

Their Wonder Years: Fall 98

Chapter 71: The Pivot Chronicles: When Ross Lost and Bharath Won

[1,417 words]

It rose from the ground like a concrete monolith-vast, ugly, invincible. Super Walmart.

The parking lot stretched endlessly in every direction, scattered with shopping carts that had clearly given up on life, minivans covered in Backstreet Boys bumper stickers, and at least two children chasing a bird with a plastic sword.

“Why does it look like a post-apocalyptic embassy?” Bharath asked, blinking like the building might speak to him.

“Because it is,” Jorge muttered. “This is where capitalism comes to breed. And sometimes die.”

Inside, it was chaos.

Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead like irritated flies. The air smelled like a cursed carnival: popcorn, burnt rubber, and processed grief. Somewhere, a child screamed. Somewhere else, a clown balloon popped. A man jogged past holding both a rifle and a throw blanket that said Live, Laugh, Love.

“I’ve seen calmer energy at pep rallies,” Camila said, ducking as a rogue bouncy ball flew past like a missile.

“They sell bananas, tires, assault weapons, and couches in the same building,” Ravi said, turning in a slow, horrified circle.

“How is this legal?” Jorge asked, ducking as a rogue bouncy ball flew past.

“It’s America,” Tyrel replied. “You’re supposed to feel emotionally numb enough to buy patio furniture and pudding cups while reconsidering your life.”

But then-

Marisol pointed dramatically, like she’d spotted land from a shipwreck.

“There. Guys! That’s it! Firm, neutral, not possessed. We found our Goldilocks couch.”

They gathered around the couch like disciples surrounding a relic.

It was... majestic.

Beige. Wide. Deep-seated. The kind of couch that screamed I support emotional baggage and tailbone stability.

Sarah sank into it slowly, reverently.

"...Oh."

"Oh?" Camila asked.

Sarah leaned back, her eyes closing in bliss. "Ohhhhh. It doesn't smell like trauma or cheap incense. This is what furniture should feel like."

"I think I'm crying," Jorge whispered, hand on heart.

"I'll test the corner seat," Ravi announced, flopping down like a man making history. "Yep. This corner screams intellectual bachelor. Check it out Sarah. This is very accessible. Very date-night-in."

"Excuse you," Tyrel said, sliding into the middle. "This right here is the cuddle zone. Built for two. Or one very brave man with good arms and a soft side. Right Sarah?"

"Oh my God," Camila groaned. "Are you two doing mating dances for Sarah on a couch?"

"I'm demonstrating functionality," Ravi replied, arms spread dramatically. "This couch demands confidence," Ravi declared, arms spread dramatically.

"I'm providing context," Tyrel added, reclining deeper. "Picture a movie night. Blankets. Candles. My cologne."

"No one wants to imagine your cologne," Jorge muttered from the side.

While Ravi and Tyrel bickered over armrest superiority, Sarah glanced toward Bharath.

"Well?" she asked, more softly. "What do you think?"

Bharath shrugged with casual cool. "Looks... comfortable. Good spine support. Wouldn't hurt to crash on it after a rough day with a person - or - maybe two?"

Sarah blushed, then quickly looked away.

Marisol, sitting at the far end, tested the springs with a bounce and smirked. “The real question is—does it have bounce-back capacity?”

Camila gave her a look. “For what?”

Marisol grinned and winked-right at Sarah. “You know. Hypothetically. If Bharath and I and a certain someone else were, say... testing physics and learning biology.”

Sarah turned beet red and immediately looked at her shoes.

Nobody noticed. Camila, Jorge, Tyrel and Ravi were too busy demonstrating couch-lounging techniques like it was America’s Next Top Napper.

“This couch has romance energy,” Ravi declared. “Look at this lighting!”

Tyrel slid down further. “You’re just mad I found a better seat.”

Sarah cleared her throat. “Okay, enough couch peacocking. We’re buying it.”

“You’re welcome,” Ravi said smugly.

“I did the heavy lifting of vision,” Tyrel muttered.

“Can we please load it before one of them starts dry-humping a cushion?” Jorge asked.

Bharath was already waving down an associate. “Let’s get this thing plastic-wrapped and exorcised just in case.”

The couch returned to Sarah’s house like a conquering hero.

It took all seven of them to get it out of the truck, mostly because Ravi and Tyrel insisted on leading the operation, flanking the couch like ceremonial guards escorting a pharaoh’s sarcophagus.

Everyone gathered at the base of the porch, eyeing the front door like it was the Gates of Mordor.

“Alright,” Tyrel said, puffing his chest out. “Angle it down. We go left at the porch, then swing around through the door.”

“This is about precision. About vision. About pivoting,” Tyrel declared, puffing out his chest.

Ravi nodded solemnly. “This is a ballet. A performance. A Ross Geller masterclass.”

Sarah raised an eyebrow. “Are you quoting Friends now?”

“Obviously,” Ravi said. “I’m Ross. He was smart and emotionally available. And he was married to a blonde and dated a blonde - just like you Sarah”

“I’m Ross,” Tyrel snapped. “No way you get to be Ross.”

Sarah blinked. “Oh no. Not this again.”

“Guys, no one wants to be Ross,” Jorge muttered.

“PIVOT,” Ravi said immediately, lifting one end and ramming it into the frame like a jousting knight.

“PI-VOT!” Tyrel shouted, wedging his body between the wall and the couch like an off-brand stunt double, veins bulging, sweat pouring.

“YOU PI-VOT! I’m doing all the heavy lifting!” Ravi yelled, voice cracking like a dying soprano.

Sarah backed away slowly.

Camila hid behind the mailbox.

The couch jammed halfway into the front door like it had just realized it didn’t want to live here.

“Push! PUSH!” Tyrel screamed, throwing his weight into it.

“You push!” Ravi snapped. “I’m guiding! I’m the brain!”

Ravi and Tyrel stumbled back, panting like they’d just fought a bear.

Marisol winced. “It’s like watching a Broadway fight scene choreographed by squirrels.”

Finally, Sarah sighed and turned to the only two people in the group who had not shouted pivot once.

Sarah sighed and looked at Bharath and Jorge. “Can you two just... fix this?”

Bharath nodded once, with all the quiet dignity of a man who knew when to step in before things turned into a slapstick tragedy.

“Move,” Bharath said calmly, stepping forward like a man who knew how to fix chaos.

Bharath and Jorge took the lead-Jorge holding the base, Bharath lifting the top. No yelling. No pivoting. Just two men, one couch, and a plan.

They twisted. Tilted. Nudged.

And the couch slid in perfectly.

Straight through the door, into the living room, and into position like it had been summoned there by destiny itself.

Silence.

Then applause. From everyone.

Sarah clapped. Marisol wolf-whistled. Even Camila looked a little stunned.

“You guys...” Camila said, slightly stunned. “That was hot.”

Ravi blinked. “What?!”

Tyrel looked physically wounded. “We said pivot. We did the quotes.”

“You also gave the couch a concussion,” Camila pointed out.

Meanwhile, Tyrel tried recovering some honor. “Still think our pivot plan had merit.”

“Yeah,” Ravi muttered. “The spirit was right. The angle was just...wrong.”

Marisol swayed over to Bharath, leaned in, and gave him a passionate kiss. “Thank you, mi amor. You are getting rewarded for that later.”

Jorge got one too-from Camila, quick and theatrical.

Sarah hesitated.

Then she walked up to Bharath, cheeks slightly pink, and kissed him lightly on the other cheek.

“Thanks,” she said, eyes not quite meeting his. “For making sure I didn’t end up living with haunted furniture.”

Bharath blinked, surprised, the warmth of her lips lingering like static on his skin.

He didn’t know what to say - so he didn’t. He just smiled.

And for once, Sarah didn’t joke. She just smiled back.

Ravi opened his mouth to say something-anything-but nothing came out. Just a small, pained wheeze.

Tyrel stared blankly at the wall. "I'm not crying. You're crying."

Sarah turned to the rest of them. "Alright. Let's break this baby in."

Moments later, the entire gang was curled across the new couch in a disorganized dogpile-legs tangled, arms resting wherever they landed, laughter filling the space like incense.

Ravi, from beneath someone's knee, mumbled, "I feel like I should be happy, but I'm mostly bruised and emotionally wronged."

Tyrel added, "That couch still owes me an apology."

Sarah flicked the music system on as the chords of Closing Time by Semisonic played.

/Closing time, open all the doors and let you out into the world/

/Closing time, turn all of the lights on over every boy and every girl/

This time, no one complained.

They just nodded. Trauma bonded. The cushions held strong, the springs didn't squeal, and for the first time that day, everything felt still.

Jorge reached for the remote. "Who wants to watch Friends and yell at the TV when Ross screws everything up again?"

Sarah grinned. "Only if we can all argue about who's actually the Ross in this group."

"Oh, it's definitely Ravi," Camila said.

"YES!" Ravi cried.

"HEY!" protested Tyrel.

"Can I just be the couch?" Bharath asked, sinking back into the cushions.

Marisol leaned into him. "You can be my couch anytime, papi."

Everyone groaned.

And the night rolled on, filled with sitcom reruns, takeout pizza, and the unspoken joy of knowing that-against all odds-they had survived the most American adventure of all.

Buying a couch.

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

Chapter 72: Not Just Hearing Anymore

[1,470 words]

The weeks that followed Sarah's first real lunch with Bharath and Marisol unfolded like something out of a dream she never knew she could have.

Her little house off-campus had never seen so much life. Where once the silence clung to the walls like mildew, now it rang with laughter, late-night debates, the rhythmic thump of reggaeton and 90s pop and hip-hop, and the clatter of pans as Ravi and Jorge inevitably argued over how to properly make instant noodles versus real pasta. Tyrel started calling the place "Club 10," a nickname that stuck for reasons no one could explain - though it may have had something to do with the three beautiful women under one roof.

Most nights, the gang was there - sprawled on the living room floor, half-sitting on worn beanbags or leaning against Sarah's low couch. Video games on Fridays alternated between Sarah's and Smith 202, depending on whose fridge was better stocked. On Sarah's turf, the real party started when the girls - Marisol, Camila, and Sarah - claimed the kitchen.

"Pizza or tostadas tonight?" Marisol would ask.

"Make both," Sarah would reply, rolling up her sleeves. "We've got four nerds to feed and three queens to impress."

They cooked together. Cleaned together. Ate together. Fell asleep on each other sometimes, like a tangled, oversized litter of exhausted cubs. It felt... right. Like this was what college was supposed to be. Something no textbook could teach.

And through it all - Bharath remained the anchor.

He was a better version of himself now. Focused, confident, still awkward sometimes but fully stepping into his strange, magnetic presence. He tutored Ravi and Tyrel when they fell behind, explained pointers to Jorge during CS homework reviews, and helped Camila fix a syntax bug in her assembly code that had her threatening to throw her laptop into a wall.

Sarah, to her own surprise, became their second tutor.

They had known she was a junior but they hadn't realized how brilliant she was. Her quiet command of chemical theory and mathematical clarity quickly earned their respect. Soon, Ravi started calling her "Professor Sarah" in mock awe, and Tyrel insisted he was only pretending to flirt so she wouldn't give him extra homework.

But beneath the laughter and late-night takeout, beneath the card and board games and movie marathons, Sarah's favorite moments weren't loud.

