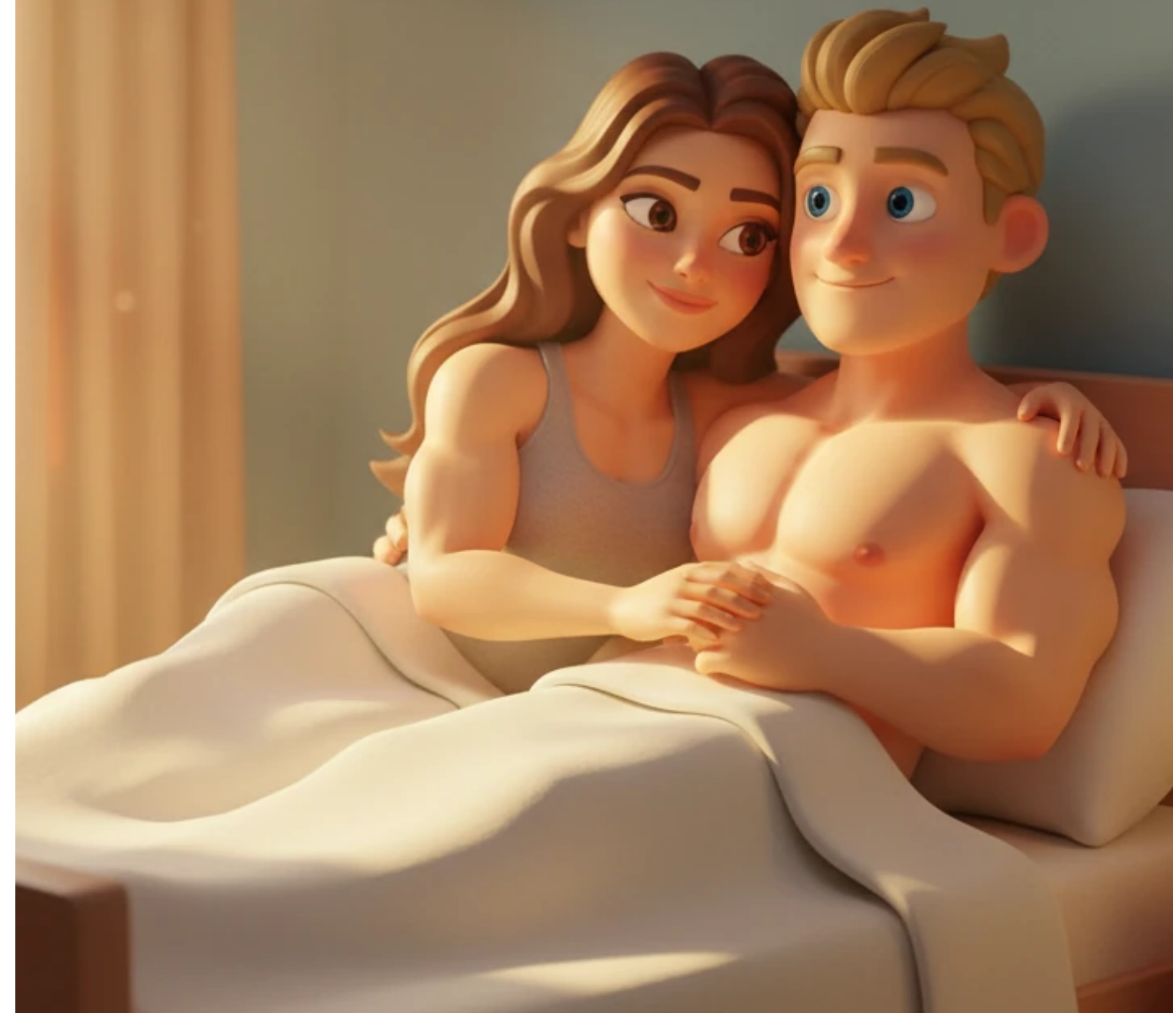


The First Morning



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Borbála Keresztényi



The morning sun filters through the blinds, casting golden stripes across the bed where I lie perfectly still. I feel the heavy, warm weight of Bence's arm draped over my waist, anchoring me to this moment and this newfound reality.



