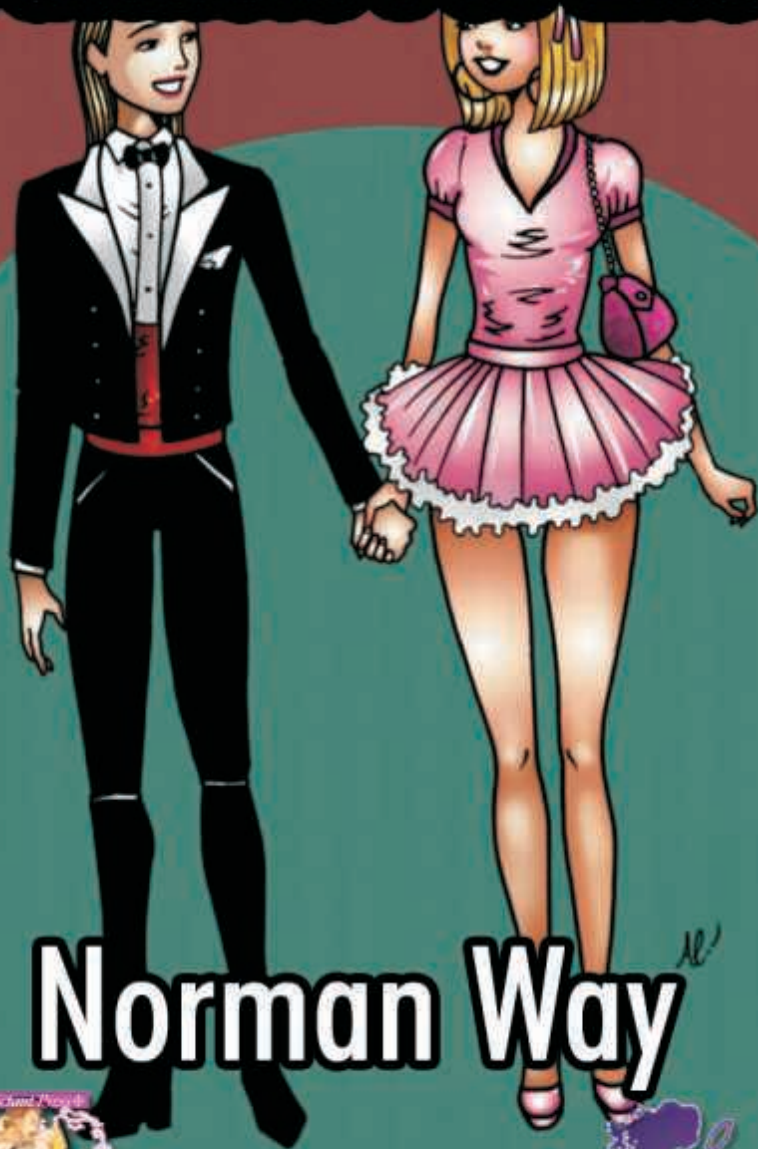


# Partners For Life



## Norman Way



A "New Woman" Novel



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# PARTNERS FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

I guess it would be honest to say that I had been leading a hum-drum existence. Nothing out of the ordinary had ever happened to me. Like most people I was going down the path of life with no real purpose or goals.

School was boring the shit out of me. I was no genius by any stretch of the imagination but I didn't have to spend a lot of time "cracking the books" so to speak. The teachers found me to be a "pleasant person and a good, though seemingly unmotivated student."

My parents had split when I was very young and I had only vague memories of my dad. Mom had quite a struggle at first but finished her nurses' training. She was now working for a large clinic and earning a good living.

I started working as soon as I turned sixteen. After a year in a burger joint I got a job at a private club. Working weekends part-time and full time summers I made more in tips in my first six months than I had made at the burger joint in nearly a year. I hustled my ass off and it paid big dividends.

With a down payment from mom for a decent used car I was making all my expenses with enough left over for a social life. I wasn't an athlete but was reasonably good looking though shy around girls. Being the quiet type I didn't have any close friends but I enjoyed the few dates I had between work and school.

Two weeks after losing my virginity following the Senior Prom my date was killed by a drunk driver. It was my first confrontation with death. I went to the funeral home for the short service. It was a closed casket service as there had been a fire after the collision she was in. I was sort of lost as I didn't know anybody there except her parents so after paying my respects following the service I left.

I had registered for college in January and signed up for a few general courses to get into the swing of things at the college level. I continued to work full time at the club during the summer and then cut back to part time once classes started.

After a month of classes I was invited to a freshman mixer at one of the sorority houses. It was there that I met Martha DeWalt, the woman who would change my life. She was taller than I was and had an athletic build.

From the moment she introduced herself she seemed to take charge of me. She gave me a drink and ushered me over to a table. Sitting next to me we made polite conversation but she seemed to lead our chat by asking ques-

tions about me while not giving out a lot of information about her self.

