

Their Wonder Years: Fall 98

Chapter 151: Trapped between Heaven and Hell

[1,082 words]

As the night wore on, the energy softened. They finished the pizza, pulled out blankets, and dimmed the lights for a movie. Marisol ended up on one side of Bharath, Sarah tucked against his other.

And to the girls' silent agreement, Mia nestled in between his legs, resting her back against his chest despite Bharath's protests. He tried to push her off him but was pinned under both Marisol and Sarah. He tried to protest but Sarah captured his mouth in a passionate kiss followed by Marisol. By the time they finished kissing him, he forgot what he wanted to protest about. Still, he was stunned that both girls didn't seem to mind Mia arranging herself on him like this. She had set her t-shirt such that she almost appeared topless - and yet his girls didn't have a problem with that! They just continued to kiss him and cuddle into him as if Mia wasn't even there. Bharath was both in heaven and hell at the same time.

As the opening credits rolled, the couch shifted and sighed under the weight of four entangled bodies and one slowly unraveling self-control.

Marisol was curled on his right, her hand already resting lightly on his chest, fingers absently tracing the thin fabric of his T-shirt. Sarah, warm and lithe on his left, snuggled into his shoulder like it was her personal pillow. Her legs were curled beneath her, one knee brushing the outer edge of his thigh. They'd done this countless times. It should've felt normal by now.

It didn't.

Not with Mia. He voiced his concern again.

"Wait, why is Mia-"

"She's cold," Sarah had said.

"You're a nice heater," Marisol added sweetly, patting his thigh.

"You'll survive," Mia whispered with a devilish grin.

He'd opened his mouth to try again - and Marisol had simply silenced him with a kiss.

“Shhh. Be a good couch boyfriend for my sister. Watch the movie. Don't worry, we'll protect you from Mia if needed.”

Bharath sat back confused and aroused in equal parts. Which red blooded straight man wouldn't want Mia like this... but this was wrong. He looked at Sarah and she just blew him a kiss as well.

This had to be a test on his fidelity to the girls.

Now, as the film flickered across the screen, Bharath was acutely aware of every millimeter of contact.

Mia was... everywhere.

Her hips nestled between his thighs. Her body leaned into his chest. And her cleavage - impossible not to notice - was on full display, her long hair cascading to one side, framing the swell of her breasts like a spotlight. He tried to keep his gaze respectful. Noble. Upstanding.

He failed.

And then Mia shifted.

She rolled her hips just slightly, as if adjusting for comfort - but Bharath felt the deliberate slow press of her against him.

His breath hitched.

She'd felt it.

Of course she had.

The stiff betrayal in his bottoms was now pressing firmly against the base of her spine, and her body - soft and mischievous - molded into it like she was sculpted for the sole purpose of tormenting him.

Mia didn't say a word.

She just wiggled slightly, like she was trying to get even more comfortable. She delighted in feeling the thickness of his hard cock against her bottom.

Bharath tensed. He dared not move. Surely she could feel him. Why wasn't she moving off him?

He almost pushed her off again, unable to process the stimulation but Marisol and Sarah were still pinning him down discussing the movie amongst themselves. The line

was right there - bold and clear. But her body kept moving, and his breath caught. He wasn't sure if he was chasing pleasure or just trying not to drown in it.

His arms, previously resting on either side of her, now clutched the throw blanket like a lifeline.

Sarah noticed first.

Her voice came like a lazy tease. "You okay, baby?"

"I..." He cleared his throat. "I think Mia's in the wrong spot. She may be uncomfortable and needs to get off."

"She looks fine to me," Sarah said, eyes glinting. "Mari?"

Marisol glanced lazily at her sister.

God, Mia looked radiant. Reckless.

Like her.

It made her breath catch - and not just from lust.

A twisted part of her wanted to see what would happen next. What Bharath would do if Mia pushed further.

What *she* would feel - watching her baby sister surrender the way *she* had.

Her thighs squeezed together involuntarily.

What the hell is wrong with me...

Marisol yawned. "She's adorable. And warm. And you're kind of like our shared pillow-slash-furnace, so hush."

Marisol's voice was dreamy. Affectionate. Not jealous. Not even wary.

Was she complimenting her sister's body?

His eyes darted to Sarah, whose grin was unmistakably dirty - and somehow proud.

Mia groaned as if Bharath was goading her. "Stop complaining Bharath. You're just a comfy pillow. Get used to it."

"This is a dream," he muttered to himself. "This is a fever dream."

This wasn't happening.

Not really.

He looked at Sarah for rescue, at Marisol for correction - but both were just lounging on him like nothing was wrong. Like it was normal for a nearly-naked Mia to mold herself against his lap like a living fantasy.

Why were they testing him? He had done nothing to deserve this!

His mind raced. Was this some twisted lesson in self-control? A performance of trust? Or worse - were they actually serious about Mia joining them? Surely not!

He bit down a groan.

Marisol didn't even look. "Do you need to be excused, amor?"

Bharath hissed at Marisol, "I think she's trying to seduce me. Stop moving like that Mia!"

"Like this?" asked Mia doing it again making Bharath groan.

Marisol looked at Bharath, "She tries this with everyone amor. Stop flattering yourself."

He didn't respond. Couldn't. His erection was pressing so hard against Mia it was embarrassing. His hands clenched into fists. He wanted to push her off and yet he wanted to pull her tighter to him as well. She felt so good on him.

He should stop this. Say something or push her off. Yes he was pinned down but he was stronger than them. He should be the noble man the girls always believed him to be. But this wasn't lust anymore-it was a tide, warm and terrifying, eroding everything he thought he knew about boundaries. She was his apsara's sister! His student. And yet... his traitorous body couldn't do more - didn't do more. He wanted Mia and didn't want her at the same time.

He didn't know which urge terrified him more.

"I hate all of you," he whispered.

Sarah giggled and kissed his shoulder. "We know."

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 152: Trapped in Paradise [18+]

[1,387 words]

The world outside was still gray with sleep, painted in streaks of soft gold from the early morning sun. But inside the living room, Bharath was very much awake. Very awake.

He lay perfectly still, listening to the rhythm of their breathing. One breath, warm and slow against his chest. The other, faint and shallower, brushing past his neck. He blinked, vision adjusting to the soft light of dawn filtering through the gauzy curtains.

He did not move. Not yet.

Because he was wrapped in the kind of luxury no man could ever really prepare for. Marisol was pressed flush against his right side, her bountiful chest rising and falling against his face, one thigh slung lazily over his own like she was anchoring him to the mattress. Her silky hair had taken over the pillow, a fragrant, wild mess that tickled his jaw.

On his other side, Sarah had curled up half on top of him sometime during the night. Her arm was draped over his chest possessively, one knee tucked into his hip. Her hair smelled faintly of coconut and mango shampoo, and one soft breast had found its home against his cheek.

He was sandwiched between warmth, softness, femininity. Not some fantasy, but real, tangible skin, breath, curves, and heartbeats.

And nestled against both sides of his face?

Heaven.

Two breasts, both DDs, both exquisite in their own way. Each one resting against his cheeks, his jawline, his lips if he angled his head just so. Warm, soft, grounding. Sarah's breast, to his left, had slipped free from the sheet and rested lightly against his neck. Its weight was gentler, higher, more sculpted, the kind of shape that sat snug in his palm and left him always wanting more. Her nipple - small, pink, and upturned—was already peeking through the morning chill.

To the right, Marisol's fullness rested in decadent contrast. Heavier, softer, and more generous, her breast felt like the most comfortable cushion in the world. Her nipples, darker and broader, carried the kind of sensitivity that turned her voice into music if he so much as grazed them.

He did not try to be poetic. There was no poetry here. Just awe. The raw kind.

He tilted his head slightly, brushing his nose against Sarah's breast. Her scent hit him immediately - a hint of the lotion from the night before. It was faint but unmistakable, and it made his mouth water. Slowly, reverently, he brought his lips to her nipple and gave it a soft kiss. She stirred, not fully awake, but her body responded anyway. Her back arched faintly and a quiet hum escaped her throat.

His hand slid beneath the blanket and over her hip, fingers tracing the dip of her waist until he cupped the swell of her breast in his palm. She felt perfect. He thumbed her nipple, watching it stiffen against his touch. She whimpered softly in her sleep and squeezed her thighs around him without meaning to. Her inner thigh grazed against his length with enough friction to make him grunt low in his throat.

She did not even realize what she was doing.

He turned to his other side and inhaled deeply. Marisol's skin was warm and faintly salty, with the earthy sweetness of amber and cinnamon. He pressed his face into the generous slope of her chest, nuzzling until he found her nipple with his lips. Then he kissed it, slow and deep. She did not move at first. Just sighed. Then she muttered something in slurred Spanish that he could not understand but made his chest tighten anyway.

His hand found her other breast under the sheets. His palm sank into it as if her body molded itself for his hands alone. When he rolled the nipple gently between his fingers, her hips shifted and her leg tightened around his.

Bharath blinked, looked down at his morning state, then sighed.

He pulled both women closer with each arm. Left arm curled around Sarah, right hand still teasing Marisol. Both girls let out small sounds of contentment, unconsciously nestling into him further.

He could stay like this forever.

And then he saw them. Faint, but there.

Marks.

On Sarah's breast near the curve of her sternum - one of his love bites, nearly faded. Another, lower on Marisol's collarbone - darker, but already lightening at the edges.

He grinned. He remembered that night clearly. They had made him promise—both of them—that he would never let their marks fade. That when one started to disappear, he would replace it. Not out of possessiveness, they said. Out of reverence. Out of belonging.

He kissed the fading mark on Sarah first, just above the spot where her heart beat under skin. A soft, open-mouthed kiss. She squirmed lightly in her sleep, her grip on his waist tightening.

“Again...” she mumbled, barely conscious.

He smiled. “Later,” he whispered, and kissed her again anyway. Then his teeth found the spot just beside it, and he left a fresh one—gently, but firm enough to make it last.

