AM in soft red light.

Sarah didn't need to check it. Her body had learned the rhythm of this home - of this man. She stirred awake with her cheek pressed to Bharath's chest, their legs tangled, her breasts squished warmly against his ribs. His arm was still possessively looped around her back, hand cupping her ass like it belonged to him.

It did.

They were all naked under the thick blanket, though the cool Atlanta air still bit at her back where the covers had slipped. The warmth, though - God, the warmth was everywhere. His scent. His skin. The faint soreness between her legs. Her breasts ached, splotched with tender purple marks where his mouth had feasted, relentless and reverent. Her nipples were still sensitive, tingling at the memory of how he'd suckled, teased, and bit down just to hear her moan.

Last night had been... feral.

Monkey sex, she thought with a little grin, nose brushing his collarbone.

But now, in the gentle quiet of pre-dawn, a deeper peace settled around them like a revered mantle. Sarah pressed soft, lingering kisses along Bharath's chest, feeling the steady rhythm of his heartbeat beneath her lips. On his other side, Marisol slept deeply, wrapped around him completely, her leg thrown casually over his hip, her arm draped possessively across his torso.

They fit together perfectly, she thought. Not just physically-but emotionally, spiritually, in every way that truly mattered. She smiled softly against Bharath's skin, tracing slow patterns with her fingertips.

Sarah's mind drifted into dreams - not of sleep, but of the future. Quiet mornings like this, cozy and intimate. Waking up together, whispering soft declarations of love, making breakfast while laughing over silly things. It was a simple dream, but to her, it was everything.

She could see it clearly now: the three of them building a life together, supporting each other's ambitions, celebrating each other's achievements. She imagined Bharath's proud grin as she announced she'd decided to pursue a master's degree in Chemical Engineering after graduation. Her professors had been practically begging her to stay, calling her their brightest star. She'd been shy about admitting it to Bharath and Marisol, worried they might feel she was complicating their future, but instead, they'd been delighted.

"You have to," Bharath had said immediately, eyes shining with genuine excitement. "You're brilliant, Sarah. We're right here with you, all the way."

Marisol had laughed and hugged her tight. "Are you kidding? I'm already planning our graduation party. You're not allowed to leave us yet."

Sarah smiled at the memory, kissing Bharath's jawline tenderly. His support, his belief in her, meant everything. And Marisol - her best friend, her sister in every way but blood - had become an irreplaceable part of her heart. She couldn't imagine life without either of them.

Yet Bharath had worried, gently cautious. "Let's not jinx this. You both know Marisol's mom won't exactly throw a parade when she finds out about us."

Marisol had rolled her eyes dramatically. "My mom will come around eventually. Until then, we'll just charm her into submission."

"Or wear her down," Sarah had teased, nudging Marisol's shoulder playfully.

But beneath the jokes, Sarah knew there was real concern. Marisol's mother wasn't exactly easygoing. But somehow, Sarah felt confident. They'd navigated tougher storms. Together, they were unstoppable.

Her relationship with Bharath and Marisol had been healing her profoundly, erasing the shadows of her past relationship with Derek, the man who had emotionally and physically tormented her. Derek had treated her like nothing more than a pleasure doll, stripping away her dignity and her faith in men. But Bharath - gentle, patient, fiercely protective Bharath - had restored that faith entirely. His love and devotion had shown

her what true partnership looked like, what real intimacy felt like. She was so deeply, irrevocably in love with him.

Sarah glanced tenderly across Bharath's chest at Marisol, still wrapped around him, sleeping with an innocent softness Sarah had rarely seen in anyone else. Marisol hadn't always been this open, this peaceful. Before Bharath, Marisol had been fiercely guarded, a control freak whose walls were higher than most people dared climb. Fiercely loyal yet prickly, Marisol had often assumed the worst of men - a legacy of abandonment from a father who had walked away for another woman, leaving her mother to struggle alone, juggling multiple jobs to raise her daughters.

But Bharath had somehow breached those walls. He'd seen past the sharp edges, the protective thorns, into the warmth and softness Marisol hid from the world. His patient love had transformed her - not by changing who she was, but by making her feel safe enough to reveal her true self. Sarah had watched her friend slowly bloom, learning to trust, learning to soften, learning that vulnerability didn't equal weakness.

Marisol loved Bharath with a fierceness Sarah recognized all too well. She would give her life for him without hesitation, though they both knew Bharath would sooner die than let anything hurt either of them. And the bond Marisol had allowed herself to form with Sarah-sisters by choice and best friends by destiny - had healed them both in ways they hadn't realized they needed.

They had saved each other.

Sarah's heart swelled again, full of gratitude and quiet awe. She had Bharath to thank for this too - not only for healing her own heart but for healing Marisol's as well. It made her fall in love with him even deeper.

Sarah sometimes marveled at the depth of Marisol's surrender to Bharath.

Marisol - who once bristled at the idea of being tamed, who stalked through life with her chin high and fists clenched - had become a woman who melted under his touch. She still had that fire, still met the world with sharp eyes and sharper words when needed, but with Bharath... she softened. She submitted. Completely. And not with quiet reluctance or girlish fantasy, but with pride. With joy. With purpose.

She *wanted* to be his. Not just sexually, but wholly. Emotionally. Spiritually. She trusted him without hesitation, offering herself up to his hands, his voice, his needs - because she knew he would never take what she didn't freely give. That he would never humiliate her, never exploit her vulnerability. Bharath's boundaries were as unshakable as his patience. And it fascinated Sarah to witness that trust. To see someone so powerful, so proudly self-reliant, *revel* in being claimed. Sometimes Marisol would even push him - moaning the word "yours" into his neck, daring him to take her harder, to go further, until Bharath flushed or groaned or whispered, "You're going to break me, Marisol."

Sarah had once thought submission was just something you either had or didn't. That it was innate - something wired in you. For her, it had always been there, humming under her skin. She *liked* being guided, praised, used, cherished. She *loved* offering her body to Bharath, knowing he would turn it into something special. Her submission didn't feel like a loss of control - it felt like safety, like worship. But seeing Marisol - this storm of a woman - find peace in surrender changed how Sarah saw everything.

It made her feel proud of her own submission, not shy about it. Because if someone like Marisol, someone who commanded every space she entered, could collapse under Bharath's touch with blissful abandon... then maybe surrender wasn't weakness. Maybe it was the ultimate expression of strength.

They had talked about it, late at night, tangled together in post-orgasmic warmth, the air still heavy with the scent of sex and sweat.

