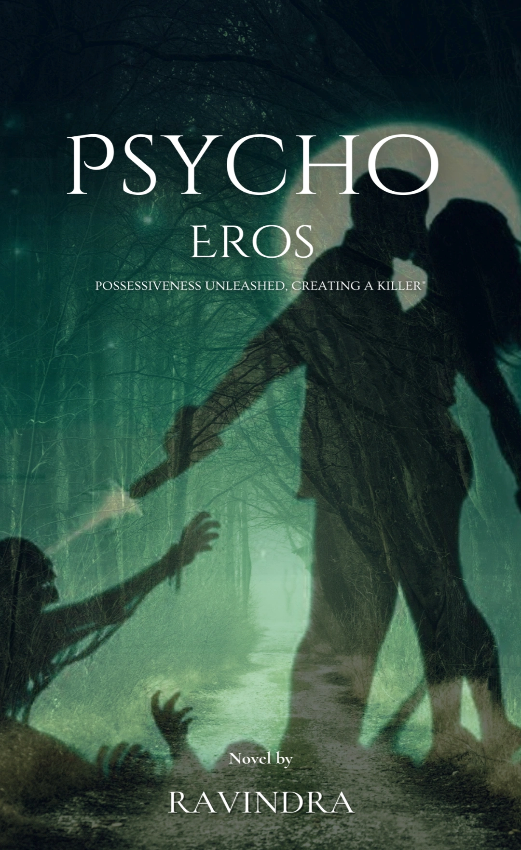


**Eros across the miles**

**Novel by**

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**From**



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PSYCHO EROS

First Day at Harvard

One day, as I sat in my dorm at Harvard , thinking about life and love. Love, something I'd been thinking about for ten years, made me feel trapped and, without realizing it, caused me to hurt others. Memories of past heartbreaks came back to me as I typed on my computer, expressing my feelings.

One day, while I was riding my bike through the busy streets, I saw something that made me think. My friends often teased me for not having a girlfriend. I was stuck in traffic, watching couples walking together, imagining they might break up someday. But then, something bad happened. I saw a bike crash into a car.

The people on the bike got into trouble with the car owner. The girl on the bike begged for forgiveness, and it made me feel something deep inside. I realized that someone who understands our pain and problems is the one who truly loves us. Thinking about my life, I remembered my friend Carrie.

Carrie, my friend since I was little, always took care of me. But I realized I hadn't noticed how many times she comforted me and supported me. Even though she said she wasn't interested in love, she was always there for me.

As I’m thinking about her

She just called me, Carrie's voice trembled with heartache when she called me, her words soaked with tears. She poured out the story of her recent breakup, and an instinctive need to soothe her overcame me. Racing to her side, I found her engulfed in sorrow. In that moment of shared silence, she bared her soul, unraveling the pain that gripped her heart. Our connection deepened, binding us together in an unbreakable bond.

\*\*From that day onward, Carrie held an irresistible pull on my heartstrings. My sole desire was to be her beacon of solace, to chase away her shadows and restore her radiant smile. We immersed ourselves in each other's company, weaving tales of adventure and dreams yet to unfold.\*\*

"*Carrie, I hate seeing you like this. You deserve so much better than what you've been through*."

Carrie:

"I know, Nick. It's just been really tough. I thought he was different, you know?"

"*Carrie, I understand the pain you're going through. But listen to me, you are stronger than you realize. You have a light inside you that can outshine any darkness. You will not just get through this, you will rise above it. I'll be right here beside you, every step of the way, helping you find your strength again.*"

Carrie entrusted me with the secrets of her past loves and the weight of her regrets. Driven by a fervent wish to heal her wounds, I whisked her away on whimsical escapades across the city, eager to infuse her world with laughter and craft new memories together.\*

One day, Carrie surprised me by saying she had feelings for me, not just as a friend but as someone she could love. It filled me with joy to know she felt the same way about me.

As we walked together, Carrie talked about her past, especially her ex-boyfriend, Steve. She still missed him a lot, and it hurt to see her longing for him. I wished I could make her pain go away and show her how much I cared.