They were *intimate*.

They were those casual, domestic glances between Bharath and Marisol when no one else seemed to notice - but Sarah always did. The way Marisol melted into his side during a slow evening on the couch, her head nestled under his chin while Bharath traced soft circles on her bare thigh without looking up from his notes. Or how he always seemed to tilt his coffee mug so she could take the last sip without asking. Or how Marisol whispered Spanish into his ear at the grocery store, her voice low and syrupy, and Bharath - who pretended not to understand most of it - would smirk like he *knew* it wasn't innocent.

Sarah would sit at the kitchen island, pretending to scroll through her books, heart thudding in a rhythm that had nothing to do with caffeine or anxiety.

She *longed* for that kind of quiet certainty.

And every night, when Marisol "slept over" to avoid dorm checks, Bharath would come too.

They stayed in the guest bedroom - technically.

Sarah never asked. They never offered details.

But the walls were thin.

And by the second night, Sarah wasn't just *hearing*. She was *listening*.

At first it was innocent - or so she told herself. She'd catch the muffled rustle of sheets and assumed they were settling in. Then came the soft gasp, the low murmur. Then the sounds no part of her could ignore.

Marisol's voice - unfiltered, wrecked with pleasure. The sound of flesh meeting flesh in a steady, punishing rhythm. Bharath's voice - *low*, in Tamil, half growled, half whispered, a language Sarah didn't understand but *felt* down to her bones.

Marisol would cry out in Spanish, her voice rising and dissolving into pleased sobs. “*Dámelo... más... así, así... cabrón, me vas a matar...*”

And Bharath would *growl* back, something primal - short, sharp commands that made her body jolt with involuntary heat even when she didn’t know what the words meant. There was a rhythm to them. The beat of domination. The melody of surrender.

What shattered Sarah, though, was the *way* it happened.

She had never experienced anything like it.

There was a night she couldn’t forget - when she heard Marisol gasp, “*Si amor, don’t stop, pull my hair, please-*”, followed by a sharp *thwack* and a sobbing cry that wasn’t pain, but ecstasy.

Bharath’s voice had dropped so low it was nearly a snarl. He was spanking her. *Pulling her hair*. Taking her from behind with a force that made the headboard softly, rhythmically tap the wall - and yet every moan that followed was laced with love, with reverence.

“*Idhu enadhu.*”

This is mine.

She didn’t understand the language.

But she understood the message from the tone of the voice.

Sarah had bitten her lip so hard that night it left a mark the next morning. She lay curled in bed, barely breathing, legs trembling as her hand moved between her thighs - not enough to finish, just enough to *ache*.

Because it wasn’t just the sounds that ruined her.

It was the *energy*.

The *dynamic*.

Marisol had become someone else behind closed doors - raw, submissive, undone. She moaned like a woman who trusted *completely*, who wanted to be *claimed*. And Bharath - sweet, awkward, bookish Bharath - had turned into a man who *owned* her body. Utterly. Without apology.

Sarah had never seen - or heard - anything so erotic.

And it wasn’t just *once*.

There were nights Marisol *wanted* to be overheard. Sarah *knew*. She would enter the kitchen the next morning with her curls piled into a messy bun, cheeks flushed, skin interspersed with rude red marks that peeked out from under her oversized tee. Sometimes she moved gingerly, her gait just a touch off - like her thighs still ached from the night before.

She'd open the fridge, pour herself juice, and then lock eyes with Sarah. No words. Just a slow, wicked smile - and maybe a wink.

Sarah's throat would dry. She'd pretend to look away.

But the damage was already done.

Marisol *knew*. And she wasn't ashamed. If anything, she was proud.

And that drove Sarah *wild*.

There was one morning - the one that made her breath hitch for *days* afterward - when Marisol came into the kitchen in just one of Bharath's shirts, thighs bare, hickeys blooming like wildflowers across her collarbone and neck, even her thighs!

She poured herself a glass of milk, leaned against the counter, and in a voice *far too casual*, asked, "You sleep okay?"

Sarah nodded, heart hammering. "Yeah. Fine."

Marisol's eyes sparkled. "Our man has a gift for keeping people up at night, huh?"

Sarah couldn't even form a reply. She just stared at the cereal box in her hands like it held all the answers she didn't have.

It was torture.

And it was intoxicating.

She hadn't made a move. She hadn't dared.

Because part of her was still healing. Still fragile. Still trying to remember what it meant to want something without fearing the cost.

But the way Bharath's voice turned into thunder when he growled into Marisol's neck in Tamil...

The way Marisol *begged* in Spanish, her words tumbling out with a rhythm born of need...

The *sound* of it all...

It lived in Sarah's bones now.

She craved it - not just the sex, but the *surrender*. The freedom to fall apart in the arms of someone who would catch you. Someone who would *worship* you, even as they wrecked you.

She would lie awake after those nights, one hand clutching her pillow, the other pressed between her thighs - unable to finish, unwilling to forget.

And somewhere between arousal and ache, between envy and longing, a new truth took root in her chest.

She didn't just want to *hear* them anymore.

She wanted to *join* them.

Not for pleasure.

Not yet.

But for *belonging*.

For the intimacy. The heat. The love. The safety of being held between them like something precious.

Sarah closed her eyes in the dark and whispered a promise to herself:

One day. When I'm ready. I will walk into that room and demand. Not to borrow. But to be claimed.

She respected them. She respected herself. But she knew now - completely - that she didn't just want to be near them she wanted to be with them in every way possible.

The girls were becoming her sisters, and that alone was healing wounds Sarah didn't know she still carried. Camila opened up over old heartbreaks. Marisol teased her into laughter when she got too quiet. Even Jorge - with his smooth game and subtle charm - always offered to walk her home if she stayed late after class.

These weren't people who wanted to use her. These were people who saw her.

And it had changed her life.

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

Chapter 73: A Different Kind of Fire

[1,664 words]

Maria Rivera didn't scare easy.

She'd raised two girls on her own, worked double and triple shifts, pinched pennies until they squealed, and still managed to hold her head high in a world that didn't exactly roll out red carpets for single Cuban mothers with sharp tongues and no patience for nonsense.

But what she was seeing now in her youngest?

That scared her a little.

Because it was *unbelievable*.

She stood in the kitchen doorway, dishrag in one hand, brow furrowed as she watched Mia at the dining table - hunched over a thick AP Calculus prep book, a mechanical pencil tapping rhythmically against her cheek. Her face was drawn in deep concentration. Not the fake kind she used to put on for show. Not the pouty, "I'm busy" look she used when she was scrolling through fashion magazines and pretended it counted as reading.

No. This was different.

Mia was studying.

Voluntarily.

She'd come home from school, dropped her bag, and gone straight to the table with her laptop and a stack of college brochures. Georgia Tech was at the top - circled in pink highlighter.

Maria blinked. *Georgia Tech?*

Just a few weeks ago, Mia had rolled her eyes at the very idea. "It's a nerd school," she'd said. "All those guys smell like code and despair." Now? She was writing essays, planning her personal statement, even calling the counselor to discuss scholarship requirements.

Last week she'd asked about the SAT deadlines.

Yesterday, she signed up for AP classes. On purpose.

Maria leaned against the doorframe, the scent of lemon oil and café Cubano lingering in the kitchen behind her. She watched Mia scribble something in the margins of her practice test, then flip back to an earlier section to double-check an equation. Her long lashes were furrowed in thought. Her lips were pursed. Her hair - usually curled and sprayed to perfection - was swept into a messy bun with a pencil jabbed through it.

Still beautiful, Maria thought. *Still trouble.*

But quieter now. More focused.

More serious.

It wasn't that she'd become someone else - the old Mia was still in there. She still walked like she owned every hallway. Still had boys at school tripping over their sneakers to open doors for her. Still laughed like it was a performance and twirled her hair when she was thinking.

But something had shifted.

Mia wasn't just moving through the world anymore. She was *reaching* for it. With intent.

Maria folded her arms, the dishrag forgotten.

Part of her wanted to believe it was the conversation they'd had that night - when she'd spoken to Mia about worth. About not giving herself away to people who didn't deserve her. About fighting for the future she wanted, not the one handed her.

She had meant every word.

And Mia had listened. For once, she hadn't rolled her eyes. She had nodded, quiet and serene. Then she went to her room and didn't blast music for two whole hours - which, in Rivera terms, was practically a spiritual awakening.

Maria wanted to believe that *talk* had done this.

But another part of her - the part that knew her daughters like the lines on her palms - suspected it wasn't just about *her*.

It was about *him*.

Bharath.

The polite, guileless, oddball boy who somehow walked into their lives with wide eyes and a knife wound - and left behind an entirely new atmosphere.

Maria thought Mia would have barely looked at him that first dinner. After all, Mia was the one that was pursued by boys. Not the other way around. Except she *had*. Constantly. Maria had seen the way her daughter watched him. Not like prey. Not like a boy to toy with.

Like a puzzle.

One she couldn't solve.

Maria had watched the entire shift happen in slow motion: the banter, the failed flirting, the shock when none of it worked, and then the dawning intrigue. Mia wasn't used to being *ignored* - especially not by a boy with arms like Bharath's and eyes that could melt glaciers when he smiled.

He hadn't chased her. He hadn't flirted back.

He had only ever looked at her with a kind of surprised politeness.

And that had undone Mia in a way Maria had never seen before.

Now Mia came home early. Now she worked hard. Now she asked about "good extracurriculars" and mentioned phrases like "research internship" and "women in STEM" over dinner like they weren't foreign languages.

Maria exhaled.

She didn't know what Mia wanted from that boy. Maybe she didn't know either. But the fire was lit. Not the sultry, dramatic kind Mia had always wielded like a sword - but something quieter. Steadier.

Purpose.

And Maria?

She wasn't sure what to do with that.

She loved her daughter. Always would. But she knew how easily obsession could look like ambition. And how easily ambition could unravel when rooted in wanting to *be seen* rather than wanting to *be whole*.

Still, she couldn't deny the results.

Mia was transforming. Not just for show.

She was aiming higher.

Maria smiled - faint and cautious - and turned back to the kitchen. She had to start dinner soon.

But as she passed the kitchen window and looked up at the darkening sky, she found herself murmuring a prayer under her breath.

“Señor... whatever this is... let her become someone she’s proud of.”

But as she said it, she knew it already wasn’t about that.

Mia was on a mission.

And that boy - that strange, respectful, maddeningly sincere boy - had become her compass.

Now all Maria could do was watch.

And hope.

Mia didn’t walk the halls of her high school with her head down. She *owned* those halls. Her heels clicked like a metronome of confidence, her hair was always perfect, her laugh strategically deployed. She’d dated the quarterback *and* the debate captain, sometimes in the same week. Her locker was a rotating altar of birthday gifts, notes, and gum wrappers folded into hearts. Guys flocked. Girls took notes. Teachers rolled their eyes but secretly admired her fire.

That was before.

Before she came home and saw her sister wrapped in the arms of a boy who didn’t look like much - except that *everything* about him was wrong.

Wrong for her sister. Wrong for the neighborhood. Wrong in the way that meant he was unlike anything she’d seen before.

It had been a few weeks since she first laid eyes on Bharath. And somehow, nothing in her life made sense anymore.

