

WRJ261 Portfolio

Castle Rin Naqvi

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(2919 words)

MOONLIGHTING

“Michael, how do I look?” I find myself asking for the third time. My love shoots me a glance and a one-sided twitch that could almost be mistaken for a smile and says “Lovely, as always, Darling.” I stole a two second glance away from the lion shaped cufflinks, how dare I? Wearing a black cocktail dress, one tailored to not show too much cleavage, I do look lovely. Then why not lust onto virtuous entertainment. I’m standing right here. Isn’t the woman supposed to take longer? Doesn’t the man finish first?

I take a step back and look at the “scenery”, my scenery, my life is here, in this caricature. The curtains are a deep red, the colour of fresh blood and it’s easy to hide stains. I don’t know why there’d be stains on the curtains though. The carpet matches, of course. Jesus is here, he’s everywhere, looking at me. Strung up, barely clothed, and spiked into the cross. I wonder if he had abs like that back in Biblical times or does the Church secretly wish he did. Maybe they want to envision an attractive man penetrating their soul, rather than an ugly one. I don’t blame them, I like to look at the son of God, I like to talk to him.

Behind me is the kitchen, I see it in my dreams at this point. I can picture its layout exactly without even looking, there should be a big wooden spoon left out on the counter but apart from that, the counters are clear, not a single scratch upon them, this time royal blue with accents of gold. Not a combination I would choose but then again, I don’t know what it’s like to feel small.

I do a little twirl. Knew it. I should put that spoon away.

“What was that for?” He says.

“I’m just so happy” I smile.

"Come on" He rolls his eyes at me. "The taxi is here."

My face is frozen, my cheeks sore. I let out a little noise some people might find cute, in fact I've practised it. A high-pitched half moan half giggle sort of sound I've heard other girls make. No reaction though, I'll try again later.

Michael expects to be drinking tonight, that's why another man is opening the door for me. Staring out the window, at the city lights, I can pretend I'm flying. The driver is old and balding and skinny and short. He's playing a song I've never heard, it's not very good. Michael's sitting next to me, I wonder if he's looking at me at all. I catch little peeks of his reflection in the glass in moments when the lights don't hit it. He isn't. It's a little chilly out.

We arrive at the party fashionably early, I guess, there's not a lot of people here yet. I say "party" it's a work thing, I'm honestly not sure why businessmen have events like this, it must just be an excuse to drink and show off their big gold watches and their big pulsing egos. I'm glad we're early.

I don't want to talk to anyone yet but here comes the inevitable as Michael gestures for a man and a woman to come over to us.

"Michael!" says Man "So good to see you! Is this the wife?"

I tilt my head to the side and smile and freeze in time.

"Ha, yes, this is her. We're coming up on 2 months now aren't we darling?" says Michael.

I nod and giggle a little, I have a feeling I'm not a part of the conversation.

"2 Months, you're living the dream, try 8 years!" Man laughs. Michael laughs too but I don't know why. It's kind of funny to watch his little act. He's pointing at his watch now. Wow, look at the time, can't you tell my penis is huge?

I stop listening and look at Woman, she's a lot younger than Man, or, she looks a lot younger at least. Men don't really care about how old they look, I think. She isn't looking at me and she isn't looking at our husbands. I wonder what she's thinking about. I wonder if that's me from the future.

I'm taken away from her as Michael taps my shoulder and says he's going to "Network" and that I should "have fun". I'm not the sort of wife you show off to your coworkers. I look back and Woman is gone, attached to Man again.

Time to go to the bathroom. I was looking forward to it. Bathrooms at these places are always so fancy, like last time there was a couch, and I was a fiancé. No couch this time but it is pretty, it's decorated in a coral pink colour with black marble. I look into the mirror and see myself; I see my potential. My dress makes me modest; my hair makes me feminine, my eyes make me allure, my face makes me

"Gorgeous"

A man's voice interrupts my thought, great. Wait-

"Um... I think this is the women's bathroom, sir" I say.

"Oh shit, you're right I'm sorry, I assumed they were all neutral." He replies, the tone of his voice makes me think he's not a total weirdo.

"You do look gorgeous though, are you here with someone?" he says, unmoving.

I'm thinking.

"Yeah, I'm with a friend."

"I figured that must be the case, that or you're a new hire." He smiles at me.

"No I... I'm not smart enough for a job like this." I tell him.

"I highly doubt that." He replies, "Most of the new guys that have joined me are complete idiots" He laughs a little, I make that noise I practised.

"What's your name?" He asks, never breaking eye contact.

