

*YOU'LL BE MINE FOREVER*

*THIRD OF CAMERON TRILOGY*

*BY*

*REBECCA ALVAREZ*

*Novels:*

*Books also, by Rebecca Alvarez*

*The Imponderability's of Life*

*Trail of Unfulfilled Dreams*

*Prize of Romantic Idealism*

***MORE PASSION AND ADVENTURE  
AWAITS.....***

***YOUR TRIP TO A BIG ADVENTUROUS  
BEGINS WHEN YOU HAVE READ....***

***\*The Cameron Series Trilogy: \****

***\*Tears Behind Her Smile \****

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***\* You'll Be Mine Forever \****

*coming soon...*



*The Cameron series novel is a work of the Authors rich imagination and profound fantasy.*

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*The characters of Love had the essential lightness and joy that attend the greatness and unself-important art of the past:*

*"The joy in Nature is a logical consequence of Love, the logical consequence of the writer's feeling for the freedom of her own creation; and joy is the follower and companion of freedom.*

The Saint & the Artist

By: J. Bayley

*“Seven interesting things about,*

*Rebecca Alvarez”*

- 1) Growing up with a dominant mother, she hated when she reads instead of doing household work, but still she likes to read secretly, book she borrowed from her friend.
- 2) At ten years old, she started to write her diary and dreamed to become a lawyer.
- 3) She liked to play baseball with boys which her mother clearly prohibited. It's not for girls.
- 4) She had a deadly fear of snakes, earthquake, and lightning.
- 5) She likes nice dress and think ugly dresses are an abomination of biblical proportion.
- 6) As a young girl she loves to read comics about love, especially the ones featuring the stories of possessive women who are jealous.
- 7) And she loves to eavesdrop when adults were talking and laughing over someone's life's mishap.

*“This book is, for me, And also for my husband.” “But mostly for me”*

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## **“Message to my Readers”**

*“My life closed twice before its close; It yet remains to see.  
If Immortality unveil, A third event to me.”*

*Success is counted sweetest by those who ne’er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar requires sorest need.  
Not one of the purple hosts Who took the flag to-day.  
Can tell the definition,  
So clear of victory.”*

*§ By Emily Dickenson §*

*“There’s no finer way to pass the time than savoring a new book from Rebecca Alvarez that full of enthralling love story of power women.”*

# Chapter One

LONDON

ONE EVENING LATE SUMMER 1986

David Atkins set the glass of gin tonic back on the restaurant bar at Paganini an Italian restaurant in Mayfair while waiting for his date. He'd eaten there several times and his memories of the place were entirely positive. But eavesdropping wasn't his first choice not that listening in on people with lives more pathetic than his, couldn't be highly entertaining at times. He was waiting for Sophie who was stuck with the heavy London traffic during the rush hour. Standing in close proximity to strangers was something David would only tolerate in a bar queue, but now he stood fixated. While waiting for Sophie he was blissfully engaging in a quite meaningless conversation with one of the bar guests accompanying with extravagant gestures. David turned his back to give a sign that he's no longer interested in further communication, wanted to talk to someone in his cellphone.

David remembers vividly the first time *how he met Sophie in June'84 during George & Perpetual Cameron's Church wedding in Frankfurt* when they were partnered, he was one of the three groomsmen, and she was one of the three bridesmaids. Since they came from the same country, they were easy with each other and became friends. After the wedding they were incidentally on the same flight back to London, sited side by side in the aircraft, they got much time to have small talk during their flight. Sophie recalled that Penny Nicholas Ventura's wife mentioned once about him being dumped from his career ambitious girlfriend. And from that time on, he hated career obsessed women. Sophie thought this guy is broken hearted and not a marrying sort.

And he's not the type to break foolish young girl's heart, and Sophie anyway no longer a young girl but an adult young woman. They were back home in London like old friends, he even dropped Sophie at her apartment on his way home, promised to see some time when their time allows. Time passes quickly that anyone couldn't imagine. It had been more than a year they haven't heard or see each other until the baptismal feast of Nicholas & Penelope's son Anthony on February 14<sup>th</sup>, 1985, that was held at London's Four Seasons Entertainment Hall. As Penelope arranged *who is who* will set together on one table, she let the three men with their ladies sit together. They were just normal well-to-do professionals. Penny thought they fit each other who had the same line of profession which are bankers.