“Babe, are you joining us at the Galleria this weekend?” Carly asked during lunch that Monday, spinning her Diet Pepsi can like it was a crystal ball. “Ryan’s older brother can get us into Fahrenheit.”

Mia didn’t even blink. “Nah.”

Carly’s shaped brows shot up. “You serious?”

“Got to study,” Mia said, popping a grape in her mouth.

Silence.

“You’re still studying?” Ashley leaned across the table, inspecting Mia like she was a hologram. “Are you okay?”

Mia gave a half-smile. “Better than okay.”

The table exchanged looks. Jocks at nearby benches whispered. A guy she used to date - D’Andre - gave up midway through a slow walk past her table and turned around, defeated.

Mia didn’t even watch him go. She’d started going to bed earlier. She’d started reading. Actual books. Not Cosmo or Glamour. Real books. *The Great Gatsby. Tuesdays with Morrie.* Things she’d heard her English teacher mention but never bothered to crack open.

She’d gone to the school counselor to ask about AP Calculus. Her. The girl who once said math made her “itch.”

She was calling Georgia Tech for admissions forms. She was asking about SAT tutoring. She was spending evenings in the kitchen poring over practice tests and chemistry formulas with the same determination she once reserved for eyebrow pencils and spaghetti strap strategy.

Her teachers didn’t ask questions. Just handed back tests with quietly pleased smiles and the occasional “finally.”

Even her mother had stopped nagging. Maria just *watched* her now. With a mixture of suspicion and... pride? Mia didn’t say anything. Couldn’t say anything. Because the truth was too big. Too strange. Too simple. She had seen something she couldn’t unsee.

Not the moment Bharath walked into their house - awkward and polite and weird as hell. Not when he didn’t blink at her obvious flirtation. Not even when he flinched from her touch like it *burned*.

It was when he looked at Marisol like she was the moon. Like she was gravity and fire and a secret all at once.

Mia had seen love before. Or at least, she’d thought she had. It was loud. Possessive. Flashy. Built on territory and jealousy and manipulation. It had rules. It had power plays. It came with receipts - the kind you showed your friends to prove someone cared.

But Bharath’s love didn’t look like that. It looked... *safe yet consuming*. Genuine.

Like he wasn’t trying to own Marisol - but to hold her carefully, reverently, like she might break but also might explode into stardust if he kissed her too hard.

And what was worse? Marisol *glowed*. Mia hated how much she wanted that.

Not just Bharath. But the *self* that Marisol had become because of him. Confident, brave, soft and fierce all at once.

Mia wanted to be more.

Not for a boy. Not even for Bharath - though she couldn't lie to herself and pretend she didn't think about him more than was comfortable. About how he said her name like it was a riddle. How he didn't laugh at her jokes unless he *meant* it. How he listened with his whole body - and looked with eyes that saw past everything fake.

She wanted to be someone *he* might admire. And maybe someone *she* could admire too. Someone worthy.

That was why the magazines stayed closed now. Why her compact mirror stayed in her bag. Why she scribbled lines of code from a computer lab printout on the back of her spiral notebook, even though she didn't understand half of it - yet.

Because someday, when she stepped onto that campus...

When she passed Bharath in the quad...

When she maybe helped Marisol shop for books or joined them for coffee after a lecture...

She wanted him to look at her not as a sister. Not as a flirt. Not as a distraction.

But as someone who could *stand beside them*.

Smart. Focused. Free.

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

Chapter 74: Truth, Dare, and A Line Crossed

[1,863 words]

Mid-terms came and went like a bad dream for most of the gang. Much to the consternation of the gang, Bharath and Sarah couldn't even pretend to have been

bothered while the others huffed and puffed their way through the course material. What made things a lot better was that thanks to their tutoring, the gang was well prepared for their exams as well.

As usual, they all gathered at Sarah's place to celebrate the end of mid-terms with a house party. Laughter echoed off the walls of Sarah's living room, mingling with the faint hum of music from the stereo and the clinking of empty Solo cups. Ravi was dramatically reciting the lyrics to "Livin' la Vida Loca" from atop a kitchen chair, while Jorge tried (and failed) to coax Camila into dancing with him again.

Bharath was curled up on the floor with Marisol tucked under one arm and a bag of Doritos under the other, looking like the only sober chaperone at a very undisciplined summer camp.

Sarah was flushed and radiant, her hair spilling over her shoulders as she lounged in the recliner with a mischievous smile that could only mean one thing.

"Let's play truth or dare," she declared.

"Oh no," Bharath groaned immediately. "Absolutely not."

"Yessss," Camila drawled from the couch, throwing her legs over Jorge's lap. "This is what we need."

"I agree," Marisol purred, eyes wicked. "It's been a stressful few weeks. We've earned some bad decisions."

Ravi raised his plastic cup. "To bad decisions!"

They all cheered.

Bharath sighed. "Guys, this is how cults start."

"Oh please," Sarah said, sliding off the recliner and onto the floor. "You're just scared someone's going to dare you to take your shirt off."

"He's been shirtless like ten times already," Marisol muttered. "All of them for reasons that involve me."

"Then we're all winners," Camila quipped.

"Alright, alright," Bharath relented, holding up his hands in mock surrender. "I'll be referee. But if anyone throws up on the rug, I'm not cleaning it."

"You're such a dad," Ravi snorted, reaching for the half-empty beer can on the floor beside him.

“*Papi*,” Marisol corrected, with a slow, wicked grin as she slinked into Bharath’s side. Her arm curled possessively around his waist, and her lips brushed the edge of his jaw. “Say it with me. *Pa-pi*.”

The way she drawled it - sultry, reverent, like she was naming something sacred and profane at once - made Sarah nearly choke on her drink. She coughed once, setting her cup down with exaggerated care and wiping at her lips, trying not to combust.

“He’s a *papi* alright,” Ravi muttered, shaking his head as he took another sip. “You know that means *sinner* in Hindi, right?”

“No!” Marisol’s eyes lit up as she leaned forward, voice gleeful. “Does it *really*? Oh my *God*, that’s *perfect!*”

She turned to Bharath with mock-scandalized delight, cupping his face between both hands. “You hear that, *mi amor*? No wonder you’re so good at making me do all those naughty things. It’s in your *heritage!*”

Bharath’s cheeks exploded into a deep shade of crimson as everyone howled with laughter. Tyrel nearly fell backward off the beanbag, clutching his stomach, and even Jorge let out an uncharacteristic snort that turned into a wheeze.

“I- That’s not what- ” Bharath tried to protest, but Marisol was already peppering his cheek with loud, smacking kisses, chanting, “*Sinner! Sinner! My beautiful brown sinner!*”

“I hate all of you,” Bharath groaned, burying his face in her neck to escape the teasing. But his arms pulled her tighter, holding her like he never wanted to let go.

Sarah laughed with the rest of them - but there was a flutter in her chest, too. Something bittersweet. Watching them was like watching fire and wind find each other - elemental, chaotic, and perfectly paired.

And yet Marisol’s hand reached behind Bharath’s back, fingers brushing Sarah’s lightly where she sat just inches away. A tiny touch. A reminder.

You’re here too. We haven’t forgotten you.

Sarah looked down at their hands. Then up at Bharath, who was still blushing, eyes full of playful exasperation. He caught her gaze. And smiled.

As the game began, things escalated quickly - Ravi was dared to do twenty pushups while singing *Genie in a bottle* which devolved into a lot of groaning and flailing. Jorge got tricked into revealing his middle school crush (Miss Hernandez, his Chemistry teacher). Camila admitted she once got banned from her dorm for setting off a fire alarm trying to cook ramen with a curling iron.

And then it was Sarah's turn.

"Truth or dare?" Marisol asked, eyes glinting.

Sarah hesitated, then lifted her chin defiantly. "Dare."

Marisol smirked. "Kiss the hottest person in the room."

The boys' eyes widened. Tyrel spritzed a little mouth freshener while Ravi popped in 10 tic tacs.

Camila made an exaggerated "ooh" sound and fanned herself.

Sarah glanced around, savoring the attention for a beat too long - then leaned forward and kissed Marisol square on the lips.

It was slow. Teasing. Gentle.

And it lasted just long enough for Bharath's breath to catch.

Sarah pulled back slowly, lips still tingling, her gaze lingering on Marisol's eyes. Everyone had gone a bit too quiet. Even Camila had stopped mid-snort, mouth frozen in a perfect O.

Marisol's grin was slow and lazy, her eyes hooded. "Not what I expected."

"Not what I expected either," Sarah murmured, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear as she sat back into her spot on the rug - very aware of how everyone was staring at her.

Tyrel was the first to break the silence. "Okay, I was gonna say I was the hottest, but I might need to revise."

Ravi fake-fainted onto the couch. "This game is amazing."

Jorge lifted his cup. "God bless truth or dare."

Bharath, for his part, was doing an admirable job of staying composed. His arm around Marisol didn't tighten, didn't slacken. But Marisol felt the tension in his thigh where their legs touched, the quickened breath he tried to hide. Sarah noticed too. And the way her eyes dropped- just for a second- to the bulge forming beneath his jeans wasn't missed by anyone looking closely.

She flushed, more from triumph than shame, and tucked her legs underneath herself. "Alright. My turn to ask."

Her gaze swept over the room, half-lidded and gleaming.

“Tyrel,” she said, her voice sweet and lethal. “Truth or dare?”

Tyrel sat up straighter. “Dare, baby. Always.”

She grinned. “I dare you to strip to your boxers and do a slow dance with Jorge.”

Jorge’s eyes widened. “Wait- what?”

But Tyrel was already on his feet, tearing off his shirt with flair. “You heard the woman.”

“Why am I always the victim?” Jorge muttered as Tyrel grabbed his hands and began a sultry, awkward sway.

“You love it,” Camila cackled, clapping offbeat to the music as Ravi filmed the entire disaster.

Even Bharath laughed, shaking his head. “This is crazy.”

Marisol leaned closer to Sarah, her voice low. “You planned that?”

Sarah smiled, her tone innocent. “I’m just creative under pressure.”

“You’re dangerous.”

“So are you,” Sarah said, letting the moment hang between them.

Tyrel finished with a dramatic twirl and dipped Jorge backward like they were in a dance finale. Jorge, to his credit, managed not to collapse - barely.

As the group erupted into applause and howls of laughter, Ravi wiped tears from his eyes. “Okay, Sarah’s a genius. We’re keeping her forever.”

“Your turn, Tyrel,” Sarah said, voice sweet as sugar.

Tyrel sat up, his dignity only slightly singed. “Aight, aight. I’m coming for blood. Marisol. Truth or dare?”

Marisol gave a wicked grin. “Dare.”

Jorge leaned forward. “I dare you to give Bharath a lap dance.”

Ravi spat his drink.

Bharath choked.

Camila let out a whoop. "Okay, this just turned X-rated."

Sarah tilted her head. "This I gotta see."

Marisol didn't blink. She stood up, sauntered over to Bharath, who looked like he was preparing for both heaven and death, and straddled him slowly.

"You good?" she whispered against his ear.

He muttered something in Tamil that only made her laugh harder.

Then the music shifted - some low, pulsing beat from Ravi's mixtape - and she began to move.

The moment the bass dropped and Marisol began to move, the entire room shifted.

