

Hearts Out Of Bounds

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Hearts Out Of Bounds

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Summary

When Brianna invites her friend's charismatic buddy Zane to crash at the apartment she shares with her longtime boyfriend, it seems like a harmless favor. But as days stretch into uneasy nights, small moments of laughter and late-night gaming turn into an undercurrent of jealousy and suspicion.

Caught between the woman he loves and a guest who seems to fit everywhere he never could, one man finds himself watching from the sidelines as secrets build and loyalties shift. Set in a city of endless possibility and private heartbreak, Hearts Out of Bounds is a tense, deeply honest story about love slipping away, the ache of comparison, and the slow unraveling of what it means to belong.

How much can you bear to witness before you're forced to choose—hold on, or let go?...

The gf is based on this hot italian pawg <https://www.instagram.com/lindsaycapuano/?hl=en>

The mom is based on this thick latina <https://www.instagram.com/rebeccajlive/?hl=en>

****Optimized Settings****

Brianna stood in front of her desk, bent at the waist, one foot kicked back lazily as she dug through a bundle of tangled HDMI cables. The cotton shorts she wore—those ridiculous white ones—clung to her like a second skin, riding up with every subtle shift of her hips. Her ass looked obscene from behind, heavy and round, jiggling with each movement as if it had its own gravity. She didn't wear those outside. Only at home. Only around me.

And yet, lately, I didn't feel like I was the one they were for.

Her crop top was short enough that her back peeked out each time she reached forward—soft, warm skin exposed in little flashes that made me clench the beer bottle in my hand without thinking. She was humming to herself, hair tied up in a loose, bouncy ponytail, acting like it was any other weekend afternoon. As if she hadn't been talking for the last three days about how someone was coming over to help her fix her gaming setup. As if I didn't know exactly who that someone was.

I leaned against the kitchen counter, staring, not bothering to hide it.

“He still hasn't texted you back?” I asked, pretending not to care.

She didn't turn around. “He will.”

“And this guy knows how to set up the Elgato, optimize bitrate, all that?”

“He streams. He knows more than I do.”

“I could've done it.”

Now she turned, the light hitting her face just right—those full lips, wide hazel eyes, lashes curled like she'd done them for something more than staying in. She cocked her head, smiling gently, like I was cute for being possessive.

“I asked you last week. You told me to Google it.”

I didn't answer. I remembered. And yeah, I might've brushed it off, not thinking she'd outsource the job to some stranger. Or not a stranger—worse. Some little punk she played with online. A guy she'd been laughing about all week.

I remembered the way she'd smiled when she said his name. Not a flirty smile. Something trickier. That **dangerous** kind of amusement—the look she had when she knew something I didn't.

She turned back around and plugged in the last cable, her ass bouncing again as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. Her body was built to be ogled—thick thighs, a narrow waist, and that ass: heavy, proud, and always in motion. When we walked down the street

together, men would turn. Not just glance—*turn*. I'd gotten used to it. Mostly. She never did anything to invite it, not really.

But lately?

I couldn't tell anymore.

"You're staring," she said, teasing.

"Of course I'm staring."

She laughed, then walked over, perched herself on the arm of the couch, facing me sideways so that the slope of her hip brushed against my shoulder. Her skin was warm. She smelled like cherry body spray and that expensive lotion she only used when she shaved everything.

"You're nervous," she said, voice lighter now, like she already knew what was under my skin.

I kept my eyes on the TV. "I'm not nervous. Just don't like this guy."

"You haven't met him."

"I've heard enough."

She leaned in, breasts brushing my upper arm. "He's harmless. And funny. You'd get along if you'd give him a chance."

"He's some skinny blonde guy you met playing ranked. Why would I want to get along with him?"

She smiled wider but didn't answer. She kissed the side of my jaw instead, her lips lingering.

I wanted to pull her into my lap and feel the weight of her settle against me, her ass thick and warm over my thighs, let her ride it out like she always did when she needed attention. But something felt... different. Off. Like she was indulging me now. Like she'd already made up her mind to ignore the mood.

I didn't like it.

Another hour passed. She fidgeted around the setup, ran updates, rearranged peripherals. I sat on the couch watching TV with the volume too low. My thoughts were louder.

Her phone buzzed once. She checked it. Didn't show me. Then smiled.

"That's him. He's on his way."

I said nothing.

She sprang into action, wiping down the desk, fluffing the couch cushions for no reason, adjusting her shorts. I caught her checking her reflection in the glass of the microwave when

she walked past the kitchen.

By the time the knock came, she was grinning.

I opened the door first.

The guy standing there looked nothing like I expected.

Short. Not short-*ish*—short. Five-six, maybe five-seven with his sneakers on. Skinny build, wiry arms, pale skin that looked even whiter in contrast to the oversized black hoodie he wore. His hair was a messy, straw-blond mop, and his eyes were an unnerving, pale blue—too bright, too clean, like they belonged on some Hollywood serial killer poster. He had a lazy grin on his face, earbuds looped around his neck, and not a single trace of respect in his posture.

“Yo,” he said. “You’re Bri’s man?”

He didn’t wait for an answer. Just walked past me like the door was already his.

I didn’t move.

Brianna squealed. “Zane!”

Zane.

Even the name pissed me off.

He walked straight into the living room like it was his place, head swiveling toward the setup.

“Damn. You weren’t kidding, Bri. This is a sick layout.” Then he turned and gave her a look—not subtle, not polite. His gaze lingered on her chest, her waist, then *dropped* to her ass as she turned to close the door behind him. He grinned, chewing his gum a little harder. “Didn’t think you’d be looking this cute either.”

She laughed. Laughed.

My fists clenched before I could stop them.

Zane plopped into the gaming chair like he’d done it a hundred times before, scooting forward, grabbing the mouse without asking.

I watched his fingers, pale and quick. He moved with the kind of cocky assurance that came from never having consequences. Someone who knew exactly when he was annoying, and loved it.

He looked over his shoulder at me once, smirked, then turned back.

“I’ll have this humming in, like, ten minutes, max,” he said. “You got any Red Bull?”

Brianna was already heading toward the fridge.

The smell of his body wash drifted through the room—cheap, sharp, synthetic. And still, her nose didn't wrinkle.

He had the nerve to glance back at me again and raise his eyebrows, like we were both in on some joke.

I stood still, jaw set, watching as my girlfriend handed him a drink, leaned down beside him, and let her ass rest against the edge of the chair—right next to his thigh.

She laughed again.

And Zane leaned back like he **belonged** there.

Zane made himself at home instantly, spinning in Brianna's gaming chair, fingers tapping her keyboard like he'd been there a hundred times before. Everything about him—the cocky way he slouched, the half-lidded look he gave the room—was at odds with his frame: short, skinny, with shockingly blonde hair that looked almost white under the LEDs, and icy blue eyes that never missed a thing. He was the type of guy who drew attention, not for being big or impressive, but for how **bold** he was in any room.

And now, with my pale, blonde girlfriend perched beside him, their coloring was almost a joke—her bright white skin and flaxen hair glowing in the lamplight, her body soft and impossibly curvy, that ass taking up more of the chair than either of them expected. I knew what I looked like in comparison: brown skin, hair trimmed close, my build solid, my features marked by my Latino roots. In pictures with Brianna's family, I always stood out—sometimes in ways I liked, sometimes in ways I didn't.

But the contrast tonight felt sharper than ever. Her white skin and golden hair, practically luminescent in her grey cropped sweatshirt, the curve of her hips made even more dramatic by the pale tone, especially when she leaned forward over Zane's shoulder. Zane, all bones and angles, made her look even fuller, even more impossibly thick, like she belonged in another world.

I sat on the couch, beer in hand, watching them. The TV was on, but I wasn't listening. I couldn't, not with the way Brianna's laughter kept bubbling up, her voice higher, brighter than usual. She looked stunning tonight—her hair down, cheeks flushed, her eyes rimmed with that soft, smoky shadow she only bothered with when she wanted to feel extra pretty. And those shorts—tight, light gray, riding up the crease of her ass so much it felt like every shift was for Zane's benefit.

He didn't try to hide how much he was watching her, either. When she bent to point at something on the screen, he let his eyes linger—not just at her face, but trailing down her back, across her waist, and right to that massive ass straining against the fabric. He looked at her like he was assessing a car he wanted to steal, not just help fix. When his gaze flicked to me, it was never apologetic. If anything, there was a challenge there, like he wanted me to notice.

“Where'd you learn all this?” Brianna asked, still half leaning on him.

Zane smirked, stretching his skinny arms over his head, making his hoodie ride up to show a sliver of pale, hairless stomach. “YouTube, mostly. Got nothing but time in the summers. Guess you two probably spent more time outside than me, huh?”

Brianna laughed, flipping her long blonde hair over one shoulder. “I definitely did. My parents forced me into soccer, but I always wanted to be inside gaming.”

“Should’ve traded places,” Zane said, flicking his blue gaze between her and me, not hiding the fact that he was noticing the contrast. “You’ve got that all-American look, Bri. Bet you never had to fight for attention.”

She giggled, twisting on the chair, her hips making the tight shorts ride up even more. “You think so? I was such a dork.”

I wanted to butt in—say something about her always being beautiful, about how she always gets attention now, about how I’m the one who gets to hold her at night—but the words stuck in my throat. I watched Zane instead, my eyes narrowing, feeling my own presence grow heavier, darker in the room. Her skin looked nearly luminescent next to mine, and the way Zane kept glancing at her, then at me, made it impossible not to see the difference.

He didn’t have to say it. He just *was* it: pale, blonde, troublemaking, the kind of guy who never had to question if he belonged.

Brianna was oblivious, or pretended to be. She nudged him, laughing harder, her body language loose, her voice bubbling with energy. She was never this giggly with me in front of other people, never this playful with her friends. But with Zane, she was electric—animated, full of little inside jokes and teasing. Her ass kept brushing against his thigh, the contact casual but persistent, as if she needed to remind him—and me—just how close they were.

When Zane asked for a drink, she hopped up, those shorts digging in even deeper, her cheeks bouncing with every step. He watched her leave the room, eyes shameless, then glanced over at me.

“You play, too?” he asked, tone cool, not quite respectful.

“Sometimes,” I said. “Not as much as Bri.”

He shrugged. “Figures. She’s pretty intense, huh?”

I bristled at the familiarity. “Yeah. She is.”

He grinned, turning back to the monitor, making a show of fixing her settings, all the while acting like the apartment was already his.

Brianna came back, handing him a Red Bull and sitting herself down on the edge of the chair again, all soft curves and pale skin, glowing in the lamplight. Her hair framed her face perfectly, her makeup still fresh, her whole posture relaxed and open. She looked over at me with a quick, private smile—like she was trying to reassure me.

But I saw how she sat, how she let Zane crowd her, their bodies overlapping just a little too comfortably for strangers. The more I watched, the more my mind turned against me, focusing on every contrast—my brown skin, her white, his white, my heavy, muscular frame, his skinny, wiry body. I felt like an outsider in my own home, sitting in the background while Zane made himself the center.

They kept talking, laughing, touching—innocent, maybe, but with an edge I couldn't ignore. Brianna's body language was casual, but the way Zane watched her was anything but. His pale blue eyes never missed a thing, and every time she giggled or tossed her hair, he soaked it in. I felt my jaw tense every time she leaned a little too close, every time her ass pressed a little too hard against the chair, every time Zane let his eyes linger just a second too long.

I wanted to say something, to call her back over, to remind her whose apartment this was, whose girlfriend she was. But I stayed silent, letting the tension build, letting Zane see just how much it was getting to me.

When he finally stood, brushing her knee as he did, his grin was wider than ever. He looked at me, then at Brianna, and I knew he saw it all—the contrast, the tension, the paranoia creeping into my voice every time I tried to sound casual.

He didn't need to say anything.