"It scares me," Marisol had whispered once, her breath ghosting across Sarah's collarbone. "How much I *want* him to own me. I didn't think I could ever need anyone like that."

Sarah had stroked her hair, fingers lazy. "Needing him doesn't make you less. It makes you *his*. And that's the strongest thing I've ever seen."

Marisol had looked up at her then, eyes glassy with sleep and something far more vulnerable. "You don't judge me for it?"

"Never," Sarah had murmured. "We're the same. You just... fought it harder. And that's okay. You make surrender look fierce."

They'd fallen silent for a while after that, lying chest to chest, fingers tracing idle lines over each other's backs. And then Marisol, in a rare moment of vulnerable confession, had whispered, "Sometimes... when I see him loving you, I don't feel jealousy. I feel honored. Like... like I get to be part of something bigger."

Sarah blinked, surprised. "Yeah," she murmured, warmth blooming in her chest. "That's what it feels like, doesn't it? Like watching him take care of you makes me love him more. And love *you* more. It's not just sharing - it's worship. Of him. Of us."

Marisol had smiled then, not the smirk she wore with the world, but a soft, humbled curve. "I never thought I'd be able to *want* that. Not until you."

They hadn't needed to say more. The silence between them pulsed with understanding.

That night, they kissed slowly - pressing soft mouths and softer truths against each other. It was never sexual. Just spiritual. Sarah giggled thinking how Bharath would have loved to see them like that. He always enjoyed watching the two of them kiss and more. Even if he had just climaxed a moment earlier, seeing Sarah and Marisol kiss or

perform for him with each other almost made him hard instantly. He reveled in watching his two women learning how to love each other as deeply as they loved him. That intimacy between them, born of shared worship, had become its own bond- sisterhood, friendship, reverence, eroticism all braided together into something Sarah couldn't name but felt in her bones.

And Bharath... God, he had grown too.

He had never asked for this role, never craved dominance for dominance's sake. If left to his own instincts, he'd have made slow, tender love to them every time - eyes locked, fingers laced, mouths full of sighs. But they had shown him what they needed. Marisol needed to be spanked, pinned, and praised. Sarah needed to be choked, filled, used with devotion. And he had stepped into that role, not because he needed to assert control, but because he wanted them to feel everything. To feel *owned*. To feel *loved* through submission.

Sarah adored that about him-his willingness to change, to grow, not for power but for pleasure. Their pleasure. His strength wasn't in dominance alone, but in *listening*-in being exactly what they needed, exactly when they needed it. He was becoming more commanding, more confident, not out of pride, but out of love.

And yet, Sarah knew that sometimes, Marisol still feared being too much. In quiet moments-aftercare and candlelight-she would murmur, "What if I scare him off?" or "What if one day he doesn't want someone this... intense?"

Sarah would hush her gently, wrapping her arms around her and reminding her of the truth: Bharath wasn't intimidated by her intensity. He was *honored* by it. He saw the strength in her submission. And so did Sarah.

Their bond had grown from there-not just the three of them, but Sarah and Marisol too. Sisters in surrender. Best friends who had peeled each other open and found love where neither had thought to look. The trust between them had healed wounds they hadn't even named before.

Sarah pressed another kiss to Bharath's chest, his heartbeat steady against her lips. The night was still, the air cool, the blanket slipping just enough to let the world breathe over their skin. And with Marisol's leg tangled over his hip, her face buried into the crook of his neck, Sarah smiled.

They were so good like this.

So warm. So right. So *theirs*.

And even as the heat in her belly began to stir again, her heart stayed full, sweet and sure. Whatever came next, they would face it together.

As lovers. As friends. As an intense, feral, joyful mess.

She pressed another gentle kiss to his chest, warmth spreading through her as the sleepy peace around them began shifting toward something more heated, more playful.

Her thoughts began drifting again, the romantic warmth slowly heating into something more primal as she continued planting slow kisses along Bharath's chest. Her heartbeat quickened slightly. It always did when she thought about the future-their future. What their home would look like, the places they'd travel, the way they'd support each other's dreams and careers. How, through every victory and setback, they'd have each other's hands to hold.

Her gentle kisses became firmer, more lingering. Bharath stirred slightly beneath her touch but didn't wake yet. Marisol shifted in her sleep, pressing herself even closer to him.

Sarah's mind turned playful, mischievous, the warmth growing hotter. She imagined future mornings, tangled together exactly like this-laughing, teasing, loving each other without reservation. How these tender moments of connection would become the foundation of their life together.

Her playful thoughts quickly intensified, vividly picturing Marisol kissing her sensually in the kitchen while Bharath watched, eyes dark with desire. Bharath's hands roaming possessively over both of their bodies, igniting them again and again.

Her breathing grew shallower, cheeks flushed with anticipation.

They would always return to this - their safe place, their sensual sanctuary. A place where love and lust intertwined perfectly.

Sarah pressed a final, lingering kiss to Bharath's collarbone, knowing exactly how to wake him gently, softly, deliciously. This was their forever-calm and storm, love and lust, friendship and fierce devotion, all tangled perfectly together.

She smiled softly, ready to wake them both - and begin again remembering last night's carnal activities again.

There had been no choreography, no control - just pure heat and chaos. She and Marisol had thrown themselves at him the moment the bedroom door shut, not with shy affection but with a hunger that had surprised even her.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 106: Sacred Tuesday: Morning Edition [18+]

[ 1,591 words ]

Marisol had been the first to drop to her knees.

"Sit," she'd whispered, tugging Bharath toward the bed with that wicked glint in her eye. Sarah had barely kicked off her leggings before Marisol was already taking him into her mouth, hands grasping his thighs, tongue lavishing his length like he was the only god that ever mattered.

Sarah had straddled his chest a heartbeat later, grinding her soaked panties against his sternum while he moaned into Marisol's throat. She had leaned forward, kissed Marisol hard - tongue to tongue, his taste between them - just the way he liked it.

"We're yours tonight," Sarah had whispered in his ear, hot and breathless. "Use us. Wreck us. Please."

And God, had he listened.

He'd grabbed Sarah by the waist and flipped her onto her back like she weighed nothing, pulled Marisol up by her hair, kissed her filthy and deep before dragging them both onto all fours side by side. Marisol's round ass had jiggled as she whimpered, hips swaying; Sarah had licked her lips as she looked at their reflections in the mirror across the room. Two beautiful girls - his apsaras - kneeling in offering.

He took Sarah first. Bent over and stuffed full, she screamed into the pillow as he slammed into her from behind, spanking her until her breath stuttered and her eyes rolled back.