She let out a moan and pressed her hips forward into him.

He turned to Marisol next. Her clavicle was already home to a mark from the night before, but he was not about to leave it half-faded. He traced his tongue just below it, then bit—soft, slow, just enough pressure to make her arch and mutter, “You better be replacing the one that’s fading, mi corazón...”

“I am,” he said softly. “I always keep my promises.”

She hummed, her leg hiking higher over his thigh. Her hips found his, rubbing sleepily against his hardness.

“Don’t tease,” she said, half-awake.

“Who’s teasing?” he murmured, kissing across her breast again and drawing her nipple into his mouth.

Sarah stirred next, waking more fully. She blinked, rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand, then looked down at him.

“What time is it?” she murmured.

“Too early,” Bharath said between licks.

“You’re already up,” she said, voice gravelly with sleep. “And already causing trouble.”

She reached down and grabbed his hand, guiding it back to her chest. “I want one too. A fresh one.”

“You got yours already.”

“Doesn’t count,” she said. “I was not conscious while you did it.”

Bharath chuckled and kissed her again—this time just below the curve of her underboob, teeth scraping gently. Sarah gasped. “That’s better.”

Marisol smirked, one eye now open. “Do me again.”

He did not argue.

He leaned into her chest again and sucked deeply, using his tongue to swirl around her already stiff nipple before biting just under the curve of her mound. This time, she let out a full moan and dug her fingers into his hair.

“You’re such a good boy when you’re horny,” she teased breathlessly.

Sarah giggled. “He’s not just horny. He’s ravenous.”

“Damn right I am,” Bharath mumbled, still focused on Marisol’s breast.

Sarah tugged his head back and guided it to hers. “Then prove it.”

He was only too happy to oblige.

For the next few minutes, Bharath took turns lavishing attention on both women, cupping, licking, sucking, marking. His hands moved from breast to breast, his thumbs pressing into soft flesh, fingers trailing along ribs, massaging the weight in each palm like they were his personal prayer beads.

Marisol arched into him with abandon, murmuring encouragement between breaths.

Sarah whined when he left her for more than a few seconds. “Come back here. No favoritism.”

He laughed into her chest.

Her response was to pull him deeper, breasts squishing against his face. “That’s your fault if you can’t breathe.”

By the time the alarm finally buzzed to life, shrill and annoying from the nightstand, all three of them were tangled in a mess of limbs and flushed skin.

Marisol slapped the top of the alarm clock with a grumble. “Kill it.”

Sarah whined, “Five more minutes.”

“I have to go,” Bharath said reluctantly, untangling himself one limb at a time.

“No,” Marisol said, wrapping her arms around his waist.

Sarah clung to his forearm. “You’re warm. We’re cold.”

“I’ll come back sweaty,” he teased.

“Gross,” both girls said at the same time, but neither let go.

He kissed them each again, then gently pried himself loose. Marisol rolled toward Sarah and tucked her head into the crook of her neck. Sarah’s arms wrapped around her automatically.

As he stood, stretching with a quiet groan, he glanced back at the bed.

Two women, tangled in sheets and hair and each other, marked with his love, glowing in the soft light of morning.

He almost crawled back in.

But instead, he pulled on his shorts, grabbed his towel, and headed to the gym smiling.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 153: Quandry [18+]

[1,350 words]

The soft rhythm of Mia’s breathing was steady now, her lashes still damp from all the laughter and the emotionally charged revelations of the evening. Sarah and Marisol were kissing him in heat, aroused beyond belief seeing Mia with Bharath. He still couldn’t understand how his girls were ok with her doing what she did.

Bharath effortlessly lifted Mia’s delectable body, still clad in her skimpy shirt baring her breasts in all their glory and tiny shorts that wrapped around that amazing ass that he couldn’t stop dreaming about. Still, despite his arousal, he gently laid her into the armchair. She mewled as she missed his heat but he gently bundled her using the throw on the couch.

She lay curled on the oversized armchair near the fireplace, wrapped in the throw, her head resting against one armrest and her feet tucked under the other. A movie still flickered on the TV screen, long forgotten. Empty pizza boxes sat stacked on the side table. The girls had dimmed the lights an hour ago. The silence that remained was thick with unspoken tension.

Mia was finally asleep.

Thank God.

Bharath could still feel her-*burned* into him-the silky press of her near-naked body grinding on his lap, the maddening sway of those shorts, the perfect bounce of her breasts under that too-thin t-shirt. She hadn't meant to torture him.

Or maybe she had.

But now she was curled up in the armchair like an innocent, dreaming angel. It was almost cruel.

He glanced down. His cock throbbed, straining painfully against the fabric of his pants. Every nerve still remembered the ghost of Mia's body-how she'd pressed into him, how her breath had hitched when she looked up at him like she wanted to be taken.

She was beautiful. No denying that.

But she was also Marisol's sister.

That made her sacrosanct in his eyes. Off-limits. A line he had sworn to never cross. Not even for a second.

He had let her sit there. Let her grind against him. Let her temptation burn through him like incense. But he hadn't moved. Not a muscle. Not a twitch of indulgence.

Because if he did... it wouldn't just be lust. It would be betrayal.

And he loved Marisol and Sarah too much to dishonor them like that. They were his soulmates. His women for life.

So he sat. In silence. Burning with desire. Restrained in honor.

And then-he looked up.

Sarah and Marisol were watching him as they saw the warmth in his eyes tinge with something else now. Not lust. Not yet. Something heavier.

"Can we talk?" he asked quietly.

Sarah, still on the couch, propped herself up on one elbow. "Of course."

Marisol stretched lazily, then sat upright. "What's wrong, amor?"

Bharath's jaw tensed. "What just happened?"

Sarah's expression sobered. "Mia?"

He nodded, folding his arms, trying to stay grounded. "She was... practically naked. Grinding on me. On my lap. And you-" He glanced between them, voice low but urgent. "You didn't say anything. You encouraged her."

Marisol's smile faded a touch. "You didn't touch her."

"I couldn't," he said, his voice sharp with restraint. "I didn't want to. Not like that. Not without talking to you both. She's your sister, Marisol."

"I know."

"She's just a girl. She doesn't know what she's doing. She's still young, figuring herself out. I'm not sure she fully understands this."

Sarah tilted her head. "Doesn't she? She's only a year younger than Marisol. She's practically an adult. Don't you find her desirable?"

Bharath shook his head, his voice rising slightly. "I'm not saying she's not beautiful. I mean... God, have you seen her? Of course I desire her as a man. But that's not the point. I cannot betray you. Either of you. Both of you are all I need. You are my forever. I could never live with myself if I did anything that would threaten what we are building together."

Sarah stood and crossed to him. She placed her hand on his chest. "You didn't betray us. Not even close."

Marisol followed, pressing to his other side. "In fact, the way you held yourself back? We've never been so turned on."

Bharath closed his eyes, jaw clenched. "Don't deflect. I'm serious."

"So are we," Sarah said, her lips grazing his collarbone. "You want her. We see it. We feel it. But you chose us."

Marisol ran a palm along his side. "That's why we trust you. That's why we love you even more."

Sarah's smile turned wicked. "So you want us to make it easier for you to say no... while you're standing in front of us like that?" Her fingers slipped down, brushing over his hardness. "Because right now, baby, your body's screaming yes."

Bharath didn't move, didn't soften under their touch yet. He stepped back slightly, just enough to breathe. "You're not hearing me."

Sarah blinked. "We are."

“No,” he said. “You’re... rewarding me for restraint. But that’s not what I need right now.”

Marisol tilted her head. “Then what do you need, amor?”

“Clarity,” he said, rubbing a hand over his jaw. “Support. You both know I’m not just attracted to Mia. It’s more than that. I see her changing. Maturing. Becoming... someone I could...”

He stopped himself. Bit the inside of his cheek.

Sarah’s gaze softened. “Someone you could love?”

“Don’t,” he warned, voice breathless.

“Don’t what?” Marisol whispered. “Remind you that you didn’t act on Mia? That you stayed true? That your cock was practically bursting but you didn’t move an inch?”

Sarah kissed along his jaw. “That deserves a reward, doesn’t it?”

“Girls - please -” he began.

Marisol’s eyes dropped to the bulge still pulsing in his jeans. Her lips parted. Her breath caught.

Sarah gave him a slow, wicked grin. “Poor baby,” she whispered. “Do you need help?”

But then Marisol’s fingers tugged his jeans loose.

“Mi amor,” she whispered. “Let us honor your restraint the only way we know how.”

Sarah dropped to her knees before he could protest again. “Just a taste,” she said, already licking a stripe up the side of his shaft. “For being so damn loyal.”

He groaned, back arching, hands helplessly tangling in her hair. “We’re not done talking...”

But Marisol was already behind him, pressing her breasts to his back, her hand stroking the base of his cock just below Sarah’s lips.

“You’re right,” she said softly. “This isn’t over.”

Sarah looked up, eyes gleaming. “But you’re not getting out of this without finishing inside us first. Many times over. You can’t wind us up like this and not give us release. Plus you owe me a claiming ritual”.

Marisol's hands were already at her hem. "You've earned it," she breathed. "You didn't touch her. You didn't even flinch. Even when she was throwing herself at you. Come take what's yours."

Sarah's night clothes dropped a second later. "Claim me," she said simply. "Now!"

He didn't wait for a third invitation.

Bharath surged forward like a man uncaged. He pulled Sarah up and his mouth crashed against hers, devouring her whimper with a growl. She gasped as he hauled her against his chest, arms locked on her ass as she leapt into his grasp. Marisol climbed onto his back, pressing wet kisses along his neck, her bare breasts flattened against him as she whispered, "Take her. Claim her like you did me. Make her scream. Then take me."

They barely made it up the stairs without falling over.

Bharath threw Sarah onto the bed like a prize-like something already his-and she laughed, breathless, as he grabbed her by the ankles and yanked her down. Marisol was already undressing behind him, her naked body gleaming in the low bedroom light, her fingers teasing her nipples as she watched.