Brianna flopped onto the couch next to me when he left, her skin warm and soft, her body heavy against mine, her ass stretching her shorts tight as ever. She leaned into me, still glowing with energy, still humming under her breath.

“You okay?” she asked softly, blue eyes bright and innocent.

“Yeah,” I lied, pulling her close, feeling the difference in our skin, our bodies, our worlds.

But I couldn't shake the feeling that Zane had left something behind—something invisible, but sharp, a wedge driven right between us.

And as I stared at her, perfect and pale in my arms, I knew this was only the beginning.

Shadows in the Sheets

Brianna's laughter lingered in the air long after Zane left, as if the sound was stitched into the fabric of the apartment. She paced around for a while, gathering stray cans, wiping down the desk, still humming some dumb pop song she'd been playing for days. Her hair, pale and smooth, caught the lamplight every time she turned, the ends swaying over the small of her bare back. She looked happy—lighter, somehow, even though she'd just spent hours pressed up against a cocky little stranger who'd barely even acknowledged me.

I watched her, beer still sweating in my hand, my mind spinning. I wanted her attention. I wanted her body. I wanted her to look at me the way she looked at him—like I was the new thing in her life, the center of her gravity. But as I sat there, brown skin still prickling with the heat of my own jealousy, I couldn't shake the images that kept looping through my mind: Zane's pale blue eyes, the way he'd smirked at her, at me, at the whole damn situation.

Brianna finally settled down next to me, her huge ass sinking the cushion, pressing me to the armrest. She glanced over, blue eyes searching my face.

"Hey," she said, softer now. "What's wrong?"

I shook my head, but she caught my chin, forced me to look at her. Up close, her features seemed impossibly delicate: pale skin almost translucent in the low light, lashes golden, her lips pink and parted. She looked like some Instagram fantasy, so *white* and flawless, her hair falling like a veil over her shoulder.

I wanted her so badly it hurt.

She leaned in, pressing her lips to mine, tentative at first, then more insistent. Her hand wandered down my chest, her fingers tracing the lines of my abs, my ribs, finally slipping under the hem of my shirt. Her touch was gentle, but there was a hunger in it, something restless that made my heart hammer.

I pulled her closer, my hands roaming over her back, down to the massive swell of her ass, fingers digging into the thick softness. She climbed onto my lap, her knees straddling my thighs, her weight settling over me. The fabric of her shorts strained, her bare cheeks spilling out, and I could feel myself hardening, even as my mind filled with doubts.

She kissed me harder, grinding down, her hips rolling in lazy circles, making sure I felt every pound of her ass against my lap. My dick pressed up into the seam of her shorts, small compared to the expanse of her backside. I knew it. She knew it. We never talked about it—not directly—but it was always there, unspoken, a quiet tension in every position, every motion. My cock was average, maybe a bit less, and next to her ass—so round, so white, so perfect—it always felt like not enough.

Brianna slid a hand down between us, palming my length through my shorts. She smiled, her lips curling into a smirk that was almost too gentle.

“Someone’s needy,” she teased, but her voice was low, distracted.

She tugged my shorts down, freeing me. Her hand wrapped around me, soft and warm, fingers easily circling my shaft. I flushed, glancing down at the contrast—her pale hand, my brown cock, small in her grip, almost delicate compared to the size of her ass perched above it.

She leaned back, pulling off her crop top, tossing it aside. Her breasts spilled out, creamy and full, nipples pink and hard. I ran my hands up her sides, cupping them, kneading gently. She arched into me, her hair falling around her face.

“Come on,” she murmured, shifting her hips, tugging her shorts down. Her ass finally bared, she kicked the shorts away, then turned, crawling onto her hands and knees in the middle of the couch, her head turned to look at me over her shoulder.

The sight made my heart stutter. Her ass was enormous, impossibly round, pale and glowing in the lamplight, the cleft deep and inviting. I moved behind her, lining myself up, my cock feeling almost toy-sized as I pressed against her entrance. She reached back, spreading herself for me, eyes on mine.

“Don’t worry,” she whispered, voice sweet, “I want you.”

I pushed in, sliding slowly into her heat. The stretch was there, but it wasn’t dramatic. Not like in the videos she sometimes watched, not like she used to gasp when we first started dating. I filled her, but there was space—her body so much, so overwhelming, my cock small in comparison. She moaned softly, pushing back against me, but I could tell she was working to meet me halfway.

I tried to focus on her, on the sound of her breathing, on the feeling of her ass pressing into my hips with every thrust. I cupped her cheeks, squeezing, spreading her wider, trying to remind myself that this was mine—*she* was mine. But the thoughts wouldn’t leave. I couldn’t stop picturing her in these same shorts, bent over for Zane, his hands tracing the curves, his cock maybe bigger, maybe more what she needed. My rhythm faltered.

Brianna must have felt it. She looked over her shoulder, her eyes half-closed, lips parted.

“Hey,” she said quietly, “it’s okay.”

I didn’t answer. I just moved faster, holding her hips tighter, fucking her with everything I had. The slap of my thighs against her ass was drowned by the wet sounds of our bodies meeting, but I knew she wasn’t getting what she needed. She rocked back harder, her ass bouncing, but every time I pulled out, I could see how small my cock looked against her—barely spreading her open, barely leaving a mark.

She reached between her legs, rubbing her clit with practiced fingers. Her breathing sped up, a thin sheen of sweat breaking out along her spine. I fucked her harder, desperate to make her come, to prove something I couldn’t say aloud. My balls tightened, and I groaned, spilling inside her, my body shuddering with release.

She slowed, letting me catch my breath, her own hand still moving between her thighs. I stayed inside her, softening, my cock slipping out as she finished herself off, her ass still high in the air, white and perfect, almost mocking me. She came with a shiver, her muscles clenching, a small gasp escaping her lips.

She collapsed onto her side, pulling me with her, her ass pressed against my hips. She turned, stroking my cheek, her eyes soft.

I wanted to say something. I wanted to ask if she was satisfied, if she needed more. But the words felt poisonous, heavy.

Instead, she spoke, her voice a whisper in the dim light.

“My parents never really approved, you know,” she said, almost apologetic.

I blinked, thrown off. “What?”

She traced circles on my chest, not meeting my eyes. “They always wanted me with someone... I don’t know. Someone more like them. Blonde, blue eyes. Some guy from the old neighborhood.”

I went cold, the jealousy from earlier boiling up again. “They say that?”

She shrugged. “Not directly. But you know. Comments. Jokes. My dad used to say, ‘Brianna, you’re gonna bring home some surfer or something, not...’” She trailed off, letting the implication hang.

Not someone brown. Not me.

She looked at me, her eyes guilty. “I never cared about that. I love you.”

I wanted to believe her, but all I could see was the way she laughed with Zane, the way she’d pressed her ass against him, the way her parents probably would have loved to see her with someone like that—white, safe, easy.

I pulled her closer, burying my face in her hair. She let me hold her, her body warm and soft in my arms, her huge ass pressed against my thigh.

We lay there in silence, the room filled with the scent of sex and sweat and her cherry body spray. My mind kept replaying the night—her smiles, her laughter, the way Zane had looked at her, at me, like he already knew he had the upper hand.

Brianna kissed my shoulder, her hand stroking my back. “You’re enough for me,” she whispered, voice so quiet I almost missed it.

But as I drifted off, I wondered if that was true. Or if, deep down, she was just telling herself what she needed to hear.

The next morning, she was already up, making coffee, singing to herself. Her ass—bare under one of my old shirts—swayed with every movement. I watched her from the bed, my heart heavy, my body sore.

I knew she loved me.

But I also knew the world would always want her with someone else—someone who looked like her, who fit the picture her parents had painted, who didn't stand out in every family photo.

And I couldn't help but wonder if, someday, that would be enough to pull her away.

The next day dawned gray and cold, filtered sunlight barely making it through the city haze. I woke to the sound of Brianna humming in the kitchen, her bare feet padding over tile. She was wearing my shirt—one of the soft ones, the hem skimming the top of her thighs, barely concealing the curve of her ass as she reached for the coffee. Even in the half-light, her skin was impossibly pale, every line and dip of her body outlined against the white fabric. For a second, everything felt almost normal.

She brought coffee to the bedside, her long blonde hair tumbling messily over her shoulders, cheeks still flushed from sleep. She crawled under the sheets and curled against me, her ass pressing into my lap. I kissed her neck, savoring the soft, clean scent of her, the warmth of her body. It should have been perfect.

But even as she nuzzled into my chest, she reached for her phone on the nightstand, thumb flicking through notifications. I didn't have to see the screen to know who she was looking for.

We spent the morning slow—making breakfast together, Brianna teasing me when I dropped an eggshell into the pan, giggling as she pressed herself against me at the stove. Her ass bumped my hip every time she reached for something, making sure I felt every bit of her. It was how she always was: playful, physical, a little over-the-top. I tried to lean into it, to pretend that the night before hadn't left something bruised inside me. But even in those small moments, I caught her glancing at her phone, a little smile tugging at her lips whenever it vibrated.

When we finally sat down to eat, she stretched her legs across my lap, scrolling absently. She wasn't subtle about it.

I tried to keep my tone light. “Who you texting?”

She blinked up at me, then grinned. “Oh, just group chat stuff. Zane sent that meme I was telling you about last night—the ‘NPC rage quit’ one. God, he's such an idiot.”

She showed me her screen, the meme already open. Zane's name lit up at the top, little blue dot marking him as “active now.” Her face brightened when she talked about him, her laugh just a touch too loud.

I forced a smile, but my chest tightened. “Yeah, it's funny.”

She snuggled into my side, phone still in hand, thumb busy. “He’s got, like, the dumbest sense of humor. Reminds me of that one friend from high school, you know? Always causing trouble.”

“Yeah,” I said again, voice flat. “I know the type.”

Breakfast went on. Every few minutes, another notification popped up, and her attention drifted. She tried to rope me in, reading out jokes, describing Zane’s takes on games, or repeating something he’d said about her PC setup. It was like he’d already woven himself into her life, threaded himself into every conversation.

We tried to watch a movie after, cuddled up under a throw blanket. Brianna made it halfway through before pausing to check her phone again. “Sorry,” she said, laughing. “Zane just sent a voice note. You gotta hear this.”

She hit play. His voice filled the room—mocking, playful, a little cocky. He riffed on some streamer drama, doing impressions, making her giggle so hard she had to pause the movie. She leaned into me, phone pressed between us, as if we were all sharing this moment together. I felt invisible, just a warm body she happened to be resting on.

“Isn’t he ridiculous?” she asked, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes. “I swear, he just does not care what anyone thinks. Total chaos.”

I nodded, jaw tight. “Yeah. He’s a character.”

She looped her arm through mine, her hand stroking my chest. “You’ll get used to him. He’s harmless, really. Just... weird, y’know?”

All I could do was grunt. The movie played on, but I couldn’t follow the plot. My mind kept circling the same drain: Zane’s voice, the way she laughed for him, how her whole energy had shifted since he entered our lives. I remembered how her ass had looked pressed up against him at the chair, how he’d watched her walk away, how she hadn’t seemed to care if I saw.

By early afternoon, she wanted to go out—get air, walk the city, maybe window shop. She pulled on high-waisted leggings and a cropped hoodie, her thick ass stretching the fabric until it looked painted on. I tried not to think about how many men would stare. I tried not to think about Zane at all.

But Brianna wouldn’t let me forget. Every few blocks, she brought him up again—some joke he’d told, some trick he’d taught her for stream overlays, the “wild” stories he’d told about growing up in the suburbs. She recounted them all in detail, laughing like she wished he were here to fill in the punchlines.

At lunch, we sat at the bar of a crowded burger spot, sunlight cutting through the windows in long gold stripes. She leaned over her fries, licking salt from her fingers, and said, “You know, Zane said this place has the best shakes in the city. He swears by the Oreo one.”