At first, the laughter hadn't died - it had simply faded, like the last notes of a song no one dared talk over. Marisol's hips rolled in time with the slow, pulsing beat, her hands sliding sensually up her sides as she straddled Bharath with lazy, practiced grace.

But it wasn't performance for performance's sake.

It was *intimate*.

Every motion was made for him. Every sway, every arch, every flick of her hair was calibrated to press his buttons - and she knew *exactly* where they were. She teased the air between them before slowly grinding her hips into his, letting the heat build in layers: flicker, burn, wildfire.

Bharath couldn't breathe.

His hands hovered at his sides, tense fists clenching and unclenching as if touching her would snap the thin thread of restraint he was barely clinging to. His jaw clenched, a vein in his neck visibly pulsing. At one point, he muttered something in Tamil - guttural, low, almost reverent - and the sound made Marisol laugh softly, grinding deeper.

The gang couldn't look away.

Tyrel's mouth was open in open-mouthed awe, eyes darting between the couple and the rest of the group as if silently asking *Are we actually witnessing this?*

Ravi was frozen mid-sip, beer sloshing at the edge of his can, one eye twitching like he was trying to memorize every second.

Camila had both hands over her heart, squealing softly into Jorge's shoulder, who in turn was mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like a prayer.

But no one was more affected than Sarah.

She was sitting on the floor, legs curled under her, one arm draped over the couch - and she could feel the tremor in her fingertips.

Marisol's movements weren't vulgar - they were *deliberate*. Confident. Sensual in a way that was far more dangerous than nudity or overt sexuality. It was the trust between them. The unspoken language. The fact that Bharath's eyes had never left Marisol's - not even once.

And the way Marisol *watched* him watch her?

It wasn't just hot.

It was *unfair*.

Sarah's breath caught as Marisol leaned in to whisper something against Bharath's ear - lips brushing skin, thighs snug against his hips - and Bharath *groaned*, low and broken.

Heat flooded Sarah's stomach, pooling between her thighs in an ache she didn't know how to name. Her own body betrayed her - breath shallowing, heart stuttering. She clenched her fists against the rug, trying to ground herself, but it was no use.

By the time Marisol ended the dance with a kiss to Bharath's forehead, the air in the room felt *thick*. Like something sacred had happened. Something *personal* that everyone else had been allowed to witness - barely.

By the time she finished - ending with a mock kiss to his forehead and a wink - the room was a mixture of howls, laughter, and applause.

"Okay," Ravi said, breathless. "No one's topping that. Game over."

"No chance," Jorge agreed.

Tyrel tossed a pillow onto his lap with a meaningful grunt. "Nope. Not safe to stand."

Sarah was flushed again - but this time, quietly.

Her eyes met Bharath's. Then Marisol's.

Neither of them looked embarrassed. Or smug.

Just... open.

Marisol winked knowingly at Sarah.

Sarah's pulse thudded in her ears.

She'd made her decision. But after tonight, it was going to be much, much harder to wait.

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

Chapter 75: Something More Than a Couple

[1,536 words]

Camila slipped her hand into Jorge's as they stood near the door, her eyes still flicking toward Marisol with something bordering on awe.

"You're coming with me," she murmured in his ear, voice low and charged.

Jorge blinked. "Now?"

Camila's look made it very clear there would be no *maybe* about it.

"Sí, aurita."

She tossed a wink at Marisol as she pulled Jorge by the shirt collar toward the door. "Tu mujer, are dangerous. I'm going to need a cold shower after watching that. Jorge you up to help a girl out?"

"Goodnight folks," said Jorge. "Something urgent just came up."

Marisol just smirked, draped over Bharath's shoulder like a cat in heat. "Just doing my civic duty."

The door closed behind them with a soft thud.

Tyrel was still seated, staring vaguely into the middle distance like he'd just had a near-religious experience.

"Y'all..." he said finally, turning to Bharath with wide eyes. "I don't even know what to say."

Ravi, sprawled out on a beanbag and sipping the last of a warm beer, nodded solemnly. "Same. I saw things tonight I didn't know were legal in a friendly gathering."

Tyrel stood and wobbled slightly, catching his balance with a dramatic huff. "You are a lucky, lucky son of a bitch."

He pointed a finger at Bharath like it was an official declaration. "Don't let her go. Or I'm gonna find you and give you a knuckle sandwich!"

Ravi snorted and pushed himself upright with a groan. "I'm sleeping like a baby tonight. Not because I'm drunk. Just emotionally wrecked by witnessing sexual dominance in its purest form."

"Get out," Bharath said, laughing helplessly.

Ravi saluted with the last chip in the bowl. "Farewell, legend."

Tyrel threw his arm over Ravi's shoulder as they stumbled toward the door. "Catch y'all later. I gotta reevaluate my entire flirting strategy."

As the door shut behind them, a deep silence wrapped the house in soft warmth.

Only three remained.

Bharath leaned back on the couch, blowing out a breath. "Well."

Sarah gave a quiet laugh from the other end of the couch. "Well."

Marisol stretched like a cat, hair tumbling over her shoulder as she curled into Bharath's side. "That went well."

Sarah looked over at them - the way Marisol fit against him, the way Bharath's arm wrapped around her instinctively. The way they *felt* like home.

The air thickened again.

The clock ticked somewhere in the background.

Sarah took another sip of her water and gave a faint smile.

"No one's driving tonight."

"Nope," Bharath agreed.

"My place has two bedrooms," Sarah said softly. "And it's not the first time you've crashed here."

Marisol's eyes flicked toward Sarah - not suspicious, not smug. Just clear. Watching.

"Yeah," she said slowly. "But tonight's... not like the others, is it?"

Sarah's breath caught. Her fingers clenched slightly around her glass. "No," she admitted. "It's not the same."

"We only need one bedroom tonight don't we?"

The room fell quiet again. The kind of silence that buzzed just under the skin.

Marisol straightened up from Bharath's chest and turned fully toward Sarah. Her voice was steady. Grounded.

"Then say what you want, Sarah."

Bharath looked between them, eyes widening just slightly, but he didn't interrupt.

Sarah blinked. "I - what?"

Marisol didn't let up. "We've been dancing around it for weeks now. You stay close. You linger in doorways. You listen when you think we don't know." She leaned forward slightly, not cruel, just honest. "You watch me when he touches me. And you look at him like he's sunlight."

Sarah's cheeks flushed a deep rose.

"I'm not mad," Marisol said gently. "I'm not threatened. I'm just done pretending we don't feel it."

Bharath's hand moved gently along Marisol's side, grounding her. He looked at Sarah, his face unreadable - open, but wary.

"I didn't want to push," Sarah said quietly. "This whole time... I've been waiting. Hoping. But scared."

"Of what?" Marisol asked.

Sarah's voice cracked. "That if I said it, it would break whatever this is."

Marisol reached out across the short distance between them and took Sarah's hand. "It won't. Not if we say it out loud. Not if we're clear."

Sarah looked down at their fingers. Then, finally, she looked Bharath in the eye.

“I want to be with you,” she said. “Both of you. I want to be part of this. Not just in the background. I need this- whatever this is- because I haven’t felt alive like this my whole life.”

Bharath swallowed. “And you’re sure?”

“I’m sure I want to try,” she said. “I know I need you. I know I need her. And I know I don’t want to spend another night wondering what it would feel like if you looked at me the way you look at her.”

Marisol smiled. “You’re not me. You’re you. And that’s not a problem.”

Sarah laughed shakily. “You make it sound so easy.”

Marisol’s expression turned soft. “It’s not. But it’s worth it.”

There was a long silence then. Not awkward. Sacred.

Then Bharath stood and crossed the room slowly. He reached for Sarah’s other hand. She let him take it.

“We don’t move fast,” he said. “Not unless everyone’s sure. This doesn’t mean tonight turns into something else.”

Sarah nodded. “I know.”

“But this means you’re with us,” Marisol added. “Not on the sidelines.”

Sarah’s throat tightened. “That’s all I want.”

Bharath tugged her gently into a hug. She folded into his arms like it was the only place she’d ever meant to be. Marisol joined a moment later, wrapping around both of them from behind, her chin on Bharath’s shoulder.

A breath, a heartbeat, a hush.

Three bodies, one closeness. No more pretending.

Sarah whispered against Bharath’s neck, “Thank you.”

He kissed her hair. “You don’t have to thank us. You’re part of us now.”

The hug lingered.

Longer than it should have, maybe. But none of them pulled away.

Sarah's head rested against Bharath's chest, her ear over his heartbeat. His arms wrapped around her gently, not possessive - anchoring. Marisol's arms cradled them both, her chin still resting lightly on Bharath's shoulder, her fingers splayed over the curve of Sarah's waist.

For the first time in years- maybe ever- Sarah felt whole.

It was Marisol who whispered it first.

"Kiss her."

Bharath stiffened. "What?"

Marisol pulled back just enough to meet his gaze, her eyes glowing. "You heard me. Kiss her."

Sarah didn't move, barely breathed. Her lips parted, but no sound came out.

Bharath looked down into her face. She was radiant in the low light - her cheeks flushed, her eyes full of wonder and fear and hunger all at once.

"Only if you want me to," he said softly.

"I do," she whispered.

So he leaned in.

It was slow - not out of hesitation, but reverence. Like he was discovering a new language. Their noses brushed. Their breaths mingled. And then...

Their lips met.

The first brush was feather-soft - barely a kiss. But something lit between them.

Electric.

Literal sparks seemed to fire beneath Sarah's skin, making her gasp into his mouth. Bharath felt it too - a jolt like static in his chest, down his spine, into his bones.

He kissed her deeper, and she melted. It was just like kissing Marisol - not better or worse. Just... different. Just as wild. Just as charged. Like a wire humming with current. He pulled back just an inch, their foreheads touching, both of them dazed.

"Ohmygawd!," Sarah whispered. "What was that?"

Marisol laughed - a low, knowing sound.

“You felt it too?” Bharath murmured.

Sarah nodded slowly. “Like getting struck by lightning. But soft.”

Marisol stepped around, her gaze shifting between the two of them - curious, warm. Then, without hesitation, she cupped Sarah’s face and kissed her.

It was not the same.

It was sweet. Soft. Familiar.

But no lightning.

Still, Sarah sighed into the kiss - her hand coming to rest on Marisol’s hip. Their lips moved in a lazy tandem, affectionate, open, exploratory. And when they parted, both of them were smiling.

Marisol tilted her head. “Beautiful. But no sparks?”

Sarah shook her head, laughing breathlessly. “No. Not like it is with him.”

“Same,” Marisol said, brushing Sarah’s hair back. “Still amazing. But not electric.”

They both turned to Bharath, who looked completely thunderstruck.

“You two kissing is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” he whispered. “Ever.”

“Then come here,” Marisol said, and pulled him into their little circle.

They sank onto the couch together, arms tangled, legs folded into each other like vines and roots. Bharath leaned back against the cushions, and both girls curled into his sides.

Sarah rested her head against his right shoulder, her fingers lightly draped across his chest. Marisol fit herself against his left, one arm flung across his stomach, her other hand reaching out.

Sarah saw the gesture and threaded their fingers together.

For a moment, Bharath just looked down at them - both girls snuggled into him, hands intertwined across his chest, their breathing slowing in unison.

“I don’t know how this happened,” he whispered.

“Doesn’t matter,” Marisol mumbled. “It’s happening.”