"From the top," Bharath growled.

He crawled over Sarah like a storm breaking over her body, grabbing a fistful of her blonde hair and tugging her head back. She moaned as he kissed her forehead first. Then her temple. Then her cheek. Her jaw. Her throat. His lips traveled lower, biting and sucking at her collarbone before dragging his tongue between her breasts, circling her nipples until she squirmed and arched.

"My tits are yours," Sarah moaned. "My whole body. Yours. Please-please- Yes!!! Bite me baby... harder!"

Bharath didn't answer. He was too busy marking her while Marisol was giving him hickeys on his neck and back as she ground into him quivering with lust.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 154: Mia Belongs to Him [18+]

[1,721 words]

Outside, in the dark of the living room, Mia's eyes fluttered open.

At first, she thought it was part of a dream-the kind you weren't supposed to wake from. At first, she strained to hear anything, but quickly, the sounds escalated from subtle rustling to unmistakable, unrestrained cries of pleasure. Then she heard it again: the soft creak of bedsprings. A muffled moan. A sharp smack. Then a scream - one of pleasure!

Her breath caught. *That was Sarah!*

She sat up slowly, the throw slipping from her shoulders like a discarded spell. The movie on the screen had gone to static. The house was still-except for the rising tide of heat from behind the barely closed bedroom door.

The stairway stretched ahead like a secret invitation.

She padded toward it, barefoot, heart hammering, thighs pressed tight. The bedroom door was ajar - just slightly - enough to know it was intentional, but the sounds leaking through were not subtle.

Marisol's voice floated out, breathless and commanding. "Take her, mi amor. Make your slut scream."

Mia crept up the stairs quickly, shivering with desire.

She didn't even remember crossing the last few feet. She only knew that she was suddenly there-pressed to the doorframe, one eye peeking through that sacred slit.

And what she saw stole the air from her lungs.

Sarah was on her stomach, her beautiful torso arched like a bow, her huge upturned tits splotched with bite marks, her golden hair bunched in Bharath's hands. He knelt behind her, like a warrior, his chest glistening with sweat. She gasped as she saw his thick cock manhandled frantically by her sister who was grinding on him frantically licking and kissing him like he was some sort of dessert. His strong hands gripped Sarah's hourglass hips, his body taut with restrained desire.

She could hear Bharath growling. Hear Sarah *gasping*-begging, pleading. Each word came soaked in devotion.

"Yes chellam... pull my hair. Harder," begged Sarah. "It belongs to you. You know how much I love it when you pull it when you fuck me. Almost as much as when you choke me."

His fist tangled in Sarah's golden hair like a crown he'd been owed for centuries. He yanked her head back and growled into her ear, "This hair is mine. Every strand. Every lock. Mine to pull. Mine to scent. Mine to knot when I ruin you."

Sarah moaned, melting into his grip, whispering "Yes... yes, chellam... claim it. Claim all of me."

Mia's fingers were soon a blur between her thighs as she gasped in pleasure. She wanted to be claimed like that. *Soon. Bharath will claim me like that... I want him to own my hair as well.*

He kissed her scalp reverently, then bit her nape, hard enough to make her cry out. "Your skin. Mine. Your back? Mine to lick clean. These sexy tits-

With a primal growl, Bharath flipped Sarah onto her stomach, repositioning her easily as though she weighed nothing at all.

He slammed her down flat and dragged his tongue across her spine, then spun her over with such force the bed jolted.

"-are mine to mark and suck raw," he snarled.

"Yes! Everyday! Anytime! Just rip my top anytime you want to claim them!"

He bit down on them like a man devouring fruit. Sarah sobbed, arching into him as Marisol gasped behind him, grinding frantically against his lower back, watching every movement with parted lips and glazed eyes.

"Bite her harder, mi amor," Marisol moaned. "Mark your slut like you mark me. She's yours. I'm yours. You're ours."

By the time she worked his way down her front, Mia had already climaxed a few times. Initially she was scared that they would hear her moans, but the amount of noise Sarah and Marisol made put her moans to shame. She couldn't believe this! She had never climaxed more than once ever - let alone from watching. Yet, here she was - multi-orgasmic just watching them, her body responding in ways that she didn't even believe was possible. It was insane.

"My ass is yours chellam... To spank, to fuck, to ruin..."

"Spank her, amor. Show her who owns her ass."

Bharath slid back and flipped Sarah over with a single hand, her body pliant and eager beneath him. Her ass was raised perfectly, glowing with anticipation. He squeezed one cheek, then the other, reverently. He then inserted his fingers into her from behind as she yowled in pleasure.

“Soon chellam. That will be yours too. You can take it if you want anytime... but let me give it you on your birthday.”

“This ass,” he growled, “is sacred to me. Mine to worship. Mine to punish.”

CRACK.

Sarah gasped-but not in pain. Her back arched like a bow, offering more. Her ass trembled under his hand, each strike an invocation.

“Again,” she sobbed. “Please. Ruin me.”

CRACK.

“Say it,” Bharath growled.

“I’m yours!” she wailed. “Your slut. Your prize. Take me.”

From the hallway, Mia’s breath hitched. Her thighs pressed together as her fingers moved faster, slippery with arousal. Sarah’s cries weren’t just carnal-they were *covenant*. Mia wasn’t just watching sex. She was watching devotion take form. She had never climaxed like this before-so many times, so fast, her legs trembling from the aftershocks. It was absurd. Impossible. And yet her body kept chasing the next crest.

Mia’s knees nearly buckled seeing Sarah’s superlative ass bouncing as he spanked her hard. So hard that he immediately kissed it and rubbed her softly. But Sarah didn’t want that. She shook her head and begged him to be harder on her.

Mia had lost count of the number of times the girls had climaxed. And Bharath had not even cum once! He was a sexual god! No wonder Sarah had said that just one of them was not enough for him. It looked like even the two of them were struggling to keep up with him. Was this normal? She had no idea, but instinct told her it wasn’t-that Bharath was special, almost superhuman in his desire and control. No wonder Sarah and Marisol worshipped him.

Marisol was wrapped around him from behind like some divine enchantress-her arms around his chest, her breasts flattened against his back, her hips grinding against the ridges of his lower spine. Her mouth hovered at his ear, whispering wicked prayers and praise as she rubbed herself frantically on his flexing muscles.

Sarah screamed, her voice muffled by the sheets as he continued to pleasure her.

It wasn’t lust. Not just that. It was *worship*.

Inside the room, Bharath leaned forward and dragged his tongue up Sarah's spine like he was licking holy water. Then, without warning, he thrust into her - hard. Deep. Sarah's body jolted forward, and she cried out like she was being undone from the inside.

Marisol moaned so loudly it made Mia flinch.

"I can feel you fucking her through me," she panted, grinding faster. "Oh God, chellam-yes, like that-claim her."

Mia's hand moved faster. Her other hand pressed to the wall to keep her upright. Her breath came in shaky gasps as her hips began a rhythm of their own, chasing something she hadn't even named yet.

Sarah was a mess beneath him now, sobbing into the mattress, her ass bouncing enticingly with each thrust. Bharath slammed into her over and over-his grip tightening, his pace feral. But somehow it wasn't brutal.

It was *precise*.

Deliberate.

Sacred.

With every word, every thrust, he asked for ownership-and was *given* it.

Mia couldn't look away.

Bharath bent down, whispering something into Sarah's ear. Mia couldn't hear the words, but the effect was immediate-Sarah let out a wail that dissolved into a scream as she came again, her body convulsing around him.

Behind him, Marisol *shattered*-her head thrown back, her legs tightening, her orgasm rippling across his back as she clung to him, gasping his name like it was scripture.

Mia was drenched. Trembling.

She imagined being under Bharath like that, his thick cock embedded in her, reduced to nothing but moans and shaking limbs like Sarah now. She imagined Marisol behind him like she was now, whispering in his ears while she climaxed grinding on him watching her sister getting claimed. Sarah was kissing her neck, comforting her with her words and her hands.

She was there. With them. Part of their family.

Her body bucked as yet another orgasm crashed through her.

She bit her fist to stay silent, her thighs quivering, her breath caught mid-moan. Her hand stayed between her legs, slick and trembling, not daring to stop until the wave had fully crested. She had never known pleasure like this. She could only imagine what it felt like to be with Bharath like her sister and Sarah. *Soon. I need this. No wonder they don't need another man. Who can compete with this god? Was this man even human? Maybe Sarah wasn't joking when she said they needed reinforcements.*

Inside, the bed had stilled.

She saw them collapse into one another as both Sarah and Marisol curled into Bharath's chest, kissing every part of him desperately, both claiming his now softer shaft with their hands. His arms were wrapped tightly around both women, fingers splayed possessively over their breasts. Even now, even in the hush of aftermath, he *held* them like treasures.

And Mia...

Mia wanted to be his treasure too. She wanted him to squeeze her breasts to him like them. She groaned as she watched him manhandle them. Soon they calmed down and went to sleep, still clutched tightly around Bharath as his hands continued to grope them even in his sleep. It seemed like they were trying to attach themselves to him. *Is this how they went to sleep every night? I want this too!*

She watched them enviously for a few more minutes-until her body calmed, until her hand slowed and slipped away, sticky with longing.

Then she stepped back.

Quiet. Changed. If she ever had any doubts about belonging to him - they were long gone now. She couldn't even imagine not wanting to be with Bharath anymore. She was his now. In mind and soul. Yet a small voice lingered deep within her, uncertain and vulnerable. What if she couldn't measure up? What if her being Marisol's sister kept her forever on the outside?

She padded back down the stairs, her legs still weak until she collapsed back into the armchair. The throw tangled around her, her fingers still humming as she recalled what she had seen. Sleep claimed her tired body quickly as she dissolved into a pleasurable dream. To him.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 155: Sleep Well?

[1,319 words]

A faint rustling stirred Mia from her shallow sleep. It wasn't the deep slumber of earlier, but a restless doze, her mind swirling with fragmented dreams of Bharath and the girls. She lay still, the cozy throw tucked beneath her chin, ears alert as laughter and soft murmurs slipped from upstairs.

