



**ETERNAL  
SINNER**

**By  
Michel Poulin**

# **ETERNAL SINNER**

**An erotica/fantasy novel**

**By Michel Poulin**

**© December 2014**

## **WARNING TO POTENTIAL READERS**

**THIS NOVEL CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF SEX, VIOLENCE AND EROTICISM, AS WELL AS COARSE LANGUAGE AND CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS THAT ARE MEANT SOLELY FOR AN ADULT AUDIENCE. WHILE THIS NOVEL DEPICTS SOME HISTORICAL OR ACTUAL PERSONS, THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION AND WORDS OR DEEDS ATTRIBUTED IN IT TO PERSONS WHO EXISTED OR ARE STILL LIVING DO NOT REFLECT REALITY. THIS BOOK DOES NOT REFLECT IN ANY WAY THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OR MORALITY NORMS OF THE AUTHOR.**

### **ABOUT THIS NOVEL**

This novel is meant to depict with humor and openness the adventures of a very special young woman who lives by the three 'S' : Seduction, Sex and Sin. It is not meant in any way to promote the lifestyle of the main character, but rather to simply provide entertainment to adult readers.

**TABLE OF CONTENT**

CHAPTER 1 – A NEW START .....	4
CHAPTER 2 – LOOKING FOR A JOB.....	23
CHAPTER 3 – FRATERNITY MAYHEM.....	38
CHAPTER 4 – THE PRICE OF SIN.....	48
CHAPTER 5 – PLAYING ROUGH .....	56
CHAPTER 6 – ANOTHER LONELY SOUL .....	78
CHAPTER 7 – IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.....	94
CHAPTER 8 – TROUBLE FROM HEAVEN .....	126
CHAPTER 9 – FAMILY VISIT.....	142
BIBLIOGRAPHY .....	147

## **CHAPTER 1 – A NEW START**

**11:18 (California Time)**

**Sunday, September 3, 1972**

**Los Angeles International Airport**

**California, U.S.A.**

Richard Radner was still considered a rookie by the other Immigration and Customs agents in Los Angeles International Airport, having been on the job for less than four months. Because of that, he often found himself under the close scrutiny and supervision of his senior supervisor, the no-nonsense Senior Inspector Frank Capriano, while processing newly arrived travelers. As the junior agent in his team, he drew more than his fair share of weekend and night shifts, but Richard had not complained about that, knowing that it was the price to pay to progress in his new career. At 22 years of age, he was tall, fit and handsome, something that had helped him a lot when dealing with female customers, who seemed to tone down any bout of feistiness after a close look at him. It also had helped him in getting many warm smiles from the occasional airline stewardesses he had to process from time to time.

Richard had now been on duty for over eleven hours at the customs inspection stations that received the travelers from outside the United States. He had just finished processing and inspecting the luggage of a number of passengers that had arrived from Mexico and was now expecting a few travelers that were just arriving on a United Airline flight after transferring on it in New York from a Pan Am flight from Paris. He soon saw the United Airline Boeing 707 arrive at one of the gates of the passenger terminal, with about a hundred passengers then disembarking and proceeding first to the reception counters, then to the baggage carrousel to retrieve their luggage. Those that had registered their luggage on international flights with connections in the United States then started arriving at the customs inspection counters. The first travelers Richard processed turned out to be an American businessman and his wife, returning from a vacation in Paris. Greeting them with a smile and a polite question about any imported item bought in France during their vacation, Richard raised an eyebrow when the businessman said that he and his wife had nothing to declare. Staying polite, he then

asked them to put their luggage on the counter and to open them. Richard saw the couple tense up as he started looking through their possessions, something that confirmed his suspicions. He quickly found an apparently expensive dress with matching high heel shoes and jacket, all of which were missing their brand stickers. On closer examination, Richard saw that the said stickers had been cut away. Keeping a polite façade, he looked up at the businessman and his wife.

“Did you buy these items while in France, sir?”

“Of course not!” Replied the pot-bellied man in a vehement tone. “My wife bought them at a boutique here in Los Angeles that imports the latest in French fashion.”

“I am sorry, sir, but the brand stickers on them have been cut away. Could you explain that to me?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about!”

“Sir, are you still saying that you bought them here and not in France?”

“That’s what I’m saying, young man! Could we go now? I have an important business lunch meeting to attend and am going to be late if I lose more time here.”

Richard looked the man into the eyes for a short moment, then turned around to make a sign to Senior Inspector Frank Capriano. The latter was besides him in a few seconds and listened to his whispered explanations before nodding his head.