"Mary."

"Beautiful"

"What's yours?"

"Luke"

Luke steps towards the door, but he can't be leaving. Who leaves right after introducing himself? Or am I just that unappealing. I'm looking at the floor then at the mirror at myself again over and over, like an upbeat song or heavy breathing and I hear the click of a lock. Oh, I see. He's still here.

My legs begin to shake, it's not cold in here but I can't make them stop. He smiles a little, but wide enough that I can see the sharpness of his teeth. I find myself staring at them for a little too long as he steps closer to me, and I nearly crumble into dust.

I can't place how I'm feeling, I can't understand it. The lights on the ceiling of the bathroom warp his shadow, making him taller, bigger, pointier against the wall behind him. It's almost like a creature following him then following me. He's here.

"Can you feel that?" He asks. I'm not sure what he-

"Oh!" I let out. I do feel it, a growing hard feeling pressing against me. I study how it feels as it grows in size and moves upwards until it stops. Oh my god, that's not what I rehearsed, what an annoying little noise I make. Why do I make it so obvious? His eyes are staring at mine, while mine stare at the shadow's. I can feel them.

He takes my hand and I am hyper-aware of the structure, his hand is boney but the bones are big. His hand envelops mine. A tight grip yet there's a sense of comfort from the feeling. His hand is telling my hand that I should listen to my own desire.

I wonder if the name Luke is short for something. Is it? Lucas maybe. Lu... Luc

The sound of metal clanking takes me out of my thought. My eyes lock back in and they are drawn back to his hands. I have one. The other is busy.

I watch as his fingers intertwine with the strap of his belt as he unbuckles it. My mouth is dry, too dry, I hope it's not worse because it's dry, I'm saying dry too much I can't tell if it's a real word anymore.

I guess he can sense my emotions as I hear him say, "You can just watch, if you want."

"No! I- I want to join in. I just.. I've never.." He lets go of my hand.

"Aren't you married?" He cuts me off.

"Yeah but," I pause for a second "We don't do anything like that."

"What a waste."

I don't remember telling him I was married.

He looks right into me again, with his tea-coloured eyes, brown with a hint of spice. He lets out a giggle, exposing me to his sharp teeth once more. He has such a strange yet beautiful face. I want him. I want him to bite me with those fangs.

I'm lifted onto the counter where the sinks are. Luke's hands reach underneath my dress, slowly pulling them apart. He grabs onto my underwear, pulling them off of me. Wait, which pair did I wear today? None of mine are really that fancy but maybe that would be a secret sort of fun. He reveals a pair of plain white briefs. Ah... of course.

He focuses back onto his own body and lowers his already unbuckled trousers, revealing his penis. I've never seen one before, not in person. I look at things online, obviously, I have to somehow. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a condom.

"Um..." I blurt out, "I can't get pregnant so... we don't really need-"

"You want it raw?" He says, cutting me off again, I wonder how he sees me. Before I have the chance to reply he lets out another little laugh. I guess he approves.

He steps closer to me, and I can feel him pressed against me again, only this time there's nothing between us. He whispers something I can't make out as he pushes himself inside of me.

It hurts a little, though that's normal right. It hurts. It feels good. It hurts. It feels amazing. I can't contain my breath. I lean closer to him, needing something to grab onto. I hold onto his torso; it's moving to a rhythm.

I didn't know a person could feel like this, this rush of pleasure and energy. I'm learning too, about what my insides feel like. I'm learning there's a sweet spot that he keeps hitting that feels like when you're on a rollercoaster right before the drop, over and over again.

I grab onto his hair and pull and push and twist, the gel still in from when he meticulously prepared for the party making it stand up in sort of spikes. I make two big vague spikes on the upper sides of his head, like dog ears. That's fun too.

"Woof." He barks. I can feel my burning hot cheeks turn into a smile.

This whole time I haven't been looking at him, I realise. I look upwards towards his eyes, and they are staring right into mine, like they have been this whole time. I try not to look away again but it's hard to not be embarrassed at the sensory hurricane I'm going

through. He's getting faster, it's hard to catch my breath. My head feels clouded, I can't think straight, all I can think about is the feeling.

I break eye contact again, it's too piercing. I look back at his shadow, it's moved a big now we're against the sinks. It distorts a little, where the floor and the wall meet. It looks even taller, elongated, with the spikes that I added also being stretched taller. It's funny it looks almost like-

He starts thrusting harder, I can't. I don't. What was I

I let out a little squealing sound, I think, I think that was me. He presses his hand on my lower abdomen, he knows. That's the spot that's right where it feels like the rides at the funfair. It getting pressed from both sides at this speed makes me feel like I'm going to explode, and I do.