I tried to let it slide, but my frustration bled through. “You sure you want to hang out with me today? Or should I just give him a call?”

She froze, eyes wide, then shook her head and laughed it off. “Stop. You’re being dramatic. I just think it’s funny—he has opinions about *everything.* It’s like, no filter at all.”

I forced myself to smile, feeling small, brown, and out of place in the bright, noisy room. Everyone around us was white. The staff. The customers. Couples and families in matching college hoodies, their laughter easy and untroubled. Brianna fit right in—her blonde hair, her rosy skin, her cheerful voice carrying above the hum. And me, sitting beside her, just close enough to be noticed, just different enough to draw second glances.

After lunch, she wanted to check out a new boutique down the block. She tried on sunglasses, oversized hoodies, little tank tops. Every time she spun for me in front of the mirror, I nodded, tried to make her laugh, tried to remind her that I was here, not Zane. But she kept referencing him: “Zane would clown this outfit so hard,” or “Zane said these shoes are peak VSCO girl.” It was endless, a running commentary I couldn’t escape.

Even the things we used to share—private jokes, favorite places—seemed to belong to him now, filtered through her new stories, her new laughter. The more she talked about him, the more I felt myself shrinking in her orbit, reduced to a prop for her anecdotes.

When we finally got home, she was exhausted, her legs draped over mine as she scrolled her phone, giggling softly at some new meme Zane had sent. I watched her, her ass stretching the leggings, the line of her back perfect and white. She caught me staring and smiled, reaching for my hand.

“You’re quiet,” she said, voice gentle. “You mad at me?”

I shook my head, not trusting myself to answer. She squeezed my fingers anyway, cuddling into my side. I tried to hold her close, to anchor myself in the warmth of her body, the scent of her hair. But it was like holding a radio tuned to the wrong station—her thoughts already drifting, her laughter belonging to someone else.

As the sun set, painting the walls orange and gold, Brianna stretched, yawning, then stood, heading for the shower. Her phone buzzed again, screen lighting up with a message. I didn’t have to look to know who it was.

She poked her head out of the bathroom, wet hair sticking to her neck. “Hey, Zane says his PC crashed. He might come by later if that’s cool—just to check his settings on mine.”

The last thread of patience snapped inside me. I wanted to say no. I wanted to say she was mine, that enough was enough, that I didn’t want to share her time, her laughter, her anything with someone else.

But all I managed was a tired nod.

“Sure. Whatever you want.”

She beamed, disappearing back into the steam, leaving me alone on the couch, my mind racing, the day ruined by a name she couldn't seem to stop saying....

The Third Presence

The apartment was quiet, except for the sound of the shower running. I slouched deeper into the couch, staring at my own brown knuckles wrapped around my phone, my eyes unfocused, scrolling past news, old texts, anything to drown out the persistent memory of Zane's name lighting up Brianna's screen. The sunlight had faded, leaving the living room heavy with gold shadows and the faint, sweet smell of Brianna's cherry body spray—something she'd doused herself in before our walk, now lingering like an accusation in the stillness.

Her laughter from earlier in the day kept echoing in my head—sharper, brighter, different from the sound she made for me. I remembered the shape of her body as she tried on sunglasses in the store, how her ass filled out those leggings so completely it looked like the fabric was spray-painted on, how she'd spun and asked, "Is this too much?" while laughing about what Zane would say, not what I would say. I remembered how people looked at us—at her, blonde and shining, and at me, brown, wary, at once visible and invisible.

Now I heard her singing faintly under the running water. My chest twisted with longing and frustration. I wanted to be enough for her. I wanted to be the center of her attention again. But even in the privacy of our home, there was always a third presence—Zane—hovering just out of sight.

She emerged wrapped in a towel, her hair wet, skin still flushed from the heat. She smiled at me, the same sweet smile that used to undo me, but now I couldn't help wondering who else she'd smile for.

"Do you want to shower too?" she asked, running a comb through her hair. "I'm making popcorn for later."

I nodded and dragged myself up, closing the bathroom door behind me. The steam still lingered, fogging the mirror. I stared at my reflection, noticing all the details I usually ignored—the faint dark circles under my eyes, the hard set of my jaw, the way my brown skin stood out against the white tile. I stepped into the shower, scrubbing off the sweat of the day, trying to wash away the sense of being watched, judged, compared.

By the time I got out, Brianna had already set up the living room: big bowl of popcorn, her favorite fuzzy blanket spread over the couch, every pillow piled at one end. She was dressed in an old university hoodie and those tiny sleep shorts, legs curled up beneath her, phone balanced on her knee. The TV was on, a movie we'd seen a hundred times playing quietly in the background.

She looked up when I came in, her eyes bright. "You wanna pick something else? Zane keeps saying we have to watch that dumb action series he likes, but I told him we only do rom-coms here."

There it was again—his name, in the first breath after our shower, like a constant refrain. I swallowed hard, forcing a smile. "Whatever you want."

She scooted over, making room for me, the warmth of her body a comfort I tried desperately to lose myself in. I tucked my arm around her waist, feeling the softness of her, the heft of her ass pressed against my thigh. For a little while, we pretended it was just us. I whispered jokes in her ear, teased her about her popcorn-to-mouth ratio, tried to make her laugh the way I used to.

But every time her phone vibrated, she checked it. Once, she even giggled, typing a quick reply. When I shifted to see the screen, she angled it away, too fast, her blonde hair falling forward to hide her expression.

I didn't say anything. I didn't want to ruin the peace. But the tension was back, winding itself tighter with every small, casual mention of Zane, with every text she didn't share.

Halfway through the movie, there was a knock at the door.

She was up in an instant, shorts barely covering her, hoodie riding up as she bounced across the living room. She didn't even look back at me as she pulled the door open.

Zane stood there, framed by the hallway's harsh fluorescent lights—shorter than I remembered, skinny as ever, with that lazy grin and those unsettling blue eyes. He wore ripped jeans and a cheap vintage tee, a scuffed backpack slung over one shoulder. His hair was even messier than usual, and when he stepped inside, he brought the sharp scent of cold air and cheap cologne with him.

“Sup, Bree? Sup, man?” he said, his voice casual, like this was just another Tuesday night.

He kicked off his shoes, dropping his bag on the floor, then immediately made himself comfortable, flopping into the gaming chair. He glanced around the room, taking in the popcorn, the TV, the faint glow of string lights Brianna had draped around the window.

“Damn, you guys do movie night for real,” he said, grinning at Brianna.

She laughed, pushing her hair behind her ear. “Of course. You want popcorn?”

He shrugged. “I'll steal some.”

She rolled her eyes, then sat back down, barely a foot from him now, her body angled toward him, her legs folding beneath her in that way that always showed off the roundest part of her ass. She handed him the bowl, her hand brushing his. He didn't bother saying thanks.

I tried to ignore the small pang of jealousy, the way Zane's blue eyes flicked from Brianna's chest to her thighs, the way he sprawled like he'd earned the right to be here.

“So what's up with your PC?” Brianna asked, voice chipper.

He groaned, tossing his head back. “Crashed twice today. Think it's the RAM, but who knows. I figured if I had to reinstall everything, I'd rather do it here. Yours actually runs. Plus —” He grinned at her, “—your room smells better than mine. I swear my place is cursed.”

She laughed, swatting his arm. “You just need to clean.”

He stuck out his tongue. “Hate cleaning. I’d rather be banned from Steam than pick up a vacuum.”

She giggled, shaking her head. For a second, I saw the way she looked at him—not quite romantic, but open, curious, a kind of warmth she usually reserved for old friends or strangers she wanted to impress. Zane basked in it, his eyes shining, his posture loose and lazy.

I watched them, feeling both too present and completely invisible.

They spent the next half-hour hunched over her computer, Zane showing her weird keyboard shortcuts and BIOS menus, Brianna leaning in close, her pale blonde hair brushing his shoulder. I stayed on the couch, pretending to watch the movie, my ears tuned to their every word.

He told her stories about his hometown—about skipping class, about the teachers he pranked, about how everyone assumed he’d end up in jail or dead or worse. She ate it up, laughing at his troublemaker stories, asking follow-up questions, giving him that wide-eyed, open look I remembered from our earliest days together. He made jokes at my expense—nothing cruel, just sly little digs about my “gym bro arms” or “serious face”—and she didn’t defend me, just laughed and told him to be nice.

At one point, Zane glanced back at me, his blue eyes unreadable. “You ever overclock, man?”

I shook my head. “Not really my thing.”

He smirked. “Gotta live a little. Bri’s learning fast.”

She grinned, cheeks flushed. “Only ‘cause you explain it better than YouTube.”

They shared a look—a flash of real camaraderie, the easy rapport of two people who had found a rhythm. It stung.

I felt smaller, heavier, darker than ever. I couldn’t help but notice the way Brianna’s body language shifted around him—her posture looser, her voice higher, her eyes brighter. She was animated in a way she hadn’t been all day, like she’d been waiting for him to show up so she could finally relax.

When they finished with the PC, she sank back onto the couch, pulling the blanket over her lap, her bare legs stretched out. Zane plopped down at the other end, not asking, just making space. He threw his arm over the back, looking every bit the confident white troublemaker, right at home.

Brianna snuggled into me, but her attention was on him, her smile quick and eager every time he spoke. Even the movie—one of our favorites—became a backdrop for their conversation. They riffed on the actors, made up new dialogue, traded memes. Every time she laughed, it was for him, not for me.

I tried to join in. I cracked jokes, tried to pull her attention back, but the vibe was off. I felt like an outsider in my own home, like the third wheel at my own date night.

When Zane finally stood to leave, the clock read close to midnight. He slung his bag over one shoulder, grinned at Brianna, and gave me a quick nod.

“Later, guys. Thanks for the rescue, Bri. Seriously, you’re a lifesaver.”

She beamed, walking him to the door, their voices low, private. I couldn’t hear what they said, but her laughter floated back to me, light and musical.

She came back, curling up beside me, her body warm and heavy, her hair smelling of soap and sugar.

“You okay?” she asked, her voice a little too casual.

I nodded, but I didn’t feel okay. The apartment felt crowded, even with Zane gone, his scent still lingering, his presence woven into the air. Brianna wrapped herself around me, her ass molding against my lap, her arm draped across my chest. I held her, desperate to feel close, to remind myself that she was mine.

But as her breathing slowed and she drifted toward sleep, I lay awake, staring at the ceiling, my mind spinning with doubt. I thought of Zane’s blue eyes, his easy confidence, the way he fit so neatly into Brianna’s world. I thought of the way she laughed for him, the way she talked about him, the way she let him take up space in our lives.

I thought of my own reflection in the bathroom mirror—brown, tired, weighed down by a thousand little slights and worries and fears—and I wondered if I could ever compete. If I even wanted to.

Brianna murmured in her sleep, rolling closer, her ass pressing into me, her pale skin glowing in the moonlight. I closed my eyes, willing myself to believe in us, in what we had, in the love she promised me.

But Zane’s presence lingered, a shadow in the room, a wedge in my heart, and I knew the slow burn was just beginning.

The Unseen

It was Friday night—our night, or at least it used to be. The city was pulsing with summer heat, neon lights flickering in the windows as we ducked into our favorite candy shop, a half-guilty ritual from when we first started dating. Brianna squeezed my hand as we walked past the bins of brightly colored sweets, her laughter echoing between the shelves. Her white-blond hair was loose, lips glossy, face bright with anticipation. She looked beautiful—almost too beautiful for the simple errand.

She turned, bumping her ass into my hip on purpose, her leggings hugging every curve. “You picking the Butterfingers, or am I?” she teased, tossing me a look that used to promise mischief and long, tangled nights.

“I got it,” I said, reaching for the yellow-wrapped bars, fighting to focus on her, on us, to make this moment ours alone. She drifted off down the aisle, humming, collecting little bags of gummies, her attention already half on her phone.

