

The Curtain Between Us

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The Curtain Between Us

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Summary

In a small town hospital room, a son lies recovering from a brutal fight while his mother, a devoted nurse, tends to both him and his rival. Bound to his bed, he watches the fragile curtain that divides them become a barrier between love, loyalty, and betrayal. What begins as care slowly unravels into obsession and forbidden intimacy, each day pulling her further away while he can do nothing but listen, imagine, and endure.

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Chapter 1 — Undercurrent

It started, as always, with footsteps down the hall. I could recognize hers before I even opened my eyes — slow, padded, heels off already, that rhythmic swish of thighs too thick to not whisper against each other under scrubs. She moved through the house like someone who paid the bills with every step. Queen-like. Casual. Dangerous.

Mom.

“Gabriel,” she called, soft but firm. Her voice carried authority even when sweet. Spanish-laced, a little tired, a little smoky from the double shift, like café con leche left to sit just a little too long. “Levántate, mi amor. I need you to unload the dishwasher before I go to sleep.”

I rolled onto my back, blanket tenting just enough to make me swear under my breath. Morning wood. Predictable. But nothing made it worse than *her* voice. That sleepy mom-voice, always just an octave too warm, too rich for comfort. I squeezed my eyes shut.

She pushed the door open — didn’t knock. Never knocked. “You hear me?”

My mother was standing there in her scrubs — tight where they had no right to be. The pale blue fabric clung to her body like it owed her a favor. Her chest was so full the V-neck never stood a chance, the soft swell of her cleavage stuffed between her heavy tits, deep enough to hide coins in. Even with the drawstring tied snug across her waist, it couldn’t hide the way her hips flared. Her ass was ridiculous — huge, proud, high — and the pants always caught between those cheeks like she’d molded them to her body with sweat and friction alone.

Her hair was piled on top of her head in a messy bun, curls escaping and clinging to her temple. Gold hoops in her ears, faded lipstick, that stern expression that never looked quite right on her heart-shaped face. She was sexy without trying. No, *terrifyingly* sexy — and the kind of mom who had no idea she made other people’s brains melt.

“I said I heard you,” I muttered, shifting under the blanket, praying she wouldn’t look too long at my lap.

She tilted her head, sharp-eyed. “Then answer when I talk to you, Gabriel. You don’t grunt at me like some little beast.”

“Yes, *mami*.” I dragged it out sarcastically, but her lips still twitched like she wanted to laugh.

“You’re not funny.” She turned, and that *ass* — Jesus. It bounced with every step, two giant orbs swaying, dragging my gaze like twin moons. I swear the hallway light dimmed just trying to shine around it.

I groaned and buried my face in my pillow.

I **wanted** to be a good son. Most of the time. But ever since my dad bailed when I was eleven, it was just me and her, and things had... changed. Not all at once, not in ways you could point to. But there were moments. Glances. Accidents. Heat. Shame. All the stuff I didn't say out loud — never would.

I threw on sweats, still half-hard, and wandered into the kitchen. She was already rinsing out her thermos, back to me. That ass in motion, full and taut under cotton, did things to my focus I couldn't describe. I kept my eyes high — mostly.

And that's when **he** walked in.

Trevor fucking Dalton.

Blonde. Skinny. Annoying. His hair always looked like he just rolled out of a beachside catalog shoot, even though we lived four hours inland. Smirk constantly plastered across his face like he was daring someone to punch it. Five-foot-nine on a good day, wiry like a cat that stole food and got away with it.

He was eighteen like me. Had been in my life since seventh grade, when his family moved into the rental across the street. He always managed to be wherever I didn't want him, always saying shit just to get a rise. Our rivalry was less “schoolyard” and more “blood feud with a laugh track.”

And somehow, **somehow,** my mom liked him.

“Morning, Mrs. Ramos,” Trevor said cheerfully, like it was normal to walk into someone else's kitchen at 8AM. Like it was totally fine to bring that stupid twinkle in his eye and that fake sweetness in his voice when talking to **my** mom.

“Trevor,” she said with that smile — the warm one, the one I hadn't gotten since freshman year. “You eating here again?”

“If that's an offer, I'd never say no to your cooking,” he grinned, eyes **not** on her face.

She smacked his arm playfully with a towel. “You don't eat, flaco. You pick. There's eggs if you want.”

He sat on the counter like it was his. “I'll take anything you serve, ma'am.”

She rolled her eyes and turned away, but not before I saw the way her hips shifted when she walked back to the stove — like she **knew** she had an audience now. Her ass swayed wider, thighs pressing together beneath it. I stared. So did Trevor. And for a moment, we **both** knew we were watching the same thing.

I glared at him.

He winked.

“You don't knock?” I snapped.

“It was unlocked.”

“It’s *my* house.”

He grinned, all teeth. “Your mom likes me.”

“She doesn’t know what you are.”

“Oh?” He looked too innocent. “And what’s that, Gabe?”

“A little snake.”

“Hmm. You think she’d mind a snake around her? Or maybe she likes them long and venomous.”

I stepped toward him, fists clenching. “Try saying that again.”

“Boys,” my mother said, not even looking up. Her voice cracked like a whip. “Don’t start.”

Trevor gave me that little shrug, like, *What can you do?* Then plucked a piece of toast from the counter like he owned the world.

I watched him lean back, legs swinging, smug and content. My blood boiled. Not just from his face, not just from the way he breathed my air — but because he *saw* her. He *looked* at my mom like that. He didn’t even try to hide it. And the worst part?

She didn’t seem to care.

Maybe she liked being looked at.

Her back arched slightly as she stirred eggs. Her ass bounced a little more. Her tits moved with her arms, swaying with each motion, the heavy curves shifting under the fabric, nipples barely hidden. I knew Trevor saw. I knew he was cataloging every jiggle, every sway.

So was I.

And that was the first morning I realized this wasn’t just rivalry anymore.

It was war.

And the battlefield?

My mother’s body.

****Chapter 2 — Kitchen Heat****

The house was too quiet when I got home. Afternoon sunlight sliced through the blinds in crooked lines, dust motes swimming like they were the only things alive in the living room. I

kicked my shoes off by the door, slammed my backpack onto the couch, and muttered curses under my breath I couldn't use in front of her.

Trevor's words hadn't left me all day. His smirk, his voice, the way he dragged my mother into it like he had any right — it made my knuckles itch. And yet underneath the rage, there was a sick pulse of something I hated admitting: fear. Fear that if he ever *did* meet her properly, his silver tongue would find the cracks in her walls.

The sound of running water pulled me out of my head. The kitchen faucet, rushing, a clatter of plates.

She was home.

I hesitated, then headed down the hall.

There she was — in the kitchen, in a different pair of scrubs, soft lavender this time, though they fit no less obscenely. The V-neck tugged downward across her chest, fabric straining against the heavy swell of her tits. Even leaning forward slightly over the sink, they dominated her whole torso, round, ripe, obscene. Her waist narrowed, then exploded into those wide Colombian hips, her ass jutting out so far it looked like the counter was there only to balance it.

She was humming under her breath, tired but content, dark curls spilling loose around her face. She didn't hear me come in.

I leaned against the doorway, watching for a second too long before I cleared my throat.

Her head snapped toward me, eyes sharp. Then softened. "Mijo. You're home early."

"Didn't feel like sticking around."

She shut the faucet off, wiped her hands on a towel, and turned fully. Her breasts shifted, bouncing heavily before settling, nipples visible in faint outlines against the stretched cotton. She crossed her arms under them, which only made them push up, rounder, deeper cleavage spilling out like a trap.

Her eyes scanned me. "You had that face again. What happened?"

"Nothing."

She lifted an eyebrow, that nurse's skepticism she always carried. "Ay, Gabriel. You think you can fool me? I see everything. You come in like you're carrying stones in your chest. Who was it this time?"

I looked away, grabbing an apple from the counter. "Just school."

"Mhm." She came closer, her body swaying with each step, ass jiggling, tits wobbling in their prison. She stopped just in front of me, close enough that I caught the faint scent of her perfume under the soap — sweet, floral, heavy. "Talk."

I bit into the apple hard, juice running down my chin. “There’s nothing to say.”

“Gabriel.” She set a hand on my shoulder, fingers warm, nails lightly scratching. “Do not lie to me.”

I swallowed the bite. Her breasts were right there, swaying just inches from my eyes, so heavy they almost brushed my chest when she leaned in. “It’s just some guy,” I muttered.

Her expression sharpened. “Trevor?”

I froze.

She tilted her head, curls sliding against her cheek. “You think I don’t know? You come home all year looking like you want to punch walls. I hear things. I see things. Tell me.”

My jaw tightened. “We just... don’t get along.”

She snorted, incredulous. “Don’t get along? *Mijo*, your face is red just saying his name.”

I laughed bitterly. “Yeah, well, he’s a piece of shit.”

“And you?” she asked softly. “What are you?”

That stopped me. I looked up at her, at the way her lips curved just slightly, her dark eyes locked onto mine, patient and probing. Her hand was still on my shoulder, thumb rubbing small circles. Her tits shifted as she breathed, rising and falling, massive curves straining against fabric that seemed one breath away from surrendering.

“I’m...” I started, then shook my head. “I don’t know.”

Her voice gentled, but her stance never lost that steel. “You are my son. That is what you are. And you will not let some *gringuito* with a big mouth make you forget that.”

I clenched my jaw, fists tight around the apple core. “He talks shit.”

“They all talk shit,” she said simply. “That is what boys do. But if you fight every fool who opens his mouth, you will spend your life in detention.”

“He talks about you.” The words slipped before I could stop them.

Her brows furrowed. “What?”

Heat flushed my face. “Nothing. Forget it.”

“No, no, no.” She grabbed my chin, turning my face back to hers. Her breasts pressed lightly against my arm with the movement, soft, hot, heavy. “What does he say?”

My throat locked.

Her nails grazed my skin, patient but demanding. “Gabriel.”

I looked at her lips rather than her eyes, too dangerous otherwise. “He said... he’s seen you.”

“Seen me?” Her eyes narrowed.

I nodded, cheeks burning. “He—he said you... have big tits. A big ass.”

Her expression froze, then changed — not shock, not outrage, but something else. Her mouth twitched, like she was holding back laughter. “*Dios mío.* That’s what boys notice?”

I stared at her. “You’re not mad?”

She dropped her hand, shrugging, hips shifting so her ass swayed side to side. “Mijo, I have lived with this body my whole life. You think it is news to me that men stare? Even stupid boys?”

I swallowed hard, eyes dragging down against my will. Her breasts jiggled with every gesture, that fat ass rolling beneath the lavender scrubs. She moved like she knew exactly the kind of damage she caused.

“But he—he said it about *you*,” I muttered, clenching the counter.

She leaned back, propping one hand on her wide hip, the other flicking her bun looser so curls tumbled down. “Let him talk. He has eyes. He is not blind.” Her smile curled wickedly. “Maybe he is jealous.”

“Jealous?” I scoffed.

“Of you.” She stepped closer again, lowering her voice. “Because you get to come home here. To me.”

My chest tightened. Her breasts brushed my arm now, hot and heavy, the scent of her filling my lungs.

