

In Darkness-Couples Retreat Day 3
Alice Winters

"I'm so sad today is the last day of Lane-and-Felix-are-Better-Than-Everyone Couples Retreat," I whine.

"Oh... you've renamed it," Lane says as he pulls his shoes on. "What is on today's itinerary?"

I hesitate as I stop in front of Copper to give him an ear scratching. "Stuff."

"Stuff? Have you *still* not looked at it?"

"I tried, but it was so boring. If it was like 'Weightlifting competition while naked,' I think I'd pay a little more attention," I admit. "But alas, you must keep your clothes on."

"Alas."

"Sad really."

"Devastating. It hurts my heart that you're so sad."

"Aw, thanks, babe," I say as I give his face a gentle pat. "What *could* make it better is you stripping. I promise that no one is going to say anything to you. If they do, you play the blind card. As simple as that."

"I'm not walking downstairs to a couples retreat my *sister* invited me to *naked*."

"She invited you to it naked? Ew, that's just weird."

He glares at me as I give him a perfectly innocent smile. He might not be able to see it, but he can feel it radiating off my body or something like that. Who knows? "Since you refuse to grant me my dying wish, let's go be better than everyone at everything."

He doesn't seem convinced, but he takes Copper's leash and follows me through the door. I walk over to Jenny and Robbie's room and stand in front of it. "Here's the deal, I'm going to knock, the door's going to open and you're going to grab whoever opens it and put them in a chokehold."

"I'm not putting Robbie in a chokehold," Lane says.

"But you'll put your sister in one?" I ask with a grin.

He thinks about it for a split second before nodding. "One hundred percent."

"Then just pretend Robbie is your sister as well. It'll be so sexy. Your sister normally answers anyway. She has every day so far. And I love it when you go badass and attack innocent victims. Since you refused to get naked for me, grant me this."

"Fine," he says like he's not into this amazing idea. For not wanting to do it, he's already sidled up against the wall with Copper in a sit. "I'm ready."

"Obviously," I mumble as I walk up to the door and reach out to knock, but before I can, I hear the door handle turning.

The door swings open and Lane is on them. He grabs him in a chokehold as a surprised squeal reaches the air and at that very moment, I realize it's neither Jenny nor Robbie.

"Don't kill me!" the man cries out and Lane jerks back like his hands are on fire.

"Who the hell are you?" Lane asks as I try to discreetly slip away.

Did I get the wrong room? Oh my god... I got the wrong room.

"I-I just wanted some bacon! I'm sorry!" the man cries.

"He's blind, he gets confused on how to greet people! He hit his head! Don't sue us!" I plead.

The man is horrified and wants to slam the door, but Lane's body is still in the doorway.

"Felix, I swear to god, if this is the wrong room, I'm taking all of your pets and giving them to someone you hate. Frank! I'm giving them to Frank."

"No!" I cry. "Not Frank! He called me a gnat!"

"Oh man," the recently head-locked man says. "I thought I was getting robbed."

"I am *so* sorry. I thought this was my sister's room. Please let me make it up to you."

I continue to back away before running into someone. I turn quickly, only to find Robbie and Jenny behind me.

"What's going on?" Jenny asks.

"Funny story. So Lane thought that was your guys' room and grabbed that poor man in a headlock. Hilarious, right?" I ask.

Lane turns in my direction as I slide behind Robbie and wrap my arms around his waist. "Felix, where are you?" he asks as he heads in my direction.

I remain silent as Lane takes ahold of Copper.

"Copper, find Felix," he says, and that damn traitor of a dog trots his ol' furry ass right over to me before nudging me with his muzzle like his cuteness can make up for it.

"Felix," Lane says as he reaches out and sets a hand on my shoulder.

"No, I'm Robbie," I say in the worst rendition of Robbie's voice. "Lane, don't murder me. I got confused. The doors all look the same."

"Our door's red and on the other side of the hall," Jenny helpfully supplies.

"I'm color-blind," I lie.

"I'm still stuck on the fact that you guys thought it was normal to put *anyone* in a chokehold. Like... you guys were just going to attack me?" Robbie asks.

"We're a kinky couple, Robbie! It's not our fault we have a fetish for choking innocent victims! I've heard a bit of a choking makes the penis really pop."

"And Lane wanted his sister's penis to pop?" Robbie asks.

"Yes, gosh. Look at the time! We're going to be late for class," I say as I duck away from Lane's hand and rush for the elevator. The only issue is that inside the elevator, I can't run, and Lane finds me far too quickly. He grabs *me* in a headlock.

