

Their Wonder Years: Fall 98

Chapter 111: At Club Zero

[1,217 words]

Club Zero was packed - sweaty bodies, colored lights, and bass that rattled the ribs. Music pulsed in waves, making the air feel thick with static.

The group entered in pairs, naturally splitting off: Jorge and Camila drifted toward the bar. Ravi and Nandita found a quieter booth off the side, where she asked if he wanted to try dancing "*even if you're bad.*" Tyrel and LaTasha were already dancing - or rather, *grinding* - within seconds, her body moving in ways Tyrel could barely comprehend but was clearly trying to keep up with.

And Bharath?

He found his girls in the middle of the floor, gyrating with each other, already commanding attention.

Marisol's hands were in the air, her body rolling with the beat, hips hypnotic. Sarah had her arms around Marisol from behind, swaying with her, every movement deliberate - sensual, slow, *intentional*. They didn't just dance. They *declared* territory.

And when they saw him watching, they smiled like wolves spotting a fawn.

He moved toward them.

Marisol reached out and grabbed his collar, yanking him into their orbit.

"I hope you stretched," she said over the music, mouth grazing his ear.

"Because you're about to burn," Sarah whispered, grinding against him from behind.

They surrounded him on the floor, one in front, one behind, their bodies flush with his as the music climbed. His hands moved instinctively - along Marisol's waist, gripping the swell of her hips - while Sarah pulled his arms back to wrap around herself, trapping them both in a slow, dirty sway.

"You like our costumes baby?" Marisol asked, her lips brushing his.

"I'm barely functioning," Bharath admitted, gasping.

Sarah turned and kissed him - deep, hungry. Then Marisol took over - teasing, tasting.

No one else touched them.

No one *could*.

They danced like that for what felt like hours - one song, then two, then three - until Bharath wasn't sure where he ended and they began. Heat soaked through their clothes. Marisol slid his hands under her corset laces; Sarah guided his grip just right beneath her sheer bodice.

"You're ours," Sarah whispered.

"All night," Marisol finished.

And he was.

The bass at Club Zero wasn't just loud - it pulsed, like a heartbeat dialed up to dangerous. Red lights strobed across the crowd, cutting through the fog machine haze and glitter dust with laser precision. Bodies moved in a writhing blur. Costumes ranged from scandalous to supernatural, and the dance floor throbbed with heat and heat-induced sin.

Tyrel was sweating - and not from the heat. His shirt was already unbuttoned halfway, gold chain catching every flash of red and blue, but his pulse was doing double time for a very different reason.

LaTasha.

She was the reason.

She moved like fire set to music, and she knew it.

In a cropped yellow Braves jersey knotted under her bust, high-waisted jean shorts that clung to her like a dare, and hoop earrings big enough to be used as bangles, she didn't just dance - she owned the floor.

Tyrel had always thought of himself as confident - cocky, even. But standing behind her now, trying to match her rhythm without stepping on her Air Maxes, he felt like a rookie trying to guard Jordan in his prime.

"LaTasha, girl," he muttered under his breath. "You're gonna be the death of me."

She glanced over her shoulder and gave him a smirk, one brow arched. "You better not be talkin' to yourself already. We only two songs in."

"I'm just sayin', you look like trouble."

"I am trouble," she replied, stepping back so her hips brushed against his. "You still here."

Tyrel swallowed. Loudly.

The track switched - a remix of Monica and Brandy's *The Boy is Mine* - and LaTasha dropped with it. Smooth. Controlled. Like gravity answered to her and not the other way around.

Tyrel froze. Literally forgot how to move. He wasn't used to being on the back foot with women - any women - but LaTasha? She wasn't playing the same game.

She didn't flirt to tease. She flirted to see if you could keep up. And he was barely hanging on.

"Loosen up, Vanilla Ice," she teased in his ear, voice low and electric.

Tyrel laughed - short, nervous - but then caught the look in her eye. Not mockery. Challenge.

Alright, then.

He rolled his shoulders, adjusted his grip on her hips - firm now, grounded - and let himself move with her. Not copying. Not chasing. Just being there.

"That's better," she murmured, throwing one arm around his neck and pulling herself closer. Her perfume hit him like a memory - warm amber, citrus, and something sweet like honey and heat.

He leaned in, his lips brushing the shell of her ear. "You tryna start somethin', girl?"

"I already started it," she said, grinding back against him with slow, deliberate pressure. "Question is, can you finish?"

Tyrel's breath caught. His hands gripped her tighter, sliding down her waist, fingers brushing just under the hem of her jersey where warm skin met the waistband of her shorts.

And then she turned, fast and smooth, one hand still around his neck, the other splayed on his chest. She looked up at him - lashes thick, lips glossy, eyes glowing like she knew every thought in his head and had already decided which ones she'd let him act on.

"I don't dance with just anybody," she said softly.

"I know," he said, his voice rough. "You think I ain't noticed the vultures watchin' you all night?"

"They can look," she said. "But they don't get to touch."

"Why me?" he asked, voice low, honest. "You could have anybody in here beggin'."

She studied him - really looked. Her smile softened. "Because you ain't beggin'. You just here. You ain't tryna own me. You just vibin'. That's rare."

The music shifted again - slower now. Slinky, sticky beat. Something that demanded closeness.

LaTasha didn't ask. She just stepped into his space, pressed against his chest, and let the music pull them both under.

Tyrel wrapped his arms around her waist and swayed with her, forehead resting briefly against hers.

"You pass the vibe check, sugar," she said, her voice dipped in honey.

He nearly fainted.

Instead, he kissed her.

It wasn't wild or rushed - it was soft. Careful. A test.

But when her lips parted and her fingers tangled in his chain, he deepened it. His hand slid up her back, under the jersey, feeling bare skin and the curve of her spine.

Her lips tasted like cherry lip gloss and wicked promises.

They pulled apart slowly, both of them breathless.

"That's... wow," Tyrel said, blinking like a man who'd just seen the burning bush and then tried to dance with it.

"You're cute when you're speechless," LaTasha teased.

"I ain't speechless. I'm... processin'."

She laughed - real and warm. "Well, keep processin'. 'Cause I ain't done with you yet."

He pulled her close again, lips brushing her ear. "Good. 'Cause I've been waitin' all semester to do that."

She smirked. "Guess we both slow burn types."

"Guess so."

Another song started. Slower. Dirtier. The kind meant for shadows and intentions.

LaTasha leaned in close, her voice just for him. "This ain't no one-night vibe, Tyrel."

"I know," he said. "I ain't tryna rush nothin'. I just... want you."

She looked up, eyes soft now. "You already got me, baby. I just wanna see if you can keep me."

He kissed her again.

And this time?

There was no hesitation.

Just fire and music and two hearts in sync for the first time - finding rhythm, finding each other, under flickering lights and October heat.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 112: No Diggity, Just Us

[2,039 words]

Ravi and Nandita found a quieter pocket near the back speakers, where the lights didn't strobe so aggressively and the bass didn't make your molars buzz. The wall behind them vibrated gently with the rhythm of the crowd, but in their little alcove, it almost felt like a late-night dorm hallway conversation-if the dorm hallway was full of vampires, shirtless Spartans, and at least three Sailor Moons.

Nandita was radiant - in a black halter top tucked into high-rise jeans, her signature silver bangles catching the glint of neon lights. Her thick glasses slid down her nose as she tilted her head toward Ravi, arching one perfect brow.

"I can't believe you still think Mulder was the hot one," she said, mock-appalled, sipping from her cranberry soda.

Ravi clutched his imaginary pearls. "He's *David Duchovny!* That jawline could solve cases on its own."

Nandita snorted. "Please. Scully was the real reason we watched. Science, skepticism, that pantsuit game? Icon."

"You're just saying that because you want to be her."

"Wrong. I already *am* her."

Ravi narrowed his eyes. "Okay then, Scully. What's the logical explanation for the guy in the corner dressed as a sexy corn cob?"

She smirked. "Clearly the result of undergrad stress and unresolved mother issues."

He stared at her. "...You are terrifyingly fast."

"I'm also winning," she said smugly. "Three to two."

"Three? That was just a comeback."

"You lost a point for confusing the Outer Limits reboot timeline. Unforgivable."

Ravi groaned. "Okay, that's fair."

Before he could rally a comeback, the opening riff of "*No Diggity*" dropped like a bassy velvet bomb over the dance floor, and Nandita's eyes lit up.

"Ohhh yes. That's my jam."

She grabbed his wrist before he could even protest.

"Wait-what are you-"

"Dance now. We'll continue the quiz later," she said, dragging him toward the edge of the dance floor with that signature mix of mischief and command that Ravi was rapidly learning was *very* her.

"I don't dance," he said helplessly, even as she positioned them under the soft red glow of a corner spotlight.

"You do now."

The beat rolled in. Smooth. Lazy. Confident.

Ravi stood frozen, feet firmly planted, arms slightly akimbo like a deer caught mid-software update.

Nandita laughed. "Oh my god. You weren't kidding."

"I told you," he said, half-apologetic. "I've got negative rhythm."

She tilted her head. "Okay. Fine. We'll start simple."

Grabbing both his hands, she locked eyes with him, and gently pulled him into a two-step. Left-right. Left-right. Basic. Manageable.

"See?" she said, guiding him with her hands, hips swaying in time. "Not so bad."

He blinked. "Am I... dancing?"

She nodded. "Like a malfunctioning R2D2, but yes. You are."

He laughed, loud and surprised. "You are *dangerous*, Nandita."

"I'm just unlocking your full potential," she said with mock innocence. "Now stop thinking so hard. Just feel it."

So he did.