"Louder," he had growled. "You wanted filthy? Say it."

"I'm your slut!" she'd cried. "Fuck me like it!"

And he had. He'd pulled out of her with a lewd pop, shoved his fingers into her ass without warning, and made her choke on her own moan as he filled Marisol's pussy next.

She remembered watching from the side - panting, legs shaking - as Marisol's back arched like a bow. Her thighs quivered as Bharath pounded her into the mattress, one hand yanking her hair, the other twisting her nipples until she cried.

Sarah had crawled forward, licked his balls, then up his shaft while he was still inside Marisol. When he pulled out, she sucked him clean while Marisol whimpered beneath

her. He came all over both their breasts not long after - slapping their tits together, painting their skin, smearing his scent until they were branded and shaking.

It hadn't ended there.

He fingered them both mercilessly until they sobbed - stuffing Sarah's mouth while two fingers curled deep inside Marisol's ass. They kissed and moaned through the overstimulation, breasts rubbing, nipples tight and flushed as he made them grind on each other under his command.

He played with them all night.

They begged for it. For more. To be ruined.

And he gave it to them.

They lost track of how many times they came. Sarah only remembered screaming into Marisol's thigh while her own legs trembled from the sixth - or was it the seventh? - orgasm, her breasts bouncing wildly as Bharath slammed into her from below while she rode him.

And the way he'd held her afterward - just as tight, just as reverent.

She never wanted to sleep again.

But now, somehow, the calm had returned.

The dawn light curled around the blinds like a whisper, and her heart felt too full to hold in her chest.

Soft kisses on his neck. His jaw. Her hand moving gently over his shaft, coaxing him to life again even as he slept. It was already hardening in her grip like his body instinctively knew what day it was.

Tuesday.

Sacred Tuesday.

Sarah let out a quiet gasp as he twitched in her hand, his fingers shifting on her hip as if he might wake. Her thighs pressed together. She was so ready.

"Mm..." came a sleepy sound behind her.

Sarah turned her head slightly, spotting Marisol stirring on the other side, her dark lashes fluttering before her eyes focused and narrowed into a sleepy smirk.

“Of course you're up,” Marisol murmured, voice like silk. “And of course, you're already playing with him.”

Sarah bit her lip, then giggled as Bharath's cock pulsed in her palm again, betraying him. “He started it. He grabbed my boob like a caveman a few minutes ago.”

Marisol stretched, hair tumbling around her shoulders, and rolled closer to nuzzle Bharath's other side, kissing the corner of his lips. “He's always like this on Tuesdays. His body just knows.”

They both giggled as he gave a low moan - half asleep, half aroused - and then settled again.

Marisol grinned and began kissing his chest on the opposite side, mirroring Sarah. Together, they worshipped him. Sarah's hand kept stroking him slowly. Marisol added hers.

Sarah laughed softly, “Double-fisting him before dawn. We're going to hell.”

Marisol snorted. “If this is hell, I'm staying.”

They giggled again, and then a silence stretched between them - not uncomfortable, but full. Reverent.

Sarah was the first to speak again, a little breathless. “I used to hear you, you know.”

Marisol raised a brow, still stroking him. “Hear me?”

“In the early days. When I wasn't in the room. You'd beg for him. I'd hear the spanking. Your little gasps through the wall.”

Marisol flushed but smiled. “I'm at all embarrassed about that. I was trying to get you to understand what you were missing out you know.”

“You harlot,” Sarah whispered, kissing Bharath's nipple, then licking it. “I was jealous. You can't imagine the number of times I had to bite my hand to stop myself from crying out while I pleased myself imagining I was in your place.”

Marisol hummed. “And now you're here with us on Sacred Tuesday. We start early today... you excited?”

Sarah nodded fiercely, her voice soft but sure. “Yeah. But I don't know what I want yet. You seem so... confident.”

Marisol's eyes softened. She shifted so their heads were close over Bharath's chest, arms brushing as they stroked him together.

“I wasn’t always,” Marisol said gently. “Before Bharath, I’d barely done anything. Just kissed some boys. I didn’t know my kinks. I didn’t even think I had any. I thought sex would always be awkward or shameful or... boring.”

Marisol added. “Until him. Sure I had been to second base with a few boys but I was always in control. And now...”

Her voice dropped, husky. “Now I love it when he spansks me. When he pulls my hair. When he shoves his fingers in all my holes just because he wants to feel me squirm. I’m saving my anal virginity for his birthday, but everything else? It’s his.”

Sarah squeezed her thighs together again. “Jesus, Mari...”

Marisol giggled. “I even love watching him fuck you. Isn’t that crazy?”

Sarah paused, eyes wide. Then... “No. I get it.”

She shifted closer, their shoulders pressed now. “When he took you from behind while he kissed me? I almost came just from watching. I think maybe... we’re both a little cuck.”

Marisol nodded thoughtfully. “Or maybe with Bharath, nothing feels wrong.”

Sarah let out a shaky breath. “He makes it feel holy. Even when it’s filthy.”

Their hands met on his cock. He was fully hard now, though still sleeping - or maybe just pretending. They both paused and looked down at him. His hips flexed just a little while he mauled their breasts causing them to gasp.

“He does this in his sleep?” Sarah whispered.

“I used to think he was faking,” Marisol said with a grin. “Nope. Fully asleep. Just horny as hell. Just like us.”

They both laughed quietly.

Sarah’s voice turned soft again. “Before him... I had sex, sure. But I was just a body. Guys used me. No one even cared if I enjoyed it. I didn’t know I *could* enjoy it. I thought pleasure was for them.”

Marisol turned to her, eyes serious. “But now?”

Sarah blinked, tears pricking unexpectedly. “Now a single kiss from him can undo me.”

Marisol leaned over Bharath to kiss her gently. Not sensual. Just... comforting.

“He adores you,” she whispered. “And I do too.”

Sarah let out a breath. “I want to give him everything. I... I still have one virginity left. Anal. I want to give it to him. Not for some guy’s fetish. But because I know he’ll worship me and make me feel safe. Like he always does.”

Marisol smiled and nodded. “We’ll plan something special. And you know what else?”

Sarah tilted her head.

“I want to explore sapphic stuff too. But only when he’s there. Only when he wants it. That’s what makes it hot. His eyes. His commands. His pleasure.”

Sarah’s breath caught. “Same. Before Bharath, I’d never even thought of kissing a girl. But doing it for him? Letting him see? It turns me on like nothing else. Now I’ve... done things. Wild things. But only with him watching. Because I *want* him to see.”

Marisol’s eyes twinkled. “Like last night?”