"You made me choke some random man who was just answering his door," Lane hisses.

And that's when the elevator door opens and the people who'd been planning on hopping aboard look at the blind man choking me in concern. Oddly, they wait for the next elevator even though there's plenty of room.

Jenny stares at us. "Sometimes, I look at you guys, and I just wonder what went wrong and why you guys haven't killed each other by accident yet."

"Ah, Jenny, you poor naive soul. We're just perfect together, that's why we're still both alive, huh babe?" I say as he continues the chokehold.

"Sooo perfect," he says as dryly as he can.

I can't help but snicker. The door slides open and he finally lets go of me, but he's not done.

"You better watch your ass," he growls.

"Why? You gonna spank it?"

"I'm going to do something to it, alright. I can't believe you."

"Gosh, did I ever tell you how I much love you? Like *so* much. It's ridiculous how much. Like I'm filled to the tip top with love!"

“Must not be very much love then, you’re what? Four foot?”

“I am five foot five,” I growl.

“In your dreams.”

“Yeah, well in *your* dreams.”

“Do you know the purpose of a couples retreat?” Jenny asks.

Who does she think I am? “To be better than every other couple, of course.”

“No! To get closer!”

“Lane and I are so close you couldn’t slip a piece of paper between us, huh, babe?”

“What? I can’t hear you over the thought of my subconscious telling me that I let you talk me into choking a random man.”

“He enjoyed it!”

“He did not!”

“You don’t know that. He might have been into autoerotic asphyxiation. You might have just given him the greatest orgasm of his life.”

“Do you not see what’s concerning about any of this?”

“Hmm...” I make a show of thinking about it. “Hmm... no. Not at all.”

We walk into the room, and I’m delighted when I see easels all over with large canvases on them. I feel like they’re also the perfect opportunity for us to forget about me persuading Lane to choke a man.

“Please have a seat with your partner in front of a canvas,” Maddie, the instructor from yesterday, says. I pull Lane over to a canvas and sit down.

Once everyone’s in the room she starts the class. “Today, you’re going to be doing portraits, but instead of painting yourselves, you’re going to help each other. This way we can see how your partner imagines you. First pick who wants to be the eyes and who wants to be the hands. The person who is the eyes will help the other person draw. Do not fight against the eyes, give them full rein to draw a beautiful portrait.”

“Are you grinning?” Lane asks.

“So fucking wide,” I whisper.

“This is going to be a disaster.”

“Thanks, babe.”

Since we’re on the floor, I sit on Lane’s lap and pull the easel close. She tells us to go ahead and begin so Lane puts the paint brush in his hand. I fold my hand over his, dunk it in the paint, and guide it to the canvas.

“Are you ready?”

“Not in the slightest.”

“I’m amazing, don’t fret.”

“I’m fretting so hard right now,” he says, which just makes me snicker. I guide his hand to the canvas, immediately smearing blue paint across it.

“Eh.”

“What?”

“Nothing! It’ll be fine. Nothing that some more paint can’t cover up. Why’s your self-portrait blue?”

“You guided me over to the colors!”

“Yeah, but then you picked blue for your face, but man, if that’s what you want, I’m going with it.” I guide his hand in the worst rendition of a circle ever. “My... what a weird looking face

you have.”

He sighs. “This is going horrendously.”

I look over at Robbie, planning on making fun of him to feel better about the blueberry on my canvas, only to find him drawing an amazingly good picture. “Why is Robbie better than us?”

“He draws on the side, remember?”

“Yeah, but I thought that was a joke, like the time said that he exercised. Remember? And we just laughed and laughed.”

“It’s fine, Felix. We don’t have to be the best at everything.”

I frown. “Yes, we do! We will be judged by this. It looks like I put paint on your ass and you just scooted across the canvas!”

“I’m sure it’s fine.”

I dip the paintbrush in the black and try to make eyes, but instead, I fuck it up even worse. “NO! I just give you black holes for eyes! Lane! Help me!”

He starts laughing as he tucks his body against mine. I *do* like feeling the way his chest shakes as he laughs. “You know what? I think it looks beautiful.”

I grin. “Thanks, Lane.”

“I do consider myself quite the artist myself, and I know good art when I see it.”

With a grin, I continue to massacre the painting, but I really should get an A for effort.

“Time is up, now switch partners and painting!” she says.

So she sets the paintings to the side and puts a fresh canvas up as I slide behind Lane.

And I realize quite quickly why this will not work. “Lane, you can’t sit on my lap.”