“Let me handle this, Mister Radner.”

If the traveling couple believed that Capriano would prove more amenable, they quickly found out that they were wrong. With Richard watching and listening carefully, Capriano politely but systematically demolished the stories of the businessman, with the latter ending up having to pay a fine on top of paying importation duties on half of the items in the couple’s luggage. As the fuming couple was finally allowed to leave with their luggage, Capriano looked at Richard and smiled to him.

“Nice initial call about that couple, Mister Radner. Keep it up!”

“Thank you, sir!” Replied Richard, feeling pride at the compliment. Capriano then returned to his previous position, letting Richard handle the next travelers.

The three next travelers proved to be honest ones, declaring all their imported items, which were anyway within the limits permitted by customs rules. The fourth next traveler then arrived at Richard’s inspection counter with a cart loaded with two suitcases and one carry-on bag. Richard felt blood rush to his brain and he had a hard time keeping a straight face at the sight of the absolutely ravishing young woman, a

teenager actually, that now stood in front of him while giving him a very warm smile. The girl was very tall, close to six feet in height, had a curvy, extremely sensual body with long legs and a large, firm chest that was made quite evident by the wide cleavage of her blouse. Her long black, silky hair fell to the middle of her back and her large green eyes sparkled with malice as she spoke in a mellow voice to Richard while handing him her custom declaration and her passport.

“Good day, mister. I have nothing to declare. Do you need to inspect my luggage?”

“Uh, let me just check first your declaration, miss.”

Looking first at her customs declaration form, then at her passport, Richard saw a couple of things that intrigued him. Looking up from the passport and doing his best not to stare at the girl’s fabulous chest, he gave her his best smile, even though he couldn’t help getting quickly a tremendous erection.

“Miss Patricia Love, you have an American passport, yet you have no return stamps from the United States Customs, while you have a number of European entry and exit stamps in it. How come?”

“That’s easy enough to explain, Mister...Radner.” She answered while glancing at his nametag on his uniform’s jacket. “I am the daughter of an American couple that lived in Paris. Unfortunately, my parents died recently in a car accident and I decided to come back to the United States in order to attend university here in Los Angeles. This is actually the first time that I come to the United States.”

“I am sorry to hear about your parents, Miss Love. Please accept my most sincere condolences.”

“Thank you, Mister Radner. You are most kind. Do you need to look at my luggage now?”

“Yes, but I am sure that it will turn out to be a simple formality, miss.”

“Please, call me simply Patricia.”

Richard hesitated then and glanced quickly at Senior Inspector Capriano, ever vigilant in his corner, then made an apologetic smile to Patricia.

“Uh, I’m afraid that regulations forbid me to be familiar with customers, miss.”

“A shame indeed! What about after work? When does your shift end, Mister Radner?”

With crazy hopes sprouting at once in his mind, Richard couldn’t let such an opportunity pass and he answered her in a low voice.

"I am due to finish my shift in twenty minutes, at noon."

That made the sensual teenager grin with satisfaction.

"Excellent! I was due to find an hotel on arrival, since I don't have yet a place to stay here. Maybe I could abuse your services and ask you to drive me to a decent hotel in the Westwood area after you are done with your work shift?"

"It would be my pleasure, miss, truly." Replied Richard, as horny as he could be. "Let me just look quickly at your luggage."

Patricia grabbed her two large suitcases and, without apparent effort, put them flat on the inspection counter, opening them after also putting down her carry-on bag on the counter. Richard started searching in a perfunctory manner through them but had to pause after a few seconds only: he had just exposed an assortment of sex toys, including vibrators and a whip, lying under a layer of sexy underwear. As he gave a stunned look at Patricia, the latter made a devilish smile to him.

"Please don't be scandalized by these, Mister Radner: It is simply that I like my fun. You could say that I am a very bad girl, I suppose. I hope that you don't mind that?"

"Er, not at all, Miss Love." Replied Richard, now more than ever anxious to finish his work shift. "Well, everything seems to be in order here, miss. You may close and take back your luggage."

He then lowered his voice to a near whisper while he was bent over her luggage.

"Wait for me in the visitors' hall, near the taxi station. I will pick you up there in about half an hour."

"I will be there." She replied, still smiling. Patricia then put her luggage back on her cart and left the counter after a last wink at Richard. The latter, his heart beating fast and with sweat on his forehead, blew air out and took a few seconds to gain back his composure before calling forward the next passenger waiting in line.