I let myself get lost in the routine: counting change, joking with the cashier, stealing glances at Brianna as she leaned over a row of lollipops, her massive ass drawing glances from a couple college kids at the back. She never noticed. Or maybe she just didn’t care. For years, I’d thought her indifference was confidence, but lately, it felt more like distraction—like her mind was always somewhere else, already scripting the next conversation she’d have with someone who wasn’t me.

We stepped back out onto the street, our bags heavy with sweets, Brianna slipping her hand into mine as we walked toward the tiny ramen spot we’d picked for dinner. The city buzzed around us, white and brown and black faces blending into the crowd. I tried to relax, but Zane’s name kept swirling in the back of my mind, like a low, annoying hum.

Brianna talked as we walked—about a new movie she wanted to see, about a meme Zane had sent, about something Zane had said last night about candy shops being “secret makeout factories.” I smiled, forced a laugh, but every mention of him made my jaw tighten. She didn’t notice, or pretended not to.

Dinner was busy, cramped, but the noodles were good. Brianna told a story about her job, gesturing with her chopsticks, sauce dotting her lips. I watched her, desperate to lose myself in the familiar lines of her face, in the blue of her eyes, the perfect pink of her mouth. For a while, it almost worked. I remembered why we’d fallen in love in the first place, why I’d fought so hard to keep her attention, to carve out a place in her world.

Halfway through the meal, I excused myself to use the restroom. The restaurant’s bathrooms were down a narrow, tiled hallway, the light flickering, the floor slick from a mop left too long in the corner. I pushed the door open, heading toward the row of stalls at the back.

That’s when I saw them—Zane and a woman so striking, she might as well have stepped off a movie screen.

She stood with her back to me, hands on her hips, ass enormous, squeezed into a tight, pale grey jumpsuit that left nothing to the imagination. Her skin was a rich, warm brown, hair a cascade of caramel and honey, falling over her shoulders. The thickness of her thighs, the jut of her hips, the way her curves seemed to defy physics—I felt my throat close up. She laughed, a low, throaty sound, flashing perfect white teeth. Zane—short, pale, grinning—pulled her into the last stall, their bodies pressed close, his hand sliding down over that impossible ass.

They didn't see me. Zane's eyes never left hers, his hands greedy, hungry. He nudged the stall door shut with his foot, the lock clicking, her laughter echoing off the tile. I stood frozen, heat rising in my cheeks, something ugly and old twisting in my gut.

A moment later, the sounds started—soft at first, then louder. The rhythm of hips, the slap of skin, the kind of moaning that wasn't meant to be private. She gasped, voice thick with pleasure, a sound so confident and unashamed it made me ache. Zane grunted, a sharp, cocky laugh in the middle of it all, his voice echoing down the hall. There was no hesitation, no awkwardness, just the raw certainty of someone who knew he was wanted.

I turned away, heart hammering, palms sweaty. I'd seen plenty of women like her growing up—Latina girls with bodies built to fill out jeans and sundresses, the ones who drew all the eyes at the corner store, at every party, every club. The kind who never glanced at me twice, even before Brianna. Too brown for the white girls, not white enough for the Latina girls. Always outside, always watching. That woman in the stall—she wouldn't have noticed me if I'd been on fire.

And there was Zane, skinny, white, blue-eyed, cocky, getting exactly what he wanted, exactly who he wanted, like the world had just handed it to him. No one questioned if he belonged. No one doubted he could take up all that space.

The moaning grew louder, sharper—a sound that left no doubt about what was happening. I stood by the sinks, pretending to wash my hands, not daring to look up at my reflection. I listened as Zane and the woman finished, her voice shaking, his laughter soft and triumphant. The stall door creaked, footsteps on the tile, a burst of giggles as they disappeared out the back exit, unseen.

I splashed water on my face, staring into the streaked, dirty mirror. My reflection looked back at me, brown skin washed out by fluorescent light, eyes dark and tired. For a second, I hated myself for feeling jealous, for feeling small, for wishing I could be Zane just for a night.

But the feeling passed, replaced by a numbness I'd learned to live with.

I returned to the table, forcing a smile as I slid back into the booth beside Brianna. She was scrolling through her phone, smiling at something. She didn't notice the change in me, the way my hands shook as I reached for my drink.

“You okay?” she asked, voice gentle.

“Yeah. Just crowded back there,” I lied.

She squeezed my hand under the table, her thumb tracing circles over my knuckles. She was warm, real, here. I clung to her, desperate for the comfort.

The rest of dinner passed in a blur. Brianna finished her noodles, humming a song under her breath, making plans for the weekend—movies, brunch, maybe a drive to the lake if the weather held. She never mentioned Zane again. She never asked why I'd been gone so long, why my laugh was forced, why I flinched when she brushed her hand over my thigh.

We left the restaurant and wandered through the city, the lights reflected in puddles on the street, the smell of rain and exhaust thick in the air. Brianna linked her arm through mine, leaning her head on my shoulder as we walked. For a while, it felt like it used to—a couple alone in the city, the world spinning around us, no one else mattering.

But I couldn't forget what I'd seen. The way Zane had looked at that woman, the way she'd laughed for him, the way they'd disappeared into the bathroom together without a second thought. The way her ass had swallowed his hands, the confidence in her voice, the total ease of their bodies. The certainty that this was his world, and I was just watching from the outside.

Back at home, Brianna curled up on the couch, her head in my lap, hair spread across my thighs like a curtain. She talked about plans, about her job, about a new game she wanted to play. I stroked her hair, nodded, tried to be present.

But my mind kept drifting—back to the stall, back to the sounds, back to the feeling of being invisible in a world that had never made room for me.

Brianna fell asleep early, her breathing slow and even. I watched her for a long time, the rise and fall of her chest, the perfect curve of her ass under the blanket. I thought about the woman in the bathroom, about all the girls who'd never given me a second glance, about all the ways I'd tried to fit into worlds that weren't made for me.

I thought about Zane, cocky and pale, always on the inside, always getting what he wanted.

And I wondered, not for the first time, if Brianna would ever notice how much it hurt to always be the outsider—even in my own life.

She stirred in her sleep, murmured my name, pressed closer. I held her, feeling the old ache settle deep in my chest.

Tomorrow, I told myself. Tomorrow would be better. But even as I closed my eyes, I knew I'd carry this night with me, a secret I couldn't share, a weight Brianna would never see.

The Longest Day

The second Saturday of the month always started early in our apartment. Brianna liked to get up at dawn, racing around with the vacuum and wipes, opening the windows to let the city air push out the last traces of our sweat, our sex, our lazy weeknight mess. My mom, Rebecca, never cared—she claimed a clean kitchen didn't matter if the food was made with love, but Brianna was determined. She moved through our home in a cotton robe and nothing else, her blonde hair up in a messy bun, cleaning and humming, her huge ass jiggling with every pass of the Swiffer.

By the time the morning sun cut through the blinds, the apartment glowed. I was in the shower, shaving the faint stubble off my jaw, when my phone chimed: ***“Almost there. Got you so much food you'll eat leftovers for days.”** My heart jumped—a weird mix of excitement and dread. These visits mattered. My mother was my anchor. When I was young, her strength was legend in our neighborhood: Rebecca the beauty queen, the single mom who built a business and a family, the one with the biggest laugh, the sharpest tongue, and the body that made traffic stop. It never mattered how old she got; heads still turned for her. Even my white friends in high school used to joke, “Your mom is a menace, bro. A capital-M MILF.”

Ten minutes later, the buzzer sounded. Brianna fluffed her hair and slipped into yoga pants and a fitted white tee, then rushed to the door. I heard the scrape of locks, then Rebecca's voice—loud, clear, musical, rolling with Spanish and English.

“Bendición, hijo!” she called, setting her bags down with a dramatic sigh.

“Dios te bendiga, Mami,” I answered, hugging her tight.

Rebecca's arms wrapped around me, squeezing until I almost popped. She wore a lemon-yellow dress that clung to her hourglass frame, her massive breasts testing the stretch of the neckline, her hips and ass swaying with every step. Her dark hair was freshly blown out, face glowing, hoop earrings swinging. Brianna stepped in to hug her and disappeared in the plush expanse of my mother's chest.

“Mira esa carita! Brianna, you get prettier every time I see you. And that body—*madre mía,* if I had a little more of your waist and a little less here, maybe I'd fit through doorways.”

Brianna blushed, but you could see the pride in her smile. She'd always admired Rebecca, called her “glamorous,” envied her curves. My mom's presence filled the whole apartment, her perfume—a swirl of vanilla and jasmine—mingling with the smell of her cooking.

She brought out foil trays of pernil, rice, empanadas, and sweet plantains, filling our counters until there was barely room to move. She made herself at home, kicking off her shoes, running the tap, clucking about our “baby fridge,” all while her huge breasts bounced and her ass grazed every surface.

“Sit, Mami. Let me get you water,” I said, guiding her to the couch.

“Water? Ay, please. Where’s the wine?” she laughed.

Brianna fetched a bottle, pouring generous glasses. My mother sat back, crossing her thick legs, the dress pulling tight around her hips, her ass spilling over the cushion. “You spoil me,” she told Brianna. “My son, not so much. He used to eat straight from the pot and leave the dishes for me.”

I rolled my eyes. “You never let me touch your stove.”

“Because you’d burn the house down!”

Brianna howled with laughter, her face bright, at ease. The three of us drifted to the kitchen, the conversation quick and musical. My mother ran her hands over every appliance, making approving noises, her enormous breasts nearly knocking over a stack of mugs.

“You two, so cute. Brianna, I hope he’s treating you right. Not working too much? He helps around here, right? He cooks? He cleans?”

“He tries,” Brianna said, winking at me.

I leaned in, kissed her cheek, hoping the affection would settle something anxious in my chest. But as we started eating—plates loaded, forks clattering, my mother’s voice rising above all—my nerves prickled. There was a fourth plate on the table, set out by Brianna. I didn’t have to ask who it was for.

The knock came as we were cleaning up from the first round of empanadas.

Brianna hurried to answer, smoothing her shirt. I watched her cheeks flush as she opened the door.

There stood Zane.

If Rebecca was the sun, Zane was the sharp edge of its shadow: small, lean, pale, with that halo of almost white-blond hair, eyes the color of cold water. He wore ripped jeans and a faded navy shirt, a backpack slung over his shoulder. His cocky smirk flickered when he saw me, then turned warm as he looked past me to Brianna.

“Hey, B. Sorry I’m late. Place smells insane.” His eyes darted to the kitchen.

Rebecca turned, eyes narrowing in playful suspicion, then breaking into a wide smile. “And who is this handsome stranger?”

Zane stepped in, sticking out his hand. “I’m Zane. Sorry, I didn’t mean to crash family day—Brianna said it was fine. I can come back later—”

“Nonsense! Any friend of Brianna’s is a friend of ours,” Rebecca declared, taking his hand in both of hers. Her fingers dwarfed his wrist, her nails perfectly manicured. She didn’t let go right away. “I’m Rebecca. You hungry? You look hungry. Are you one of those vegans?”

He laughed, shaking his head. “Definitely not. I’ll eat anything.”

Brianna beamed at my mother, then at Zane. The energy in the room shifted—lighter, brighter, as if a window had been opened.

Rebecca led Zane to the table, making space beside her. He sat, dwarfed by her presence, her huge breasts brushing his arm as she passed him a plate. “You better eat, chico. My cooking can cure anything. Even heartbreak.”

“Thank you, Ms.—Rebecca,” Zane said, glancing at me, then back at her, his voice respectful but easy.

For the next hour, I watched as my mother and Zane fell into a rhythm that felt both effortless and surreal. She asked him questions about his family, his work, his favorite foods, even about his love life—“Got a girlfriend? Or are you single and causing trouble?” she teased, her breasts bouncing as she laughed. He played along, never flustered, making both women laugh with stories about odd jobs, bad dates, getting lost on the subway.