For the first time since they stepped inside Club Zero, Ravi wasn't hyper-aware of how sweaty he was or whether he was blocking a strobe light. He just watched her - the way her hair moved when she threw her head back to laugh, the way her fingers laced with his as they moved together. Her body wasn't pressed against his - not yet - but the space between them felt charged. Not lusty. Just... potential. Curiosity.

The chorus hit, and she pulled him closer, her hands sliding from his into the crook of his elbows.

"Okay," she said, raising an eyebrow. "Final exam. Can you spin me?"

He blinked. "Like... physically?"

"No, emotionally," she deadpanned.

He grinned and took a breath. "Alright. Here goes nothing."

Ravi stepped forward, gently guiding her into a clumsy but surprisingly elegant spin, his hand brushing the small of her back as she came around.

She didn't stop smiling. "Well, look at that. The R2D2 leveled up."

“You bring out the best in me,” he said, half-joking, half-not.

She didn't laugh. Instead, she leaned in just slightly, eyes locked on his. “You're sweet, you know that?”

“I try,” he said, suddenly breathless. “I just... don't always get it right.”

“You're doing just fine,” she said softly, her voice low now, barely above the music. “I like that you're not trying too hard. Everyone else here feels like they're trying to win a reality show. You're just... being.”

“Well,” he said, a little shy now, “I *am* competing. But only for your attention.”

She gave him a long look - like she was seeing something new. Something more than the shy, funny boy with trivia up his sleeve.

And then she stepped forward.

Just a little.

Her fingers slid up the front of his shirt, resting just over his collarbone. Her body leaned in - not pressed flush, but close enough for him to feel her warmth, the shape of her, the hint of her breath as she tilted her face up toward his.

“You've got it,” she whispered.

Ravi blinked. “Got what?”

“My attention.”

He forgot how to breathe.

She leaned in closer - their noses nearly touching, lips a breath away - but didn't close the distance. Not yet.

Instead, she reached behind him and tugged him in by the belt loop, a wicked smile curving her lips. “But if you want more than that... you'll have to earn it.”

Ravi's voice cracked. “H-how?”

Nandita's grin widened. “Surprise me.”

Before he could chicken out, he kissed her.

Quick. Gentle. Terrified.

She blinked, then burst into a soft laugh. "Oh my god, that was *adorable*."

"Too soon?" he asked, cheeks crimson.

She tilted her head. "No. Just... rookie-level."

He looked down. "Right."

"Lucky for you," she murmured, pulling him back in, "I happen to be a very generous teacher."

And then *she* kissed *him*.

Properly.

And this time, Ravi stopped thinking.

Her lips were soft and full. Her body slid against his like puzzle pieces finally finding alignment. Her fingers curled into his hair, her tongue flicking playfully at the seam of his lips.

Ravi melted.

By the time they broke apart, the music had shifted again - a slower groove now, more sensual.

She looked at him with dancing eyes. "Still thinking about Mulder?"

He grinned. "What's an X-File?"

They stayed like that - pressed close, swaying gently - until the lights shifted, the song ended, and the spell of the moment gently let go.

But the promise?

That stayed.

As they made their way off the dance floor, Ravi reached for her hand.

Nandita looked down at their entwined fingers and then back up at him, smiling.

"You know," she said casually, "I'm pretty sure we just skipped about three months of awkward flirting."

"Or maybe," Ravi said, smiling shyly, "we just found the fast lane."

She squeezed his hand. "Better hope you can keep up, bhai."

And for once, Ravi didn't flinch at the teasing.

Because this time?

He knew she meant *his* name.

Not just a nickname.

Not just a bit.

She meant *him*.

Jorge tried to play it cool - leaning against the bar like it was the most natural thing in the world, rum and Coke in one hand, the other tucked casually into his jeans pocket. He watched the dance floor through the flicker of strobe lights, trying not to look like he was scanning for her.

Too late.

"Buscas a alguien, papito?" came a voice from behind, low and teasing.

He turned just as Camila slid up beside him, sipping something neon orange through a straw and wearing a devil costume that had already ruined his ability to think clearly. Red velvet crop top, matching mini skirt, glitter on her collarbones, and horns nestled in her glossy black curls. A silver cross dangled from her neck, swaying with every step like it was in on the joke.

"Dios mío!" Jorge whispered under his breath.

She cocked her head. "Say something, pretty boy. Or are you just gonna stand there sweating?"

He cleared his throat, forcing a grin. "You look..."

"Dangerous? Ravishing? Sinful?"

He nodded slowly. "All of the above. And maybe like trouble."

She leaned in, her voice like warm syrup. "Maybe I am."

Before he could catch his breath, she grabbed his wrist and tugged him toward the dance floor.

"Camila-wait-"

“No waiting tonight, Boliviano,” she said with a wink. “Let’s see if you can move like your accent says you can.”

The crowd swallowed them whole - bodies in motion, lights flashing, the bass thick enough to feel in their ribs.

Camila didn’t press against him immediately. No, she danced just out of reach - close enough to tempt, far enough to taunt. Her hips swayed with the beat, her hands occasionally brushing his as she twirled, eyes always locked on his.

Jorge gulped the last of his drink. “Tú estás jugando conmigo,” he said, trying not to stare too obviously.

“Obvio,” she said, spinning with a laugh. “But you like it.”

“I do,” he admitted. “A little too much.”

“Then come closer,” she dared, curling a finger.

He obeyed - cautiously at first, then with more confidence. Their bodies aligned, not grinding but swaying in sync, like they shared some unspoken rhythm only they could hear.

“You smell like rum,” she whispered, lips near his ear. “Y un poquito de lust.”

Jorge chuckled. “You smell like you’re gonna ruin my life.”

Camila’s eyes sparkled. “Maybe just your night.”

“Not if I can help it.”

He twirled her again, pulling her back into his arms this time, his hands settling at her waist. She didn’t resist. In fact, she leaned in - the velvet of her top brushing his chest, her breath warm against his cheek.

“You look good tonight,” he said finally, voice rough.

“I *always* look good,” she replied with a smirk.

“Fair.”

“But tonight...” she continued, eyes flicking over him, “*you* clean up nice too. Not bad for someone who thinks La Paz is a personality trait.”

He laughed, leaning in. “Not bad for someone who thinks Miami invented reggaeton.”

“Bite your tongue,” she said, but she was smiling now - the kind of smile that said she was thinking about kissing him.

He leaned forward.

This time, she didn't stop the kiss.

Their lips met - slow, hot, electric. No hesitation. No fumbling. Just a crash of tension released in a single, perfect moment. She tasted like tequila and mango and danger.

When they broke apart, she blinked - surprised by her own breathlessness.

“Damn,” she said softly.

Jorge looked stunned. “You're real, right?”

Camila tilted her head. “What do you mean?”

“I just...” He ran a hand through his hair, nervous now. “I keep thinking you're this girl from a dream. And then you say something smart and sarcastic and *so you*, and I realize you're even better than the dream.”

Her smirk faltered - just a second - replaced by something softer. “That's a big line, Bolívar.”

“It's not a line,” he said, stepping closer again, his hands now framing her waist. “It's the truth. I came here to drink and dance and maybe flirt a little. But then I saw you, and...”

He hesitated, but then let it out.

“I think I'm falling for you, Camila. Fast.”

Camila stared at him, blinking like she'd been caught naked in the rain. Something flickered - an instinct to joke, to dodge - but she didn't. Not this time.

“You mean that?”

He nodded. “I've never said that to a girl before. Not like this. Not when it felt like something I'd regret *not* saying.”

She swallowed. “We just met a few weeks ago.”

“I know.”

Her eyes softened. “So why?”

Jorge smiled. "Because when I'm around you, everything feels brighter. Louder. Realer. I feel like I can breathe. Like I don't have to try so hard to be impressive, because somehow you already see me."

Camila bit her lip, clearly overwhelmed.

Then she leaned in again - this time slower, more deliberately.

And she kissed him.

Not a game.

Not a tease.

A kiss that said, *I see you too.*

When they broke apart again, she rested her forehead against his.

"Te aviso," she whispered. "I don't fall easy."

"I'm not asking you to fall," Jorge said. "Just... don't run."

She closed her eyes for a beat - long enough for him to see something flicker. Not fear. Not doubt. Just the kind of ache that comes from being seen too clearly.

"I've run from a lot of things," she said quietly. "I joke. I flirt. I push people away before they can do it first. It's safer that way."

Jorge didn't say anything - just waited, holding space like she hadn't known anyone could.

She looked up at him again, her voice softer now. "But you... you don't flinch when I'm sharp. You don't try to fix me. You just stay."

A breath. A beat. A smile.

"Okay, Boliviano," she said, brushing her thumb across his cheek. "Let's see if you can keep up."

And together - fingers intertwined, hearts pounding - they danced back into the chaos.

But now?

They weren't circling each other anymore.

They were orbiting the same sun.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 113: Exit to Ecstasy [18+]

[2,074 words]

The music changed - slower now, heavier, hips and sweat and heartbeat in every beat. But Bharath wasn't hearing it anymore. All he could feel was Sarah's tongue tracing the edge of his ear and Marisol grinding against his thigh like she was staking territory. He could feel the wetness and heat from her core.

His lips were swollen from their mouths, his shirt damp from heat and friction. He'd long since stopped caring about the crowd. Every time he opened his eyes, someone was staring - and every time, he forgot them the moment Marisol pulled his hand back to her ass or Sarah tugged him down into another breathless kiss.

They weren't dancing anymore.

They were *feeding*.

"Someone's gonna call security," Bharath gasped, his hands now under Sarah's bodysuit, thumbing the soft undercurve of her breasts.

"They'd have to get in line," Sarah moaned, kissing down his neck, her veil long gone.

Marisol's lipstick was smudged, her corset loosened just enough to make her breasts spill. She turned in his arms, pressed her mouth to his ear.