She tilted her head, studying me like she always did when she wanted the truth. “But that is not why you’re so angry, is it?”

I froze.

She smiled knowingly. “No. You have my temper, Gabriel. You cannot stand someone having the last word.”

“Maybe.”

“No maybe.” She tapped my chest, firm. “Yes. That is who you are. Stubborn like your father, only prettier.” Her eyes sparkled, and for a second, the strict mask slipped, replaced by a warmth that made my stomach twist.

Her hand lingered on my chest. Her tits pressed even harder against my arm. My breath quickened.

She didn't move away.

Instead, she tilted her head, lips curving. "So. You will fight him?"

"If I have to."

Her laugh was soft, low, almost sultry. "**Ay, mijo.** Always so dramatic." She brushed past me, and her ass — that colossal, jiggling ass — pressed against my hip as she reached for the fruit bowl. "Eat more than one apple. You're all bone. How will you fight like that?"

I couldn't speak. I just stared at her body as she bent forward, ass rising high, scrubs stretching so tight I could see the outline of her panties. The sheer mass of it taunted me, shook with the smallest motion.

She turned, caught me staring. For a split second, her smile flickered — not disapproving, not mocking, but knowing. Then she set a mango on the counter, slicing it with practiced speed.

"You will eat," she said firmly, handing me a plate. Her breasts hung heavy, swaying, almost spilling from the neckline as she leaned across. "And you will not waste your fists on fools. Save them. For when it matters."

Her eyes held mine, intense, daring, almost intimate.

I nodded, throat dry. "Okay."

She ruffled my hair with her free hand, then turned away again, that massive ass commanding the room, owning every space it filled.

And I sat there, choking down sweet mango, drowning in the heat she left behind, and knowing I was already in deeper than I'd ever admit.

****Chapter 3 — Collision Course****

The next day started the same way they all did lately — with a bad taste in my mouth and Trevor Dalton's smug little face burned into the back of my eyelids.

I'd barely slept. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw him grinning, whispering about my mom's tits, daring me to swing at him. The worst part wasn't even the insult — it was that he **wasn't wrong.** She was a walking temptation, breasts so massive and round they defied reason, an ass that could suffocate the world. I hated that Trevor had even **noticed.** That he'd put words to it. That he'd dragged her into our war.

By the time I pulled into the school parking lot, my jaw was already sore from grinding my teeth.

History class again, third period, same teacher droning on about trade routes no one cared about. I sat in the back, arms crossed, trying not to glance across the room where I *knew* Trevor was waiting to needle me.

Sure enough, he caught my eye, raised his eyebrows, and mouthed, *Big tits.*

My fist clenched around my pen.

He smirked wider, leaned toward the kid next to him, whispered something, and they both laughed.

“Gabriel,” Mr. Lawson barked from the front. “Eyes on the map, not on Dalton.”

The class chuckled. Trevor leaned back in his seat like a king, hands laced behind his head.

“Fuck you,” I hissed under my breath.

Trevor’s grin sharpened.

By lunch, I couldn’t hold it in anymore. We ended up at the same table — not by choice, but because the cafeteria was crowded and Trevor made sure to slide in across from me, tray slamming down with deliberate noise.

“Well, well,” he said loudly enough for half the table to hear. “If it isn’t Ridgeview’s angriest boy.”

“Eat your food and shut your mouth,” I snapped.

He speared a fry, twirling it between his fingers. “Nah. Not when I can enjoy your company. You’re better than Netflix.”

I shoved my tray away, ready to leave, but his voice chased me.

“You know what’s crazy? I still haven’t actually *met* your mom.”

I froze.

He grinned, eyes glittering with cruelty. “I’ve seen her in passing. From the car, a few times at pickup. But never really up close. Can’t wait for that day.”

My hands curled into fists so hard my nails dug into my palms. “Say another word, Dalton.”

“Another word,” he parroted, smirking. Then leaned in, voice dropping to a whisper. “Bet she smells like heaven, huh?”

I lunged, but two guys grabbed me before I could reach him. The cafeteria erupted with shouts and laughter. Trevor leaned back, laughing too, that goddamn smirk never fading.

“See you around, Gabe,” he called as I was hauled toward the exit. “Give Mommy my love!”

I didn't remember the drive home, just the way my knuckles ached from punching the steering wheel the whole way. Rage burned in me like a fever. If he ever so much as breathed near her, I'd bury him.

But when I pulled into our street, I noticed a second car creeping behind mine.

Trevor's.

My blood ran cold.

I parked fast, slammed the door, and stormed toward the house. He parked across the street, casual as anything, stepping out like this was a goddamn field trip.

"Nice neighborhood," he called, sauntering toward me. "Cozy."

"You're not welcome here."

"Relax. I'm just curious." His grin widened as he glanced at the front porch. "Want to see the famous Mrs. Ramos for myself?"

I blocked the walkway, fury boiling. "You're not stepping foot inside."

"Oh, I won't. Unless she invites me, of course."

Before I could respond, the door opened.

And there she was.

Shanie stood framed in the doorway, still in her lavender scrubs, breasts straining against the neckline, massive ass silhouetted as she leaned on the doorframe. Her hair was down now, tumbling in dark waves around her shoulders, lips painted a soft red. She looked both exhausted and radiant, curves shifting with each subtle motion.

"Mijo," she called, voice warm. "You're late."

Then her eyes landed on Trevor.

He froze. For once, his smirk faltered.

I saw it happen in real time — his cocky bravado short-circuiting as he took her in. His eyes widened, darting from her enormous breasts, to her wide hips, to the impossibly round swell of her ass, back up to her full lips.

"Who is this?" she asked, brow arched, voice sharp.

Trevor cleared his throat, scrambling to recover. "Uh, hi, Mrs. Ramos. I'm... I'm Trevor. From school."

Her gaze narrowed. "From school?" She looked at me. "This is him, isn't it?"

I clenched my teeth. "Yeah. This is him."

Trevor tried to smile again, though it wavered. “Pleasure to finally meet you, ma’am.”

Her eyes swept over him, unimpressed. Then she looked back at me. “Inside. Now.”

I obeyed instantly, storming past her, burning with humiliation.

Behind me, she called, “Trevor, go home. Gabriel doesn’t need visitors today.”

I heard him chuckle faintly, trying to salvage pride. “Of course. Another time, maybe.”

Her voice cut like a whip. “No.”

The door shut.

I stood in the living room, fists shaking, chest heaving.

She appeared a moment later, arms crossed under her massive breasts, lips pursed. “*Ese es el muchacho?* That little snake?”

“Yeah,” I spat. “That’s him.”

Her eyes darkened, fury flashing. “He has no respect.”

“No shit.”

She stepped closer, tits swaying heavily, ass rolling behind her. Her hand landed on my chest, firm. “Mijo. You stay away from him. He is not worth your hands, your blood, nothing. Do you understand me?”

“I can’t,” I muttered, voice breaking. “He won’t stop.”

“Then you stop.” Her eyes blazed. “Because if he comes near this house again—” Her voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. “—I will handle him myself.”

I swallowed hard. Her breasts pressed against me as she leaned closer, her heat radiating, her perfume dizzying.

“Do not give him what he wants,” she murmured. “Don’t let him drag you down.”

I nodded stiffly, but inside I was still burning, still vibrating with rage.

Because I’d seen Trevor’s face when he looked at her.

He wasn’t just amused anymore. He was obsessed.

And now he knew where we lived.

****Chapter 4 — Cracks in the Night****

The house always shifted at night.

When the sun dipped behind the hills and the street outside went silent, the air inside grew heavier, the shadows thicker. Our walls felt closer, the ceiling lower. Mom said it was just the quiet settling in, but to me it always felt like the house itself was listening. Tonight, it felt like it was listening **too closely.**

I sat at the kitchen table, arms crossed, staring at the wood grain. I hadn't been able to focus on homework. My head was full of Trevor — his smirk, his words, the way his eyes had devoured her this afternoon when she opened the door. Every time I thought about it, my jaw tightened, my stomach burned.

I heard her soft steps before I saw her. She padded into the kitchen in a thin robe tied at the waist, curls loose, makeup washed off. She looked softer this way, younger, though her curves didn't soften at all. If anything, they looked more obscene without the barrier of scrubs. Her breasts were enormous, straining against the robe, swaying heavily with each step. The sash cinched her waist, flaring over her hips, her colossal ass shifting side to side, the fabric clinging to the outline of her cheeks.

She yawned, covering her mouth delicately, then caught sight of me. "Still awake, mijo?"

I didn't answer.

She sighed, walked over, and set a mug of chamomile tea in front of me. Her breasts nearly brushed my arm when she leaned across the table, the robe parting just enough to show the deep canyon of cleavage, shadows swallowing shadows.

"Drink. You're wound up."

"I don't want tea."

"You'll drink it anyway." She sat across from me, pulling her robe tighter, though it did nothing to hide her body. "You've been angry all evening."

I stared at her. "Because **he** was here. Because he saw you."

Her eyes narrowed. "And what did he see? I told him to leave. I told him he wasn't welcome."

"But he **looked.**" My voice cracked. "He looked at you like—like you're his."

Her lips pressed into a thin line. "Gabriel. I am not anyone's. Not his, not yours. I am mine."

The words stung sharper than I expected.

She reached across the table, laying her hand over mine. Her touch was warm, firm, grounding. Her tits rested on the tabletop as she leaned forward, shifting under the thin robe, nipples faintly outlined.

“You let him win when you rage like this,” she said softly. “That is what he wants. He wants you angry. He wants you to fight.”

“Then what am I supposed to do? Smile at him? Pretend it’s fine when he talks about you like that?”

Her expression gentled, though her eyes stayed sharp. “I’m saying... maybe you two can find another way. You’ve been fighting him for years. And where has it gotten you?”

I jerked my hand back. “Don’t tell me you’re taking his side.”

She frowned. “I’m not. But I believe there’s good in everyone, Gabriel. Even him.”

I barked a laugh, bitter. “You didn’t see his face when he looked at you. There’s nothing good in him.”

“People are more than one look,” she said firmly. “I see boys like him all the time at the hospital. Angry, cocky, wounded. But underneath? They just need someone to believe they’re more than their worst habits.”

My fists tightened. “He doesn’t deserve that.”

“And who decides who deserves grace?” she asked, tilting her head. Her breasts shifted with the movement, heavy, hypnotic, distracting. “You?”

“Yes,” I snapped. “When it comes to you, yes.”

Her eyebrows rose. “*Ay, Dios mio.* Listen to yourself.”

“I am listening. And all I hear is you defending him.”

She leaned back, sighing, her robe gaping a little as her tits settled heavily against her chest, mounds rising and falling with each breath. “I’m not defending him. I’m reminding you that hate only eats at you. Not him.”

“Then maybe I want it to.”

Her eyes hardened. “Do not say that.”

“Why not? He’s poison.”

“Because hate makes you smaller, Gabriel.” Her voice dropped, quiet but fierce. “And you are not small. You are mine. You carry my blood. I will not watch you rot over some skinny boy with too much mouth.”

My chest heaved. “Then stop telling me to ‘see good’ in him. There is no good. He’s trash.”