She lay still in the cocoon of the throw blanket, the glow of the bedroom still burning in her mind like afterimages. Her hand rested against her chest, not touching-just remembering.

The silence was heavier now. Not awkward, not empty. Just full. Like the hush after a concert when your ears are still ringing and your body's unsure if the music ever really stopped.

She sat up slowly.

The room was dim, lit only by the pale orange of the streetlamp slanting through the blinds. The TV had gone black. The fireplace had cooled.

She needed water.

Padding toward the kitchen, bare feet silent on the floorboards, Mia poured herself a glass from the filter jug and stood there with it in both hands, staring at nothing in particular.

She should've felt dirty.

But she didn't.

She felt... opened. To a world she couldn't have even imagined in her wildest dreams. And yet it felt more real than anything she could dream about.

Her thighs still tingled. Her lips were parted. Her chest ached-not from want, but from the gravity of it all. What they had in that room wasn't just lust. It was love, braided into motion. Worship translated into heat.

Mia sipped her water, her breath cooling, her pulse finally slowing.

And just as she set the glass in the sink-

She heard them again.

The laugh.

The low moan.

The unmistakable sound of Sarah's voice, sleepy and warm, whispering, "You also have a full body we haven't properly woken up yet, baby. Titjob alarm clock time." She heard Marisol giggle as well.

Mia froze. A fresh shiver lit up her spine. Her heart stilled, warmth flooding her chest at the affectionate laughter behind those words, before the casual audacity of the phrase brought a heated flush to her cheeks.

And this time, when she walked back up the stairs to peek at them, she didn't hesitate. Hearing them go again just a couple of hours after they way they loved each other last night made her doubt herself.

"What if I don't belong in their world? What if I'm just a child peeking at gods?"

But then a soft smile curled on her lips. Her sisters would never leave her behind. Bharath would never leave her behind. He would love her just like he loved Marisol and Sarah. She now just had to win him over.

Soon.

When Bharath finally emerged-fresh, glowing, towel wrapped around his waist and hair damp-he paused in the hallway and looked toward her as she pretended to sleep. He smiled softly. She didn't move.

"She's still asleep," he whispered to the girls, warmth in his voice. "Let her rest."

He padded to the kitchen, grabbed his gym bag, kissed both girls long and slow, and stepped out into the day.

Only then did Mia open her eyes fully.

Only then did she allow herself to breathe again.

The front door clicked softly behind Bharath as he left for the gym, the echo of his departure lingering in the air.

Mia sat up slowly, no longer pretending to sleep. The throw pooled around her waist like the end of a dream she didn't want to wake from. Her heart still beat a little too fast, her skin still buzzed from what she'd witnessed. She felt flushed and thoughtful, equal parts aroused and *invited*-a sensation that stirred her deeply.

The apartment was warm and hushed now, filled with the kind of intimacy that lingers after lovemaking and laughter. No pretense. Just breath and heat and quiet contentment.

She rose to her feet and padded toward the bedroom. She hesitated for only a moment before gently nudging the already-open door wider.

Inside, Marisol and Sarah were curled up in the sheets, their limbs entangled in a lover's sprawl. Bare skin glowed in the soft morning light. A tangle of hair, breasts, thighs, and climax-flushed smiles. They looked like sculpture and sun.

They looked like *freedom*.

Sarah was giggling into Marisol's shoulder. Marisol's arm was draped lazily over her chest, fingers idly drawing circles just below Sarah's collarbone.

They both turned when Mia stepped in.

"Buenos días, chiquita," Marisol cooed, voice thick with sleep and mischief. "Sleep well?"

"I... tried," Mia replied with a soft laugh. "You guys made that a little hard."

Sarah smirked. "We heard. A little moan here, a little floorboard creak there..."

Mia blushed but didn't look away. "You left the door open."

Both girls grinned.

Marisol stretched slowly, unabashedly, revealing even more of her nude form. "Mmm... maybe. Maybe not."

Sarah tilted her head. "Insurance."

Mia frowned slightly. "Insurance?"

"To see if you were actually interested," Marisol said, her voice velvet smooth, still tangled with amusement. "No pressure. Just... an open door. You walked through it."

Mia stared at them, her throat dry. Then, simply: "It was the hottest thing I've ever seen. Let alone heard of."

The girls said nothing-just watched her with open expressions, inviting, curious, gentle.

Mia's eyes lingered on their bodies. How comfortable they were. How soft and beautiful. They weren't performing. They were simply *themselves*. Tangled and laughing and bare and still glowing from pleasure.

It was impossible not to stare.

"You're so..." she started, then paused, eyes fixed on Marisol, "...comfortable with each other. With yourselves. You're not even trying to cover up. You're just... okay like this?"

Marisol tilted her head at Mia's question, a slow smile tugging at her lips. She stretched again, the sheet slipping lower off her hips. "You mean like... okay being naked?"

Mia nodded, her voice quieter now. "Yeah. I mean, you're both just lying there like you're goddesses sculpted for worship."

Sarah laughed, warm and unbothered. "That's because we are. Bharath's apsaras"

Marisol winked. "And you are too. You just haven't figured it out yet."

Mia rolled her eyes. "You're both literally perfect. And I-"

Sarah sat up slightly, the sheet falling away, revealing the full, elegant slope of her breasts, still marked from where Bharath had kissed her minutes ago. "Stop right there," she said. "Look at you."

Mia blinked. "What?"

"Look at yourself," Sarah repeated, her voice firm but kind. "Your skin is like satin, you're curvier than either of us but still tight as hell. I've seen dancers who don't move like you do when you're just walking."

Marisol nodded, her dark eyes traveling openly over Mia's form. "It's unfair. You have the kind of figure that makes people reconsider their sexuality."

Mia laughed, cheeks flushing pink. "You're both insane."

Mia's eyes flicked to Marisol next, drinking in the soft, sun-warmed curves and toned lines of her sister's bare waist. "You've changed," she whispered. "Your abs... your thighs... you look like a dancer now. Or a goddess sculpted in bronze."

Marisol laughed, rolling slightly onto her back, the sheet slipping lower across her hips. "That's because Sarah makes me do yoga every morning like she's preparing me for the Olympics."

Sarah smirked. "Discipline and downward dog. And maybe a little light cardio."

“Light?” Marisol snorted. “Bharath pounds us into the mattress like he’s training for a heavyweight title fight multiple times a day.”

“And we still beg for more,” Sarah added sweetly, tracing a finger down Marisol’s ribcage.

Mia flushed, grinning despite herself. “Okay, so sacred sex *and* Pilates. Noted.”

Mia crossed her arms, still smiling but clearly flustered. “You’re seriously just okay being this... open? Even with each other?”

Marisol scooted to the side, patting the bed between them. “I wasn’t, at first. I used to turn off the lights. Hide under sheets. But now?”

Sarah picked up the thread. “Now, it feels more natural being naked around Marisol than clothed.”

“Because she sees me,” Marisol whispered. “She sees all of me. No judgment. Just... warmth.”

Mia stood at the foot of the bed, her breath catching.

Something in that struck her deep.

A part of her that had always posed, always calculated. Even when alone. Always wondering how she was being seen.

But what if being *seen* meant being *freed*?

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 156: The Open Door

[1,669 words]

With a deep inhale, Mia reached for the hem of her oversized tee and pulled it over her head in one smooth motion.

Neither girl said a word.

She kicked off her shorts and stepped out of them. Her skin prickled in the morning air, not from shame-but from *shedding*.

And when she looked up, both girls were staring at her with naked admiration.

Marisol let out a low whistle. “Dios mío...”

Sarah leaned back on her elbows. “That is *not* fair.”

Mia grinned, trying to shake off the rising blush. “What?”

“You look like every forbidden poster the boys want to hang in their high school lockers,” Sarah said.

Marisol added, “If Bharath ever sees you walking around like this, he’s going to forget his own name.”

Mia covered her face with both hands and laughed. “Stop. Oh my god.”

But she was glowing.

She could feel it-like the sun had finally found her skin and decided to stay.

She crawled into bed between them and let the covers drape over her waist. Her bare back met Marisol’s stomach; Sarah faced her, soft and open, close enough for their noses to almost touch.

No tension.

No hesitation.

Just warmth.

Marisol draped one arm over both their waists, sighing happily. “Perfect fit.”

Sarah traced a line from Mia’s collarbone to her shoulder. “Like you were meant to be here.”

Mia exhaled slowly. “It’s strange. I always thought I’d feel... weird. But this just feels...”

She didn’t have the word.

“Right,” Marisol supplied gently.

“Like a puzzle piece I didn’t know was missing,” Mia whispered.

“Exactly,” Sarah said.

They lay there, their bodies relaxed but still humming with something more.

Marisol’s hand found Mia’s hip, admiring its curve. “I swear, if Bharath had seen *this* view before the gym, he’d still be in bed.”

Sarah laughed. “Or on the floor.”

Mia smirked. “Would you let him?”

“Baby,” Marisol said, mock-scandalized. “We *live* to let him.”

Sarah added, “It’s the best part of our day. And night.”

Mia rolled onto her back between them, staring up at the ceiling. “God. I’ve never even imagined something like this existed. This kind of... love. Playfulness. Worship.”

Marisol nestled her head against Mia’s shoulder. “It’s what happens when you give up shame.”

“And let devotion in,” Sarah murmured.

Mia’s heart fluttered at that word.

Devotion.

Not possession. Not performance.

Devotion.

“I want it,” she whispered before she could stop herself.

Sarah propped herself up on one elbow, smiling. “We know.”

Marisol kissed Mia’s bare shoulder, lips soft and reverent. “And you’ll get it. If it’s right. And when it’s time.”

Mia looked between them. “You’re both... okay sharing him?”

Marisol met her gaze steadily. “We’re not *sharing* him. We’re worshipping him. Together.”

