

# WHUPPED

## CHAPTER 1

### *Alyssa, the Bride*

I always put down a towel. No way am I going to ruin one-thousand thread count Millesimo sheets, or sleep around a sticky, wet spot the rest of the night.

I'm on my back. He's on his side, propped up on one elbow. He kisses me twice, moves his head down my body and kisses my nipples. He licks the end of his two fingers before his hand goes exactly where I showed him. That first touch turns on my water-works and I'm wet. He gently massages, exactly how I've taught him. In one minute I'll have my first orgasm of the night. He loves it. Male ego, pride, conquest, whatever floats his boat. I could do this myself just as easily, because I've never had a problem in that area. I moan, sigh, and relax. Half of the foreplay is over.

It's my turn.

I gently push him onto his back. I lean over and kiss his lips, neck, and chest. I reach down and take him into my hand. He's like a rock. Jake can get hard thinking about sex. I stroke him as my head heads south, but before I taste him, I pause.

"Jake..."

"What?"

"You were kidding about the wedding shower, weren't you?"

"No."

I stop. My hand releases his penis. "You weren't?"

"No. I'm not going."

My head comes up out of the sheets. "You have to go."

"Why?"

"Because you're the groom."

Jake squirms. "Do you think we could talk about this later?"

"No."

"Alyssa..."

"What, Jake?"

"Can we finish what we're doing and then discuss it?"

"No."

"I'm really horny."

"So?"

"It's been a week."

"Then a few more minutes won't make that much of a difference, will it?"

Jake props himself up and says, "I'm not going."

"You have to go."

"Farrin is throwing the shower for you, not me."

"She invited you," I remind him.

"Because she's cruel."

Farrin is my stepsister.

Jake plops back down onto his back. His erection makes a bulge in the sheet. "Come on, Alyssa."

"You're going, Jake."

"I don't want to go."

"I don't care."

I lie on my back, matching his posture. I pull the sheets and blankets up to my chin, and fold my arms across my chest. Neither of us moves for a few seconds. We must resemble side-by-side corpses waiting for an embalming session.

"They're your friends, not mine," he says, as if he's going to convince me.

"They're our friends."

"Name one I've been to a ballgame with, seen naked, or heard fart?"

This is why I hate to argue. What's the point? It's a stupid waste of time. Jake knows he's going to lose, but he has to put up his version of Custer's last stand.

"Look at it from my standpoint, I'll be the only guy there."

"Riley and Milo are coming."

"They don't count."

"They're guys."

"They're gay."

I stare at the ceiling. "Guests will want to see my future husband."

"Show them a picture."

"No."

Jake moves onto his side to face me.

"I'll be there in spirit."

"That won't cut it."

"I could make a funny video and you could play it for everybody during lunch, then we could put it on YouTube."

I'm getting angry. "You should be there because I want you to be there."

"A guy at a wedding shower is like a designer dress at a Walmart."

"I wouldn't know, Jake, I've never been to a Walmart."

"A Cracker Jack ring at Tiffany's?"

His second attempt at humor is as pathetic as his first.

"Alyssa," Jake moves closer, putting his arm across me; but I raise my arms so he doesn't rest his across my chest. "You know we haven't been very close lately."

I don't make a sound.

"Maybe we need to settle back, review the situation from another angle..."

I continue silence.

"... after we finish having sex?"

"No."

"Remember, we're not supposed to go to sleep mad."

"Who's going to sleep?"

Jake smiles.

Only a man would take that comment as an invitation.

Men and sex, my God. It's the first thing they want when they meet us, and the last thing they want before passing out at night. Sex may have its purposes, but it is hardly the be-all, end-all of everything in life. Sex doesn't solve problems, and only temporarily

alleviates stress. Matter of fact it's probably caused more problems and added more stress than anything I can imagine. But could you ever convince a man of that? No way.

Jake nuzzles his nose into the crook of my neck. "Alyssa, we've had way too much wedding, and not enough us lately."

I push him off me. I'm mad. If he thinks he's getting any tonight, after pulling this bullshit, he's smokin' something.

"How the hell would you know? You haven't done shit so far."

"Because you haven't let me."

"Well, now is your chance. Go to the shower."

"It's the principle, Alyssa."

"Principle, what principle? It'll be two hours out of your Saturday, Jake. Whatever game is on TV, you can record. What the hell is such a big deal here?"

"Oh, come on, I'll sit there with nothing to do around a bunch of yippy women, getting drunk, while you rip open packages like it's Christmas morning."

"You want to help open the gifts?"

"No."

"Why are you fighting me on this, Jake?"

"Because I don't want to go."

"I don't want to do a lot of things I have to do either; but I do them because they are the right things to do."

"Name one."

I'm hard-pressed to come up with one so quickly. I raise my voice instead. "It's not like I'm asking you to clean up after Mister Chips."

Mister Chips is my horse.

"How about if I show up at the beginning, stand at the door, say 'Hello' to everyone, and leave you and your friends to have the time of your lives?"

"When are you going to say 'thanks' for the gifts?"

"Later."

"When?" I ask. "When you write out the thank-you cards?"

"Okay, I'll come at the end and thank everyone on their way out."

"Don't argue with me, Jake. You're coming to our wedding shower."

"I don't want to. I'm not going." Jake sits up against the headboard, folds his arms across his chest, and doesn't speak. He reminds me of an old doll I once had. Petulant Patty.

I wait. He doesn't speak. I wait longer. He still doesn't speak. This is unusual.

I sit up, face him. "Tell you what, Jake."

"What?"

"I'll do for you, if you do for me."

He waits.

I reach under the sheet, grab Little Jake's two buddies and roll them around in my hand like a pair of dice. "I'll give you a choice: You either come to the shower or not come at all."

Little Jake rises to attention, casting his vote.

"You drive a hard bargain, Alyssa."