

THE PAST

After the relatively harsh reaction of the two brothers, Teresa ran to her room with tears in her eyes. She had expected some bewilderment on their part, and she had even given them extenuating circumstances, but the way how Prashant had reacted was more than she could bear. All this time she had hoped to find at least a small piece of the man she loved, but this Prashant was a completely different man. He was a proud, arrogant man and he did not seem to have little compassion for the suffering of others. It was clear that he was by no means the man she worked with, and she would give her life for. By all appearances the Indian was colder than an iceberg. And this distant attitude was like a dagger in Teresa's heart. The way he had rejected her caused a terrible pain throughout his body. She was aware that she was there for a purpose much more important than herself, but she couldn't bear to stay even for a second under the same roof with this Prashant. She wanted to run away from everyone, but she didn't know where to go. She was alone, in a country she didn't know and, in a time, when everything was different. She so badly needed the other Prashant to hold her, but he wasn't here, he was somewhere five years into the future and Teresa had no idea if she would ever see him again. The

young woman only knew that she had to block the "*Arians*" code before it spread across the planet, but she didn't know exactly how to do it. She needed Prashant's help, his programming knowledge, but he also refused to communicate with her.

At one point, the young woman heard light knocks on the door. She got out of bed with her eyes still teary and opened. It was Manish. Unlike his brother, he was totally different. He was a warm, serene guy, he had tried to defend Teresa in front of Prashant even though he didn't know the woman's whole history. Although it seemed incredible that she would travel through time and go back in the past to alter some events that would have repercussions in the future, but looking deep into her blue eyes, the man knew that she was telling the truth. And he also knew that she loved Prashant more than herself. He could read this immense love in her eyes, in her gestures, in the way she reacted in the presence of his brother. The man approached her and without any intention of making her feel awkward he took her in his arms. He just wanted to calm her down. It pained him to see her suffering so much because of his brother.

- You love him a lot, don't you? Manish asked though he already knew the answer.
- Yes Manish. Your brother is everything to me. I left my brothers there in the future and went back in the past to change some events just so I could be with him.

- But you are aware that if you succeed when you return it will not be the same.
- I know that but I had no other choice. The "*Arians*" code must not spread. I need to intercept it as it appears and overwrite it, Teresa tried to detail the operation.
- Tell me, please, how can I help you? Manish asked. Being a doctor, he had no background in programming, but he was willing to do whatever it took to put a smile back on her face.
- I need a laptop, 2 monitors and Prashant's help. Can you get them for me?
- I'm buying the laptop and the monitors even today, but with my brother's help it remains to be seen, Manish replied after the young woman had calmed down. Prashant is a sensitive but also a stubborn as hell man.
- I'll have to convince him somehow. If he doesn't want to help me then all my sacrifice was in vain, Teresa told him sadly.
- Stay calm Teresa, said Manish taking her hands in his.

The young woman was comfortable in Manish's presence. She was aware that his brother also had that dose of sensitivity, but he was too proud to show it. While Manish was watching her discreetly trying to get at least a smile from her, Teresa was thinking about Prashant. The Indian man with the dark,

mysterious eyes had captured her heart the first time she saw him in the video conference related to the project they were working on. Prashant Desai was extremely intelligent, fearless, and the strongest man Teresa had ever met. And he will stay in her heart forever.

Manish wanted to hug her again, but he was afraid of the young woman's reaction. He didn't want to make her feel uncomfortable. Now that he was certain that Teresa loved Prashant, he just wanted to find a way to convince his brother to help her. He hoped that if his brother spends some time in her company, he will realize that Teresa had a good soul even if she was not raised according to the culture and traditions of India.

Finally, the Indian decided to speak to his brother as soon as he will return home. According to Teresa, the things were moving too fast, there was no time to waste. In the meantime, he turned on his laptop to purchase the supplies the young woman needed to overwrite the "*Arians*" code. He had no idea about technology, but he intended to ask Prashant for help. He knew that his brother would be adamantly opposed but he didn't really care. If Teresa was happy, that was more than enough for him. He wanted at all costs to help her complete her operation but at the same time he wanted to keep her here in her past. Although he was aware that the young woman loved his brother, he had become

more attached to her than he should have been, and he could not bear the thought of never seeing her again. Reaching his room, he took his phone and calls Prashant. He wanted to talk to him at that moment, he couldn't wait any longer. His brother answered him rather quickly, which was a little unusual for him.