“Careful,” she warned. “The way you talk, it is like you’re afraid of him.”

“I’m not afraid.”

Her lips curved slightly. “You sound afraid.”

I slammed my palm on the table, the mug rattling. “I’m not fucking afraid of Trevor Dalton.”

She didn’t flinch. She just studied me, her tits swaying faintly with the motion of her arms crossing under them. “Then why does his name light such fire in you?”

“Because he *wants you*,” I hissed.

The words hung in the air like smoke.

Her expression shifted — surprise first, then something unreadable. Her hand rose to her chest, fingers brushing her cleavage like she could steady her heartbeat. “So that is what this is about.”

I swallowed hard, heat flooding my face. “I won’t let him near you.”

Her eyes softened, though her tone stayed stern. “Gabriel. I am not some fragile flower. I can protect myself.”

“Not from him.”

Her laugh was short, humorless. “From *him*? That boy couldn’t lift a chair if it was nailed down. Please.”

“You don’t get it,” I muttered.

“Then explain it to me.”

I clenched my jaw, staring at the swell of her tits where the robe dipped low. My throat tightened. “You don’t see how he looks at you.”

“I don’t care how he looks at me,” she said simply.

“Well, I do.”

Her brows knit, lips pressing together. “And that is where we disagree.”

We sat in silence, the only sound the faint tick of the clock and the rise and fall of her breathing, tits shifting like tides.

Finally, she shook her head, curls brushing her cheeks. “You need rest. Tomorrow, things will look different.”

“No,” I snapped. “They’ll look the same. Because he’s still out there. Waiting. Watching.”

Her voice sharpened. “Enough. I won’t argue with you about this anymore.”

But it was an argument anyway.

Because as she stood, robe swaying around her colossal ass, and turned toward her room, I felt the weight of something crack inside me.

She thought there was good in Trevor.

And to me, that meant she was already halfway to his side.

****Chapter 5 — Passenger Seat****

The morning light was weak and gray, bleeding through my blinds like it had no strength left. I dragged myself out of bed feeling like I hadn't slept at all. My head was heavy, buzzing with the echo of last night's fight. Mom's voice, calm and firm, telling me there was good in everyone. The way she'd said Trevor's name without spitting it like poison. It rattled around in me, hollow and sharp.

When I walked into the kitchen, she was already there, pouring coffee into her thermos. She wore black leggings and a loose gray sweater that slid off one shoulder, her hair tied up high, curls bouncing when she moved. The sweater draped over her like it was trying to hide her curves but failed miserably. Her tits were so massive they hung heavy beneath it, swaying with each step, nipples pressing faintly through the knit. Her ass filled the leggings like water fills a dam — stretched to bursting, every step making it jiggle and shift like the fabric couldn't contain it.

“Morning,” she said, her voice too bright for someone who had worked late the night before.

I muttered something that wasn't quite a reply and grabbed a banana from the counter.

She raised an eyebrow, sipping her coffee. “Still angry?”

“I'm fine.”

“You don't look fine.” She crossed the room toward me, and the sweater's neckline gaped, flashing cleavage so deep it looked like the earth had split. She reached out, touched my cheek lightly. “Mijo. Don't carry last night into today.”

I pulled away. “I said I'm fine.”

Her eyes hardened for just a second, then softened again. She picked up her keys from the counter. “Come. I'll drive you to school.”

I frowned. “I can take the bus.”

“I said I'll drive you,” she repeated, that nurse's tone that brooked no argument. She slipped on sneakers, grabbed her bag, and headed to the door.

I followed, my chest tight, head full of words I didn't say.

Her SUV smelled like her — faint perfume, coffee, and something sweet. She hummed along to a Spanish radio station as she drove, one hand on the wheel, the other cradling her thermos. Her tits bounced with every bump in the road, enormous and soft, her ass shifting in the seat like it was too much for the cushion to handle.

I stared out the window, chewing the inside of my cheek.

“You’ll give yourself ulcers,” she said suddenly.

“What?”

“Chewing on your face like that.” She glanced at me, smiling faintly. “Tell me something good. Anything. Not about Trevor.”

I gritted my teeth. “There is nothing good.”

“Gabriel.” Her voice carried that warning edge.

I slumped against the door, muttering, “Lunch is pizza today.”

Her laugh burst out, warm and musical. “See? That wasn’t so hard.”

I didn’t laugh.

She sighed, her hand reaching across to squeeze my knee briefly. My heart lurched at the warmth, the casual intimacy, the weight of her touch. “You’ll be okay, mijo. One day, you’ll look back at all this and wonder why you carried it so heavy.”

I wanted to argue, but the car slowed, and we pulled into the school lot. She leaned over, tits pressing into the steering wheel, robe slipping to reveal the top curve of one heavy breast. She kissed her hand and pressed it to my cheek.

“Have a good day, Gabriel.”

I nodded stiffly and got out, slamming the door harder than I meant to.

School was the same endless drag, but worse with Trevor lurking in every corner. He didn’t even need to talk today. Just smirk. Just *exist.* Every time our eyes met across a hallway or a classroom, he lifted his brows, like he was reminding me he’d seen her. Like he was reminding me he wanted more.

By the last bell, I was vibrating with rage.

And that’s when I saw her SUV pull up to the curb.

Mom waved, smiling, hair loose now, tits jiggling as she leaned across to unlock the passenger door. I pushed through the crowd, eager to get inside, away from Trevor—

And then he was there, walking right behind me, that grin splitting his face.

“Hey, Mrs. Ramos!” he called, too loud, like he wanted the whole parking lot to hear.

I stopped dead. “No. No fucking way.”

But she was already smiling at him. “Trevor?”

“Yeah,” he said, stepping up. “Car trouble. Would you mind giving me a ride?”

My blood turned to ice.

“You can’t be serious,” I snapped.

She glanced at me, her brows knitting. “Gabriel.”

He leaned casually on the window. “Promise I won’t be trouble.”

“You’re already trouble,” I hissed.

“Enough,” she said sharply. Then to him: “Get in the back.”

My stomach dropped. “You can’t—”

“I said *enough.*” Her tone silenced me. Trevor grinned and slid into the back seat like he belonged there.

I slammed the passenger door, crossing my arms as she drove. My eyes burned into the windshield, but I could feel Trevor’s gaze in the back, crawling over her like hands. I knew what he saw: the way her tits strained against the seatbelt, the way her ass filled the cushion, the way every small movement made her body ripple with impossible curves.

“So, Mrs. Ramos,” he started, too casual. “Thanks for the lift.”

“You’re welcome,” she said warmly, like she had no idea he was poison.

“You’ve got a nice car.”

“Thank you.”

“Smells nice too.”

I twisted in my seat. “Shut the fuck up, Dalton.”

“Gabriel!” she snapped. “Manners.”

I bit my tongue so hard I tasted blood.

She dropped me off first, pulling into the driveway. I threw the door open, desperate to get out, but not before I saw Trevor’s grin in the rearview mirror. He waved mockingly.

“See you tomorrow, Gabe.”

I wanted to lunge at him, but Mom’s voice cut through again. “Go inside, Gabriel.”

I slammed the door and stalked up the walkway, not turning around. But I heard the car pull away, taking him with her. Taking *him with her.*

The house was suffocatingly quiet.

I paced the living room, fists clenching, heart pounding. My mind spun with images I hated: Trevor leaning forward from the back seat, trying to charm her. Mom laughing at something he said. His eyes glued to her tits as they bounced with every turn of the wheel. His smirk widening every time she looked at him.

What if he asked her for something? What if he touched her arm? What if she let him?

I shook my head violently, trying to scatter the images, but they kept coming, darker each time. Trevor’s hands on her thighs. His voice whispering in her ear. His face buried in the impossible swell of her tits.

I slammed my fists against the wall, teeth grinding.

She thought there was good in him.

But I knew better.

And the worst part?

He was already inside her car.

It was only a matter of time before he tried to get inside her life.

Inside her.

And I didn’t know if I could stop it.

****Chapter 6 — Fuse****

The sound of her car rolling up the driveway was enough to make my pulse spike. I’d been pacing the living room for nearly an hour, chewing on my anger like it was the only thing keeping me standing. When the headlights flashed across the wall, my fists clenched so hard my knuckles cracked.

The door opened, her keys jingled, and then she stepped inside.

She looked tired, hair spilling out of its clip, robe wrapped around her body. But her body never looked tired. Her tits pushed against the fabric like twin weights trying to break free, her ass swaying heavily under the robe as she kicked her shoes off. She froze when she saw me standing in the middle of the room, waiting.

“Gabriel.” Her voice was cautious, as though she already knew the storm waiting for her.

I didn’t waste time. “Why the hell did you give him a ride?”

Her brows knitted. “Don’t start.”

“I’m already started.” My voice cracked sharp. “You know who he is. You know what he says. And you put him in your car?”

She set her bag down, rubbed her temple. “He needed help. His car is broken—”

“He didn’t need shit! He just wanted an excuse to be near you.”

Her gaze snapped to me, eyes flashing. “Enough.”

“No!” My chest heaved. “You told me not to let him drag me down, not to let him near me. But you let him sit there, looking at you, *talking* to you—”

Her hand went up, slicing the air. “Stop raising your voice.”

“He was staring at you,” I growled. “I saw it. In the rearview. He couldn’t keep his eyes off your tits.”

Her jaw tightened. “Watch your mouth.”

“It’s the truth!”

She stepped closer, tits swaying, her robe straining at the sash. “He is a boy. Boys look. You think this is new to me?”

“Yes!” My voice cracked. “It’s new because it’s *him!*”

Her face softened, but her tone didn’t. “Gabriel. He is still human. Still someone’s son. He needed a ride. I gave him one. That is all.”

My chest burned, rage choking me. “You don’t get it. You’re already defending him. You keep saying there’s good in him—”

“Because there is.” She pressed her palm against my chest, firm. Her tits shifted forward with the movement, brushing lightly against my arm. “There is good in everyone, mijo. You can’t hate him forever.”

“I can,” I snapped. “And I will.”

Her lips pressed into a line. For a moment, we stood locked, her hand on my chest, her tits heaving between us, her eyes searching mine. Finally, she sighed and stepped back, shaking her head.

“You’re exhausting yourself,” she murmured. “And me.”

The words stung deeper than I expected.

She turned toward her bedroom, hips swaying, ass rolling with each step, robe clinging to the massive swell of it. She didn’t look back.

I stood in the living room alone, teeth grinding, my head buzzing with Trevor’s smirk and my mother’s calm voice. She thought she could fix him. She thought she could see good in him.

But I knew better.

The next day was worse.

The halls buzzed louder than usual, lockers slamming, laughter bouncing off the walls. Word had gotten around fast — Trevor had ridden home with my mom. He must have spread it himself, bragging. By second period, kids were whispering when I walked past, glancing at me like they knew a secret.

Trevor was everywhere. In the halls, leaning against lockers, smirk plastered on his face. In the cafeteria, tossing grapes into his mouth, winking at me. He didn’t even need to talk to set me off. His presence was enough.

But of course, he talked anyway.

“Hey, Ramos,” he called across the hallway before history class. “Your mom says hi.”