Sarah nodded. “He gives us everything. And we give him... everything back.”

“And sometimes each other,” Marisol said, grinning.

Mia laughed again, half-flustered, half-aroused. "I don't know if I could ever-"

"Not yet," Sarah said. "You're still blooming."

Marisol leaned over and rested her head on Mia's chest. "And when you do, it'll be magnificent."

They lay like that for a long time, wrapped in warmth and skin and lazy touches. At one point, Mia let her fingers brush along Marisol's waist, then across Sarah's shoulder. She didn't think about it. It felt like... *hers*.

Not ownership. But belonging.

She was starting to understand the difference.

"What do you think it'll be like?" Mia whispered. "When it finally happens?"

"The first time?" Sarah asked.

"With Bharath."

Marisol's voice was low. "Like stepping into a storm you didn't know you could survive."

Sarah added, "And finding out you're the eye of it."

Mia closed her eyes and smiled. "I want that."

"You'll have it," Marisol said.

Sarah curled closer. "But first, more cuddles."

Mia giggled. "Best initiation ritual ever."

They drifted there, not quite sleeping, not quite awake.

The air buzzed with the beginning of something. The opening of a new door.

Not just the one in the hallway.

But the one in Mia's heart.

And it was wide open.

Marisol brushed Mia's hair from her forehead, then whispered with a lazy grin, "Next time we'll leave the door a little wider."

Sarah chuckled softly. "Or maybe we won't. Let's see if you sneak closer on your own."

Mia flushed, but her grin was unmistakable.

She wasn't just part of the scene now. She was already imagining her next entrance. How it would feel to tease him. To be watched. To be wanted like that.

Sarah yawned and nuzzled her neck. Marisol curled tighter against her back. The bed was warm, heavy with afterglow and comfort.

The light in the room was soft, muted by the gauzy curtains, but the air buzzed with something electric. It wasn't just the aftermath of last night. It was possibility. Desire. A fragile kind of promise waiting to be spoken aloud.

Mia lay between Sarah and Marisol, skin warm against skin. No one had reached for the blanket. No one had needed to. Their heat was shared. Tangled. Earned.

It was Marisol who broke the silence, her voice a husky murmur against Mia's shoulder.

"That was... kind of insanely hot, by the way."

Mia blinked. "What was?"

"You. Last night. Grinding on him like that." Her breath brushed Mia's collarbone. "No bra. That top falling open. Your hips moving on him like it was instinct."

Sarah let out a soft sigh, nuzzling the back of Mia's neck. "You were shameless. And stunning."

Mia flushed, but didn't look away. "You two told me to flirt."

"We didn't tell you to *grind* on his cock like a metronome," Sarah said, laughing under her breath. "That was full-body sorcery."

Marisol leaned over her. "You knew what you were doing. And he knew too."

"He just didn't move," Mia said. "He didn't pull me in."

"Because he's loyal," Marisol whispered. "To *us*. That's the only reason."

Sarah nodded. "It wasn't rejection. It was restraint. Devotion."

"And it made it hotter," Marisol added. "Watching him try not to break."

Mia bit her lip. "You liked watching me seduce him?"

“Oh yeah,” Sarah purred. “Every roll of your hips. Every time your shirt slipped. He was shaking. And we were soaking. We told you we like watching him with his special women.”

Mia exhaled shakily. “God.”

Marisol traced a line down Mia’s arm. “We didn’t *know* if you’d actually go through with it. But we hoped you would.”

“I thought maybe...” Mia hesitated. “Maybe you’d be upset.”

“Upset?” Sarah scoffed softly. “We wanted to jump you on that couch ourselves.”

Mia smiled, but her eyes had turned serious. “Can I tell you something?”

“Always,” Marisol said.

Mia hesitated only a moment. “I can understand how hot you feel. I saw you too. All of last night. And this morning too.”

There was a beat of stunned silence.

“You liked it too?” Sarah asked, huskily.

Mia nodded. “I heard you. You guys were so noisy. I peeked through the crack in the door you had left open and... I couldn’t look away.”

Marisol sat up slightly, eyes wide. “Holy shit. I had left the door open hoping you would hear us. We never thought you would see the whole thing.”

Mia’s voice dropped. “I watched him take you both. And I came. I didn’t even touch myself the first time. It just... happened.”

Sarah made a reverent sound in her throat. “You came watching him fuck us?”

“Multiple times,” Mia said softly. “And not just because of him.”

That made both girls go still.

“What do you mean?” Marisol asked.

Mia swallowed. “I got off watching *you*. Watching you *feel* him. The way you gave yourselves to him. The way you held each other. It was... beautiful. Like watching love be worshipped.”

Sarah’s breath caught. “You got turned on by us?”

Mia blushed but nodded. "Not you... but watching you getting taken by him. I didn't expect to. But I did. So much. I imagined how it would be if it were me in your place."

Marisol let out a slow, shaky laugh. "Oh, Mia... you're a cuckquean just like us."

Mia blinked. "What?"

"It means you're turned on by watching someone you love fuck someone," Sarah explained gently. "Especially when it's someone you want to be part of. Like Bharath."

Mia's lips parted. "That's... a thing?"

"Oh yes," Marisol said, sliding closer. "It's what *we* are too. We watch each other getting fucked by Bharath. And love it. You asked us last night about how we manage to share Bharath with each other. Now you should understand."

Sarah grinned. "It's not jealousy. It's devotion. Worship. Wanting to witness love unfold."

"I didn't feel left out," Mia whispered. "I felt like I *belonged* there."

"Because you do," Marisol said fiercely. "You're one of us."

"You *are* part of this," Sarah added, cupping Mia's cheek. "Even if Bharath's still holding back."

"He's not afraid," Marisol said. "He's just loyal. He thinks acting on what he feels for you would betray us."

"But it wouldn't," Sarah said. "Because we *want* it."

Mia's heart thudded. "You do?"

"We *need* to see him claim you," Marisol whispered. "It's the next step."

"And last night," Sarah said, "he almost did. He was so close. If it weren't for his love for us, I think he would've bent you over the couch. I'm getting hot just thinking about it."

Mia's thighs clenched. "I wanted it. So badly. I could feel his desire for me. His cock was so hard and thick! I almost took it and shoved it in me."

"We *know*," Marisol said, grinning. "You should've seen our faces."

"I couldn't stop fantasizing," Mia murmured. "What he'd do. How he'd touch me. Would he spank me like you? Or choke me like Sarah?"

“Maybe something new,” Sarah said, her voice full of heat. “Maybe you’ll unlock something we haven’t.”

“And we’ll be there,” Marisol promised. “To guide him. To hold you. To worship you together.”

Mia swallowed, tears stinging her eyes. “You’ve already accepted me.”

“Of course we have,” Sarah said. “You’re not just a guest anymore. You’re family.”

“And soon,” Marisol whispered, “you’ll be *his*, too.”

They lay there in silence for a moment, breaths tangled, hearts beating in sync.

Then Mia whispered, “You really think he’ll let himself?”

Sarah nodded. “He already *wants* to. He just hasn’t forgiven himself for it.”

“But we’ll push him there,” Marisol said. “Gently. Together.”

“And when he breaks...” Sarah’s voice turned molten. “It’s going to be glorious.”

“I can’t wait to watch him with you again,” Mia said. Then added, more quietly, “I think I *need* to watch.”

“You’re such a little cuck,” Marisol teased.

“And you love it,” Sarah added, kissing Mia’s shoulder.

Mia smiled through the heat. “I really do. For our man.”

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 157: This is Torture!

[1,675 words]

The door clicked open again.

Bharath stepped inside with his gym bag slung over one shoulder, T-shirt clinging to his chest, hair damp from sweat. His skin glowed with the kind of post-workout sheen that should've been illegal. His breath was still a little labored. He was tugging his towel loose, shaking his head.

"I swear," he muttered, "Jorge is trying to kill me."

Then he looked up.

And froze.

Three sets of eyes were already waiting.

Mia on the couch, arms folded under her chin, legs tucked beneath her in nothing but a long borrowed tee. Marisol and Sarah standing by the bathroom in robes - barely tied, cheeks flushed, eyes gleaming with something that made his soul short-circuit.

He blinked.

"You're awake," he said to Mia.

She grinned. "Mmmhmm. I've been very entertained."

Marisol tilted her head. "Shower?"

Sarah added, "We already warmed it up for you."

He took a cautious step back. "I just showered at the gym."

Marisol smirked. "Not with us, you didn't."

He looked at Mia, as if hoping for mercy.

"They're going to do terrible, unspeakable things," Sarah said sweetly.

Mia bit her lip. "I can handle it."

"You're supposed to be the innocent one," he muttered.

Mia stretched like a cat, her shirt riding high. "I think you've corrupted me."

Marisol slipped behind him, arms sliding under his. "No use fighting it, baby."

Sarah opened the door, steam curling out like a promise. "Resistance is cute. But doomed."

Mia stayed in the doorway, not even pretending to look away as the girls undressed him like a prize they'd earned. He tried to stay noble: crossed arms, shaking head, muttering about decency and boundaries.

Then Sarah whispered something into his ear-something about Mia watching her slide between his thighs.

He flinched.

Then shivered.

Marisol licked his shoulder slowly, letting her robe drop, and said, "What if she helped next time?"

He groaned audibly.

Mia laughed-*howled*, actually-delighting in watching the noble lion tremble under the softest paws.

His eyes flicked toward her once, almost pleading. But she just winked. "Don't worry, Bharath. I'm *just* watching. This time."

He opened his mouth to speak-really speak-but Marisol kissed his shoulder, and Sarah tugged him toward the heat.

"No," he muttered, trying to resist. "Seriously. This-this isn't funny anymore."

Marisol paused. "What isn't?"

"Mia," he said. "This whole... thing. She's not just watching. She's participating now. With her eyes. With her body language. You *know* that."

Sarah kissed his ear. "She's exploring herself, baby. Let her watch. Let her learn."

"She's your sister," he shot at Marisol.