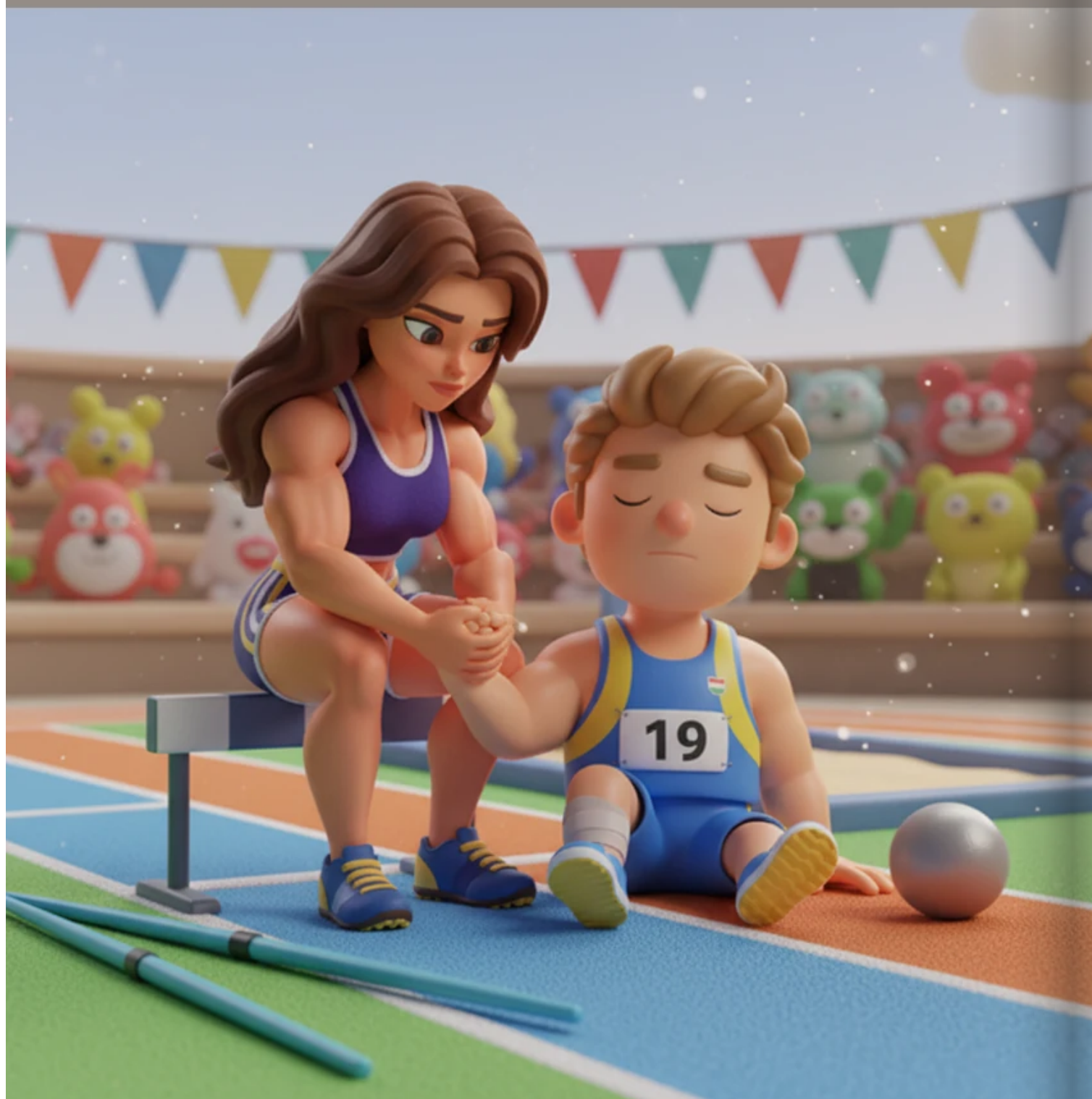
There is a subtle ache in my muscles that is different from the usual soreness after a pole vaulting session. It is a soft, humming reminder of last night—of the way everything changed and the beautiful vulnerability of finally letting him in.



I turn my head slightly to look at him, my dark hair spilling over the pillow in a messy tangle. He looks so peaceful, his blonde hair ruffled and his features softened in sleep, radiating that pure golden retriever energy I've grown to adore.



My hand finds its way to his stomach, tracing the firm, defined lines of his abs that I've always considered his ultimate green flag. Even in sleep, his body feels powerful and solid, a stark contrast to the gentle way he held me just hours ago.



I think back to when we were eleven, two kids at the track who had no idea their lives would become so intertwined. From competitive teammates to this intimate silence, he has been the one constant who could always see past my sarcastic, black cat exterior.



Bence shifts, his breath hitching for a second before he pulls me closer with a sleepy, instinctive strength. He doesn't wake up yet, but the way he claims his space beside me feels both protective and subtly dominant, making my heart skip.



Finally, his blue eyes flutter open, bright and clear even in the early light, meeting my brown ones with an intensity that makes me feel completely seen. The usual playful spark is there, but it's layered with a deep, quiet tenderness that tells me he remembers every second of last night.



Morning, athlete, he murmurs, his voice gravelly and low, sending a shiver down my spine that has nothing to do with the cold. I try to maintain my cool, sarcastic edge with a smirk, but I know my eyes are giving away exactly how much I love him.



In the corner of the room, our gym bags sit side-by-side, filled with spikes and chalk, a reminder of the world outside this bed. But for now, the records and the training don't matter as much as the quiet rhythm of our breathing in the morning air.



He leans in and presses a soft, lingering kiss to my forehead, his hand cupping my cheek with a care that makes me feel like the most precious thing in his world. I realize that losing my virginity wasn't just an ending of childhood, but a beautiful, sun-drenched beginning with him.