Sarah smiled. "I don't want it to stop."

They didn't say anything more. There were no labels. No definitions. Just warmth. Trust. And something that had only just begun to grow.

Bharath kissed the top of Sarah's head. Then Marisol's.

Both girls nestled closer, their bodies melting into his. Marisol's thumb gently traced the back of Sarah's hand where their fingers met. Sarah exhaled a shaky breath, her smile still tucked into the hollow of Bharath's neck.

Outside, the night deepened. The wind whispered through the trees.

Inside, three hearts beat - uncertain, brave, tangled.

Together.

It was their first night as something more than a couple.

And none of them would forget it.

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

Chapter 76: Pillow Confessions and Future Dreams

[1,082 words]

The first light of dawn filtered in through Sarah's gauzy bedroom curtains, casting soft gold onto the tangled sheets below. Bharath blinked awake slowly, warmth on either side of him. Marisol was tucked into his chest, one leg thrown across his hips, her hand resting over his heart. Sarah, softer and still half-asleep, was curled against his back, her arm wrapped around his waist.

He smiled quietly to himself.

This was new. This was surreal. And yet somehow, it felt like home.

Bharath leaned down and kissed Marisol's head gently. She didn't stir, just mumbled something in sleep and snuggled closer. Then, with slow care, he turned slightly and

pressed his lips to Sarah's forehead. Her breath hitched faintly, but she didn't open her eyes. Her grip on his waist loosened just enough for him to slip free.

His gym bag was already packed - a habit from the days when he and Jorge dragged themselves out of bed for early morning lifts. But now it wasn't an obligation. It was discipline. He was getting stronger. More confident.

Marisol's delighted reactions whenever he peeled off his shirt were just bonus motivation.

He padded out of the room, leaving a note on the fridge - just in case - and quietly locked the door behind him.

Back in the room, the warmth shifted.

Sarah stirred first, inhaling deeply, her cheek still buried in the pillow that smelled faintly like Bharath.

"Mmgh..."

Beside her, Marisol let out a lazy hum, blinking awake. Her eyes fell on Sarah first - tousled, glowing faintly in the morning sun, her breath soft and even.

They smiled at the same time.

"Morning," Marisol said, voice still gravelly with sleep.

Sarah rolled onto her side, grinning. "That was... the best sleep I've had in years."

Marisol stretched with a satisfied sigh. "Told you. Bharath is a superior pillow."

"And heater."

"And emotional support water bottle."

They both laughed.

Then the air settled again, quiet and soft. Sarah reached up and brushed a stray strand of hair behind Marisol's ear.

"You good?" Marisol asked, her voice gentle now.

Sarah nodded, her fingers brushing the edge of the sheet. "I'm still figuring out what I feel. But I know I want this. I want to be here. With you. With him."

Marisol let out a breath of relief, her eyes glassing just a little. "Good. Because I was going to keep seducing you until you said yes anyway."

Sarah laughed. "You've got a solid plan. But honestly... I'm all in."

They lay in silence for a moment, smiling at each other like girls who'd just passed a secret test neither of them knew they were taking.

Then Marisol added with a grin, "So... pillow rotation schedule?"

Sarah snorted. "I vote we both pile on top of him."

"Fair," Marisol said, draping an arm across her. "But only if I get priority access to his cock."

"Greedy," Sarah teased, settling back into her arms. "But fine. We'll negotiate."

They burst into quiet giggles again, the sheets rustling as they curled tighter around each other, basking in the absurd joy of something new, something real.

Then slowly, the laughter softened, and the stillness returned - but it wasn't awkward. It was thick with shared breath and unspoken understanding. Sarah's head rested against Marisol's collarbone, and Marisol traced light patterns on her shoulder, fingers moving in lazy circles.

"You think it's too soon to think about... what this could look like a year from now?" Sarah asked softly, almost hesitantly.

Marisol tilted her head, letting her lips brush the top of Sarah's hair. "You mean this - us?"

Sarah nodded. "I know we're in the middle of school and stress and figuring stuff out... but it already feels like more."

Marisol exhaled slowly. "Yeah. It does."

They were quiet for a few heartbeats.

Sarah smiled faintly. "I never thought I'd want something like this. A relationship. Let alone one with another woman in it. But now... I don't want to imagine life without either of you."

Marisol hummed in agreement. "You know what's wild? I spent most of my life thinking I had to control everything. My image, my emotions, my body. But with him - and now with you - I don't have to. I can be soft. I can just... be."

Sarah looked up at her, eyes shimmering in the soft light. "That's exactly how I feel. Like I'm not pretending anymore. Like I don't have to armor up."

Marisol nodded slowly. "We're allowed to be messy. And real. And flawed."

"And happy," Sarah added. "God, I didn't think I'd ever say that again. But last night? I felt it. I felt... happy."

Marisol blinked, then reached over and laced their fingers together between them. "You deserve that, Sarah. Every damn day."

"I want to earn it," Sarah whispered. "I want to become someone worthy of this. Of you both."

"You already are," Marisol said fiercely. "We're not perfect either. We're all just figuring it out."

They lay in silence again, but now the silence felt like a promise - a cocoon.

Then Sarah smiled again, this time sly. "Okay, but logistically..."

"Oh no," Marisol laughed, already sensing where it was going.

"I mean, are we all sleeping in one bed every night? Or do we rotate who gets the middle?"

"You just want the middle so you can feel up both of us at once," Marisol teased.

Sarah gasped mock-offended. "You wound me. I would never-okay, maybe I would."

Marisol rolled her eyes, grinning. "Fine. We can test all configurations. Like a proper scientific study."

"Controlled experiments," Sarah agreed. "Repeat trials. Peer-reviewed."

Marisol snorted. "Oh, I'll peer-review you."

They cracked up again, the tension breaking into delighted giggles. Sarah collapsed into Marisol's arms, breathless and giddy.

Then Marisol grew quiet again, one hand stroking Sarah's back. "Do you think... he's ready for what this means? All of us?"

Sarah was silent for a moment. Then: "I think he's overwhelmed. But not in a bad way. I think he feels things big. Like we do. He's just never had the chance to express it before."

Marisol smiled. "Yeah. He's been through so much, even in just a few weeks. But he still leads with kindness. I think that's what makes this work."

"Do you ever worry it'll get complicated?" Sarah asked.

Marisol nodded. "Of course. Love always does. But we're talking. We're being honest. That's what matters. We don't have to have every answer yet."

Sarah pressed her forehead to Marisol's. "Then let's just... take it slow. No labels. No pressure."

"Just love," Marisol whispered. "Messy, loud, terrifying love."

Sarah smiled. "Exactly."

They stayed like that - curled together in the lingering warmth of morning, hands clasped, hearts quiet. Not everything was solved. Not everything would be easy. But they had this moment.

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

Chapter 77: Awakened on His Tongue [18+]

[2,420 words]

Bharath trooped back to the house after an intense workout that morning. Earlier, he was in such a jubilant mood, he did not even realize how much he had pushed himself beyond his limits at the gym. He was getting pretty strong now.

However, all his tiredness disappeared the moment he opened the bedroom door. His breath hitched when he saw Marisol and Sarah tangled together on the bed. They rose as one when they heard him come through the door as Sarah welcomed him to bed with their eyes. When they saw him transfixed, Sarah got up and knee walked over to pull him into bed.

Sarah's shirt slipped off her shoulders with a whisper of cotton, guided by Marisol's steady hands, and then fell to the floor. For a moment, all three of them were still.

Even the light seemed to pause, filtering in soft and golden through the curtains, casting gentle shadows over her skin.

Sarah sat upright on the bed, bare now, exposed in every way - and glorious.

Bharath swallowed hard. "Oh... wow."

Her body was nothing short of breathtaking. Lean, sculpted lines carved through what must have been years of dance or yoga practice - not a trace of softness to hide behind, only pure, unabashed womanhood. Her breasts were full and high, perfect DDs tipped with rose nipples already tightening under his gaze. Her stomach was flat, with just the faintest trail of definition hinting at discipline beneath the curves. And her hips - wide and strong - framed a rear so perfectly shaped that Marisol actually let out a soft, reverent "Damn..."

Bharath blinked, stunned.

"Damn... look at her body papi," Marisol asked, voice caught somewhere between awe and arousal.

Sarah flushed, instinctively folding her arms - then forced herself not to. She nodded. "I keep forgetting that you guys have already seen me naked."

Marisol let out a reverent exhale. "Jesus... baby it's just been a few weeks - but damn."

"You can say something other than damn," Sarah giggled, arching her back now to expose more of herself.

"Damn..." Marisol said as she reached out and squeezed Sarah's spectacular boobs. "Girl. You're hotter than a Playboy playmate. Only realer."

Sarah posed for them with a horny expression on her face causing Marisol to collapse laughing.

Bharath could not do anything other than stare. His jaw was slightly slack, breath shallow.

Marisol turned and smacked his chest lightly. "Close your mouth, papi. You're drooling."

"I can't help it," he said hoarsely. "She's like... built to ruin me."

Sarah laughed - a soft, self-conscious sound that made her seem even more radiant. "I didn't think anyone would ever... say that about me."

She moved to the center of the bed and effortlessly lifted one leg up and behind her head, stretching with fluid ease as if she were reaching into muscle memory.

Bharath made an audible noise. Marisol clutched his arm.

“Okay,” Marisol whispered, eyes wide. “What the fuck. That’s... that’s not even fair.”

“I can teach you,” Sarah offered, breathless with a sly grin. “There’s this pose... *Happy Baby Split*. Hits just the right angle if someone’s deep enough.”

Bharath nearly groaned aloud.

Marisol laughed, a dark flush creeping across her chest. “Baby, you’re gonna give our man a heart attack.”

“He’ll die happy,” Sarah teased, slowly lowering her leg and crawling closer. “Besides... yoga’s best when practiced in pairs. Want to see some ... poses we can do together?”

Marisol whimpered. Bharath groaned.

She kissed Bharath then. It was soft, slow and devastating.

And in that moment, they weren’t just welcoming her into their bed. They were stepping into a future she was already reshaping with every breath and stretch and slow, sensual bend.

Suddenly, she hesitated- still not quite used to being seen like this.

Bharath caught her wrists gently. “Don’t,” he said softly. “You’re... magnificent.”

Sarah’s eyes shimmered. She wasn’t used to being seen like this. Not without judgment. Not without someone trying to take something from her.

But Bharath... he just looked at her like he was seeing the Taj Mahal.

He leaned forward and began at her neck.

His lips were warm, slow, reverent as they pressed into the hollow of her throat, tasting the salt and silk of her. He didn’t rush. He lingered. Let her melt.

Sarah let out a shaky breath, her chest rising as her body lit up under his touch. “Oh... oh my God...”

He moved down - just a little - to the base of her throat. Then the top of her collarbone. His tongue traced the ridge, drawing little circles that made her toes curl.

Marisol, watching from behind, took off her clothes and crawled up and pressed herself to Bharath’s back, arms snaking around his waist. Her large breasts, hidden under his shirt, flattened against him as she whispered into his ear. “That night at the frat house,” she murmured, “you were so shy. So hesitant.”

Her fingers slid down to stroke his stomach, slowly teasing the hem of his shorts.

“You’ve come so far, mi amor.”