Every so often, Rebecca would lean in to refill his glass or press a hand to his shoulder, her huge breasts swaying, her ass taking up half the bench. When he complimented her food, she swatted his arm, beaming. “This one’s got manners. Some of you could learn something,” she said, shooting me a look.

Brianna, for her part, was glowing—joining in every joke, siding with my mother on every gentle roast of me, bumping Zane’s knee under the table. The three of them formed a trio of admiration and warmth, leaving me adrift at the end of the table, trying to keep up, my own jokes falling flat, my Spanish suddenly stiff and forced.

When Zane made a crack about how Rebecca’s empanadas were “legendary,” she gasped, pressing a hand to her chest, her breasts lifting, her eyes sparkling. “Ay, you’re making me blush! You want to take some home, mi amor?”

“Only if you write the recipe on the box,” he said, blue eyes shining.

Rebecca grinned, then stood, hips swaying as she gathered up a foil tray. She handed it to him, brushing her hand along his cheek, fingers trailing just under his jaw. “For you, anything. Just don’t tell your mother—it’s a secret recipe.”

Zane winked, tucking the tray into his bag.

As the afternoon wore on, the food dwindled, the laughter grew easier, and my anxiety deepened. Every time Zane spoke, my mother and Brianna gave him their undivided attention—asking questions, touching his arm, laughing a little too loudly. Rebecca’s breasts nearly brushed his face when she leaned to clear a dish, her huge ass pressing against his thigh when she scooted past him in the narrow kitchen.

At one point, Zane asked to use the bathroom, and Rebecca, never one to miss a chance, insisted on showing him the “better” guest towels, leading him down the hall herself. I

watched her hips sway, her dress riding up, the two of them disappearing into the back rooms. I strained to hear, but only caught murmurs—Rebecca’s laughter, Zane’s easy replies.

Brianna refilled our glasses, her eyes a little glassy. “Your mom loves him,” she whispered.

I tried to laugh, but it sounded sour. “Yeah, she loves everyone.”

Brianna leaned in, her voice soft, “No, this is different. She never connects with people like that. Especially not my friends.”

I looked away, shame and anger warring inside me. “He’s just... charming, I guess.”

Brianna took my hand. “Are you okay?”

I shrugged, the muscles in my jaw clenching. “Just... feels weird. Like I’m not even here.”

Before Brianna could reply, Rebecca and Zane reappeared, both smiling. My mother’s lipstick was a little smudged; she wiped it away with the back of her hand, her cheeks flushed.

“We were talking about plants,” she explained, waving her hand. “Zane knows about orchids. My cousin can’t keep them alive to save her life.”

Zane nodded, “You’ve got a killer Monstera in the bathroom, by the way. Healthiest I’ve ever seen.”

Rebecca beamed, pleased, her huge breasts rising with pride.

The rest of the visit passed in a similar blur. Rebecca alternated between stories of my childhood (“He used to dance in the kitchen with a dish towel! Míralo, so serious now!”), and long, winding conversations with Zane about everything from music to travel to growing up mixed in a small town. At every turn, Brianna joined in, their trio excluding me, as if I was just a footnote.

By late afternoon, Rebecca gathered her bags, balancing the leftovers on her hip, her ass stretching the fabric of her dress to its limit.

“Ready, Zane?” she called. “You’re on my way home—I’ll drive you.”

Zane stood, slinging his backpack over his shoulder. He smiled at Brianna, then at me—a quick, almost apologetic glance—before turning to Rebecca. “That’d be awesome. Thanks so much, Rebecca. And for the food. Seriously.”

Rebecca waved him off. “You’re welcome anytime, chico.”

She hugged Brianna, planting a kiss on her cheek, her breasts engulfing Bri’s small frame, then turned to me, squeezing my shoulders, whispering, “Don’t sulk, mijo. I love you.” Then she was gone, her laughter echoing down the hall, Zane trailing in her wake.

I stood at the window, watching as Rebecca and Zane disappeared down the street, her body unmistakable, her presence filling even the space outside, Zane dwarfed beside her. I wondered what they would talk about in the car, what stories she'd tell, if she'd mention me at all.

Brianna pattered around the kitchen, cleaning up. I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, my heart heavy with humiliation and something close to grief.

The apartment was too quiet. I listened to Brianna humming as she did the dishes, her voice muffled by distance.

The rest of the day crawled by. I ate leftovers alone, reheating Rebecca's food, every bite a reminder of how little space I occupied in my own life. I replayed the afternoon—Rebecca's laughter, Zane's charm, the way my mother's breasts and ass drew every eye, the way Brianna glowed with happiness when she was around them. I wondered if I would ever measure up.

When Brianna finally slipped into bed, curling up beside me, her blonde hair soft against my cheek, I pulled her close. For a while, we lay together in silence. But I couldn't sleep.

I kept picturing Rebecca and Zane together, her curves swallowing up the space, her laughter filling the car. I wondered if she'd be telling him stories about my childhood, about the boy she'd raised, about the world I'd tried so hard to claim as mine.

And as the night deepened, I realized I'd never felt further from home.

Bad Omens

Sleep came slow and restless that night. My mind kept running loops of the day—my mother’s laughter, her curves filling the kitchen, Zane’s effortless way with everyone, Brianna’s smile, the quiet way she drifted closer to him in every conversation. The apartment felt emptier than ever after they left, a hollow echo of their energy lingering in the air.

Sometime before dawn, I slipped under. The city outside was still dark, the traffic a distant hum, and I found myself standing in the familiar old neighborhood, the cracked sidewalk underfoot, dappled sun through the maples. It was the block where I grew up—a place that always felt like both sanctuary and battlefield, with my mother’s house a bright yellow beacon in the middle of it all.

I walked up the street, passing the chain-link fences and overgrown lawns, feeling that strange, dreamlike pressure in my chest. I was supposed to visit Rebecca—maybe she’d made pastelillos, maybe she’d want to talk about Brianna, or ask how I was doing. I felt oddly hopeful, wanting to see her, needing the comfort of her voice, the warmth of her embrace.

Then I saw her car—old, battered, unmistakably hers—parked a little crooked outside the house. The engine was running. As I got closer, I saw the windows fogged up, the back end of the car swaying just slightly on its shocks. At first, I thought something was wrong—an accident, maybe. But then I heard it: the unmistakable thump, the groan of metal, the heavy, rhythmic squeaking of springs.

I moved closer, dread building in my gut. Through the fogged glass, shadows moved: two bodies, the shape of my mother’s huge, familiar curves pressed up against the window, her breasts bouncing, her ass rising and falling with each thrust. In the dim, flickering light, a shock of white-blonde hair caught my eye—Zane, grinning, pale arms wrapped around her waist, his skinny frame dwarfed by her body.

Their voices floated through the cracked window—Rebecca’s throaty moans, Zane’s cocky laughter, the car shaking harder with each second. I stood on the curb, frozen, unable to look away, humiliation burning through me. My mother’s face was twisted in pleasure, her huge breasts pressed to the glass, Zane’s blue eyes locking on mine through the haze, his mouth curling into a smug smile. He winked, then disappeared behind her body as she cried out, the car shuddering, their bodies lost in each other.

I tried to shout, but no sound came. My feet wouldn’t move. I was just a spectator, watching as everything I loved slipped further and further away.

Then I jolted awake, gasping, my sheets soaked with sweat, Brianna’s hair tickling my chest where she slept curled against me. For a moment I couldn’t breathe, the image still burned behind my eyelids: Zane’s skinny body tangled up with my mother’s huge, perfect curves, their laughter echoing in my ears.

I stared at the ceiling, heart hammering, every muscle tense. It was just a dream—a sick, stupid nightmare, nothing more. But the feeling lingered, sour and sharp. It clung to me as the sun rose, as I stumbled to the kitchen for coffee, as I watched Brianna stretch and yawn and check her phone with a sleepy smile.

I tried to shake it off, but the shame clung to my skin like a bad tattoo.

The day passed in a blur. Brianna suggested a walk, a movie, anything to get us out of the apartment, but I couldn't find the energy. Every time she smiled at me, every time she reached out to squeeze my hand or kiss my cheek, I saw her eyes shifting past me—imagined her thoughts drifting to Zane, to my mother, to all the things I could never compete with. My jealousy felt childish and ugly, but it wouldn't go away.

By late afternoon, Brianna was perched on the couch, scrolling through her phone, legs tucked under her, her huge ass outlined perfectly in a pair of tight blue shorts. She wore one of my old shirts, the collar slipping off her shoulder, her blonde hair loose and shiny. She looked happy, relaxed, oblivious to the storm inside me.

A knock at the door snapped me out of my thoughts. Brianna hopped up, glancing at me, then padded barefoot to answer. Her ass swayed as she walked—another reminder of how every man on the street would stare, how I'd always felt a strange, sick pride and anxiety about it.

The door swung open. There was Zane, as always—skinny, pale, messy blonde hair falling into his blue eyes, a duffel bag slung over one shoulder. He grinned at Brianna, then at me, like he'd just come home from summer camp.

“Hey, guys. Sorry to drop in. Got a sec?”

Brianna's face lit up. “Of course! What's up?”

He stepped inside, the duffel thumping onto the floor, kicking off his sneakers. He wore tight, faded jeans and a thrifted t-shirt, his posture loose, easy, like he belonged here. The smell of his cologne—cheap, citrusy, sharp—mingled with the faint scent of Brianna's cherry spray and my mother's leftovers in the fridge. The apartment suddenly felt small, too warm.

Zane dropped onto the armchair, hands clasped. “So, here's the thing. My apartment's a war zone right now—our building's internet is down, and the landlord says it's gonna be at least a week, maybe longer. I've got nowhere to work, can't stream, can't even check emails unless I'm leeching off the cafe down the street. I was, uh... kinda wondering if I could crash here? Just until it's fixed?”

Brianna didn't hesitate. “Of course you can! We have the futon, extra blankets—you can totally stay. Right, babe?”

She turned to me, eyes wide, hopeful, eager to please.

For a moment, I just stared at Zane, at his pale, wiry body slouched in the chair, the duffel bag bursting at the seams. I thought of my dream—my mother’s car, the shaking windows, Zane’s face behind the glass. I thought of how he’d charmed Rebecca in a single afternoon, how he’d stolen every room he entered, how he never seemed to doubt his place anywhere. I thought of Brianna, her body language already open, her excitement obvious.

“Yeah,” I said, forcing a smile, “that’s fine. No problem.”

Zane beamed. “Seriously? You guys are lifesavers. I’ll stay out of your hair, promise.”

Brianna waved him off. “You’re basically family at this point.”

He shot her a look, half-serious, half-teasing. “Don’t say that too loud—your folks’ll get the wrong idea.”

Brianna laughed, play-punching his arm. The sound of her laughter was bright, honest, easy—the kind of laugh she used to reserve for me. I felt the knot in my stomach tighten.

Zane stood, stretching, his shirt riding up to show a sliver of pale skin. “You want me to set up in the living room? I’ll keep my stuff out of the way.”

Brianna nodded. “Yeah, totally. The futon’s comfy. Need anything? Food, coffee, towels?”

He shrugged, “I’m good. Seriously, thanks. I’ll clean up after myself.”

I watched as he moved around the apartment, already making himself at home—opening the hall closet for blankets, plugging in his phone charger, tossing his duffel on the futon with practiced ease. It was like he’d done this a hundred times before. Maybe he had.

Brianna gave him a little tour—showed him where the towels were, pointed out which bathroom shelf he could use, laughed as he tried to guess the Wi-Fi password. The two of them moved through the space like it was theirs, like I was just a guest.

Later, as we sat down for dinner, Zane recounted stories about growing up with unreliable landlords, about the “joys” of public Wi-Fi, about all the times he’d crashed on friends’ couches. Brianna ate it up, asking questions, laughing, leaning in, her knee brushing his under the table. I picked at my food, the memory of my nightmare still simmering in my chest.

