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The 28th of December. I had enough money for a flight and a date picking me up at the airport. Bollingbrook had an inordinate amount of students stay the holidays and, by tradition, the graduating class hosted a New Year's Eve party for those students and the staff. I had told Dad about Havenstone and my infinitesimal chances of that kind of job.

That was it. He patted me on the shoulder. There was no pressure to come back to Burnham after graduation if I didn't have a job lined up. It was my home if I needed it. So much was unspoken between us. I could tell he was proud – college – good grades – popular – happy. I shouldn't have taken for granted we'd get a chance to talk later.

Back to the joy at hand.

"So, what's it like working with your Dad?" I dropped into our causal conversation. I was in the bedroom, door open – really? Why do they put doors on those things? The 'Daddy' question could be taken two ways and I trusted Cameron to take it the worse way – and to be pissed.

"My Father didn't get me the job here!" Cameron stormed in and insisted with a nice spirited mare stomp of the foot as emphasis. I 'just happened' to be naked, half turned away and a nice, highly suggestive pair of men's underwear in my hands.

"What do you mean?" I was clearly confused. I turned a bit more toward her.

Now she could almost see everything.

"You... you have scars all over your body," she moaned.

"I am a warrior, Cameron. This is the kind of man I am," I gave her a fierce, dominating gaze. "I fight for what I want and I brutally defend that which is mine. Who did you think I was?"*Ww.Nov8f@orm.com*

Had Cameron been a fighter, that would have been the point she left the room. She was all up-front, bravado and a superior façade over an insecure, parentally driven trophy for their mantel place. My anger faded. It wasn't her fault I couldn't read her signs four years ago. I was still going to fuck her to the afterlife and back, but this time I'd be doing it as an informative journey.

"I don't know anymore," Cameron tried to rally some sort of coherent rampart.

"Come here," I beckoned her with one hand (the one without the underwear). Cameron shook her head. "Cameron, please believe me, there are things my staff would let me get away with; rape is not one of them. I won't touch you anywhere unless you give me permission."

If you are a girl in the room at this point, you are toast. I just made it safe to touch my naked body. Sure, you have clothes on – for now, but not for long. Why? Women desire sex about as much as men do. Unless you are a vapid fashion model with substance abuse issues, men with non-disfiguring scars are an aphrodisiac. Add to that a hard-forged physique and men, sex is there for the taking.

"I... uh..." she kept taking baby-steps forward. "I... Pam... Pamela is it?"

"Yo," Pamela answered in a bored manner, knife in hand, then, "Whoa now!" she pointed her knife at my equipment. "Sheath that, young man. Put it under wraps right now."

"I'm grown man, Pamela," I griped. I also put on my underwear.

"Pluck the freaking pebble out of my hand, bitch, and then I'll call you an adult," Pamela sneered. Looking to Cameron, "Anything else Miss?"*Ww.nov8f@orm.com*

"No, thank you... no, wait. What do you do for Mr. Nylas?" Cameron asked.*Ww(ψ).fi@vc@orm.com*

"I'm his psychic medium," was Pamela's sage reply. That supernatural bogusness made Cameron happy. It shouldn't have.

"Yeah, I kill his enemies then interrogate their souls," Pamela added with a nod. "It is highly rewarding work." Cameron's mouth gaped. "How about I shut the door and give you two kids some privacy."

"What does she really do?" Cameron whispered to me. Part of me wanted to say 'she told you'.*www.nov8f@orm.com*

"She's my masseuse," I lied. I started putting my pants on (forgetting my socks) then fell/sat on the bed. Cameron came to my bedside. I rolled on my back and highly exaggerated the effort it took to pull them up. Cameron began giggling. "Hey, these are my 'skinny' slacks. I wouldn't laugh at you if our positions were switched."

"Really?" she teased me. I laughed and she laughed along.

"Cameron, think about it. I'm shirtless and definitely bra-less. I'm pretty sure I'd be too distracted by a multitude of your other assets to snicker," I countered. Cameron blushed and smiled.

Ah, the visual image in Cameron's head was her, with jeans, racy panties and nothing else on while I hovered over her, relishing her attempts to conceal her charms. I shuffled back on the bed and resumed pulling my slacks up. Cameron followed, right into the danger zone.

"Wait..." she put a hand on my abdomen. "What caused that scar?"

So I told her. Okay, I gave her an abridged version of the truth. Fine, I lied like a big dog. I had the amazing habit of stumbling across women in need of saving. I bled for their virtue and honor, racked with intense pain before a violent victory was seized by my masculine hands. I was sure that Pamela and Rachel were hiding just outside the door, retching into waste baskets over the layers upon layers of my tripe.

