

Wedding Day Story

Laleanne G Batao

I was eleven years old when my mother told me her first kiss happened on her wedding day. Five years later I was exchanging traces of saliva in every shot of rum with seven other people. The repartee started with subtle teasing, “*basin gusto ka si Yadz imong first kiss? Haha!*”, provoking such response as “*gusto ka maka tilaw?*” ending with light, sensual touches. I blamed the alcohol.

“*Ka immature ba ninyo oy. Basta ako? Muhulat ko kaslon ko*” I said to shrug the topic off, my left hand on his lap. Of course I would wait for the right man. Virgin. Prude. Tarong nga babaye.

“*Happy nako nga baso akong kahalok,*” Then I kissed the glass lightly to prove my point

I noticed we were already sitting in pairs. The teasing stopped, and the whispers started. He would say something near my left ear and I would pretend not to hear. I knew where this was going.

“*Di ko. Kabalo ko muhulat.*” I said firmly. I knew in my heart I’d wait for the right man.

He whispered something one more time, and I felt his warm breath enter my ear and fill my body, until my hands turned cold. His hand slowly moved from my back to my waist, and finally –

“*Let’s go somewhere quieter. Di gyud tika ma dunggan.*”

The room was still, but I could feel myself shake.

“*I said I wanted to kiss you,*” he said

“*Dili pwede. My first kiss will happen on my wedding day. I will wait for the right time and the right pers—*”

My lips were locked with his before I could utter the last word. Perhaps my future husband won’t notice? The night sped by and turned blurry.

The next thing I saw was him zipping his tattered jeans back on.