

# Their Wonder Years: Fall 98

## Chapter 141: Mia Sees the Throuple

[ 1,376 words ]

Marisol linked her arm through Mia's the moment they stepped through the door.

"Come on," she grinned. "Let's get you changed before you turn into an icicle. I've got something you can borrow."

Mia laughed. "Is it going to be one of your ancient high school sweatshirts?"

"It's clean," Marisol teased. "And it's got soul."

They disappeared into the back bedroom, giggling as they passed down a narrow hallway that smelled faintly of lavender and laundry detergent.

Inside the bedroom, the lamp on the nightstand cast a warm halo over the room. The bed was unmade-pillow dents and blankets tossed in a way that hinted at a life being lived in full.

Mia sat on the edge of it and pulled off her boots while Marisol rummaged through a drawer.

"You've been living here a while?" Mia asked.

"Mostly. The dorm gets... tricky." Marisol straightened with a triumphant noise and tossed Mia a t-shirt two sizes too big. "I bounce back and forth. But here, we can actually cook, be loud, stay up late. It's more 'us.'"

Mia raised a brow. "Who's 'us,' exactly?"

"Me, Bharath... and Sarah. And whoever else crashes here depending on the night."

"Mm." Mia pulled the hoodie over her head and caught a whiff of fabric softener and something warm and spicy underneath. She didn't comment on it.

They both changed into pajama bottoms-Mia in comfy cotton bottoms and Marisol in flannel-and curled up for a moment on the bed, giggling like they used to during summer nights when their mom thought they were asleep.

“I didn’t realize how much I missed this,” Mia said quietly.

Marisol looked over at her sister. “Me either.”

It surprised them both, how easy this felt. How all the distance of the past few months, the unspoken tension of growing up and apart, seemed to melt in the comfort of soft clothes and the hum of sisterhood.

Then, Marisol stood and held out a hand. “Let’s go make fun of whatever movie Bharath hates the most.”

Back in the living room, Sarah had changed into a matching navy-blue pajama set, her silky hair now let down in soft waves. She looked like she’d stepped out of a vintage sleepwear catalog—only real, and stupidly, unfairly pretty. Like someone Mia might’ve hated in high school... if she weren’t smiling like that.

Bharath was already seated cross-legged on the couch, wearing an old faded t-shirt and sweatpants. He looked so relaxed, like the day hadn’t touched him at all.

The coffee table had been cleared to make space for a bowl of pretzels, and a bottle of Coke.

“You ready?” Sarah asked, holding up two VHS tapes. “We’ve narrowed it down.”

“We? I wanted to watch *Die Hard* or *Terminator 2*,” muttered Bharath sadly.

“Hush you. Choice one,” Marisol said, dramatically presenting *Ever After* like it was a holy artifact. “Or choice two...” she gestured to Sarah, who raised the second option.

*Practical Magic*.

Mia gasped. “Wait. These are both amazing.”

Bharath groaned softly. “I’m outnumbered, aren’t I? Can’t we watch a fun movie like *Starship Troopers* or something? Denise Richards is hot in that one.”

Sarah tossed a pillow at him. “You don’t get a vote. You get cuddles.”

Marisol winked. “And maybe foot rubs if you’re good.”

Mia giggled and plopped into a comfy armchair. “Let’s go with *Practical Magic*. It’s weird and witchy and everyone looks great in the moonlight.”

Sarah popped the tape into the VCR while Marisol dimmed the lights.

Bharath stretched out and shifted so he sat in the middle of the couch, and as if it were choreographed, Marisol and Sarah flanked him on either side-legs tucked under, arms draped casually across his middle. Marisol's head nestled into his shoulder while Sarah's arm slid around his waist like it belonged there.

Mia blinked.

Something in her stomach tightened-so quickly, she almost didn't notice it.

She'd expected to see Marisol cuddle Bharath. That made sense. But Sarah? It wasn't just the way Sarah curled into him - it was how Bharath's fingers found her spine like muscle memory. No hesitation. No boundaries. Like she'd always belonged there. The way her body curved toward him, the way his hand casually found the small of her back-it was too familiar. Too natural.

*I wish that were me*, Mia thought before she could stop herself.

The thought hit like a spark-hot, immediate, and irrational.

She looked away, cheeks flushing. *God, what's wrong with me? He's my sister's boyfriend.*

And yet... she couldn't ignore the way Sarah looked at him. Like he was hers, too.

But thirty minutes into the movie, she realized something was... off. Somewhere between the midnight margaritas and Sandra Bullock's spellwork, Mia's brain began to itch.

They weren't just close. They were *close*.

Marisol had curled her hand around Bharath's wrist. Sarah had her head resting just below his jaw, fingers absentmindedly tracing his chest. Bharath hadn't moved-he was not even watching the movie. He had his eyes closed with an expression that could almost be described as peaceful-but his arms were comfortably around both girls, one hand stroking Marisol's hair, the other resting low on Sarah's back.

Mia's gaze darted between them. Marisol. Bharath. Sarah.

Their faces were calm. This wasn't awkward for them. They weren't trying to hide it. Because to them, this wasn't a secret. It was life.

Mia's eyes widened.

"Wait," she blurted. "What is happening?"

The room went still.

Sarah paused the VCR without a word.

Marisol looked up, blinking, as if pulled from a nap.

Bharath turned his head slowly. "Mia—"

"No, seriously," Mia said, sitting up straighter. "What is this? Why are both of you—" she pointed at Marisol and Sarah, "—wrapped around him like he's your personal space heater?"

Marisol smiled faintly. "Well, he is."

Sarah added gently, "He runs hot."

"That's not an answer."

A silence settled over them. It wasn't tense-yet. But it was weighty.

Mia's heart pounded. Her mind was racing. And yet, what surprised her most was that she didn't feel... angry. Not exactly. More stunned. Disoriented.

Marisol shifted to sit upright beside Bharath, her eyes searching her sister's. "We were going to explain. But we wanted you to see it first."

"See what?" Mia said slowly.

Bharath met her gaze. His voice was calm. "That what we have... isn't typical."

Mia looked at Sarah, who was watching her with quiet kindness. Then at Marisol, whose fingers were still brushing against Bharath's thigh like it was second nature.

Something cold and warm and confused swirled in Mia's chest.

"You're... all together?" she said finally. "Like... you and him and her? "

No one corrected her.

"Oh my God! Since when?" Mia asked, her voice sharper than she meant. "How long has this been going on?"

"We felt something for Sarah the night we met her. But officially, we have been together for a few weeks now," said Bharath with gravity. "We knew we had something for each other the moment we met. We are soulmates."

"Soul-what?"

“Mia,” Marisol began, “we didn’t want to keep you in the dark. But it’s a lot to take in. That’s why tonight-”

“You wanted me to see it for myself,” Mia finished. “So it wouldn’t sound insane when you explained.”

Sarah nodded. “Exactly.”

Mia looked at Bharath again, and he was watching her-not apologetic, not defensive, just open. Steady.

She didn’t know what she expected to feel.

Jealousy? Maybe.

Shock? Definitely.

But mostly... she felt like she was standing at the edge of a pool. The water was unfamiliar, shimmering in the dark, and everyone else was already inside-smiling, arms open, beckoning her in.

And for some reason...

She wasn’t entirely sure she wanted to walk away.

The room was too quiet.

The kind of quiet that didn’t feel calm, but *loaded*-the air thick with the weight of something unspoken, something seismic.

Mia sat still, spine straight, arms folded tightly across her chest as if bracing for a gust of wind. Her legs were curled under her, but she didn’t feel small. She felt *compressed*. Like she was trying to hold in everything that had just broken loose in her chest.

Her question-*You’re all together?*-still echoed in her ears.

And here they were - bundled together - looking unrepentant right in front of her when she had asked them the question. Bharath even said that they were soulmates! It sounded ludicrous.

But it hadn’t been followed by awkward laughter or stammering. There were no excuses or clarifications. Just a shared glance between Marisol and Sarah. Just Bharath’s maddening silence, as if he knew that no words would change the truth anyway.

They were all together. Her gorgeous sister. This stunning woman. And *him*.

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## Chapter 142: We Work Together!

[ 2,052 words ]

Mia's gaze drifted from Marisol-curled so naturally against Bharath's side-to Sarah, her hand still casually resting on his chest like it had lived there for years. Bharath didn't look nervous. He wasn't trying to explain or backpedal. He just sat between them, quiet and composed, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to be adored by two women at once.

Mia's stomach twisted.

Her first instinct had been jealousy. But it faded almost immediately, replaced by something more complicated. Confusion. Curiosity. And the nagging sense that she had walked in halfway through a story that had started without her.

And then came the strangest feeling of all: *betrayal*.

Not by Bharath. By *Marisol*.

"You love him," Mia said, her voice low but steady.

Marisol nodded, serene as ever. "I do. Completely."

Mia's fingers clenched around the throw pillow in her lap. "Then *how* can you share him with someone else?"

Sarah looked down politely, as if knowing this wasn't her moment. Bharath met Mia's eyes with that same maddening calm, giving her space. But it was Marisol who leaned forward, her voice still soft.

"It's not what you think."

Mia's mind raced. This wasn't about some fling. It wasn't about cheating. It wasn't even about threesomes or curiosity. The affection in the room wasn't performative or casual.

It was *intimate*. And deep.

