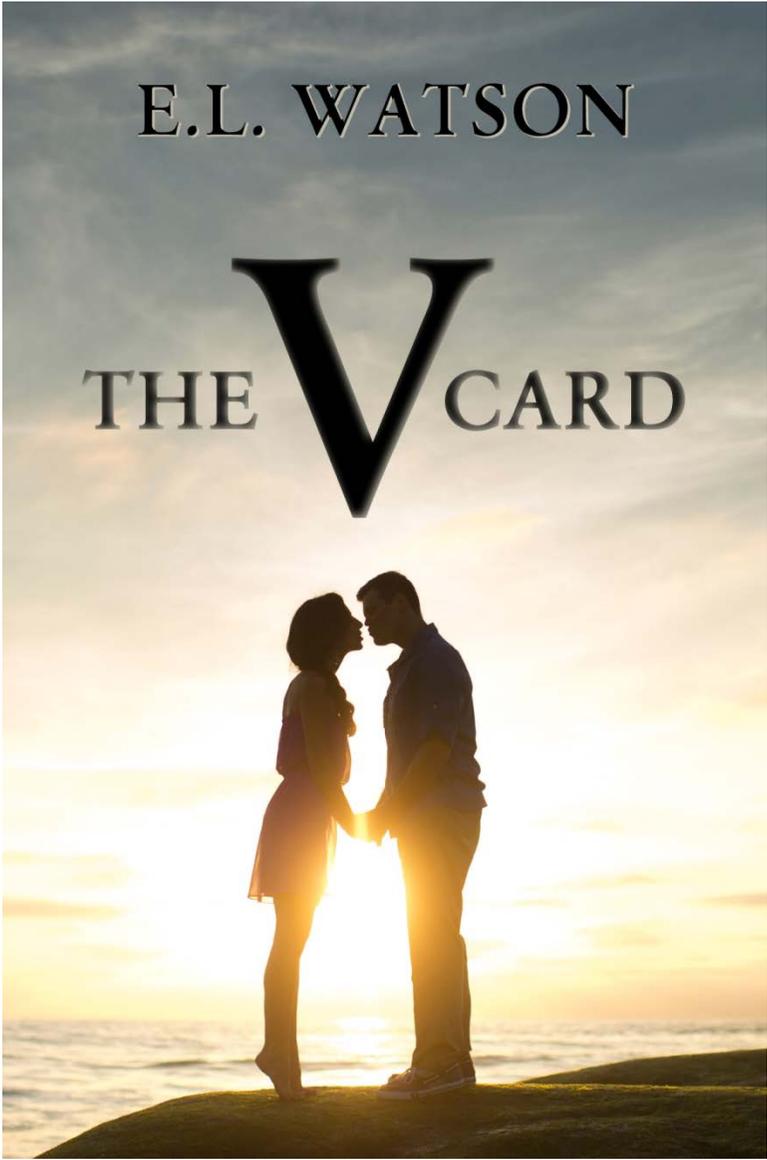


E.L. WATSON

THE V CARD



# The V Card

A Short Story

By E.L. Watson

~ ~ ~

Mason Marshall Press

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For information, please contact:  
Mason Marshall Press  
P.O. Box 324  
Medford, MA 02155  
[contact-us@masonmarshall.com](mailto:contact-us@masonmarshall.com)

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## Author's Note:

I am a big fan of dialogue in books and movies. In books, especially, I prefer the characters tell the story with dialogue as much as possible.

Thinking about it one night as I waited to fall asleep, I wondered if it would be possible to tell a story that would engage readers using only dialogue and characters' thoughts, which I count as silent dialogue.

*The V Card* is the result.

I hope you enjoy it and I look forward to reading any comments you might like to share on the

Amazon product page: <https://amzn.to/2JtwoGz>

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or by email to me at [elwatson@masonmarshall.com](mailto:elwatson@masonmarshall.com).

# The V Card

By

E.L. Watson

11:47 AM

"Mmmmm. That's so nice.

"Ahh, yes! Like that.

"More. Ohh. That feels so good.

"A little slower and...yes! Right there, Davie.

"Mmmm. Mmmm. Work it with your thumb. Circles. Ahhh."