That night, we had dinner at Carrie's house while her parents were away. She seemed lost in memories of Steve, even asking if she could kiss me, mistaking me for him. It made me sad to see her longing for someone else, but I promised to be there for her, no matter what.

As Carrie drifted off to sleep in my embrace, I couldn't help but be amazed by the depth of my feelings for her. In that peaceful moment, feeling her gentle breath against my chest, I realized how much she truly meant to me. Her trust in me, her vulnerability, filled me with a strong determination – I was resolute in my commitment to protect her and ensure her happiness, no matter what challenges lay ahead.

As the morning light gently filtered through the curtains, I silently promised myself: I would go to any lengths to safeguard Carrie, to be her pillar of strength in times of trouble, and to treasure every precious moment we shared.

However, with the dawn of a new day came a newfound determination – a determination to finally reveal my love for Carrie. The memory of our tender embrace from the previous night lingered in my heart, stirring within me a profound sense of longing and urgency.

Yet, along with that longing came a creeping unease – a fear of what might happen if Carrie didn't share my feelings. The idea of putting our friendship at risk and the possibility of losing our strong bond sent a shiver of apprehension down my spine.

# **Feel in heart**

Nevertheless, I couldn't ignore the burning desire within me to lay bare my emotions to Carrie, to let her know just how much she meant to me. And so, when she reached out to me for an evening walk, I saw it as a sign that the time had come to speak my truth finally.

With a heart heavy with anticipation, I left home that evening, bracing myself for whatever the future might hold. As I rode my bike through the streets, my mind raced with a myriad of thoughts and emotions.

I couldn't help but wonder what lay ahead for us – would Carrie feel the same way about me? Would our friendship survive this confession of love?

Arriving at the park, my heart raced in my chest, my hands damp with nerves. Despite the jitters, I knew deep down that I had to seize this chance, to take a leap of faith. With a steady inhale and firm determination, I ventured forth to find Carrie, ready to bare my soul and see where our journey of love would lead.

Finding her, we fell into step, our conversation flowing effortlessly as always. Walking side by side, I couldn't help but admire her under the gentle evening glow. My heart fluttered with affection, a rush of warmth enveloping me as I realized the depth of my feelings for her.

She must have sensed the shift in my mood because she stopped and inquired if everything was okay. Putting on a brave face, I assured her that everything was fine, but beneath the surface, a storm of emotions churned within me. Holding hands, we continued our stroll, but with each step, a mixture of excitement and nervousness bubbled up inside me.

As we walked, the world around us seemed to fade away, leaving just the two of us in our own little bubble. Lost in my thoughts, I barely registered when she called my name, jolting me back to reality. The fear of confessing my feelings only intensified as time passed, and I couldn't shake the nagging feeling of uncertainty that gripped me.

As the evening drew to a close, I made the difficult decision to keep my emotions locked away, at least for now. With a heavy heart, I escorted her back home in silence, the weight of my unspoken words pulling at me like an anchor dragging through the depths of the ocean. Each step felt like a battle between the desire to lay bare my soul and the fear of what might come of it.

Under the veil of night, the streets whispered secrets as we walked, the air thick with anticipation and unspoken sentiments. Despite the tranquility of the night, turmoil churned within me, a tempest of emotions raging beneath the surface.

As we reached her doorstep, I bid her goodnight with a forced smile, concealing the turmoil that raged within. With a parting glance, I turned away, the echoes of my unspoken confession reverberating in the stillness of the night. Uncertainty clouded my thoughts as I made my way back, the path ahead shrouded in shadows, the future veiled in mystery.

Returning from the park, I found myself swept up in a whirlwind of feelings. Doubts crept into my mind, whispering whether I was truly the right person for her. The fear of risking our friendship weighed heavily on me, making it hard to find peace in sleep. Every thought revolved around her, draining me and leaving me feeling hollow.

The night stretched on endlessly, each moment spent tossing and turning in bed feeling like an eternity. Her image haunted my mind, a constant presence that refused to let me rest. Every corner of my room seemed filled with the echo of her name, a reminder of the uncertainty that clouded our relationship.

