

Please

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Tales of the Forgotten Audio Fiction Network

INT. TASHA BEDROOM

TASHA

Fuck Me.

TASHA (V.O.)

The day had been long, tiring, and filled with too many reminders of things I couldn't seem to forget.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I closed my eyes, narrowing my focus to the man behind me. I pressed my hands against the wall, pushing my ass back against him... I realized I didn't remember his name, but I also didn't care as his work calloused hands roughly covered my breasts and squeezed, making me moan. The scratch of stubble on his chin made the sensation of his open mouth against my neck hotter.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I shamelessly rubbed my ass against the bulge I could feel frustratingly confined in his jeans.

TASHA

C'mon, fuck me.

TASHA (V.O.)

But he kept making me wait. His teeth on my ear made me shiver. My moan was loud and sharp when he put his hand between my legs and pressed his finger against my clit. I was wet, ready, and he took advantage when he slid his thick finger inside of me. He added another and I cried out, rocking against his hand.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I was one of the rare, lucky women with how sensitive I was. His fingers inside me felt so good and I wanted more. I needed more. I wanted to be so swallowed up I could think about anything else.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I turned my head so I could catch his mouth, our kiss messy and heated, broken apart by the sounds I kept making as he fucked me with his fingers. I was close... so close... and when the heel of his palm pressed against my clit I shattered and came hard.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He didn't let me get my breath and I liked it that way. It was the reason I picked him out of the others. He pulled his fingers out of me and put me where he wanted, turning me around and pushing me back onto the bed. I caught his gaze as I scooted back on the mattress and opened my legs in clear invitation.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He finally, finally, got his pants off in a hurry, his dark eyes raking over me, as tangible as any touch. He crawled between my legs, and I closed my eyes in delight when he I felt he slide in side me. I wrapped my arms around him, gripping his back against the shirt he still wore. I liked the feeling of him partially clothed while I was naked. He gave me what I wanted now, fucking me hard, overwhelming me with sensation. I turned my head to one side, closing my eyes.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
And for a horrible, heartbreaking moment memories interfered with the present and it was Nick moving inside of me. Nick's breath against my neck.

LOVER  
(concerned)  
Tasha?

TASHA (V.O.)  
It took me a moment to come out of the memory and when I did, I realized I could feel the cool wetness of tears on my cheek. Fuck.

LOVER  
 (concerned,  
 breathless)  
 Did I hurt you?

TASHA (V.O.)  
 I couldn't look at him.

TASHA  
 Finish or get off.

TASHA (V.O.)  
 He was taken aback. I could feel the way he tensed above me, torn between the choices I'd given him. I felt bad for a moment, but I didn't have anymore space for another emotion. Not today. The least I could do is give him a choice.

TASHA  
 Finish. Or get off.

TASHA (V.O.)  
 At first he didn't move. Then, I felt his weight. He would finish. I closed my eyes again, tried to refocus on the fact that he did feel good inside of me, but the moment was lost. He wasn't Nick. And goddes fucking kill me already, Nick, my very dead husband, was all I wanted.

TASHA  
 It didn't take him long. He rolled off when he was finished, and I got up immediately, walking into the bathroom to clean myself off.

INT. BATHROOM

LOVER  
 (getting dressed)  
 Tasha... did I do something-

TASHA  
 No. You were fine, thanks. Your payment is on the table downstairs.

TASHA (V.O.)  
 I always insisted on paying them for their time.

(MORE)

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
What I wanted from them wasn't personal, it was an exchange, and even though I knew they enjoyed themselves too, I still made sure they took the payment. There wouldn't be a second time if they didn't.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I waited until I heard the sound of his retreating footsteps before I turned on the shower, washing him off. I lingered, because who didn't enjoy a scalding hot shower when you were emotionally and mentally fucked up.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
When I finally did get out of the shower, I wiped off the fog on the bathroom mirror and stared at my reflection. Streaks of gray here and there. I touched the ugly scar that started at the top of my right eyebrow and ran down my cheek. A scar I'd gotten trying to protect my son. Trying to protect my husband. I'd failed at both.

TASHA  
(sigh)  
Shit.

TASHA (V.O.)  
I need to keep busy, keep moving, but there were no jobs tonight. And since fucking was out of the question, there was nothing left for me to do but get drunk and pass out.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I belted an old robe around myself and went downstairs.

INT. SUNROOM

TASHA (V.O.)  
I grabbed a bottle of moonshine, Cody, from down the street made. I didn't bother with a glass, just popped the top and took it out into my sun room.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
The night was warm, the sky was clear. Faintly I could hear the noise of the community. I drank. Swig after swig, staring at nothing. Trying to think of nothing. It didn't work. Instead it got so bad, the peaceful sounds of community became the desperate screams of my son.

INSERT: FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM

SAM  
(panicked)  
MOM! DAD! HELP! HELP ME!

TASHA  
I can't get the fucking door - Nick!  
Nick, help me! Hang on, Sam. Hang on!

NICK  
What the hell is going on?

TASHA  
The fucking door, Nick, help me!

SFX: Ramming into a door.

SAM  
No! No! Stop! oh my god, don't! MOM!  
MOM!!!!  
(screams in pain)

SFX: Tearing into flesh. Choking on blood.

TASHA  
NO! NO! Sam hang on! Just hang on  
baby, we're coming! I'm coming!

SFX: The door is busted wildly open

NICK  
Oh my god. Oh my god. Tasha what the  
fuck... what the fuck is that.

TASHA  
Move! Nick, get out of the way!

NICK

Oh my god!  
(screams)

SFX: Gunshots. Creature screaming. Sound of a struggle. More gunshots.

TASHA

(physically hurt)  
Sam... Sam... baby... baby wake up.  
C'mon baby wake up.

(frantic now, crying)  
I'm here... I killed it, Sam, I  
killed it. Wake up baby, please,  
please wake up.

(crying)  
Nick, he won't wake up. Nick help me,  
goddamit! Oh god no, Nick. Nick! Nick  
get up! Not both of you, not you both  
of you...

(anguished scream)

EVIE

Tasha, Tasha c'mon love wake up. It's  
just a bad dream.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SUNROOM

SFX: Empty bottle hitting the floor.

TASHA (V.O.)

(gasps, coming awake  
violently)

SFX: For a beat, just the sound of Tasha's heavy breathing,  
faint sounds of the community. Nature sounds.

TASHA

Fuuuuck.

TASHA (V.O.)

I buried my face in my hands. I could  
hear Evie's voice still, coaxing me  
out of my reoccurring nightmare.  
She'd done it a few times before and  
remembering the sound of her voice  
helped calm me down.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'd see her in the morning. Her, Joseph, and Marie. My crew. My new family or sorts, I guessed. They were strong, and...

(laughing sadly)

...really good at handling me, actually. I dropped my hands looking down at the bottle on the floor. Marie would be so distressed I was handling, or not handling my bullshit like this. I thought about calling them, literally all three of them but... I was so tired of them seeing me at my worst.

TASHA (V.O.) (cont'd)

I picked up the near empty bottle, and went about cleaning up the mess of spilled liquor. Like a good girl, I supposed, I didn't drink anymore I just went to bed. I laid awake for a while, silently crying, thinking of Sam. And Nick. But at least when I went to sleep this time I didn't dream about my past; I dreamed about them instead.