I win, I guess? Good for me, I was wrong, the man doesn't always finish first, but he quickly follows. It fills me up, like piping a cake with buttercream in the centre. I feel sweet.

I want to keep doing this, forever.

My wife has been acting strange.

I always thought of her as a true God-fearing girl. But perhaps my love had blinded me from what was growing inside of her.

I took her to the work party out of courtesy, she insisted. I'm starting to suspect there were hidden motives behind her insistence, though. She hasn't been the same since. We separated for a while and God knows she would have nothing in common with any of my colleagues, so I'm at a loss at what she could have possibly been doing.

It bothered me, especially after a while, people started to notice my darling wife was nowhere to be seen. I couldn't stand it. I can't stand it even now.

It's almost as if she's been replaced by an inferior clone, it looks like my Mary, but Jesus, the way she talks... She might as well be a whore.

Just got back from today's Sunday Service, Mary didn't come with me.

Said she “wasn’t feeling well.” That’s bullshit, in all honesty she’s never looked better than she has in the past few weeks. She never bothered to look this good for me, that’s for sure.

Is she cheating on me? She has to be. Despite her blonde hair glowing and her skin as smooth as ever I can smell the disgusting aura of sin leaking from them. I’ve tried to talk to her about her... issues. But she denies it all, lying to my, her HUSBAND’S face.

Father Daniel noticed my demeanour this morning. Plus, it’s no doubt all those pathetic saggy titted women noticed Mary wasn’t there. I’m sure I was the centre of attention for those wastes of air. Anyway, Father said I could speak to him about my troubles anytime. Honestly as much as I have faith in the Lord, everyone says Father Daniel can be a little extreme. I heard last month he tried to cast out the “demon” from some crazy old man, he died. Now, I can appreciate devotion, but I think the poor man just had dementia or something. I heard it was a closed casket funeral after that haha... I refused his offer.

That fucking whore, she got back from work today after me this time.

Oh, yeah, she “works” now. Something I choose to ignore, for my own sake. As if she couldn’t emasculate me anymore than she already does, parading herself around like a common street walker. Anyway, she got back and the state of her! Her hair was a mess, her lipstick smudged at the corners.

I saw her glance at the Son. She smirked at him, I know, I saw it. The Mary I married would never even think to disgrace the Lord like this.

“Mary.” I speak out.

“What is it?” She replies, what about ““Yes, Michael?”” or dare I say, ““Yes, Darling?””. No, no too much to ask for my wife to speak to me with respect.

“Who is it you wear *Crimson Climax* for?” I ask, revealing the lipstick in my hand.

“For myself,” She lies, “I just want to feel prettier, Michael”.

“For who? Who needs you to be prettier, you’re already my wife.”

“I just sai-“ She’s interrupting me.

“FOR WHO?” I reiterate. “There is NO need for you to go make a fool out of yourself and out of me. You are MY wife; you have to please ME.”

“I’m not making a fool out of you, Michael. I just want to feel pretty at the office, there’s other women there, they wear makeup”.

“And these women, Mary, are whores.” I state.

“But how can I be a whore, Michael? We’re married and we’ve never even-“ How dare she talk back to me this way.

“Who would want to touch a woman that can’t do her job as one!”

Those words seemed to shut her up.

I spoke to Father Daniel today; I couldn’t take it anymore.

A weight has been lifted from my heart. I don’t know why I took so long to reach out to him. He says it’s not my Mary, Mary is pure and kind-hearted. He says she’s being targeted by something evil because of her purity.

As I watch her make dinner in our home, I notice the crosses and signs of the Lord don’t phase her. But now I realise, it’s because of Mary, her vessel, it’s free from sin and so, the Devil is shielded by her. That’s why it taunts and smirks and defiles him so.

“Mary, darling?” I ask nicely.

“Yes, Michael? What is it?” It charmingly responds.

“There’s a fundraiser at the Church on Monday night, would you please come with me? Everyone would love to see you.”

“Um...” She seems apprehensive.

“It’s for a good cause, everyone will be there; the neighbours, our friends, my boss.”

“I can come.” She quickly responds. “Do I need to bring anything? If it’s a fundraiser maybe I can bake something.”

“No no, there’s no need” I conclude. “Just bring yourself that’s all they need”.

I smile at the devil in the form of my wife.

She'll come back to me, Monday night.

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