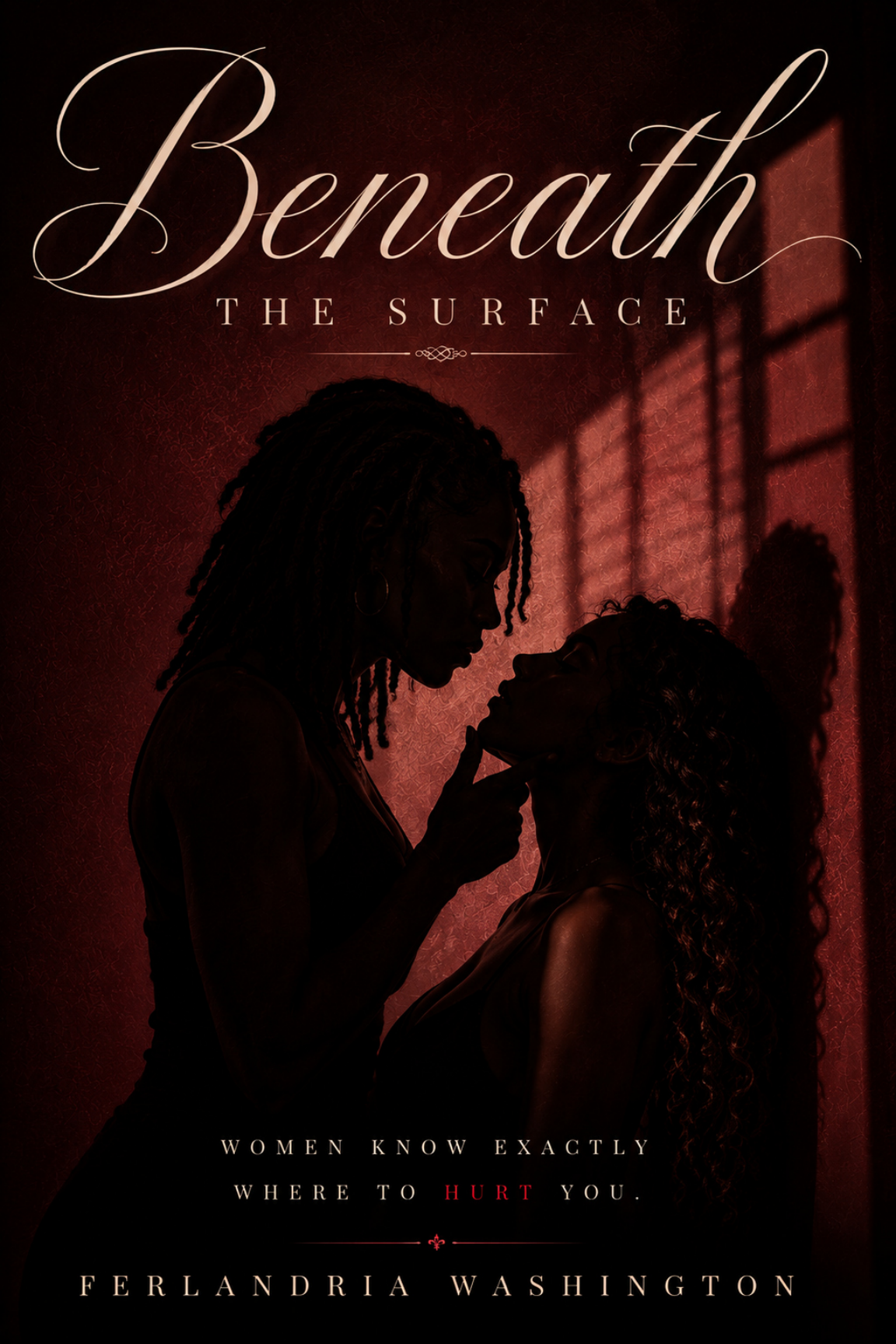
Beneath

THE SURFACE



WOMEN KNOW EXACTLY
WHERE TO HURT YOU.

FERLANDRIA WASHINGTON

CHAPTER ONE

It wasn't long before I realized I'd been sitting at the green light, staring at my phone. A loud honk snapped me out of it and I quickly hit the gas, my mind still spinning from what I saw. Somehow, I had landed on my ex's page she had a new girl now and actually seemed happy. Good. I'm happy for her... I think.

I shake it off and focus on the road. Work awaits. Being a real estate agent was one of the best decisions I've ever made. I drive my dream car a Mercedes Benz AMG GLE ,I own two properties, and I'm single. It's quiet, but I've grown to like it. I head into the office to prep for a client's closing: a married couple expecting their first baby. From the last showing, the wife didn't seem thrilled about it. Her energy lingered in my mind.

I fill out the last few documents and head out to grab their housewarming gift. It might sound odd, but I study my clients. I observe their style, interests, and home habit it helps me pick thoughtful gifts. I always say: if you don't know what to get, choose something functional. So I went with a nice dish set and a Ninja smoothie maker. Safe and sweet.

I pull up to the property and park. I fix my appearance in the mirror one thing about real estate, you sell you first. I step out, unlock the door, and head to the kitchen, placing the gifts on the counter. A bow, a breath, and a quiet moment of pride. Another closing in the books. Still, underneath the surface... I'm drained. And sexually fucking frustrated. I haven't had sex in months. After my last breakup, I swore off it. It felt like sex always led to chaos. But lately... the tension's building.

I hear a car door shut and peek out. It's the Hills, finally. Well..just her. No husband in sight.

Excited, I step to the door and welcome her.

"Hey, Ms. Hill," I smile, motioning toward the kitchen. "I got you guys a little housewarming gift."

"Thanks," she says softly, her voice flat.

I feel the tension wrap around us like thick air. I gently hand her the key.

"Is Mr. Hill not coming?" I ask, trying to keep my tone light.

“No,” she replies, eyes cast down. “He said he had something else he needed to do.”

Damn. Something more important than closing on your first home with your pregnant wife?

Like she heard my thoughts, tears start falling before she can even speak.

“I’m just so exhausted,” she says, wiping her face. “Like yes, this is everything I thought I wanted, but why do I feel so fucking empty and alone? I’m married... for God’s sake.”

I try to reassure her, offering excuses he should be giving her himself. But deep down, we both know it’s bullshit.

“He’s always like this. Leaves me to do everything. I cook, I clean, I play therapist, pornstar ..fuck, I feel used. Dirty.”

“Maybe it’ll get better now, with the new house...” I offer, even though I don’t believe it.

“Honey, that’s when it gets worse,” she mutters, dropping her keys on the counter.

She exhales deeply, like she’s been holding it all in for years.

“I thought marrying him would heal the little girl in me, you know? The one who always felt like she wasn’t enough. Get married, buy a home, have kids... that’s the dream, right?”

I nod, but my chest tightens.

“But it’s a fucking joke. Nothing about this makes me happy. It makes me feel even lonelier. And now I’m bringing a baby into it and I already know I’ll be doing it alone.”

I hesitate, then blurt, “Why get pregnant?”

She sighs.

“Because I thought it would make him see me. Make him feel how much I love him. But ever since I’ve been pregnant, he doesn’t touch me. It’s like... the thrill is gone.”

“Maybe he just doesn’t want to hurt the ba ”

She cuts me off.

“He doesn’t give a fuck about that. Men fuck animals, honey. If he’s not getting it from me, he’s getting it from someone else.”

“So... you think he’s cheating?”

“I know he is,” she says, without hesitation. "I have proof."

End of sample