He smiled, tilting his head slightly so Marisol could press a kiss to his jaw, and then refocused on Sarah, who was trembling beneath his mouth now.

Bharath lowered himself further, his hands finally coming into play. He cupped her heavy breast - gently at first - just to feel the weight, the heat. She gasped when his thumb brushed her nipple, and the sound she made...

It was raw.

It shot through him like lightning.

He kissed the swell of her breast. Then again, lower. Her skin was soft, fevered. Every inch of her seemed to pulse with heat, her body straining toward him like a flower to the sun.

Marisol leaned forward now too, one hand reaching to tuck Sarah’s hair behind her ear. “You’re so responsive,” she whispered, marveling.

“I... I’ve never felt like this,” Sarah whispered back, wide-eyed, her fingers gripping the sheets. “I’ve never been this turned on from just kissing.”

Marisol smiled and rested her chin on Bharath’s shoulder as he took Sarah’s nipple in his mouth. “Suck those tits papi... Mark her as yours like you do with me.”

Sarah arched up with a cry, one hand flying to his hair, the other to Marisol’s arm for balance. Her hips shifted. Her thighs squeezed together instinctively. It was like her whole body had become a single nerve, wired directly into Bharath’s tongue and lips and the slow, possessive squeeze of his hands.

Bharath let go with a gentle pop, licking the nipple once before turning to the other.

He was more confident now. More assured. There was no fumbling, no hesitation - just a deep, sensual rhythm. A musician who knew his instrument.

Marisol felt a jolt of pride. *He learned that with me.*

She slid her hand across Bharath’s chest, feeling the strength in his heartbeat, the lean muscle of his transformation.

“This is what you do,” she whispered to Sarah. “You unlocked him. Just like I did. And he’s going to worship you for it.”

Bharath moved lower - kissing down the center of Sarah's abdomen now. Her skin quivered with every exhale. His tongue drew a path to her navel, and when he kissed just below it, her thighs parted instinctively.

"Bharath..." she gasped, voice trembling.

He looked up at her, pausing. "Tell me if you want me to stop."

Sarah reached for him with both hands. "Please don't."

Marisol smiled, eyes gleaming with heat and pride. "Play her like you play me, cariño. Make her sing."

And Bharath did.

He took his time exploring every inch of her soft yet sculpted form. His lips. His hands. His breath. Every motion slow, every touch deliberate. His tongue slid along her hipbone while one hand returned to her breast, teasing her into little gasps and whimpers. Her legs draped over his shoulders without even realizing it, her body arching toward him, seeking more.

She wasn't just aroused - she was *awakened*.

And Marisol watched with reverence, holding Bharath close from behind, whispering encouragement, worshipping the man he had become.

They were a symphony now.

Sarah's back arched again, her knuckles white against the bedsheets, as Bharath trailed his tongue teasingly along the groove of her pelvis, just skimming the edge where heat and hunger pulsed like a drumbeat.

She whimpered - not from pain, not from fear - but from the unbearable pleasure of *anticipation*. Every nerve in her body had become a livewire, aching for his touch, but he wasn't giving in. Not yet.

Bharath smirked - actually *smirked* - against her skin. A confident, delicious curl of his lips that made Marisol inhale sharply behind him. *That wasn't the shy boy I brought home from the party...*

He pressed a kiss to Sarah's hip, then to the inside of her thigh. His fingers skimmed up her other leg, parting her gently, until she lay open beneath him - dripping, trembling, completely at his mercy.

"Look at her," Marisol whispered into his ear, still hugging him from behind, her own breath hitching. "She's already soaked, baby."

Bharath didn't answer with words. He shifted forward, shoulders sliding beneath her thighs, and let his mouth descend.

Sarah let out a *cry* - a helpless, wordless sound - as his tongue pressed against her pink folds, parting her slowly, reverently, and then flicking up in one practiced stroke that made her entire body jolt.

"Oh God... oh God, oh... OH GOD!"

Marisol watched in rapt awe. She could see the difference in him now - the precision, the patience, the control. This wasn't the careful fumbling he'd done with her those first nights. This was a man who knew how to *play*.

Bharath moved slowly at first, drawing gentle circles with his tongue, then flattening it and dragging it up through her slickness. His hands gripped her hips to hold her steady - but they also teased, thumbs brushing over the sensitive creases of her inner thighs.

Sarah writhed, her moans becoming louder, less coherent.

He sucked lightly on her clit.

Her body *convulsed*.

She came with a sharp cry, thighs locking around his head, hands clutching at his hair as her entire body bucked into his mouth.

But he didn't stop.

Even as she trembled and whimpered from the first climax, Bharath eased the pressure for just a breath, then dove back in - firmer now, faster, licking with deep, slow sweeps until her second orgasm hit before she could even catch her breath.

"F...*FUCK, Bharath*... I C-CAN'T- I CAN'T-OOHHHHH!"

Marisol couldn't look away. Her fingers had tightened around his waist, her own body flushed and needy just from *watching*. She leaned forward, lips brushing his neck, whispering praises in between Sarah's ragged gasps.

"She's never had this before," Marisol murmured. "She doesn't even know what to *do* with it."

Bharath lifted his head slightly, his chin slick with her arousal, and gave Marisol a look that sent a thrill down her spine - dark, calm, and in control. She kissed him, tasting her on him for the first time. Marisol moaned into the kiss, her own thighs slick as she ground subtly against his hip, desperate for friction.

“Then let me show her. ”

He wrapped an arm around Sarah’s thigh and began again - not with gentle affection now, but with practiced, dominant intensity. He alternated pressure, circling and flicking, pausing just long enough to tease before diving in again.

Bharath's tongue circled her clit once, then flattened and dragged upward in one long, firm stroke.

Sarah's hips jerked. "FUCK... YES!!!"

He sucked. Hard.

Her world narrowed to that pulsing point, pleasure spiking sharp and bright. Thighs clamped his ears. Fingers twisted in his hair. She came undone—hard, sudden, a gush of wet heat against his mouth.

He didn't relent.

He licked through the aftershocks, slower now, coaxing her toward the next peak. Marisol's breath hitched against his neck, her hand sliding down to stroke him through his shorts - feeling how rock-hard he was, how desperately he throbbed for them both.

"Come again for him, sexy," Marisol whispered, voice wrecked. "Show him how good he makes you feel."

Sarah began sobbing his name. Not from sadness - from *overwhelm*. Her body was surrendering without restraint, her third orgasm building impossibly fast beneath his unrelenting mouth.

Marisol slid up beside her, brushing the hair from Sarah’s damp, flushed face, cooing softly. “Let go, mi amor. Just feel it.”

“I can’t... I can’t... I’ve never...”

“You *can*,” Marisol whispered, kissing her temple. “You’re safe. You’re *his* now.”

That broke something loose inside her.

Sarah’s entire body shuddered violently as she came again, mouth open in a silent scream, her chest heaving, thighs shaking. She collapsed back onto the sheets, soaked and shining, her breath coming in broken waves.

Bharath finally pulled away, his face glistening, his eyes glowing with something powerful. He looked up at the two of them - his lovers - and smiled.

That same shy, earnest boy Marisol had fallen for was still there, but now wrapped in a mantle of growing confidence, authority, and sensual power.

Marisol reached down and kissed him hungrily, tasting Sarah on his lips, moaning into his mouth. "You *have* no idea what you've just unlocked," she whispered.

Bharath's voice was low, thick with arousal. "I think I'm starting to."

He turned his gaze back to Sarah, who lay trembling and dazed, her lips parted, eyes glassy with pleasure.

Sarah blinked at him, breathless, voice hoarse. "I didn't know I could feel like that. Like my whole body just... opened."

Bharath kissed her cheek, gently. "You were always waiting for the right touch."

Marisol wrapped an arm around them both and smiled, whispering, "And baby? He's just getting started."

Bharath rose from between Sarah's legs like a god emerging from sacred waters, glistening with her pleasure, chest rising with quiet control. His eyes met Marisol's-dark, commanding, magnetic-and she knew immediately: *he wasn't asking anymore*.

He extended a hand.

"Come here," he said.

Marisol obeyed instantly.

She slid toward him, eyes shining, body already alight with anticipation. He pulled her into his lap and kissed her fiercely, tasting her submission and his own rising hunger. His hands roamed her thighs, her waist, cupping her possessively - a silent reminder that she was his.

She gasped into his mouth. "Tell me what you want, baby."

He didn't speak. He simply turned her to face Sarah's trembling, dazed form, and guided her forward.

"Touch her," he said.

Marisol crawled toward Sarah, gentle now, her lips brushing over the other woman's face, then her jaw. "You okay, babe?"

Sarah blinked slowly, voice breathy and raw. "I feel like I'm floating. Like I died... and it was perfect."

“You haven’t even started,” Marisol whispered with a teasing smile, her fingers tracing the contours of Sarah’s slick thighs.

Bharath moved behind them like a predator, calm and composed, watching them unfold like petals under his hand. He undressed slowly now - removing the rest of his clothes with a quiet deliberateness - and when he knelt behind them, both women instinctively turned toward him.

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

Chapter 78: Priestesses to the Same God [18+]

[1,244 words]

Marisol looked back over her shoulder at him, her hair cascading like a river of silk, cheeks flushed and eyes wide with a reverence that bordered on worship.

“What now, *mi amor*?” she asked, voice a breathless whisper.

Bharath stepped forward, his hand cupping her chin, lifting her face to meet the intensity of his gaze. “Now, I claim her. Lie beside her.”

Marisol shuddered at the authority in his voice, something primal yet safe. Something ancient. She obeyed wordlessly, turning and lowering herself beside Sarah, her body moving with graceful submission. She reached for Sarah’s hand and held it gently, protectively, her fingers threading with hers like a silent vow.

Bharath leaned over Sarah, who trembled beneath his shadow, her body glistening with the remnants of their earlier play. His lips brushed her ear, and when he spoke, his voice was velvet wrapped in thunder.

“This is your choice,” he said, his breath warm against her skin. “Not mine. Not hers. Yours. If I take you... it’s not just sex. It’s your soul opening to mine. Your heart giving itself to us.”

Sarah turned her head, her tear-filled eyes locking onto his. She didn’t cry from fear. It was something else. Something deeper. The unbearable weight of being seen. Of being *chosen*.

"I've been broken," she whispered. "Used. Hurt. But right now... I've never felt more safe."

He kissed her brow reverently, a seal of protection. "Then give yourself to me."

"I already have," she said. "I did the moment I saw you love her like an apsara."

Bharath moved between her thighs with agonizing tenderness, his hands reverent as he spread her open, his body whispering against hers. Marisol kissed Sarah's temple and jawline as he positioned himself, murmuring soft encouragements in Spanish.

"Tranquila, mi hermana... deja que entre... déjalo reclamarte."

Sarah's hand trembled as she placed it on Bharath's chest. Her body quivered from overstimulation - the echoes of earlier waves of pleasure still rippling through her. But this... this was different. This was surrender.

When he pressed against her entrance, Sarah gasped, her spine arching as her legs flinched from the hypersensitivity. Her body tried to resist what her soul craved.

Marisol wrapped an arm around her waist and whispered, "Breathe. Let him take you. Let him in. Like I did."

Sarah's breath hitched. "It's... it's too much. I... oh-ohh!"