I stopped dead. Heat flared up my spine.

He sauntered closer, blonde hair catching the light, grin sharp. “Nice ride she’s got. Smells like flowers. And coffee. And her, of course.” He dragged out the word, savoring it. “Mmm. Sweet.”

My fists clenched. “Shut your mouth.”

“Oh, come on. Don’t be jealous.” He leaned closer, dropping his voice. “She’s even hotter up close, you know. Those tits—”

I slammed him against the lockers before he could finish. Metal clanged, kids gasped, teachers shouted. His smirk never faded.

“Do it,” he whispered, breath hot against my face. “Hit me. Give me a reason.”

I drew my fist back, the entire hallway holding its breath. My heart hammered, my vision narrowing until all I saw was him — Trevor’s mocking eyes, his sneer, the way his words dripped with filth about my mother.

And for the first time, I didn’t care about teachers, or detention, or suspension.

I just wanted blood.

****Chapter 7 — Broken Glass****

The hall was silent for half a second after I slammed him against the lockers. Then the noise erupted like a bomb — shouts, gasps, kids scrambling for their phones, teachers barking orders they couldn’t enforce. Trevor’s grin only widened, his eyes sparkling like he’d been waiting years for this.

“C’mon, Gabe,” he whispered, breathless. “Let’s give them a show.”

My fist connected with his jaw before I could think. Crack. His head snapped sideways, blonde hair whipping across his face. The crowd roared.

He staggered, then lunged at me, wiry fists flying. One clipped my cheek, stinging like fire. I swung again, harder, slamming him into the lockers. Metal rattled down the row like thunder.

“Stop it!” a teacher shouted, but the hallway was a circle now, kids pressing in, chanting, recording. No one was stopping it.

Trevor spat blood, grinning like a demon. “That all you got?”

I drove my knee into his ribs. He doubled over with a grunt but came back swinging, fists hammering into my stomach, my chin. Stars burst across my vision.

We crashed to the floor, rolling, fists pounding, elbows flying. His knuckles cracked against my temple, mine split his lip. Blood sprayed, sweat poured, breath heaved. It wasn’t a fight anymore. It was war.

I heard screams, whistles, heavy footsteps, but none of it mattered. Only him. Only me.

I pinned him, swung again, but he bucked upward, slamming my head against the tiles. My vision flickered. I struck his nose, felt cartilage crunch. He howled, swung back, split my eyebrow open.

We traded blows until the world tilted. My arms felt heavy, my legs like lead. His grin was fading now, replaced with the same exhaustion I felt. But neither of us stopped. We couldn’t.

My last punch landed on his temple just as his fist crashed into my jaw. White light swallowed everything. Then black.

When I woke, the first thing I smelled was antiseptic. The second was her perfume.

I blinked hard, wincing at the brightness above me. My head throbbed, my face ached, my body screamed. A soft hand brushed my forehead, cool cloth against burning skin.

“Gabriel.” Her voice was low, urgent, filled with a mother’s fury and relief in equal measure.

I turned my head slightly, vision swimming, and saw her. Shanie, in full nurse mode. Her dark hair tied tight, face bare, eyes fierce. She wore her scrubs — pale blue this time — stretched over her impossible body. Her tits pressed heavy against the V-neck, cleavage deep and dark. Her hips flared wide, ass so huge the chair she perched on looked swallowed by it. She leaned over me, tits swaying dangerously close, her hand steady against my forehead.

“Mom,” I croaked. My lips were split, tongue thick.

“Don’t talk.” Her tone cracked like a whip, but her eyes softened. “You idiot. You stupid, stubborn idiot. Look at you.”

I tried to smile, but it hurt. “You’re... here.”

“Of course I’m here.” Her fingers brushed the hair off my forehead, gentle. “Where else would I be, when my son tries to kill himself in the middle of a school hallway?”

“Not... kill,” I muttered.

“You could have.” Her voice wavered, anger trembling with fear. “The both of you. You hit your heads. You blacked out. They brought you here. And now...” Her eyes darted to the curtain drawn just a few feet away.

A thin white sheet hung between my bed and the one beside it. I could hear faint beeping, the rustle of sheets. My chest tightened.

“No,” I whispered.

“Yes.” Her lips pressed together. “He’s here. Same injuries. Same room.”

Rage flared hot, but I was too weak to move.

She saw it in my eyes, shook her head fiercely. “Don’t you dare. Not one word. You will lie here. You will rest. You will heal. Do you hear me?”

I looked at her tits swaying as she leaned closer, her cleavage practically hovering over me. Her scent surrounded me, warm, maternal, intoxicating. My fury tangled with something darker, heavier.

“I don’t want him here,” I muttered.

“You don’t get a choice.” She adjusted my blanket, her huge breasts shifting with the motion, brushing my arm accidentally. “The hospital is crowded. You share. End of story.”

“I can’t—”

“You *will.*” Her voice cut sharp, then softened again. “You think this is about what you want? You think I wanted this phone call? To see my son covered in blood on a stretcher?”

Guilt stabbed through me. I looked away, staring at the ceiling tiles.

Her hand cupped my cheek, turning me back. Her tits nearly spilled from her scrub top as she leaned closer, face inches from mine. Her eyes glistened. “You are my heart, Gabriel. Don’t break it like this again.”

I swallowed hard, throat thick. “I’m sorry.”

Her lips pressed to my forehead, warm, lingering. Her breasts pressed against my chest as she leaned over me, their heavy weight crushing me in comfort and shame.

From the other side of the curtain, a cough sounded. Then a weak, rasping voice.

“Well, well. Look who’s still alive.”

Trevor.

My entire body stiffened.

“Don’t,” she warned, voice like steel. “Not one word.”

But he chuckled faintly, wincing. “You hit hard, Ramos.”

My fists clenched under the blanket.

He shifted, sheets rustling. “And your mom...” His voice trailed, but the smirk was audible. “She’s even hotter when she’s angry.”

I surged upward, rage exploding, but Shanie’s hands slammed my shoulders back down.

“Stop it!” she hissed. “Both of you!”

Trevor laughed softly, then coughed, groaning. “Guess we’re roommates now.”

The curtain swayed faintly between us, thin as paper, doing nothing to hide the war still raging.

I lay back, chest heaving, my mother’s tits brushing against me as she tried to hold me steady, her voice trembling with fury and love.

And I knew this was only the beginning.

Because we weren’t just fighting anymore.

We were trapped together.

Chapter 8 — The Curtain

Hospitals were cages disguised as sanctuaries. The walls were too white, the lights too harsh, the air too sterile. Machines hummed and beeped, nurses shuffled in and out, but none of it mattered. What mattered was the thin white curtain drawn between my bed and his.

That fucking curtain.

It swayed gently every time someone passed too close, rippled faintly with the air vent, and yet it stood as the only thing separating me from Trevor Dalton. He was close enough I could hear him breathe, hear his sheets rustle, hear every word he said. And I hated it.

Mom sat at my bedside, adjusting my blanket like she couldn't stop herself from fussing. Her tits swayed heavily with each motion, barely contained in her scrub top, cleavage deep and distracting no matter how many times I tried to look away. Her hips shifted as she leaned, her ass stretching the seams of the chair. She'd stayed the night, it was obvious — her hair was tied up sloppily, dark crescents under her eyes. Yet somehow, she looked radiant.

“Drink some water,” she said, handing me a plastic cup with a straw.

“I'm fine,” I muttered.

“You're not fine.” She held the straw closer to my lips. “Drink.”

I obeyed reluctantly, not missing the way her tits nearly brushed my face as she leaned forward.

From the other side of the curtain came his voice, rasping but smug. “Wish I got that treatment.”

I stiffened, water catching in my throat.

Mom sighed. “Trevor, you have nurses. Drink your water too.”

“Oh, I'd rather have *you* help me,” he said, his grin audible through the sheet.

“Enough,” she said sharply, but she stood anyway, smoothing her scrubs, her ass bouncing as she crossed the room. The curtain whispered as she slipped behind it.

I clenched my fists under the blanket.

Through the thin fabric, I saw her shadow. The outline of her curves was unmistakable — the sway of her hips, the massive swell of her chest, the round fullness of her ass. She leaned over him, her silhouette bending, breasts dangling heavily. I couldn't hear every word, but I caught snatches.

“Drink... slowly... good.”

He coughed, then chuckled. “Thanks, Mrs. Ramos.”

“Call me Shanie,” she corrected softly.

I nearly tore the IV out of my arm.

Her silhouette shifted, tucking his blanket, smoothing his pillow, every motion exaggerated in shadow. Trevor sighed dramatically. “Never thought I’d get this lucky.”

“Rest,” she said firmly. “No talking.”

But he kept talking. He always did.

“You’re even prettier up close.”

Her shadow froze. “Trevor.”

“What? It’s true.” His laugh turned into a wince. “Ow. Guess you hit harder than your son.”

“That’s enough,” she said again, her voice tired but steady.

The curtain swayed faintly as she stepped back out, her tits jiggling with the movement. She sat beside me again, smoothing my hair back like nothing had happened.

I glared at the ceiling. “Why do you let him talk to you like that?”

Her eyes snapped to mine. “Because he’s injured. And because I’m an adult.”

“He’s an asshole.”

“You’re both assholes,” she said, her lips twitching faintly. “Now rest.”

I turned my face away, rage boiling under my skin.

The days blurred. Morning rounds, blood pressure cuffs, cold stethoscopes. But the curtain remained. Always the curtain.

Mom split her time between us — fussing over me, then slipping behind it to fuss over him. I heard it all: her voice gentle when she scolded him, her laugh when he made some stupid joke, her sigh when he tried to push his luck.

Each sound cut into me.

Sometimes, I caught their silhouettes in the fabric — her ass bent over his bed, tits swaying as she adjusted his IV. Sometimes, I only heard her footsteps, the soft rustle of her scrubs, his voice purring some remark that made my teeth grind.

At night, when the ward was quiet and the machines beeped steadily, I’d hear them whispering. Her telling him to go to sleep. Him asking questions about her life, her work. Her

sighing, humoring him.

I lay awake, staring at the ceiling tiles, fists clenched, heart pounding.

One afternoon, a nurse brought our lunch trays and left quickly, clearly wary of the tension. Mom set mine on the table beside me, adjusting it so the Jell-O didn't spill.

"Eat," she ordered, tits swaying as she leaned over.

On the other side, Trevor groaned dramatically. "What'd I get?"

Mom rolled her eyes, picking up his tray. She slipped behind the curtain again, her ass brushing against it as she vanished.

I listened to every word.

"Soup," she said.

"Ugh. Will you feed me?"

"You have hands."

"Not as gentle as yours."

She laughed softly — **laughed** — then hushed him. "Eat."

The sound of his spoon clinking made my blood boil.

When she came back out, I couldn't stop myself. "You laugh at his jokes now?"

Her brows furrowed. "Don't start."

"You think this is funny?"

"He's injured. He's bored. I'm humoring him." She set her hands on her hips, tits heaving with her breath. "Do you want me to ignore him? Is that what you want?"

"Yes," I snapped.

"Well, that's not how life works," she said firmly. "We are here. Together. We make do."