“Why? Afraid I’ll crush you?”

“Yes!” I lie.

“Oh... wait. I know what it is. You can’t see over my back, can you? You’re too short.”

“Of course I can see!” I’m really going to struggle to see.

“Can your stubby little arms even reach the canvas?”

I bite his shoulder since I feel like there’s nothing else that I can do without verbally abusing him in front of the class and having to hear them whine to me about not abusing my boyfriend.

“Fine, evil pants, sit on my lap and crush my legs. Make it so I can never walk again, and while you’re at it, crush my very soul and spirit.”

“You’re so dramatic.”

“Thank you.”

He takes my hand and I dip it in the paint for him as he feels over the canvas. “What color is the paint?”

“Black.”

“Ooh, so I’ll start off drawing your heart then,” he says as he presses the brush to the canvas. It *is* rather hard to see what he’s drawing since being on my lap lifts him up even higher. So I just lean against him and let him work. And only help when he needs more paint. His warm hand stays wrapped around mine, and I can’t help but smile since I’m so lucky to be with a man like this one.

“And put your paintbrushes down!” Maddie says.

“I have paint all over my hand,” he says as he slides off my lap, and I set my eyes on his “masterpiece.”

“Oh. My. God.” I grab the canvas and hold it before him as Lane keeps his expression completely neutral. “You did this?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“This... portrait of *me*?”

“Yeah... honey, I can’t see it. Did I do something wrong? I really tried, but it’s hard for me to see the canvas, so I was just going off where you were guiding me.”

Everyone’s looking at me now as I stand before Lane holding a giant canvas with a huge purple penis on it. Right on the balls is the cheeriest happy face I’ve ever seen.

“You drew a penis!”

“Me?” He pretends to look around himself. “Do you really think the *blind* guy would draw a penis? Felix, I was letting you guide my hand!”

“Liar,” I hiss.

“I can’t believe you made me draw a penis! You have embarrassed me,” he says as I start laughing.

“Do you know how much more this makes me love you?” I ask.

His laughter soon joins mine. “I was just trying to make it so they don’t look at your horrible painting.”

“That’s the sweetest thing anyone’s done for me.”

“You two are disgusting,” Jenny says, which makes me laugh harder.

“The funniest thing is that Lane’s penis is painted better than Felix’s face,” Robbie says. I jab a finger at him. “No presents for you for Christmas.”

“It’s worth it,” he says.

Lane and I sit back down but snicker to ourselves as everyone else shows their loved ones their much inferior paintings as I hug my dick canvas to myself.

“I just wanted to make sure you knew we were still the best couple even if your painting skills are horrendous.”

“I’m not sure what I’ve ever done to end up with a man like you.”

“You think you’re the lucky one?” he asks.

“Alright, guys, that’s enough of this gross lovey ooey gooey love talk. No one wants to hear it,” Jenny says. “We all know my husband is the superior painter,” she says as she proudly holds the gorgeous painting before herself.

“Oh my god. He made you look better than you actually look in real life. Well done, Robbie,” I say.

Lane evilly snickers beside me. “And what about her drawing of Robbie?”

I look over at it. “She forgot to draw Robbie. She drew an alien instead.”

“I like my alien!” Robbie says as he beams at the canvas.

“Alright, next we have our time slots for the couple’s massage. What time is yours?” Jenny asks.

“No idea. Didn’t even know we were getting one.”

She sighs. “I’ll look.” She peruses her phone for a moment. “Yours is at one. We’re headed out now. Can you take our paintings up too?”

“Sure. I’m excited to get a massage.”

“Has to be better than any of your massages,” Lane says.

“You don’t like it when I let the pig walk on your back?”

“Not really.”

“Huh. News to me.”

Since we have time to kill and Lane assures me people will think it's strange to carry my pecker painting around, we take the canvases up to our room. After lunch, we head down for our allotted time.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen,” the woman says. “I'll be with you for time here. Since this is a part of the couples retreat, I'll be hands off and just guide you from the side. This will be time for you and your partner to get to understand each other on a deeper level.”

“I understand him *really* deep,” I say.

Lane snorts. The woman stares.

“In our hearts. Ew, what were you guys thinking about?”

“R-Right this way,” she says as she quickly leads us off. “In here you can go ahead and take your clothes off. There is a towel there for you to tie around your waist and a robe if you'd prefer.”

“I get to be naked?” I ask.

“What did you think, we were massaging over the clothes?” Lane asks.

“This retreat is amazing! Get them clothes off! Let my eyes feast upon your supple skin!”