- Hello bro!
- Hello Prashant answered the latter in a low voice. Manish was still trying to figure out how to approach him.
- Did something happen?
- I need some advice and I can only get it from you.
- OK. How can I help you?
- I want to buy a laptop powerful enough to run some applications based on the "*brute force*" technique and two monitors.

Hearing his brother's words, Prashant started laughing.

- Manish, do you have any idea what the "*brute force*" technique means?
- No, brother. Teresa needs this to stop the "*Arians*" code. I know you don't believe her, and you don't even want to help her but please do it for me.
- Interesting, said Prashant. You really like her!

- There is no point in talking about it now, suggested his brother. The young woman loves you. She will always see me as a brother.
- Wrong Manish! She loves Prashant from the future, she doesn't even know me.
- It's the same thing, brother. You are also the one from the future. So, are you helping me or not?
- Ok, I will WhatsApp you a laptop configuration that you can purchase. Monitors can be any. As for my involvement in this, I'm thinking about it.
- Thank you, Prashant! It means a lot to me.
- Don't thank me yet. I want to talk to Teresa too before I decide. I'm trying to find out more about my future self. Talk to you later, Prashant said and hung up.

After the conversation he had with his brother, Prashant thought for a while. Although Teresa's story seemed more like a sci-fi movie than reality, the man wanted to believe it. Considering that he had not interacted with foreigners from other continents, it seemed unbelievable that he would fall in love with a white woman from Europe in 5 years. He wanted to know the whole history. As he

struggled to complete a code, his thoughts drifted to the beautiful Spanish young woman for a moment, and he smiled. With those blue eyes, Teresa was a beautiful woman and he, as a man, could not deny that. But the fact that she knew absolutely nothing about their culture made him somewhat reluctant. Now he was sorry that he had reacted so harshly when she had worked up the courage to open to them. He couldn't wait to get home so he could talk to her. He wrote a few more code lines but the app didn't seem to work yet. Prashant was feeling a bit nervous and unable to focus on what he had to do. Thinking of Teresa, the Indian man felt like he was losing control of his own emotions, and that bothered him immensely. He still had two more call sessions before his work schedule was over, but his patience was running out. The past few days he had worked harder than usual to make progress on writing the code and now he was tired. He just wanted to turn off the computer and leave. He started an application, he submitted a request for a few days off, and he left. It was enough even for him.

Prashant walked out of the building and headed towards the nearest cab. Normally he rode his motorcycle whenever he had the chance, but not this time. As he got closer to the neighborhood where he lived, he could feel his heart beating faster and faster. Teresa was giving him a kind of emotion that he had never experienced before. He was afraid of

how he might react in the young woman's presence, especially that he might lose control.

Arriving in front of the house, he took three deep breaths in the hope that the emotions will dissipate, and he entered. He needed to see her now and talk to her. He went straight to her room and knocked politely on the door.

- Teresa, can I come in? he asked.

Hearing Prashant's voice, the young woman suddenly felt her face flush and her heart started beating faster and faster.

- Come in, she finally answered, trying to calm down as much as possible.

The door opened and Prashant appeared in it. Teresa stood up and took a few steps in his direction. The man closed the door gently behind him and walked towards her. At that moment he felt that he was losing control and he wanted to run as far as possible, but it was as if he had magnets in his legs. He was speechless in front of the beautiful Spaniard. He stared at her as his heart felt like it wanted to jump out of his chest. Teresa was standing in front of him, dressed in a red Indian style dress and looking more beautiful than ever. Prashant took another step towards her and wrapped both his hands around her waist. The young woman did not resist, on the contrary, being close to him made her

feel somewhat comfortable. The man gently pulled her towards him until she felt her body against his. She felt an inexplicable warmth invade her whole body and began to breathe faster and faster waiting for his reaction. The Indian pulled her even closer to him, he removed his glasses, and at that moment he kissed her as he had never done before. He wanted to hold her in his arms forever. He wasn't sure what he was feeling in that moment but one thing he knew for sure, he needed Teresa in his life. While kissing her more and more passionately, Prashant gently put his hands on the woman's back and caressed her delicately. Even though she knew his brother could show up at any moment, Teresa didn't turn him away. The man had hugged her so tightly that the young woman was afraid she could feel her nipples hardened through the soft fabric of the dress. For a moment Prashant stopped, gently cupped her chin with two fingers and staring into her blue eyes, said:

- Stay with me, Teresa. Here and forever.