After dinner, the three of us settled in the living room. Zane pulled out his laptop, chatting about the games he was missing, asking if Brianna wanted to co-op something with him later. She agreed instantly, her eyes lighting up, her attention fully on him. I tried to join in, suggesting a movie, but they barely heard me—already deep in their own world, their voices overlapping, their inside jokes cutting me out.

By midnight, Zane had spread out on the futon, headphones on, gaming with friends. Brianna perched on the armrest, legs crossed, laughing at his commentary, shouting advice, her whole body turned toward him. I watched from the doorway, the outsider in my own home.

When I finally crawled into bed, Brianna slid in beside me, curling up, her hair brushing my face. She kissed my cheek, her hand tracing my chest. “You okay?” she whispered.

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. She pressed herself closer, her huge ass pressing against my thigh, her warmth both comfort and reminder of everything I was losing.

I lay awake long after she drifted off, listening to the faint sounds of Zane’s voice through the wall, the clack of his keyboard, the echo of my mother’s laughter, the ghost of my nightmare haunting the darkness.

The apartment felt smaller now, like the walls were closing in. Zane’s presence filled every room, every silence, every breath. Brianna’s attention drifted further away, carried on the current of his jokes, his stories, his confidence.

I stared at the ceiling, willing myself to sleep, knowing that tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after that, Zane would still be here—living in our space, sharing our lives, his shadow falling over everything.

And I wondered, not for the first time, how much more I could take before I finally broke.

On the Sidelines

The next days passed in a blur of small humiliations.

Zane made himself at home with the kind of casual confidence that only people like him seemed to have. He found the best spots for his charger, claimed the left side of the futon, figured out which mugs Brianna favored and used them without asking. His duffel bag stayed half-unzipped, socks spilling out. His scent—cheap cologne and shampoo—seeped into the apartment, mingling with the faint traces of my mother’s food and Brianna’s body spray.

Brianna thrived on it. She liked having company, liked the buzz of someone else’s presence, someone always ready with a joke or a story or a challenge. She was softer with Zane—always touching his shoulder when she passed behind him, grabbing his hand to drag him to the kitchen for snacks, yelling at him about his posture, sitting close enough on the couch that their legs touched when they shared memes or watched streams.

I watched it all and said nothing.

At first, I tried to play along. I’d sit in the living room while they loaded up a co-op game or laughed at YouTube clips, pretending I was just as invested. But after an hour, I’d find myself alone in the kitchen, running the tap too long, scrubbing dishes that didn’t need it. I’d return to see them on the couch, heads bowed together, Zane teaching Brianna some obscure setting or trash-talking her loadout, Brianna grinning at him, her blue eyes alight.

He didn’t flirt, not exactly. He didn’t need to. Their friendship was all energy, electricity, inside jokes I didn’t share. It was Brianna who was different—her laugh softer, her posture open, her attention a magnet that never pulled my way.

Zane liked to stay up late, gaming with friends in Europe or Australia, his voice rising and falling through the thin walls. Brianna started staying up with him. She’d curl up on the futon, knees to her chest, headset askew, legs bare, one of my old shirts slipping down her shoulder. Sometimes they’d take breaks, raiding the fridge together, giggling over microwaved leftovers, arguing over the last soda.

I’d go to bed alone, the empty space beside me growing colder as the hours passed. Sometimes I’d hear their laughter from down the hall—hers sharp and playful, his lower, full of mock outrage. Once or twice, I heard her squeal with delight—some gaming victory, some private joke. I wanted to storm out, to demand she come to bed, but I stayed put, staring at the ceiling, my jaw clenched so tight it hurt.

When I woke in the morning, I’d find Brianna asleep on the couch, legs tangled in a blanket, one arm thrown over her eyes, Zane’s hoodie bundled beneath her head. Sometimes he’d already be gone—out for coffee, running laps around the block, claiming he “couldn’t sleep without exercise.” Other times, he’d still be there, hunched over his laptop, headset around his neck, sipping coffee Brianna had made for him.

Every morning, it stung a little more.

The days became a routine: Zane in the living room, Brianna beside him. I was the background—coming and going, showering, making lunch, watching the two of them orbit each other like they'd lived together for years. They talked about things I didn't care for—streamers, new patches, memes from communities I never visited. They even had a running joke about my taste in music, pretending to gag every time I played my playlists in the kitchen.

Sometimes, Brianna would catch me watching, and she'd try to include me. "Babe, come play with us! Zane says you'd wreck us if you ever tried shooters." But her eyes flicked back to Zane before I could answer, as if seeking his approval. I always said I was busy. She never pressed.

I started sleeping with headphones in, music turned up to drown out the laughter and the soft sound of Brianna's voice late at night.

The worst of it came on a Friday. Zane's third night on the futon, and he and Brianna had planned an "old school gaming night"—their words, not mine. They ordered takeout, set up snacks on the coffee table, lined up controllers. I came home from work to find the apartment lit only by the TV and the colored glow of Brianna's LED strip. Brianna was in the armchair, legs folded, tank top tight, shorts barely visible under the hem. Zane sprawled on the futon, feet bare, wearing one of my hoodies, his pale legs stretched out.

"Hey!" Brianna chirped. "We got you curry! Want a controller?"

I shook my head. "Not hungry. You two have fun."

They barely noticed as I slipped away. I took a shower, listening to the muffled sounds of their laughter, the crack of soda cans, the explosion of digital gunfire. When I emerged, Brianna and Zane were shoulder to shoulder on the floor, arguing over settings, Brianna's hand resting absently on Zane's knee.

I sat on the edge of the bed, staring at my phone, scrolling through messages I didn't care about. The silence in the bedroom felt enormous. I told myself it was just a phase—that Zane would go home soon, that Brianna was just being friendly, that I was being paranoid.

But the longer I listened, the clearer it became: she was drifting away. I was losing her, inch by inch, and I was powerless to stop it.

Midnight came and went. The laughter continued. Sometimes I'd hear a low, murmured conversation—Brianna whispering something, Zane replying, their voices intimate, unhurried. I couldn't make out the words, but the tone was unmistakable: comfort, trust, affection. I hadn't heard Brianna sound like that in months.

At one point, I got up to use the bathroom. I paused in the hallway, peering into the living room. Brianna was perched on the edge of the futon, controller in hand, head bowed as Zane fixed something on her screen. Her bare feet touched his thigh, her pink toenails bright in the

TV light. Zane didn't flinch. He just adjusted her settings, then handed her the controller with a smile.

She grinned, elbowing him in the ribs. "See? You're useful for something."

Zane laughed, his voice low, "You'd be lost without me."

They were in their own world. I watched for a moment longer, then crept back to the bedroom, heart pounding, anger simmering beneath the shame.

The next morning, I woke early. The apartment was quiet, sun streaming through the blinds. I padded out to the living room and found them both asleep—Brianna curled on the futon, Zane sprawled on the floor beside her, a blanket thrown over his legs. They looked peaceful, content. Like they belonged there.

I made coffee, banging the mugs a little too hard. Zane woke first, rubbing his eyes, grinning at me like nothing was wrong. Brianna stirred soon after, stretching, her shirt riding up to reveal the small of her back, her ass round and bare beneath the blanket.

She smiled at me, sleepy and sweet. "Morning."

I forced a smile, handing her coffee. She thanked me, then leaned over to nudge Zane awake, their voices hushed, private. I watched, feeling myself fade from view.

That afternoon, Zane and Brianna set up another co-op session. They wore matching shirts—an old band tee of mine that Zane claimed was "lucky," and a cropped hoodie that barely covered Brianna's chest. They ordered pizza, watched cartoons, filled the living room with noise and warmth that didn't need me.

I sat on the balcony, smoking a cigarette I'd bummed from a neighbor, watching the city roll past, trying not to wonder what would happen if I just didn't go back inside. Would they notice? Would they care?

Inside, I could hear Brianna laughing, Zane teasing her, the world spinning on without me.

That night, it happened again.

I went to bed alone, the sounds of their game night drifting through the apartment. Around midnight, I got up for water. The hallway was dark except for the blue flicker of the TV. Brianna and Zane sat side by side, sharing a blanket, eyes glued to the screen. She leaned into him, head on his shoulder. He didn't move away.

I watched for a long moment, invisible in the dark, my jealousy and heartbreak hot and suffocating. I said nothing. I did nothing.

I just turned and went back to bed, letting the loneliness wash over me.

And in the silence, I finally understood: sometimes the cruelest betrayals aren't sudden, or dramatic, or loud. Sometimes, they're slow—soft, silent, and inevitable. A laugh, a touch, a secret shared in the glow of a TV. The gentle push of someone you love moving just out of reach, leaving you behind in your own home, a ghost haunting the edges of your old life.

I lay awake until dawn, listening to their laughter, wondering if I'd ever be able to forgive any of us.

Beneath the Surface

Night closed in over the city, the orange glare of streetlights tracing stripes across our living room floor. It was late—well past midnight—yet the apartment felt oddly alive, thick with the hum of electronics, the lingering scents of takeout, and something else I couldn't name. I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, the blue glow from the hallway bleeding under the door, the distant crackle of Brianna's laughter drifting down the hall.

I should have been used to it by now—her staying up late with Zane, their voices carrying through the thin walls, that sense of a private world forming just out of my reach. Still, tonight felt different. There was no banter, no second voice, only the soft lull of Brianna's laughter and the occasional squeak of springs as she shifted on the futon.

I checked my phone: 1:32 a.m. I hadn't heard Zane come in, hadn't seen him since dinner. Sometimes he'd go for long walks at night or disappear into a side chat with his friends, but usually he left some trace: a dish in the sink, the glow of his phone, the faint scent of his cologne. Tonight, the place felt emptier, but not peaceful—just tense, the way a room holds its breath before a storm.

I got up quietly, pulling on sweatpants, careful not to wake the ghosts of my old confidence. The hall was dark, but a slice of TV light painted the carpet ahead, pale and flickering. As I crept closer, I heard the sound—softer than the laughter, almost lost in the static of the screen. A breath. A stifled moan.

I paused at the corner, peering into the living room. Brianna was perched on the edge of the futon, a blanket wrapped tight around her hips and legs, bunched high around her waist so only her bare shoulders and arms showed. Her face was flushed, eyes glassy with focus, her mouth parted, breaths shallow and uneven. She clutched a controller in her lap, but the TV was on pause, the frozen image of a menu glowing useless in the darkness.

The blanket shifted—slow, deliberate, a gentle undulation beneath her enormous ass. It was the kind of movement that didn't match restlessness or fidgeting, the kind that didn't make sense unless you were watching closely, unless you already knew what to look for. I saw her hips flex, pressing down just a little, her breath catching in her throat, another tiny moan escaping. She glanced over her shoulder, as if listening for a sound behind her, but the apartment was silent.

My first instinct was confusion—was she touching herself? But her hands were visible, clamped around the controller, knuckles white. The blanket moved again, this time rising slightly in the back, a rounded shape forming beneath the fabric, the outline unmistakable: the broad, heavy curve of Brianna's ass, lifted for a moment, then settling again.

A new chill swept over me. Zane was nowhere to be seen—not in the kitchen, not sprawled on the other end of the futon, not asleep on the floor. Only Brianna, the blanket, and that slow, deliberate movement, the way her body rocked as if responding to something—someone—beneath her.

She bit her lip, her eyes fluttering closed for a second as the blanket shifted higher, the mass beneath it pushing up against her from below. I could just make out the faintest sound—a gasp, muffled and low, almost lost in the room’s hush.

I felt frozen, each second stretching out painfully, brain and heart locked in a useless argument: Go in, say something, **do** something. But my feet refused. I watched, paralyzed, as Brianna exhaled another moan, softer this time, her head dropping forward, blonde hair falling to cover her face. Her hips rolled in a slow, practiced rhythm, matching the rise and fall of the blanket beneath her. The outline beneath her ass stilled, and for a moment, the only movement was the slow expansion of her chest as she fought for breath.