It sounds odd I guess but I felt very comfortable with her, almost secure you might say despite her being the assertive one. I almost got the feeling that if we were dancing to some romantic music she would be leading as opposed to my leading my prom date around the dance floor.

We made a date for pizza and soft drinks two weeks from that night. I left the mixer feeling good and flattered about being able to date someone like her especially in view of the fact that she was three years older than I was.

I found college level courses to be more demanding but I handled them with ease. Following our first date I continued to see Martha now and then. I had a few dates with other girls in my classes but I always looked forward to seeing Martha.

I seemed to feel more comfortable around her than the other girls. She wasn't "catty" or "chatty" and our conversations had more to do with business courses and the current state of economic affairs or the environment. Neither one of us cared much for TV or the movies so our dates were more along the lines of dinner and some good conversation.

As her graduation date approached we had more of our dates at sidewalk cafes or near the park. The milder weather was preferable to the chilly winters Minnesota is known for. When I asked about her plans following graduation she shrugged and said she was hoping to get into the financial business but didn't seem interested in giving any details.

May was a hectic month with everybody cramming for finals. Of course we both passed our exams with flying colors. I registered for the following fall while she be-

gan sending out resumes for a job. I had no doubt she would be employed in no time at all. She was not only beautiful but smart and her assertiveness would be a definite asset in pursuing a career in the dog eat dog financial world.

There were numerous parties the week after finals. Some were celebrating graduation while others like my self were celebrating a three month break from classes. Others of course merely got together to consume alcohol, pizza, and get laid.

Martha invited me to her apartment to celebrate her graduation the Sunday after finals. I wouldn't have to work at the club until the next weekend so I accepted. I thought about a graduation gift but I knew she was from an affluent family and with my limited budget I wasn't sure what I should get her so I bought a bottle of expensive wine instead.

When I arrived at her apartment she was dressed casually in a sleeveless blouse and denim mini skirt. She had always worn slacks or a pantsuit on our dates so this was a bit of a surprise. I handed her the bottle of wine and she took it over to the bar.

After opening it she poured two glasses half full and walked over to where I was sitting on the couch. She sat down next to me as she handed me my glass. She seemed to be looking me over in a rather odd way, like she was sizing me up or something.

We talked for awhile as we drank our wine. "Drink up," she said as she got up and brought the bottle back to refill our glasses. I took several gulps before she returned to fill the glass back to half full again.

I had never cared much for alcohol but this was a social occasion and I didn't see any harm in drinking just two half glasses of the sweet tasting wine. We continued

to talk and shortly I felt very warm. She seemed to sense it and leaned in to kiss me hard.

When we broke she took the glass from my hand and then led me to her bedroom. We were out of our clothes in no time. Standing in front of her she seemed to tower over me. She wrapped her arms around me and kissed me hard. I felt myself getting erect. She stopped and took a condom from the vanity and slipped it over my erect penis.

Later as we lay panting together on her bed I thought about how we had reversed the normal male-female roles. She had seduced me and been the aggressor in our love-making. It may have been unmanly but I had to admit I had enjoyed being in what was by all accounts the "feminine position."

She propped her head up with her left arm and with her right finger ran it over my chest

"You have very smooth skin. I like men who keep themselves smooth. You don't have much body hair either but it would be nice if you got rid of it. You also have kept yourself in good shape," she said.

"Mom is an R.N. and we have always been health conscious. We eat healthy and make use of both a treadmill and a stationary bike when we can't go outdoors to jog, bike or walk," I replied.

"I am not surprised, you have great buns. Now get up I want to try something."

We got out of bed. She walked to the vanity and came back with a battery operated clippers in one hand and several sheets of newspaper in the other. After she put the papers on the floor she turned the clippers on and grinned at me.

“Step on the papers please,” Without really knowing why I did as she asked me to.

A few minutes later she shut the clippers off and returned them to the vanity drawer. I looked down at the small amount of my body hair from my arms, underarms, chest and legs that lay in a pile on the newspapers.

“Step off please,” she asked.

I did so and she gathered up the newspapers, crumpled them into a ball and tossed it in the wastebasket.

“Follow me,” she said with a big grin.

In the bathroom she turned on the shower and adjusted the water temperature. From the small cupboard she put on a pink shower cap and then placed one on my head too. She removed my condom and flushed it down the toilet. We stepped in the shower and she soaped us up.

From the soap tray she held up a lady’s razor and shaved my arms, underarms, chest and legs. She replaced the razor in the tray. Holding me tightly to her body she kissed me hard and then ran her hands over my smooth shaven body. I became erect and we coupled again in the shower.

Almost simultaneously we both let out a gasp and I slipped out of her. We stood together for awhile as the warm water cascaded over us. I was completely spent. She held my face in her hands and smiled. After shutting off the water we removed our pink caps, hung them over the faucets and stepped out of the shower.

Wordlessly we dried ourselves off with two large pink, fluffy towels. She took my hand and led me to the full length mirror on her closet door.