"You know, Betts, if anyone was to hear you moaning and ooing and ahing, they might get the wrong impression."

"Don't be ridiculous. And it's not my fault you give such fantastic back rubs."

"How's it feel now?"

"Better."

"That was a helluva tumble you took."

"Yeah, but I caught the ball and doubled what's her name off second. Stopped the rally and saved the game."

"Yeah, well, you did have a little help from Diane's walk-off home run. Turn over and I'll massage your face."

"No way. You'll see my boobs."

"Ha. Like I haven't seen them a hundred times before. How long have we been best friends? Since fourth grade?"

"Third grade."

"We met in third grade. But we didn't become best friends until fourth grade when I stopped Willy Skillman from picking on you."

"I guess. Did I ever thank you for that?"

"Yeah, grin all you want. You kissing me like that in front of, like, everyone in the cafeteria...I—"

"I know. I remember. It was so cute how all your friends made fun of you but you didn't get upset or anything. You just smiled at me and that was the moment we became best friends forever."

"You love telling that story, don't you?"

"How could I not? How often does a girl have a white knight save her and then be her best friend for thirteen years so far?"

"It probably happens every day to someone somewhere. Now roll over."

"No. I told you."

"Betts. Are you the same girl who, when she was almost thirteen, made me look at her from the side to see if her budding breasts were really sticking out from her chest?"

[Silence]

"Silence, eh? Well, are you the same girl who let Ravi Burman feel her up after school and then made me rush over here to see if her boobs looked more mature?"

[Soft giggles]

"Yeah. Go ahead and laugh. And are you the same girl with whom—"

"Ooo, fancy proper English."

"With whom I've skinny dipped...how many times including three days ago?"

"Fine. I'm turning over. But go easy on my face, the left side. I thought it would puff up after sliding on the grass like that. It didn't but it's still kind of sore. And thank god there were no rocks."

"You can say that again. How's this?"

"Nice. Yeah, that's perfect. You really are talented at massage."

"I paid good money for those classes when I was in school. I probably should have minored in massage therapy. But I really just wanted to learn how to make pretty girls feel good. ... Hey! Don't smack me. I'm just telling the truth. You want me to lie to you even though we promised never to lie to each other?"

"I'm sorry."

"Forgiven. Say, now that I think about it, that time you made me check to see if your boobs were growing. Why didn't you just ask your mom? I mean—"

"You know how she is. She would've just got all momish and if they *had* grown she'd have gotten all teary-eyed and started telling me how I was growing up and all that stuff. It would have been so embarrassing. And it would have been worse if they hadn't started growing. Mmmm. That feels so nice. Do my temples a bit more. Anyway, I—"

"Pull the sheet up. Your mom's coming upstairs."

"How can you hear stairs squeak that nobody else can? Wait a minute. Let me get the sheet. ... Okay. Continue. ... What do you think she'd say if she came in and saw me laying here half naked while you massaged my face?"

"I don't know. You said she knows we skinny dip together. But we *are* on your bed."

"But you're all dressed."

"Hey, she's your mother. Want me to pull the sheet off so we can find out?"

"No. Let's let her keep whatever illusions she has."

"Huh. She went by the door. Must be going to their bedroom."

"Probably laundry."

"You want me to do your feet and legs, too?"

"Have I ever said no to a foot massage? *Ever?*"

"Not in recent memory, but it's possible that...she's coming back this way. And stopped."

"Elizabeth?"

"Come in, mom. Davie's massaging away all the aches from the game today."

"Hi, Mom Two. What are you grinning like that for?"

"The first time you called me that just popped into my head. Are you staying for dinner?"

"I don't know yet. Dinner's six hours away. Okay if I let you know later?"

"Of course."

"Ah, Mom. Davie won't be staying because I won't be here for dinner. I sort of have a date tonight."

*A date!?*

"Oh. Okay. I'll leave these things on the dresser. But David, you know you're welcome anyway."

"I know. Thanks."

[Silence]

"So. A date?"

"Sort of. Will you stick around this afternoon?"

"Sure. But if you have a date..."

"Because I'm nervous."

"Nervous? What's there to be nervous about?"

"I..."

"Why are you blushing like that? What's going on, Betts? Have you been holding out on me? Dating someone you haven't told me about? Who is he? How did you meet him?"

