

911

Had I been better at this game, I would have noticed the lack of functioning traffic cameras around us. Instead, I went begging to the local diocese of the Catholic Church. I plead my case. Mom and Dad were devout, raised me to be a devout Catholic yet when my Mother died, my father had never gotten over the trauma and me, being a young man, hadn't explored my spirituality yet – but I promised I'd get right on it when I returned to New York.

The priest who handled the end of life stuff for the Church was sympathetic. He gave me the name of a local priest near my home I could talk to on my return. He also told me that he'd received a moving letter from a nun in Uganda about a deeply spiritual moment she had shared with me years ago, so he was onboard with giving my Dad a Catholic send-off@wW.N0Qe1W.r1M.C0m

I wasn't sure if that was a sign to never touch a wannabe Nun again, or a reminder that nun's gave incredibly positive feedback on their sexual misadventures. I went with the latter. A few more calls, the choosing of the proper crematorium and I was through with the first part of that ordeal. Next came the funeral notification and invites.

The Union would send some of Dad's closest co-workers and several neighbors said they'd show up as well. Flowers, clothes, wake... well, it couldn't be in my family home. The forensic team was gone and it was free for me to wander through, but the bullet holes and blood might put a damper on the ambience. In the midst of my worries, I got a call.

A polite man named Winchell Sokolowsky offered me the Marshal Fields Jr. Mansion for my personal use. If there is any doubt, Chicago is NOT the city of good Samaritans, the overly polite, or even the casually kind. Chicagoans pride themselves on being tough. We have plenty of good people who help out, volunteer and try to make life easier for their fellow man.

That does not encompass giving a random stranger use of a multi-million dollar mansion. If I hadn't already been living in fantasy land, I'd have been busy figuring out which one of my few male friends was pulling this prank of on me, but no.

"Can I inquire about the source of this largesse, Mr. Sokolowsky? Take in mind the incredible likelihood of a government agency most foul listening in," I cautioned him.

"A family friend," he responded with an amused snort. Yeah, cause my Father's funeral was all chuckles for me. Since crab-women weren't likely to know owners of mansions, this had to be my aunts. Woot.

"Thank you sir. My security people will be over to sweep the place before the city, state, or federal governments can crank out another search warrant. Thank you again."

"That is not unexpected," Sokolowsky replied. "Until then." Rachel looked at me as if I'd done something absurd. She may have been right.

"Did you just accept shelter from an individual we do not know... except that he is certainly part of the Protocols?" she stared at me.

"Come on now," I chastised her. "It's for a funerary wake. I'm not taking three hundred of the lads out for a stroll, chasing savages up the Little Big Horn, or an Irishman deciding that Oliver Cromwell is a man of his word." I leaned in and winked to Rachel. "Besides Charlie... I got an angle." Pamela, who just happened to be walking by, gave me another high-five.

Rachel was really learning to hate/dread those moments of synergy between Pamela and I.

"I am not allowed to kill you and I am afraid I can't kill Pamela, but please don't think I don't want to do both," Rachel ratcheted up her displeasure.

"Torn into itsy-bitsy pieces..." Pamela started.

"And buried alive!" I finished. Another high-five.

"You two are both insane," Rachel despaired.

"That's the spirit," Pamela and my comeback to Rachel was in synch once again. To prove I wasn't heartless, I hugged Rachel.

She froze, arms at her side, caught between warring impulses. I maneuvered her arms around until her hands rested on the back of my hips then rested mine on the small of her back.

"Rachel, I cannot go back to a safe, faceless existence," I whispered as I planted tender kisses on her forehead. "To do so would be a betrayal of... me – Ishara."

Rachel let go of her emotions and rested her head against my shoulder.

"Why couldn't I be tasked to do something sane... like fight drug cartels, Maoist insurgence, or corporate hit squads in the Amazon?" she sighed. I moved my hands to her buttocks and gave them a nice fondle making sure to slowly grind her waist against my hips.

Humping her would have been a mistake. That was sexual. I was giving her a bit of physical appreciation and nothing more. Rachel tilted her head up, I brought mine down until we were nose to nose.

"Promise me you will try to stay alive, C  el," she sounded almost mournful.