Mia swallowed hard, suddenly aware of how fast her pulse was thudding in her ears.

She wasn't just witnessing a romantic twist.

She was standing at the edge of something far more intense-and terrifyingly real.

Mia didn't speak for a long moment. She just stared at her sister-this sister she thought she knew.

Marisol had always been strong. Fierce. Protective. The type of girl who once dumped a guy via a note written on his windshield because he hit on another girl at a party. She was not the type to *share*. Especially not something like this.

Especially not *Bharath*.

Mia leaned forward, arms still crossed but eyes locked. "You're not just saying you're okay with this. You're... what? *Happy* about it?"

Marisol nodded slowly, eyes calm and clear. "Yes."

"Why?" Mia snapped. "Why would you ever want to do this? You're in love with him. I've seen it. You look at him like he's the center of the damn universe."

Marisol's lips curved. "Because he is."

"Then why let someone else into your orbit?"

Mia didn't mean to sound harsh, but she couldn't help it. The words tumbled out with the force of someone trying to protect someone they loved-even if she wasn't sure from what.

"Did he ask you to do this?" Mia demanded. "Did he... pressure you? Or guilt you? Did he make it seem like if you *really* loved him, you'd accept this?"

Marisol's eyes didn't waver. "No. Never."

"You swear?"

"I swear." Marisol reached over, took her hand. "Mia, he would've walked away before asking me to accept something I didn't want. He's not like that."

Mia didn't pull away, but she didn't relax either. "Then how did this happen? Why even... *consider* sharing him?"

Marisol took a deep breath and leaned back slightly, searching for the right words.

"Because I saw how Sarah looked at him. I saw what it did to him. And I saw something

else too-how much love he had to give. How deeply he could hold both of us without pulling away from either.”

“That sounds like something out of a fantasy novel.”

“It felt like one at first,” Marisol admitted. “I was confused too. And I was jealous at the beginning. I won’t lie.”

Mia blinked. “So what changed?”

“I realized Sarah and her feelings towards Bharath weren’t a threat,” she said. “Sarah wasn’t taking something from me. She was adding to it. Her love didn’t make his love for me smaller. It made it *stronger*.”

Mia shook her head slowly, not in disbelief-but in awe. “I don’t know if I could do that.”

“You don’t have to,” Marisol said gently. “This isn’t a recruitment pitch. It’s just what works for *us*.”

“But you still love him, right?”

“God, yes,” Marisol said, laughing softly. “More than ever.”

“And you’re not scared she’s going to take him away from you?”

“No,” Marisol said. “Because we’re both *his*. And he’s ours. He doesn’t have favorites. He gives each of us something different.”

Mia’s voice dropped. “But what if he falls in love with someone else later? A *third* girl?”

“There is no third girl. I-,” interrupted Bharath.

Marisol smiled faintly as Sarah and her hushed Bharath. “Then we talk. We feel it out. We see what makes sense. We don’t force anything. No one is ever brought in unless everyone’s on board. This isn’t some conquest list for him. It’s a home we build together.”

That stunned Mia.

The word *home*.

Because that was what the room *felt* like.

Not a fantasy. Not a dorm hookup gone wild.

But something deeper. Softer. Hard-earned.

And still...

"You're really not jealous at all?" Mia asked again, quieter this time.

Marisol shrugged. "Sometimes. I mean, I'm human. But it's never ugly. It's just... growing pains. And he's always there, reminding me how seen I am. How loved I am."

Sarah spoke up from the other side of the couch, her voice a gentle murmur. "He anchors us. Even when we wobble."

Mia turned back to Marisol. "But what if she-" She nodded toward Sarah. "What if she touches him in a way that's *yours*? Doesn't that hurt?"

Marisol shook her head. "There's no such thing as 'mine' with him. Not like that. It's not about territory. It's about connection. And what we have is so strong, it doesn't need to be policed. It just *is*."

Mia's brow furrowed. "But what happens when it's not just kisses and cuddles? What if Sarah has a bad day and needs him more, but you're hurting too? What if one of you wants more and the other's too tired to give it?"

Sarah looked at her with quiet empathy. "Then we talk. And sometimes we fight. But it's never a competition. He listens. He adjusts. We all do."

Marisol nodded. "It's happened. More than once. We've had days when I felt overwhelmed and Sarah needed him too. Or when I wanted something more physical and she just needed to be held. It's not always perfect."

Sarah added gently, "But Bharath... he sees it. All of it. He notices when one of us starts to shrink into the background. And he pulls us back in. Every time."

Marisol smiled faintly, remembering. "He never lets anyone feel invisible. Even when he's exhausted, even when we're a mess. He'll take the time to sit with us separately, or hold us both. Sometimes we cry it out together. Sometimes we switch places without a word, like passing each other the baton."

Mia's gaze flicked between them.

Sarah continued, voice soft but certain. "And somewhere along the way, Mari and I started to lean on each other too. Not romantically. But emotionally. We talk now. Really talk. We've learned each other's rhythms. Her silences don't scare me anymore. And I know when she needs space versus when she needs a blanket and a sarcastic joke."

Marisol grinned. "And I've learned that Sarah over-explains when she's anxious. So I listen. I don't roll my eyes anymore."

They both laughed, the ease between them palpable.

“But that’s the thing,” Marisol said, her tone gentler now. “We love him. And because we love him, we love each other enough to protect this. To not hurt each other. To not let silence become distance.”

Sarah nodded. “That’s why we talk. Even when it’s awkward. Even when it’s hard. Especially then.”

Mia’s brow furrowed. “Okay... but what happens when you fight? Like really fight. Does one of you ever feel left out? Or worse - ganged up on?”

Sarah answered first, her voice measured. “That happened once. Early on. I shut down, and Marisol got defensive. Bharath tried to mediate, but it only worked because we all circled back later. With honesty. And a lot of humility.”

“He was so sad that day,” Marisol added, smirking. “That part broke us more than the fight.”

Bharath flushed. “I just didn’t want to hurt either of you. I still don’t. Every time we have a hard moment, I feel like I’m failing both.”

That stunned Mia. His eyes really meant it. The guilt wasn’t performative. It was bone-deep.

And somehow... it made him even more impossible to hate.

“What if one day he... stops loving one of you?” Mia asked.

Marisol and Sarah looked at each other - and started laughing.

“Sorry,” Sarah said, wiping a tear. “It’s not that the question’s dumb. It’s that we’ve both asked it. A million times.”

“Every week in the beginning,” Marisol said, nodding. “I once cried in the shower because he looked at Sarah longer than me during dinner.”

Bharath turned red. “I didn’t even know that.”

“Exactly,” Sarah said. “That’s the thing. We all panic sometimes. But then he kisses us like he’s starving. And we remember - it’s not about *how long* he looks. It’s *how deeply*.”

Mia stayed quiet, but her heart fluttered.

It didn’t sound fake. It sounded lived in.

“And so far,” Marisol added, her voice quiet but firm, “it’s worked. Because we choose it. Every day. Because we love each other too much to let anything fester.”

Mia didn’t speak right away. Her expression was thoughtful, her fingers curling slightly against the edge of the blanket on her lap.

Marisol reached forward, her voice steady but soft. “It’s not a fantasy, Mia. We have real moments. Real pain. But we’ve built something with room for all of us to breathe. And Bharath... he’s the glue. Not because he demands it, but because he holds us when we bend. And we hold him too.”

Sarah nodded. “It only works because we’re all holding it together. With love. With honesty. And with more communication than most people think is possible.”

Mia nodded slowly, visibly filing the answer away. It wasn’t a fairy tale. But maybe that made it more real. She sank back into the couch slowly, eyes wide and overwhelmed. “This is wild.”

Marisol chuckled. “It is. But it’s also... peaceful. Which is even wilder.”

Mia closed her eyes briefly, then opened them. “So let me get this straight. You love him. He loves you. You’re his. But Sarah is also his. And you love *her*... but only because she’s part of this?”

Marisol nodded. “That’s a fair way to put it.”

“And you two...” Mia glanced at Sarah, then back to Marisol. “You do stuff. Together. For him.”

“When we feel like it,” Marisol said with a wink. “Not for points. Not on demand. But sometimes... it’s fun.”

“And you’re okay doing that?”

Marisol’s eyes twinkled. “If you saw his face when we did, you’d be okay too.”

Mia felt her cheeks burn.

“And you’re not worried you’ll lose yourself in this?” she asked, voice quieter again. “Like... forget who you are?”

Marisol reached over and touched her cheek gently. “I’ve *never* felt more myself than when I’m with him. He sees me. All of me. And so does she. There’s no pretending here.”

Mia tilted her head, searching her sister’s face like it was a puzzle she hadn’t solved yet.

“Okay... but that’s what’s tripping me out. A few months ago, you were colder than Antarctica. You used to mock girls who cried over boys. You once told me-and I quote- ‘romance is a performance for dumbasses with hormones.’”

Marisol winced. “Oof. That does sound like me.”

“So how the hell does that girl,” Mia gestured pointedly, “end up in this? Naked cuddling with two people every night? Sharing your man with someone who could be on the cover of *Maxim*?”

Marisol didn’t flinch. “Because love didn’t make me smaller. It made me bigger. Bharath didn’t just melt the ice. He made me feel... safe enough to bloom.”

“Even if you have to share him?”