"I...god this is so awkward. Look, there's this guy I've kind of liked for a long time. And he likes me. A lot. I'm sure if it. But he's a little on the shy side. Maybe a tad clueless, too. But he's great. And we've done things together for a while now. And I think...I really think he could be the one, you know? The one I'm—"

"I know. So who is he?"

"I...I can't say right now. And please don't look like that. I know we tell each other everything but this...this is different. I really, really like him and I know *he* really, really likes me, but he...I... Please don't be angry with me."

"I'm not angry, Betts. I'm...worried, I guess. And yes, I guess I'm a little hurt you haven't said a word about this guy. I mean, if I'd known... Never mind. So you really like each other?"

"We do. So much that I think it's finally time."

"Time? What ti... No! *That time!*? You're gonna play the V-Card? With *him*? *Tonight?* I... I mean... I... I don't know what to say. I thought you wanted to wait

until... Please tell me it's not that guy Eddie you were seeing. 'Cause he's nothing but a scumbag player. I mean, just last week he—"

"It's not him. Please, Davie. Please just trust me. And stay with me this afternoon."

"Stay with you?"

"Yes. Stay with me. You know how big a deal this is for me. He'll be my first. My only if this leads where I think it will. Can you imagine how nervous I am? I mean, I know how it works and all and I assume he does too but actually doing it is..."

"How long have you known you were gonna do this?"

"A few days. I made up my mind Wednesday."

"Ah. So you were out with *him* Wednesday. I wondered where you were."

"No. I was out with Telli Wednesday. She and Matt had an argument and you know how she gets."

"Does she know you're gonna to do this? You did... *No!* You haven't told her? She's like your sister."

"I know. But I'm not sure about what'll happen tonight. Maybe nothing. If I told her she'd be all in my face about it whether she thinks it's a good idea or not. I just... I need my best friend to hang out with me, maybe go play miniature golf and get an ice cream or something so I'm not sitting around obsessing about what might or might not happen tonight."

[Silence]

"I guess. Of course I'll stay with you. You still want the feet and legs massaged?"

"Thank you, Davie. You're the best. And of course I want them massaged."

"Then let me get up. And take the sweats off. You want me to start with your feet or your thighs?"

### 3:17 PM

"Ha! That's three in a row. *You* are buying the ice cream."

"You could have been a gentleman and let me win one."

"Like hell. When have you *ever* let me win a string of bowling? Hey! You okay? What's the matter?"

"I'm sorry. Nothing. I'm just worried about tonight. I'm so nervous I... How about a hug to calm me down?"

"Of course. Come here."

[Silence]

"Thank you, Davie. I always feel safe when you hug me. I know I'm being such a girl about this but—"

"You are a girl. And what you're contemplating is a big deal. A once in a lifetime thing."

"Oh god. You had to say that. I hadn't thought of it that way. But you're right. Once it's done there's no going back. But I know it'll be right if he...if he really wants

me the way I think he does. Hope he does. I'm sure he does. But if... if I've misread things and he doesn't feel like I feel, he'll tell me so and not just take advantage."

"You really think so? A girl offering her virginity is a pretty hard thing to say no to, no matter how nice the guy is."

"You mean you would..."

"Not me. I mean, if she just wanted someone to do it to get it done... no feelings involved... that's one thing. But not if she expected we'd get married afterwards. Not unless I really loved her. But most guys... .. Just be sure, Betts. Really sure. Because I don't want to go to jail for hurting some jerk who hurt you that way."

"Davie. You would never hurt anyone. But thank you for saying it."

"Oh, but I would. If someone purposely hurt you or your family or mine and I could get at them... So what did you say this guy's name is?"

"Mister X. But nice try. Let's go get ice cream. Then I should get home and start getting ready."

### 5:23 PM

"You're still here?!"

"Holy crap. You look amazing! Beautiful."

"Thank you. But what are you still doing here? Ohhh! You figured you'd hang around until Mister X came to pick me up."

"No. Really! Your mom made lasagna and asked me if I wanted to stay for dinner and when have I *ever* passed up your mom's lasagna?"

"Well I hope you'll really enjoy the food because you're in for a big disappointment."

"What? He cancelled?"