"Come with us."

She grabbed his wrist and pulled him from the center of the floor. Sarah followed instantly, her fingers sliding into the back of his waistband as they moved - weaving past couples, through the blur of dancing limbs and strobe flashes.

They reached a narrow hallway near the back of the club, just past the employee exit. A red EXIT sign flickered above, casting the corner in blood-colored light. A busted arcade machine stood abandoned in the corner, half-covered by shadow.

No one was there.

Marisol turned, already unzipping his fly.

“Here?” he rasped.

“Here,” she said. “Unless you want to rip my tights in public.”

Sarah was already kissing him again, messier now, hungrier. Her hand slipped between them, tugging down his boxers.

Marisol dropped to her knees.

“We need this,” she whispered.

“You’re our heater, remember?” Sarah added. “Warm us. Fill us. Right now.”

He hissed between his teeth, hands tangling in their hair as he finally gave in to the fire they’d been stoking all night.

Bharath’s grip on Marisol’s hair tightened as she struggled to swallow the full length of him.

“Use her mouth, baby,” Sarah whispered as she bit his earlobe. “Show her who’s boss.”

He couldn’t control himself. Ever since they’d teased him with that strip show in the morning, he’d been primed to explode. He was proud of how long he’d held out—no orgasms all day, despite their usual routine of multiple sessions. This had been denial on a divine scale.

He tensed—and then came, hard.

Wave after wave of hot seed flooded Marisol’s mouth. She gasped, barely keeping up, cum spilling from her lips and dripping down onto her breasts. It leaked from the corners of her mouth, down her throat, over her chest like a blessing and a punishment.

It took a long, shuddering moment before he stopped. Marisol looked up at him, panting, cum-smearing, flushed with pride. Her torso looked like a Jackson Pollock painting.

Sarah pulled Marisol up until they were chest to magnificent chest. She smiled wickedly.

“Looks like you missed a spot, honey.”

“Clean me up?” Marisol murmured, breathless. “He’s delicious.”

Bharath could only stare, slack-jawed, as his gorgeous girlfriends leaned into each other for a kiss that made time stop.

Sarah licked Marisol as lewdly as possible-first tracing, then scooping, then turning to show Bharath his own cum on her tongue before swallowing dramatically. His cock sprang back to full attention.

Sarah cupped Marisol's breasts, squeezing them together as she licked the remaining cum from her skin, her lips dragging over her curves like worship. Marisol moaned and tangled her fingers in Sarah's hair, guiding her with a shared hunger.

"Don't finish it all, bitch," Marisol groaned. "We both worked for that."

"Greedy slut," Sarah teased. "You already got a stomach full."

Still, Sarah scooped up the last of his cum from Marisol's cleavage and pulled her in. Before kissing her again, both girls turned toward Bharath-tongues out, swapping the final drop between them with a filthy, sacred devotion.

"Enjoy that, baby?" Marisol crooned.

Bharath could only croak, heart hammering against his ribs.

The hallway pulsed faintly with the beat from the dance floor, the bass sliding like a heartbeat through the cracked concrete. Behind them, the crowd moved in chaotic rhythm - bodies grinding, lights strobing - but here in this forgotten corner near the busted arcade cabinet and half-open utility door, time slowed.

Marisol pressed Bharath against the wall, her breath already ragged, her thighs trembling from the hour of teasing.

Sarah was on his other side, her costume almost completely off, one hand sliding down his back to clutch at his waist.

"I want you now," Marisol whispered, voice hoarse. "Right here."

Bharath swallowed hard. "This is insane."

"It's *perfect*," Sarah said, licking his ear. "The music's so loud, no one will hear a thing. And even if they do..."

Marisol kissed him - open, filthy, possessive. "They'll just wish it was them."

She was already hitching her skirt higher.

"Tear them baby. I don't need them anymore," said Marisol as she directed Bharath's hands to her tights.

He was happy to force his fingers through the thin material and rip them apart exposing her bare dripping pussy. The tights were ruined-soaked through at the inner thigh and now torn beyond salvage.

Bharath buried his face in Marisol's overflowing breasts, sucking violently as he inserted two fingers into Marisol's swampy core.

Marisol squealed loudly as she pulled Bharath's head deeper into her cleavage and humped at his fingers violently. In just five seconds, as he expertly found her g-spot, she climaxed noisily squirting all over his hands. Marisol took his fingers and sucked on his fingers greedily tasting herself.

Sarah took his other hand towards her own pussy. Bharath could feel the heat between her legs before he even touched her. Sarah moaned softly as she guided his hand down between her thighs, slipping his fingers under the sheer lace of her bodysuit.

"Take us," she whispered. "Take both your sluts, Bharath. Destroy us for anyone else."

His mind blurred - the hunger, the rhythm, the lights behind his eyes. He wasn't sure who moved first, who pulled what. All he knew was that Marisol had turned around and bent forward against the wall, one leg lifted just enough to give him access.

Sarah stayed pressed against his front, kissing him with desperate, unbroken contact as she guided his hand between her thighs, her own leg wrapped around his.

Bharath gasped. "You're both..."

"Wet," Sarah finished. "Soaked for you."

Marisol groaned. "Now, Bharath. Now."

Bharath's breath came out in a stutter as Marisol arched her back against the wall, one red heel braced high, her skirt bunched at her waist. She looked over her shoulder, eyes gleaming in the red light.

"Now," she growled. "I need you inside me."

Sarah's hand wrapped around him, stroking him to full, aching hardness. Her mouth crushed against his as her other hand cupped his balls with greedy possession. "And I need your fingers," she murmured, already guiding his hand back beneath her bodysuit. "Like last night. Just deeper. Harder."

He was shaking with need - overwhelmed, intoxicated by their scent, their sounds, their sheer surrender. They weren't just offering him pleasure. They were offering him *themselves*. Here. Now. Without apology.

Marisol reached back and pulled him into her in one slow, wet glide. The moment he filled her, they both groaned - hers sharp, relieved, aching. Him nearly undone already.

“God,” she hissed. “You feel so good. You stretch me so good! So deep!”

Sarah, still wrapped around him, tilted her head back and let out a soft moan as Bharath’s fingers slid inside her, two at once, curling upward just right. She clutched his forearm, her body already rocking with each stroke.

He thrust into Marisol slowly at first, not wanting to lose control - but she pushed back against him, relentless, greedy for every inch.

“Harder,” she gasped. “You’re not gentle with your girls in the shadows. Not tonight.”

The music from the club pounded against the walls, thudding like a second heartbeat. The darkness cloaked them, the red light painting them in fevered strokes. Anyone could walk down this hallway. Anyone could see.

And none of them cared.

Sarah kissed him again, biting his lip this time. “Touch me harder, Bharath. Like you *own* me.”

His fingers obeyed, plunging deeper, thumb rolling over her slick clit. She was trembling now, her breath coming in shallow gasps. Her legs nearly buckled, and she clung to him tighter, one hand on his neck, the other clawing lightly down his chest.

Marisol was moaning openly now, rhythm matching his thrusts, her voice low and wrecked. “I *love* when you take us like this,” she groaned. “When you can’t decide who to break first.”

He didn’t know how he was holding on. One hand buried in Sarah, his cock buried in Marisol, their bodies pressed against him, hungry and desperate and completely his.

Sarah’s thighs began to shake. “I’m close-oh god, don’t stop-don’t stop.”

Marisol turned her head, sweat dripping down her temple. “Make us come, Bharath. Both of us. Now.”

He drove forward harder, faster, his fingers pumping, hips slamming, muscles tight and burning.

Sarah cried out first - soft and ragged, burying her face in his neck as her body convulsed around his fingers, soaking him, gasping against his skin.

Then Marisol came.

Her whole body tightened around him as she pushed back hard, letting out a strangled moan that was half growl, half sob. Her hands braced on the wall, her thighs trembling violently, her climax tearing through her like a storm.

The sounds of the club swallowed them whole.

But in this red-lit corner of the world, only they existed.

Sarah kissed him - dazed and messy and adoring. Marisol leaned her forehead against the wall, panting, whispering his name like a prayer.

And Bharath, still buried inside Marisol, still slick with Sarah's heat on his hand, felt the world tilt around him.

"Switch places. I want Sarah now. Sarah, face down on the wall, ass out."

Sarah rushed to comply as Bharath unsheathed himself from Marisol and drove himself into her almost all the way to the hilt in just one thrust. She screamed loudly as Bharath spanked her as he slammed into her.

Marisol kissed Sarah as she joined Bharath in violating her by rubbing her clit as he pounded into her. Sarah was almost catatonic as Bharath treated her body like a plaything, forcefully thrusting in and out like a piston.

She didn't last long as her knees buckled when she orgasmed loudly, squirting all over Marisol's fingers as Bharath didn't let up. She shrieked her way through multiple orgasms squirting so much that a small puddle had formed underneath her. After her fourth or fifth orgasm, she couldn't stay up anymore and almost collapsed - only held up by Bharath and Marisol.

They didn't move for a long moment.

The music still pulsed through the walls, but to Bharath, it sounded like it was coming from underwater. All he could hear was their breath - soft and syncopated. Marisol's body still trembled against him, sweat glistening across her bare back. Sarah weakly turned and leaned on his chest, arms loose but clinging, her cheek against his beating heart.

"Dios," Marisol finally whispered, voice raw. "That was..."

She couldn't even finish.

Bharath pressed a kiss to her shoulder, then kissed the top of Sarah's head. "You're both insane," he murmured, voice hoarse.

"We're yours," Sarah corrected, smiling faintly into his chest.

He pulled out gently, careful not to break the stillness, and both girls let out soft gasps. Marisol straightened, smoothing her skirt with shaky fingers. Sarah gently licked his knuckles before guiding his hand up to her lips and kissing it properly.