As the hours ticked by, I grappled with the torrent of emotions crashing over me, I found myself still lost in a sea of uncertainty, unsure of what the future held for us.

In the midst of this turmoil, I couldn't help but daydream about a future together, imagining the warmth of our love guiding us through life's challenges. But these dreams were clouded by the ever-present fear of rejection, casting a shadow over my hopes and aspirations.

It's a familiar struggle, I suppose, to feel torn between happiness and fear in relationships like ours. Some days, the joy of being near her outweighed the fear of what could go wrong. But most days, it was the fear that dominated, gnawing at me relentlessly.

Yet, despite my inner turmoil, I continued to engage in our daily conversations, desperately clinging to the hope that maybe, just maybe, she felt the same way about me.

Valentines day

As Valentine's Day drew closer, I felt a sudden rush of determination to share my feelings. I carefully handpicked a beautiful rose and selected a box of chocolates, hoping these tokens would convey the depth of my affection. Yet, beneath the surface, doubts lingered like shadows, whispering "what ifs" that threatened to dampen my resolve.

Finally, the long-awaited day arrived, and I found myself filled with a swirling mix of excitement and nervousness. I mustered the courage to send her a simple "Morning :)" text, a small gesture carrying the weight of my emotions. As I made my way to her house, I suggested we take a walk together, eager for a chance to spend some time alone with her.

As we rode on my bike, her question about where we were going sent a nervous flutter through my chest. But I shrugged off my apprehension with a smile, assuring her that our destination would be worth the journey. When I eventually stopped at a nearby flyover and suggested we take a walk there, her puzzled expression only fueled my determination.

Walking beside her, I felt a sense of peace wash over me, knowing that, for that moment, it was just the two of us in our little world. As we strolled along the roadside footpath, I realized that sometimes, it's the simplest moments shared with someone special that mean the most.

As we embarked on our walk, I felt a surge of excitement bubbling within me. Nerves danced in my stomach, but I could sense that Carrie already had an inkling of what I wanted to express. My hands trembled with anticipation, and with each step, my heart beat faster.

Summoning all my courage, I finally found my voice. I poured out my feelings to Carrie, expressing how deeply she mattered to me. I recounted the countless ways she had been there for me since childhood, always believing in me and standing by my side through every challenge. I vowed to treasure her endlessly and treat her like the queen she was. With a trembling hand, I presented her with a rose, awaiting her response with bated breath.

After a heartbeat that seemed to stretch into eternity, **Carrie finally said yes**. In that moment, it felt like the universe had aligned just for us.

As the day unfolded, I had orchestrated a symphony of delights for us to savor together - a cinematic journey through laughter and tears, a whimsical stroll beneath the golden hues of the setting sun, and a feast fit for royalty under a canopy of stars.

With each passing moment, the air hummed with the magic of newfound love. We danced through the day, intoxicated by the enchantment of our shared bond, until the time came to bid adieu.

As I dropped her off at her doorstep, the stars winked conspiratorially above, silently celebrating the beginning of our extraordinary journey together.

As our relationship blossomed, we found ourselves talking every night, sharing our thoughts, hopes, and dreams. Our weekends became filled with laughter and adventure as we explored new places together, creating memories to hold dear.

Even in our smallest disagreements over the most trivial things, there was a sense of closeness and understanding between us that only grew stronger over time. Her room slowly filled with the tokens of my affection, especially the teddy bears she adored so much.

Each gift was a small reminder of the love that we shared, a testament to the happiness she brought into my life with every passing day.

When Carrie's birthday arrived on October 27th, I wanted to make it unforgettable. I planned a special evening for us, starting with a cake-cutting ceremony to mark the occasion. Later, we indulged in a cozy candlelit dinner at home, relishing the intimacy of having the house to ourselves while her parents were away.

It was a magical evening, just the two of us, basking in each other's presence and savoring every moment. We shared laughs, exchanged loving glances, and watched a romantic movie together, creating memories that would last a lifetime.