"No, dope. I'm meeting him at his place. ... Oh, please. You're going to pout?"

"I'm not pouting. But I will admit I was curious. But even if...you know, this was just a regular date, I'd still be eating dinner here. Especially since she made meatballs, too."

"Okay. Fair enough. So you really think I look nice?"

"Betts, you always look nice. But tonight, you hit spectacular. Whoever he is, I hope he appreci—"

"Davie, stop. Come here and give me a good luck hug. ... Mmm."

"Just be careful and use protection."

"Of course. Now go set the table for my mom."

"Will you—"

"You'll be the first to know. I promise. Now go."

"Mom! I'm leaving. Don't let Davie eat the whole pan. I want some for breakfast."

"Don't worry. I'll save you some. Have a nice time."

### 6:56 PM

"Oh, man. Nothing like a good stretch after a meal like that. Thanks, Mrs. J."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, David."

"Mrs. J. Honestly, I don't think I've ever eaten anything you made that wasn't fabulous."

"Even that time I tried to make octopus turnovers?"

"Ha! I forgot about that."

"With good reason."

"Yeah, well, that was the only time. But I'm gonna get going. I've been avoiding doing my laundry so tonight's the night. Goodnight Mr. J."

"Nite David."

"Goodnight, Mrs. J."

"Come. I'll walk you out so I can lock the door."

...

"David. Can I ask you something?"

"Anything, Mrs. J. Why are you whispering?"

"I don't want Phil to hear. I...I know Lizzy talks to you about most everything, and she talks to me about most everything, including some things I might prefer not to know. But this boy she's seeing tonight. She's not said a word about him except she really likes him and I was wondering...hoping, that you knew who it was. Not that I want you to betray any confidence. I just thought, if you know him, you could tell me if he's nice. Someone who'll be nice to her. I mean...oh dear. I'm making a mess of this."

"Mrs. J. I'm sorry but I didn't even know she was going out tonight until this afternoon. All she told me was she likes him a lot. She's never held back like that before which makes me think this guy is...is really important to her. Look, if you're awake when she comes in, please ask her to call me. I'll do my best to get her to talk to you, at least enough to settle your mind. Okay?"

"David, sometimes I wish...well, never mind. Thank you. Have fun doing your laundry."

"Hah! Like that'll ever happen."

7:16 PM

*So what do I do now? No way I'm doing freaking laundry. Why wouldn't she tell me or even her mother about this guy? It doesn't feel right. But she's no fool. She doesn't take stupid chances. Well, maybe when she's playing softball, but not in life. And when I talk her into doing something dopey.*

"Damn! She's never hidden *anything* from me before. Who *is* this guy?"

*Now you're talking to yourself. If only... Wait. She said she's going to his place. That means her car will be parked in his driveway. Or on the street. Shit. Now I'm thinking about stalking her? What the hell's wrong with me? But what would it hurt to drive around a little and take my mind off what's she's planning. Maybe doing right now.*

8:42 PM

*Un-freakin-believable. An hour and a half driving around town looking for her car. What kind of idiot am I? Like I was actually gonna find it. All because... damn! She's an adult and gets to make her own decisions and if she wants to give it up to this guy... He better take damn good care of her. Forever. So what do I do now? Maybe I should go home and do the laundry. Or go get a drink. Maybe the guys are at Wheeler's. Shoot some pool. Get drunk. Yeah. That's bright. Get drunk and what'll that solve?*

"What would *she* say? 'Don't be an idiot? Getting drunk just makes you feel like shit the next day?' Yeah. And she'd be right. I did enough of that in college. And now I'm actually talking to myself again. Out loud! What a freakin'... Just go home."

9:16 PM

*Eight red lights and I had to hit every one of them. This really isn't my night. Except for the lasagna. Man that was good. I wonder if Betts knows how to make it like her mom does? Maybe I can get her to make me a few and I can freeze them so I can have it all the time. Crap. Did I ever mail those forms to the insurance company yesterday? Probably still sitting on my desk. Oh well. I'll mail 'em Monday.*

...

*Come on, this stupid lock. Why the hell can't Flemming fix it? There. Finally. One of these days my key's not gonna work at all. Hey. I didn't think of that. Maybe it's my key. Jake's light's on. Let me ask him.*

[Knocking]

"Hey, Dave. What's up?"