Bharath moved slowly. So slowly it was maddening - a promise of gentleness, of eternity, of presence. Her walls fluttered helplessly, unprepared for the sheer stretch, the depth, the *intimacy* of being filled by someone who worshipped her even as he possessed her.

Marisol's fingers stroked Sarah's cheek as she whispered, her voice trembling with awe.

"I remember that moment. The first time he entered me... it felt like the world stopped. My heart... *mi corazón*... it left my chest and settled in his hands. Every inch of him inside me felt like the missing piece of my body coming home."

Sarah whimpered beneath her, overwhelmed.

Marisol continued, voice low and reverent, remembering her own first time - her eyes distant and radiant.

"I felt him stretch me. Not just my body... but something deeper. The first push made me cry. Not from pain. From release. From *knowing*. That I had waited for *him*. That all the longing, the aching, the loneliness - it was all for this. For him."

Sarah clutched her hand tighter.

"I remember the way he whispered my name. How his lips kissed my tears. How every thrust didn't just take - it *gave*. I felt like a temple being consecrated... like the universe had carved him for me and said, 'Here. Be whole.'"

Her voice dropped, thick with memory.

"When he finally filled me, when he spilled his cum inside me... I shattered. And then I was remade."

Bharath groaned softly above them, still moving inside Sarah now - his rhythm a worshipful cadence, Sarah's body arched and trembling beneath him.

"I felt fire in my spine," Marisol whispered. "Ecstasy in my womb. And peace... *peace*, mi amor. Like I could finally sleep without nightmares. Because I was his."

Sarah cried out, her legs locking around Bharath as her first climax built. Her breath was jagged. Her body quaked.

"*I feel it!*" she gasped. "Marisol-I feel *everything!* Oh God-I-*Bharath!*"

He gritted his teeth, sweat dripping from his temple as he held back, letting her feel every inch, every beat of his love inside her. He kissed her neck, her collarbone, her lips - worshipping her in motion.

"I love you," she sobbed, in between groans. "I love you, Bharath! I'm yours. I'm yours. I'm..."

Her voice cut off into a scream as her orgasm consumed her. Her eyes rolled back. Her toes curled. Her body seized and then melted into his. It was not just a climax. It was a resurrection.

Bharath thrust again. And again. Sarah keened and bucked beneath him, her tears soaking Marisol's arm. She didn't want it to end.

"I felt like that too," Marisol whispered, her voice shaking. "Like my soul had never been touched until he touched me. And when he came inside me... it was like I *belonged*."

Sarah wept. "Yes. Yes. I do. I *belong!*"

"Then take him," Marisol murmured. "Let him finish inside you. Let him give you everything."

Bharath growled now, his restraint slipping. Sarah looked up at him, eyes wide, lips trembling, and nodded, mouth open in a final gasp.

"Please. Please finish in me. Claim me. I want you *in* me."

And Bharath, groaning her name like a sacred word, thrust one final time. His body jerked, his mouth clamped on her shoulder, and he emptied himself deep inside her in pulse after pulse of molten heat. Sarah gasped and whimpered with each wave, clutching him with her thighs and arms like she never wanted to let go.

Time hung still.

Silence fell, broken only by the echoes of breath and the rhythm of three hearts pressed close.

Sarah's body trembled under the aftershocks, sweat mingling with tears. She lay there, boneless, glowing, complete.

Bharath gently withdrew, collapsing to the side, cradling her as though she were made of glass and starlight. Sarah whimpered faintly - not from pain, but from the sacred fullness she still felt within her.

And Marisol, eyes shining with reverence, shifted downward.

She gently parted Sarah's legs. Sarah didn't stop her. She moaned softly, thighs trembling, as Marisol dipped her head and whispered over her slick entrance, now painted with Bharath's spend.

"It's sacred," she murmured. "Every drop of him is a blessing."

She turned towards Bharath as if waiting for his assent. He was mind blown seeing what Marisol was going to do. He nodded his head in disbelief holding his breath waiting for Marisol.

She leaned in and slowly, sensually, sucking all the pearly fluid with her tongue - reverently, deliberately, making Sarah cry out anew from the sensitivity and tenderness of it. Then she kissed upward - her thighs, her belly, her breast - until she reached Sarah's lips.

Sarah, panting and wide-eyed, received her. Their mouths met in a kiss that was soft, lingering, open-mouthed - a communion. They kissed, snowballing his cum with each other, looking at him the whole time as if they were performing for him.

Bharath was speechless.

Between gasps, Marisol whispered, "You're truly my sister now."

Sarah cupped her cheek. "And you're mine."

They kissed again, tongues tasting not just each other but the proof of Bharath's love between them. When they parted, a shaken Bharath looked up at them both - undone, wrecked, overcome.

Marisol leaned in and licked the last drop from the corner of Sarah's lips.

"Now we are sealed," she whispered. "Priestesses to the same god. His. Forever."

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

Chapter 79: Begging to be Ruined [18+]

[1,218 words]

Sarah had collapsed into the bed after her kiss with Marisol.

"You broke her," she whispered, kissing Bharath's shoulder.

"No," he murmured, holding Sarah like the most precious thing in the world. "I freed her."

Sarah lay utterly still in Bharath's arms, her body limp from the storm that had just ravaged her. Her chest rose and fell in shallow, shaky breaths, her face flushed, her lashes wet. But even in her exhaustion, she wore a smile - dreamy, dazed, a woman undone by love and power and safety all at once.

Bharath kissed her temple gently, brushing a few strands of hair away from her damp forehead. "She's out," he whispered, almost in awe.

Marisol, still curled around his side, reached up and stroked his jaw, her eyes dark with heat and a wicked grin playing on her lips. "And *you*, mi amor," she said, voice sultry and low, "are *not*."

"Watching you suck my cum out of her and feed it back to her got me hard again. That is one of the hottest things I have ever seen in my life!"

"I will do anything for you mi amor. This is just a taste of what we will be doing all our whole lives."

He looked at her - flushed, breathing hard, his length still thick and slick with need - and she saw the tension running through his frame like a bowstring pulled taut.

Marisol climbed up onto her knees beside him, her fingers gliding across his chest. "Let me take care of you now," she murmured.

She leaned in and kissed him - slow and deep, tasting both Sarah and him, moaning softly into his mouth. Then she guided his hand to her waist and straddled him slowly, rolling her hips with practiced grace. She was wet - impossibly so - from watching everything, from feeling his dominance, from sharing in Sarah's release.

Bharath's hands gripped her hips instinctively. "You sure?"

She smiled down at him, eyes gleaming. "I'm *yours*, aren't I?"

Without another word, she sank down onto him.

Marisol rolled her hips once, twice and then stopped. She ground down hard enough to make him groan. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she leaned in, voice dropping to a filthy whisper. "But I don't want gentle right now, mi amor. I want you to wreck me. Use me like your dirty little slut. Pull my hair, slap my ass, fuck me so hard I scream your name until my throat's raw. I need it rough. I need you to own me."

Bharath's eyes darkened, hands tightening on her hips. "You sure, chellam? You want me to take you like that. With Sarah right here, watching you get ruined?"

Marisol shivered, nodding frantically. "Yes. God, yes. Show her how you ravish me. Show her what she's in for from now on. Fuck me like the filthy whore I am for you."

Bharath let out a breathless groan as he filled her, his head falling back against the pillows. Marisol gasped at the fullness, her body already attuned to him, her muscles welcoming him in like a homecoming.

She didn't wait for permission. Marisol slammed down onto him - hard, fast, taking every inch in one brutal drop. Bharath growled, hands flying to her hair, yanking her head back so her throat arched.

"That's it," he snarled, voice low and dangerous. "Ride me like you're desperate for it. Milk my cock, my little slut."

Marisol moaned, loud and shameless, hips snapping in a punishing rhythm. "Harder, papi... fuck me harder! Pull my hair until it hurts. Spank me. Mark me. I want bruises from your hands tomorrow."

He obliged, his palm cracking against her ass once, twice, the sound sharp in the quiet room. Each slap made her clench around him, dripping down his shaft.

“From now on,” she gasped between thrusts, “you use us whenever you want. Wake Sarah up with your cock down her throat. Bend me over the kitchen counter while she watches. Fill us both. Fuck us, mark us, make us drip with your cum all day. We’re your filthy little sluts, Bharath. Your holes. Your toys. Say it.”

Bharath thrust up hard, burying himself to the hilt, holding her down. “You’re mine. Both of you. My dirty girls. I’ll fuck you raw whenever I want. Sarah on her knees begging, you bent over taking it rough. You’ll both be so full of me you can’t walk straight.”

Bharath was close - she could feel it. He was holding back only by sheer will.

Marisol leaned forward, her hands framing his face, whispering, “Let go, baby. Finish in me. I *want* it.”

He gritted his teeth, his fingers digging into her waist. “Mari...”

“I want to feel all of it,” she purred, grinding harder now, kissing his throat, his chest, panting against his skin. “You gave her everything. Now give me *this*. Give me *you*.”

Bharath flipped her suddenly, pinning Marisol face-down on the bed beside sleeping Sarah, one hand fisting her hair, the other gripping her hip. He slammed back in deep, relentless, the bed creaking under the force.

“Take it,” he growled. “Take every fucking inch. You love being used like this, don’t you? My perfect little cumslut.”

Marisol pushed back into him, moaning into the pillow. “Yes... fuck yes! Ruin me, papi. Pound me until I can’t think. Then do the same to Sarah when she wakes up. Make her scream while I lick her clean after. We’ll share every drop. We’ll be your nasty little family.”

His pace turned brutal - skin slapping, her ass reddening from his grip and occasional smacks. She came first, shaking, sobbing his name, walls pulsing around him.

“Fill me,” she begged. “Fuck me deep. Mark me inside. Make me yours forever.”

That was all it took.

Bharath roared low in his throat, slamming home one last time. He came hard: pulsing, flooding her with heat, holding her pinned as he emptied every drop.

They collapsed together, panting, sweat-slicked, hearts hammering.

Marisol moaned softly as she felt him pulse inside her, her head dropping to his shoulder, her body flushed and shaking from the intensity of it all.

They stayed like that for a long moment - still connected, bodies trembling, hearts racing.

Then she slowly lifted off him, wincing a little as she settled beside him. Bharath lay back, spent, dazed, his chest rising in ragged breaths. Sarah still lay nestled to one side, limp and soft in sleep.

Marisol smiled and gently pulled the sheet over all three of them.

She kissed Bharath once on the forehead. "Now," she whispered, curling up on his other side, "spoon *her*."

He blinked. "What?"

"You always spoon me," she said, brushing his hair back. "Let her have it. I want her to feel that warmth. That safety. That perfect little feeling of waking up with *you* holding her."

Bharath looked at her for a moment, eyes full of love, then turned to Sarah and gently shifted into place behind her.

He pulled her into his chest, spooning her carefully, his arm draped over her waist, palm resting just under her breast.

Sarah murmured something unintelligible in her sleep - but nuzzled into him instinctively, her smile deepening.

Marisol smiled at the sight, then curled up behind Bharath, pressing her chest to his back, her arm wrapping around his waist, her legs wrapped around him grinding herself against him from behind.

Their bodies fit together perfectly.

A trio of breath, sweat, and contentment.

"Perfect," she whispered into his shoulder.