As the love story on the screen unfolded, we returned home and both took a moment to freshen up before settling down in front of the TV.

I offered Carrie a drink, which she happily accepted. As we sipped our drinks and watched the movie "Notebook," the romantic atmosphere of the film surrounded us, enhancing the coziness of our evening together.

In the soft glow of the TV, I felt Carrie's fingers intertwine with mine, sending a thrill coursing through my veins. Our eyes locked, and for a fleeting moment, it seemed as though the world outside ceased to exist. As the movie's passionate scenes played out before us, I felt a surge of courage rising within me..

Turning to her, I asked softly, "Can I kiss you?" Her response was a playful smile, as she teased, "Do you really need permission right now?" We shared a laugh, reveling in the lightness of the moment.

sealing our love in that magical moment.

As our lips met, I couldn't resist taking in the beautiful fragrance of her hair. Holding her close, I wrapped my arms around her, wanting to immerse myself in her scent. "*You smell amazing*," I whispered softly. In response, she leaned in and planted a sweet kiss on my lips, playfully asking, "How do they taste?" With a grin, I replied, "Nice, let me taste again," and we shared another tender kiss. Time seemed to stand still as we lost ourselves in each other, our lips locked in a gentle embrace. The room was filled with a sense of warmth and joy, my heart beating faster with each passing moment.

In that moment, it was just us, lost in each other's embrace. My heart raced with joy as we stood there, holding hands. It felt like we found a piece of heaven in each other, our passion burning like a volcano about to erupt.

As our embrace grew more intense, I began to kiss her neck and shoulders gently. She responded by running her fingers through my hair, igniting a surge of desire within me. Lost in the moment, we found ourselves discarding our clothes, overcome by the passion between us.

With each touch and caress, our connection deepened, and we became lost in a world of pure ecstasy—an overwhelming feeling of intense joy and pleasure. The world around us faded away as we surrendered to the rhythm of our hearts beating as one. In that moment, there was nothing else but the two of us, consumed by the intoxicating thrill—the exhilarating and captivating sensation—of our newfound love.

The sensation of her lips pressing against mine sent a surge of electricity coursing through my veins, igniting a fire within me that I had never known before. It was a kiss filled with the promise of new beginnings, of uncharted territories waiting to be explored. With each tender touch, I felt as though I was being reborn, emerging from the shadows of my past into a world brimming with possibility.

As our lips parted, I was consumed by a sense of euphoria, my senses heightened by the intoxicating taste of her presence. It was my first kiss, a milestone moment that would forever be etched in my memory. And yet, it was so much more than that. It was a connection that transcended the physical realm, binding us together in a way that words could never fully capture.

But even in the heat of the moment, there was a calmness, knowing we could face anything together. As the morning came, we cooled off in the shower, washing away the heat of our bodies. It was a moment of peace and renewal, a sign of our strong love.

I drove back to my house after leaving her at hers. The sun filled my room with a warm, golden light. Memories of kissing her lingered in the air, reminding me of our time together. Thinking back on the night before, I felt amazed by how much we felt for each other.

With each passing moment, I felt as though I was shedding the skin of my former self, stepping into a new reality where love reigned supreme. The loss of my virginity was merely a footnote in the grander narrative of our connection, a testament to the power of two souls finding solace in each other's arms. It was a transformative experience, marking the beginning of a journey filled with profound intimacy and boundless affection.

As I lay there, I felt her essence surrounding me, comforting and familiar. Closing my eyes, I let the memories flood my mind, each one a cherished moment shared between us. In the quiet of that moment, I whispered a silent thank you to the universe, grateful for bringing her into my life and filling it with warmth and love.

As we journeyed through our college days together, she shared her plans to pursue her master's degree in the USA. Learning about her decision stirred up a whirlwind of emotions within me. I felt a sense of pride and admiration for her ambition and determination to chase her dreams, yet simultaneously, a pang of sadness gripped my heart at the thought of her leaving.