The silence deepened, broken only by the creak of springs, the low hush of the TV. A hand appeared—a pale, slender hand—from the far edge of the blanket, gripping the side of the futon. It was gone before I could focus, slipping back beneath the cover, but there was no mistaking it. Zane.

I backed away, pressing myself against the hallway wall, breath held until my lungs ached. My thoughts tumbled over each other, wild and desperate: Had I really seen that? Was it possible? Was Zane **under** her, hidden beneath the blanket, his whole body swallowed by the mass of Brianna’s ass as she sat, rolled, and ground her weight down onto him?

It was impossible, but it was happening.

The living room had always felt like the heart of our home. Now, it was alien—a stage for something I couldn’t bear to name. I retreated to the bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed, fists clenched so tight my nails bit into my palms. Every sound from the hallway rang out louder, sharper. The tiny moans, the slow creak of the futon, the shiver of the blanket as something—someone—moved beneath.

Minutes passed. My mind conjured everything it couldn’t see: Zane’s pale face pressed into the darkness under the blanket, his hands braced on Brianna’s thighs, her ass engulfing him completely, her breathless moans his reward. I pictured her sitting heavier, pressing down, her massive curves swallowing all the space, all the light, all of **me**.

I lay back, eyes open, staring at the ceiling as the sounds grew fainter, then finally stopped. After a while, the TV shut off, plunging the apartment into silence. Footsteps padded past my door—soft, careful, as if not to wake the dead.

Brianna slipped into bed a few minutes later, the scent of cherry body spray and something unfamiliar clinging to her skin. She curled up beside me, her back pressed to my chest, her ass—warm, heavy, real—nestling into my hips as if nothing had changed, as if nothing had ever happened.

She sighed, content. “Love you,” she whispered, voice drowsy and satisfied.

I didn’t answer. I just held her, pretending, for a moment longer, that nothing in the world could move beneath the surface except our old, familiar love.

But in the darkness, I knew: there were things happening in my own home that I would never see, never understand, never control. And as I drifted toward uneasy sleep, I wondered how much more of myself I was willing to give away, just to hold on to what was left.

What Remains Unseen

The city was restless, summer's humid breath leaking through the window cracks. I sat on the edge of the bed, scrolling numbly through my phone while Zane and Brianna's voices drifted from the living room—low, conspiratorial, sometimes erupting into laughter that felt like it belonged to another life.

She smiled at me over her shoulder, voice cheerful, almost forced. "We're going out today. Just to walk, hit the shops, maybe get lunch. You want anything?"

I shook my head, heart stuttering. "No. I'll just... stay in."

She crossed the kitchen, kissed my cheek—a touch that felt obligatory, quick, her lips cool and impersonal. She gathered her bag and called to Zane, who emerged from the bathroom, freshly showered, wearing slim black jeans and one of my old band tees. He grinned at Brianna, then at me, his eyes shining with the kind of confidence that made me want to punch a wall.

"Catch you later, man. Don't wait up!" he called, grabbing his phone and slinging an arm around Brianna's shoulders as they stepped out the door.

The silence after they left was crushing. The apartment, stripped of their voices and energy, felt like a tomb. I wandered from room to room, unable to settle—picking up dirty cups, wiping already-clean counters, moving their shoes back into place. I checked my phone for messages that never came. The living room still smelled like Brianna's perfume and Zane's cologne, the blanket rumpled from the night before.

I sat on the couch, staring at the paused game on the TV, the two abandoned controllers on the coffee table. Every so often, I checked the time. Noon. Two. Four-thirty. The light faded. Still, no sign of them.

My mind replayed every moment I'd seen between them: the casual touches, the whispered jokes, the way Brianna looked at Zane now—full of laughter, admiration, hunger. I thought about the blanket, the slow movements, the sounds I couldn't un-hear. A bitter taste filled my mouth.

They returned after sunset, laughing as they stumbled in, arms full of shopping bags. Brianna's cheeks were flushed, her hair loose around her face, Zane's hand on the small of her back. She dumped her haul on the table, showed off a new hoodie, a stack of candy bars, a pair of fuzzy socks. Her mood was giddy, electric, barely contained.

She hugged me from behind, her hands warm, voice breathless. "Missed you. Sorry we were gone so long—lost track of time."

I nodded, unable to meet her eyes. Zane tossed his jacket on the futon, then stretched, his shirt riding up, the pale line of his belly exposed.

After their day out together, the apartment held a nervous energy, like the pause between thunderstorms. I tried to busy myself, putting away clean dishes, reorganizing my drawers, anything to keep from listening too closely. Every so often, I heard the couch springs creak, the muted thump of feet on carpet, the hush of whispered conversation. I imagined their day—the easy comfort between them, the inside jokes I would never share, Brianna’s hand resting on Zane’s shoulder as they moved through crowds like they’d always belonged together.

It was after ten when Brianna popped her head into the bedroom. Her blonde hair was mussed, cheeks pink from laughter, her huge ass straining against gym shorts.

“Hey babe, I’m running to the corner store for snacks. Zane wants ice cream. You want anything?”

I shook my head, pretending not to care. “I’m good.”

She smiled, tossed me a wink, and slipped out the front door, keys jangling. I watched her go, the door thudding shut behind her, the emptiness of the apartment settling in like dust. I heard Zane shuffling in the living room, the TV humming to itself, the faint tap of his phone.

A heaviness pressed against my chest, the kind that comes when you know you’re being left out. I headed to the bathroom to brush my teeth, taking my time, letting the water run too long, staring at my own tired face in the mirror. All the while, the dream from the other night haunted me: Zane in my mother’s car, her curves wrapped around him, the slow, inescapable humiliation of it. Was I doomed to always be the outsider, the watcher, the man waiting in the other room while life happened without him?

I splashed my face, trying to clear my head, and stepped into the hallway. As I passed the kitchen, I paused. Something felt off—the apartment was too quiet. I didn’t hear the front door open again, no telltale squeak of Brianna’s shoes or the jangle of her keys. The air was charged, the way it is after a lie.

I heard Zane’s voice, low and strained, drifting from the living room. “Yeah, just—yeah...”

Another pause. A soft, wet sound—rhythmic, hidden under the TV’s static. My heart thudded. I moved quietly toward the doorway, peeking around the frame.

The lights were low. Zane was sprawled on the futon, propped on his elbows, a thick blanket draped over his lower half, pooling in his lap and spilling to the floor. His face was flushed, lips parted, eyes squeezed shut. The TV flickered—some old action movie playing, sound almost muted.

For a moment I saw nothing else. But then, as my eyes adjusted, I noticed it: the blanket, bunched and tented across his thighs, moving ever so slightly. Zane’s hips shifted, slow and deliberate, and beneath the heavy fabric there was the faintest outline of a head—rounded, hidden, impossibly familiar.

He exhaled sharply, his knuckles white where he gripped the edge of the futon. “Yeah... just like that...”

The realization came like a gut punch—Brianna had never left. She was under the blanket, pressed between Zane’s legs, her mouth moving up and down his cock while I waited in the bathroom, oblivious. Her huge ass must have been wedged against the cushions, her body perfectly concealed from the door, her presence hidden but not absent.

A soft, wet sound again—quiet but unmistakable, the slick rhythm of her lips and tongue. Zane’s breathing grew faster, his body tensing. The blanket rippled as her head moved, the motion just visible enough for me to recognize the pattern, the same rhythm I remembered from mornings in bed, from nights when Brianna would surprise me with her mouth, her eyes looking up, playful, devoted.

I wanted to storm in, to tear back the blanket, to demand an answer—but I stood frozen, my fists trembling at my sides. I watched as Zane’s hand vanished under the blanket, gripping what I knew was her hair, guiding her, encouraging her. He let out a stifled moan, pressing his head back into the cushion, his hips lifting, the blanket rising and falling in time.

My vision blurred with anger, heartbreak, and a sick, helpless fascination. This was my apartment, my life, my girlfriend—yet there they were, hiding in plain sight, their betrayal happening just feet away.

Zane’s voice was thick, ragged. “Fuck... Bri, don’t stop...”

The blanket shifted again, the outline of her shoulders now unmistakable, her head bobbing slowly, determinedly. Zane’s knuckles whitened, the tendons in his neck standing out. His eyes fluttered open, glassy, lost in pleasure.

It seemed to last forever. The only sounds were the TV and the slick, insistent rhythm beneath the blanket. I felt sick, dizzy with shame and rage. I should have done something—should have pulled her away, should have screamed. But I stayed rooted in the hallway, a silent, unwilling witness to my own erasure.

Zane’s breath caught, his body arching, his mouth falling open in a silent gasp. The blanket tightened as he pressed down, his whole body shuddering. For a second, the room went utterly still.

Then it was over. The blanket slumped. I heard the faintest whisper—Brianna’s voice, low, secret, a laugh that cut straight through me.

I stumbled back down the hallway, nearly tripping on the rug, my mind on fire. I ducked into the bedroom, slammed the door, pressed my fists to my eyes until the darkness behind my eyelids burned.

A few minutes later, I heard the front door open and shut—Brianna, making a show of returning with a bag of snacks, calling out cheerfully, “I’m back!” Her footsteps were light, guiltless. Zane replied, his voice lazy, content. “Yo, you took forever. I was starting to fade.”

I lay on the bed, facing the wall as she set the snacks in the kitchen and then slipped in beside me, her body warm, her breath sweet with mint. She wrapped an arm around my waist, kissed my neck, murmured, “Love you.”

I didn't answer. I lay still, listening to her breathing, to the distant sound of Zane opening a bag of chips, to the storm building in my heart.

In the darkness, I realized: the worst betrayals are quiet, hidden beneath blankets and half-closed doors, the kind that leave you doubting what you saw, what you heard, even what you are. I had become a ghost in my own life—watching, waiting, powerless to stop the world from moving on without me.

What He Can't Ignore

Another day crawled by, the hours thick with summer heat and the kind of silence that's full of secrets. I woke up to the sound of Brianna's laughter, heard her and Zane clattering around in the kitchen—her voice bright and teasing, his low and easy. I tried to join them for breakfast, but every gesture between them, every sideways glance, every shared smile carved the distance deeper. Brianna barely touched her food, fidgeting with her phone, fingers dancing through her long blonde hair. Zane, sprawled across the kitchen chair, acted like he'd always belonged here.

They were careful now—at least, they tried to be. No more obvious touches or shared blankets in front of me. Brianna would flit between us, bringing me coffee, asking about my work, then sliding back to Zane to ask about his game, his day, what he wanted for lunch. But even when she spoke to me, her eyes would flick to him, checking his reaction, gauging his mood. I felt invisible, reduced to a prop in my own home.

In the afternoon, I retreated to the bedroom. I tried to lose myself in music, in meaningless scrolling, but their voices drifted down the hall—whispered jokes, the squeak of the futon, the low thrum of Zane's laugh. Sometimes I would catch Brianna's soft giggle, a sound I hadn't heard for me in weeks. Every now and then, the apartment would go quiet, and I'd wonder if they were touching, kissing, doing things they thought I couldn't hear.

Dinner was quiet. Brianna made pasta, humming to herself as she moved around the stove, her hips swaying, ass stretching her old gray shorts. Zane sat on the counter, barefoot, describing some childhood story that made Brianna snort and cover her mouth with her hand. I watched the two of them from the table, every word another reminder that I no longer belonged to the world they shared.

After eating, Brianna disappeared into the shower. Zane cleaned up—half-hearted, leaving water on the counter, a fork in the sink. He glanced at me once, almost daring me to speak, but I said nothing. I went back to the bedroom, shutting the door just hard enough to make a point, but no one came after me.