At twenty past noon, Richard showed up in the visitors' hall and anxiously looked around for Patricia. He blew air in relief when he saw her, sitting on a bench and waiting patiently with her luggage cart besides her. Her long, shapely legs, mostly left uncovered by her outrageously short skirt, were crossed and attracting more than their fair share of male looks around her. Carrying his briefcase in his left hand, Richard hurried to her and smiled down to her after stopping in front of her bench.

"I can now drive you, Patricia. By the way, my name is Richard. Let me push your luggage cart for you."

"You are the perfect gentleman, Richard." Said Patricia before getting up and passing her right arm around his waist. She actually proved to be as tall as him, even though she was not wearing high heel shoes. Patricia then surprised Richard, although in a pleasant way, by kissing him on the cheek.

"Let's go find an hotel in the Westwood District. You do know a bit that area, no?"

"I do, Patricia. I recently graduated from the UCLA, the University of California at Los Angeles, which is situated in Westwood."

"You went to the UCLA?" Said Patricia, beaming with enthusiasm. "That's where I have enrolled for the next fall semester. Then, you could tell me about it later tonight."

"I will be happy to do so, Patricia."

Walking together like a pair of young lovers, Richard guided Patricia outside to an apparently well used Ford sedan parked among hundreds of other cars in a huge parking lot. Loading quickly her luggage in the trunk of the Ford, Richard sat behind the wheel, with Patricia wasting no time in putting her left hand on his right leg as soon as she was sitting herself. Richard's erection returned at once with a vengeance and he could not stop himself from bending sideways to kiss her on the mouth. She returned his kiss hungrily, while her left hand started rubbing his hard dick through his trousers. Richard took a deep breath before stopping gently her hand.

"Let's wait until we are at the hotel before continuing, Patricia. It would be too stupid to have an accident through a lack of concentration on my part."

"You are right, Richard. You certainly are a sensible guy, on top of being most handsome. I like that!"

"Thank you, Patricia!"

With her withdrawing her hand with regret, Richard was free to concentrate on his driving, backing out of his parking spot and leaving the parking lot, then going to take the nearby Highway 405 and rolling towards the North. As he drove in the dense Los Angeles traffic, Richard started conversing with Patricia, eager to learn more about her.

"So, Patricia, what are you going to study at the UCLA?"

"Photography and film! I am aiming for a Bachelor of Arts degree."

“Do you have a job lined up to sustain your studies?”

“Not yet, but that is not a pressing issue for me: my parents left me with a sizeable inheritance that will allow me to pay for my studies and even pay possibly for a house in Westwood. The furniture that belonged to my parents is also on its way to Los Angeles and should arrive in the next week or so, so I don’t even have to worry about buying a whole set of furniture.”

“At least, your parents didn’t leave you in the street with nothing. You are lucky in that respect, Patricia.”

Richard noticed the brief frown that she made on him mentioning her parents, but didn’t ask about that, not wanting to antagonize her with potentially embarrassing questions. It wasn’t his business anyway to intrude in her personal life or family history. He thus stayed mostly silent during the trip, until they arrived in the parking lot of an hotel in the Westwood district and parked in an empty spot near the main entrance.

“Well, here we are: the Westwood Holiday Inn! It is comfortable enough, while not too expensive.”

“It will do until I can find a house or an apartment.” Pronounced Patricia before stepping out of Richard’s car and going to the trunk. Richard took out her luggage and volunteered to carry her two suitcases, which she gratefully accepted. Walking in and going to the reception counter, Patricia smiled to the receptionist, a mature man wearing a blue-gray suit.

“Good day, sir. I would like to rent a room for a few weeks, time for me to find a house or an apartment.”

The receptionist, mesmerized by her beautiful face and sensual body, returned her smile and opened his register while taking a pen.

“We have plenty of rooms at the present, miss. Could I see some identification, please?”

In response, Patricia fished out of her purse her passport, giving it to the receptionist.

“I just arrived from a long stay in France, so I don’t have an American driver’s license yet. Here is my passport.”

“A passport will do just fine, miss.” Replied the man, taking her passport and consulting it in order to fill his register. He took a minute to note down her name and passport number, then gave back to Patricia her passport, along with a room key.

“Here you are, Miss Love: you have Room 226. Have a good stay!”

“Thank you, sir!”