I turned away, stabbing my Jell-O with the spoon. My hands shook.

Behind the curtain, Trevor chuckled. "Jealous, Ramos?"

"Shut the fuck up," I growled.

"Gabriel!" Mom's voice cracked like a whip.

His laugh turned into a cough, then a groan. “Relax, Mommy’s boy. She’s got enough love for both of us.”

I nearly threw the tray, but Mom’s hand caught my wrist. Her tits pressed against my arm, heavy, suffocating. “Stop it,” she hissed. “Or I swear I’ll walk out.”

The words hit harder than any punch Trevor ever threw.

That night, I woke to the sound of her voice.

I kept my eyes closed, breathing shallow, listening.

She was behind the curtain again, speaking low. “No more jokes. Sleep.”

Trevor murmured something, too soft to catch.

Her sigh followed. Then the faint scrape of her chair, the rustle of her scrubs as she sat beside him.

I opened my eyes just enough to see her shadow. She sat close to his bed, leaning forward, breasts heavy in her scrub top, her hand resting on his blanket.

They whispered. I couldn’t hear the words, but I felt them. The intimacy. The patience in her voice. His chuckle, quieter this time, almost genuine.

I stared at the ceiling until my vision blurred, rage and despair twisting in my chest.

The curtain swayed faintly in the vent’s breath, a fragile barrier that kept me from seeing — but not from knowing.

And I realized something then, something that burned deeper than the bruises on my face.

Trevor didn’t need to fight me anymore.

He was already winning.

Because she was giving him what I could never take back.

Her time. Her voice. Her smile.

And I was stuck on the other side of the curtain, listening, stewing, drowning.

****Chapter 9 — The Divide****

Hospitals run on repetition. The same beep of machines, the same footsteps in the hall, the same trays of tasteless food rolled in at the same hours. For most patients, it’s numbing. For me, it was torture. Because through it all, the curtain stayed.

That thin white sheet divided the room, the world. On my side: bruises, frustration, my mother's constant fussing. On his side: Trevor Dalton, recovering, smirking, soaking up attention he didn't deserve. And always — always — Mom moving between us, her body a shifting shadow on the fabric.

She started the morning with me, like she always did. Adjusting my pillow, smoothing my blanket, leaning over me until her enormous tits pressed against my arm, until her perfume filled my nose. Her scrubs today were light green, stretched taut across her chest, neckline tugged low by the weight of her breasts. Her ass jutted behind her as she reached for the chart, hips wide, thighs pressing against the chair.

"You're pale," she said, fingers brushing my forehead. "You didn't sleep?"

"Hard to sleep when you're gone half the night," I muttered.

Her brows knit. "Gone?"

"Behind the curtain."

She sighed, moving to check the IV. Her tits swayed, jiggling with each motion, cleavage spilling. "Trevor talks too much. I tell him to rest. He doesn't listen."

"You listen to him," I said bitterly.

She snapped her gaze to me. "Enough."

From the other side, his laugh bled through. "You jealous again, Ramos?"

I clenched my fists, but Mom pressed a hand to my chest, pushing me back into the pillows. Her tits brushed me with the motion, heavy and warm. "Don't," she warned.

"I'm not jealous," I hissed.

Trevor coughed, then chuckled. "Could've fooled me."

The curtain rippled as she stepped behind it, her ass brushing against the fabric. Her shadow bent over him, breasts dangling heavily as she adjusted something.

"Drink," I heard her say.

"I'd rather have you feed me."

"Trevor."

"What? Your hands are softer."

Her sigh was low but not sharp enough. "Behave."

I rolled onto my side, glaring at the curtain. Their silhouettes moved slowly, intimate in their mundanity — her leaning, him shifting, their outlines blurring when she sat on the chair close

to his bed.

I wanted to rip it down.

By afternoon, the tension had settled into a rhythm. Nurses came and went, checking vitals, pretending not to notice the heat in the room. Mom split her time evenly — spooning broth to me when my jaw ached, then disappearing to adjust his pillows. Every trip behind the curtain felt like a betrayal.

I tried to distract myself. Count the ceiling tiles. Focus on the beep of the monitor. But the voices seeped through.

“You play any sports?” she asked him.

“Used to. Soccer.”

“You don’t look like it.”

He laughed softly. “Fast feet, Mrs. Ramos.”

“Shanie,” she corrected.

I nearly threw the water cup across the room.

“Fine. Shanie. You know, I’m not all bad.”

“No one is all bad,” she murmured.

“You believe that?”

“I have to,” she said, her voice tired. “Or I couldn’t do this job.”

The silence after her words was worse than their chatter.

That evening, she wheeled in two trays.

“Dinner,” she announced, setting one beside me. Chicken, rice, peas, bland and lifeless. She leaned close, cutting the chicken for me, her breasts pressing against my arm, warm and suffocating.

“Eat,” she ordered.

I stabbed a forkful without answering.

Then she carried the other tray behind the curtain.

“Smells amazing,” Trevor said exaggeratedly.

“It’s hospital food.”

“But you brought it,” he teased.

Her laugh was soft, unwilling.

“You make even peas look good.”

“Eat,” she scolded, but I heard the smile in her voice.

I shoved the fork into my mouth so hard I almost gagged.

When she came back out, I glared at her. “You laugh at him now?”

Her eyes narrowed. “You need to stop.”

“I need to stop? He’s the one—”

“Gabriel.” Her tone cut sharp, her tits heaving with her breath. “You will not tell me who I can laugh at. Do you understand?”

I looked away, stabbing the rice.

She sighed, sitting on the chair between our beds, caught in the middle, her body a monument dividing us. Her tits swelled under her scrubs, her ass spreading across the cushion. Her gaze flicked between me and the curtain.

“This is exhausting,” she muttered. “Both of you. Like two dogs with one bone.”

“He’s not a dog,” I spat.

Trevor’s voice slid through the curtain. “Depends. Who’s the bone?”

I slammed my tray, rice scattering. Mom’s eyes flashed. “Enough!”

Silence settled heavy.

She rubbed her temples, shoulders sagging, tits shifting with the motion. “I can’t do this. I won’t. You’re both here to heal. Not to fight.”

Neither of us answered.

Night fell. The ward quieted.

I lay awake, staring at the faint glow from the hallway. Mom had curled up in the chair again, dozing lightly, her tits rising and falling, robe slipping open over one shoulder. Even in exhaustion, she looked like something no one should touch.

Behind the curtain, Trevor whispered. “You asleep?”

Mom stirred faintly. “Trevor. Sleep.”

“Just wanted to say... thanks. For not hating me.”

Her sigh drifted. “Good night.”

But I heard the softness in it.

I turned my face to the wall, fists tight, heart pounding.

That curtain was all that kept me from tearing him apart again.

And all that kept me from seeing just how much he was winning.

****Chapter 10 — Steam****

The curtain had become my enemy.

It rustled with every breath of air, whispered with every movement behind it, showing me just enough to poison my mind and never enough to stop me imagining worse. I’d started to time her visits to him, counting how long she stayed on his side versus mine, tracking the length of their whispers. Some nights she barely spent a minute; other nights I could hear her voice low and steady for an hour while he chuckled, wheezed, charmed.

But nothing could have prepared me for the day the nurses wheeled in fresh linens and whispered to her in Spanish. Her expression tightened, lips pressed together, then she nodded.

I caught the faint smell before she pulled the curtain wider: sharp, sour, unmistakable.

Trevor groaned weakly, half embarrassed, half still smug. “Guess I made a mess.”

Shanie’s eyes closed for a moment, then she straightened, her massive breasts lifting with the motion, scrubs tugging tight across her chest. “It happens. You’re injured. Don’t be ashamed.”

“Easy for you to say,” he muttered. “You’re not the one lying in it.”

Her tone softened. “I’ll take care of it.”

My stomach dropped.

She gathered fresh clothes and a basin, her colossal ass rolling beneath her scrubs as she bent. “We’ll use the private shower room,” she told the nurse. “He needs a full wash.”

The nurse nodded, then left quickly.

Shanie turned to me, hands on her hips, tits pressing forward. “Stay here. Don’t move.”

“Wait,” I said, my voice cracking. “You’re... you’re going to bathe him?”

Her brow arched, steel in her eyes. “I am a nurse. This is not new to me.”

“But—”

“No buts, Gabriel. You will not argue with me.”

Trevor chuckled faintly. “Never thought I’d get a bath from Mrs. Ramos.”

Her glare snapped to the curtain. “Watch your mouth. One more word like that, and you’ll wash yourself, mess and all.”

I wanted to scream. Instead, I lay frozen, fists tight in the blanket, as she slid behind the curtain. Their shadows blurred together. Then I heard the wheels of his bed squeak as she pushed him toward the adjoining shower room.

I sat up, wincing at the pull in my ribs, and turned my head. The door was half open, the curtain drawn but not fully closed. I could see flashes — her broad hips as she maneuvered him inside, the sway of her enormous breasts as she leaned over to steady him.

“Careful,” she murmured.

He groaned dramatically. “Oh, I’m careful. Don’t wanna fall on you.”

She hushed him, her shadow tall and commanding on the tiled wall.

The sound of running water filled the air. Steam curled out of the crack in the door.

My throat clenched.

Through the haze, I saw her silhouette helping him strip. She bent, scrubs tightening over her fat ass, then straightened, breasts swaying like pendulums. His thin, wiry frame blurred behind her, pale compared to the lush darkness of her curves.

“Arms up,” she said firmly.

“Man, this is awkward,” he muttered.

“It’s necessary.”

“Well, it’s not awkward for you,” he said with a smirk in his voice. “You’re used to seeing people naked, huh?”

“Enough.”

But she didn’t leave. She stayed, guiding him under the spray, water hissing against tile.

I pressed my knuckles to my mouth, heart pounding.

The sounds were unbearable — the steady cascade of water, her voice low and commanding, his occasional groan of protest or laugh. I could see her shadow moving, arms lifting, sponge

in hand. Her tits swung with every motion, her ass jutting as she leaned. She scrubbed his back, his shoulders, his chest.

“Hold still,” she chided.

“You’ve got soft hands,” he teased.

Her sigh was audible even over the water. “You’re impossible.”

“You don’t mind,” he murmured.

She didn’t answer.

Steam rolled thicker, carrying her scent — shampoo, soap, her perfume mingling with antiseptic. I closed my eyes, choking on rage and shame.

Minutes crawled. I heard her wringing the sponge, water splattering. Her voice softened despite herself. “Better?”

“Way better,” he sighed. “Almost worth getting my ass kicked.”

“Don’t push it.”

She helped him dress in clean clothes, her shadow bending, breasts nearly brushing his chest as she tugged fabric into place. His laughter bubbled again, weak but infuriating.

Finally, she wheeled him back, curtain swaying as they returned. She tucked him in with practiced motions, smoothing his blanket, her tits hanging heavy as she leaned.

“You smell good,” he murmured, half-asleep.

She ignored it, moving back to my side.

I couldn’t look at her. My chest burned. My fists trembled.

She set her hand on my forehead, cool cloth dabbing my temple. “You’re feverish,” she whispered.

“I’m fine,” I said through clenched teeth.