“Especially because I do,” she said softly. “He’s not mine to cage. He’s mine to *witness*.”

“But how do you know it’ll last?” Mia asked. “College relationships fall apart all the time. What makes this different?”

Bharath finally spoke - not defensive, but calm. “I don’t know that it will last. But I know I want it to. Enough to work for it every single day.”

Sarah took his hand. “We didn’t fall into this. We built it. Slowly. Painfully. And we’re still building.”

Marisol nodded. “And when something breaks? We don’t throw it out. We fix it.”

“Together,” Bharath said quietly. He squeezed the girls hands as they both kissed him reverentially.

“Para siempre, mi amor,” said Marisol with tears in her eyes.

And for the first time in Mia’s life... she didn’t have a comeback.

Because her sister didn’t just sound okay.

She sounded *whole*.

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## Chapter 143: I Think We Need Your Help

[ 917 words ]

The room had settled into a soft quiet, the kind that followed emotional unraveling. Snacks had been abandoned, the VHS tape left paused and forgotten. A single lamp cast a warm circle of light across the living room, giving everything a dusky, golden hue. Mia leaned into the couch's corner, blanket pulled over her legs, but her body was thrumming with something far hotter than the chill in the air.

She had stopped trying to pretend she wasn't aroused.

That ship had sailed twenty minutes ago-somewhere between Marisol's hand curling against Bharath's stomach and Sarah's offhand mention of "making it up" to him after a moment of jealousy.

Mia couldn't unsee the images her mind had conjured.

So instead, she clutched her soda and asked the one question that had started itching under her skin since the very beginning.

"What about your families?"

All three of them went still.

Not tense.

But thoughtful.

Marisol was the first to speak. "Society? The campus gossip mill? That part's been... manageable. Actually, kind of funny."

Mia raised a brow. "Funny?"

Sarah smirked. "There was a rumor last week that Bharath had hypnotized us."

"He *has* hypnotic hair," Marisol muttered into her cup.

Bharath groaned. "Please."

"I'm serious," Sarah said. "Someone tried to sneak into one of our study sessions just to 'observe the alpha male's aura.'"

"That explains the guy holding a crystal outside the engineering lab," Mia muttered.

They all laughed.

Mia tilted her head. "Okay. So that explains why everyone treats him like a celebrity?"

Sarah and Marisol looked at each other. Then at Mia.

And *grinned*.

Mia's mouth fell open. "Wait. *You two started it?!*"

"I may have," Sarah said sweetly, "accidentally kissed him in public. In front of Marisol. Very dramatically."

"In front of the dining hall," Marisol clarified. "Near the soup station."

"Someone took a picture," Sarah added. "Then posted it on the common board with a caption that said: 'One man. Two goddesses. All hail the king.'"

Mia wheezed. "Oh my god. *That's* what that was about?"

Bharath covered his face. "I begged them not to post it."

"Which made it *funnier*," Marisol said.

"But... it kind of made things easier," Sarah admitted. "People stopped asking if it was just rumors. And we stopped hiding."

Mia shook her head, laughing into her sleeve. "Okay, but *then* why are you telling everyone your secret weapon is *Wild Stone* Bharath?"

Bharath looked up, confused. "What? It is-"

"I *knew* it," Sarah declared. "He told someone in the dorm that it's his signature cologne. Said it 'unlocked the universe.' It was probably a joke, but now half the guys on campus are reeking of that chemical mess."

Marisol groaned loudly. "*You did not.*"

"But it's why I got you and-"

"It's like inhaling cheap whiskey through a gym sock!" Sarah added.

"Hey! But it got me you two! I just want to spread the love to the others".

"Trust me - you got us despite it, definitely not because of it. We even threw it out secretly," Marisol muttered. "But now it's *everywhere*."

Mia laughed so hard she nearly spilled her drink.

“But seriously,” she said once she caught her breath, “society’s one thing. What about your *families*? That’s where it gets tricky.”

Marisol’s face sobered slightly. Sarah’s did too.

And then Sarah said, very softly, “Mine’s... not complicated.”

They turned toward her.

“Because I don’t have one.”

The words weren’t bitter. They weren’t even sad. They were just... quiet.

“I grew up in foster care. A few homes. Some were okay. Some weren’t.” She looked down at her hands. “So there’s no one waiting at Thanksgiving. No one I have to explain this to.”

The silence that followed was thick with emotion.

Marisol reached over and slid her arm around Sarah’s back.

“You have us now,” she said.

Bharath nodded. “Always and forever.”

Sarah looked up-and Mia watched, stunned, as Marisol leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to her lips. Not deep. Not possessive. Just... loving. Then Bharath and Sarah shared a very loving, passionate kiss.

Mia’s breath hitched. She squeezed her thighs and stared. How could something so taboo look so... reverent? She had seen girls kiss before of course - but it was all for fun. This was so much more!

Her eyes locked onto the shape of their mouths. The closeness. The ease of it.

*God.*

She licked her bottom lip without realizing-and caught both girls catching it. Their expressions flickered-but neither said a word.

Mia turned quickly to hide the heat in her face.

“What about you?” she asked Bharath. “Your family’s... traditional, right?”

He hesitated. "Very. South Indian. Conservative."

"That's going to be..." Mia trailed off.

"Hard," he finished. "They won't understand. At least not at first."

"And you're okay with that?"

"No," he said honestly. "But I'm working on it. On how to explain. On how to live in a way that honors them while also honoring myself and my women."

"We want to help," Marisol said. "But it's going to take time."

"We've started learning about his culture," Sarah added. "Small things. Language. Food. Festivals."

"And if we have to..." Marisol's voice softened. "We'll go with him. To India. If that's what it takes to stay together."

Mia stared. "You'd... leave everything behind? Just like that?"

Marisol nodded. "For him? Yes."

The sincerity in her voice knocked the wind out of Mia.

*She really would.*

Marisol didn't say it like a girl in love. She said it like a woman who'd *chosen* her person and would follow him anywhere.

Mia's chest tightened.

She wasn't sure if it was envy or admiration. Or maybe something deeper-like longing.

A strange hope blossomed in her gut.

*Could I do that?*

Marisol sighed softly. "And then there's Mami."

Mia looked up, startled. "Wait. You mean Mom?"

Marisol nodded. "Yeah. I mean-our mom. But this is where I think we need your help."

Mia blinked. "My help?"

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## Chapter 144: Why Him?

[ 1,130 words ]

Bharath shifted slightly, leaning forward, arms now resting on his knees. “We’ve been talking about how to tell her. And we realized... you might be the best person to help us figure that out.”

Mia stared at them. “Wait. Back up. You want *me* to help you break this to Mom?”

Sarah nodded. “It sounds crazy, I know. But you know her. Mari says you know how to read her moods better than anyone. You’re her favorite.”

“I am *not* her favorite,” Mia said, heat rushing to her cheeks.

“Please,” Marisol said, raising a brow. “She calls you her ‘future genius’ and once said I should ‘take notes’ from how intelligent you are.”

“That was after you dyed your hair with Kool-Aid and skipped class to go to a punk show,” Mia muttered.

“Details,” Marisol shrugged.

“We need pictures,” whooped Sarah.

Mia folded her arms, suddenly aware of how *strange* it was to be talking about their mother in the same breath as the trio curled up in front of her—the trio that had kissed, touched, and shared a man like it was the most natural thing in the world.

“But seriously,” Marisol said. “We don’t want to blindside her. And we don’t want her to hate Bharath more than she does already.”

“She doesn’t hate him,” Mia said automatically. “She’s... cautious. But I think she respects him now.”

“Which is why this has to be handled delicately,” Bharath added. “I’m already skating on thin ice just by dating her daughter. Let alone... Sarah as well.”

Mia looked from him to Sarah and Marisol again.

She felt something unfurl in her chest.

*They're including me.*

Not just in strategy.

But in trust.

In a private thing that could shake everything.

And the truth was, she *wanted* to help. Desperately.

Not just for Marisol.

For Bharath. Because some part of her-the part that had been squeezing her thighs together all night and imagining what it would feel like to press her lips to the same skin they had-was quietly screaming: *This is your in.*

If she helped them... she'd be close.

Closer than ever.

And maybe-*maybe*-if they saw how good she was at navigating all this, they'd start imagining what it would be like to have her in more than just a strategic role. They are even open to sharing him with each other.

*Maybe I could belong here too.*

"I'm in," Mia said finally, voice a little breathless.

Sarah's eyes sparkled. "You are?"

Mia nodded, her chest buzzing. "You'll need someone who can soften the blow. Mom's old-fashioned, but if she sees how happy Marisol is... and how honest you all are..." She trailed off, then looked up. "It could work."

Marisol smiled wide and proud. "That's my baby sister."

Mia rolled her eyes. "I'm not a baby."

"Fine. Hot sister who's smarter than me."

"Now you're pandering."

But the warmth in the room thickened.

Bharath leaned back, his expression fond. “Thank you, Mia. Seriously. This means a lot.”

She looked at him-looked at how his arm was slung around Marisol, how Sarah had nestled into his other side-and something in her pulse kicked.

She wondered-if she leaned in now... would he pull her close too?

She didn't move.

But she *thought* about it.

Mia tucked her legs under her, the hem of Marisol's borrowed T-shirt barely grazing the tops of her thighs. Her gaze flicked to Bharath, then down to her lap, then back to him again.