They were a mess - hair tangled, lipstick smeared, the scent of sweat and sex clinging to their skin.

And none of them cared.

Marisol turned around and looked at him, her eyes soft now. "You always make us feel so... full. Not just there," she said, touching his chest. "Here."

Sarah nodded, her hand resting over his heart. "No one has ever seen me like this. Wanted me like this. Not without trying to take something."

Bharath swallowed hard. "When you look at me like that... I feel like I matter. Like I'm not just surviving here - I'm... finally living.

"You take everything," Marisol whispered. "And give it back. Brighter."

Bharath swallowed, his throat tight. "I don't deserve either of you."

Sarah's smile was tender and lethal. "You deserve us. Because you choose us. Every time."

And as they pulled him between them again, adjusting their clothes, fixing their hair, stealing one last kiss apiece before stepping back toward the light - Bharath knew: He'd never feel alone again.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 114: Truck Bed Confessions

[1,027 words]

Back on the main floor, the night was still alive - a roaring tide of bass, light, and sweat-slick bodies pulsing to the rhythm of late-night Atlanta.

Tyrel and LaTasha had claimed a corner of the dance floor like royalty. He'd finally figured out her rhythm - not by matching it, but by letting her lead. She twirled, dropped,

rolled her hips with fearless swagger, and he followed like a smitten fool, grinning ear to ear.

“Okay, you pass,” she said, fanning herself with a cocktail napkin.

“Pass what?” he asked, breathless.

“My litmus test,” she smirked. “You didn’t complain once about me outdancing you. That’s boyfriend material.”

Tyrel’s grin widened. “Say it louder. I want the DJ to hear.”

LaTasha laughed and grabbed his face, kissing him full on the mouth before dragging him back into the beat.

Ravi and Nandita had found the booth again, but this time she was curled into him, one leg tucked under herself, the other brushing his knee. They were sharing a Sprite, and talking animatedly about which Batman movie was the best - a debate that had somehow turned flirty.

“I’ll forgive you for liking *Forever* if you admit Clooney was a disaster,” she teased.

“Only if you stop pretending *Returns* wasn’t a Tim Burton fever dream.”

They laughed, closer now than they were an hour ago. Her fingers played with the hem of his sleeve.

“I’m glad I came,” she said, quieter.

“So am I,” Ravi replied, then quickly added, “to the party. Not... not like-”

She giggled and squeezed his hand. “Relax, Ravi. You’re cute when you panic.”

At the bar, Jorge leaned back on his stool as Camila stirred her drink with a tiny straw, watching him.

“What?” he asked, smirking.

“You’re different lately,” she said.

He blinked. “Bad different?”

She shrugged. “Good different. You listen more. Laugh more. You don’t flirt with everything that walks.”

“I guess I found what I was looking for.”

Camila arched an eyebrow. "Did you now?"

Jorge leaned in, brushing her curls off her shoulder. "Yeah. And she's sipping a cherry vodka and judging me with her eyes right now."

Camila bit her lip to hide the smile, but it spilled out anyway. "You better mean that."

"I do," he said simply.

She stared at him for a long moment, then leaned in to kiss him - slow, sure, without needing to perform for anyone.

And just like that, the room softened around them.

They weren't playing anymore.

Somewhere in the middle of the dance floor, the group briefly converged - Tyrel and LaTasha sweaty and giddy, Ravi and Nandita still buzzing from their quiet connection, Jorge and Camila joined at the hip. Laughter, hugs, drinks clinked in toasts.

But of course, Bharath, Marisol, and Sarah were nowhere to be seen.

"They vanished, huh?" Tyrel said, glancing around.

Jorge smirked. "Probably needed fresh air."

Camila snorted. "You're adorable if you think that's all they needed."

They all laughed - young, wild, alive.

For one night in Atlanta, everything clicked. Hearts connected, bodies moved, and for once... no one was overthinking a thing.

Halloween had delivered.

The club lights were fading into the rearview mirror as Bharath guided Tyrel's truck through the quiet late-night streets of Atlanta. The roads were mostly empty now, bathed in the orange haze of sodium lamps, the bass of the club still faintly echoing in their bones.

In the front seat, Marisol had her bare feet up on the dash, her heels long since abandoned in the truck bed. Sarah leaned against the passenger window, veil gone, corset slightly loosened, her face glowing with the flush of heat and satisfaction.

The back seat was chaos and comfort - Camila half-sprawled across LaTasha and Nandita, the three of them giggling like they'd known each other for years instead of just hours.

"Oh my god," LaTasha groaned, tossing her head back. "If Tyrel doesn't call me tomorrow, I'm keying his damn truck."

"You won't," Camila said, smirking. "You'll just text him first and pretend he begged."

Nandita laughed quietly. "He looked like he was having an out-of-body experience every time you danced on him."

"That boy is built like a linebacker but soft like pudding," LaTasha muttered. "It's adorable."

Marisol turned in her seat, grinning. "So he passed?"

"With bonus points," LaTasha replied, cracking her knuckles. "Tell him next time he better bring a change of clothes."

The girls laughed again.

Sarah glanced at the rearview mirror. "And Ravi?"

Nandita shrugged, but there was a small smile playing on her lips. "He's sweet. Awkward. But thoughtful. He listens. And he didn't try to explain the plot of *Ghost in the Shell* to me once. That's already above average."

Marisol mock-clapped. "We found the one."

"I like that he panicked when I leaned in and kissed him," Nandita added. "But he didn't flinch when I stayed there."

Camila looked over, voice gentler. "You seemed really comfortable with him."

Nandita nodded. "Yeah. I haven't felt that in a while."

There was a small lull as the truck rolled past a sleepy block of brick storefronts. The air smelled like midnight dew and leftover fryer grease.

Sarah finally spoke. "Tonight felt like a dream."

"It was a dream," Marisol said. "Except sticky. Loud. And slightly illegal."

LaTasha cracked up. "If what happened in that corner of the club was legal, then Atlanta's been sleeping on a revolution."

Sarah blushed but didn't deny it.

Camila grinned and poked Marisol's shoulder. "So, which one of you planned that?"

"Planned?" Marisol replied innocently. "Please. That was improvisational brilliance."

Sarah looked sideways at Bharath, then leaned toward Marisol and whispered, just loud enough for the back seat to hear, "He almost didn't survive."

Bharath kept his eyes on the road, but his ears burned.

"Oh, he's blushing!" Camila crowed.

"Stop it," he muttered, gripping the wheel tighter.

LaTasha leaned forward. "You wreck that man?"

"He *begged* for it," Marisol said smoothly. "Like a good boy."

The entire truck dissolved into shrieking laughter. Bharath just shook his head, lips twitching despite himself.

Sarah reached across the seat, lacing her fingers through his. "Thanks for driving."

"Thanks for... not killing me," he said under his breath.

She laughed. "Barely."

As they approached the house, the energy shifted - still playful, but with the softness of deep friendship. Something had changed tonight. Not just hookups or heat - but real bonds. Between the girls. Between all of them.

And for the first time since moving to Atlanta, Bharath realized something simple and stunning:

They were becoming a family.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 115: Syrup and Chosen family

[1,455 words]

The club lot felt different now, almost sleepy. The thumping bass had dulled to a distant heartbeat, and the once-endless line had shrunk to a handful of stragglers trading stories with the bouncers. Bharath eased Tyrel's truck back into the pickup zone, headlights cutting through the haze of leftover smoke and neon bleed. The air outside was cooler, carrying the faint promise of dawn, but the humidity still clung like a second skin.

Tyrel spotted the truck from across the lot and jogged over first, arms wide like he was claiming victory. "Ayy, chauffeur's back! We survived, boys!"

Jorge slid into the passenger seat with a long, satisfied stretch, cracking his neck like he'd just finished a marathon. Ravi and Tyrel piled into the back, the leather seats still radiating warmth from where the girls had been sprawled earlier.

"Everyone still in one piece?" Bharath asked, checking mirrors as he pulled out.

"Alive and thriving," Tyrel declared, flashing a grin that showed every tooth. "You?"

Bharath let out a short laugh. "Barely. My legs are jelly, and I think Sarah left bite marks on my soul."

Jorge leaned forward, elbows braced on the dash. "How were the girls on the ride home? They sounded like they were planning world domination back there."

"Loud," Bharath said simply. "Unfiltered. Teasing me the whole way about how I almost passed out in that hallway. LaTasha already threatened to key your truck if you ghost her tomorrow."

Tyrel let out a low whistle, half impressed, half terrified. "Man, she dances like she's trying to murder you with rhythm. I was just holding on for dear life. But damn if it wasn't the best way to go."

"She likes you," Bharath said, glancing at him in the rearview. "Like, really likes you. Don't mess it up."

Tyrel's usual cocky smirk softened into something quieter. "Not planning to. First time in forever a girl looked at me like I was worth keeping around."

Jorge stared out the window for a second, streetlights sliding across his face. "So... uh. Camila and I had a moment tonight."

Ravi perked up. "A moment?"

Jorge nodded, almost shy. "We're together. For real. No more half-in, half-out games. No more flirt-and-flee. She said yes to actually trying."

"Damn!" Tyrel smacked the seat hard enough to make the truck shake. "Look at you, going from Mr. Casual to Mr. Commitment in one Halloween night. Proud of you, bro."

Ravi's grin was wide and genuine. "I'm happy for you, man. You two make sense. Like puzzle pieces that finally clicked."

Jorge rubbed the back of his neck, smiling small. "Thanks. Feels... steady. For once I don't feel like I'm chasing something that might disappear."

Bharath kept his eyes on the road but his voice was warm. "You looked different with her tonight. Calmer. Like you were already building something instead of just hoping for it."