Then followed by Richard, who was still carrying her suitcases, Patricia took a nearby elevator to the second floor and walked down a carpeted hallway, stopping in front of a door numbered 226. Unlocking and opening it, she stepped in a comfortably furnished room of fair size with a large bed. A bathroom was attached to the bedroom, making her nod her head with satisfaction.

“Well, this certainly beats some so-called hotel rooms I saw in Paris. The bed seems to be most comfortable.”

“It looks most comfortable indeed, Patricia.” Replied Richard, his tone making Patricia grin with malice at him.

“You are anxious to exercise those male hormones of yours, hey? Close the door and lock it, then we will get to the truly serious business.”

Those last words made Richard grin as he locked the door behind him while looking at her.

“You do take your fun seriously, Patricia.”

“You can’t believe how true that is, Richard.” Replied Patricia with a mysterious tone of voice. She then walked to the young customs officer and glued herself to him, kissing him on the mouth. That kiss quickly turned into a French kiss, with her tongue twisting around his tongue while his hands went to her firm, well-shaped buttocks to caress and fondle them, followed by her fabulous breasts. At the same time, Patricia rubbed her belly against his groin, making his steel-hard dick spew semen within seconds inside his shorts. Patricia next took a step back and took off her blouse, then her bra, exposing her firm 38D-sized breasts. Richard stared hungrily at her tits, with their now puffy nipples sticking out like spiked caps, and raised his hands to grab and fondle them gently while she shed her short skirt, then her panties, revealing a smooth, hairless groin.

“God, you could damn the Pope himself!” He said passionately before getting on his knees in front of her to use his tongue. He started with her erect nipples, kissing and licking them and making Patricia moan with pleasure.

“That’s it, my handsome stud, make them feel alive!”

After a minute concentrating on her breasts while using one hand to fondle her clitoris, Richard went down gradually to her groin, licking her clit and outer vaginal lips while inserting three fingers in her moist vagina and then pumping his hand inside her. With her breathing gradually becoming faster and heavier, Patricia, still standing, stiffened as spasms of pleasure came after a few minutes of stimulation by Richard. She kept in her

shout when she reached orgasm, but the tight grip of her fingers on his hair and head told Richard that he had done his job right. Exhaling deeply, Patricia smiled down at Richard and made him get back up on his feet.

“Your turn, Richard.”

Undressing him slowly while caressing and kissing him, she soon had him fully naked, like herself, and made him lie down on his back on the bed, where she eyed hungrily his hard, erect penis while holding its base with fingers from both of her hands.

“Time to acquaint myself with this nice dick of yours.”

She first slowly passed her tongue in a circular motion on the tip of his penis while still pinching the base, lubricating it with her saliva, then used one hand to delicately but expertly caress the tip with her fingers while grinning devilishly to Richard.

“You will soon beg me to stop as your brain will explode with sensations.”

Richard, who already felt waves of pleasure from her fingers' caresses, replied with clenched teeth.

“Never! I will not surrender so easily.”

“Brave words indeed! We will see about that...Dick!”

Using both her fingers, tongue and mouth to stimulate the swollen, hardened tip of Richard's penis while still pinching its base with one hand, she soon had him tremble with spasms of pleasure radiating from his penis. He would have ejaculated as the spasms became continuous, but her hand pinching the base of his dick prevented that, keeping it hard and erect as Patricia played with the tip. She kept her grip on until Richard spoke haltingly after three minutes of heroic resistance.

“En...enough! My groin is about to explode!”

Patricia released her grip then, making him shout with ecstasy as his contained orgasm exploded and radiated up to his brain. Patricia was however not finished with him. Getting on top of him, she presented her firm breasts to his mouth as they hung down over his face.

“Let's see if I can get your dick to harden again.”

Richard didn't have to be told twice and started licking again her nipples, alternating from one to the other while Patricia used one hand to rub his penis. The sight of her fabulous body soon had the young customs officer horny again. Mounting him, Patricia impaled herself on him and starting to rock back and forth, making Richard moan with pleasure. Her rhythm accelerated gradually until both were about to climax, at which time Patricia increased the speed of her movements to the maximum. Both exploded into intense

orgasms at about the same time, with Patricia's orgasm going on a bit longer than his. With the sexual energy from the orgasm flowing through her body, she kissed Richard passionately while still impaled on him, profiting from the fact that he was still radiating pleasure to extract more energy from him. Not wanting to kill or hurt him, Patricia was careful to restrain herself as she sucked in a small part of Richard's life essence through his mouth and into hers. She could have sucked all of his life essence then, killing him, if she had wanted to, but Richard seemed to be a nice man and she truly didn't wish to hurt him. She thus sucked in just enough of his life essence to feed herself for a day or two while making him only weak for a short while. When she looked into his eyes, smiling down to him, Richard looked up at her with an exhausted expression.