The young woman was so excited she could barely speak. Prashant, the man she loved had just asked her to stay in his life forever. She ran her fingers delicately through his ebony black hair, she kissed his neck softly and said:

- Yes Prashant. I want you in my life always.

At that moment, the Indian smiled. He had the most beautiful smile Teresa had ever seen on a man.

Prashant wanted to kiss her again and again. He didn't want to stop there. He wanted her all to himself. It didn't matter that she had no idea about their culture. He would teach her everything she needed to know in time, but he wasn't going to let her leave his side ever again. He held her in his arms for a while so she could feel his heartbeat. Teresa was aware that through her interaction with Prashant and Manish she had already altered the timeline, but she could not change anything now. She didn't have the faintest idea what would happen when she will return to her present, but she just knew that she had to carry out the plan. She didn't know if she would be able to override the code, but at least she wasn't alone in this fight. The man she loved was beside her body and soul, and even if he didn't have the necessary skills, he was willing to do everything possible to prevent the code from multiplying and spreading.

Without thinking too much Prashant followed his instincts. He threw his black leather coat further into a corner of the bed, he unbuttoned his white cotton shirt one by one, revealing his strong chest. The young woman was curled up next to him with her arms around his neck and he was holding her tightly to him. He began to caress her back sensually, each caress leading to another, without a sound.

Suddenly the man covered her mouth with his in a deep kiss as their tongues savored the flavor of love. Then the woman changed her position and during the kiss, she ran her fingers over the hot skin on the Indian man's abdomen and she introduced them into his black pants caressing him gently.

The Indian lowered his lips to Teresa's jaw, towards her neck and he slipped a hand under the soft fabric of the dress, removing the strap. In one movement the young woman removed her dress revealing her almost naked body in front of Prashant. He stroked the soft skin of her shoulders with his fingertips, making her sigh.

The woman laid her head back enjoying the touch of her breasts against the man's chest as the triangle of curls that hid her femininity rubbed against his abdomen. The man caught Teresa in his arms around her lithe waist and he laid her gently on the satin fabric of the bed. She laid back and watched as he unzipped his pants and let them fall, then the slips that also fell somewhere on the floor.

He walked towards her. He placed one knee on the soft satin sheet, and he slid toward her. The young woman felt him even before he touched her, she felt his heat and a thrill of excitement ran through her hot body. The Indian laid down next to her then leaned down again to kiss her. He caught her moan with his mouth as he gently caressed her thighs with

his fingers. Teresa bucked her thighs up, wanting him more. But then he covered one of her breasts with his mouth and gave to her wonderful sensations that she had never felt before. The Indian man made her forget all her problems.

Prashant ran his mouth over the woman's belly, tasting her skin. The woman's chest expanded, she dug her fingers into his black hair and moaned, tensing her entire body. Then he gently turned her onto her back and kissed her thighs. He slid over her, kissing her continuously, and settled between her thighs, leaning down to kiss her neck.

- I want you Teresa, he whispered close to her ear. Here and now.

Teresa twisted under him, straining for contact.

- I need you too, she whispered and turned her head to touch his lips with hers.

Teresa held her breath for a moment as Prashant penetrated her hard. Her body stretched and tensed around him, taking him deep inside her where she wanted him so badly. Moving continuously on top of the man, she took him in even deeper, enjoying the wonderful sensations there.

Being desperate to make her his, he rolled her over her and penetrated her again as hard as he had ever done before. They moaned together as they felt the ultimate pleasure then the man held her like that

in his arms for a while. He wanted to stop time and stay like this forever.

After a while, when her breathing returned to normal, Teresa slowly stood up and stood for a split second on the edge of the bed. Prashant was still lying there analyzing her every move.

- Get up Prashant, said the young woman with a hint of agitation in her voice. Your brother should appear, and it is not advisable for him to find us like this.

The man looked at her smiling and answered:

- Don't worry. Manish will not enter without permission.

As the young woman hurriedly gathered up her discarded clothes on the mahogany floor, Prashant stood up and did the same but much more slowly.

A quarter of an hour later there was a few light knocks on the door.

- Come in, Teresa said with a trace of emotion in her voice.

The door opened and Manish appeared. Spotting the two still hugging, he smiled. He was indeed happy that his plan had worked. It seems that the beautiful Spaniard had managed to tame his brother's heart. He was holding a box with the laptop

she requested in one hand, and the boxes with the monitors were somewhere on the floor.