His face scrunches up. “Please don't get us thrown out before I even get a single massage.”

“Of course not. I would never do that,” I say as I shut the door behind us. “Tear the clothes from my body! Free my mighty nipples!”

“If I tear your clothes, then you'll have to walk back to the room naked.”

“Shit. You're right. Let's tear your clothes,” I say as I grab his shirt and start to pull... and pull. “Urgh... why... won't... this... tear?” I cry.

“Because your idea of exercise is eating cookies while watching me lift weights.”

“I love exercising,” I say as I give up on tearing his shirt off and decide that hiding it would probably work. We strip and I go over to the towels. I grab a towel and tie it around myself before reaching past the large towels and grabbing a hand towel which I hold out to Lane.

“Thanks,” he says before realizing it's not going to cover anything. “What is this?”

“The only towels they have.”

“This can't be the only towel they have. I either have penis or ass coverage. Not both!”

“We could flip a coin. Heads is ass, tails is penis.”

“Wouldn't it be heads is penis and tails is ass?” Lane asks.

“That's true! Let me find a coin.”

“Or find the towel that was actually laid out for me.”

I don't actually get a coin before saying, “Dammit, it landed on the edge. That means you have to cover your chest and leave your head and tail hang out.”

He reaches down and picks up Copper, using his innocent body to cover his dingly danglies. “Alright, let's go.”

“You're rubbing your penis on my dog!”

Lane starts laughing. “I'm not rubbing it on him! Although... it *is* really fluffy.”

“Fine, here! Take a towel!” I say as I hand it to him. He sets Copper down who thinks the whole thing is hilarious and starts jumping around. I pull open the door and look into the eyes of the woman who I hadn't realized had been waiting for us. How much she'd heard is apparent by the horror on her face.

“He was... he wasn't... Copper enjoyed it,” I say.

“Oh my god, Felix. Who are you talking to?” Lane groans.

“R-Right this way,” the petrified woman says as she guides us into a private room with two massage tables. One has a large stuffed tiger on it and the other is empty. “One of you, go ahead and climb onto the table. I will demonstrate on my tiger here and you can follow suit with your partner.”

“Go ahead, Felix,” Lane says.

“Yes!” I say as I climb onto the table and roll to my stomach.

“So we’re going to start nice and steady,” she says before it dawns on her that Lane can’t see what she’s doing to the tiger.

“Just do what you normally do, and I’ll tell him,” I assure her.

“Okay, great!” she says, so I go about explaining what she’s doing to the stuffed animal. It feels ridiculously good and knowing that Lane can actually give me proper backrubs unlike the pig ones I give him, makes me realize that I need to force him to rub my back more often.

“You can go ahead and squeeze a little oil on,” she says as she hands Lane the bottle. I guide it to him, and he takes it before holding it above my back.

To Lane “squeeze a little oil on” translates to “use all of my ridiculous muscles to squeeze the bottle so hard the cap flies off and the entire contents splash down onto Felix’s back.”

“I... feel like that wasn’t supposed to happen,” Lane mutters.

“Oh my god,” I say, cringing away from the cold pool. He quickly flips the bottle back over, but it’s already empty.

“It’s all good!” he says as he sticks his hand in it and just pushes the pool of oil around.

“Um... let me... get you a towel,” she says.

“Are you planning on roasting me?” I ask. “Oiling me up good so I don’t stick?”

“There’s not enough to you to waste time with cooking you,” Lane says. “It’d be like trying to eat a hummingbird.”

“Why are you savage?”

“I was being truthful!”

“You just tried drowning me in oil!” I say as Lane steps toward me. Clearly, he didn’t only try drowning me in oil but tried drowning the floor because his foot slips out from under him. Since he’s “massaging” me at the time, he grabs onto me, tearing me off the massage table as he falls onto the ground and I slam down on top of him.

The woman comes running back inside just in time to see that my towel has been flung off.

“Are you guys okay?” she asks

“I’m okay. Felix, are you okay?” Lane asks as he grabs my ass. “Whoops!” He quickly pulls his hand back as he sits up causing me to slide off him and spill onto the floor.

“Yeah, I’m good,” I say as I lie, spread-eagled on the floor as Copper rushes over to see what game we’re playing. He slips and slides around before slamming into me.

Lane reaches down and grabs me, pulling me up, but since I’m coated in oil, he loses grip on me and I hit the ground again. “I’m so sorry!”

