

**Excerpt from
"Straight Out of University"
by Rosen Trevithick**

The morning after

A few moments, a few bland moments, existed between my eyelids first crinkling open, and remembering where I was. I looked around for a poster, a photograph, a painting or even a My Little Pony clock. Bare, white walls stared back at me. I knew there was nowhere I could be but John Killigrew's bedroom. *Finally.*

I rolled over just to check. There he was - short tufts of black hair defined the back of his head and despite a glazing of night gunge, my eyes could just make out his dark, fuzzy chest rising and falling.

He lay there in ignorant slumber, still unaware of the truth which now struck me - we had, indeed, spend our first night together.

This was news that made me feel like singing a little song, or dancing a little dance, but John looked peaceful lying there, his lungs gently feeding off the sea air.

I was torn. Obviously, I wanted John to wake up and draw me into a long, appreciative, morning cuddle that lead to slow, sleepy morning sex. However, I did not want to risk ruining my memories of the night before, with some less than perfect personal hygiene.

Concern about the intensity of garlic on my breath became a super-insecurity and I found myself instinctively leaping from the bed, in fear. It took me just a moment to relax - I'd

come prepared, with my trusty toothbrush. Everything was going to be all right.

I would just take a quick shower, freshen up, then I'd be back in bed, looking and tasting my absolute best, ready for a morning snuggle.

Cautiously, I crept around to John's side of the bed and peered at his face. He looked stern and intense, as if dreaming about the budget. There was no hint that he was close to waking up.

I was somewhat mesmerised by his appearance. Every time he exhaled, three tiny hairs below his nostrils wiggled in the breeze. My first partner with vivid nostril hair; it was novel and actually rather cute.

John's shower was exceptionally satisfying. It was, without a doubt, the least ecologically-friendly shower I had ever used, but by God, was it invigorating! For a while, I forgot my predicament and the necessity for a prompt return. This was better than sex - well, not better than last night's sex, but certainly a pleasant successor.

I took a moment to reflect on the fact that sex with a man was a digression for me, something different, something unexpected perhaps. But I didn't feel surprised or different. In fact, my feelings were pleasantly familiar - I recognised the proverbial sensation of the very beginnings of falling in love.

Shampoo? Where was it? I looked around. *Head and Shoulders*? Hardly to my taste, but it would have to do. Next: conditioner. I couldn't see any. No conditioner? What sort of person had no conditioner?

Panicking, I stepped out of the shower. My

shaggy locks felt like strands of frayed rope. Did he have a leave-in product somewhere? Was that the answer to the conditioner mystery? Nope. The meticulously neat bathroom cabinet contained only shaving foam, a packet of aspirin and one really big plaster.

Oh well, if I couldn't find conditioner, I'd just have to comb out the frizz and dry my hair on a very low heat. Now where did John keep his hairdryer?

Even though my mission was pure, I did not like to root through John's things without permission. It would be somewhat embarrassing to discover his porn when our relationship was still at such a delicate stage.

Holding the top of a drawer between my finger and thumb, as if it could be infectious, I pulled it open. At first I was too scared to look, but then I glanced inside quickly, preparing for the worst. Nothing. Just two piles of folded t-shirts.

I tried another - nothing but jeans. I tried another - nothing but socks. Was it... was it possible that John Killigrew did not own a hair dryer?

Perhaps I could pop around to my parents' house, condition my hair, dry it, and nip back into John's bed before he even noticed I was gone. Of course, it would look bad if he woke up and I wasn't there, but what could he expect if he made basic-grooming-equipment omissions?

I looked for my clothes. Ah, there were my knickers, peeping out from beneath John's discarded shirt. I was hardly going to put those grubby pants back on.

That was when I realised my next error - no clean pants. It hadn't even occurred to me that a fresh pair of knickers was an overnight essential for the girl with a boyfriend. No pants was not a problem after nights of lesbian passion. When caught unaware, it was usual for me to select a pair of my partner's most sexy knickers, and wear those home. This was a habit with two major advantages: I had a fresh pair of pants to wear home and, my love interest had an excellent excuse to see me again.

What did John Killigrew have in his underwear drawer I wondered? Boxers? Y-fronts? A really big plaster?

His pants were probably in the bedside cabinet. I couldn't risk it. What if John were to wake and discover me with my nose in his delicates?

In an impulsive moment of madness, I dived towards his clothes from the night before and grabbed his underwear - grey boxers made from a jersey knit. I swiftly slipped in a leg, then the other. The boxers felt surprisingly conformable. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. Certainly the snug fit flattered my hips. However, the saggy bulge at the centre front, did not. Sharing undergarments with my new partner was just not going to work.

I sat on the end of John's bed wondering what I'd let myself in for. Having a boyfriend was clearly no walk in the park, unless you wanted to walk through the park in a pair of pressed grey boxers, with soggy, badly conditioned hair.