Her eyes searched mine, sharp and tired. “No. You’re not.”

I turned my face away.

The curtain hung between us again, whispering with the vent’s breath, mocking me with its flimsy strength.

And I knew this was only getting worse.

Because every hour she spent behind it, every laugh she let slip, every shadow I watched in silence — it was all pulling her further from me, closer to him.

Closer to where I couldn't follow.

****Chapter 11 — Slipping Away****

I couldn't stop watching the steam curl out from under the shower room door even after she wheeled Trevor back to his bed. The smell of soap and hospital shampoo lingered, clinging to the air like a cruel reminder. I sat stiff in my bed, fists tight around the blanket, while she bustled back into the room with her usual efficiency. Her scrubs were damp at the neckline and sleeves, clinging tighter than before, outlining the swells of her massive breasts. Her hair had frizzed with the steam, curling loose around her cheeks.

She looked exhausted, beautiful, and untouchable all at once.

“Don't look at me like that,” she said softly, setting a basin aside.

“Like what?” My voice was flat.

“Like I betrayed you.”

I laughed bitterly. “Didn't you?”

Her eyes snapped to mine, sharp, but there was a flicker of guilt too. “Gabriel, listen to me. What I did was my job. Nothing more.”

“He's not your patient,” I hissed.

“In this room, everyone is my patient.” She set her hands on her hips, tits straining upward. “You think I enjoyed it? You think I wanted to bathe him? No. But he needed it. And I did it. That is all.”

“Then why did you laugh at his jokes? Why do you let him talk to you like that?”

Her lips pressed into a line. “Because he's injured. Because sometimes humor is the only way patients cope. I won't punish him for that.”

My jaw ached from clenching. “You're defending him again.”

“I'm being realistic.” She stepped closer, her breasts swaying with the motion, filling my vision. Her hand cupped my cheek, gentle. “Mijo, I know you hate him. I know. But I can't hate him for you.”

“Why not?” I rasped.

“Because hate is poison. I can't pour it into myself every time someone crosses me. I'd never survive.”

I jerked away from her touch, shame and fury twisting together. “So you're on his side now.”

Her brows knitted, her dark eyes flashing. “Don’t you dare. Don’t you ever say that.”

“It’s true,” I shot back. “Every day, you spend more time with him. You laugh at him. You talk to him. You *bathe him.* Meanwhile, I’m here—” My voice cracked. “I’m your son.”

Her face softened, but her voice stayed firm. “And you will always be my son. Nothing changes that.”

“Doesn’t feel like it.”

Her breath caught. For the first time, she looked shaken. She opened her mouth, then closed it again, turning away. Her tits heaved with her breath as she rubbed her temples.

“You’re tired,” she said finally. “Rest. We’ll talk later.”

She sat back in the chair between our beds, shoulders hunched, eyes closing.

I turned away, staring at the wall, my chest burning like fire.

Night fell heavy. The ward dimmed, machines humming in the quiet. I lay awake, eyes open, waiting.

It didn’t take long.

The faint rustle of sheets. Trevor’s whisper. “You awake?”

A sigh. Her voice. Low, tired. “Trevor. Sleep.”

“Can’t. Not with all this pain.”

“You’ll heal. Be patient.”

“Easier when you’re here,” he murmured.

Silence. Then her whisper, softer. “You flatter too much.”

“It’s not flattery if it’s true.” His chuckle was faint. “I mean it. You’re... something else.”

Her sigh again, but there was no steel in it. “You should rest.”

“You don’t have to stay if you don’t want to.”

“I’m here for both of you,” she said quietly.

“You’re here for me more,” he teased.

“Don’t push it.” Her voice had an edge, but it bent, not broke.

I gripped the blanket so hard my knuckles ached.

Through the curtain, their shadows blurred on the wall. Her outline leaning close, his pale frame shifting under the sheets. The intimacy of it was unbearable.

He whispered again, low enough I barely caught it. “Do you ever get tired? Carrying everyone else?”

“Yes,” she admitted softly.

“You deserve someone to carry you.”

Her shadow froze.

I bit my tongue until I tasted blood.

She stood after that, her silhouette pulling away, but not sharply enough. Not soon enough.

The curtain whispered as she came back to my side, her tits swaying heavily, her eyes avoiding mine. She smoothed my blanket, fingers brushing my arm, but her touch felt distant.

“Sleep, mijo,” she whispered.

I kept my eyes shut, forcing steady breaths, hiding the storm inside.

But I knew.

I knew she was slipping, inch by inch, word by word, laugh by laugh.

Slipping toward him.

And the curtain was the only thing keeping me from seeing how far.

****Chapter 12 — Smolder****

The hospital days dragged on like an endless loop. Morning light through blinds, the beep of machines, the shuffle of nurses, the taste of bland food, my mom’s perfume cutting through antiseptic. And always, always that curtain. Thin, white, flimsy. The line between my world and his.

Trevor was healing faster than I wanted. His bruises were fading, the cuts on his face closing. He still moved like his bones ached, but he laughed louder every day, joked more. He was gaining ground, not just in his body, but in her.

Shanie split her time with precision, as if she were rationing herself. She sat with me first, adjusting my IV, pressing cool cloths to my bruised temple. Her breasts swayed over me, her wide hips brushing the bed rail, her ass pressing against the chair when she leaned close. Her voice was low, soothing, and for a few minutes I could pretend it was only me she cared for.

Then she would slip behind the curtain.

Her shadow on the fabric told me everything: the curve of her body bending over his bed, her tits hanging heavy as she adjusted his gown, the swell of her ass as she shifted the sheets. Her voice drifted through, soft scolds, patient laughter, sighs of exasperation. His replies were playful, audacious, always testing. And little by little, she wasn't shutting him down the way she should.

One morning, I woke to their voices before she even checked on me.

"Easy," she said, firm but not angry.

"I'm fine," Trevor muttered. "See? I can stand."

"You're not ready."

"I am. Just let me hold your arm."

The curtain rippled, their shadows shifting. His wiry form leaned against her curvaceous outline, her breasts brushing his shoulder as she steadied him.

"Careful," she chided.

"Wouldn't fall if you held me tighter."

"Trevor," she warned.

But she didn't let go.

I turned my face into the pillow, teeth grinding.

When she wheeled him back into bed, she came to me next, smoothing my blanket. Her tits jiggled with the motion, heavy and warm through the thin fabric of her scrubs.

"You're awake," she murmured.

"Hard not to be," I muttered.

Her eyes narrowed. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You know what it means."

Her lips pressed into a line, but she didn't answer.

By afternoon, the tension was unbearable. I picked at my food while she carried Trevor's tray behind the curtain.

"Mm, smells good," he teased.

“It’s the same slop as always,” she replied, but her voice was lighter than mine ever heard.

“Not when you serve it.”

She sighed. “Eat.”

“You should feed me. Make it taste better.”

“Trevor—”

“Come on, please? Just one bite.”

I stabbed my fork into the chicken so hard the plastic snapped.

Through the curtain, her silhouette bent over him. Her tits swayed low, nearly brushing his face as she spooned something toward his mouth. His shadow leaned forward eagerly.

“See?” he murmured. “Better already.”

Her laugh was quiet, almost helpless.

I shoved the tray away, bile burning my throat.

That night, I pretended to sleep.

I heard him whispering.

“You’re too good to me.”

“You make it difficult,” she replied softly.

“You don’t mean that.”

Silence.

Then he chuckled. “You like taking care of me.”

Her sigh was audible, weary. But not a denial.

“I like taking care of everyone,” she corrected.

“But I’m not everyone, am I?”

She didn’t answer.

The silence was worse than any words.

I squeezed my eyes shut, heart pounding, fists trembling under the blanket.

The curtain swayed gently in the night air, mocking me with its fragile secrecy.

The next day, Trevor grew bolder.

When she came to adjust his IV, his voice carried clear. "You smell amazing, Shanie."

"It's just soap," she replied briskly.

"No. It's you."

Her laugh was small, unguarded. "You flirt too much."

"Only because you deserve it."

Her shadow leaned over him, breasts hanging heavy, almost brushing his chest. His hand lifted in the silhouette, hovering.

"Hands down," she scolded, but gently.

He chuckled. "Can't blame me for trying."

She tsked softly, but I could hear the smile.

My chest ached. I wanted to rip the curtain down, to drag him out by his neck, to shout at her until she saw what was happening. But I couldn't move. I was caged in my bed, bound by wires and tubes, forced to listen.

Later, she sat between us, her hands folded, shoulders slumping with fatigue. Her tits swelled against her scrubs, her ass spreading across the chair. She rubbed her temples, sighing.

"You two will kill me before your injuries do," she muttered.

Trevor laughed. "Not me. I'd never hurt you."

I snapped, "Shut up."

"Gabriel," she hissed, eyes flashing.

He smirked in the silence that followed.

She looked at me, then at the curtain, then back. Her voice was softer. "You have to stop fighting him, mijo. Stop fighting me."

"I'm not fighting you," I muttered.

"Yes. You are. Every time I try to help him, you fight me."

“Because he doesn’t deserve it.”

Her eyes hardened. “Everyone deserves care.”

“Even him?”

“Yes,” she said simply.

The word gutted me.

She stood then, walking behind the curtain again, hips swaying, ass rolling in her scrubs. I heard him chuckle as she adjusted his sheets.

And I knew.

Bit by bit, she was siding with him.

Not because she wanted to. Not yet.

But because she believed she had to.

And the curtain was the witness to it all, hiding what I couldn’t bear to see, showing just enough to break me.

Chapter 13 — Time Drifting

Hospitals didn’t measure time in hours. They measured it in visits. Every time a nurse walked in, every time a tray of food arrived, every time my mother crossed from my side of the curtain to his. That was how I knew the day was moving, how I knew I was losing.

At first, she balanced us. She’d spend ten minutes fussing over me — wiping my brow, adjusting my IV, smoothing my sheets — then she’d spend ten on him. It was bearable, barely. I could tell myself I still had half her attention.

But as the days stretched, the balance tipped. Ten minutes for me, fifteen for him. Then five for me, twenty for him. Then entire stretches where I sat alone, staring at the wall, while her voice drifted from the other side.

Her laughter carried clear, soft and unguarded. Her sighs when he teased her. The low murmur of his voice, smug and grateful all at once.

I hated myself for listening, but I couldn’t not. Every word felt like a nail hammered into my chest.

The morning started with her bustling in, her breasts swaying heavily beneath her pale blue scrubs, her wide hips brushing the tray table as she set my breakfast down. She fed me a few

bites, her perfume filling my nose, her tits nearly brushing my chin as she leaned close.

“Better?” she asked, wiping my mouth with a napkin.

I nodded stiffly.

“Good.” Her smile was faint, distracted. Already, her eyes flicked to the curtain.

She picked up the second tray and disappeared behind it. The curtain swayed, her ass brushing the fabric, her silhouette glowing against the light.

“Morning, sunshine,” Trevor said.

“Eat,” she ordered.

“Not until you sit with me.”

“Trevor...”

“Please?”

A pause. Then the scrape of the chair legs.

I gritted my teeth so hard my jaw ached.