Marisol smirked. "Which is why I'm watching her just as closely."

"That's not reassuring."

"Then stop moaning so loud," Sarah whispered, fingers trailing down his chest.

He pushed her hand away-gently, but firmly. "This is crossing the line"

Marisol tilted her head. "But what if the line moved? "

He stared at her. "What if she moves it herself?" Sarah added. "And begs you to follow?"

Marisol leaned in, voice like velvet. "You know how I know she's different?"

He blinked, dazed.

"Because when other girls flirt with you, you don't even notice," she whispered, lips brushing his jaw. "But when Mia stretches on a couch, you forget how to breathe."

His breath hitched. "I don't want to betray you."

"He's back to the 'betrayal' phase. That's loop three this week," said Sarah smirking, but giving him a peck to acknowledge that she found it cute.

Marisol cupped his face. "Then don't. I want her *with* us. Not *instead* of us."

His knees buckled when Sarah pressed against him again. "That's what I want too, baby. For you to be loved. Without guilt."

"I'm not a kid anymore, Bharath. I *want* to see this. To learn. To join. When you're ready. I know that you feel uncomfortable to claim me. But I know what I'm doing," said Mia gravely.

He narrowed his eyes, but there was no anger-just helpless affection and the faintest blush that ran down his chest as Sarah pulled him inside the shower and Marisol shut the door behind them with a wicked grin.

But the door clicked shut behind them again. And the steam swallowed his protest.

The sounds that followed were scandalous. Moans. Splashes. Groans. Mia curled into the couch and hugged a pillow to her chest, breathless and gleeful, hearing Marisol shout something about "divine punishment" and Bharath mutter, "Oh god, I *can't* take another round."

Fifteen minutes later, they emerged, flushed and glowing.

Bharath looked wrecked. In the best way.

Marisol handed him a towel. "We rinsed off the sin."

Sarah added, "Mostly."

Mia clapped slowly. "That was art."

Bharath gave her a betrayed look. "You are in on this."

“Am I?” she asked innocently. Then she stood, walked past him, and *just* brushed her body against his arm as she passed, whispering, “Or maybe I just wanted to see what I’m working toward.”

He froze.

The girls laughed again.

And no one stopped her.

The off-campus diner had become their refuge now. Quiet, private, with a cozy booth tucked in the corner. It was the same one they’d used the day before, and the waitress barely batted an eye when they came in - though her gaze did linger on Mia this time.

Hard to blame her.

Bharath tried to act normal. Tried to pretend he wasn’t sitting in a booth with three stunning women, two of whom had wrecked him this morning, and one of whom had *watched*.

But it didn’t help that Mia was sitting beside him. Right beside him. Her thigh pressed to his. Her bare leg visible through the slit of Sarah’s borrowed sundress. And her hand...

He jumped when her pinky *casually* brushed his hand on the table but he didn’t pull away.

Marisol saw it. Smiled.

Sarah raised an eyebrow. Said nothing.

Bharath swallowed. “So. Pancakes?”

“Waffles,” Mia purred. “With whipped cream - on the waffles I mean. We can try it somewhere else next time.”

He choked.

She tilted her head. “You okay baby?”

“Fine,” he croaked.

Sarah reached for a sugar packet. “He’s still sensitive.”

Mia leaned in, voice low. “You know, I’ve never had someone make those sounds before. In a shower.”

Marisol's fork paused halfway to her mouth. "Oh really?"

Mia met her gaze with a smirk. "New standard unlocked. I think I'll need a closer inspection next time. To make sure I don't miss anything."

Sarah grinned, waving her fork, "Or maybe you should join in."

Bharath groaned, covering his face. "You're all evil."

Mia patted his knee. "You love it."

He peeked between his fingers. Marisol and Sarah were quietly sipping orange juice, totally unbothered.

He whispered to himself, "How are they being so cool about all this? How much longer will this testing go on? This is torture!"

But they were chatting about their plans for class now, perfectly relaxed, like Mia hadn't just flirted with him about joining him in the shower in front of them. Surely she had crossed some kind of line there!

He waited until Mia was in the restroom.

His voice was low, serious. "Can we talk for a second? Like - really talk. Not with smirks. Not with teasing."

Marisol met his eyes, then leaned back. "Bharath..."

"No. Listen. She's your sister. I know what I'm feeling and I *hate* it. You're making this worse by acting like it's a game."

Sarah stirred her coffee slowly. "It's not a game to us."

"Then what *is* it?" he asked, the edge in his voice sharper than usual.

"You're worried you'll hurt us. We're showing you-we trust you. Even with Mia."

He pulled his hand back. "What if I don't trust myself?"

Sarah smiled faintly. "Then we'll keep helping. Until you do."

Marisol took a deep breath. "If this was just about her being pretty, we wouldn't be having this conversation."

Sarah nodded. "We've seen you around stunning girls before. You don't react like this. You don't overthink. You don't ache."

Marisol looked him dead in the eyes. “You ache for her. That’s why we’re pushing. Because it’s not just want - it’s her.”

Bharath exhaled, looking miserably down at the napkin he’d twisted nearly in half. “It doesn’t feel like help. It feels like temptation dressed as trust.”

“What happened darling?” Sarah asked gently, holding his hand, noticing how distressed he looked.

“Just...thinking.”

Marisol nuzzled into his side. “About Mia?”

“About Mia,” he admitted. “About us. About how this whole thing can unravel if I give in to my feelings for Mia.”

Both girls stilled.

He didn’t look at them when he said it. “I know I’m lucky. Beyond what any man has hope to be. I *know* what we have is improbable. But sometimes I feel like I’m walking a tightrope. Between love and lust. Between right and wrong. I don’t want to risk anything that we have now.”

Marisol’s voice was quiet. “Do you think we don’t feel it too?”

“Then why do you push her toward me?”

Sarah kissed his temple. “Because she wants this. And so do you. You just don’t want to admit it yet.”

“I don’t *want* to want her,” he said softly.

Marisol didn’t flinch. “But you do. And not because she’s hot or new or flirty. You want her because she sees you and you see her. We can see that. That’s why we approve of her. She mirrors you. That’s why this is different.”

Sarah added softly, “And that’s why we’re not afraid. You don’t fall for just anyone, baby. You fall when it matters.”

Marisol lifted his chin. “Don’t be afraid to confront the truth, Bharath. You do want her. And that doesn’t make you weak, cariño. That makes you *human*.”

“What if it makes me selfish?”

“Then we’ll be selfish with you,” Sarah said. “Together. You know we don’t allow just anyone to be with you. You’ve seen how we shoot down other girls when they try to hit on you.”

“They do? When?”

“Typical!” huffed both Marisol and Sarah.

“You seriously haven’t noticed all the women on campus throwing themselves at you lately?”

“Not really. I just chalked it up to the same weird things that have been happening since our throuple went public.”

Marisol and Sarah looked at each other with exasperation.

“Bharath. You have been propositioned by at least ten girls that we know of in the last one week. Are you that oblivious? Mia is special. She is not just another girl. We think she belongs to us.”

Mia returned a moment later, radiant and giggling about something she’d overheard near the jukebox.

The subject was dropped. Again. Like it always was. And it scared him how easy that was becoming.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 158: Falling Into Family

[1,815 words]

They left the diner full, buzzed from coffee, and freshly dressed. The November air was cool, crisp, and clear.

Bharath walked in the middle again, still pondering the mysterious minds of women while his women wrapped themselves around him.

Sarah held one hand.

Marisol looped her arm through the other.

Mia walked a step behind... then beside him... then in front... then back beside him again.

She was practically glowing. And the reason was obvious.

Everyone was staring.

Again.

And this time?

Worse.

Because it wasn't just two perfect girls with him.

It was *three*.

Students passed and did double takes.

A group of frat boys tripped over the curb.

"They added one more! The Prince has struck again!"

"The goddesses are multiplying!"

Someone outright stopped and gasped.

A skateboarder crashed into a bench when he saw Mia's legs make an appearance through the slit in her sundress.

The legend was evolving.

And Mia loved every second.

"Oh my god," she whispered, gripping Marisol's arm and laughing. "Did you see that guy just *drop* his bag?"

Marisol grinned. "They're recalibrating reality."

Sarah leaned into Bharath's side and whispered, "We broke the simulation again."

At the front steps of the engineering building, Sarah turned, kissed Bharath full on the mouth-slow and deep-then pulled away with a soft sigh. "See you at lunch, honey."

Someone *squealed* nearby.

Bharath blinked, dazed.

Mia leaned in and whispered, "Imagine if we all did that every morning."

His knees nearly buckled.

Sarah walked off to class.

Mia turned to Marisol. "Mind if I tag along with her today?"

Marisol blinked. "Not at all. But why?"

"I want to see what she's like on campus. What people see when she's not in our bubble."

Marisol's gaze was knowing. "You're scouting."

Mia just smiled. "Maybe."

Bharath turned, watching Sarah disappear into the crowd. "I'm going to die from this teasing with Mia, aren't I?"

Marisol kissed his cheek. "Every day. A little more."

Mia skipped ahead and twirled, dazzling him with her smile. "What a way to go."

Georgia Tech's campus buzzed with its usual intensity-students rushing across brick paths, lecture halls spilling open between classes, the clang of metal water bottles and the murmured rhythm of half-hearted small talk. But Mia wasn't really listening to any of it.

She was following Sarah.

And it was like tailing a comet.

Mia hadn't expected to feel so quiet. So internal. She was used to attention-had worn it like perfume for years. Queen bee. Head cheerleader. That girl.

But walking beside Sarah?

She didn't *need* to speak.

People turned to look. Of course they did. Two beautiful young women-one glowing with polished intellect, the other with golden high school magnetism-strode across campus like a pair of anomalies.

But Sarah didn't react. Not once.

She didn't brush her hair differently. Didn't sway her hips more. Didn't smirk when guys did double-takes. She walked with calm efficiency, radiating presence without a single drop of self-consciousness.