Her voice came quieter this time. Not teasing. Not strategic.

“Can I ask something... personal?”

Bharath nodded, his expression open. “Always.”

She hesitated for just a moment. “How is this fair?”

Marisol cocked her head. “What do you mean?”

“I mean...” Mia glanced between the three of them. “You two are obviously in love with him. And you're sharing him. But... he's not sharing you. With anyone else. It's kind of a one-way street, right?”

Bharath's shoulders stiffened immediately. “I've wondered that too,” he admitted, voice lower now. “A lot. I've always felt it's... unequal. Sometimes I think I don't deserve what they give me.”

“Sometimes I feel like I tricked you both into this,” Bharath said, his voice barely audible. “I showed up-awkward, horny, lonely-and you two... god. You're so out of my league it's almost embarrassing. If you left me tomorrow, I'd get it.”

Sarah turned toward him, face softening. “Oh, baby.”

Marisol snorted. “Oh please. He's doing it again. The martyr dialogue,” said Marisol exasperated.

Sarah nodded. “Full performance. Sad eyes and everything.”

“Hey,” Bharath said weakly.

Marisol leaned in, eyes narrowed affectionately. “You think I gave you my heart, my body, my soul because you’re some charity case? I chose you. I choose you. Every single day. I could walk away if I wanted to. If you remember correctly I had to literally spell out the fact that I was interested in you. Don’t you remember even Tyrel, Ravi and Jorge and their Operation whatever to get us together? We even went to that frat party to encourage you to believe that I was interested in you. I was a cold, hard bitch before I fell in love with you. Now I feel free, loved and at peace with the world. You help me overcome my trust issues with people with your love.”

Sarah folded her arms. “And do you think if I wanted some hot jock or sugar daddy, I couldn’t make that happen in five seconds flat?”

“You could,” Mia murmured, genuinely. “You’re both... kind of insane.”

“Exactly,” Sarah said. “But this idiot-” she poked Bharath’s arm “-makes me feel wanted and alive. Worshiped. Desired. Safe. No one’s ever done that and meant it. You know how I was before and what you have done for me. You saved me from myself Bharath. Mia, I would like you to know that I am what I am today because of Bharath and his love for me. And of course my bestie Mari as well.”

Marisol gave Sarah a flying kiss.

“It’s true,” Bharath said, glancing down at his hands. “You both are so beautiful! So intelligent! So amazing! You could have any man of your choosing. Yet you give me everything. And I-I don’t know if I could ever watch either of you with someone else. Just the thought...” His throat bobbed. “I’d lose my mind.”

Marisol smiled. “We know.”

He looked up at her, guilt etched into every line of his face.

“And we love you more for it,” Sarah said gently, reaching across to take his hand.

“That sounds like fear,” Mia said bluntly. “You’re scared to lose them. I get that. But that doesn’t mean it’s fair.”

“Mia,” Sarah said gently, “fairness isn’t always symmetry.”

“It is to me,” Mia said. “At least... it used to be.”

She looked at Bharath, eyes locked. “But now I’m watching you. Watching *them* with you. And I’m thinking maybe-maybe I’ve had it backwards. Maybe it’s not about keeping power. Maybe it’s about giving it to someone who’s worth it.”

“But doesn’t it bother you?” Mia asked, her voice threaded with genuine confusion. “Like... doesn’t it feel like you’re giving up something?”

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

## Chapter 145: Mia’s Musings

[ 1,272 words ]

Marisol shook her head, her voice calm and sure. “We’re not giving up anything. Because there’s nothing else we want.”

Sarah nodded. “Bharath is it for me. I don’t even see other guys anymore. Not in that way. They just exist as people now.”

“Seriously,” Marisol added with a smirk. “He ruined the entire male population for me the moment he kissed me that first time. Now anytime even when the most good looking guy hits on me I don’t care at all.”

Mia opened her mouth to say something, but Sarah was already laughing.

“Seriously! I get hit on all the time,” she said breezily. “Like, I had a guy from my stats class write me a note on his TI-83 calculator. You know what I did?”

“What?” Mia asked, grinning despite herself.

“I erased it and reprogrammed his calculator to flash ‘TOO LATE’ when it turned on.”

“That’s evil,” Mia said. “Evil genius. I respect it. Wait-was it the silver one with the clear buttons?”

“Of course.”

“Ugh. Hot guys should not be allowed to use cool calculators. It’s too much power.”

Marisol burst out laughing. “Remember that guy who tried to pick me up at the bookstore by recommending *The Art of Seduction*?”

“He didn’t walk out with a number,” Sarah said.

“He walked out with a feminist zine and a receipt for *Women Who Run With the Wolves*,” Marisol said, smug.

Bharath groaned, rubbing his face. “Ugh! Can we not talk about other men propositioning you two? I’m already drowning in guilt here.”

Mia watched him carefully.

He wasn’t pretending to be annoyed. He *was* annoyed.

Or maybe something deeper-disturbed.

The idea clearly bothered him on a bone-deep level.

“I just... I don’t want anyone else to have even a fraction of you,” Bharath said quietly, dropping his hand.

Marisol leaned into him and kissed his cheek. “And no one does.”

Sarah followed, pressing her lips to his other cheek. “No one will.”

Mia frowned. “Okay, but that does sound... kinda possessive, no?”

Bharath opened his mouth, then closed it.

“Not in a bad way,” Mia said quickly. “Just-like, do you ever worry about controlling stuff without meaning to?”

But when he didn’t respond-when the guilt didn’t fully drain from his face-Sarah moved again.

This time, she kissed him on the mouth. Slow. Firm. Like an anchor in the storm.

Sarah said to both Mia and Bharath, “We wouldn’t want him any other way. We belong to him. He better be possessive of us.”

Marisol followed suit, straddling his thigh and cupping his jaw, pressing her lips against his with a deeper hunger feeling guilty about even teasing Bharath on this knowing how guilty he felt about them.

Mia sat frozen, heart thudding, watching their mouths move against his. The way his hands tangled in their hair. The way both girls kissed him like it wasn’t just affection-it was grounding. Reassurance. Claiming and being claimed.

The passion wasn’t performance.

And Mia... couldn't breathe.

Her thighs squeezed together involuntarily. She wasn't just watching a kiss. She was watching devotion.

When the kisses broke, Bharath was panting softly, eyes glazed, lips red and wet.

"You don't need to feel guilty," Marisol whispered, forehead against his. "You're not taking too much. You're just letting us give."

Sarah added, "And you give us just as much back. Every single day."

Bharath hugged them both close, his arms tight around their waists, pressing kisses to their temples. "I love you. I love you both so much."

Mia watched the way they melted into him, the way their bodies curved toward his like compass needles pulled to magnetic north.

God, no wonder they shared him.

If she had that-if she *had him*-she wouldn't want anyone else either.

Sarah leaned back and groaned playfully. "Honestly, I think we *have* to share you. There's no way one of us could keep up with you alone anymore."

Marisol snorted. "Girl. Facts. You remember two nights back? You passed out early from having too many orgasms and I couldn't walk yesterday after taking him on alone that night."

Bharath flushed. "TMI girls! Mia's here! Please don't-"

"Don't what?" Sarah grinned. "Tell Mia how you flipped me over the kitchen table and ravaged me before Marisol joined in to save me?"

Mia gasped, caught somewhere between embarrassment and arousal.

Marisol leaned over and grinned. "He's a menace. A beautiful, thoughtful, respectful menace. I would've tapped out ages ago if Sarah wasn't there to help soak up the storm."

Bharath groaned. "You make me sound like some magical sex guru or something."

"You kind of are," Sarah said dryly.

"Don't let it go to your head," Marisol added. "You still can't fold laundry."

Sarah turned to Mia and winked. “Maybe we need more girls. Someone to tag in when we’re too blissed out to function.”

Mia’s jaw dropped, her cheeks flushing scarlet.

She laughed, but it came out breathy. Her legs shifted beneath the blanket.

She didn’t miss the way both Marisol and Sarah were watching her now.

Not pushing. Not pressuring.

But noticing.

And something in Mia clenched.

Would she be okay never being with another man again?

The logical part of her brain-the one that liked spreadsheets and school schedules-started to raise objections.

What about college? What about dating? What about freedom?

But the part of her that was watching Bharath-his eyes soft with love, his arms wrapped around the girls like they were treasure-shut all of that down.

She didn’t *want* freedom.

She wanted *that*.

She didn’t fully understand why. Not yet. Not completely.

But she could feel it.

The pull. The gravity. The *heat*.

She didn’t need to explore the world.

Because she was already looking at it.

Her thighs pressed tighter. Her fingers fidgeted in her lap. She swallowed and blinked, trying to steady herself-but every nerve in her body was humming like a struck chord.

Just seeing him like this-with them-made her ache.

She wanted to be the one pressed against his chest. She wanted to be the one he kissed between the brows and whispered love into. She wanted to *feel* what they felt.

And that scared her.

But it also lit her up inside.

She wasn't just imagining what it would be like.

She was *yearning*.

Sarah noticed first.

Then Marisol.

They exchanged a brief, knowing look.

Not smug.

Not superior.

But soft.

Understanding.

Sarah winked at Mia. "Maybe we need someone to help. You know, someone who *gets* us. Who wouldn't just join, but belong."

Mia's breath caught. "Would that even be possible?"

Marisol smiled. "That's not our question to answer."