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

Chapter 80: Yours. Ours. Forever

[1,940 words]

The late morning light filtered in through the half-drawn curtains like warm honey, brushing across Sarah's skin with a golden tenderness. Her breath caught as she stirred, limbs heavy and sore in the best way possible. Her eyes fluttered open, and for a moment she didn't move - didn't *dare* to move - as the weight of what she was feeling washed over her.

She was in someone's arms.

His arms.

Bharath's.

Firm, protective, and warm, his chest was pressed against her back with his arms wrapped around her completely, his breath soft against the back of her neck. One hand was squeezing her ample teat almost reflexively rolling her nipple in his fingers while other his other hand rested low on her belly, cupping her core, strong fingers splayed possessively - gently, but with the unmistakable message: *mine*.

A deep, trembling sigh escaped her lips.

This is real. This happened.

The soreness between her thighs only confirmed it. That dull, delicious ache of being *thoroughly* taken. Her body felt like it had been played like a harp, every nerve tuned to his rhythm, every note drawn from her with reverence and force.

And then there was *Marisol* - her warmth curled up against Bharath's back, her arm lazily draped over his waist. Their little nest of bodies. Their breathing in sync.

Sarah had never felt anything like this.

She belonged.

Not in a caged, conditional way. Not in the transactional sense she'd come to associate with intimacy. But wholly. Unconditionally. Freely.

She had been *claimed* with love before.

Tears welled up in her eyes, unbidden, and she smiled through them, laughing quietly to herself.

Bharath stirred behind her, his breath deepening. His arm tightened around her waist just slightly, as if his body *knew*.

Sarah whispered, "You're unbelievable..."

She tilted her head back slightly, just enough for his lips to brush her shoulder.

"Mmm?" His voice was thick with sleep.

Her smile widened. "You... *you* are dangerous, Bharath."

He nuzzled her shoulder. "Why's that?"

"Because no one told me it could feel like this," she whispered, voice trembling with emotion. "Like I've been living in grayscale until you touched me."

Bharath opened his eyes and gently lifted his head. "You okay?"

"I'm *yours*," she whispered with a kind of reverence that made him pause. "I didn't know I could feel this safe. This full. This *wanted*."

His hand smoothed over her taut belly, and he kissed the side of her neck. "You *are* wanted. Every part of you."

A soft giggle bubbled from her lips as she turned in his arms to face him. "Even the loud, trembling mess I was earlier today?"

Bharath grinned. "Especially that part."

She kissed him - slow and adoring - her fingers tracing the line of his jaw, marveling at the man who had brought her body to life. She shivered at the electricity that emanated from her lips to her pussy every time she kissed him.

Then, behind him, a sleepy groan.

"Oh my *god*, are you two *already* starting again?" Marisol mumbled, burying her face into Bharath's back. "I haven't even opened my eyes."

Sarah broke into a laugh, breathless and joyous, and reached over Bharath's shoulder to grab Marisol's hand.

"You snooze, you lose sister!"

Marisol raised her head and peeked one eye open and blinked at the sight of them - tangled, grinning, radiating that soft, post-storm glow.

“I love you,” Sarah said suddenly.

Marisol blinked again. “You...?”

Sarah nodded, swallowing. “I love *you*. And *him*. And this. All of it. I don’t know how it happened, but I know it’s real.”

Bharath looked between them, stunned but softened. He kissed Sarah’s temple, then leaned back so Marisol could lean in and kiss her too.

“I love you too, Reina,” Marisol whispered, brushing her nose against Sarah’s. “But only as a sister. My true love is him. And yeah. This is real.”

Sarah sighed again, letting herself fall back into Bharath’s chest.

“I can still feel him inside me,” she murmured, eyes dreamy. “Every part of him. The way he held me... moved inside me... I never knew a man could be so strong and *still* so gentle. Like he was built to love. Like his body knew mine better than I did.”

“You asked to be ruined, didn’t you?” smirked Marisol.

Bharath flushed, hiding his smile in Sarah’s hair as Marisol chuckled behind him.

“Baby,” she whispered to Sarah, “you’ve only had one taste. Wait till you see what he’s like when he *really* lets go. Didn’t you hear us after he took care of you?”

“I was passed out babe. I wish I were awake. Was it hot?”

“Next time you tell me yourself. Papi here took care of me... if you know what I mean.”

Sarah gave a breathless giggle, her eyes glinting with mischief and awe.

“I might not survive it,” she said. “But I’ll *die* smiling.”

The three of them collapsed into each other, the laughter giving way to soft kisses, wandering hands, and the comforting silence that only comes when love has taken root deep and true.

Sarah curled into his chest, messy, blissed-out, and utterly *his*.

And from left, Marisol wrapped around Bharath once more, her smile soft and proud.

“We’re going to need new sheets,” she mumbled.

Sarah giggled into Bharath’s chest. “Or just never leave this bed.”

Marisol wore one of Bharath's old t-shirts, her hair in a lazy bun. Sarah had slipped into cotton shorts and a tank top, still visibly limping now and then but smiling like she'd just won the lottery. Bharath shuffled around in boxers, frying eggs while the girls tried not to get distracted when his dick - almost permanently erect now - moved under them.

The kitchen filled with the smell of toast, hot oil, and sizzling butter. Coffee bubbled in the percolator.

Sarah leaned back against the counter, cradling a steaming mug, watching Bharath plate the food with surprising care.

"Okay, so," she said casually, "I've decided we need a bigger bed."

Marisol, halfway through buttering toast, looked up. "Oh? Already planning renovations?"

"Why not?" Sarah said with a shrug. "If we're going to do this... I mean *really* do this... we might as well plan ahead."

Bharath paused mid-scramble.

Marisol raised a brow. "Ooh, domestic future talk. You're scaring him."

Sarah laughed, then walked over to Marisol, leaning her head against her shoulder. "Is it really that crazy to think about? I mean, last night... this morning... this *feeling*... I haven't had anything like this in years. Maybe ever."

Marisol nodded slowly, her voice softening. "I know what you mean. Sometimes I wake up in his arms and just *know* I don't want to wake up anywhere else for the rest of my life."

Bharath cleared his throat, suddenly unsure what to do with the eggs.

"I mean, it's beautiful," he said, setting the pan down. "But don't you think this kind of talk is... dangerous?"

The girls turned to him at once.

"Dangerous how?" Sarah asked, suspicious.

Marisol crossed her arms. "Are you saying we're *jinxing* it?"

He scratched his chin. "I'm saying... life happens. We just got here. We barely know what this even *is*. What if..."

“Nope,” Marisol said, stepping forward and poking him in the chest. “You don’t get to pull the ‘let’s not talk about the future’ card. We’re not drawing up a mortgage, baby. We’re just... dreaming.”

Sarah slipped beside her, resting her chin on Bharath’s shoulder. “And you’re part of the dream. The biggest part.”

He sighed, a smile tugging at his lips despite himself. “You two are going to steamroll me into a white picket fence and four bedrooms by summer, aren’t you?”

Marisol grinned. “Nah. I like stone cottages and sunrooms better.”

Sarah lit up. “Ooh! And a big garden. With wildflowers and basil.”

Marisol snapped her fingers. “And three pets.”

“Two cats and one ridiculous dog that thinks it’s a cat,” Sarah said immediately.

Bharath groaned, half-laughing. “What have I unleashed?”

“You?” Marisol said, pressing a kiss to his lips. “*Us.*”

Bharath leaned back against the counter, sipping from his own mug. For a moment, he let their laughter wash over him - the easy warmth, the kitchen cluttered with sunlight and chaos. He wanted to freeze this moment and live in it forever.

But then - like it always did when things felt *too good* - reality crept in.

He cleared his throat. “You know... there’s something we need to talk about.”

The girls looked up, toast paused mid-bite, mugs halfway to lips.

Marisol tilted her head. “That sounds ominous.”

Bharath set his cup down, hands curling around the edge of the counter. “It’s just... I don’t know where I’m going to be after this.”

Sarah blinked. “After... college?”

He nodded. “I’m on a student visa. When I graduate, unless I get a job that sponsors me - or a research program, or something - I will have to go back.”

Marisol set her toast down gently, eyes narrowing just a little. “You mean... back to India.”

“Yeah,” he said, rubbing the back of his neck. “It’s not like I don’t want to stay. But I’m an only child. My parents are back home. They’re counting on me. Emotionally. Practically. They sacrificed *everything* to get me here. And I don’t know if I can just... stay here forever without thinking of them.”

Sarah stepped forward, her voice soft. “But you want to be here? With us?”

Bharath nodded instantly. “More than anything. But I can’t ignore what my parents mean to me. What I might owe them.”

The silence that followed wasn’t uncomfortable - just full.

Marisol exhaled, folding her arms. “Okay.”

Bharath looked at her. “Okay?”

“Yeah,” she said simply. “So we figure it out.”

Sarah’s brow furrowed. “What does that mean?”

Marisol looked between them. “It means... if he goes back to India, then we should be prepared to go too.”

Sarah’s mouth opened, but Marisol held up a hand.

“Think about it. Why does this only go one way? Why does love mean he sacrifices his family, his country, his culture? Why can’t we meet him halfway - or all the way - if that’s what it takes?”

Bharath stared at her, stunned.

Marisol smiled, stepping closer. “I’m serious, baby. I’m not scared. Yeah, it’s far. Yeah, I’ve never even been outside the U.S. before. But I’ll learn. We’ll learn.”

Sarah’s eyes softened. “You mean it?”

Marisol nodded. “We’ve got time. Years, probably. If it happens, we’ll be ready.”

Sarah hesitated, then said, “We don’t know anything about India.”

“Then we start learning,” Marisol said.

Bharath swallowed hard, eyes prickling. “You two are incredible.”

“Obviously,” Sarah smirked.

Marisol kissed his cheek. "So, teacher man. Lesson one. What's something big coming up?"

Bharath blinked, then smiled. "Dussehra was a couple of weeks back. After that it's typically Diwali. In a few weeks."

Sarah perked up. "That's like... Indian Christmas?"

"Kind of," he chuckled. "It's the festival of lights. Victory of good over evil. Light over darkness. Family. Food. Firecrackers."

"Ooooh. You had me at firecrackers," Marisol said.

Sarah nudged Bharath. "Tell us more."

He looked between them - eyes full of wonder. "Well it's a little difficult to condense everything of significance. But basically it is the victory of light over darkness - both physical and internal. Each region of India plays up a different part of the Diwali celebration - but all of them are valid. In the south, it's linked to Lord Krishna slaying the asura or demon lord Narakasura. In the north, it's the return of Lord Rama to Ayodhya from his exile. But it all comes down to celebrating the light - around us, in ourselves, in each other. It's loud. It's colorful. It's full of prayers and sweets and blessings."

Marisol smiled. "So... we need sarees?"

Sarah gasped. "I want one. Bright red. Or peacock blue."

Marisol nodded. "We'll dress up. Cook Indian food. You'll teach us how to say the prayers."

Bharath blinked. "You'll seriously do all that?"

Marisol touched his heart. "You're *our* festival."

Sarah leaned against his shoulder. "And we're your fireworks."

He laughed, a little brokenly, and pulled them both into a tight embrace.

"This is crazy," he whispered.

Marisol looked up. "Crazy good?"

He nodded. "Yeah. Crazy perfect."

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