Despite the conflicting emotions, I knew deep down that supporting her journey was essential. With a mixture of happiness and sorrow, I expressed my unwavering encouragement, concealing the ache of longing to keep her close. In that moment, as we faced the prospect of parting ways, I found myself yearning for time to freeze, holding onto the treasured moments we shared while eagerly anticipating the new adventures that awaited her in a distant land.

Even though I had mixed feelings, her visa shouldn’t got approved, and I began to realize she was truly leaving. With just two months to go, it was hard to accept that she would be so far away. While I wanted her to follow her dreams, I couldn't shake the empty feeling of her absence.

As time passed, each day felt heavier, a constant reminder of our impending separation. I found myself lost in memories, clinging to the precious moments we had left. Despite the excitement of her new adventure, I couldn't ignore the sadness of her leaving.

During quiet nights, I struggled with my emotions, torn between sadness and pride. Saying goodbye to someone who had become so important to me was tough. Yet, deep down, I felt proud of her courage to pursue her dreams, even if it meant she'd be far from me.

During this time, I told her about my dream: to launch a healthcare startup for virtual consultations in India. She agreed, but I secretly wished she would stay. Even though I asked her to reconsider, she assured me she would return after two years and hinted at a surprise before she left.

In that moment, I hoped our love would stay strong, even with her being far away.

*I realized that supporting her dreams, even if it meant she had to go far away, was a part of love for us.*

As the days went by, it felt like I only had two months left in my life. Whenever we talked on the phone, I kept asking her, "Babe," and then I'd pause. After that, I'd ask if she really wanted to go to the USA for her master's degree. Sometimes she tried to convince me, but other times she got angry because I asked the same question every day..

Then, one evening as I was thinking about it, I realized that supporting our loved ones as they pursue their dreams, It's in these moments that our bond becomes stronger as we lift each other up.

The day after college, I asked her to come for an evening walk. She said yes, and we agreed to meet at the park. I got there early, waiting for her arrival. When she came, we spent some time in the park before deciding to grab some street food from a nearby place. As we walked and talked, our conversation became more personal and intimate.

In the park, I opened up about how much I would miss her. She seemed surprised, asking why I had only mentioned her name, Carrie. I realized then that she had talked about going to the USA before, but she assured me it was just a dream she'd always had, and now she was finally making it happen.

She reminded me that it was only for two years, and as adults, we should be understanding and supportive of each other's dreams. Thinking back on our conversation from the previous evening, tears welled up in my eyes as I admitted my conflicting emotions—I would miss her dearly, but I would also encourage her to pursue her dreams despite my own pain. I promised her that my startup plans would be ready by the time she returned to India. She expressed confidence in me, believing that my business would be successful with high demand and strong partnerships.

After a while, she suggested we head home, sensing the sadness I felt being together. She understood that I felt like she was leaving at that moment, which is why she suggested leaving early.

Days passed by, and then came the news that her visa got approved. It felt like time was flying, and before we knew it, only a month remained before she would leave for abroad. As the days went on, the departure date drew closer, and there were only two days left until she left India.

Realizing that I wanted to give her something to remember me by, I decided to get her a special gift. I chose a ring from Esha Foundation, hoping it would remind her of our time together whenever she looked at it. On the night of her departure, I accompanied her family to the airport.

At the airport, I handed her the carefully chosen ring, hoping it would encapsulate the love and memories we shared. As she accepted the gift, tears glistened in her eyes, mirroring the ache in my own heart. Suppressing my own emotions, I mustered a reassuring smile, promising her that it was just a temporary separation, mere two years apart. With a gentle touch, I assured her of my unwavering support, urging her not to dwell on the worry of leaving me behind. Deep down, I knew she carried the weight of our parting more heavily than I did, and I vowed to be her steadfast anchor through the storm of emotions.

As she prepared to board the plane, I couldn't hold back the flood of emotions any longer. In a moment of raw vulnerability, I poured out my love for her, sealing it with a tender kiss amidst the bittersweet farewell. With her parents and onlookers as witnesses, we shared a heartfelt goodbye, each second etched with the weight of our love and the promise of reunion. As she embarked on her journey, I watched her disappear into the crowd, a mixture of pride and longing swelling in my heart.