Sarah added, "The real question is- *would you want it?* Truly. Deeply. Every part of it. The surrender *and* the love?"

Sarah's voice came light. "You okay, Mia?"

Mia nodded quickly, too quickly. "Yeah. Fine."

"Just warm?" Marisol asked, smile curling.

Mia laughed. "A little."

Sarah nudged Bharath with her elbow. "Your heat's contagious."

Bharath raised an eyebrow. "Why am I being blamed again?"

"You're the problem and the solution," Marisol said, curling back into him. "Get used to it."

They all laughed-but Mia's laugh came quieter.

Because she was already imagining her place between them.

Not just on the couch.

But in the bed.

In the home.

In the worship.

And suddenly, the idea of never touching another man didn't feel like a sacrifice.

It felt like a promise.

One she hoped she'd get to make someday.

Marisol reached for the soda can on the table, only to catch Mia staring.

Their eyes met.

For a moment, neither said anything.

Then Sarah said lightly, "Well, I think we have a plan. Phase one: Mia soft-launches the idea. Maybe brings up open relationships casually."

Mia snorted. "That's gonna be a stretch. She still thinks anything outside a telenovela is a mortal sin."

"That's why *you're* the secret weapon," Marisol said.

Mia smiled.

And for the first time in hours, she let herself *feel* that smile.

Not just wear it.

Because beneath the plotting, and the laughter, and the soft light of the living room...

She realized something else:

*They see me.*

Not just as a sister. Not just as a helper.

But as something more.

Maybe not fully. Not yet.

But a door had opened.

And Mia Rivera had every intention of walking through it.

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

## Chapter 146: Spilling the Beans

[ 1,851 words ]

The door clicked shut behind Bharath, the thud of his footsteps fading down the porch steps as he headed to Papa John's. It was only a ten-minute walk, but Marisol waited until she could no longer hear even the distant scuff of his sneakers before she turned to Mia with a sly, dangerous smile.

Sarah was already watching her - head tilted, legs curled beneath her on the carpet, her chin propped in her palm like a cat preparing to pounce.

Mia looked between them, blinking, suddenly aware of how silent the room had grown.

"What?" she asked, her voice pitched higher than usual. "Why are you both looking at me like that?"

Marisol leaned forward on the couch, her elbows on her knees. "Because, chiquita... you're not just curious anymore."

Sarah's smile deepened. "You're *interested in him*."

Mia's mouth opened to protest, but no words came. Her cheeks flushed - and then, slowly, defiantly, she closed her lips and nodded.

"Yeah," she whispered. "I think I am."

She'd always been the one who made boys sweat. The one who said how far and how fast. But now? She was the one squirming. The one begging. And God help her, she loved it.

The way Marisol and Sarah spoke - like they belonged to him, like surrender was sacred--it made something tighten in Mia's chest. This wasn't the kind of power she was used to. This wasn't about control. It was about devotion. And for the first time, she wanted that more than anything.

Marisol gave a quiet, approving hum and leaned back, legs crossing slowly. "Then let's not pretend. No more awkward glances or nervous questions. You can ask anything, say anything."

Sarah's voice was gentle, but unmistakably sure. "This space? Right now? It's just us girls. No judgment. That's why we sent him out."

Mia inhaled slowly, as if testing the air for permission. Her thighs pressed together. She didn't even realize her fingers had wandered to her lap until Marisol's eyes dropped - not disapproving, but observant.

"What is he like?" Mia whispered, her voice hoarse. "I mean... really. Sexually. Is he... aggressive? How does he keep two women who look like you satisfied?"

"Satisfied? More like we have to beg him to spare us sometimes," opined Sarah remembering that morning. "He's learned us so well that I don't think we alone can take him on one on one anymore. He just unravels us. When he growls taking Marisol or I, we just turn into puddles."

Mia's breath hitched. "He doesn't seem to be the type to be so aggressive!"

Marisol laughed - low and musical. "Not aggressive. *Dominant*. There's a difference."

Sarah picked it up like a practiced duet. "He doesn't take. He claims."

Mia let out a small sound, almost a whimper.

Marisol leaned in again, her eyes now gleaming with conspiratorial heat. "He didn't ask me if I wanted to submit. He *earned* it. Every second. Every inch of my surrender, he took with reverence. Worshipped me like a temple before taking me like a man."

Sarah giggled softly, her face flushed. "And when he finally touched me... God. He didn't even have to say anything. Just looked at me like I belonged to him. And I did. I *do*."

Mia's breath hitched. Her legs shifted, hips unconsciously pressing into the couch.

Marisol grinned. "Always in the nude. That's the rule. We sleep together every night, skin to skin, his arms around both of us. Often in us."

Sarah added, "And when we make love - it's always the three of us. Always. We take care of each other. Kiss, taste, tease - but only when he's there. Only when he wants it."

Mia blinked, wide-eyed. "So... you're not in love with each other?"

The girls shook their heads in tandem .

"We are but not in the way you think. We are more like sister-wives," said Marisol. "I love Sarah as a best-friend and can't imagine life without her, but not in a romantic way. I only love Bharath that way."

"It's about *him*," Sarah said. "We love *him*. The rest is... bonus. Sometimes we kiss and more to make him moan. Sometimes we tease each other because it gets *him* hard. Or sometimes he just orders us to and we do it because we can't help ourselves when he is like that."

"He's the center," Marisol murmured. "He's the sun. We orbit around him, and it feels *right*. He didn't ask us to. *We chose to*."

Mia's fingers had now fully slipped beneath the waistband of her pajamas. She didn't even try to hide it.

Marisol and Sarah noticed. They didn't stop her.

Instead, Marisol said, softly, "You want to know our traditions?"

Mia nodded rapidly, cheeks flushed with raw need.

"We wake him with our mouths like today morning," Sarah whispered. "Every morning. We call it the *titjob alarm clock* - one of us sits on his chest, the other between his legs. He wakes up already in heaven. Then he ravages us. Today we went for almost two hours until we almost passed out from pleasure."

Mia whimpered as she rubbed herself visualizing Bharath ravaging them.

"Sacred Tuesdays," Marisol added, voice low and warm, "are our special days. We fuck all day from early morning. We skip lunch and have *nooners* instead. The rule is: no clothes after class until dinner. He makes love to both of us. That's what he loves to do. But we beg him to slam into us sometimes. Spank us. Tame us. We don't eat food. *We feast on him*."

Sarah smiled, remembering. "He never bathes alone either. Not anymore. If he tries, we drag him in. It's a rule now - we *worship* him in the shower. With mouths, our tits, with hands. All of us slippery and soaked, pressed against him. You haven't lived until you get a special bath from him either. Both Marisol and I are like puppets in his hands when he worships us instead."

Mia's mouth had fallen open slightly. Her fingers moved faster, breath coming in little gasps. She looked dazed. Wild.

Marisol kept going, her voice now nothing but velvet. "I have given him every part of me to him, you know. Every part. My mouth. My body. My heart. One by one. And he didn't even *realize* he was doing it. He just... looked at me like I was worth claiming. On his birthday he gets the last part of us he hasn't taken yet. Our asses. After that we will be his three hole sluts whenever he wants. Wherever he wants."

Mia moaned.

Sarah shifted closer, voice now nearly at Mia's ear. "You want him to take you too, don't you? You want to belong to him like us."

Mia nodded, biting her lip.

"You want him to bend you over the kitchen table like he did to me last week. To tie your wrists to the headboard like he did with Marisol and made me eat her pussy while he slammed into me."

"I want all of it," Mia whispered. "Everything."

Marisol exhaled slowly. "We've talked about this, you know. About you."

Mia blinked. "Me?"

Sarah's smile was gentle. "Ever since you started looking at him differently. Marisol noticed and we discussed it. Of course Bharath doesn't know."

Marisol nodded. "And we couldn't stop imagining it. What it would be like... watching him take you."

Mia's breath hitched.

"Your gorgeous tits," Sarah murmured, gaze flicking down. "Him looking at you lovely breasts jiggling with wonder while he fucks you slowly."

Marisol's voice dropped, husky. "Or fast. Bent over the table. Us watching. Helping. Maybe I'm behind you, whispering in your ear while he's inside. Maybe Sarah's holding your wrists down while he slams into you."

Mia whimpered.

The room was hot now. Charged. Mia had slipped her pajamas down almost entirely only left in her thong which was sodden now. She wasn't even pretending anymore.

Marisol leaned down until her lips were just a breath from Mia's ear. "If you want to join us then you have to show us how serious you are."

Mia froze. Her pupils dilated. Her hand paused just enough for the moment to thrum with tension.

"How?" she whispered.

Sarah sat back, legs spreading just enough to send a silent message. Her top clung to her breasts, nipples pressing against the fabric obscenely. "Don't stop. We want to see."

Mia let out a soft, broken gasp.

"Look at her," Marisol said to Sarah, almost like a performance review. "She's dripping. I bet she's been thinking about this for *weeks*. Imagining herself in our place. Wondering what it would feel like to have his hands on her."

Mia's hips lifted slightly off the couch.

"We can tell he turns you on," Sarah said softly. "But it's not just lust, is it? You want to *belong* to him. Do you want to be his slut as well like us? Only his from now. No other man. Forever."

"I do," Mia breathed. "I really do. I want to only be his. No one else comes close."