"Sorry to bother you. Are you having trouble getting the front door open? I have to jiggle my key around to get the lock to turn."

"No. No problem. Hold on."

...

"Let me see your key. ... Yeah, see. Your teeth are rounded and mine aren't. Call Flemming and ask him to drop off a new one. He probably has a couple of dupes for all the units."

"Yeah, you're right. Thanks. Sorry to bother you."

"No worry. You want to come in for a beer? I got the game on."

"Nah. Rain check. I'm beat. I was gonna do laundry but I think I'm just gonna crash. Later, dude. Thanks again."

...

"Hey, Susan. Where you headed?"

"Baltimore. A week's training session."

"Nice. Want me to carry one of those bags down for you?"

"Nah. They're not too heavy."

"Okay. Have fun."

"By the way. You left your TV on again."

"Really?"

"It was on a couple of hours ago when I got home. You should get one of those timers."

"Yeah, I think you're right. Well, thanks. Have a safe trip."

...

*Yeah, I can hear it. I thought you had be like forty or fifty before you start forgetting stuff like that.*

[Door opens and closes.]

"Well it's about time you got home!"

"What the f... Betts? Is that you? Where are you?"

"I'm in the bathroom. I'll be out in a minute."

[Toilet flushes. Water runs in sink.]

"Have you been at my house with my parents all this time?"

"No, I... What the hell are you doing here? I thought you had a date? I thought you'd be..."

"Gettin' laid?"

"Don't say it like that."

"Why not?"

"Because it makes it sound cheap. And you're not cheap. But what the hell are you doing here? Did the guy decide he didn't... Oh, shit. Did he do you and leave or something? I'll kill that mother—"

"Davie! Calm down! Boy, this didn't play out the way I imagined it would."

"What are you talking about? What didn't play out?"

"Lesson learned. Don't plan something unless you can control all the variables."

"What variables? What plan?"

"I thought you'd come right home after dinner. Where've you been?"

"You thought... *Do I tell her? Screw it.* I drove around for an hour and a half looking for your car. I figured it would be parked at or near whoever-he-is's place. And don't ask me why. I don't know. I just... I mean, you were gonna... And I started worrying and... What the *hell* are you doing here!? ... Why are you looking at me like that? ... Seriously Betts. My head's been so screwed up thinking about you giving it up to some mysterious freakin' guy I...I don't know. I need to sit down."

"Not there. Come sit on the sofa with me. ... There. Are you comfortable?"

"It's my couch. Of course I'm comfortable."

"Good. Because I can't believe I'm going to have to explain this to you."

"Explain what?"

"Davie. Do you love me?"

"Of course I—"

"I mean, do you *love* love me? Romantically? As in being in love with me?"

[Silence]

"Ahh. ... Betts. ... Elizabeth. ... I've... [Sigh] I've been in love with you since the moment you kissed me in the fourth grade."

"Get out."

"I'm serious. When your lips touched mine, it was like something reached down to my heart and stamped your name on it."

"Why didn't you ever say anything?"

"Because I never felt like you were in love with *me* and I didn't want... I figured things would get weird between us if I said it and you didn't feel the same way and I couldn't take the chance of losing my best friend."

"We've been so stupid."

"We?"

"Of course, we. But mostly you. I mean, did you really go all these years thinking a girl would show a guy her boobs, let him see her naked, let him massage her naked, and tell him absolutely everything about her life, even really embarrassing personal stuff, if she didn't really love him? *Love* love him?"

"I... I just figured it was... We were just so comfortable together that, you know, it didn't matter. I mean, we never had any secrets between us. I told you about my first wet dream when I didn't even know what it was and you told me about your first period before you even told your mom. And thank god she'd already had *the talk* with you and you didn't listen to my advice about what you should have... Well, you know."

"I remember. You were so sweet and funny and that was when I really felt in my heart that I loved you."

"Really?"

"Cross my heart."

"Huh. Then why didn't you say something to me? Tell me how you felt?"

"For the same reason. I didn't want to chance losing you as a friend."

"We've been really stupid for so long."

"Yeah. But maybe it was for the best."

"How so?"