"God, Patricia, you can really burn a guy out!"

"You could say that, I suppose." She replied with a malicious smile before rolling off him and on the bed. "Did you like it?"

"Hell yes! You are one hell of a girl! The boys at the UCLA don't know what is coming to them."

That made Patricia giggle as she imagined all the eager teenage boys and young men she was going to meet on the university campus. As a fertile hunting ground for her, it couldn't get much better. She certainly was not going to suffer from energy starvation there. Richard then got up from the bed at a tired pace and started slowly dressing back up.

"Phew! I feel totally beaten. I better go home and get some serious sleep before my next shift at the airport."

"Be careful on the way home and don't fall asleep at the wheel, Richard. I would hate to see you get hurt." Said Patricia, both serious and sincere. She may have just fed on him, but he was nice enough and didn't deserve to die. There were plenty of persons in Los Angeles truly deserving to die anyway.

Richard left her room after a last kiss and occasion to fondle her breasts, with Patricia then locking the door behind him. Going to the easy chair besides the bed, she sat in it and contemplated the view of Los Angeles that she had through the windows of her room. She was truly hoping that this new episode in her life was going to be less rough and difficult than the one before in France. There, she had been a lost, lonely little girl left to herself in a totally alien environment and had gone through some very hard times indeed until she had managed to adapt and gain some control on her life, thanks

to her intelligence, dodged determination, special skills and powers. What she had now, save for her life, she didn't owe to her parents, only to her own efforts and labor. She had a brief thought for her father, who had died while protecting her as Patricia's mother transported her out of reach of those who wanted to murder her. Her heart pinched as she thought also of her mother: she must have been made to answer afterwards for taking Patricia away. She however knew too well that she could never return to her place of origin, on pain of death...or worse. After a good ten minutes of contemplation and reminiscing, Patricia shook herself out of her thoughts and got up from her chair to get dressed: she had tons of things to do in the next few days, starting with finding a place to live, establish more solidly her new identity, get a car and go pay her university tuition fees before the start of the Fall session at the UCLA at the end of the month.

**10:20 (California Time)**

**Monday, September 4, 1972**

**Registrar's offices, university campus**

**University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA)**

There were only a few dozen students lined up to pay their tuition fees for the Fall session when Patricia showed up at the Registrar's offices of the UCLA that morning. All the male students and staff, along with more than a few female ones, stared at once at her as she walked in and sat down in the tuition office's waiting room after taking a numbered ticket at the entrance. She innocently crossed her legs, showing most of them while discreetly pulling up her pleated skirt and making the boys in the room salivate at once. She was wearing what one would normally consider a rather conservative schoolgirl uniform of black shoes, knee-high socks, pleated skirt, white shirt and a blazer decorated with an embroidered school crest, but her skirt was notably shorter than the norm, while her shirt's front was bulging out, filled to capacity by her firm 38D chest. Patricia smiled to herself on seeing the lustful male looks she attracted, along with a few jealous female ones.

Her turn came after less than fifteen minutes of waiting, with a severe-looking matron sitting behind one of the registration desks calling her number up. Picking up her leather briefcase and getting up, Patricia calmly walked to the matron's desk and sat in

the chair positioned in front of it, smiling good-naturedly to the big woman and speaking in her English tainted with a slight French accent.

“Good morning, miss! I arrived from France yesterday to attend the Fall session of the School of Arts. I already have been admitted via correspondence and am here to pay my tuition fees. Here is the letter of acceptance from your university that was sent to me in Paris.”

The matron grabbed the letter she took out of her briefcase and read it quickly, then eyed the crest on her blazer before speaking, appearing to have mellowed a bit after reading her letter.

“So, you graduated from the college of the American School of Paris, Miss Love? It has quite a reputation of high standards and quality curriculum indeed. Do you intend to find living accommodations in one of our students’ residences on campus?”

“No! I intend to either rent or buy something near the campus in the days to come, miss.”

“Very well, Miss Love. Do you have a list of the courses you registered for?”

“Certainly, miss! Here you are!” Replied Patricia while taking out more documents from her briefcase and passing them to the matron, who consulted them before starting to add up the appropriate fees on a form. After a few minutes of work, the woman turned around the form and pushed it towards Patricia.