Mia hesitated, trembling. "But... aren't you supposed to hate the idea of him with someone else?"

Marisol's voice was calm, but her eyes burned. "That's what I used to think. Before I saw him with Sarah."

Sarah smiled, soft and knowing. "Before I saw him with Marisol."

Marisol continued, "Watching him... use another woman with so much care, so much power-hearing her scream and knowing I was part of that? It didn't feel like losing him. It felt like worship."

"We're not jealous," Sarah said. "We're addicts. Addicted to watching him give. To hearing someone else moan his name as he claims her over and over."

Marisol looked at Mia, almost hesitant. "I know it might sound weird. Especially since you're my sister. But the thought of him taking you while we help you get there... it makes me shake with desire. Sarah and I have discussed this many times since I saw how interested you were in him. We both knew that it was not just a simple crush. We are having this discussion with you only after we talked through this thoroughly."

“And not just him,” Marisol added. “You want to belong to *us* too. To be *part* of this.”

Mia hesitated-just a flicker-but it didn’t go unnoticed. Marisol and Sarah exchanged a glance.

Sarah’s voice softened, sincere. “We don’t touch each other when he’s not here. That’s something we decided early on-not because we don’t enjoy it, but because without him, it doesn’t feel the same. It’s not... us.”

Marisol nodded, her expression gentle. “He’s our anchor. Our reason. When we kiss or more in front of him, it’s for his joy. For his eyes. Not for each other.”

Mia’s brows pinched slightly, conflicted. “So why now?”

Sarah stepped closer, her gaze steady. “Because this isn’t about us. It’s about you.”

Marisol’s voice was low. “This moment isn’t for pleasure. It’s to show you what devotion looks like. What it means to share. What surrender can feel like-when it’s sacred.”

Sarah took Mia’s hand. “And to see how you react. Not just because we want to know if you’re ready... but because we need to know he’s safe with you. That you won’t flinch at this life. That this kind of love doesn’t scare you.”

Marisol leaned in. “If it does? That’s okay. But if it doesn’t...”

She trailed off. Her eyes locked with Sarah’s.

Mia nodded, slow, trembling. “Do it.”

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## Chapter 147: You’re One of Us!

[ 1,223 words ]

Marisol and Sarah turned to each other and kissed-slow at first, then with heat. It was passionate, yes, but not wanton. It was reverent. A performance, a vow. A glimpse into a world Mia had never imagined wanting-until now.

Mia didn’t flinch.

If anything, her pupils dilated. Her breath caught.

The idea of watching-not just Bharath-but *them*, touching, surrendering, kissing... it didn't repel her.

It ignited something. Something dark. Something wet.

Even the idea of being *in that kiss*-of touching her sister, if he asked her to-didn't make her recoil.

It made her *ache*.

She squealed - then climaxed with a sharp cry, thighs shaking. Her hand trembled as it stilled between her legs. She curled forward, hair falling into her face, panting, breasts heaving.

Mia's orgasm came not just from her fingers, not just from the stories-but from the image now blazing behind her eyelids:

Bharath's hands on her hips. Marisol whispering filth in her ear. Sarah sucking her breasts while he rutted into her like she was already his. The idea that they wanted to see it. That they wanted to make it happen.

She wasn't just accepted.

She was craved.

Silence followed for a beat - a golden, sacred kind of silence.

When she looked up, both girls were smiling.

The glow of post-confession silence lingered in the living room, thick and golden like honey in sunlight. Mia was curled against the couch cushion, hair tousled, chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. She looked almost dreamy - blissed out, dazed, and glowing from the inside.

Sarah passed her a bottle of water and a gentle smile. "You okay, honey?"

Mia nodded slowly. "Better than okay."

Marisol knelt by the edge of the couch, one hand resting lightly on Mia's ankle. Her expression had softened, but there was a new weight behind her eyes now. Less teasing. More real.

"Then it's time we stop playing."

Mia blinked, her expression shifting.

Sarah echoed Marisol's gravity with a slow exhale. "We believe you, Mia. We believe you want this. But wanting isn't enough."

Mia pushed herself upright, wiping her palms on her thighs. "What do you mean?"

Marisol tilted her head, voice low but firm. "This... " she gestured around them, toward the unseen figure of Bharath somewhere between the street and the pizza place "isn't some college fling or late-night fantasy. We're not playing house. We're building a *life* around him. Every choice we make, every kiss, every fight, every orgasm - it matters. If you want to be part of this... you have to be ready."

"I *am* ready," Mia said quickly, almost defensively. "I've never felt anything this real. I don't care how crazy it sounds."

"But that's not what we're asking," Sarah said gently. "You're not even eighteen yet."

"I will be in a couple of weeks."

"And you're still in high school," Marisol added. "If you want to be with us, *live* with us, love him the way we do - you need to be here. At Tech or Georgia State. Close enough that we wake up together. That he can take care of all of us. That we can take care of *you*."

Mia swallowed. "I've been working on it. My grades are strong. I'm taking the SATs again next month. Bharath said he'd tutor me..."

Marisol's eyes softened, but her voice remained grounded. "Then we'll help you. Anything you need - letters, study plans, application coaching. We'll make sure you get in."

Mia's lips parted in surprise. "You'd really... help me like that?"

Sarah nodded, eyes gleaming with sisterly warmth. "Of course we would. But only if you're serious. Because this isn't just about getting what you want in bed. It's about building something forever. That's what this is for us."

Marisol reached out and took Mia's hand. "And Mia... you're *gorgeous*. You could walk into any college, any club, any party and have men falling at your feet. Are you really saying you want this life? To be part of something that's all about *one* man? Why Bharath?"

Mia opened her mouth... then closed it. Her eyes flicked down. Thoughtful. Honest.

“Because,” she said at last, “he sees *me*. Not just my face. Not just my body. He saw me - the first time we met - and made me want to be better. I’m used to boys who want me for the way I look in a skirt or out of it. But Bharath... he got excited when I talked about Georgia Tech. He asked me about my goals like they were his goals. He looked at me like I was *smart*, and it made me *want* to be.”

The girls were quiet.

Then Mia added, voice quieter, “And I *know* he wants me too. I’ve seen the way he looks when he thinks no one’s watching.”

Sarah smiled slowly. “Oh, honey. I *bet* he does.”

Marisol laughed, a little wickedly. “Honestly? I don’t blame him. Your boobs are amazing. They’re better than mine and Sarah’s put together - and we happen to think ours are pretty damn spectacular.”

Mia blushed but beamed.

Marisol shook her head fondly. “Still. This isn’t just about attraction. You need to be sure.”

“I am,” Mia said.

“Good,” Sarah said. “Because there’s one more thing.”

The tone shifted again.

Sarah reached over and gently brushed a strand of hair from Mia’s cheek. “Bharath has a good heart. A complicated heart. He didn’t ask for any of this. He didn’t expect Marisol, let alone me. And now he’s deep in love with us. For real. Two women who love him completely. It still overwhelms him.”

“And then,” Marisol added, “there’s mom.”

Mia grimaced. “Mamá...”

“He hasn’t even begun to figure out how to explain Sarah to her,” Marisol continued. “She likes him, yes. She respects him. But this? A throuple? That’s going to take time. He wants to make sure she understands before anything else.”

“And before *you*,” Sarah said gently. “That’s going to be hard.”

Mia nodded slowly. “I get it. I really do.”

Marisol tilted her head. "Do you? Because this means waiting. Watching him love us. Sleep with us. Cuddle us. While you stay just... close. Not inside."

Mia didn't flinch.

"I'll wait," she said. "As long as it takes."

Sarah smiled - proud now. "Then say it. Say what you want."

Marisol looked at Sarah proudly and gave her a kiss. Sarah had healed from the fragile girl she was when she joined the throuple. She had asked Mia what Marisol had asked her when Sarah was about to join Bharath and her with conviction knowing that she belonged.

Mia looked between them. Her lips trembled just slightly.

"I want to be his," she whispered. "Not just his crush or his girlfriend's sister or his fan. I want him to take me, like he took you. Make me part of this. All the way."

Marisol exhaled slowly. Then she reached for Sarah's hand - and with her other hand, she took Mia's.

"We believe you," she said. "But we have to be careful. Especially because you're my sister. He won't let himself think of you that way unless we drag him to that door and open it."

"And even then," Sarah added, "he might still resist. His honor will scream at him to walk away."

"He doesn't stand a chance," Mia whispered, a smile breaking through. "He just doesn't know it yet."

Marisol burst into laughter, delighted and shocked. "Oh my God. You *are* one of us."

Sarah leaned forward, voice low and playful. "But are you ready to plan it out? To do it *right*?"

Mia nodded eagerly. "Tell me everything."

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

## Chapter 148: I Still Need to Know

[ 1,179 words ]

Marisol stood up and walked to the closet. "If you want to seduce him, you should wear something he already loves on us." She pulled out one of Bharath's oversized gym shirts--so thin with use and age it was nearly translucent. "No bra. No panties. Just this. And those tiny shorts. Make sure it's falling off you. He will love your boobs and your pert ass. We are usually dressed in this - maybe in a thong rather than shorts - but we didn't tonight because of you."

Mia took it with a dry mouth.

Sarah leaned in, eyes sparkling. "When you sit on him later, he'll try to pull away. He'll panic. But we'll be there. We'll make it feel normal. Make it feel... inevitable."