Mia trailed half a step behind, hands in her jacket pockets, taking it all in. This was a different kind of power. Not flashy. Not curated. Just *rooted*.

By the end of Sarah's first class-a fluid dynamics lecture packed with graduate students and a whiteboard that looked like it belonged in a NASA lab-Mia was floored.

Sarah wasn't just beautiful. She was brilliant.

Confident in a quiet way. Precise when she spoke. Funny when she wanted to be. And every time someone asked a question, Sarah didn't show off. She just *helped*. Efficiently. Kindly. With zero pretension.

Mia had spent her life being envied.

But now?

Now she knew what it felt like to *envy*.

They grabbed coffee during the break between classes, settling on a quiet bench beneath a tree that had just begun to turn orange with the Atlanta fall. Sarah was sipping black coffee like it was a spiritual practice. Mia cradled her chai latte with both hands, staring at her cup.

She had to say something.

"Hey," she said at last, "I just... wanted to say... you're kind of amazing."

Sarah turned, blinking in surprise.

Mia kept going before she lost courage. "Like, I knew you were beautiful. Obviously. And smart. But watching you today? You're just... so good. Like, naturally good at everything. I've never met someone like you."

Sarah smiled faintly, eyes soft. "You'd be surprised how long it took to feel like that."

Mia shook her head. "No, seriously. You carry yourself like someone who just *knows* who they are. Like someone who doesn't care what anyone thinks."

Sarah stared into her coffee for a moment.

Then she said quietly, "That's because there was a time I didn't think I was worth anything at all."

Mia looked up, startled.

Sarah's voice stayed even. Gentle. "There was a point, not even that long ago, when I didn't get out of bed unless I absolutely had to. When I avoided mirrors. When I convinced myself every smile was fake. Every compliment was a lie."

Mia's lips parted slightly, unsure what to say.

Sarah looked over at her, her gaze warm but raw. "You know how Bharath found me?"

Mia nodded slowly. "That night near the MARTA station."

Sarah smiled without humor. "Yeah. What you probably don't know about is why I was even there."

Mia stayed silent.

Sarah went on. "My ex - Derek - he was the kind of guy who could make you feel like a queen and a worm in the same sentence. Charming. Controlling. One of those people who breaks you a little at a time, so you don't realize it's happening until you're already broken."

She took another sip of coffee. "That night, I finally stood up to him. And he didn't like it. He drove me to the edge of the city, pulled over, and told me to get out."

Mia's eyes widened.

"I didn't even have my purse. No money. So I walked. For miles. In heels. Crying. Until two guys tried to drag me into an alley."

Mia's hand flew to her mouth.

Sarah's voice caught, but only slightly. "And then *he* appeared. Bharath. Like a freaking storm with fists. He didn't even hesitate. Just... ran in. Fought them off. Got stabbed for me. And still apologized for not arriving sooner."

Mia's breath hitched.

Sarah's smile returned-small, soft, but this time it reached her eyes. "That night changed everything. Because for the first time, someone saved me without expecting anything. And then Marisol and I showed up at the hospital. Fierce and kind. They didn't know me. But they *chose* me."

Sarah's hands tightened around her coffee cup. Her voice dropped even softer.

"I've never told Bharath or Marisol everything. Not the worst of it. Not how close I was to... checking out completely."

She looked down, ashamed-not of her past, but of how close she came to giving up.

"There were nights I used to stare at the ceiling and think, *If I disappeared, would anyone care? Would anyone even know?* I'd stopped eating. Stopped feeling. And then... this boy storms into my life. Gentle. Awkward. Brilliant. And so impossibly kind."

A tremble passed through her breath.

"His love didn't just heal me. It reintroduced me to myself. Not as a victim. But as someone worthy of joy. Of sex. Of anger. Of laughter. Of life."

She paused, then smiled at Mia, tears shimmering now in her own eyes.

"Marisol helped too-she pulled me out with sheer sisterly force. Never judged. Just... stayed. And held my hand through the fire."

Mia hesitated, then spoke gently.

"Would you... ever tell me the whole story? Someday?"

Sarah turned her gaze to Mia-open, moved. "Someday, yeah. When I'm fully healed. When I can say it without flinching. But first..."

She looked down at her coffee. "First, I need to tell Bharath."

Mia tilted her head. "Why haven't you?"

A flicker of pain passed through Sarah's eyes.

"Because I still feel ashamed," she admitted. "Not just about what Derek did to me. But about what *I* allowed. How long I stayed. How many times I told myself it wasn't that bad. How I didn't leave even when he... when he started breaking things that weren't just mine."

Mia reached out, barely brushing Sarah's sleeve. "But Bharath would never judge you for that."

"I *know*," Sarah said, almost too quickly. "That's the thing. I know he wouldn't. I know that he loves Marisol and me more than we love ourselves. But that's what makes it harder. I'm scared that if I tell him what I became just to survive... he'll see someone different. Someone weak. Someone tainted."

Her voice wavered. "I need to believe that I'm not that girl anymore before I let him see her."

Mia's heart ached at the rawness in Sarah's voice. She nodded slowly. "That makes sense. It really does." But somewhere deep in her mind, another thought stirred. What could she have gone through-this strong, luminous woman beside her-that was still so painful she couldn't even tell *Bharath* or *Marisol*?

Whatever it was, it made Mia hold her chai tighter. And it made her want to be worthy of this trust all the more.

She looked at Mia now, fully.

"I was always good at school. That's what got me the full ride here. But *they* taught me how to live. How to let myself be loved. How to love back."

Sarah touched Mia's hand gently.

"That's why I need you to tell me how much he means to *you*. Not just because you're hot for him. Not because we're all caught in this ridiculous cosmic web of pheromones and soul bonds and steamy chaos."

She smiled wryly.

"Tell me because I see it in your eyes. The way you look at him. The way your voice softens when you say his name. Tell me because if you're going to join us, I want to *know* that you understand - this love? It's not a game. It's survival. It's salvation."

Mia's eyes welled up again, her throat tight.

"I feel it, Sarah. I swear I do. When I'm near him... it's like I remember who I wanted to be before the world told me to just be pretty and popular. He makes me want to *matter*."

A pause.

"And how to stop apologizing for being powerful and sexual and kind. All at the same time."

Mia's eyes brimmed with tears.

She didn't wipe them.

“You don’t know how much I needed to hear that,” she whispered.

Sarah tilted her head. “Why?”

Mia looked away. “Because I always feel like I’m faking it. Like I’m just some pretty high school girl pretending to be as good as the women around her.”

“You’re not pretending,” Sarah said. “You’re choosing to grow. That’s bravery.”

Mia laughed, wiping her cheek. “You make me want to be better.”

Sarah smiled and nudged her shoulder. “You already are.”

Mia looked back, voice small. “Do you think... maybe one day... I could be like you?”

Sarah’s eyes twinkled. “Mía, if you ever *surpass* me, I’ll cheer the loudest.”

Mia grinned, glowing with something warmer than pride.

“I think I love you a little.”

“Good,” Sarah said. “Because I already do.”

They sat in the golden hush of the campus afternoon, sipping their drinks, sharing quiet, and letting a new bond bloom—one forged not just in shared desire for the same man, but in a deep, soul-level respect between women who had found strength in each other’s light.

And for the first time, Mia realized: she wasn’t just falling for Bharath.

She was falling into *family*.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 159: Table 7

[1,037 words]

By noon, the Georgia Tech dining hall was a swirl of noise and movement—trays clattering, friends shouting across tables, and cafeteria workers calling out orders from

the sandwich station. It had the frantic energy of a marketplace crossed with the chaos of a sitcom cafeteria. But at Table Seven, tucked near the corner window where sunlight pooled like a spotlight, things were different.

Table Seven was a kingdom.

It had unofficially become the group's territory weeks ago, long before Mia had ever stepped foot on campus. Eight chairs had become a tradition—one always dragged from another table. Laughter was the price of admission. And once you were in, you were *in*.

Mia had heard the stories, caught the whispers when she walked campus with Sarah and Marisol. But nothing prepared her for what it actually *felt* like to sit there.

It wasn't just the energy.

It was the *love*.

"There she is!" Tyrel called out as Mia approached, arms full of her tray.

He stood up dramatically and gave a mock bow. "Ladies and gentlemen, the freshman slayer of hearts. The newest Rivera to grace us with her beauty."

Mia rolled her eyes, grinning. "Senior in *high school*, thank you very much."

"Technicality," Jorge chimed in, reaching to grab an extra chair. "Your aura is clearly collegiate."

LaTasha leaned across Camila and whispered to Nandita, "This table just keeps getting prettier."

Nandita blushed. "It's honestly not fair."

Mia slid into the seat beside Marisol, her heart hammering in the best way. There was noise, teasing, overlapping conversations—but all of it wrapped her up like a warm quilt. Like she'd belonged all along and just hadn't realized it yet.

She wasn't used to being the new girl. Not since middle school. Usually, people adjusted to her. They came to her orbit. But here? She was orbiting them—and she liked it. No... she loved it. There was something humbling and exhilarating about not being the center. About being invited in without needing to impress, seduce, or dominate.

For the first time in a long time, Mia felt like she could just be someone. Not perform someone

Ravi leaned forward, eyes bright. "So, *Mia*. High school royalty, right?"

“Cheer captain,” Tyrel added, already winking at LaTasha, who smacked his arm playfully.

Mia sipped her soda. “Something like that.”

Camila smiled warmly. “Let me guess. You ruled the cafeteria. Chose who got to sit where. Gave the pep talks. Ruined every boy’s GPA.”

Mia laughed. “And made the announcements over the PA system.”

“Of course you did,” Camila said. “Respect.”

“You remind me of me,” she added, and Mia felt a burst of affection. There was a gleam in Camila’s eyes-sharp, mischievous - but beneath it was a quiet fire. *Strong girl energy.*

Jorge faked a tear. “God, we used to dream of girls like you all when we were in high school. Instead, I got rejected by a band geek who liked frogs.”