Sarah blushed. “Oh my God, last night. When he stacked us like dolls. Had us kiss while he took us... I came so hard so many times I forgot my name. It was amazing watching you orgasm too.”

They giggled again, overwhelmed.

Sarah kissed Bharath’s chest again, her voice dropping to a whisper. “I still don’t know what my kinks are. But I know I love when he mauls my breasts. I love how he worships them like they belong to him. I love pleasuring him. I love...”

She faltered.

“I love *being* his.”

Marisol brushed a strand of hair behind Sarah’s ear. “Then today’s your day to find out more.”

Sarah nodded slowly. “What do you want today to be like?”

Marisol glanced at the cock they were still slowly stroking together, now twitching with every few strokes. “I want to be used. Pushed. Played with. I want to lose track of who I am except that I’m his.”

Sarah felt her heart beat faster. “Me too. I want to be broken open. Gently. Thoroughly. I want to find out who I can be... with him.”

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 107: Awake and Claimed [18+]

[ 1,595 words ]

Just then, Bharath shifted.

His hand moved from Sarah's hip, slid up her ribs, and latched onto her breast, giving it a firm, possessive squeeze that made her gasp. He tugged at the nipple, rolling it between his fingers, then gave a low, gravelly sigh.

Sarah's eyes fluttered.

"Yup," Marisol whispered beside her. "Still asleep."

Sarah giggled softly, still stroking his cock with her hand, her cheek resting against his chest. "We're so screwed."

"Only if we're lucky."

Before she could laugh again, Bharath's arm shifted. The sleepy squeeze on her breast became deliberate, possessive. His hips flexed upward just slightly. Then-

A low, rumbling voice, rough with sleep and power.

"I've been awake since you kissed my neck."

He had been awake for a while now.

From the moment Sarah kissed his chest and whispered into the quiet, he'd stirred beneath the surface - half - asleep, wholly listening. He hadn't meant to eavesdrop. But how could he not?

They spoke like the world wasn't listening. Like it was just the two of them and a kind of truth that only existed in the dark, when hearts beat slower and walls came down.

He'd heard every word.

The teasing. The giggles. The confessions.

Marisol, bold and burning, admitting how she wanted to be used - spanked, pinned, filled - *not* to be degraded, but to be known. Seen. Loved without fear.

And Sarah, so soft and brave, whispering how she'd never thought sex could feel like this. That pleasure could belong to her too. That she wanted to give him her last untouched place, not because it was expected, but because she knew - *knew* - he'd treat it like something divine.

They didn't say these things *to* him. They said them to each other.

And that somehow made it even more amazing.

They weren't in love with each other. That wasn't what this was. But they trusted each other the way sisters do - fiercely, unshakably. And they trusted *him* with everything else.

Their bodies. Their boundaries. Their worship.

He kept still, his breath shallow, like any movement would break the spell. His heart ached with how much he loved them.

He hadn't chosen this life. He hadn't planned to become a man two women looked at like a god.

But now that he had it, he'd never take it for granted.

He would carry their trust like scripture.

He would be the man they believed him to be.

Because *they* were his miracle.

And this, this moment, these girls, were his prayer.

Sarah froze.

Marisol immediately grinned. "Knew it."

They both surged up, crawling toward him like worshippers to a god's altar.

"Good morning baby," they whispered in unison, voices like honey.

They kissed him - first Sarah on one cheek, then Marisol on the other, and finally both pressing in at the same time, lips brushing his mouth, their hands never leaving his chest or hips.

Bharath pulled both of them towards him by their hair and kissed them deeply.

“Mmm...” Bharath’s lips curled. “You two are trouble.”

“And it’s Tuesday,” Marisol purred, grinding her breast lightly against his shoulder. “You know what that means.”

“We don’t have time in the evening,” Sarah added. “Operation Trick or Treat Hearts. Remember?”

Bharath groaned theatrically. “God help whoever ends up accepting a date with Ravi and Tyrel.”

Then his voice dropped an octave. “So we start now.”

The tone made Sarah shiver. That was the tone. The command beneath the velvet. The change from lover to god. Master. Owner.

Marisol sat up slightly straighter. Her spine lengthened, head tilting back in practiced submission. Her fingers stopped moving and folded neatly in her lap.

Sarah mirrored her slowly, heart pounding.

Bharath let them sit like that for a few seconds - his apsaras kneeling on either side of him, naked, breasts still marked from last night, eyes wide with reverence.

Then he pointed to the base of his cock with just one finger. “Mouths.”

They didn’t hesitate. Sarah moved first, then Marisol beside her, their cheeks brushing as they both leaned down to press open-mouthed kisses to his shaft. He was fully hard now, hot and pulsing. Marisol ran her tongue up the underside while Sarah licked the head. They worshipped him together - soft, warm, reverent.

“Sarah,” he said.

She looked up instantly, mouth slick and slightly parted.

“Take me deep. As far as you can.”

She nodded, heart fluttering. She opened her mouth wide and began to slide him in. Her jaw stretched, finding it hard to fit his girth inside her mouth, her throat tightened. She had done this before, but never like this. Never this early, this focused, this... intense.

And never with Marisol’s cheek against hers, whispering, “Breathe through your nose, baby. Let him claim it all.”

Sarah took another inch. Then another. Her eyes watered, but she pushed down.

Then - "Keep going," Bharath said, his voice a growl.

She didn't stop until her nose was buried against his trimmed curls, his length filling her completely, her throat stretched wide and raw. She gagged - but didn't pull back.

Instead, her thighs clenched.

*Oh.* Her vision blurred, but her body lit up. She tried again.

Gag. Tears. Heat. Euphoria.

He held her head steady, just one firm hand at the crown. Not forcing, just anchoring. His other hand stroked her cheek gently.

"There you go," he murmured. "Good girl. Taking me so deep..."

Her pussy clenched again. Her nipples tightened.

Marisol was watching her, eyes wide with lust and admiration.

"I think she likes it," Marisol whispered.

Sarah pulled back to breathe, coughing slightly, then surged down again, this time faster. The thrill of choking on him, of surrendering her throat - of being nothing but a conduit for his pleasure - it was *hotter* than she could've imagined.

"*Fuck,*" she thought wildly. "*This is a kink. This is a huge kink.*"

Bharath looked down at her, hand tangling in her hair now, gripping lightly. "You love choking on it, don't you?"

She nodded, cock still in her mouth, drool dripping from the corners.

"Say it."

She pulled back with effort. "I love choking on your cock."

Her voice was hoarse. It made her wetter.