Jorge exhaled slowly. "Yeah. Feels like I can finally stop running."

A comfortable quiet settled over the cab, the kind that doesn't need filling. Just four guys breathing the same air, letting the night sink in.

Then Tyrel clapped his hands once, sharp. "Okay, sentimental moment over. I'm starving. Like, hollow-leg starving."

"I could eat a cow," Ravi muttered, rubbing his stomach.

"Denny's?" Bharath suggested.

"Absolutely," Jorge said. "Late-night pancakes and fries are calling my name."

They rolled into the glowing 24-hour Denny's just off North Avenue, the parking lot half-full of other night owls and graveyard-shift workers. The four of them ordered like they hadn't eaten in days: mozzarella sticks dripping with marinara, chocolate milkshakes thick enough to stand a spoon in, hash browns scattered and smothered, western omelets the size of hubcaps, double stacks of pancakes drowning in syrup, and extra bacon because why not. Bharath quietly asked for two extra takeout bags, packed with extras for the girls.

The server, a tired but amused woman with a nametag that read "Tina," raised an eyebrow as she rang them up. "These extras for Marisol and Sarah, I assume?"

"And the rest of the coven," Bharath replied with a tired grin.

Tina chuckled. "Y'all had a night, huh?"

"You have no idea," Tyrel said, already stealing a fry from the to-go bag.

Back in the truck, the cab filled with the sweet-salty smell of syrup, grease, and comfort food. The windows cracked just enough to let in cool air while the heater hummed softly.

"You think the girls are still awake?" Ravi asked, balancing a milkshake between his knees.

Jorge snorted. "They're girls who danced in five-inch heels, plotted romantic takeovers, and came home smelling like victory and bad decisions. They're definitely still awake."

Tyrel rolled down his window and let the wind hit his face. "I haven't had a night like this since... ever. Felt like we were all exactly where we were supposed to be."

Bharath smiled as he turned onto the quiet residential road leading back to Sarah's place. "Let's hope it's the first of many."

By the time they pulled into the driveway, the house was mostly dark, save for a soft scatter of fairy lights twinkling in the living room windows like leftover stars. The porch light flicked on before Bharath even killed the engine.

The front door swung open. Marisol stood framed in the glow, wearing tiny pajama shorts and one of Bharath's oversized band tees, hair piled in a messy bun, face scrubbed clean and glowing. She blinked at the takeout bags in Bharath's arms, then whipped around toward the hallway like she'd been waiting for this exact signal.

"Girls! They brought food!"

A chorus of delighted squeals erupted from inside, followed by the rapid patter of bare feet.

Sarah appeared first, wearing nothing but one of Bharath's old college T-shirts that hit mid-thigh and fuzzy socks with little pumpkins on them. Her eyes lit up like Christmas when she saw the bags. Nandita peeked shyly from behind her, wrapped in a loose kurta and leggings, glasses slightly crooked. Camila followed, still toweeling offer curls, pajama bottoms glittering with the word "trouble" in silver script. LaTasha brought up the rear in a tank top and gym shorts, expression pure, unfiltered hunger.

Tyrel froze mid-step. "This is like being tackled by a sleepover."

"An elite sleepover," Sarah corrected, snatching a milkshake right out of his hand. "Don't cheapen it."

They spilled into the living room in a joyful tangle, collapsing onto the couch, floor pillows, beanbags, wherever space allowed. Plates were passed hand-to-hand. Syrup drizzled in reckless rivers. Mozzarella sticks disappeared in bites too big for polite

company. No one bothered with napkins; fingers were licked without shame. Drinks were shared freely, straws passed back and forth like sacred relics.

Camila, mid-chew on a pancake, pointed her fork at Jorge. "So... it's real?"

Jorge nodded, calm and certain. "It's real."

LaTasha raised her root beer in salute. "To no longer being stupid about love."

Everyone toasted with whatever was closest: milkshakes, coffee mugs, half-empty Sprite cans. The clink was messy and perfect.

Tyrel, fork hovering over hash browns, looked around the room. "Can we talk about how wild tonight actually was?"

"Please," Marisol said. "Because I need confirmation none of it was a group hallucination."

"Highlight reel," Ravi declared. "Go."

Camila started. "Tyrel getting absolutely bodied on the dance floor by LaTasha."

LaTasha grinned, unrepentant. "I was gentle."

"No, you weren't," Tyrel shot back. "But thank you for the violence. It was educational."

"Nandita," Sarah added, "accidentally out-nerding Ravi in front of god and everyone."

"She did what needed to be done," Marisol said with mock solemnity.

"Jorge and Camila kissing like the final scene of a rom-com," Bharath offered, grinning wide.

Camila rolled her eyes but leaned into Jorge anyway, shoulder against shoulder.

"And you three," Ravi said, pointing at Bharath, Marisol, and Sarah, "disappearing into the shadows like sexy vampires who forgot how doors work."

Bharath feigned innocence. "We just needed some air."

Sarah arched an eyebrow. "Very heated air."

The room dissolved into laughter again, the kind that starts small and builds until everyone is clutching their sides.

As the food slowly vanished and yawns began creeping in, the energy softened. Bodies shifted closer. Legs tangled. Heads rested on shoulders. The fairy lights cast a gentle golden glow over everything, turning the living room into something warm and safe.

"We need to do this more," Nandita said quietly, curled into Ravi's side, his arm draped lazily over her shoulder.

"Definitely," Jorge agreed. "We've got something good here."

"Not just the chaos and the heat," Marisol added, voice softer now. "The this. All of us together. Laughing. Eating. Being stupid and honest."

"Friends and freaks," Tyrel said proudly, raising the last fry like a toast.

"Chosen family," Sarah whispered.

They all nodded, the word settling over them like a blanket.

Outside, the Atlanta night had gone still. Inside, the house pulsed with quiet joy: bodies sprawled in comfortable heaps, breathing in sync, hearts full from a night that had somehow given everyone exactly what they needed.

It had been a night to remember.

And none of them would ever let it fade.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 116: Let Us Love You [18+]

[988 words]

The morning light spilled across the bed in golden ribbons, casting soft shadows over intertwined limbs and tousled hair. It filtered through the gauzy curtains of Sarah's bedroom, turning the pale walls to warm cream, the air fragrant with leftover traces of sex, skin, and vanilla lotion. The room, once sparse and impersonal, had transformed: a bra hooked over the back of a chair, a pair of Marisol's lace panties discarded on the windowsill, Sarah's sweater half-hanging from a drawer. It felt like *home* now.

Bharath woke first.

But he didn't move.

He couldn't.

Not with *this* kind of bliss weighing him down.

Marisol lay draped across his chest like a goddess asleep on her altar - one leg thrown possessively over his hip, her cheek against his heartbeat, her skin still warm from the night. Sarah was curled into his other side, her soft hair fanned out across his bicep, one hand tucked just under his ribs, as if she was afraid he might float away in his sleep.

Both girls still smelled like sleep and spice. Their breaths rose and fell in sync with his own.

They were all still naked.

Bharath closed his eyes for a moment and simply felt it.

Their skin against his.

The gentle ache in his muscles.

The faint sting of where Marisol had bitten his shoulder - hard - just before climaxing.

And the echo of Sarah's voice moaning his name in the dark like she was confessing something sacred.

He smiled.

Not a dream.

Not a hallucination.

Last night had *happened*. The laughter, the music, the dare. The way they'd pulled him into Sarah's room with wicked smiles and trembling fingers. The way they had undressed him together, eyes dark and reverent, as if unwrapping a long-awaited gift. The way they had *shared* him - not competitively, but with devotion. As if he belonged to both of them now.

He did.

Marisol stirred first. A sleepy sigh puffed against his chest, then a kiss - soft, aimless, affectionate.

“Good morning amor,” she murmured, voice rough and beautiful. “How did you survive us last night?”

“Barely... but joyfully,” he whispered, his arm tightening around her waist.

Sarah groaned softly. “What time is it?”

“Who the hell cares?” Marisol grumbled, planting another kiss on his collarbone. “We earned a late morning.”

Sarah shifted, blinking up at the ceiling, then at him. “Did we really...”

“...do that in the club last night and then again here?” Marisol finished with a grin. “Yes. Thoroughly. And repeatedly. My entire body is sore. You’re a monster mi corazon!”

Sarah laughed sleepily. “I wasn’t sure I’d be able to walk this morning.”

Marisol lifted herself on one elbow, the blanket slipping off one breast without apology. “You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

Bharath groaned. “This is already unfair.”

“You brought this on yourself,” Marisol said, dragging a finger down his chest.

“Don’t act like the victim,” Sarah added, pressing a kiss to his neck. “You’re the one who left bite marks like some kind of tattoo artist on a sugar high.”

Marisol blinked, then looked down.

“Oh my God.” She sat up straighter, inspecting her own body. “Look at these.”

Sarah twisted to examine her thigh, then the side of her breast. “Damn. He was busy.”

“They’re *everywhere*,” Marisol declared, turning and pulling her hair over one shoulder. “Check my back. Seriously.”

Sarah leaned over, fingers grazing lightly down Marisol’s spine, then gasped. “Oh my God, there’s like-three along your shoulder blade.”

Marisol grinned. “That’s it. We need a chart. A map. We’ll pin new ones every night like it’s a scavenger hunt.”

“You’re both insane,” Bharath muttered.

“We’re yours,” Sarah corrected, her voice dipping into something softer. “Completely.”

That silenced him.

He turned his head to look at her. Really *look*. Her eyes were wide, earnest, and so full of love it made his breath catch.

Marisol watched them both, her smile gentle now. "This right here. This is how we need to go to sleep every night."

Sarah's fingers laced with Bharath's. "Agreed."