“I’m fine! I can get myself up!” I say, but before I get to, he grabs me around the waist and hoists me right into the air. Somehow, I end up with my bare ass out and Lane struggling not to drop me when the door opens and a man looks in, getting a wonderful view of my ass.

“What is happening?” he asks.

From where I hang in Lane’s arms, both of us toweless and coated in oil, I stare at the man. “We’re the best couple here, I promise.”

Lane decides he needs to fix the situation. “I’m really sorry. I slipped on the oil and just

tried grabbing what I could, but I grabbed Felix and dragged him off. It's one hundred percent my fault."

"What if we get you guys cleaned off and get into the mud bath!" the woman says, probably just praying to get rid of us.

"Sounds wonderful," Lane says, although which part of a mud bath sounds wonderful, I'm not sure.

"Perfect!"

We clean the excess oil off, cover ourselves with new towels and head to the mud bath. I was assuming it was like clay or something they rub on the body, but no, it's literally a huge in-ground pit filled with mud.

"What the hell is this?" I whisper.

"What is it?"

"Like a hole filled with mud."

"The mud has been warmed and ready for you," she says.

"So... like... do you put new mud in each time?" I ask.

"We clean the mud."

"How do you clean mud?" I ask.

"We have a very special process that keeps our mud sanitary and clean."

I stare at it. "Lane, I bet your sister's naked body was in here."

"Oh god," he groans.

"Which side do you want?"

"The side she wasn't on."

"But then Robbie's pubes might be on the other side."

"They're not. She just said she cleaned it."

"Then why don't you want on your sister's side? Imagine how hard it'd be to get pubes out of mud."

"Remember how we had that talk about how you're not allowed to talk about anyone in my family when we're naked?"

I shrug. "Yeah, kind of. But this lady's here so if she's here I assumed we could talk about your naked sister."

"Ma'am, is there any way there could be a divider between us?"

"Um... no. I apologize," she says.

I snicker as I lead Lane over to the mud pit and help him in.

His foot slips in as his eyes narrow. "This is so weird. Is this a trick? This is a trick, isn't it? This is one of your jokes, Felix."

"You think I'd haul in some dirt just for a joke?" I ask as I go over to my side and step in.

"One hundred percent."

I grin, enjoying the fact that he finds me so dedicated. I start to step into it. "I feel like the mud is going to go places I don't want it. Why are we naked for this?"

"Why would people find this fun?" Lane asks as he sinks into it.

Copper whines from the edge, seemingly concerned about us disappearing into the pit of mud.

"I think Copper's seen *The Neverending Story* and thinks we're going to drown," I say.

"You know this is strange when even the dog thinks it's strange."

"It's fine," I say as I sit in the weirdly warm mud as Copper paws at the edge of the tub.

“Copper, we’re not sinking off to oblivion. What do you think, Lane?”

“I... think it’s going to take me weeks to get the mud out of all crevasses.”

“I’ll help. Your dad just got a powerwasher that looks like a lot of fun.”

“You’re not powerwashing my crevasses.”

“You’re so picky.”

And that’s the moment that Copper decides that I am in the need of a rescue and jumps right in. He sinks ridiculously fast as he tries swimming through the mud to save me, kicking it and splashing it everywhere as he thrashes.

“Copper!” I cry as I push forward to grab the flailing dog.

“Did he fall in?” Lane asks.

“No! He jumped in!” I say as I grab him just as I feel his paws hit my legs, the only thing showing is his neck and head. I hoist him out and set him on the ground where he does a full body shake and then takes off running to the other side, flinging mud and clay everywhere.

“Copper, stay!” I order and he skids to a halt where he’s at.

“I think we should leave,” Lane whispers.

“I think we should too.”

I look over at the woman who is covered in mud from Copper, eyes wide.

“Well, this was a *blast*. We’ve had a fantastic day with you. Lovely to meet you. Where can we shower and leave and never show our faces again?” I ask.

She points, so I get out then help Lane. He holds onto me as I pick up Copper so he doesn’t shake mud all over again and usher us all over to the shower.

“You should have seen her face,” I whisper.

Lane starts snickering. “Why can’t anything just go normally?”

“Because this was so much more fun than a normal day,” I say as I try to rinse off Copper.

Once we’re clean with our clothes back on, wet dog at our side, we slip out leaving destruction, oil, and mud in our wake. Out in the hallway, we run into Jenny and Robbie, who are carrying drinks.

Jenny smiles at us. “Hey, guys! That was so relaxing. Did you guys enjoy it?”

“Oh, one hundred percent,” I say.

“So much fun!” Lane sounds like a robot.