Their voices dropped lower, but I still heard pieces.

“...sleep okay?”

“...better now.”

“...you’re impossible.”

Her laugh slipped out, quiet and warm.

I stared at my untouched tray until the peas blurred.

By afternoon, she hadn’t checked on me in nearly an hour.

I lay stiff in bed, staring at the curtain, listening.

“You’re strong,” she said softly.

“Not as strong as you,” Trevor replied.

“Don’t flatter me.”

“It’s not flattery if it’s true.”

Her shadow bent over his bed, breasts dangling heavy in her scrub top, ass jutting as she shifted the sheets. His hand lifted faintly, close to hers.

“Hands down,” she scolded.

He laughed weakly. “You’re bossy.”

“I have to be.”

“And I like it.”

Her sigh carried a note I didn’t want to recognize. Not annoyance. Not anger. Something softer.

I dug my nails into the mattress.

Dinner came. She set my tray down quickly, her tits jiggling as she leaned over me, her smile distracted.

“Eat, mijo,” she murmured.

Then she vanished again.

From the other side:

“Smells good.”

“It’s the same slop.”

“Not when you serve it.”

“You’re ridiculous.”

“But you’re smiling.”

“I am not.”

“Yes you are.”

Her laugh slipped out, light and helpless.

I slammed my fork down so hard it snapped in half.

That night was worse. The ward was quiet, the machines humming steady, the curtain glowing faintly in the dim light. I lay awake, listening.

“You’re too good to me,” Trevor whispered.

“You make it hard,” she said softly.

“You don’t mean that.”

Silence stretched. Then his voice, low and serious. “No one’s ever taken care of me like this.”

Her sigh was audible, weary but gentle. “Then you’ve been unlucky.”

“Not anymore.”

I squeezed my eyes shut.

Her shadow lingered beside his bed, sitting close. I heard the scrape of her chair, the rustle of her scrubs as she settled in.

“You should sleep,” she whispered.

“Not while you’re here.”

“Trevor—”

“No. Just... stay.”

And she did.

The silence that followed wasn’t empty. It was heavy, full. Their breathing, slow and steady, filling the space.

I turned my face into the pillow, bile burning my throat, rage twisting in my gut.

The curtain swayed faintly in the vent’s breath, mocking me with every ripple.

She was slipping further every day. Spending longer on his side, laughing more freely, softening where she shouldn’t.

And I lay in silence, forced to hear it, to imagine it, to feel it pulling her away.

The curtain was no barrier at all. It was a window into my worst fear, and I couldn’t close it.

Not yet.

****Chapter 14 — Volume****

The hospital air had turned heavy. Not with infection or illness, but with something else. Something I couldn’t name, but I could feel it in my chest, in the way my mother moved between the beds, in the way Trevor’s voice grew bolder with each day.

The curtain wasn’t keeping them apart anymore. It was keeping **me** out.

That morning, she fed me my breakfast with mechanical care. Her tits swayed heavily under her pale pink scrub top, each spoonful dipping closer to my lips, her perfume soft but thick. But her eyes weren't on me. She kept glancing toward the curtain, distracted, impatient.

"Eat faster," she said gently.

"I'm not hungry," I muttered.

"You need strength."

"For what? To lie here and listen to him?"

Her hand stilled. Her eyes cut sharp into mine. "Don't start."

But she didn't wait for me to finish. She wiped my mouth quickly, set the tray aside, and carried Trevor's breakfast behind the curtain.

Her shadow bent over him, her breasts hanging low, her ass jutting as she sat close to his bed. His laugh carried through, soft and smug.

"You always take better care of me," he teased.

"Don't be ridiculous," she murmured, but she stayed longer than she should.

I stared at the ceiling until my vision blurred.

By afternoon, the imbalance was obvious. She barely checked my vitals before disappearing to his side. I heard her fussing, heard him groaning dramatically, then laughing when she scolded him.

"Hold still," she ordered.

"Not when you're touching me," he whispered back.

"Trevor."

"You like bossing me around."

"You're insufferable."

Her sigh was audible, but there was warmth in it.

I dug my nails into the sheets, praying the mattress would swallow me whole.

Dinner came, and she wheeled both trays in. She set mine down carelessly, then took his behind the curtain.

“Eat,” she said softly.

“Only if you sit with me.”

“You’re impossible.”

“Please?”

A pause. Then the scrape of a chair.

Her laugh slipped out moments later. His laugh followed.

I shoved the tray away untouched.

That night, the ward grew quiet. The glow from the hallway cut the curtain into two worlds again. I lay stiff in my bed, ears straining.

Trevor’s voice broke the silence. “Shanie.”

Her sigh. “Sleep.”

“Not yet. I need something.”

“You need rest.”

“No. I need... a kiss.”

The silence was thunder. My chest seized, my breath stopping.

Her voice came sharp, horrified. “Trevor! Absolutely not.”

“Why not?” His tone was low, wheedling. “I’m hurt. I’m here because of your son. I’ve got no one else. Just one kiss.”

“You’re out of your mind.”

“Please. Just one. I swear.”

Her shadow shifted, pacing. Her tits jiggled in silhouette, her ass rolling with every frustrated step. “You are a child.”

“I’m eighteen,” he countered quickly.

“You’re reckless. You’re my son’s rival.”

“Then make me more than that.” His voice cracked. “Please. You’re all I think about. Just one kiss. No one will know.”

The silence dragged. My heart hammered so loud I thought they’d hear it.

Finally, her voice, low and desperate. “I can’t.”

“You can.”

“No, Trevor. It’s wrong.”

“It only feels wrong until you do it. Then it feels right.”

Her shadow froze, hand against her forehead. She muttered something in Spanish I couldn’t catch.

He whispered again, softer, almost breaking. “Please. Just one.”

The silence that followed was unbearable.

Then I heard her sigh. Long. Shaking.

The sound of movement. Her silhouette leaning down. His shifting up.

The faintest gasp.

My stomach twisted.

“No,” she whispered, pulling back.

“Yes,” he murmured.

And then—silence.

I strained to hear, every muscle tense. But suddenly the TV on my wall flickered on, volume blasting too loud for the hour, drowning everything.

My mother’s doing.

I stared at the glowing screen, my reflection warped in its glass. The noise filled the room, but it wasn’t enough to drown my imagination: her lips on his, her tits brushing his chest, her sighs swallowed by his grin.

I lay there, frozen, while the curtain swayed gently in the vent’s breath, hiding everything.

And I knew the balance had shifted.

Not in whispers, not in shadows.

But in a kiss.

And I wasn't supposed to know.

****Chapter 15 — The Noise Behind the Curtain****

The TV buzzed too loud in the dim hospital room, voices and canned laughter echoing through the sterile air. I lay stiff, blanket pulled to my chest, the glow washing my bruised face. My mother sat in the chair between our beds, her arms crossed, her tits heavy under her scrub top, her eyes fixed on the screen as though she cared about the sitcom.

I knew what it was. A distraction. A cover.

I turned my head slowly, pain throbbing in my temple. "Why'd you turn it up?"

She didn't answer at first, just sipped her lukewarm coffee. Her breasts shifted with the motion, swaying heavy.

"Mom." My voice was ragged. "Why did you turn it up?"

Her eyes flicked to me, then away. "You were restless. I thought noise would help."

"Bullshit."

"Gabriel." Her tone was sharp, but her face betrayed something else. Tension.

"You didn't want me to hear."

She set the cup down, tits spilling slightly as she leaned forward, her hips broad in the chair. "You imagine too much."

"I'm not imagining. I heard him. I heard you."

Her eyes narrowed. "What exactly do you think you heard?"

I swallowed hard. My mouth went dry. "He asked for a kiss."

Her jaw clenched.

I pressed on. "And you—" My chest tightened. "You didn't stop him."

Her eyes flashed with fury, but underneath it was guilt. She leaned close, tits nearly brushing my chest, her hand gripping my arm. "Enough. You will not speak to me like this."

"Then tell me I'm wrong," I snapped.

She froze. Her lips parted, but no words came.

The silence was worse than any answer.

I turned my face away, choking on heat. "I knew it."

“Gabriel,” she said softly, pleading now. “Listen to me. You don’t understand.”

“You don’t understand. He’s using you.”

“He’s a boy in pain,” she insisted, her tits heaving as she breathed harder. “He’s hurt, alone, scared. I gave him comfort. That is all.”

“Comfort?” I spat. “That’s what you call it?”

Her face hardened, steel snapping back. “Yes. That’s what I call it. And you will not shame me for it.”

I shook my head, bitter laugh spilling. “You’re already siding with him.”

Her voice cracked, quiet but deadly. “I am siding with **both** of you. You’re too blind to see.”

She stood abruptly, her hips swaying, her ass rolling under her scrubs as she stormed behind the curtain. The fabric whispered as it closed, and I heard her voice low, tired, but gentler than it had been with me.

“Sleep, Trevor.”

He murmured something I couldn’t catch. Her laugh was soft.

The TV buzzed on, drowning everything else.

The next day was worse. She barely looked at me as she fed me breakfast. Her tits jiggled with every motion, her perfume surrounded me, but her eyes were distant, pulled already toward the curtain.

“You’re quiet,” she murmured.

“What’s the point of talking? You don’t hear me anyway.”

Her lips pressed tight, but she said nothing. She finished quickly, wiped my chin, and vanished to Trevor’s side with his tray.

I lay there, chewing bitterness while their voices drifted through.

“You’re glowing today,” he teased.

“Eat,” she scolded lightly.

“You’re bossy when you’re worried.”

“You’re insufferable.”

Her laugh followed.

By evening, the balance had shattered. She spent nearly the entire stretch behind the curtain, her shadow bending, her tits dangling heavy, her ass swaying as she fussed over him. Their whispers blended with chuckles, sighs, the scrape of a chair pulled close.

I pretended to sleep, but every nerve was tuned to them.

“Do you regret it?” Trevor whispered.

Her sigh lingered. “I shouldn’t have.”

“But you did.”

“Yes.”

Silence, thick, trembling.

“Then do it again,” he whispered.

“No.”

“Yes.”

“Trevor...” Her voice wavered, soft as cloth.

“You want to. I feel it.”

The silence stretched long. My heart pounded so loud I was sure it would break the monitors.

Then a faint sound. A gasp. A sigh swallowed.

I sat stiff, fists gripping the sheets.

The curtain swayed gently with the vent, mocking me.

The TV flicked on again, volume too loud, drowning the whispers.

But I could still imagine. Her lips against his. Her breasts brushing his chest. Her ass shifting on the chair as she leaned closer, giving in inch by inch.

The volume rose, laugh tracks filling the sterile room, and I knew.

They weren’t stopping this time.

The curtain hid it, the TV masked it, but the betrayal filled the air.

My mother was making love to him.

And I was meant to pretend it wasn’t happening.

Chapter 16 — What the Curtain Hid

The night was too quiet. The machines hummed their rhythm, the fluorescent glow from the hallway cut through the door's window, and the curtain stood still, white and mocking in the pale light. I lay flat, blanket up to my chest, eyes barely open.

I heard her footsteps before I saw her. Slow, soft, deliberate.