He smiled darkly. "Then keep going. And don't stop. No matter what I do."

She moaned and buried him again.

"Marisol," Bharath said.

“Yes, love?” She was already leaning forward, presenting herself like a supplicant.

“Face down. Ass up. Right there.”

She moved into position instantly, head pressed to the mattress, her gorgeous brown ass high in the air, slick folds already glistening.

“Spread yourself for me.”

Marisol obeyed without hesitation, fingers pulling her cheeks apart, exposing both her holes.

Sarah’s eyes flicked sideways, still gagging on him. Watching this turned her on even more. The vulnerability. The trust. The gleam of devotion in Marisol’s eyes.

Bharath shifted under Sarah and reached out - his fingers diving between Marisol’s thighs.

She gasped, hips jerking as he shoved two fingers into her pussy. Then, without pause, he pressed one thick finger to her tight back hole.

She whimpered beautifully.

“You’re not allowed to come yet,” he said. “Not until I let you.”

“Yes,” Marisol breathed.

“Louder.”

“Yes, baby.”

He growled. Then slapped her ass - *hard*.

Sarah flinched even as her mouth stayed full. Marisol let out a sharp cry, then another as he spanked her again. The sound echoed in the room.

Slap. Slap. SLAP.

Red marks bloomed across her cheeks.

Sarah had to close her eyes to keep from coming just from *watching*.

Bharath leaned forward, biting Marisol’s lower back. His teeth sank in just enough to make her yelp.

“You love this, don’t you?” he demanded.

“I love it,” Marisol cried. “I love when you spank me.”

He rewarded her with another smack, then resumed fingering both holes, twisting his wrist inside her just the way she loved it.

Marisol writhed. “I - I’m close - please.... amor... let me cum.”

“No.”

Sarah gagged again, drool spilling down her chin. Her eyes were watering but she kept going, kept taking him to the hilt. The lack of air made her dizzy - intensely, erotically aware of her submission. She was his.

And then - his hand gripped her hair tightly.

He *fucked* her mouth now. Full thrusts, shallow and fast at first, then deeper, rougher. Sarah’s throat spasmed, her lips burning, but she welcomed it. *Begged* for it with her body.

Marisol, still sobbing with need, looked over her shoulder just as Bharath yanked her hair and shoved two fingers back into her ass, making her scream in ecstasy.

He *skullfucked* Sarah mercilessly while abusing Marisol with exacting love. The room smelled of sex and sweat and devotion. The wet sounds were obscene. The rhythm was hypnotic.

Sarah thought she might explode just from this.

Her body was a livewire. Her thoughts scattered like leaves in a storm. Every choke was pleasure. Every thrust was truth. This wasn’t just kink. It was a revelation.

Bharath let out a deep moan. “Good girls. My perfect little playthings.”

He pulled Sarah’s mouth off him abruptly. She gasped, drool trailing from her chin to her chest.

He dragged her up by her hair - not cruel, just firm - and made her *watch*.

“See what I do to her?”

Sarah nodded, trembling. “Yes. Please don’t stop.”

Marisol was still holding her cheeks apart like a good girl, her eyes glazed with tears and ecstasy. Her ass was red. Her holes were filled.

Bharath leaned in and spat between her cheeks, then smeared it in with his palm, spreading the slickness even more.

He turned back to Sarah.

“You both belong to me.”

They nodded.

He pushed Sarah gently down beside Marisol, their heads close, breasts brushing.

“Watch each other,” he said. “Feel everything. Breathe together.”

Sarah looked into Marisol’s eyes.

Marisol whispered, “You’re so beautiful like this. I love seeing you choke for him.”

Sarah smiled through the tears. “I love watching you take it all. You’re... glowing.”

Marisol giggled, then gasped as Bharath pinched her clit and pulled her hair again.

Together, the girls moaned.

Joint submission.

Joint reverence.

They were side by side - bent, used, worshipped.

And they’d never felt more loved.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 108: Worship and Release [18+]

[ 2,531 words ]

They were breathing together. Aligned. Bent forward like twin offerings. Bharath’s voice hung over them like divine decree.

“Switch.”

The command cracked the air like a whip.

Sarah blinked and lifted her head. Beside her, Marisol inhaled sharply and moved instantly, as though summoned by muscle memory.

“Face me, Mari,” Bharath added, voice lower now. “On your knees. Mouth open.”

Marisol pivoted smoothly, folding her legs underneath herself and moving between Bharath’s thighs. Her face was radiant, already parted in anticipation. Instead of bending over his lap like before, she now straddled his legs with her body upright, her heavy breasts swaying, stomach taut, hips flushed. Her hands reached for his cock.

Sarah took a moment to drink it in. It was so *intimate* - watching her sister-lover kneel like that, so obedient, so wanton.

But Bharath wasn’t done yet.

“Sarah,” he said, turning to her. “Lie back. Let me play with you.”

She obeyed without hesitation, laying down just beside him, her legs spread instinctively. Her breasts were flushed and marked from the night before, but he still looked at them like they were the only altar he’d ever worshipped.

“And I want your tongue too,” he added. “Get under Marisol.”

Sarah’s breath caught.

“What?” she said softly - but she already knew. And it made her throb with heat.

“While she deepthroats me,” he said, reaching to tug gently at Marisol’s curls, “I want you to lick her holes. From below. Taste what’s mine.”

Marisol gave a quiet moan at that, already salivating over his cock.

Sarah scrambled into position, her body sliding beneath Marisol like a faithful supplicant. The scent of arousal was overwhelming. She could feel Marisol’s knees braced wide beside her head, her lower lips glistening above her mouth, her tight, glimmering star just above.

“Start,” Bharath said simply.

Marisol leaned forward, wrapping her lips around his cock without hesitation. Her throat welcomed him greedily, trained by weeks of Tuesday mornings.

Bharath's moan was quiet but sharp.

Sarah, beneath them both, stuck out her tongue and licked. From pussy to ass, slow and reverent. Marisol gasped around the cock in her throat. Her thighs trembled on either side of Sarah's face.

Bharath smiled wickedly.

"Good girls. My favorite view."

He watched as Marisol gagged, as her cheeks hollowed, as her spit coated his length. Her eyes fluttered but didn't close. She liked seeing him. She *needed* it.

Then came the spanking.

*CRACK.*

Marisol's ass bounced with the force of his palm. She whimpered through her stuffed throat. Sarah moaned into her folds, the vibrations making Marisol twitch.

Another slap. Then another. Bharath alternated between spanking her cheeks and digging his fingers into them, spreading them wider. Each time his hand struck, her body shifted forward - and Sarah opened her mouth to meet her, lapping her pussy, pressing her tongue to her rim.

