

I told the pizza boys about the party but none of them wanted to go that Saturday night. They just wanted to hang at the house and be ready for the drive to Chicago the next morning. Suit yourself. I went and was greeted warmly by all and contributed to the house beer pot with five bucks. Soon I was ushered to Rick and Steve's room for a double toot, one per nostril. Nothing like reliving old times. There were the gals on the prowl, still only modestly interested in a bang session but ready if one said and did the right things, whatever that was.

I had barely started on my second cup of beer when she was suddenly standing next to me, leaning against me. I hadn't told her about the party. I hadn't even talked to her in a couple weeks and calmly stated that as she looked into my face, smiling. "I hear everything," Desiree replied just as calmly.

"You're not even a student here anymore," I contended.

"Friends are still friends," she replied, smiling widely.

That was that. We were a couple again. She was at my side constantly. I was at her side consistently. Trips to the bathroom were the only interruptions. The prowl gals steered clear because that was that.

It certainly felt familiar. I have been here before, though not in this particular house. That was the only difference. It was a different house. Been there, done that. Deja vu. It felt good, though. With her smile following me, next to me, leading me, I was smiling frequently, too. That's how good it felt.

Desiree was in a good mood...She would be receiving her sheepskin soon...the one with the fancy script and medieval language formality in which higher academia drown. Even caps and gowns have a medieval pomp and circumstance in their collective appearance. All that's lacking are pipes, lutes, dancing waifs, fire-breathers and free-flowing ale.

I told Desiree that I never doubted that she would finish it and get what she wanted...She had more drive and vision than I seemed to have. No one could tell by looking at me—I could hide anything—but I was the proverbial ship on the high seas with a broken rudder. I was gerryrigging any kind of steering mechanism to provide *some* type of *forward* directional influence, but the horizon was nothing but water and waves in *every* direction. - pages 153-154

While I blinked Desiree stripped to her underwear and climbed onto the bed pulling the sheet and cover over her body tightly. "What's taking you so long?" she teased from her prone position.

"I'm deciding what music to put on," I replied with a complete lack of purpose...

"Forget the music," she implored, "and get in here and make love to me."

*Oh, you mean f*** you with sensitivity,* I thought. I sat down on the edge of the bed and removed my shoes and socks. It was becoming a dance of predictable choreography and it was boring me, even aggravating me. *Does it really get this boring and aggravating this quickly?*

I shifted my weight and slipped both arms around her back, seizing the back strap of her bra and wiggling the two clasps free. Instantly I pushed myself up to a sitting position above her, grabbing a shoulder strap of her bra with either hand, and I yanked off her bra as she lifted her arms slightly. I threw her bra to the floor...Up on my hands and knees I scooted down along her body and snagged the waistline of her panties on both sides. Sitting up I yanked her panties over her hips, past her thighs, knees, calves, and, swiveling to my right, over her feet, tossing the freed apparel to the floor. - pages 155-156