

"Think you're ready?" Archie asked.

Jeff stopped for a moment and turned to glance at Archie. "Ready as I'll ever be, I guess," he said calmly, shrugging his shoulders...

Opening the door and glancing all around the living room, Jeff said, "Thanks. See you this afternoon." With no further hesitation, he swung the door open, stepped down the stairs and closed the door behind him...

Don shook his head and remarked, "If I had that professor, I'd ask right in class, 'Are you telling us that you can't get a room for our final *before* Friday afternoon? You must be on the very bottom of the tenure list here."

"Once again," I observed, "you've nailed it right on the head."

"I'll have to research my own professors for next semester," Archie said. "Transfer out of any class with a professor with tenure less than a year."

"You're in Business, Arch," Don remarked. "We run the university."

"True," Archie agreed. - *page 187*

RW was first. She wouldn't miss a free meal. When she stepped inside actually bearing liquid refreshment in a crisp grocery sack, Archie and I were temporarily stunned until she reached the kitchen and pulled out two containers of cheap wine coolers. We smiled insipidly, knowing that the only person who would even consider drinking those was RW. Not even Jeff would touch that, meaning his woman had brought items only for herself. Archie and I were relieved, though. All in the world was right. The magnetic field was still north to south and the tilt of the earth had not shifted forty-five degrees. For a moment we weren't so sure.

Mr. Lite arrived with his favorite beer in tow. It was only a twelve-pack, which was odd. Usually he would bring a case, but about fifteen minutes later, a friend of his also arrived, bearing a twelve-pack of Bud. Mr. Lite apologized for inviting his friend without asking first. I looked at Archie, who was looking at me with a smile, and we both agreed that it was okay. Archie decided to address the friend directly. "You're welcome to have some eats with us," he said. "You brought real beer." - *page 188*

Around eight that evening she arrived, the little blond girl with the beautiful bubble butt. Desiree went to the back door and knocked, the customary action of a guest. That she knocked despite the blaring music she could easily hear through the door is a testament to her rigid adherence to convention. That I could hear some semi-rhythmic banging over the blaring music in the living room is a testament to a sound sensitivity I no longer possess. That I reasoned the banging was someone knocking on the back door and that it was probably Desiree are testaments to an awareness that I may or may not possess any longer. However, that's four testaments in one paragraph, twice the number you get in the King James Bible. You can't argue that you're being cheated. - *page 189*

Desiree stopped kissing me and leaned away but with her inviting smile. She glanced down at her T-shirt and commented, "This is so confining. I think we should take it off." She looked up at me with her deviant grin. My hands were instantly at either side of the bottom of her T-shirt, grasping the hem, and I pulled her T-shirt up and over her white brassiere-covered breasts, her head and her upraised arms. I let her shirt fall from my lowered left hand to the floor behind me as I watched her reach behind her and unhook the back strap of her bra. Unhurried, I lifted my arms to place a hand on either of her shoulders and pushed the shoulder straps of her bra over her shoulders, over her arms and past her hands. I let her bra fall to the floor with her shirt, gazing at her bare, full and smooth white breasts...

we both heard a knock on the door and Mr. Lite yelled, "Hey, my friend's truck stalled in the parking lot across the street. Can you give him a push with your car so he can pop his clutch and turn the engine over?"...I shoved the brake down and the muscle car immediately halted as the truck continued on. I watched it jerk but I couldn't hear its engine over mine. A few seconds later the arm reached out with the thumb up, it waved, and the truck surged into the drive next to the theater...

Desiree was lying unmoving under the sheet...she asked if I had succeeded in getting the truck started and I affirmed.

"Good," she remarked, smiling her deviant grin. "Now get in this bed."

I frowned a bit as I replied, "I *did* want to strip you naked."

She smiled even more broadly as she asked, "Will this help?" Instantly, she flung the sheet to her knees and pulled her feet out from under it and set them atop the sheet. Lying on her back completely naked, she smiled innocently... - *pages 190-192*