Marisol's voice turned sly. "You'll be soft. Warm. Too close to ignore. And he'll have nowhere to run."

Mia stared at the shirt. "What if he... pushes me off?"

"We won't let him," Sarah whispered. "He needs you. He just doesn't know it yet."

"He'll panic," Marisol said. "Out of guilt. Out of fear that he's betraying me and Sarah. But you'll be sitting there like a dream. Soft. Close. Untouchable. And he won't be able to move."

"But what if..." Mia's voice cracked just a little. "What if he only wants me because I'm hot? Because I'm your sister? Because of my..." She paused, her eyes flicking down to her chest, cheeks flushed.

"Because of your perfect tits? God. How are they so big and still so firm?" Sarah mentioned huffily.

"Yeah - like you really have something to complain about slut. Have you seen the way Bharath worships yours?" retorted Marisol.

Mia nodded. "Guys always look. Always want. But it's never... real."

Marisol touched her hand. "He'll see you. Really see you. Like he saw Sarah. Like he saw me. You think we weren't scared too? I was terrified. But Bharath... he doesn't just fall for bodies. He falls for hearts."

Sarah added, "And he's already halfway there with you. You should see how often he looks when he thinks we're not watching."

Marisol leaned closer to whisper in her ear. "By the way when you sit on him and grind him, you're going to need to be ready for him, you know. He's thick. Thick enough that your body might need time. I was drooling for the first time I saw him. Sarah was in heaven the first time he entered her. She loves his dick so much she tries to cram it into her mouth every chance she gets. I don't know how she manages to fit almost all of him in. So you will definitely feel something when you are on him. Don't get lost in dreaming about what it will feel like inside you. I did the first time I touched him. Luckily he was still a virgin then and not the sex god he is now."

Sarah added with a breathless smile, "It'll stretch you. Make you ache. But you'll love it. The way we do. Every single inch."

Mia let out a soft moan, her thighs twitching. "I want that. I want all of it."

Sarah leaned forward, her voice low but unwavering. "It doesn't make us jealous, Mia. It makes us wet. Because it's *him*. Because it's *you*."

Mia hesitated-just a flicker of tension tightening her jaw. "But just so we're clear... this isn't some open thing, right? I'm not signing up to watch random girls throw themselves at him. I've seen how people look at Bharath now. He's popular. Gorgeous. Kind. They're going to come after him."

Marisol's eyes narrowed, but not at Mia-at the *thought*. "Let them try," she said coolly.

Sarah gave a sharp, knowing smile. "We're not open. Not to flings. Not to attention. Not to 'fun.' This isn't a dorm sex club. It's a soul-bond. A family. *We chose* this. He *chose* us. No one touches our man unless they're part of this heart-deep. Not even for a second."

Mia blinked. "So even if some other girl tries-"

"Oh, honey," Marisol said, voice edged with steel, "there *was* someone. Melina. Total knockout. Tried to flirt with Bharath right in front of us at that Bachelorette game night. Tossed her hair, licked her lips, leaned all the way into his space."

Sarah snorted. "He barely noticed. Offered her the last slice of pizza like he would a cousin. And we-" her smile turned dangerous "-made sure she understood. She's *lucky* we liked her enough to send her toward Ravi and Tyrel. If she'd tried harder? We'd have shut her down harder."

Marisol's voice dropped, deadly calm. "Bharath doesn't even look unless he *feels* something. And if you think he's possessive of us?" Her smile sharpened. "We'd break bones before we let anyone else get close."

Mia's shoulders relaxed a little, but her voice was still cautious. "So... it's just the three of you? Forever?"

Marisol's eyes didn't waver. "Yes. This isn't some experiment. We're not poly in the way magazines describe. It's not about numbers or novelty. It's about *him*. About *us*. He's ours. We're his. That's the end of it."

Sarah added, "We might get off on watching him *with someone we love*. That's what happened when I joined. It made us closer. Made us stronger. But if we don't trust her, if she's not part of this heart and soul? Then no. Absolutely not."

Marisol leaned in, voice velvet and steel. "And Bharath? You heard him when he said he couldn't even *imagine* us with another man. We feel the same. He's not just our boyfriend. He's our sun. Our center. He belongs to us."

Sarah nodded. "And if you're worried about us handing him over to just anyone?" She reached forward and squeezed Mia's hand. "We won't. Not even for you."

Mia's eyes widened. "Wait... what?"

Marisol met her gaze evenly. "We *want* this, Mia. We really do. We see the way he looks at you. We know there's something there. But it has to be *real*. *Mutual*. *Earned*. If he doesn't choose you back-if he says no-we won't push it. Not even for my sister."

Sarah's tone was warm but firm. "This is sacred, Mia. We won't cheapen it just because it's convenient. Or hot. Or tempting."

There was a pause-thick and warm, but unflinching.

And then Mia smiled. Slow. Possessive.

"Good," she said. "Because no one's touching my man either."

The three of them huddled close now, heads together, voices hushed and plotting.

Sarah concluded. "So when we start the movie, we will pin him down. The you sit on him and make sure you are pretty much topless. Then you tease. Soft. Subtle. Let him *ache*."

"And we'll nudge him," Marisol said. "Little things. Shared memories. Hints. Glances."

They all giggled now, the heaviness lifting slightly, replaced with feminine glee.

But as the laughter faded, Mia's expression turned more thoughtful. She looked at her sister, then at Sarah.

“Can I ask something?” she said quietly.

“Of course,” Marisol said.

“Why are you okay... sharing him with me? With anyone? I mean - you love him. And you already *have* him. Why would you want to split that? I know I’ve asked this before and you both answered - but I still need to know.”

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

## Chapter 149: Rules of Engagement

[ 1,010 words ]

Marisol sat back slightly, her smile turning gentle. “Because loving him... doesn’t feel like something I want to *keep*. It feels like something I want to *share*. Not because I need to - but because it *grows* when I do.”

She touched Mia’s knee. “And I know your heart. I see how you look at him. And I would rather walk through life with you as my sister and sister-wife - than ever be afraid of losing him to you in silence.”

Mia’s eyes welled up.

Sarah added softly, “And as for me? I’m not losing anything. I’m gaining *you*. And Bharath gets even more love, more joy, more fire. Why would I be jealous of that?”

Mia wiped her eyes, overwhelmed.

Then she whispered, “Would you... be okay doing those things with *me*, too? I mean... like you do with each other. For him?”

Marisol looked at Sarah, then smiled - a slow, wicked smile that was somehow also tender.

“For *him*?” she said. “Absolutely.”

Sarah smiled faintly, her voice low and sure. “If he asked us to. If he was watching. If he wanted to see you blush while our lips touched... we’d do it so slowly, you’d feel it in your spine.”

Marisol's fingers brushed along Mia's jaw, featherlight. Her gaze burned-not with lust, but with something far deeper. "But never for us. Always for him. Because we're his. Completely. Unquestionably."

She leaned in, lips just a breath from Mia's ear.

"If he told me to spread your legs and pleasure you while he watched, I'd do it with gratitude in my throat."

Sarah's breath hitched, but she nodded, her voice breathy. "If he asked me to do anything with you and your sister... I'd do it without question. Because he owns me. Every inch. Every choice. Just like he belongs to Marisol and I."

Mia's eyes widened-shocked, aroused, overwhelmed.

Sarah reached out and cupped her cheek gently, reverently. "We're not just lovers. We're soulmates. And if he asked us to worship you, Mia... we'd do it because to serve him is to serve whatever he loves."

Marisol added, voice molten and final, "And if that's you... then we'll worship you too."

Sarah grinned. "We'd love to perform for him. Tease him. Worship him. With you by our side? Even more fun."

Mia flushed deep crimson. "I want that. So badly."

Marisol leaned in, voice low. "Then earn it. Day by day. He won't ask for it. He may not even let himself *want* it. But we'll guide him. And when he's ready... you'll be his."

Marisol sat back, drawing in a long breath like she needed a second to absorb everything too. Her fingers brushed through Mia's hair the way she always had when they were younger - comforting, maternal even. Except now it felt different. More sacred. Like a torch being passed between priestesses.

"It's funny," Marisol murmured. "I used to think I'd be the jealous one. That I wouldn't be able to handle another woman in his arms. But then I saw the way Sarah loved him - and how he loved her - and I realized something."

She glanced at Sarah. Their eyes met. It was soft. Fierce.

"When someone makes you feel that much joy," Marisol said, "you want the people you love to feel it too. And if he could make *you* feel what *we* feel? God, Mia. I wouldn't be jealous. I'd be elated."

Mia's throat tightened. She stared at her sister, eyes wide.

"I... I don't know what to say."

Sarah smiled and took her hand again. "Just say you'll keep showing up. Keep trying. Keep growing into the kind of woman who doesn't just *want* to be claimed by him - but who's worthy of it."

"I will," Mia whispered. "Every day."

A silence fell over the room again, but this one was different. Intimate. Anticipatory. Like the hush before thunder.

Then Mia glanced up, biting her lip. "Can I ask one more thing?"

Marisol laughed. "Since when have you needed permission for that?"

Mia's voice dropped. "I keep thinking about that night... my first night with him. I know I have to wait. But I keep wondering what it'll be like. What *you* think it should be like."

Sarah raised an eyebrow, amused. "You want us to describe it?"