Bharath looked between them, suddenly overcome. "This is too much," he murmured. "Too good."

"Shut up and enjoy it," Marisol said, and kissed his chest.

They lay like that for a while - bodies with intertwined limbs, hands drifting, mouths wandering from neck to shoulder to jawline. Not with urgency. With *desire*.

Until Marisol, never one to let peace reign too long, turned her head with a devious glint.

"So, Sarah," she began casually, "if this is how we wake up, what does our morning look like?"

Sarah raised a brow, but the smile tugging at her lips betrayed her. "I don't know. Maybe we take turns waking him up?"

Marisol purred. "I call *mouth* duty."

Sarah laughed. "Fine. I'll take... the other end."

Bharath sat up like he'd been struck by lightning. "No, no, no-don't say things like that so *casually*."

"Why not?" Marisol said, dragging her fingers up his thigh. "You're not intrigued?"

"I am many things," he said hoarsely. "But *composed* right now is not one of them."

Sarah leaned over and bit his shoulder - right next to the mark Marisol had left last night. "What if we made him beg?"

"Ay, *por favor*," Marisol groaned theatrically, arching her back in anticipation. "We could pin him down and just *watch* him squirm."

Bharath's breath came in fast, shallow gasps. His entire body was tight with tension - not fear, not resistance. Just need.

They were circling him now, voices sultry, touches maddeningly light.

“Make him wait,” Sarah whispered.

“Make him *earn* it,” Marisol added.

That broke him.

With a growl - low, guttural, unmistakably *possessive* - Bharath rolled, grabbing Marisol first and dragging her down beneath him in a flurry of limbs and laughter.

She yelped, delighted. “Yes! *Dom Papi engaged!*”

Sarah shrieked as he turned and reached for her next, pulling her against his chest and pinning her wrist playfully above her head.

“You want to play games?” he breathed, eyes wild.

“Yes,” they whispered in unison.

He kissed Sarah first - deep, hungry, claiming - then turned to Marisol, who grabbed his hair and pulled him in for more.

The blanket was long gone.

The sun was out now. Their friends were all downstairs.

And none of them gave a damn.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 117: A Misunderstanding

[909 words]

By the time the breakfast gang returned from *Blue Willow Diner* with brown paper bags in hand, the morning sun had risen high enough to paint the windows of Sarah’s house with gold. The air was still tinged with remnants of the wild night before - faint glitter near the front door, a half-deflated balloon caught in the corner of the ceiling, someone’s costume wig draped over a dining chair like a forgotten trophy.

But the house, thanks to a heroic early-morning cleanup mission, no longer looked like a battlefield.

While the rest of the gang had crashed in sleeping bags and on couches in the wee hours of the morning, Bharath, Marisol, and Sarah had padded around in oversized tees and borrowed socks, tidying up in warm silence. They'd collected plastic cups, wiped down countertops sticky with spilled drinks, and folded throw blankets around dozing bodies. It had been oddly intimate - three lovers moving in sync, sharing quiet glances and brushing shoulders, cleaning up the joyful mess their home had become.

Now, they returned with *veg breakfast wraps for Nandita and Bharath*, egg and bacon sandwiches for the rest, hash browns, a dozen muffins, and a tray of strong diner coffee.

LaTasha was the first to spot them from the couch, where she'd tucked herself into a hoodie and Tyrel's borrowed blanket.

"Oooh, look who's back from the land of pancakes and pillow talk," she called out, grinning.

"Don't start," Nandita warned, laughing as she carried the paper bags to the kitchen. "We brought food. Show gratitude, not sass."

"I'm fully capable of both," LaTasha replied, stretching with a groan. "But I will accept offerings."

The rest of the crew began to rouse, groggy but cheerful. Tyrel wandered in behind LaTasha, yawning, immediately stealing a muffin. Jorge and Camila emerged from the guest room looking thoroughly ruffled and smug, while Nandita, still in Ravi's Georgia Tech hoodie, tucked herself neatly onto the rug beside him with a quiet smile.

As plates were handed out and coffee poured into mismatched mugs, the atmosphere settled into something that felt like *home*. Not just housemates or party friends - but a tribe. A chosen family.

Marisol sat curled into Bharath's side, munching on a buttered slice of toast as she offered bites to both him and Sarah in turn.

Tyrel flopped onto the couch beside LaTasha and handed her half his sandwich. "This good enough for breakfast royalty?"

She took a bite, pretending to judge. "Acceptable. Barely."

Nandita and Ravi were deep in conversation about movie nights and upcoming debate club events, their knees brushing with each laugh. Camila was braiding Jorge's hair - or

trying to - while he read out loud from a quiz in *Cosmopolitan* with increasing theatrical flair.

Bharath glanced around the room, heart full. This wasn't a one-time party crowd. This was *his people*.

After breakfast, the slow ritual of cleaning began - less chaotic now, more familiar. Plates clinked gently in the sink. Mugs soaked in warm water. Someone vacuumed glitter out of the couch cushions with a vacuum that wheezed with exhaustion. Ravi and Tyrel were roped into helping Sarah water the plants, which had somehow survived the Halloween chaos but were looking visibly traumatized.

Marisol drifted toward Bharath at the sink, nudging him with her hip as he rinsed the coffee pot.

"I need to go home today," she said quietly.

Bharath turned to her, drying his hands on a dish towel. "Is everything okay?"

Marisol nodded, but the smile she gave him was strained. "Yeah. It's just... been a while. My mom's been asking questions. She tracks every missed call like it's evidence of a secret drug habit or a pregnancy."

He chuckled softly, brushing a stray curl from her forehead. "Want me to come with you?"

Her hand found the hem of his shirt, tugging lightly. "Yeah," she murmured. "Just you and me. First."

Neither of them noticed Sarah step into the room until she spoke, a dish towel in her hand, voice carefully neutral. "I can stay," she offered. "Let you two have space."

Marisol glanced at her — then instinctively turned back to Bharath. Her hand brushed his arm, seeking reassurance, grounding herself in him. She didn't mean it cruelly. But the message was clear.

"It's not about space, Sarah," she said, her voice gentle but her body still angled toward him. "It's just... my mom will know. The way we look at each other? It's not subtle. She'd see it in a second."

Sarah stopped mid-step.

Her eyes tracked the way Marisol's fingers curled around the hem of Bharath's shirt. The way his thumb brushed comfortingly over her knuckles. Like Sarah had become a witness to something Marisol claiming only between the two of them, but not a part of it.

Her smile didn't falter, but something behind it shattered.

"So..." she said slowly, "I'm the invisible girlfriend."

"No," Bharath said, stepping forward immediately. "You're not invisible-"

"It's okay," Sarah said, holding up a hand with a small, brittle smile. "I get it. You're trying to introduce her to *you two*. Me being there would just... confuse everything."

"Sarah-" Marisol started, reaching for her.

But Sarah had already taken a step back, her hand shaking slightly as she dropped the towel on the counter.

"It's fine. Really. I'll just-stay back. Clean up. Water the basil. It's nothing."

And then she turned, disappearing down the hallway into her room.

The door clicked shut.

The silence she left behind was far louder.

Marisol looked like someone had just slapped her. "Shit," she whispered, already starting to move after her.

But Bharath touched her wrist gently. "Let me."

Share to your friends

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

[1,355 words]

Bharath didn't hesitate.

He knocked once, gently, then cracked the door open and slipped inside. The room was dim, the curtains drawn halfway. Light filtered in soft and uncertain, like it wasn't sure if it was welcome. The air smelled faintly of the eucalyptus oil Sarah dabbed behind her ears when she was stressed.

She was curled on the far edge of the bed, knees drawn to her chest, face buried in her arms. Her shoulders trembled once. Then again.

"Sarah..." Bharath said softly, carefully, as though the wrong tone might make her vanish.

She didn't look up. "It's fine," she murmured, voice thick. "I knew this would be complicated. I signed up for it."

He crossed the room in two strides and sat beside her without hesitation, his weight shifting the mattress, grounding the space between them. He reached for her slowly, brushing his knuckles along the curve of her cheek until she turned toward him.

Her eyes were red. Not just from crying - but from the storm she was trying to suppress behind them. Rage. Shame. Longing.

"I know Marisol didn't mean it like that," she said. "But it still felt like... like I was being shelved. Like I only matter when it's convenient."

Bharath's chest ached.

He wrapped his arms around her and gently pulled her into his lap, cradling her like something precious, something fragile - but *not broken*.

"You didn't sign up to be a shadow," he whispered into her hair. "You signed up to be loved. And that's what you are."

She shuddered in his arms, the sound of his voice like a balm and a blade at once.

"You belong to me, Sarah," he whispered. "Not halfway. Not in secret. You're not a placeholder or a phase or a beautiful distraction. You're *mine*."

She looked up at that, eyes wide and searching. "You really believe that?"

"I do," he said, kissing her forehead. "And if you didn't believe it too... that would break my heart."

Her lip quivered. And then - a weak laugh. "You're such a dramatic nerd."

He chuckled softly. "And you're a beautiful mess."

Her arms tightened around him.

Bharath kissed her gently - first her cheek, then the corner of her mouth. "You know, Maria hasn't even accepted *me* yet. Marisol and I are still figuring it out, too. She's not hiding you. She's *protecting* you. From a mother who's terrified her daughter is drifting."

Sarah nodded slowly, but the pain hadn't left her face entirely. "I just... I've been left before. I know it's not the same, but it doesn't take much to bring it back. That feeling. The ache. The silence. That slow realization that you were never enough to be chosen."

His breath caught.

He hadn't heard her say it like that before.

Bharath cupped her face gently, thumbs brushing her cheeks. "Then we have a lot of work to do, don't we?"

She blinked. "What kind of work?"