Around wound twelve, I was sure if I had asked Cameron to wear little lamb ears and a bell around her neck, she would have – had one been handy. To be fair, I wasn't fighting off legions of Green Beret. I was doing one better. I was using thinly-veiled caricatures of her High School enemies and nemeses. I was revealing their wickedness and pummeling them for their evil ways.

There is a precious look a woman has when she miraculously discovers she is going to have the intercourse she's wanted yet somehow not recognized that need for until that moment. Cameron had that look, straddling me, skirt hiked up to her waist and vulva riding my cock (two layers intervening). We were out of wounds.

"The rest are covered up," I explained in a predatory voice. Yes, Cameron was going to have sex and she had no control of events whatsoever and I hadn't even laid a hand on her yet.

"Where?" she was suddenly baffled.

"Pants," I kept it short and to the point. Cameron looked over her shoulder

She reluctantly started to dismount so she could get to them so I made my move. I grabbed her hips in mid-dismount and rotated her around to reverse-cowgirl. Cameron began tugging off my pants with my legs raised high. My stomach crunches kicked in and I leveraged my torso up as well. I deftly moved her skirt up and went straight to the ass massage.

Cameron's head shot around, eyes fearful. I had broken my word to not touch her without permission. Yes, I had lied to a girl... Now, I kissed her right on the lips, expertly delivered a delving French kiss and moved one hand to her right breast for an aggressive fondle. Cameron was really getting into it. Her nipples were petite but highly sensitive. Her ass was humping my cock like an over-eager sorority girl pole-dancing on Amateur Night.

On cue, Cameron broke free and flew off the bed.

"What – you... I thought we were going out?" she whined. She was horny as hell and didn't want to be held accountable at it.

"Why are you running away?" I reclined back, solely in my underwear now.

I was using my 'I'm disappointed in you' voice. Yes, I was 'guilting' a girl into having sex. Duh. I would never coerce a woman, or take one not in her right mind – that's using forces beyond her control. Guilt? Guilt has a foundation squarely in a woman's mind, just like humor, romance, common interests (feigned or not) and horniness. Girls can control guilt just like any other psychological trigger. It is called being shameless and I ought to know.

Remember guys, it cuts both ways. Don't think so? You've had a girlfriend three whole months to the point she's staying over a night or two a week. One night, after your (hopefully) second round, you both discover it is that time of the month. 'Babe (or whatever pet name she has saddled you with), can you run to the store and get me some tampons and pads?'

That, by the way, was not a question. She, for hygiene reasons, can't put her clothes on and go out herself. So, you go out to the Quick-Mart at 2 a. m. praying to God that none of your buddies are on a late night beer run and see you with your... stuff. You are not doing this for sex. She's not feeling 100% at the moment. Why are you? Guilt.

She was at your place, making your Baloney Pony happy and this happened. You could send her out to the store. Not only is she not the only woman out there, many women understand guys getting freaked out about menstrual products. No, you feel guilty and risk the ridicule of your peers because it is your fault and you are not a dick-wad.

And why did she ask you to do something that has nothing to do with you? Women are equally aware that guilt works, Baby. Back to our tale...

"I'm not running away," sounded empty coming out of her mouth. "You said... touching."

"I think you gave that option up when you crawled on top of me," I leered.

"I clearly want to be with you, Cameron. You have given every indication you want to be with me, so I ask you again, why are you suddenly running away?" I kept after her.

"I don't want to have sex... right now," again, she sounded weak.

"Whatever happens, I go back to New York in two days," I met her shaky gaze.

"You can set a time table if you like. The actuality of my life is relentless. I have things to get back to. If you are going to go then go. I'll head out alone tonight, get a few drinks, come back early and grab some shut-eye," I shrugged. I went searching for my pants. See, she wasn't some random fuck. I wasn't leaving to replace her – making her a failure.

I was hemming her in. I had the timeline. I had made my desires clear. There was no negotiation so while she appeared to have choices, she didn't and she knew it. For a girl who had spent so much effort working hard to not disappoint the main masculine figure in her life there was only one thing to do.

"I don't want you to think I ever do anything like this," she propped up her morals while stutter-stepping back to the bed. "I feel I have a connection with you." Ah... the 'I have a connection with you' excuse. It would have been so appropriate if she actually remembered me. I pulled her onto the bed, went through the obligatory trying to push me off then we were back to the kissing and humping.

Cameron turned out to be a 'use me' girl. That does NOT mean abuse, it means she gets off being a responder to her partner's sexual directions. Caress her cheek, jaw and throat and she'd cup my chin, or massage my chest. Cameron was smart and a quick-learner. Her problem was a lack of a sense of adventure and an aversion to taking the lead.