

## Chapter 768

NEW STORY TITLE: TO GOOD TO BE TRUE

\*People who forget their past are doomed to be blind-sided by it\*

(Monday)

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I couldn't help but notice the similarity between myself and the other four new hires. We were all clean cut men, fresh out of college, fit and masculine. The 'men' part of the equation made sense. Havenstone Commercial Investments had come out of a long legal proceeding over their accused discriminatory policies. Ww.w.00v(e)Lwor(m).0Om

An undisclosed settlement had been reached plus they agreed to implement this new program to hire more men. For me that meant an employment opportunity with a Fortune 500 company despite my rather underwhelming collegiate career. Don't get me wrong; I had good grades. I also went to a college virtually no one had ever heard of – Bolingbrook College in New Hampshire.

With me was Chinese-American Brian Fung from Harvard, blue blood Trent Grant from Carnegie-Melon, African-American Khalid Adzharia from MIT and Salvadoran-American Felix Melena from the University of Michigan – Ann Arbor. For starters, they all had far better academic pedigrees them me, nicer toys, and better looking suits.

The second they found out where I was from, I was dropped out of their conversation. They were bragging about their awards and accomplishments, their families and where they vacationed, professors who knew them on a first name basis and when they planned to get their master's degrees. Given time to take in our circumstances without the distraction of being part of their little club, something occurred to me.

We were all freaking gorgeous. I don't mean cultured, handsome, or attractive to the opposite sex. I meant every one of us would be hit on in a nightclub in under five minutes unless we had a significant other hanging all over us. I was getting a sinking suspicion about what Havenstone considered 'crucial' for job performance and it didn't have anything to do with what alumni we were now part of.

Here I was with my Father's dark good looks, my genetics an ancient blend of Bulgarian and Turkish with a recent addition of Irish Gaelic. My eyes, the legacy of my Mom, were a deep emerald green. The broad shoulders, narrow waist and powerful arms and legs were part heritage with a serious application of physical activity. I exercised constantly, swam whenever I could and cycling was my religion; the tougher the terrain, the better.

Better yet, the brainiacs around me hadn't seemed to figure that out yet. Maybe they thought I was a 'legacy' hire – I had a relative on the inside. Nope. Mom died when I was seven and my Dad worked for Illinois Power and Light as a line runner. His sister, Aunt Stella, was a crab fisherwoman in Maryland and unmarried.

A series of off-handed comments in the interview process suddenly came back to haunt me. I'd been asked about who I was close to, both presently and back in college. They wanted to know about my 'moral character'. Fuck it all – I'd filled out a dating survey! I'd never used a matchmaking service, but I bet if I logged on to E-Harmony, I'd recognize the questions.

The door to the conference room opened and seven women entered. Ms. Tessa Carmichael had handled the interview process. Umami Lhasa was her Hindi assistant and all-around encyclopedia of all things Havenstone. The other five were unknown to me and, I had a feeling, unknown to my fellow new hires. We all stood. The other four smiled. I smiled too, but felt cautious.

"Gentlemen, it is time to begin. Today we begin your internship process and I'd..." Tessa got out before Fung interrupted.

"I was given the impression we were guaranteed employment, Ms. Carmichael," he spoke in a commanding voice. How stupid was this guy?

"Academia is a sheltered environment, Mr. Fung. Havenstone is very much part of the real, visceral world and you can hardly expect to gain a six-figure salary with all the benefits based on your ability to impress men who have never created an iota of wealth in their lives," Tessa smiled. I hoped she eventually give it back to the orca she'd swiped it from.

"I was entertaining offers from several other corporations as well," Trent added his voice. "We were guaranteed employment. Our contracts state so." He seemed proud of his ability to read. Trent should have boned up on reading between the lines.

"Well, if you two wish to sign 'Termination of Employment' papers," Tessa sounded disappointed, "we will conceded to your wishes."

At this point, the guys with a promising futures should have bailed. I didn't have options unless you considered 'do you want fries with that' to be a back-up plan. I was amazed the other four didn't see it. @ww.no0eLl.w0(r)m.c0mm

"What we really want is a clarification of what this internship process entails," Khalid intervened.

Tessa's smile became all happy bunnies again.(w)ww.N0v0lw0rm.0oM

"Very well," she appeared pleased, "let's start by introducing your mentors. Mr. Fung, Ms. Julian Jameson has chosen you. She is our Senior VP in charge of Acquisitions – something you excelled in, I recall." Fung looked pleased. Julian was a foxy red-head somewhere in her mid-thirties.

"Mr. Grant, you have been selected by Olympia Shore, head of our Financial Investigative unit." Greying hair yet she looked like she ran marathoners down on a regular basis; she was tall, fit and svelte. "I understand you showed a talent for forensic accounting," Tessa continued. "Mr. Adzharia, you have been chosen by Ms. Phalli Chandra VP of International Finance."

Where Khalid was patently African-American, his mentor was African – most likely central African, like Congo, or Cameroon. She was in her early thirties and sculpted in a way that made me think I wouldn't mind wrestling her even though I wasn't sure who would win. "You have an excellent grasp of linguistics as I recall."

"Mr. Melena, Ms. Tia Pharos VP of Business Management has chosen to take you on." My bet she was Lebanese, or Palestinian – more Sematic than Aramaic. Still, her hair was thick, wavy and long – all the women seemed to go for the 'long hair' look for that matter. She was also the shortest mentor, perhaps one meter - seventy.

"You have all around high marks in your education. We think you will be a perfect fit." He smiled as did Tia. I thought they were smiling for different reasons. Maybe that was paranoia. "Mr. Nyilas," that was me - C  l Nyilas, "you have been selected by Ms. Katrina Love, VP of Executive Services."

I could hear the 'huffs' of my compatriots. Executive Services were basically gophers for the top tier of the corporation. ES was not the fast track to success. They got the limos and laundry for those who were. On the plus side, Katrina was a voluptuous blonde perhaps forty years of age, hitting all my key sexual triggers...basically, a conscious, breathing female. I didn't have low standards – I was a sexual omnivore.

Given the chance I'd seduce every woman I came across, though not here – not today.