Shanie moved to my side first, as always. She leaned over, her breasts swaying heavy under her scrub top, the scent of her perfume clinging even after a fourteen-hour day. She brushed her fingers across my forehead, cool and gentle, her hips pressing the rail of the bed.

“Mijo,” she whispered.

I kept my breath steady, feigning sleep.

Her sigh was long, weary. She smoothed my blanket, her tits brushing my arm as she leaned close. For a moment, I thought she'd linger, sit, maybe whisper something she couldn't say while I was awake.

Instead, she turned, walking to the door. The click of the lock echoed like a gunshot in the still ward.

My chest seized.

She stood for a moment in the dim glow, back to me. Her hair tumbled loose around her shoulders, the scrub top clinging to her massive breasts, her wide hips stretching the fabric tight. Then she moved—slow, quiet—toward the curtain.

It whispered faintly as she slipped behind it.

Shadows bloomed against the thin sheet. The outline of her voluptuous body bending, peeling her scrubs away. The swell of her breasts freed, dropping heavy, pendulous. The flare of her hips, the round fullness of her ass as she pushed down her pants, panties with them.

I bit my tongue hard, fists clutching the sheets.

Trevor's silhouette rose weakly in the bed. “You came,” he whispered.

“Quiet,” she hushed, but her shadow climbed onto him, breasts swaying, body lowering.

The TV flicked on then, volume blaring with canned laughter, sitcom voices loud and hollow. She'd done it deliberately, a screen of noise.

But it wasn't enough.

I still heard the bed creak.

Still heard the muffled gasp as she laid across him, breasts pressing against his chest, ass rising high in silhouette.

Still heard his voice, broken with awe. “God, you’re beautiful.”

Her shush was breathless, not stern.

The rhythm began, faint but unmistakable. The squeak of the mattress, the wet sound of skin, her sighs swallowed by the TV but slipping through anyway. The curtain swayed slightly with their movement, a ghost of the motion behind it.

Her silhouette arched, tits bouncing heavy, nipples brushing his chest. His hands—shadows on the fabric—clutched her hips, pulled her down harder.

“Shanie,” he whispered, reverent, desperate.

Her reply was lost under the laugh track, but her moan wasn’t. Low, husky, rolling through me like poison.

I squeezed my eyes shut, nails digging crescents into my palms. But closing them only made it worse. My mind filled the gaps—the way her tits would smother his face, the way her ass would clap as she rode him, the way she’d bite her lip when she lost control.

The TV roared, but their rhythm was louder in my bones. Faster now. Harder. Her moans spilling out, muffled but unmistakable, his gasps meeting them. The curtain shook faintly, a cruel veil.

Every sound carved into me. Every laugh from the TV twisted with every cry from her lips.

I lay there, pretending to sleep, my mother’s perfume still on my blanket, listening as she gave herself to him.

And when the noises finally softened, when the creaks slowed, when her breath came heavy and satisfied, I knew.

There was no going back.

The curtain had hidden the moment she stopped being only mine.

****Chapter 17 — The Door****

Morning light bled pale through the blinds, sterile and unforgiving. I stirred in the hospital bed, bruises aching, mouth dry. For a few seconds, I forgot. I thought maybe the night before had been a dream. Maybe I had imagined the sounds, the creaks, the muffled cries swallowed by the laugh track.

Then I turned my head.

Her chair was empty. The blanket she usually curled under was folded neatly.

And there, just outside the open shower room door, sat her scrubs. Folded in a neat pile on the chair, her nurse's badge clipped on top. Panties tucked beneath, the faintest glimpse of lace.

My stomach dropped.

The sound of water hit tile, steady and unbroken. A woman's laugh floated through the thin door. Soft. Familiar. My mother's.

"Careful," she murmured.

Trevor's laugh followed, boyish, smug. "You're the one holding me."

"You're slippery," she chided.

"That's the point."

I froze, breath stuck in my throat.

Steam rolled out beneath the door, curling around the chair legs, carrying the clean, soapy smell of her shampoo. My chest heaved with the scent.

They were naked. Both of them.

I closed my eyes, but it didn't help. My mind painted the picture cruelly clear: her body glistening under the spray, tits heavy and slick, nipples dark and hard, ass round and perfect as she bent to steady him. His thin arms clinging to her, his face buried between those dripping breasts.

The water hissed louder as she adjusted it. "Too hot?"

"Perfect," he sighed. "You feel better than the water."

"Trevor," she warned, but her laugh broke through again.

I clenched the sheets in both fists, my heart hammering against my ribs.

The shower door creaked faintly as she shifted. Their voices dropped lower, but the intimacy filled the silence between words. His groan, her hushed shush, the splash of bodies brushing in the spray.

She wasn't just bathing him anymore.

The steam thickened, the smell of her soap cloying. My vision blurred with rage and disbelief. The uniform folded outside was proof enough. She had stripped for him. Stripped for Trevor Dalton.

The hiss of the water masked their rhythm, but I heard it anyway. The faint thud of bodies against tile, her breath hitching, his muffled laugh swallowed by the spray.

“Not so loud,” she whispered.

“No one can hear,” he murmured.

I almost choked on the laugh that bubbled inside me. No one could hear? I heard everything. Every splash, every sigh, every moan strangled against wet skin.

I buried my face in the pillow, teeth grinding.

Minutes crawled like hours. The shower hissed on, their voices weaving through the steam. Sometimes his chuckle, sometimes her sigh, sometimes the soft slap of skin against skin under the spray.

I wanted to rip the door off its hinges. To drag him out, to drag her out, to end it all in blood and tears. But I couldn't move. My ribs screamed with every breath, the IV tethered me to the bed.

All I could do was listen.

Finally, the water slowed, turned off. Silence, broken only by their breathing.

“Better?” she asked softly.

“Best shower of my life,” he chuckled.

Her laugh followed, tender, unguarded.

The door creaked faintly. I snapped my eyes shut, feigning sleep, chest rising slow and even.

The sound of fabric brushing skin filled the room. She was dressing again, sliding back into her uniform, those massive tits tucking into the scrubs, her wide ass filling the pants.

Trevor groaned as she helped him back to the bed. “Don't go far.”

“I'm right here,” she whispered, smoothing his sheets.

Her shadow lingered behind the curtain, bending close, her breasts heavy in silhouette. She kissed his forehead softly before finally crossing back to my side.

I kept my eyes shut, heart pounding, bile burning my throat.

Her hand brushed my forehead, cool and tender. She whispered, “Still asleep, mijo. Good.”

Her touch lingered, gentle.

But it was already tainted.

I could smell her soap, his scent clinging faintly to it.

The shower room door stayed half open, steam curling out, the pile of her clothes still proof of what she'd done.

And I lay there in silence, pretending to sleep, as the curtain and the door mocked me both.

****Chapter 18 — The End of the Curtain****

The day bled on too slowly. The sun angled through the blinds, strips of light cutting across the floor, the TV muttering reruns no one was watching. The scent of soap still hung in the air, clinging to my sheets, clinging to her skin. She walked the room in silence, hair tied back, scrubs clinging damply to her chest as though she'd pulled them on too quickly.

Trevor slept for a while, his breath steady behind the curtain. Shanie sat between us, her broad hips spilling into the chair, her tits heavy and warm beneath the V-neck. She rubbed her temples, sighed, reached for her coffee. Not once did she meet my eyes.

She knew I knew.

I pretended to stare at the TV, but inside I was counting every breath, every creak of the chair, every sigh. The silence between us wasn't silence—it was a scream neither of us wanted to voice.

When Trevor stirred at last, she rose quickly, too quickly. She smoothed her scrubs, tugged them across her breasts, and slipped behind the curtain without a word.

Their voices began again. Low, hushed, intimate.

“Hungry?” she murmured.

“Only for you.”

Her laugh was soft. “Don't.”

“I mean it.”

“You're ridiculous.”

“But you're smiling.”

I gripped the sheets so hard the IV pulled.

Minutes became hours. She only returned once to adjust my IV, her eyes skimming past mine, her perfume heavy enough to choke me. She said, “Rest,” and then left again.

Rest. As if I could.

By evening, my chest burned with words. I couldn't hold them anymore.

When she came back with dinner trays, I snapped.

“You’re not even trying to hide it.”

Her hand froze on the tray.

“His smell’s on you,” I spat. “The shower, the soap, the way you look at him. You don’t even try.”

Her face blanched, then hardened. “Gabriel—”

“No. Don’t say my name like that. Don’t you dare.”

Her eyes flashed, tits rising and falling with her sharp breath. “You will not speak to me with that tone.”

“Then stop making me.” My voice cracked, rage and hurt tangled. “You think I didn’t hear? The curtain, the TV—you thought that would hide it? You thought I wouldn’t know you were with him?”

The tray clattered onto the stand. She leaned over me, her breasts swaying inches from my face, her eyes burning. “You don’t understand—”

“I understand enough!” I shouted. “I understand you stripped for him. I understand you bathe him, kiss him, crawl into his bed while I lie here pretending to sleep. I understand you’ve chosen him!”

Her hand trembled as it pressed against my cheek, tender even as her eyes were fierce. “I chose nothing. It just... happened.”

“Don’t lie.”

Tears welled in her eyes, shining. She shook her head slowly, her dark hair falling loose. “Mijo... I love you. You’re my son. But I can’t hate him. I can’t leave him in pain.”

“Pain?” I laughed bitterly. “He’s not in pain. He’s winning. He’s taking you from me.”

Her lips parted, but no denial came. Only silence.

And silence was worse than the truth.

I turned my face away, tears burning hot. “Then go back to him. Don’t pretend anymore.”

She stayed a long moment, her breath shuddering. Then she drew back, shoulders heaving, tits swaying heavily. Without another word, she crossed behind the curtain again.

Her shadow fell over his bed, breasts bending low, hips rolling as she leaned close. His laughter followed, soft and smug.

And I lay there, alone, choking on rage and grief, the curtain between us more solid than steel.

That night was unbearable.

The TV flicked on again, too loud, laugh tracks mocking me. The curtain glowed faint in the hall light, their shadows merging behind it. Her silhouette straddled his, breasts bouncing, ass rising high. His thin frame clutched at her, pulled her closer.

Her moans slipped through despite the noise, muffled, desperate.

I pressed the pillow to my ears, but it didn't stop the sound. It lived in my chest, in my bones.

When the rhythm slowed, when her breath came heavy and satisfied, I knew.

It was over.

Not just tonight, not just this week in the hospital. Over.

She wasn't just mine anymore.

Morning came hollow. The blinds leaked pale light, the machines hummed, and she sat in the chair between us, hair damp from another shower. Her scrubs clung to her tits, her eyes heavy with exhaustion. She rubbed her temples, sipping coffee, avoiding both of us.

I stared at the ceiling, silent.

Trevor chuckled faintly behind the curtain. "Best nurse in the world."

"Quiet," she muttered, but her smile was audible.

I closed my eyes.

The curtain swayed gently in the vent's breath, whispering the truth I didn't want but couldn't escape.

I had lost her.

And all I could do was lie in this bed, pretending I still mattered.

The curtain stood tall, white, flimsy, eternal.

The line between her world and mine....

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