"Well, if we had declared our love when we were younger, we might have... you know... despite what I always said... I mean, we were young and with all those hormones... we'd probably have started having sex back then, right?"

"Maybe. Yeah. At some point."

"But think of all the emotional stuff we went through, that we helped each other through when we were in our teens. Remember how everything was a crisis of some sort but whichever of us was freaking out, the other was always the voice of reason, of calm. Can you imagine if we had to deal with all the emotions and issues that come with sex on top of all of that?"

"Damn. You're right. "

"And we'd never have had the experience of dating other people and learning from those experiences."

"Yeah. But I have to tell you, it felt like a knife stuck me in the gut every time I saw you kiss one of those guys. Remember Darleen Ballister's party senior year? You and Kent Phillips spent about the entire party cuddled up on the seat of that garden arbor making out?"

"Oh! I do remember. He was a really good kisser."

"I know. You told me. In great detail."

"I'm sorry. It must have really hurt you to..."

"No. Well, yes, a little at the time. But it also made me feel good that you were comfortable enough to tell me such things. So. Are you gonna tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"Geez, Betts. Tell me what you're doing here. What happened with the date? The guy? ... Why are you shaking your head?"

"Because I'm rethinking this whole idea. You *really* don't know what I'm doing here?"

[Extended Silence]

"There never was a date or a guy was there?"

"Light dawns."

"So this is a goof of some kind and I'm not getting it?"

"And the light dims."

"Okay. So if there was no date and no guy, then you weren't really gonna give it up. Instead you come here and wait for me so I look like a dope again for believing you? Why are you shaking your head? You... Wait. No shit. Betts, please. Don't play with me about this. You set this whole thing up to make me think you were giving your virginity to some guy when you were really planning to come here and get me to realize, or admit, that I'm crazy in love with you?"

"Of course. And so I could tell you that I'm crazy in love with you, too. Now let me straddle your lap so you can finally kiss me properly."

[Intermittent sounds of kissing and pleasure.]

"Ohmygod, Davie. That was so much better than I ever imagined kissing could be. Kent was a freaking amateur. Let's do that again but this time, touch my boobs, too."

[Intermittent sounds of kissing and pleasure.]

"Ohh, Betts. You gotta stop wiggling like that."

"What's the matter? Doesn't he like it? It sure feels like he likes it."

"Oh, he likes it. Too much. If you keep that up I'm gonna blow one in my pants."

"Oh god that's so hot that I could do that to you."

"Yeah, well, I'd rather save it for contact with something other than cotton."

"Fine."

"Lay down and cuddle up with me. I like holding you in my arms."

"I like it when you hold me. You know, I was a little surprised you fell for the V Card story."

"Betts, you've never lied to me before. Not that I know of. So when you said you had this mystery guy and you were gonna sleep with him, why would I doubt it?"

"When you put it like that... But I still can't believe you'd actually believe I'd ever want to give it to anyone but you."

"Say what?"

"Do you really think I'd go to all this trouble faking a story, getting mom to make lasagna and keep you there 'till seven so I could be with someone else? Did she ask you if you knew who the secret guy was? She—"

"Wait! You mean your mother knows you planned to come here and sleep with me?"

"Of course. I'm twenty-two. I tell mom almost as much as I tell you. Did you think the lasagna was a happy coincidence?"

"Crap. You mean your father knows, too?"

"No! Hell, no! My father would have locked me in my room. He expects any children I have some day will be the product of immaculate conception."

[Laughter]

"Yeah. I guess if I had a daughter, I'd probably feel the same way. I mean, the way I've felt about you all these years, we better have all boys. I don't know if my heart will take worrying about girls."

"Excuse me? *We* better have boys?"

"Well of course. After we're married."

"Married?"

"Betts. Didn't you tell me on more than one occasion you wanted to be a virgin bride?"

"Well...yes, but I was just a girl then."

"Two months ago you were a girl?"

"Oh. That's right. But I feel ready now. With you, of course."

"I suppose we could tell ourselves...better yet, we could... Sit up."

"What are you doing?"

"Elizabeth Anne Jenkins... Wait, I should kneel down. ... Elizabeth Anne Jenkins, love of my life, will you consent to marry me tonight with vows we make ourselves and then in a week or two, fly to Las Vegas for a vacation, at least that's what we'll tell everyone, and secretly get legally married there, and then come back and let your mom plan the church wedding she always wanted you to have so we can be married in their eyes, too?"

