

Wedding Night

A drabble by CarolK

"Goodnight, Laura."

"You were serious? Separate bedrooms?"

"That is what I promised."

"I didn't think you meant it. This isn't how I envisioned our wedding night, Stefan."

"We married solely to allow me the absurd irony of adopting my own son."

"I didn't marry to become a nun."

"Nor I, a monk. We both must sacrifice."

"I could annul..."

"We must remain married!"

"So, fuck me."

"Laura!"

"Pretend I'm your whore."

"You're my wife."

"Real marriage or no marriage, Stefan. Your choice."

"I surrender. Are you coming?"

"Several times I hope. I love you, Stefan."

"And I love you, Laura."

The End