Marisol shook above her.

"She's so wet," Sarah whispered between licks.

"She gets wetter the more she's used," Bharath replied, voice low. "She *loves* being used by me."

"Mmgggghhhhaaaaa-" Marisol choked around him, clearly agreeing.

Bharath reached forward and pressed his thumb into Marisol's tight asshole while keeping his cock deep in her throat. She jolted - her spine arching, her hips grinding down, smearing herself across Sarah's lips.

"Push back against her mouth," Bharath commanded. "Smother her."

Marisol obeyed. Her pussy ground down onto Sarah's face, coating her lips, her chin, her neck.

Sarah moaned helplessly, overwhelmed by the weight, the heat, the taste. It was filthy. *Perfect.*

Then - two fingers dove into *Sarah's* pussy.

She arched with a cry, her tongue fluttering inside Marisol.

"Don't stop licking just because I'm playing with you," Bharath said, his fingers curling. "You can come only when I let you."

"Yes - yes - please," Sarah moaned.

He rewarded her by circling her clit with his thumb while his fingers pumped, soaking.

Marisol, still choking on his cock, began to tremble.

"Almost there?" he asked.

She nodded, whimpering, her throat convulsing.

Bharath yanked her hair back, forcing her off his cock, strings of saliva connecting them. Her gasps were ragged.

Then his hand came down again on her ass. *CRACK*.

He pushed two fingers into her again, one into her pussy, one into her ass. She squealed.

"Sarah," he growled. "Eat her."

Sarah licked harder, tongue plunging between her holes, switching between them shamelessly. The salt, the slick, the scent of submission - it drove her mad.

Marisol was panting. "I can't - I'll -"

"Hold it," Bharath warned. "You *don't* come until she does."

"But she's -"

Bharath slapped her again and shoved his fingers from her core and ass into his mouth as she sucked on them greedily. "No."

Sarah, tears running down her cheeks from overstimulation, felt her body quake as his thumb flicked across her swollen clit again.

"Please," she sobbed.

Marisol shook violently as she attempted to speak with his fingers in her mouth. "She's going to - she's -"

“Come together,” Bharath growled. “Now.”

He jammed his slick fingers into Marisol again.

And then-

Sarah screamed. Her orgasm ripped through her like lightning. Her legs jerked. Her pussy clenched around his fingers. Her mouth pressed deeper into Marisol's drenched pussy, and *that* was all it took.

Marisol wailed. Her thighs locked. Her body shuddered violently, juices pouring onto Sarah's tongue as her holes fluttered around Bharath's fingers. She collapsed forward, forehead pressed to his chest, still twitching.

Bharath pulled his fingers from both girls slowly.

Sarah was still panting, overwhelmed. Her face and neck glistened. She could barely feel her body.

Marisol lay half-slumped against Bharath's chest, drooling, dazed.

And yet - It wasn't over.

Not even close.

They lay there, breathless and trembling, sucking their cum off his fingers.

Marisol's body was still slumped over Sarah's, her spine curved, cheek pressed against hers. Their skin was slick with sweat. Their thighs stuck together. Every part of Sarah's body throbbed - but it was a beautiful ache. The kind that reminded her she was alive. Desired. Used and still wanting.

Above them, Bharath stood at the edge of the bed, still hard. Still watching.

His cock glistened with their combined arousal. His abs flexed with every breath. His gaze burned.

And then - his voice.

“Up.”

One word. That was all it took.

Marisol lifted her head first, breath shuddering. Sarah followed. They both turned to face him, still on their knees, still glowing from their earlier collapse.

“You see this?” he asked, stroking his cock slowly.

They nodded. Eyes wide. Hungry.

“This is yours,” he said. “You worship it. Together.”

They crawled toward him like they’d done it a hundred times before - two beautiful sinners eager for more.

Sarah took the base. Marisol took the tip.

They started slow - tongues tracing lazy patterns across his length. They kissed each other with his shaft between them. Licked opposite sides like melting popsicle sticks. Marisol took him into her mouth while Sarah kissed his balls, then switched - Sarah’s mouth stretching wide to take him in while Marisol cradled his sac gently, kissing the soft skin there.

He moaned. Deep. Full of satisfaction.

Sarah felt him throb in her mouth as Marisol whispered, “Look how much he loves it.”

Sarah pulled back and giggled breathlessly. “He deserves it.”

Together, they stroked him - breasts pressed to each other, their cheeks occasionally touching as they nuzzled along his shaft.

“You are the most beautiful things I’ve ever seen,” Bharath murmured, running his hands over their hair. “My girls. My apsaras.”

Sarah felt tears prickle again. He said it like it was scripture.

Then he gently pulled them back by the chin - one hand on each - and leaned down to kiss them both. First Marisol. Then Sarah. Deeply and slowly - always triggering that intense pleasure they got from kissing each other. Despite the number of times they kissed each other, the intensity never flagged.

“You’ve made me feel worshipped,” he whispered. “Now... I want you to worship each other.”

They both blinked, heat rising.

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked.

“I want Marisol on her back,” he said, stepping back. “Sarah, you’re going to sit on her face. And while she tastes you again... you’re going to taste her.”

Sarah's breath caught.

Marisol gave a trembling smile. "Yes, please."

He motioned. "Move."

They did.

Marisol lay back across the middle of the bed, arms open, thighs spread just slightly. Her breasts rose and fell with each breath.

Sarah climbed up slowly - positioning herself over Marisol's face, facing her feet. Her thighs trembled as her pussy hovered over Marisol's mouth. Marisol didn't wait. She surged up, grabbing Sarah's hips and pulling her down.

Sarah gasped as that familiar tongue dove between her folds again.

She leaned forward, settling fully down onto Marisol's mouth - knowing Bharath was watching from the foot of the bed.

Then she lowered her mouth to Marisol's slick sex, already glistening with previous releases. She licked a slow stripe up her core.

Marisol moaned into her.

They fell into a rhythm.

Two mouths. Two hearts. One act of devotion.

Bharath climbed onto the bed, kneeling beside them. His cock brushed against Sarah's cheek.

She opened her mouth instinctively, and he slid in - just the tip - while she kept licking Marisol. Her hands gripped Marisol's thighs. She let out a whimper around him as his fingers tugged her hair gently, guiding the depth.

He didn't thrust. Not yet. He just *rested* there - in her mouth, in the moment.

Marisol was frantic beneath her. She sucked on Sarah's clit. She teased her rim with her tongue. She moaned into her, sending pulses through Sarah's lower body.