“Why’s your dog wet?” Robbie asks.

“First, Lane karate chopped the oil so hard it *exploded*. Then he stepped in it and fell, tearing me to the ground. Then Copper jumps into the mud bath and shakes the mud off all over the lady. I really think we should run,” I say.

Robbie starts laughing as Jenny shakes her head with a grin. “Can you two do anything without making a mess?”

“At least that was the last activity for the retreat,” Robbie helpfully supplies.

“Wait... what? That’s it?” I ask. “But where’s my trophy?”

“For what?” Jenny asks.

“For best couple of the weekend, of course.”

“I’m not sure you could have a better trophy than what you’re already got,” Robbie says, and I realize he’s talking about my dick painting.

“You’re right. It’s beautiful.”

“It wasn’t much of a competition anyway,” Jenny says.

“Aw! You’re so sweet.”

“Robbie and I always knew we were best,” she says as she gets into the elevator with a wicked grin.

“Oh, hell no. We have to determine this,” I say as we ride the elevator up.

“How about a race?” Jenny suggests with a grin.

“Yeah, well, how about we see who can fit through a small window, huh?” I snip.

They all start laughing as we step out of the elevator and head toward our rooms. That’s when I see a woman standing in the doorway of the room Lane had tried to choke the man out of. “I called the police, they should be here shortly,” the lady says.

“What’s wrong?” I ask because I am nosy and there is no other good reason.

“Someone broke into our room this morning. I don’t know if the door didn’t lock or something, but they stole my purse and our valuables!” she says. I look at the man in the room that I don’t recognize.

“It was just you two in this room?” I ask.

“Yes!”

Realization dawns on me. “Oh my god, Lane! That guy you put in a chokehold this morning had been breaking into their room!”

“What?” he asks.

The elevator dings and I look over as the very man we’d been talking about steps out. He’s listening to headphones, key card out as I point at him. “That man there.”

He looks up and locks eyes with us talking to the real owners of the room.

“Lane! The guy just got off the elevator!”

“I got him,” he says and off go Copper and my love racing after some poor man who, at first, seems very confused that a blind man is chasing him, and then very concerned. I run about ten feet before realizing that I don’t want to ruin their fun by catching him first or something. Not because I can’t run more than ten feet.

Lane slams into him as the man stopped to try to slip down the door. And I proudly watch him as he puts him into a chokehold for the second time today.

“Are you panting?” Jenny asks.

“No. Shut up, Jenny.”

“Look how happy Lane is,” Robbie says.

“Take off your shirt, honey!” I shout as he manhandles the guy with Copper playfully hopping around at his feet.

“Can you stop watching and call the police?” he calls back.

I sigh but do as I’m told.

While the retreat was fun, I’m happy to be home surrounded by animals.

“Lane, I need another animal!” I cry as he walks into the room with a box.

“No.”

“Please?”

“No.”

“I’m not going to listen to you.”

“I’m aware,” he says as he walks over to the couch and pats it. His hand hits Copper so he reaches over and pats the other side where he hits Brigadier Oinksalot. “There isn’t even a place

for me to sit!”

“Hold Briggy.”

“I’m not holding your pig.”

“Hold him!”

He groans but picks up the pig and sits back down. “I got you a tiny present.”

“I already have the best present in the world,” I say as I beam at the smiling penis canvas I hung as the center focal point of the living room.

“Where did you put the canvas? I told you that you could put it in the bedroom but if my parents came over and saw that…”

“Lane, how dare you try to rip this away from me? I had a tragic childhood and your penis painting has made up for it.”

“I swear I felt over all of the walls yesterday looking for it.”

“I know! That’s why I snuck over and removed it while you were looking and put it back up after.”

He starts laughing. “You sneaky little thing.”

“I love it so much.”

“Fine. But you have to explain it to my parents when they ask.”

“Deal!”

“Now here’s your present.”

I grab the box and quickly tear it open before pulling out one of those cheap plastic trophies. Over whatever it was originally for, is taped a piece of paper that says World’s Greatest Couple.

“Oh my god…” I start laughing as I reach over and grab him into a hug. “It’s our couples retreat trophy! We really did win!”

“We did!” he says, and suddenly we’re both laughing.

“This is the sweetest thing. It’s going right under my pecker painting!”

“Stop giving the painting weird names.”

“I can’t. I love it, and I love my trophy, and I love you.” I kiss him before beaming at him. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too.”

I rush up to display my trophy in a spot where everyone will see. Although, they don’t need the trophy to know that we’re better than all of them.