"You goof. Of course I will. Should we write down our vows or just wing it?"

"I'm for winging it. Come on, stand up. ... You ready? Okay."

"Elizabeth Anne Jenkins, I take you to be my wedded wife and to be my partner in life. I promise to love you, and cherish you, and support you, and care for you in sickness and in health, and to laugh at your bad jokes for as long as we both shall live."

"David William Stone, I take you to be my wedded husband and to be my partner in life. I promise I'll love you more each day than the day before, that I'll support you and help you and care for you in sickness and in health, and that I'll always stand by you no matter what the future brings."

"I now pronounce us husband and wife."

"I now pronounce us wife and husband. You, sir, may kiss the bride silly now."

[Intermittent sounds of kissing and pleasure.]

"Wow! That keeps on getting better every time we kiss!"

"You're a great kisser, husband."

"Not just me, wife. It takes two to generate that kind of heat."

"Want to know where else I'd like to generate that kind of heat?"

"I can guess."

"Not in bed."

"Okay then..."

"On the roof."

"What!? We can't..."

"Not this roof. At night on a big flat roof overlooking the city with all the lights and a bright moon. It's always so romantic when they do it in the movies."

"Oh. Okay. But if we're gonna do that... Remember all the walks we used to take on the beach when we were in high school?"

"Sure. Why did we stop doing that?"

"College."

"Right."

"Well every single time we took one of those walks, especially late in the afternoon or evening, I wanted to throw my arms around you and kiss you."

"Davie! Really?"

"Oh, yeah. So I'm thinking tomorrow we take a ride to the shore, spend the day doing whatever, have a nice dinner, then take a walk on the beach so at sunset I can kiss you silly there."

"And then we can come back and go up on the roof of Telli's building and I can kiss *you* silly."

"Yeah. Absolutely. Tomorrow's gonna be the best Sunday of our lives."

"So what now?"

"That depends. What time do you have to be home?"

"I don't. Mom knows I'll be spending the night here."

"Then let's take a shower together. I've been wanting to do that with you for a very long time."

"And then we go to bed and I give you what I've wanted to give you for as long as I knew what it was."

"Yeah. About that."

"What?"

"Since we first learned about sex, you've been... what's the word... steadfast in wanting to be a virgin on your wedding night. I've never once heard you waver from that. And despite our private vows, you're not officially Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Stone. Hey, when we get to Vegas and make it official, are you gonna take my last name or keep yours?"

"As old-fashioned as I am, what do you think?"

"Okay. I was just wondering. Either way would be fine with me, but I do like having one family name. I can take your name if you want."

"Are you kidding?"

"No. Why would I kid about that? Betts, all I want to do from this day forward is make you as happy as you can be. Make *us* as happy as we can be. Whatever it takes, if it's in my power, it's done. I take this marriage stuff really seriously."

"I do, too."

"I know you do. Which is why after we shower, we're gonna share my...no, it's our bed now. We're gonna share our bed and do things to each other that will have us biting the sheets to keep from screaming out our pleasure. Everything except one thing that we'll save for our official wedding night in Vegas. Or even our second official wedding night back here. Your choice."

"I guess it would make sense to learn about each other that way, what makes us feel good, so when we actually do it, maybe it won't be so uncomfortable. I'm glad one of us has some experience so we don't botch the whole thing. I've never let a guy get past second base."

"Don't worry. There'll be no botching. But about that experience."

"What?"

"While I've been to third base a number of times, and know my way around there pretty well, I've never actually gone home."

"You mean you're a virgin, too? How's that possible?"

"It's possible because I wanted my first time to be with you."

"I can't believe you waited all this time for me."

"Since the fourth grade."

"Then let's get naked and take a shower and then you can show me how I can make you very, very happy you waited. ... After you make *me* very, very, happy, of course."

"Of course."



Thank you for reading *The V Card*. We hope you enjoyed it.

If you are so inclined, we would very much like to read any comments, criticisms, suggestions, or other feedback you care to offer regarding any aspect of the story, the characters, the all-dialogue style, and anything else you want to share on the

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