"I will make a deal with you," I stated. "If I make it back to New York alive, you will consent to have sex with me." Rachel was confused, suspicious yet aroused. "None of this 'one hour' in some dormitory, or nunnery cell. I want everything – a light meal, some quality touching time and a minimum of two rounds of orgasmic sex."Ww.r.Nore!@orm.com

"Ah... not a scratch," Rachel counter-offered. I nodded, kissed her nose and she felt as if she'd won something. Rachel got ready to take us to our next stop. Pamela slipped past me.

"Like shooting fish in a barrel," she whispered. I had never used that term out loud before. "That's what I would say," she clarified. She was my evil psychic twin grandmother.

It was through a tireless group effort that I made it back to the Hotel Burnham at 4 p. m. Cameron made a show of being busy when I first came back. I was willing to be patient. While she pattered around, I flirted with the desk clerk and one of the baggage attendants – pale skin, blonde hair with freckles and light brown skin, black hair in a Nubian weave.

This was the 'professional' lure. By presenting myself as a 'Man's Man' and garnering female adoration, I was clearly not (yet) that into her. The pressure was on her and Cameron didn't like pressure because pressure equated to the possibility of failure. Her advantages which were obvious to every other observer were not certainties to her.

Contest time.

"Director C  el Nyilas," Cameron interrupted my joke to the two ladies, "I'm finished up for the day." I gave a quick smile to the women I was about to leave then turned on my personal demon. "Should I wait in the lounge until you change?"

"No," I waved off her objections. "You can come up to my suite and then we can go to your domicile for you to change for a night out." Quick visual clue update: she lived at home with her parents yet dated enough that it wouldn't be awkward. It also showed me that she was uncomfortable about going to my room. She wasn't so enchanted she would do something stupid.

I had the answer to that. I had made it a public declaration. Not only did my hovering troop had the news, so did her front desk. Nothing bad could happen to her if everyone knew where she was... right? On the elevator ride up it was just me, Cameron, Pamela and Esmeralda. The rest travelled on ahead.

She took one rear corner so I took the other. I then let my leather-soled shoes slide down the carpet, lowering my overall height compared to Cameron. At some point, I began back-spinning my feet, pretending to be on the edge of falling on my ass. I smiled at Cameron and her eyes sparkled at the vaudevillian gesture.uvw.rrov@lw@()m.  oM

Know your prey and I knew way more about Cameron than was healthy for any girl. For instance, she loved Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton – more of a Keaton girl. She giggled then came to my rescue. She was wrapping me up in her arms while mine stayed safely away.

"You are a bit of a joker," she teased me.

"Your beautiful smile makes all that effort worthwhile," I truthfully pledged to Cameron. She sighed so contentedly. Behind her back, Pamela was loading a two-barreled hunting device, aiming at some surface-based, above ground structure with an open top and gave it both barrels while avoiding the imaginary back-splash. 'Looks like herring for dinner,' she mouthed with a wicked grin.

Esmeralda was soaking it in. Hadn't I pounced on Rachel a few hours earlier? I was definitely hooking Cameron and reeling her in for some sexual deviant purpose... and Pamela was mocking the whole situation. E turned and faced the doors.

"You seem like a really nice guy," Cameron murmured. "I mean that in a good way."

"I can't see you as any way, but truthful and kind," I met her cherished countenance. "I imagine even harsh lessons are difficult for you to deliver." There – she had one last chance to figure out the poor schlub she'd crushed at the start of our senior year was mewwww.n  (v)e(1)W0  (m).coM

"Being a leader can be very tough," she moped as she pressed into me.

My mumbled offerings of affection and her savage reprisal had never registered with her. I was going to eat her alive.

"How about I take care of you tonight?" I requested. She hesitated, not out of fear, but confusion. "Completely relax and I'll make the decisions for this one night. Your mind will be free to enjoy and discard at your pleasure."

On most levels, Cameron was seeing this as a date. She was a 'dating' girl. She didn't give up the goodies until date three, if I was exceptionally good; date four, or five otherwise. I was about to dispose of that with a clever case of role reversal. My two staffers vanished as I entered my lakeside executive suite. A splendid view I thought I'd never be able to afford the last day...