Sarah ground down harder, hips rocking.

Bharath pulled out of her mouth slowly and moved behind her, stroking himself with one hand as he watched her lick and grind and melt.

“You look divine like this,” he said softly.

Then he guided his cock down and slid it between her cheeks - pressing it over her lower back, just to feel her shudder.

“Such a dirty girl,” he growled. “Grinding on your lover. Licking her. Letting her taste you. All for me.”

Sarah whimpered.

Then - he slid into her.

From behind.

Her back arched violently. She collapsed forward, her mouth mashed against Marisol's folds. Her tongue plunged deeper just as he bottomed out inside her.

Marisol *screamed* into her pussy.

“Stay there,” he commanded. “Keep licking her. Don't stop.”

Sarah obeyed.

Every thrust of Bharath's hips shoved her mouth deeper into Marisol's sex. She couldn't speak. Could barely breathe. But her tongue never stopped.

Bharath reached forward, grabbing her shoulders, pulling her back into him.

He began to thrust in earnest.

Each movement rocked Sarah forward. Each impact made Marisol gasp and tremble.

It was obscene.

It was *perfect*.

Marisol broke first.

Her hips bucked. Her mouth froze. She *screamed* into Sarah's folds as her climax hit - wet and shaking, pussy clenching wildly.

Sarah was next. With Bharath pounding into her and Marisol moaning beneath her, her body gave in - surrendering again, violently, loudly, beautifully.

She collapsed forward, only held up by Bharath's arms.

He pulled out gently, guiding her off Marisol, laying her down beside her.

Both girls were soaked, quivering, panting.

He looked down at them, stroking his cock slowly.

And they - wrecked, marked, and glowing - smiled up at him like he was their whole world.

Sarah's body was trembling again, and not from exhaustion this time - but from peace.

The kind of warmth that bloomed only when everything inside her had been given away, willingly, joyfully, and without hesitation.

She lay beside Marisol, both of them wrecked in the most beautiful way, hair mussed and lips kiss-bruised, skin damp with sweat and each other's release. Their thighs still twitched from the aftershocks. Their breaths came slowly now, in sync.

Bharath knelt above them - cock still hard, haloed in early morning light from the window slats. He hadn't come yet. Not once.

And somehow, that only made Sarah love him more.

He'd wrung them out. Made them scream. Held them as they shattered. But he had waited. For this.

Their eyes locked with his, and she felt it instantly - that divine energy that crackled between them in the stillness.

"We're ready," Marisol said softly, voice hoarse with devotion.

Sarah nodded. "Please. Let us see you come."

Bharath exhaled, slow and heavy. His hand wrapped around himself, languid but firm. Not jerking-guiding. Letting them watch. Letting them feel the tension rise with him.

"Come closer," he said.

They obeyed without hesitation, crawling toward him like priestesses approaching a relic. They settled on their knees, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, mouths parted and eyes wide.

Sarah couldn't look away from the thick, veiny shaft in his grip - slick from their bodies, flushed deep red at the tip, twitching slightly with every slow stroke.

He moaned, soft and primal.

“Touch each other,” he commanded, voice strained. “Let me see it.”

Sarah turned to Marisol, heart pounding. They leaned into one another - pressing their breasts together, foreheads grazing. Sarah cupped one of Marisol’s full tits while Marisol traced lazy circles over Sarah’s nipple.

Then, at the same time, they leaned in and kissed.

Soft. Deep. Slow.

They let Bharath watch them lose themselves in each other’s mouths.

Sarah opened her eyes briefly and saw him - jaw clenched, pace faster now, his other hand bracing against the mattress.

“More,” he growled. “Let me see those tongues.”

Marisol responded instantly, licking gently into Sarah’s mouth, tongue teasing and swirling. Sarah gasped, then kissed her back with more hunger.

They broke apart with a string of spit between them and looked up at him.

“I’m close,” he warned. “Where do you want it?”

“On us,” they said in unison.

He groaned.

They moved together like dancers, positioning themselves just beneath his hips - chests forward, faces tilted up, mouths open, tongues out.

Sarah watched the way his eyes locked on their breasts - still marked from last night’s mauling. She cupped hers, pinching a nipple. Marisol rubbed her own over Sarah’s arm, smearing slick across her shoulder.

He cried out.

The first jet of release hit Sarah’s chest, hot and thick, splashing across her collarbone and upper breast.

The second landed on Marisol’s chin, trailing down to her lips.

A third, and a fourth - spread across both their chests, streaking down to their sternums like war paint.

They didn’t flinch. Didn’t pull back.

They smiled.

Then slowly - deliberately - Sarah leaned in and licked a drop off Marisol's cheek.

Marisol moaned softly and did the same, swiping her tongue across Sarah's nipple where some of his release had landed.

Bharath groaned again, the final twitch of his orgasm rolling through him as he watched his girls *honor* his spend like it was the most sacred nectar.

They turned back to him, glowing.

"Thank you," Sarah whispered, lips shining.

Marisol echoed it. "Thank you for letting us love you."

Bharath dropped to his knees, then sat back on his heels, panting.

He looked at them like they were miracles.

Then he reached forward and pulled them both into him - one arm around each girl, their sticky bodies pressed to his chest. They curled into him, soft and glowing, their breaths melting into his skin.

For several long minutes, they stayed like that - tangled, spent, reverent.

Then Marisol whispered, "We're going to be late for class."

Sarah laughed into his neck. "And we still need to shower. We smell like sex and sin."

Bharath grunted. "I'll take the sin."

"But you'll take the shower too," Marisol teased, standing slowly.

Sarah followed her, wincing at the soreness between her thighs-but secretly loving the ache. They both grabbed Bharath's arms.

"Come on," Sarah grinned. "You earned a good scrubbing."

"And we're not letting you go until you're clean," Marisol added.

He groaned theatrically. "Dragged to the shower by two beautiful women. What a tragedy."

They laughed.

And together - sticky, glowing, loved - they walked into the bathroom to start the day, the morning sun catching on the steam rising from the tiles.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 109: Halloween Night

[ 1,238 words ]

The sun had just started to dip behind the skyline when Bharath walked into Sarah's room, towel still damp around his neck from the shower. The air smelled faintly of vanilla body lotion, dry shampoo, and something faintly spicy - like cinnamon.

The room was lit only by the soft orange glow of the Halloween string lights that Marisol had insisted on pinning above the mirror. Shadows danced along the walls like flickering spirits.

And then he saw them.