“She was cute, though,” Ravi said. “The frog girl. In the photo you showed us.”

Marisol grinned, elbowing Mia. “This is your new family now.”

Mia glanced around-and realized it was true.

Tyrel leaned back in his chair, balancing it precariously. “You’re lucky, girl. If Nandita and LaTasha hadn’t just stolen our hearts, you’d have all of us down on one knee.”

LaTasha choked on her lemonade.

Nandita turned redder than a tomato.

“I-I didn’t steal anything,” she muttered.

“You stole *my* heart,” Ravi said dramatically, clutching his chest.

LaTasha pointed a fry at Ravi. “Keep talking like that and she’s going to start blushing whenever she sees you. Then what?”

Mia couldn’t stop smiling. The rhythm of this group was fast and layered-like a symphony of sarcasm and affection. There were no weak links. Everyone had a role, a presence. The couples were different, but the chemistry was the same-genuine, teasing, safe.

And they’d let her *in*.

Without hesitation.

“So,” Jorge said, nodding toward another table across the hall, “you’re causing a minor crisis.”

Mia blinked. “What?”

He tilted his chin. “Don’t look now, but I think four dudes have forgotten how to chew because you sat down at *this* table.”

Ravi leaned closer. “Seriously. I think that one guy just elbowed his friend for staring.”

Tyrel added, “There’s a whole betting pool on who you are.”

Mia arched a brow. “Really?”

“Yep,” Camila said, brushing hair from her face. “Some say you’re Bharath’s cousin. Some think you’re his new girlfriend. One guy swears you’re here to scout for modeling contracts.”

Mia laughed, then feigned seriousness. “What if I’m all three?”

Camila nearly spit out her drink. “No *primita* energy from you, girl.”

Sarah giggled, her hand resting subtly on Mia’s thigh under the table. “No *one* energy either.”

Mia flushed, but the smile wouldn’t leave her face.

She didn’t miss the way the other girls looked at her when she joined in the banter.

They weren’t just being polite.

They liked her.

And they were letting her *belong*.

Even the guys, in their chaotic, borderline - dumb ways, were openly sweet. Jorge offered her half his cookie without asking. Ravi got her extra ketchup packets without asking when she said she liked ketchup. Tyrel gave her his fries because, “You’re a growing girl.”

LaTasha and Nandita leaned in often, giggling with her, whispering little details about the group like siblings handing down family secrets.

Camila pulled her aside to compliment her outfit. “Don’t be shocked if someone copies your look tomorrow. You’re *already* trendsetting.”

Mia blinked. "I've been here for two hours."

Camila grinned. "Exactly."

And somewhere in the back of her mind, it all clicked.

This was *why* her sister never came home anymore.

This wasn't just college life. It was a *new life*.

With people who saw you.

Held you.

Challenged you.

Chose you.

Mia glanced at Marisol-her sister, her anchor. Then at Sarah-her role model, her guide.

And she felt it in her chest like a flame catching light.

She was going to join them.

Not just the friend group.

All of it.

And nothing would stop her.

Jorge stood, raising his cup like a toast. "To Mia Rivera!"

"To Mia!" they all chorused.

Sarah kissed Mia's cheek. Marisol took her hand under the table.

Mia blinked, overwhelmed.

"I'm not even in college yet," she protested.

Ravi grinned. "Which is terrifying. Because when you *are*, the entire male population is going to riot."

"Bharath better keep his eyes on her," Tyrel added. "That campus fan club is going to *explode*."

Mia just smiled and sipped her soda, locking eyes with her sister and Sarah.

They shared a look.

A knowing look.

And Mia whispered in her mind, like a vow:

Soon.

Share to your friends

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

Chapter 160: Does WildStone Really Work?

[1,033 words]

Lunch at Georgia Tech had once meant something entirely different.

Back when Zara and Ayesha walked into the dining hall, heads used to turn. Conversations would stall. Guys would straighten up in their seats. There was always someone saving them a spot, someone “accidentally” passing by to say hi, someone offering to grab them a drink from the fountain.

But now? They still turned heads. They still were desired. But now the buzz wasn’t around their table.

It was around Table 7.

Again.

Zara stabbed her salad with more force than necessary. Ayesha sat across from her, arms crossed over her chest, barely touching her overpriced smoothie bowl. She hadn’t said a word in five minutes. That, in Zara-time, was an ice age.

Across the room, it was impossible to miss the commotion.

Table 7 was packed as always - Marisol with her effortless magnetism, Sarah laughing like a starlet, and now, the newest addition to the chaos: a petite, radiant, leggy teen with ridiculous curves and bouncy hair and that high school glow that was somehow already iconic.

Mia.

Zara leaned forward, voice dripping with faux casualness. “So apparently she’s Marisol’s younger sister.”

Ayesha didn’t respond.

“Which explains the genetics. Like, look at her. That skin? That smile? Those insane boobs! She looks like a bootleg Marisol, but in a *really* good way.”

Ayesha’s jaw tightened. “She’s still in high school!”

Zara raised an eyebrow. “Didn’t say I was lining up. Just making an observation.”

Ayesha went back to stirring her smoothie.

Zara wasn’t done.

“Everyone’s talking about her,” she continued. “Apparently she’s just visiting. High school senior. Came for a tour. But the way she’s laughing with Jorge and Ravi right now?” She let out a low whistle. “She’s got the crowd *eating* out of her hand.”

Ayesha scowled. “I bet she hasn’t even said anything that funny.”

Zara smirked. “But it’s *how* she says it. That Rivera energy.”

That name. That damn name.

Ayesha shifted uncomfortably in her seat, watching the swirl of bodies around Table 7. Boys from adjacent tables were craning their necks. One guy had walked straight into a trash can trying to sneak a glance. A pair of girls from the architecture school were whispering, eyes fixed on Sarah.

It was like *gravity* had shifted. Again.

And Ayesha hated it.

She remembered the first time she met Bharath.

Not some swoon-worthy rom-com. Just a shared taxi cab from the Atlanta airport, both of them jetlagged and disoriented. He was quiet. Polite. Spoke with that clipped Tamil lilt she hadn’t expected from a guy his height.

And later?

She’d mocked him.

Sometimes out loud. Sometimes in whispers with Zara. Sometimes just with a look.

Because Zara had painted him as boring. A nerd with no game. A guy who didn't know what to do with attention even if he got it.

But now?

Now he was practically *glowing*.

It wasn't just his looks-though the gym gains were undeniable. It was the way he held himself. How his hand rested on Marisol's back with unconscious confidence. How Sarah beamed whenever he looked at her. How he *radiated* security, strength, and something deeper.

Presence.

Zara was watching him too. "Honestly, I didn't get it at first," she said. "But he's kind of... hypnotic now."

Ayesha didn't respond.

Zara leaned back. "You could've had a whole different story, you know. You were the *first* one he met here."

"I didn't *do* anything," Ayesha said, voice flat.

"Exactly," Zara replied.

Across the hall, Marisol laughed and threw her head back. Jorge playfully bumped shoulders with Mia, who mock-hit him with a napkin. Sarah leaned into Bharath's side and said something that made his ears turn pink.

And for a fleeting second, he looked up.

His gaze scanned the dining hall, catching nothing in particular-until it brushed past Ayesha.

He didn't pause.

Didn't frown.

Didn't even blink.

He just kept laughing with his friends.

Ayesha looked down at her food like it had betrayed her.

Zara, meanwhile, was still tracking the conversation around them like a heat-seeking missile. “You know what’s wild?” she said. “They say the secret to his new vibe is *Wild Stone*.”

Ayesha blinked. “The cologne?”

“Yup. The Indian one. Some guy from his dorm swears that’s what gives him his magnetism. That it’s his cologne of seduction.”

Ayesha stared.

“It’s probably just pheromones and good lighting,” Ayesha muttered.

Zara sipped her iced coffee, smirking. “Nah. I think it’s the women. They’ve unlocked something in him. Gave him confidence. Let him lead without needing to prove anything. It’s sexy.”

A beat.

She looked at Ayesha.

“You’re jealous.”

“I’m not,” Ayesha said too quickly.

Zara didn’t buy it.

Because the truth was, Ayesha *was* jealous.

Not just of Bharath’s glow-up.

But of the *ecosystem* around him.

That whole table felt like a world she hadn’t been invited into. Inside jokes, real affection, heat and hilarity braided together so seamlessly that it looked *easy*.

Her table, by contrast, was quiet.

Brittle.

People walked past them now without slowing down. No more second glances. No more flirtatious offers to join.

Even the freshman guys - the ones who used to hover like flies around a cocktail glass - now drifted toward the newer orbits. Nandita. LaTasha. Sarah. Now Mia.

The shift was real.

And it hurt.

Ayesha pushed her bowl away. "I need to go."

Zara arched an eyebrow. "Why?"

"Because I don't feel like sitting here and pretending we're still the table that matters."

Zara said nothing for a moment.

Then, quietly, "Maybe we aren't."

Ayesha paused mid-stand, shocked.

Zara shrugged. "I'm not saying we're over. But things are... changing. People want real stuff now. Not just polish and attitude. We gave them a show. *They*" - she nodded toward Table 7 - "give them something they actually *want* to be part of."

Ayesha stood there, unsure whether to sit again or storm off. She did neither. Just... stared.

Zara glanced back at the other table. "You ever wonder what would've happened if you'd been nicer to him?"

Ayesha didn't answer.

Because she knew.

She *could* have had a chance.

Back when he was quiet. New. Unsure.

But now?

He'd grown into someone who wouldn't look twice at the girl who rolled her eyes at his awkwardness.

He had found people who saw him. Who *built* him.

And he had built them right back.

Across the room, Mia laughed at something Tyrel said. Sarah fed a bite of pancake to Marisol. Bharath leaned back in his chair, looking exhausted and happy and slightly overwhelmed, but perfectly content.

Zara sighed and looked back at Ayesha.

“Well,” she said lightly. “At least now we know Wild Stone actually *works*.”

Share to your friends

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