Mia nodded, cheeks flushed. "Maybe just... how you imagined it before it happened. Or what you'd want for me."

Marisol stood slowly and walked behind the couch, her fingertips tracing lightly across Mia's shoulders. "You want the real answer?"

Mia swallowed. "Yeah."

"Then here it is," Marisol said. "Your first time with him shouldn't be about performance or proving anything. It should be about surrender."

She leaned down, lips near Mia's ear. "It'll be slow. Almost unbearable. Because he's not going to rush. He'll want to *memorize* you. Worship every part of you. Your nerves. Your need. Your body. He's going to take his time showing you what it means to be his."

Mia shivered.

Sarah joined in, her voice softer. "He's going to talk you through it. Not in words like most guys do. He'll do it with his eyes. His hands. The way he breathes your name when you arch under him."

Mia's thighs pressed together again. "Oh god."

"You'll feel like you're being *unwritten*," Marisol continued. "Like you've never been touched before. Not really. Not like this."

Sarah leaned in. "And if we're there... watching, maybe even guiding...?"

Mia's head tilted up, eyes wide and dreamy.

"I'd want that," she whispered.

"Then we'll be there," Marisol said. "We'll be there to hold your hand when you start shaking. To whisper how proud we are. To tell him what you like. Maybe even..." she trailed off with a wicked grin.

"...maybe even show you ourselves," Sarah finished.

Mia looked like she could melt.

Sarah nodded. "And only if he asks."

Mia leaned back against the couch, dazed and dreamy. "He has no idea what's coming."

Marisol smirked. "None. Poor boy."

Then she added, more serious now, "But remember - this has to be *earned*. Not just by you. But by all of us. Because once we open that door... it doesn't close again."

"I'm ready," Mia said, voice clear now.

Sarah kissed her forehead. "Then let's make him ready too."

The door creaked again - this time for real.

Pizza.

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

## Chapter 150: I'm Reading Too Much Into This

[ 1,329 words ]

The door creaked open.

“Pizza gods have arrived,” Bharath called out, his voice cheerful, casual.

He pushed it closed with his foot, arms stacked high with hot boxes from Papa John’s. But as he turned into the living room, ready to crack a joke or make a dramatic bow, he froze.

Something was... different.

The air felt warmer, heavier. Like laughter had been thick in the room just seconds before, but now the girls were sitting a little too casually. Like they’d just been up to something.

Marisol perched on the armrest, hair tied up in a messy bun that didn’t match her deliberate grin. Sarah lounged on the rug, already barefoot, and looking smug in the way she only did when she had secrets. But it was Mia who made him pause.

She was sitting back with her legs folded beneath her. He could swear that she had been wearing sensible pajamas when he left but here she was, wearing one of his old gym t-shirts-oversized and slouched off one shoulder and shorts that barely peeked out beneath it. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips pink. He had to admit that it looked way better on her than it ever could on him. She looked radiant.

No, not just radiant.

She looked like his lovers did after they’d had sex. That slow-blooming, sun-drenched glow of contentment and heat. The glint in her eyes was different too-no longer the polished flirtation of a high school queen bee on a mission, but something more dangerous.

Raw. Intentional.

He blinked once, then twice, before setting the boxes down. “Hope you’re all starving.”

Sarah stretched like a cat. “Starving is one word for it.”

That earned a sharp glance from Marisol and a snort of laughter from Mia.

“You missed some bonding,” Marisol added, coming over to him. She kissed him lightly on the cheek and lowered her voice. “We’ll tell you later. Just... keep your eyes open.”

“I am now,” he muttered.

They gathered around the coffee table. Marisol handled the plates while Mia helped Sarah distribute napkins and soda. Bharath took his usual seat-though this time, Mia slid in beside him without hesitation, curling her legs beneath her and resting her elbow

just barely against his. She was clearly wearing no underwear based on the delectable amount of her firm body she showed him under the too-large t-shirt.

He looked at Sarah and Marisol for help - but they didn't seem to notice anything. He wanted one of them to speak up and ask Mia to wear something more suitable but there was no help coming from his girls. He didn't want to voice out the fact that he could see Mia's enormous yet impossibly firm breasts for fear of coming across like a creep.

Every brush of her shoulder sent a whisper of heat up his neck. He cleared his throat and tried to focus on the food.

"So," Mia said, biting into a slice of pepperoni with unnecessary elegance. "We're staying back after Thanksgiving. Operation Maria gets underway."

"Is that... the official name now?" he asked.

Sarah grinned. "We voted. You were outvoted."

Bharath shook his head, chuckling. "What happened to subtlety?"

"We'll be subtle," Mia said sweetly, leaning toward him just enough that her t-shirt slipped another inch. "After the wine."

"Aiyo," he muttered, eyes darting away.

Marisol smirked. "You okay over there?"

"I'm fine," he said, reaching for a slice with unnecessary focus. "Just trying not to inhale cheese."

Sarah leaned forward, elbow on her knee. "He's doing well, though. I mean, if I were in his place and Mia was cuddled up next to me like that, I'd have already dragged her into the bedroom."

Mia's eyes sparkled as she turned to him. "Would you, Bharath?"

His hand froze over the pizza box.

"I..." He swallowed. "That's not how I work."

Marisol beamed. "He's a gentleman, Mia. Even when it hurts."

Sarah laughed softly. "We tried to break him of that but have failed spectacularly so far. It's weirdly hot."

Mia let her thigh press against his. "I think I like it."

Mia didn't just like it. She *loved* it. The way he squirmed, blushed, tried to stay noble even when surrounded by chaos-*her* chaos now, too. Somewhere between the teasing and the touch, between the pizza and the glances, it had happened.

She had fallen for him.

Hard. Fast. Without warning.

And not just because he was beautiful or kind or maddeningly principled. Because he made her feel like she belonged. Like this entire strange, sacred, impossible life had a place carved just for her.

He was hers. He didn't know it yet. But he would.

Bharath took a large bite of pizza. "No comment."

Dinner was a riot of overlapping voices, jokes, and inside references. Mia leaned into it with the ease of someone who'd finally found her rhythm with them. She was playful, teasing, confident-but also unexpectedly thoughtful. When the girls discussed how to approach Maria, she was the one who proposed the layered strategy: wine, comfort food, and a conversation rooted in emotions, not labels.

"She needs to feel like this relationship is the most stable, nurturing thing in the world," Mia said. "Not like some experiment."

"She'll ask questions," Bharath said. "She always does."

"Then we answer them with truth," Marisol said. "Just not all the truth. Not yet."

Sarah added, "And no weird phrasing. Mia's right-'open relationship' or 'polyamory' will make her suspicious. We talk about our chosen family. Trust. Long-term commitment."

"I think we should do it after the holidays," Bharath said. "Stay back. Keep it simple. Let her see us as normal first. Then bring it up when she's mellow."

Mia nodded. "I can get her to relax. She lets her guard down more with me. I'll pave the way."

Bharath looked at her, genuinely impressed. "You've really thought about this."

Mia gave a shy smile that didn't reach her eyes. "It's important."

And then, with a flick of her wrist, she changed the tone.

“So...” she said, spinning toward Bharath with her head propped on her hand, “now that you’re finally paying attention to me-what *do* you like? Aside from saving girls, dodging hormones, and apparently surviving three girlfriends.”

His brow rose. “Three?”

“Planning ahead,” she said smoothly.

He groaned. “There are no three girlfriends. Only Marisol and Sarah. They mean the world to me.”

“We’ll see,” Mia replied, too softly. “But go on.”

*He doesn't get it yet. But he will.*

Bharath glanced at Marisol and Sarah, half-expecting a scolding look or at least a raised eyebrow at what Mia said.

*Maybe I'm reading too much into this.*

“Alright. Let’s see... I love computer science. Debugging code is weirdly meditative for me. I love music. I’m obsessed with logic puzzles. Like those massive black-and-white grid ones you get in booklets.”

Mia grinned. “Nerd.”

“And proud to be one. I used to play cricket back in school, still follow India matches religiously. Unfortunately I can’t play much in the fall here. I did play one game at the beginning of the semester. Hopefully, in Spring I’ll get to play more. And I game-mostly RTS and RPGs. And recently,” he added, flexing an arm just slightly, “Jorge dragged me into gym hell, and now I can’t stop.”

Mia’s eyes dropped to his biceps for a beat too long. “It’s paying off. No wonder my sister and Sarah can’t keep their hands off you!”

Sarah choked on her soda.

Marisol burst out laughing.

Bharath flushed to his ears and grabbed another slice. “Next question.”

“Oh, I’ve got *many*,” Mia purred.

“You’re enjoying this too much,” he muttered.

“Of course I am.” She leaned in again, voice low. “You’re kind, hot, heroic, smart... and so easy to make blush. It’s a rush.”

Sarah clapped slowly. “Queen behavior.”

Marisol nodded. “She’s dangerous.”

Bharath wiped his mouth. “I thought you two said you were going to help me.”

“We *are*,” Marisol said sweetly. “This is us helping.”

Sarah added, “She’s learning to tease you without breaking you. It’s a test. You’re passing. Barely.”

Mia draped her arms behind her head and stretched just enough to expose her toned stomach as the t-shirt outlined her impossibly pert breasts. “I’d give him a B+.”

Bharath made a strangled sound and turned toward the kitchen. “Anyone want more soda?”

All three girls broke into laughter.

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