The hours ticked by. I heard Brianna's hair dryer, the soft pad of her feet, her voice drifting down the hall as she said goodnight to Zane, her tone low and playful. The lights went out in the living room. I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, the sick twist of dread churning in my gut.

It was late—well past midnight—when I heard the door to our bedroom crack open. Brianna peeked in, her silhouette backlit by the dim light from the living room. She wore nothing but a big white t-shirt and a pair of cotton panties, her hair falling in waves down her back, her thighs pale and thick in the faint glow. She tiptoed to my side of the bed, leaning down to brush her lips against my forehead.

“Goodnight, babe,” she whispered, her breath warm, her voice soft and familiar. She waited a moment, as if expecting me to stir, to pull her into bed, to beg her to stay. I didn't move. I kept my breathing slow, deep, steady—feigning sleep, pretending I was somewhere else.

She lingered a second longer, then straightened, slipping back down the hall. I heard the living room door close, the futon creak, and then—the silence. A different kind of silence. The kind that's thick with anticipation, with intent.

I waited, eyes open, heart pounding. I told myself to stay put, to let it go, to try and sleep. But curiosity—or something uglier—dragged me from the bed. I crept down the hallway, moving slow, every step measured, careful not to betray myself with a creaking floorboard or a breath too loud.

The living room was dim, the only light a pale blue haze from the TV. Shadows moved against the wall—two figures on the futon, close, tangled, almost fused. I paused just outside the door, pressing myself into the darkness, my eyes adjusting.

Zane lay back on the futon, shirtless, skin ghostly in the TV's glow, his chest rising and falling in anticipation. His jeans were unzipped, pushed halfway down his thighs. He looked up at Brianna, who was kneeling astride him, her body framed by the soft flicker of light. Her t-shirt clung to her upper body, but her enormous ass was bare, the pale skin luminous, swallowing the thin strip of her panties, round and heavy and impossible to ignore.

She straddled Zane's hips, her ass so massive it seemed to cover his entire lower body. I watched, transfixed and sick, as she rocked forward, guiding his cock with one hand, settling her weight until she swallowed him whole. The movement was slow, practiced—her ass enveloping him completely, skin to skin, her cheeks spreading around the base of his shaft, Zane's white thighs barely visible beneath the curve of her hips.

She leaned back, planting her hands on his chest for leverage, her hair falling around her face, her back arched in pleasure. Zane's hands gripped her waist, fingers digging into the soft flesh just above her hips, guiding her rhythm, urging her to go faster. His face was flushed, lips parted, eyes rolling back as she bounced gently, her ass rippling with every movement, swallowing him deeper with each thrust.

I could see everything—the way Zane's big, pale cock disappeared between her cheeks, the way her ass smothered his groin, the faint sheen of sweat on their bodies as they moved together. Brianna bit her lip, her eyes fluttering closed as she ground down harder, moaning softly, her hips circling, rolling, working him in ways I'd never seen. Zane bucked beneath her, his hands sliding up to squeeze her ass, his knuckles white with effort.

Their bodies moved in perfect sync, a rhythm that was almost hypnotic—Brianna's curves rippling, Zane's cock vanishing again and again into the warmth of her. The sounds were quiet but unmistakable: the wet slap of skin, the creak of the futon, the half-muffled gasps and moans they tried to hide. I watched as Brianna picked up speed, her ass jiggling with every bounce, her breath coming in ragged bursts, her voice low and desperate.

“God, Zane—deeper, don't stop—”

Zane's reply was a guttural groan, his hands guiding her down, forcing her to take every inch, his hips straining to meet her thrust for thrust. The blanket slipped off the futon, revealing the full, obscene spectacle—Brianna's enormous ass engulfing Zane's big, pale cock, her body quaking as she chased her climax.

I felt a strange, cold numbness settle in my chest. It was shame, and heartbreak, and something like awe—watching her, seeing the fullness of her desire, the abandon with which she fucked him, the way she gave herself over, holding nothing back. I realized, in that moment, that I'd lost her completely—not just her body, but her joy, her laughter, her openness. All of it belonged to Zane now, and I was just a ghost, haunting the threshold, powerless to do anything but watch.

Brianna's moans grew louder, sharper, her movements more frantic. Zane thrust up into her, gritting his teeth, his body tensing. She leaned forward, bracing herself on his chest, her ass rising and falling, her voice breaking as she came, trembling and gasping, burying Zane's cock as deep as it could go. Zane's hands slid up her back, clutching her tight as he followed her over the edge, shuddering beneath her, his hips jerking, his cock lost in the endless, greedy softness of her ass.

They lay there for a long time, bodies tangled, sweat-slick and breathless, whispering things I couldn't hear. Brianna curled up on his chest, her ass still draped across his thighs, her legs stretched out, content, satisfied in a way she hadn't been in months.

I turned away, heart pounding, vision blurring, the sounds of their afterglow echoing down the hallway. I slipped back to the bedroom, pulled the covers over my head, and lay perfectly still—too empty for anger, too exhausted for tears.

In the darkness, I finally understood what it meant to lose everything you love one small piece at a time, until all you have left are the things you can't bear to see.

And as I drifted toward sleep, I realized: some things, once seen, can never be forgotten. Not by me. Not by anyone.

Everything That's Left

I didn't sleep that night—not really. I lay in the darkness with my eyes closed, replaying every detail: the hush of the living room, the sound of skin and breath, Brianna's enormous white ass bouncing in the TV's blue glow, Zane's pale thighs vanishing beneath her, their gasps and whispers bleeding through the walls like a ghost. Sometimes I'd think I was finally drifting off, but then I'd see it all again, sharper and clearer, and feel my whole body clench with helplessness.

Morning crept in, pale and uncertain. I heard the shower running, the muffled thud of feet, laughter in the hallway. By the time I got up, the apartment was bright with sunshine, the air smelling of coffee and something sweet. Brianna flitted around in a new robe, hair damp, skin glowing, humming to herself as she set out breakfast for Zane. She greeted me with a kiss on the cheek—gentle, distracted, almost businesslike—before returning to the kitchen, her huge ass swaying as she filled Zane's cup.

He sprawled in my chair at the table, hair damp, wearing sweatpants I didn't recognize, scrolling through his phone. "Morning, man," he said, casual, easy, like nothing had changed.

I nodded, barely trusting my voice. "Morning."

Brianna was radiant—chatty, excited, full of plans for the weekend. She asked if I wanted to join them for a movie, for brunch, for a walk in the park. I declined every time, offering excuses—headache, work, errands that needed running. She shrugged it off, her attention shifting easily back to Zane. He made her laugh, told stories, poured her more coffee. The old routines were gone, replaced by something new, something that didn't have space for me.

After breakfast, they left together—Zane's hand resting on Brianna's lower back as they disappeared into the elevator, her giggles echoing down the hallway. I watched from the window as they strolled down the street, side by side, their bodies leaning into each other in a way that didn't need words.

The silence left behind was total. For the first time, I let myself wander through the apartment, touching the things that had once felt like home—our photos, now half-turned to the wall; the blanket on the futon, still rumpled and warm; my favorite mug, now crusted with Zane's coffee ring. Every object felt foreign, touched by hands that no longer loved me.

I sat on the edge of the bed, phone in my hand, thumb hovering over Brianna's name in my contacts. I wanted to call her, to ask her what had happened—when had I stopped being enough? When had we stopped being us? But I knew there was no answer that would change what I'd seen. Sometimes, love just dissolves, slow and relentless, until it's only habit and fear and the ache of memory.

I stayed there for hours, watching the city move outside, wondering how long I could keep pretending that nothing had changed.

By late afternoon, I heard the apartment door open. Brianna's voice, cheerful, echoed down the hall. "Babe? You home?"

I almost didn't answer. I almost let her find me sitting alone, still, like a piece of old furniture she'd forgotten to throw away. But I forced myself up, forced myself to walk into the living room, where she stood in the sunlight, arms full of shopping bags, hair wild, cheeks flushed.

She smiled—soft, searching. "You okay? You seem quiet lately."

I opened my mouth, closed it, then tried again. "Can we talk?"

She frowned, setting down her bags, moving closer. "Of course."

I sat on the couch, hands clasped. She sat beside me, so close I could smell the shampoo in her hair, feel the heat of her body. For a moment, I almost believed we were still who we used to be.

I spoke slowly, haltingly, my words scraping out of me like gravel. "I know what's going on, Bri. You and Zane. I... I've seen you together."

She went still, the color draining from her face. For a long moment, she said nothing. Then she looked away, eyes bright with tears she refused to let fall.

"I didn't want to hurt you," she whispered. "I didn't know how to stop. It just happened. He... he makes me feel alive. Like I can be anyone."

I nodded, swallowing the lump in my throat. "And me?"

She looked at me, eyes wide and sad. "You're my best friend. You were... everything. But something changed. I tried to fight it. I really did. I never wanted to be this person."

We sat in silence, the truth hanging heavy between us. Outside, the city pulsed and shimmered, uncaring.

I forced myself to keep going. "What do you want, Bri?"

She wiped her eyes, took a shaky breath. "I want to be honest. I want to be free. I want you to be happy—really happy, not just... here because you're afraid to leave."

I nodded again. I felt old, tired, emptied out. "Then you should go."

A sob caught in her throat. She hugged me, fierce and desperate, her tears hot against my neck. I held her for a long time, letting the weight of years press down on us, the ache of everything we'd lost.

Zane came home an hour later, whistling, tossing his keys on the table. He saw us on the couch, saw Brianna's red eyes, my blank face, and stopped in the doorway, uncertain for the first time.

Brianna turned to him, her voice small but steady. "I told him. He knows."

Zane looked at me, his face open, almost apologetic. “I didn’t want—”

I cut him off with a raised hand. “It’s done. I just... I just need you both to leave. Tonight.”

They packed in silence. Brianna lingered over her things, folding clothes, collecting small keepsakes. Zane hovered at the door, stuffing his duffel bag, never meeting my eyes. When they were ready, Brianna came to me one last time, her arms wrapped around my shoulders, her lips brushing my forehead.

“I’ll always love you,” she whispered.

I let her go. Zane mumbled a goodbye, awkward and quiet, and then they were gone—out the door, down the hall, into the bright, indifferent city.

I stood alone in the empty apartment, the sun setting in golden stripes across the floor. I looked at the futon, the scattered blankets, the memories pressed into every cushion. I felt hollow, but also clean, like the last splinter had finally worked its way free.

That night, I changed the sheets, washed the mugs, opened every window to let the air sweep away what was left. I listened to the city’s heartbeat—the cars, the laughter, the distant echo of music. For the first time in weeks, the silence didn’t hurt. It was just quiet, and I was just alone, and for now, that was enough.

Over the next days, I moved through grief in all its colors: anger, sorrow, numbness, relief. I told my mother, who hugged me hard and fed me too much, her huge arms and breast pressed tight, reminding me that I still belonged somewhere. I deleted old pictures, packed up Brianna’s things, blocked Zane on every account. I went back to the gym. I walked until my feet hurt. I sat in cafés, watching the world move on.

And little by little, I felt myself returning—changed, scarred, but somehow stronger. The love was still there, a memory now, but the fear was gone. I could breathe again, could picture a future where I wasn’t just the shadow in someone else’s story.

Sometimes, in dreams, I still saw Brianna—her body, her laughter, the way she’d fill a room. Sometimes I saw Zane, that smug, pale face beneath her, lost in pleasure. But the pain faded, day by day, replaced by something gentler—a wish for her happiness, a hope for my own, the faintest stirrings of forgiveness.

One night, as the city lights blinked on outside, I poured myself a drink, sat on the balcony, and let the air fill my lungs. I watched the sky change, the traffic moving below, the endless possibility of everything not yet lived.

And I understood, finally, that there are some losses you survive not by forgetting, but by living—by letting yourself hurt, then heal, and then begin again.

END

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