"The kind where I keep reminding you - in every way I know - that you're chosen *every single day*. That you were never meant to beg for scraps. That you don't have to *earn* love here."

And then, softer: "You just have to let us give it to you."

A single tear slid down her cheek.

Bharath caught it with his lips.

"I don't know how to believe that all the time," she whispered.

"Then I'll say it until you do."

He kissed her again. This time deeper. Slower. With a reverence that said: *You matter. I see you. You're not going anywhere.*

"Still mine?" he asked against her skin, voice hoarse.

She nodded. "Every part."

"Even the part that ran away to cry?"

"Especially that part," she whispered, smiling through tears.

Bharath pressed her gently down onto the bed, his touch tender but firm. His fingers trailed along her waist, lifting the hem of her shirt inch by inch as his mouth followed. He worshipped her in murmurs and kisses - Tamil phrases slipping from his lips like holy promises.

Sarah's breath hitched. "I don't know what that means," she whispered.

"You don't have to," he said. "Just feel it."

He kissed the inside of her wrist. The hollow of her throat. The fading love bite on her collarbone.

Each kiss was a message: *You are loved. You are chosen. You are not forgotten.*

His hand slid between her thighs - not demanding, but coaxing. His touch was not fire. It was water. Warm. Soothing. Cleansing. And she melted into it.

Her eyes fluttered shut. Her hands reached for him, found his shoulders, his hair, anything to anchor her to this moment. To *him*.

“Bharath...”

“Yes?”

“I need more,” she whispered, voice raw.

“I’ll give you everything,” he replied.

And he did.

With slow, claiming strokes. With soft, broken praises whispered into her skin. With fingers threaded with hers as she trembled and cried out beneath him, not in pain, but in release. In *relief*.

Because in his arms, with his body worshiping hers, she felt something no therapist or journal or sleepless night had ever given her:

Safety.

Belonging.

When her breathing slowed, when the tears had stopped, when her body had finally gone limp beneath his, Bharath curled around her and whispered, “I’m going to spend the rest of my life helping you forget what it felt like to be unloved.”

She let out a soft laugh, muffled by his chest. “That’s a lot of responsibility.”

“I can handle it,” he said, kissing her temple. “You’re worth every second of it.”

She tilted her head to look at him. “You really mean it, don’t you?”

He nodded. “Every word. Every kiss. Every time I touch you, it’s a reminder that you’re not alone anymore.”

She cupped his face, eyes shining. “You’re healing me.”

He kissed her hand. “I’m just showing you what you already deserve.”

They lay together for a few minutes more, tangled in silence and sheets and breath, until Sarah’s voice broke the quiet.

“Should we call her in from downstairs?”

Bharath nodded. “Let her know you’re okay?”

Sarah bit her lip, then smiled. “Yeah. And let her know I’m not going anywhere.”

A few minutes later, there was a soft knock on the door.

Marisol stepped in, slower than usual. Her eyes were wide, searching, shoulders tense with guilt. She wasn’t the firebrand now - not the teasing siren or the confident lover - just a girl afraid she’d pushed someone she loved too far.

“Sarah...” she whispered.

But Sarah was already rising from the bed.

She was barefoot, Bharath’s oversized shirt wrapped loosely around her like a second skin. Her curls were mussed, her cheeks flushed, but her eyes - though still red-rimmed - had steadied.

“I’m okay,” Sarah said, voice even but gentle. “I just... needed a minute to fall apart.”

Bharath hugged her immediately and said, “You can fall apart with me. Always.”

Marisol’s throat worked, something unsaid caught there. “I didn’t mean to hurt you-”

“You didn’t,” Sarah said firmly, stepping forward. “You just hit a bruise that was already there.”

The words cracked something open in Marisol. Her shoulders slumped. “I should’ve known...”

“No,” Sarah cut in. “You couldn’t have. I didn’t even know it was still that raw.”

There was a beat of silence - thick, not heavy - and then Sarah stepped forward and wrapped her arms around Marisol’s waist. She pressed her cheek against her chest and exhaled.

“I’m not angry. I just...” Her voice broke for a moment, then returned. “I need a little more patience than most girls, I think.”

Marisol wrapped her arms around her without hesitation, holding her like she never wanted to let go. “Then that’s what you’ll get. From both of us. Always.”

Bharath moved forward and wrapped his arms around both women, pulling them close until they were one unit - one breath, one pulse, one heart.

“You’re not just part of this,” Marisol whispered into Sarah’s hair. “You’re not just part of this. You’re the reason it works. The glue holding us together.”

Sarah looked up at both of them, her heart full, her soul still trembling from being seen, touched, held. Bharath met her gaze - calm, quiet, open - and smiled.

And for the first time in what felt like years, she believed it.

She wasn’t a shadow.

She was theirs and they were hers.

But they weren’t finished.

“Don’t you think you two need to kiss and make up? With lots of tongue?” asked Bharath hopefully.

The girls pushed him on the bed and went out laughing.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 119: Making Plans

[1,198 words]

Later, when the house had quieted again, the three of them found their way back to Sarah’s room. No urgency now. No desperation. Just intention.

Sarah sat between them on the bed, knees drawn up, as they surrounded her - Marisol behind her, fingers gently combing through her hair, and Bharath in front, kneeling between her legs, his hands resting lightly on her thighs.

“We want to give you something,” Marisol murmured, brushing her lips to Sarah’s neck.

“Not a performance,” Bharath added. “Not a distraction. Just... our love. All of it. In the ways you can feel.”

Sarah’s breath caught. “You already have. I-”

“Shh,” Marisol whispered. “Let us remind you.”

Bharath leaned forward and kissed the inside of her wrist. "This," he said, pressing his lips there again, "is where your pulse reminds me you're alive."

Then he kissed the soft skin of her inner elbow. "This is where I honor the girl who holds her pain close."

A kiss on her shoulder. "This is where I carry you."

Marisol's hands slid under the hem of the shirt Sarah still wore - his shirt - and slowly peeled it upward, leaving goosebumps in their wake.

"You don't have to hide," she whispered. "Not with us. Not anymore."

Sarah lifted her arms and let the shirt slip away.

Bharath exhaled like it was the first breath he'd taken in hours. Marisol trailed kisses down Sarah's spine as she whispered soft encouragements in Spanish - sweet and slow.

"Hermosa... valiente... nuestra."

Sarah didn't understand every word, but the tone was enough. The reverence. The love.

Bharath's hands were steady as they traced her thighs, her hips, the soft curve of her waist. Marisol pressed forward, molding her body against Sarah's back, her lips brushing her ear.

"Let go, baby," she whispered. "Let us love you until the fear's too far to reach."

Sarah's body trembled, not from fear now - but from the overwhelming realization that she was safe. Loved. Held on every side.

Bharath's mouth found the base of her throat, worshipping her slowly as Marisol cradled her face, kissing away every leftover tear.

It wasn't sex.

It was healing.

It was togetherness.

Bharath's voice was soft, almost reverent. "Your body and soul are important to me. Not just because it's perfect. Because it's *yours*. Because it survived. And because it chose *us*."

Sarah closed her eyes, leaning back into Marisol's arms.

“Say it again,” she whispered.

Bharath kissed the swell of her breast, hand resting above her heart. “You’re sacred. You’re loved. You’re *ours*.”

Marisol’s lips brushed her ear again. “You’ll never be abandoned again, Sarah. Not while we breathe.”

Tears slid silently down her cheeks.

This time, they were tears of release.

Of gratitude.

Of joy.

When they finally lay down - all three wrapped together, skin to skin, heartbeats synchronized - no one spoke.

Sarah tucked herself into Bharath’s chest, Marisol’s arms curled around her from behind, her breath warm against the back of her neck.

“I think I believe it now,” Sarah whispered.

Bharath kissed her forehead. “Then we’ll keep showing you. Every day. In every way.”

“You’ll get tired,” she murmured sleepily.

Marisol chuckled. “Baby, have you *met* us?”

Sarah smiled. Her last waking thought was simple. Grounding.

I’m not waiting to be loved anymore. I already am.

The scent of coffee, warmed bread, and something vaguely citrusy drifted through Sarah’s house by late morning, mingling with the soft hum of chatter and the occasional clink of plates. After the morning’s emotional intensity, everything had shifted back into a rhythm - casual, affectionate, unhurried.

Sarah padded into the living room wrapped in a blanket, her curls damp from a quick shower, cheeks still flushed but smiling now. Marisol gave her a quiet thumbs-up from the kitchen, and Bharath winked at her from where he was fiddling with the 2 slice toaster. She blushed. It felt like the ground had steadied again beneath her feet.

Tyrel and LaTasha were seated on the floor playing Jenga with the focus of Olympic athletes. Jorge and Camila were wrapped around each other on the couch, trading

kisses and teasing commentary about which couple was the "grossest." Ravi and Nandita had taken up the armchairs and were deep in a debate about whether orange juice before coffee was a crime or a cleansing ritual.

"Alright, people," Nandita announced as she clapped her hands. "Serious question. Plans for tonight?"

"Don't say game night," Tyrel said without looking up. "We haven't recovered from the last one. Ravi's competitive spirit nearly caused an actual brawl."

"That was not a brawl," Ravi protested. "It was a passionate disagreement over Scrabble rules."

"It was a meltdown," Camila said, deadpan. "You tried to challenge 'empathize' as a made-up word."

"It sounded British," Ravi muttered, and Nandita elbowed him.

"Okay," she said, more brightly now. "New idea. There's a *Hindi* movie playing at Peachtree Cinemas tonight - an early premiere! It's from my *favorite* actor and actress- Shah Rukh Khan and Kajol. It's called *Kuch Kuch Hota Hai*. It's romantic, dramatic, funny... all the good stuff."

Ravi coughed into his mug. "Yeah. Super excited. *Huge fan!* Total cinema buff."

