

## Marriage

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# Marriage

by [Irhaboggle](#)

## Summary

All of Emily's life, marriage had been a very bleak topic, but after meeting Thompson, for the first time in her miserable life, Emily realizes that marriage might've been tolerable after all. Would she have appreciated regular Victorian life if Thompson had been the one she was asked to wed? She would never know. But she does know she loves him dearly.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Thompson was cute. He was handsome and shy. He was polite and gentle. He was everything Emily could've ever wanted in a man, and everything she used to think did not exist. But no, Thompson was living proof. Perhaps he was one of a kind, the only male that would ever be born considerate towards women, but he was still very real and Emily adored him for it. Clueless though he was, especially in regard to the oppression that any woman was all too aware of, his enthusiasm and gentleness made up for his ignorance in Emily's mind and she adored him. She loved him. He quickly became the one and only man she ever loved and would ever love. He was the kind of guy to restore Emily's faith in the male species and, just for a second, she wondered if she might've been happier with the idea of a normal Victorian life if Thompson had been her husband.

After all, as a Victorian woman, marriage and childbearing had always been on Emily's mind. Before, and even after, her incarceration in the Asylum For Wayward Victorian Girls, the question about her marital and maternal statuses always remained. All her life, terrifying and oppressive thoughts about marrying off to a man to spend her life in service of him had haunted Emily's dreams. But when Emily met Thompson, those dreams became warm and sweet and, for the first time in her life, Emily thought that maybe a traditional marriage wouldn't be so bad after all... Or at least, that was what she said.

Underneath it all, Emily still knew that she would never truly be content with the kind of life society wanted her to have. Though she did fantasize about marrying Thompson, and maybe even having kids with him someday, she simply could not deny the fact that even if they were to have a happy ending like that, it would still not be happy enough for Emily. Their marriage, no matter how perfect, would never truly please Emily as long as it conformed to the Victorian idea of a proper marriage. She knew that if Thompson would ever propose to her, she'd agree, but the idea of them ever sharing that traditional marriage still never sat well with the redheaded inmate.

See, while Thompson was the one and only man Emily ever felt like she could serve happily, the idea of serving a man in general was exactly what was wrong with the picture. Though Emily loved Thompson, deeply and sincerely, the idea of being subservient to him did not sit well with her. It wasn't a matter of like or dislike, it was the basic idea of a wife submitting to her husband. That was what Emily couldn't swallow. She didn't want to be a servant when she became a lover. She wanted to be an equal. She wanted him to serve her just as much as she would serve him. But that wasn't what society wanted. So as much as she loved Thompson and imagined what a life between them might've been like, Emily knew that if she were ever given the chance to choose that life, she'd still say no.

But maybe that was why she loved Thompson so much, because she already knew that if he were offered the same choice, he'd say no too. Of all the things that made Thomson different from other men, his genuine desire to have an equal relationship with a woman was perhaps the biggest and most important in Emily's eyes. It was her favorite trait about him, the thing she loved most behind his innocent enthusiasm. His desire for equality between the sexes, so sincere and pure, not at all fake or manipulative. That was what Emily truly loved about him.

So maybe a marriage between them would work after all. It would not be appropriate by Victorian standards, but the thing was, it would be a happy relationship. Emily could make a

marriage with Thompson work not because he was a man and she a woman, but because he despised the ideology behind traditional marriage just as much as she did. He was no happier with the idea of a servant for a bride than Emily was! And that was what Emily thought would make them such a perfect couple! It wasn't just that they liked each other and got along, it was because their beliefs, their outlooks on life itself, were relatively similar!

Would Emily marry Thompson, she wouldn't have to endure a standard Victorian marriage because Thompson wouldn't want that either. He, like her, would want something more, something new, something revolutionary! Something society had yet to pick up on, let alone support: equality. Would Emily marry Thompson, she knew they would both desire the same equal, loving partnership. They would be seeking the same ideals in the marriage. They would be in agreement about what a marriage even was to them. That was what made them both different in society and why both of them were still single, uninterested in marriage. It was not because marriage, itself, bothered them, it was because society's definition of the word did. Society's idea was ownership, Emily and Thompson's was partnership. And that was what made them both so revolutionary within society and why they did not fit their standard expected mold. It was exactly what made them a perfect pair.

Emily could even see them now, though it was all in a haze. But it was clearly them. It was her and Thompson, side by side and hand in hand. They stood on the shores of London, right beside the silver seas. The wind was cool and crisp, the misty air filling their lungs. Their hands were intertwined and their lips and eyes were locked. Emily could see rings, she could see love, she could see joy, she could see Him.

But then reality set back in. It wasn't even just the Victorian society that would've taken issue with such a pairing, even some of Emily's own inmates were staunchly against the love she felt for him. Crazy as it sounded, some of the girls decreed Emily as bad as any doctor, simply because she loved a man. They were adamant that to love a man was to love all men. To love a man was to love a man's evil. They were insistent that Emily's love for Thompson was not only poisonous to her, but dangerous to everyone else, because it made a man good, and there was no such thing as a good man. Emily, frankly, thought their words were no more than the result of a mad mind, but they were relentless.

They tormented her, insisting her love for Thompson was bad and that she would be better off marrying another inmate. But she didn't want to! Though Emily adored her fellow inmates, and did in fact harbor some romantic and sexual feelings for some of them, it was Thompson whom she was most in love with. It was he that she dreamt about marrying. But to some of the inmates, this was heresy. Blasphemy! To the highest degree! To love a man was betraying women, to marry one was sin. It was to betray a fellow sister, and imply women were not good enough. If they had their way, Emily would marry Veronica, and continue this idea of a female-only life.

But Emily didn't want that. She didn't want female-only. She did want some males. Good males. Like Thompson. Even if he was the only good male in the whole world, Emily still wanted him. It had nothing to do with gender, Emily just happened to have fallen hardest for Thompson. Why didn't they understand that? Why didn't they realize that she wasn't in love with him to upset their matriarchy or turn her back on her sisters? She was in love with him

because she was in love with him, no more, no less. Why was that so wrong? It was true love! That should be enough!

But no, they would refuse to accept it, just as hostile to Emily's love for Thompson as everyone else was. But Emily didn't care. It wasn't about them. It was about Thompson. And it was about her. And it was about what they were when they were together: happy and unstoppable. And for that, despite what anyone could've possible said about their relationship, Emily still knew that if Thompson were ever to ask, she would say:

"I do."

## End Notes

AN: Random fic where Emily thinks about her love for Thompson. Mostly, I wanted to write how all sides of life would bash their romance and how even people who ought to be supporting Emily would be tearing her down (read: the Victorian era Femi-nazis who think that all men are trash and to love one is to be sexist, patriarchal and anti-feminist. I've met a few before that seem to think that loving a man=loving the sexist problems that we do face in our society. IDK, this was just my way of ranting. But hope you liked it anyway).

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