

# The Promise

by Jay Faulkner

The moment they had been building to came and, breathless, they stared at each other. His bright jade eyes, unblinking; hers - deep brown — filled with wonder. The sheen of moisture that coated their skin was the only thing that separated them now — a translucent barrier; two bodies, literally, become one. He sighed and she felt him; she tightened and his eyes widened. Conjoined - her hardened nipple brushing, softly, against him, his chest hair caressing her skin like a thousand hungry lovers' fingers — the perfect moment lasted eternity.

As the tension left their bodies, limbs entwined in a crushing embrace, she bit her lip, brow furrowed. Barely moving, not wanting the sensations to end, he leant forwards and brushed a kiss against her forehead. "Are you ok?" He whispered, mouth dry.

"Yes, but ..." she released her grip from his back as she reached down, her hand sliding between them.

"What?"

"It hurt." She winced as she reached the point where the gap between them became nothing; where he ended and she began. Holding up her hand she stared at the crimson fingertips. "I'm bleeding."

"Don't worry," he whispered through another kiss. "Trust me, that's normal ..."

"Hang on," she stared at him, eyes suddenly narrowed. "You said it was your first time too!"

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“Your first time?”

“...yeah.” She cleared her throat, making the answer audible, “Yeah, we're getting matching ones.”

“Don't worry; it only hurts for a second ...” Pinching the lip of skin above the navel, with her purple-latex covered finger and thumb, the dark haired woman smiled as she fixed the small clamp in place; the girl shivered as the cold metal squeezed tight. “Or so the saying goes.”

“Is it true?”

Reaching into the autoclave the woman pulled out a long, sharp needle. Adjusting the clamp, slightly, she pressed the tip to the fold of skin as the knuckle of her little finger rested against the dent of the bellybutton. Without warning she forced it up, and through, the folded skin; the tissue tore with a whisper of protest. The girl's body stiffened, her head thrown back and back arched, as a groan escaped her clenched teeth. The woman looked up at her, blood running down the shaft to stain her fingers. “No, it isn't. Sorry.”

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“Sorry? You lied to me!”

“I didn't,” he stuttered, “not really. It didn't count, she didn't mean anything ...”

“Oh that's great!” She slapped his chest, leaving a trail of red against his skin where he fingers impacted. “Your fuckin' virginity grew back because she didn't mean anything?”

“No, I mean, yes ...”

“Thank fuck I didn't let you talk me into matching tattoos,” she barked, “instead of those stupid piercings.”

“You said you liked the idea,” he protested, his arms cramping as he tried to hold himself above her. “Like promise rings.”

“Yeah, well I liked the idea of it being our first time together, too,” she retorted as she reached up and started to push him off her. “Owwww!”

“What's wrong?”

“... get off me.”

“Hang on ...”

“Stop! It hurts!”

Breathless, they stared at each other. His eyes guilty and hers filled with pain. The sweat that coated his body was starting to reek and he felt himself shrivelling under her gaze as he slipped out of her. He sighed and she pushed him; she tightened and his eyes widened. Conjoined - her inflamed nipple rubbing, angrily, against him, his chest hair irritating her skin like a thousand biting ants — the moment seemed to never end.

Tension filled their bodies, limbs trapped in a cloying embrace, and she bit her lip, brow furrowed. Barely moving, not wanting the

sensations to worsen, he leant forwards and brushed his lips against her ear. "Are you ok?" He whispered, mouth dry.

"No, it's ..." she released her grip from his back as she reached down, her hand sliding between them.

"What?"

"Oh fuck," she winced as she reached the point where the gap between them became nothing; where he ended and she began. Her fingers grasped the rings that pierced their navels; that had held a promise and connected them. Now, the surgical steel tangled, his into hers, connected literally. Holding up her hand she stared at the crimson fingertips, "... we're stuck."