“Here is your bill for the Fall session, miss. You can pay now via cash or check, or you may return another day if you need time to get the money.”

Patricia had one look at the sum at the bottom of the form, then took out a wallet from the black leather purse slung from a strap passed over her right shoulder. The matron didn’t miss the thick pile of banknotes filling the wallet as Patricia counted out a number of fifty and twenty dollar bills and put them on the desk.

“Here you are, miss.”

Favorably impressed by both her overseas credentials and her apparent financial means and figuring that she must be the daughter of a rich couple of expatriates, or maybe of a diplomat, the matron counted the money, then gave her the change due on the sum and stamped and signed the payment form. Next, she filled a receipt, stamping and signing it before giving it to Patricia, along with a booklet.

“Here is your receipt for your tuition fees, along with an introduction guide to our university. You will have next to go in succession to the identification office next door, where a photo will be taken of you and a student card in your name will be produced,

then to the scheduling office, where you will be able to get a schedule of your courses produced.”

“Thank you, miss!” Said Patricia, smiling to the matron while taking the receipt and the booklet. Grabbing back her briefcase, she then got up and left the tuition office, adopting a sexy gait that made all the boys follow her with their eyes again.

Getting her student’s identity card done was actually more important for her than just having a proof of being a student of the UCLA: it was also a useful addition to the limited paperwork in existence that certified that she was indeed Patricia Love, the orphaned daughter of a wealthy American expatriate couple that had recently died in a car accident in Paris and had then bequeathed their fortune to her. Soon, hopefully, she would be able to add to that paperwork trail, both for her present identity and for two other, alternate identities. With all the ones who wanted to find and kill her, she definitely needed those alternate identities in order to keep them off the trail of what she hoped to be her long term legitimate identity in Los Angeles.

**14:49 (California Time)**

**Wednesday, September 6, 1972**

**Corner of Lindbrook Drive and Malcolm Avenue**

**Westwood District, City of Los Angeles**

Patricia examined from the other side of the street the two-storey brick bungalow with red tiled peaked roof for a minute, then crossed Malcolm Avenue and walked to the front door of the house, knocking on it. A slightly overweight man in his forties answered the door after a few seconds and looked with both curiosity and admiration at the eerily beautiful teenage girl facing him.

“Yes, miss? What can I do for you?”

Patricia pointed the ‘For Sale’ sign planted on the grass of the front lawn and gave the man her best smile.

“Mister Cole? My name is Patricia Love and I called yesterday to arrange a visit of your house. It is still for sale, is it?”

“Uh, yes! I must say that I was expecting someone, er, a little bit older.”

“Don’t worry, Mister Cole: I may be young but my parents left me with a well-padded bank account.”

"Left you? Are they dead?"

Patricia didn't have to fake the sad look she then put on her face.

"Yes! They recently died in a car accident. I just moved to Los Angeles to study at the UCLA."

"I'm truly sorry to hear about your parents, miss. Please accept my sincere condolences."

"Thank you! You are very kind. So, could I visit your house?"

"Certainly, miss!" Replied the man, who stepped out of the way and opened wide the door, letting her in. He then swept one hand around at the empty vestibule and adjacent lounge visible from the door.

"I have already moved out to my new house in Long Beach, where my new job is. You would be able to move in at once if we are able to conclude a deal."

What he didn't say was that prospective buyers had been few and far between, mostly discouraged by the present high inflation rate and rising housing prices caused by rampant real estate speculation. With his new house to pay for in Long Beach, he was getting desperate to find a buyer for his old bungalow. Without letting it appear, Patricia was able to detect his mental anxiety and was fully ready to use it to her advantage. The man then led her through a tour of the house, which had a concrete basement, a garage, two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a private study, a huge lounge and a large kitchen and dining room. The rear lot was comparatively small but the house was in good shape and Patricia didn't see any obvious problems with it. It was also well situated for her, being barely a quarter mile from the campus grounds of the UCLA. She thus gave the owner an encouraging smile at the end of the tour.

"I like this house, mister. Your ad quoted an asking price of 35,000 dollars. Could we discuss it?"

"You certainly can, miss. However, I believe that my asking price is more than fair, considering the local real estate boom."

"Boom? We are well past the traditional moving season, yet you are still saddled with this house, Mister Cole. I am offering you 28,000 dollars for it."

That started nearly ten minutes of polite but firm price negotiations, until they finally settled on a selling price of 32,200 dollars. When the man asked her about how she was going to finance the deal, Patricia smiled and took out her wallet, along with a checking book.

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