- I'll take over from here bro, said Prashant.

He didn't mind Manish's presence near Teresa, but he wanted her all to himself now. He carefully unpacked the two monitors. Then, he inserted the plugs into the appropriate ports on the docking station connected to the laptop's power port. After he finished connecting all the cables, the man turned on the laptop.

- Let me help you, Prashant, Teresa said.
- Not yet. I take care of this part. After the operating system is installed, I will let you start because I don't know what you want to do, he told her.

Teresa could have intervened, but she didn't want to. She sat in an armchair and watched the man she loved in action. From time to time, Prashant would glance back at her and give her a fleeting smile. He liked knowing her there with him. Maybe that was what he needed now even though he was afraid she wouldn't return to the portal in the middle of the lake again. He had to find a way to keep her there.

As the OS installation was running, Prashant turned his gaze to Teresa and asked:

- What will happen after you overwrite the code?

- If we succeed then all humanity will be saved, answered the young woman. I'll have to come back in my own time, and I'll see you there.
- Are you so sure about that? The timeline is no longer the same.
- I know. Everything will be different. I will be able to save my brother, Farid's family but unfortunately the meeting with Alex, the other brother will never happen. And your brother may not be married and may not have children.
- Teresa, there are always advantages and disadvantages. You can't save them all.
- I know Prashant. I am aware that the timeline has already been altered. But for both of us it should stay the same.
- But couldn't you stay here forever?
- From the point of view of quantum physics, it would not be possible. There is already a version of me in this time.
- Yes, I know baby, but she's not here. If you don't meet her, nothing bad can happen.

Hearing the Indian's words, Teresa smiled. She really wanted to defy the laws of physics to stay with him here and now. She had no idea what to expect but first she had to succeed in overwriting that damn code. Her entire present depended on this.

At that moment Prashant was just finishing the installation of the operating system, which meant

that Teresa could start scanning the interfaces for the interception of the "*Arians*" code. She sat down on the swivel chair in front of the desk and the Indian brought another chair and sat next to her. He didn't know how to help her yet, but he wanted to watch the whole operation. Teresa opened a Linux terminal and started typing some commands. She wanted to access a compiler and write a Java script that would automatically scan interfaces. She had no other alternative to intercept the "*Arians*" code. Prashant watched fascinated how she typed line after line into the compiler window and he tried to understand the young woman's way of thinking. Teresa just wanted to finish the script as quickly as possible. Locating the interface would be easy enough but to overwrite it she would first have to get past the access keys which even Prashant knew could take as long as two days. But the Indian was patient. He wasn't going to leave her side until the operation was complete.

At one point the young woman smiled. The script was completed. She ran it a few times and it seemed to work. She compiled it and ran it again. Then she sat as comfortably as possible in the chair and waited for a while. Prashant was watching all the Teresa's reactions with interest.

- How long are we waiting now? he asked somewhat curiously.
- We are not waiting. The script runs in the background and when it intercepts the

interface it will signal. In the meantime, the script for interface access needs to be written, Teresa replied as she opened a new compiler window.

- How can I help you?

Hearing these words, the young woman smiled slightly. She knew Prashant wanted to be helpful, so she moved the first compiler window to one of the monitors and said:

- First, you can follow the interface scanning process. That way I will focus on writing the second script. And when I get stuck on the script, you'll have to help me too.

The Indian was agreeing with this. He was in Teresa's company and that was all that mattered to him. While the young woman started working on the script, Prashant watched on the adjacent monitor as the interfaces unfolded one after another. From time to time, he glanced at the compiler window where Teresa was working. He wanted to be there in case she needed help.

At one point the young woman stopped. She had already tested the first part of the script and she realized that it was not working as it should. Basically, she had used the "*brute force*" technology to be able to pass the access key of the "*Arians*" interface. But unfortunately, during runtime, the password dictionary could not be accessed.

Prashant noticed her reaction and he shifted his eyes completely to the script. Even though it wasn't really his domain, he could tell if there was a bug in the code. The Indian took control of the app and Teresa didn't object. He activated the "*debug*" mode, and he ran the script after he smiled. Before the code for accessing the password dictionary, he wrote a new function that allowed access to the contents of the dictionary only under certain conditions. He called the function in the main code; he compiled the code and ran again. This time the script was working. Teresa took over the command and she wrote the rest of the code lines after which she compiled the entire script. Everything seemed to work now. All that remained was to intercept the interface.