While she was on the plane, she called me, her voice filled with tears. I tried to comfort her by engaging in normal conversation. I asked if she had eaten anything, and she said yes. I reminded her to be cautious with the people and things around her. She mentioned that she had relatives at the same university she was heading to, and that her cousin Valli would pick her up from the airport. I reassured her and suggested she take a nap to regain her energy for the next day. After a few minutes, we ended the call.

Moments after our call, a message illuminated my screen, revealing a precious sight: the ring I had lovingly bestowed upon her, captured in a photograph. With a tender smile tugging at my lips, I traced the outline of the ring, each curve a testament to our bond. Her accompanying words, a simple yet profound "love you," echoed in my mind, stirring a whirlwind of emotions within me.

Fingers trembling with affection, I typed out a heartfelt response, pouring my love into every word. With each keystroke, I painted a portrait of devotion, weaving a tapestry of affection and longing.

As I bid her goodnight, my heart heavy with the weight of our separation, I embarked on the journey back home, carrying her love with me every step of the way.

As the hours stretched on, my anticipation grew, until finally, a notification illuminated my screen: a message from her, confirming her safe arrival. Relief flooded through me, mingling with a sense of longing for her presence by my side.

Her words painted a vivid picture of her first moments in a new land, her cousin Wali by her side, guiding her to her temporary home. Imagining her navigating unfamiliar streets, I felt a twinge of envy for the experiences she would soon embark upon.

*As she acclimated to her new environment, I took a moment to set up a dual clock on my phone. It was a small gesture, but one filled with love, ensuring that I could always reach out to her at the right time, no matter the distance between us*.

With each passing moment, I found solace in the knowledge that although miles apart, our hearts remained intertwined, bound by the threads of love and devotion that transcended any distance.

That night, she called me, and we had a normal conversation. She expressed how much she missed me, and we shared some lighthearted moments about her flight and fellow passengers. While it was early morning for me and evening for her, she expressed her desire for me to come to the USA as soon as possible. I assured her that I would be there one day, for her. She responded warmly, saying that whenever I come, it would be a beautiful day for her. Eventually, she grew tired and fell asleep with her phone on her bed, while I stayed on the call, watching her peaceful face.

By transitioning to online communication, our relationship evolved into a long-distance one. Gradually, conflicts arose, leading to moments of anger and frustration. There were days when we wouldn't talk or communicate, leaving me questioning why she wouldn't answer my calls. However, amidst the challenges, we still shared romantic moments during our calls.

As time passed, we both underwent changes. I became more focused on my work, while she found solace in the company of her roommates, who introduced her to drinking alcohol and wine. Initially, I was supportive of her new habit, but when it began to affect our communication, I expressed my concerns.

Unfortunately, my words were met with resistance, and she distanced herself from me for a while. Feeling misunderstood, I reached out to apologize, acknowledging my mistake in reacting too strongly. Eventually, we reconciled, with her reassurance that everything was okay.

She bought me clothes when she went shopping, and I got her gifts from nearby stores. Life had its ups and downs, but we faced them together. While she was away, I spent time with friends from college, enjoying parties and games like truth or dare. But one day, things took a turn when Rahul, a friend, brought up Carrie. He hinted at something between them, but I pushed the thought away. Later, I received a shocking picture of her kissing Rahul, and she stopped answering my calls.I wasn't sure who informed her about the pictures and the situation between Rahul and me .

After a couple of days, she finally answered my call, and she was in tears,

And she said It’s………………………..

Author :

I’m Ravindra Reddy, *and I'm a engineering student. I wrote this novel to immerse readers in a world of love, where I've captured some incidents from my own life. Additionally, I am the author of "Monk's Journey to Another Universe. From since childhood love spreaded and experienced by parents to everyone around me. Spreading love brings bliss, and embracing a simple smile can brighten anyone's day. In this story, love triumphs over hate, teaching us to cherish every moment and embrace compassion for all.*