

Present / Future

Clare We did it, I mean, we actually did it. Oh my god, I can't believe we actually fucking did it! I've never been a 'love at first sight' kind of girl, I'm still not, really. But when he asked, I couldn't believe it, I...

I love the way he looks at me when he's like this, there's something... I don't know, animalistic about it. He wants me, I know he wants me, and I want him.

I know what everyone is thinking, we rushed in, we didn't think about it, we've made a mistake. Well you know what, fuck them! We love each other. We made a decision; this is what we want. I could see it in everyone's faces, not that there were many faces there. His folks seemed happier about it than mine, but what's new.

God those kisses. Don't stop kissing me. I never want you to stop kissing me. I can taste the alcohol on his breath as he kisses me and it has never turned me on more. His tongue inside my mouth. His arms pulling me in close. His hands all over me. I can feel his whole body tensing, trying to control himself, trying not to rush this. This is important, this will be our first time like this. We want to remember it. We want to remember. We want it. We want it. I want it. I can't believe it.

"You don't even know where you're going to be living yet." That's all my mum could think about. She couldn't just let me be happy, let us be happy. She couldn't just grin and bare it, and be happy for us for one fucking day. "I don't care where I gonna live mum, I just know I want live with him for the rest of my life!" (*Pause.*) Don't get me wrong, I'm not delusional. I am aware of the practicality of everything, and I was... I am shitting myself about where we are gonna live but, was that really the moment to start that conversation, again. No. Just stop it, just stop.

Don't stop, please don't stop. Please. Just take it off! Just take it off! Come on!...Fuck it, I'll do it myself. (*Exhales.*) I've never wanted to feel your body against mine so much. (*Smiling.*) I love the way he stares at my breasts for the first time. I feel like a... like I could do anything, like I could ask him for anything. Tell me what to do. Tell me what you want me to do. Or maybe I should be in charge. Should I ask? Should I say?

I've tried talking to him about it, I have. He just says, "it'll be fine, we'll find a way, stop worrying." I can't help but worry though! He's the most optimistic person I know. It's great...sometimes. But you can't live off of optimism. Positive thinking will only get you so far. I need a plan; I need to be reassured that he's at least thinking about it too. He doesn't seem to realise this; he doesn't seem to realise I need to know what we're going to do about where we're going to live, where we're going to work, how we're going to raise money, how we're going to survive! Sometimes it's as if he doesn't know me at all. Does he not know what I need?

How does he always know what I want? There's nothing more attractive than looking at a man, standing in front of you naked, knowing that he wants you.

Knowing, that he knows, that you want him back. But also that he is still only asking. He wants it, but he waits for the nod, he waits for the permission. There's nothing sexier than watching him get turned on simply by the thought of touching you. He's not the biggest I've seen, but that's not always a bad thing. I never wanted anyone more.

I know he gets me. I know that. But it's just like...he doesn't. Is it me? Am I being ridiculous? Am I wanting to much? Why won't he just talk to me about it, surely he feels the same way? Maybe he doesn't. Maybe he hasn't thought. Maybe he doesn't even care. Does he like living like this? Is that how he wants us to live? Maybe I don't know him as well as I think. Maybe we did rush into it, maybe we should have waited. Oh god.

Oh god, oh god, oh god yes. I don't know why but it always feels...so...good...when he does it under the covers. It's... it's like there's no one actually there and I'm... oh god... just feeling it by myself. Don't stop. Don't stop. Please. Oh god, come up and kiss me.

Oh god, oh god, what have I done? What have we done? What are we going to do? I can't live like this, I can't live here, like this in his parent's house. I need a place of my own, I need a home. I need security. We can't live month to month, week to week, not knowing what's going to happen. Oh god, I can't breathe, I can't breathe.

Oh my god...I can't breathe...I'm...I'm about to... His hands feel so strong. Grabbing at my body while he goes down on me. I feel his hands grabbing my flesh, more than I would normally like, but I know he likes it, and knowing that he does makes me like it. The little bits of fat I would normally try to hide from, I now want him to touch. I don't want any of my body to go untouched tonight. I can feel his mouth, his tongue. I still can't fully see him, but I can feel him. His hands, his fingers... I can see them now. The band on his finger as he grabs at my breasts. I can't help but smile seeing it, seeing it catch the light as he squeezes them harder. (*Inhale.*) I can taste myself on his lips. I like it. Is that weird? I don't care, I like it. I can feel him against me as he kisses me. My hands running down his back. Christ I love.

Kids. What about kids? Oh my god we've never even talked about it! I can't, I can't do it. I don't want them. They smell. They need feeding. They need looking after. They're expensive! I won't love it, I won't, I will only resent it for destroying my life, for destroying my body. I don't want them! (*Pause.*) What if he does? What if he says he does? What do we do, I don't want them, I've never wanted them, I just can't do it. Even if he says he doesn't, how does he know, what if he changes his mind? What if he says no to please me, thinking I might change my mind, but then 5, 10, 15 years down the line. Boom! Baby! I can't do this, I can't. I'm shaking. I'm so scared I'm actually shaking.

He's shivering. Every time. Every time he first feels my fingers around his cock. I like it that he shivers. I like to think it means it's still exciting for him. He's still getting bigger in my hand. His breathing isn't as controlled any more. God I just want him to

make love to me. No, no don't make love to me. I want you to fuck me. It feels so good. He feels so good. His cock feels so good. I love that stupid fucking grin. That stupid fucking grin he gives me when I touch his cock. He loves it when I touch him.
(*Inhale*).

I can't do it. I can't do it I can't do it I can't do it I can't do it. Everyone was right. We didn't think. We've made a mistake. We should have taken...we should have thought...we shouldn't have done this. We need... we need to.... We need to talk. We need to talk.

(*Inhales.*) That first push. That first thrust. It makes me... It makes me... I feel so close to him. I... I... What's he doing? This is different. I... what's wrong?

(*Exhale.*) Thank god. He doesn't want them. Oh god, I almost died. I don't need to worry. I can't believe he actually wants to talk about all this. He's... I love him.

That's better. This will get him back on track. That's it. Watch me. Watch me fuck you. Watch my breast as I... No, that's not right. Why can't I... What's wrong? Don't you like it? I thought you... This is meant to be our wedding night for Christ sake. Don't you find me.... What's wrong with me?

I love him so much. I can't believe I'm married to such an amazing, loving, caring human being. I hope this never ends.

Yeah? You like that? You like it? You owe me for this. I want to feel you finish. But you owe me. You. Owe. Me. Promise.

I love you.

Blackout.