Marisol stood by the window, adjusting a tight red bustier that lifted her already spectacular breasts into an impossible curve. A devil's tail curled lazily from the small of her back. Her black mini skirt barely covered anything, and the thigh-high fishnets led straight into knee-high boots that made her legs look six feet long.

Sarah sat on the edge of the bed, wearing something that was absolutely *not* regulation nun attire - a sheer, black version of the habit paired with a short lacy bodysuit that framed her cleavage and ass like a cathedral altar. The cross necklace hanging down between her luscious breasts glinted faintly with each breath she took.

Both of them turned when he entered.

"Finally," Marisol said, smirking. "We were starting to think you got cold feet."

Bharath blinked. "I... I thought we were getting ready at seven?"

Sarah stood, the costume clinging to her like ink. "This is part of getting ready."

Marisol walked toward him with that slow, rolling gait she only used when she wanted to make him squirm. She stopped just inches from him and slipped her hands up under his

shirt. "You're the one who likes costumes," she whispered, "so we thought we'd model them properly first."

Before he could speak, Sarah stepped behind him, her hands sliding down his chest. "We also thought we should make sure you understand how to... *access us*... while we're wearing them."

Bharath's breath hitched.

Marisol pulled his shirt off and tossed it aside. Then she cupped her breasts through the corset, pushing them together. "This laces up the front. Pull here." She guided his hand to the ribbon just above her cleavage. "Not too hard - unless you're desperate."

Sarah's voice purred against his ear. "This unhooks from the side. Just two fingers under the edge. You'll feel the clasp."

Bharath swallowed.

Marisol kissed the corner of his mouth. "You'll get your chance in the club, you know. Make it count."

"Wait," Bharath rasped. "We're really-?"

"Oh yes," Sarah said. "You didn't think we dressed like this for *strangers*, did you?"

Marisol licked her lips. "You're the only one who touches us now, Bharath. These tits, this heat - it's all yours."

Sarah moved in front of him now, slowly lowering herself onto her knees. Her eyes never left his. "You're going to be our heater tonight."

"Heater?" he breathed.

Marisol leaned in close, whispering against his ear. "Our warmth. Our tension. Our reminder of who owns this body."

Sarah ran her nails lightly along his waistband. "We'll tease all night. Dance on other men's jealousy. But when we want to *feel*, we come to you."

Bharath's knees buckled as he let out a trembling exhale. "You're going to get me arrested."

"No," Marisol said. "We're going to get you off. *Over and over again*. And you're going to make us scream in some dark corner while everyone else is too drunk to notice."

Sarah bit his earlobe. "We want you to *take us*. Both of us. Wherever you can."

Bharath could barely think. "How am I supposed to survive the night?"

Marisol pressed a kiss to his chest. "You're not."

Sarah looked up at him with a wicked smile. "You're going to lose your mind. And that's exactly how we want it."

He let out a breathless laugh, his hands trembling now. "I'm supposed to act normal after this?"

Marisol ran her hands down his chest to his waistband. "You're supposed to make it through the night without coming until we say so."

Sarah stood and leaned into him again, soft and dangerous. "And when you do, you better make it messy."

Marisol kissed him - slow and possessive.

Then Sarah kissed the other side of his mouth.

And then they both stepped back.

"Go finish getting dressed," Marisol said, smoothing her skirt. "We'll see you downstairs in ten."

Sarah winked. "Try not to come in your pants before we get to the club."

Bharath stood there in stunned silence as they walked out the door, hips swaying in sync, devils and saints made flesh.

And all his.

He whispered to himself, "Aiyo swamy! I'm not going to survive tonight."

And he didn't want to.

He couldn't get up for ten minutes until his blood managed to recirculate to his big head again.

Tyrel's truck rumbled to a stop across the street from the club, the bass already audible from half a block away - a thudding, hypnotic pulse that made the pavement hum under their feet.

Marisol adjusted her fishnets in the passenger seat, glancing in the side mirror. "If we showed up walking, we'd start a riot."

Sarah smirked in the back, pulling her sheer veil forward just enough to be suggestive, not innocent. "Or end up on the front page of the campus bulletin under *Scandalous Trio Sparks Halloween Panic*."

Camila was fussing with her eyeliner in the visor mirror. "We'd *cause* accidents, not survive one. It was either Tyrel's truck or we get arrested."

LaTasha - in a cropped yellow Braves jersey, gold hoops, and high-waisted jean shorts that could've been painted on - popped her gum. "Y'all better have real AC in this place. Or I'm about to sweat this contour straight off."

Beside her, Nandita adjusted her cardigan over her black halter top and jeans - casual, but striking. Her glasses and delicate silver bangles contrasted with the confident way she walked. She caught Sarah's eye and grinned nervously.

"Ravi's really not going to expect this, huh?"

Camila laughed. "That's the point, sweetheart."

Meanwhile, the boys' taxi crept into a side lot near the back entrance. The boys stepped out into the warm Atlanta night, already buzzing from music, street noise, and the leftover adrenaline of anticipation.

"I feel like I'm walking into *Blade* or *The Matrix*," Tyrel muttered, tugging at his black leather vest.

"You look like you lost a bet," Jorge said, deadpan.

"Watch. LaTasha's gonna love it."

"She's going to arrest you," Ravi added, adjusting his sleeves.

Then they turned the corner.

And saw them.

A beat of stunned silence hit the boys like a wave.

Tyrel stopped dead. "That's her?"

LaTasha stood with one hand on her hip, laughing at something Camila had said, her hoops catching the streetlight like halos of fire.

Ravi was speechless. Nandita saw him and smiled - small, self-contained, but unmistakably pleased. She gave him a tiny wave.

Tyrel muttered, "Okay. I take back everything. I'm not ready."

"You'll figure it out," Bharath said, clapping his shoulder. "Just don't talk about sneakers until you dance once."

"Same goes for Star Trek," Jorge added to Ravi. "One word about warp speed, and she's gone."

Bharath's eyes, though, were already scanning the crowd for Marisol and Sarah. He didn't have to wait long.

They came striding toward him in sync - sin and sanctuary - the crowd parting without even realizing it.

Sarah's sheer veil fluttered behind her like smoke, and Marisol's red heels tapped against the concrete like war drums. Their eyes locked on him, heat radiating before they even reached him.

"We're going in first," Marisol purred, brushing her fingers under his chin. "You park the car, Mr. Designated Driver."

Sarah leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to his jaw. "And then come find us."

They disappeared into the crowd like fire walking into a storm.

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## Chapter 110: Marisol and Sarah's Halloween Costumes [Image]

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