

They Dumped Me

For someone who can barely keep a two-person relationship going, this article might seem crazy, but here's my take on the highs and lows of being part of a throuple, if you will. It ended pretty awkwardly, but for what it was, I wouldn't change much except being dumped. I believe the throuple dynamic can work, but it requires maturity, honesty, and understanding. That's not something most people can handle, and for once, people got it right.

He, Her, and Me

There are moments in life that make you reflect on your decisions, and looking back, all I can say is that I was going through a mental crisis over a short man. In a perfect world, that should land you in prison, but sadly, I'm still out and about. Before I go on, I must clarify that everyone in this relationship knew each other. This isn't that kind of story. It started hot and heavy because, in my weakness, the man was gorgeous to me and had incredible, magnetic sex. But it wasn't just about that; we knew each other as people. His girlfriend was stunning, kind of like an ethereal beauty, and I wanted her as well. Unfortunately, that never happened.

Rules and Hearts

We were more than just a couple, and although we didn't set strict rules, we established boundaries in our unconventional relationship. Boundaries that varied for each of us. It developed without emotional attachments, which often made things awkward and led to confusion. Essentially, as long as no romantic feelings arose, we could sustain the relationship. We probably agreed on this early, and a strong friendship supported it. When sex entered the picture, it brought a new level of intensity. Honestly, I can't fully describe this connection. I generally don't support dating shorter men, but I felt more hypnotized than I did on acid.

To Be Her

Eventually, the excitement faded. To maintain boundaries. My emotions grew stronger, making it hard. I had a huge crush on her but was in love with her boyfriend, who loved her. After watching 'My Best Friend's Wedding' repeatedly, I realized I wouldn't win him; he was shorter, which seemed like the prize I wanted. Does that make me shameful? Despite my feelings, I kept going, believing I could handle it. It was a terrible mistake when he suddenly ended things. I didn't see it coming, or at least not how it truly was. He called to say they needed to focus on their relationship, just the two of them. This was after we all discussed making the relationship more intimate with the three of us. We made plans, then they dumped me.

Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow

Yes, I know I'm the fool in this story, but being dropped by two people at once really makes you see yourself differently. I won't lie. It affected me, but I came out not smarter, but less stupid. It's the little things. I didn't think it would end with all of us getting married. My delusion was that I was mature and flexible enough to be part of something so emotional and pretend it was nothing. All relationships need a strong emotional bond to thrive truly. But despite my heartbreak, their relationship eventually ended when she broke up with him.