Before the first script finished running, Prashant ran out of the young woman's room, and he returned with a keyboard. He connected it through a hub to the laptop, he kissed Teresa casually on the forehead, then he sat down next to her. The young woman reached out and grabbed the man's finger. The man took her hand in his and smiled tenderly.

Just then a warning sound sounded. The "*Arians*" code had been intercepted. Without further ado Prashant typed two code lines into the terminal and started running the second script.

- How do we overwrite it? the Indian asked, realizing that the operation was beyond him.

- I haven't the faintest idea, answered Teresa. I've never done this before, but I guess we'll find out after we get to it.
- We can probably delete bits of the code and then it won't work anymore, the man assumed.
- I wouldn't be so sure. The interface may be programmed to self-scan and correct its own errors. We'll have to rewrite the code so that it self-destructs.
- It won't be easy, Prashant said, scratching his beard with two fingers.

Teresa knew he was right. When she set out on this mission, she knew it wouldn't be easy. But she couldn't give up now that she had come this far. The future of all the world was at stake, and she could not afford the slightest mistake.

A few hours passed and the script was still running. Prashant sat there, sunk into the soft leather armchair. He was sneaking a look at Teresa. Thinking of the kisses and hugs and her hot body sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine. He wanted her again. Teresa stood up from the swivel chair and walked over to him. The man gently grabbed her hand and pulled her closer to him.

- Not now Prashant, said the young woman anticipating the man's intentions.

- Don't worry, said the Indian, after which he grabbed her waist with his arms and placed her in his arms.

He wanted to hold her there, to feel her body pressed against his until the key to the code was obtained. The young woman couldn't resist anymore, and she didn't want it either. The man wrapped his arms around her waist, and he went down with his fingers caressing her belly in slow motions while his lips lightly caressed the back of her neck. She shifted her position, she brought her knees up on the armchair, she spread her thighs slightly and she settled back into his arms as she pursues his lips with hers. Prashant kissed her again and again. He knew he couldn't go all the way this time, but he wanted to feel her there close. He didn't need more now. The fact that he could kiss her, touch her soft and hot body made him feel an indescribable pleasure. Their bodies were so close that he could feel her hard nipples. He removed his mouth from her lips and continued to kiss her neck while gently caressing her thighs with one hand. The young woman made a sound of pleasure and moved her knees so she could get even closer to his abdomen. The man continued to kiss her and touched her fingers between her thighs where she was extremely hot. Teresa gave a short moan as Prashant pressed her so close to him that he could feel his strength. They were both in ecstasy and their

souls were so strongly connected that they knew they had climaxed even without the physical connection being complete. Prashant smiled. She was the woman he loved, his soul mate.

Just at that moment, when the two were trying to get back to normal, the second script had finished running.

- We have access, said the young woman, after which she headed towards the laptop while with one hand, she fixed the straps of her dress.

Prashant also straightened his shirt which was quite wrinkled and followed her. He sat down in the chair next to her and took control of the second keyboard while Teresa used the laptop keyboard to overwrite the code. It had been a day full of passion and love but now they were both focused on completing the mission. They wrote line after line without taking anything into account. They were tired, they were thirsty, but none of them wanted to stop. The destruction of the "*Arians*" code was the final goal.

As expected, the interface of the "*Arians*" blocked them at every step. Whenever they tried to change the code, it automatically regenerated. At some point Prashant realized that what they were seeing was just a secondary interface and stopped and said:

- Teresa, hold on. We need to access the main code. If we manage to destroy that one, it all stops there.

The young woman opened a Linux terminal and wrote a few code lines. The man did not understand what she wanted to do. But she did not stop. She kept writing lines of code until another interface opened on the screen.

- Now Prashant, she said. We only have five minutes to crack the code, after that we're locked out.

The Indian continued to write line after line and Teresa did the same. For several minutes there was a grave silence. They were both working, focused on the mission. Prashant wrote the last line of code and was amazed. On the monitor screen instead of the interface appeared a reptilian face dissipating into millions of pieces while from the speakers a horrifying noise as if coming from the bottom of hell could be heard.

- Go to hell you bastard, said the young woman with a huge smile on her face. The "*Arians*" code had been destroyed forever and the entire world was free now and in the future.
- You did it, Teresa, Prashant said.
- We both made it, together, she said. We are a team now.