Marisol narrowed her eyes. "Are you lying to us, Ravi?"

He grinned tightly. "What? Me? No! I *love* dramatic love triangles where people cry in the rain and run through mustard fields."

Bharath barked a laugh. "You poor, poor man. You're about to be emotionally blackmailed by a song montage."

"I am a huge Bollywood fan," Nandita said proudly. "He's going to *love* it."

"I'm just saying," Bharath chimed in, raising his hands innocently, "some of us are lucky enough to *not* attend a three-hour emotional rollercoaster tonight."

Marisol raised an eyebrow. "Because you're escorting me to a different three-hour emotional rollercoaster?"

"Yes," he said without hesitation. "Your mother's house. High-stakes diplomacy. Possibly involving religious tension, maternal guilt, and verbal landmines."

"I'll bring popcorn," Sarah murmured under her breath, earning a snort from Tyrel.

“So what’s it about?” Camila asked, intrigued. “This Bollywood thing?”

Nandita beamed. “Okay! So Shah Rukh plays this college guy who’s best friends with this tomboy-Kajol-and then years later they reconnect and there’s this kid and-okay, it’s hard to explain, but it’s like *if Dawson’s Creek and My Best Friend’s Wedding and Mean Girls had a love child with a ten-song soundtrack.*”

Everyone blinked.

“I’m in,” Tyrel said immediately.

“Same,” Jorge nodded. “Sounds weird and dramatic. I love weird and dramatic.”

LaTasha tilted her head. “Do I need to understand Hindi?”

“Nope,” Ravi said. “There are subtitles. And *expressions*. Trust me, you’ll know exactly what they’re feeling.”

“I can’t believe you’re pretending to enjoy this,” Bharath said, shaking his head.

“I am not pretending,” Ravi deadpanned. “I am a man of culture.”

“A man whipped,” Bharath corrected.

Nandita grinned and leaned over to kiss Ravi’s cheek. “I like him whipped.”

“Thank God he looks good doing it,” Sarah added.

The room filled with laughter, warm and spontaneous. There was a kind of joy that came from not needing to be anything but exactly what you were - even if what you were was a bunch of sleep-deprived, mismatched college students figuring out life through pancakes and Bollywood.

As the group continued to talk logistics - carpool plans, showtime, whether they could sneak snacks into the theater - Bharath slipped his arm around both Marisol and Sarah’s waists as Sarah beamed at him and gave him a quick peck.

And even as he prepared to face one of the more terrifying tasks of his life - meeting Maria Rivera again - Bharath felt calm.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 120: First Bollywood Movie

[1,178 words]

The sky had just begun to darken when Tyrel's pickup truck and LaTasha's borrowed SUV pulled into the parking lot of Peachtree Cinemas. Neon lights flickered to life above the old-school marquee, which proudly displayed tonight's attraction in bold letters:

"Kuch Kuch Hota Hai - Special Early Release! Subtitled."

Sarah stepped out of the car, hugging her arms around herself against the October chill. Even with her jacket zipped and hair tucked up into a knit cap, she felt a curious flutter in her chest.

They weren't here.

No Marisol. No Bharath.

She missed them. The safety of them. The weight of Bharath's arm around her shoulders. Marisol's smart-mouthed commentary whispered into her ear.

But even so... being here with the gang - this wildly mismatched, affectionate, chaotic crew - filled something warm in her chest. She smiled as Ravi slammed the car door and began loudly detailing snack priorities to Nandita.

"Popcorn is non-negotiable," he said. "We can sneak in samosas, sure, but the smell is a dead giveaway."

Tyrel stretched with a groan. "Wait, how many Indian people *are* in Atlanta?"

Because the parking lot was *packed*.

Not just full, but *brimming* - with families in colorful clothing, students chattering in Hindi, Tamil, Gujarati, and languages none of them could name. Women in elegant kurtas and sequined shawls strolled next to teenagers in jeans and crop tops. Elderly couples stood beside hyperactive kids, their hands full of mango juice boxes and bags of Lay's Magic Masala.

LaTasha whispered, "This is *not* what I expected."

"Same," Camila added. "This is a *thing*."

"It's an *event*," Nandita corrected, taking Ravi's arm. "You think Americans get hyped about movies? Just wait till SRK shows up on screen."

“SRK?” Jorge asked.

“Shah Rukh Khan,” Ravi muttered, feigning reverence. “The king. The myth. The man whose eyebrow raises cause fainting spells across South Asia.”

“And Kajol,” Nandita added. “She’s chaos and fire and feelings and eyeliner. You’ll love her.”

They entered the theater in a wave of warmth and scent - cardamom, buttered popcorn, rose perfume, and the barely-contained buzz of a crowd *ready*. It felt like a party before the lights even dimmed.

The ticket taker, a college student in a kurta, greeted Nandita like an old friend. “Your seats are in row G. It’s next to the dancing aisle with the best acoustics.”

“Wait, dancing aisle?” Tyrel asked.

“You’ll see,” Nandita said with a grin that was both sinister and gleeful.

They shuffled to their row, nearly tripping over a sari-clad auntie dancing to a pre-show track playing over the speakers. Camila muttered, “This place is *jumping*.”

Sarah found herself sandwiched between Nandita and LaTasha. As she took in the sight of the packed house - laughing strangers, bright clothing, whispers of anticipation - something inside her clicked. This wasn’t just a movie. This was *belonging* for a community that had waited weeks for a slice of home.

And she got to be part of it.

The lights dimmed. The audience whooped. A wave of cheers broke out just for the *production company’s logo*.

“What the hell?” Tyrel whispered.

“Buckle up,” Ravi said.

Forty-five minutes in, the gang was trying to figure out *where the plot had gone*.

There had been an emotional flashback, a sporty college montage with folks who played basketball on a golf course, a precocious child with large eyes, and not one, not two, but *three* full musical numbers - complete with dramatic slow motion, unnecessary rain, and wind machines that no character acknowledged.

“This is like if *Saved by the Bell* and *Dawson’s Creek* had a fever dream,” Camila whispered.

"I'm not mad at it," LaTasha replied, swaying slightly in her seat as another love ballad started.

When Kajol entered the screen in a whirlwind of basketballs and tomboy swagger, the theater *exploded* in applause.

"Yaaaasss!" someone shouted behind them.

"That's Kajol?" Jorge asked. "I think I love her."

"You do," Nandita said solemnly. "We all do."

But it was when the fourth song began - an upbeat, synth-flavored number where Shah Rukh and Kajol bicker-danced across a college quad - that things really *took off*.

People stood up. Danced. No joke - entire rows of aunties, uncles, teenagers, and toddlers flooded into the aisles, moving in time to choreography they clearly knew by heart.

Tyrel's jaw dropped. "They're *dancing in the theater*."

Nandita was already standing. "This is your cue."

"Wait, *us*?"

"Yeah, *you!*" She grabbed Sarah's hand. "Come on, don't waste this!"

Within seconds, the entire group had been yanked into the aisle.

Jorge attempted some kind of salsa-hop hybrid, while Camila spun in a wide circle, narrowly missing an enthusiastic seven-year-old who was breakdancing.

Tyrel joined two college girls in sync as they reenacted the hook step. Ravi looked like he was actively praying, but Nandita looped his arms around her waist and dragged him into a semi-respectable sway.

Sarah froze for a second - overwhelmed by the energy, the color, the sheer *joy* of it all.

Then she caught LaTasha's eye, who was laughing freely now, twirling with her braids flying.

Sarah grinned - and let go.

She danced. Badly, at first—more elbows than grace, until the rhythm remembered her body and she remembered she didn't care.

She closed her eyes and let the music carry her. For once, no eyes judged. Every cheer, every clap, every whistle from the crowd was *encouragement*. They weren't just watching a movie - they were *inside* it.

By the intermission - yes, there was an actual intermission - the group collapsed into their seats, breathless and euphoric.

"Okay," Tyrel gasped. "I have never danced in a movie theater before. But that was spiritual."

Ravi slumped against Nandita. "We still have another half of this?"

"Yes," she said brightly. "We haven't even gotten to the *tragic letters* part."

Jorge blinked. "There's a tragic letter?"

"No, no," Ravi corrected. "No reincarnation. Just destiny. And overdramatic timing."

"Same thing," Tyrel muttered.

In the second half, the mood changed - dramatic plot twists, tearful monologues, thunderous background scores. And yet... the audience stayed loud.

People *groaned* when a character said something dumb. They *cheered* when someone stood up for love. Whistles erupted every time Shah Rukh Khan smiled just right.

At one point, when Kajol walked away from him in slow motion, a middle-aged woman behind them actually shouted, "*Pagli! Turn around!!*"

Sarah leaned against LaTasha, laughing so hard her sides hurt.

By the time the credits rolled, everyone was on their feet again, clapping like they'd witnessed a Broadway finale.

As they spilled out into the cool night air, the group buzzed with energy.

"I cried three times," Camila admitted. "That kid's speech at the campfire? *Wrecked me.*"

"Why did it *work* though?" Jorge asked. "Like... it's cheesy, but it *hits.*"

"Because it's about *feeling*," Nandita said. "No irony. Just full-on sincerity. That's what Bollywood *is.*"

Sarah smiled, spinning in the parking lot. "I want to do that again. All of it."

Ravi exhaled, eyes wide. “You all are *not* dragging me into another three-hour emotional rollercoaster.”

Tyrel patted him on the back. “You know you are going to be back, my man. Accept your fate.”

Sarah glanced up at the stars and sighed. She still missed Marisol. Still wished Bharath had been there to see her dance in a theater aisle like a madwoman.

Maybe she would give him a private performance with fewer clothes. She was sure he would appreciate that more.

Share to your friends

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