David Atkins sited beside his bank colleague Brigitte Woolson and across the table sited Sophie and her boyfriend Patrick Temple an investment banker. At the other side was Petsy and George Cameron. They greeted each other like old friends, Sophie shakes hands with David and her escort or office colleague or whatever. Sophie thought she must be the new woman of the year, she said hi! David haven't heard from you for a long time. He replied oh, so much work and happenings in the Banking business. The two men noticed when Patrick Temple opened his mouth, that he is an Oxford academic cockalorum, a sort of show off braggart. After few drinks he expressed outwardly his negative opinion about the lobbying industry in London. At that moment David Atkins and George Cameron were conversing over another subject had only half ear listening to Patrick Temple. The three women on the table were his audience, but not considering the presence of the ladies, he said, the selfish heartless bastards sitting on their ass in a luxurious office rooms earning millions of pounds in a wink of an eye, evaded paying tax in a way that nobody notices.



Though the two men were not listening to him seriously, only picked up bits of his information, Patrick Temple was in his element to talk about his job. Eventually his sentiments were indeed reality and has grain of truth. At the time George's wife Perpetual, was the one who digested the information provided by Mr. Temple, since she knew a little of the lobbying business. When Patrick realized that it was a terrible idea, to speak out what was in his mind, it was too late to correct himself.

David noticed that Sophie was uneasy of how her boyfriend behaved who spoke loosely in front of people he hardly knew. He was in real sense a stranger in the group, but admittedly Temple's outburst was well justified. Anyone can see that the personality of Sophie Norton and Patrick Temple are not really compatible. *They're like oil and water. He is a sort of outspoken, unreserve type and Sophie who sited beside him was reserve and self-effacing, as if she was melting of shame hearing Patrick's ranting.* Nevertheless, he sounds like a *genius* Investment Banker who was somewhat forthright himself. David and George thought he must have been left out by the million pounds. The two men laugh at the expense of Sophie's boyfriend.

Sophie who was sitting beside him got scarlet face of embarrassment. It wasn't the right place or the right time to voice out his sentiments about the English lobbying system. Patrick could have voice out his thoughts among people who knew him. He was with the right crowd but in the wrong time. It couldn't be avoided that lots of alcohol being serve which always ease the inhibitions, one can say easily what is in his mind after few drinks. Patrick had seen the negative reaction of Sophie and gazing after her in puzzlement, it was too late to take back his words mentioning what happened in real life. Not every mortal knows what really Investment Bankers doing or had done.

But it didn't mean that the two men at the table, George Cameron and David Atkins didn't understand him, they're through and through Bankers. Patrick Temple was very well confident that the two men are aware of what's going on in the lobbying world.

By the next time when David meets Sophie, she told him that her relationship with Patrick Temple was over. It went sour due to grievous reasons. David thought he was right that there was no chemistry between the two. He is a mathematical expert who hated career women. But he's starting to understand Sophie Norton. Although he works at the Bank as controller, he was apparently a different type of person than Patrick Temple. Technically P. Temple has more knowledge in the sense of Investment Banking. He might be a competent lover who likes kinky sex, but Sophie was the wrong woman for his perverted appetite. She's quiet a conservative woman, she could be tamed but not frightened. When they've known at Petsy's wedding, they developed a superficial friendship, but now he hopes they might become lovers. His thought was ceased when he saw Sophie entering the restaurant she was glowing like a cheerful, nearly wed lantern, practically floated right on her toes when she announced to David that she just signed a final contract, to redesign a new house and the deal for an interior décor.

David came immediately to attention about her good news kissed her lightly on the lips and took Sophie's arms guided her to their reserved table. When they were settled David smiling warmly down at her said, you are a tough businesswoman. She smiled back replied thank you, am trying my best. The waiter came to pick up their starter drinks, she, an apple juice, he, a bottle of beer. There was a moment of silence, staring into the menu selecting their choice of food. David regarded her more closely although they had already dated few times, he thought she's the right woman for him.

Still no matter how he enjoys his bachelor state, he thought he must marry one day. On the other hand, Sophie couldn't blame women to fall on David, understood his smile and compliments as undying devotion. One of the remarkably well-made men of thirty-five David Atkins with a face of an English, a noticeably handsome face, fair and frank, with firm straight features. From his undergraduate days as editor of The Cambridge College Varsity had desired to write. But as a senior he had picked up the glorified illusion that certain men were set aside for "service" and, going into the world, were to accomplish a vague yearful something which would react in eternal reward or, at least, in the personal satisfaction of having striven for the greatest good of the greatest number. This spirit has long rocked the colleges in United Kingdom.

It begins, as a rule, during the immaturities and facile impression of freshman year- sometimes back in the preparatory school. David Atkins bred from a wealthy parent with a certain fortunate, brilliant exceptional look- the air of a temperament fertilized by a high civilization- which would have made almost any observer envy him at a venture. He is in one way or another a good bank controller. He tries to open his mind to the romance of finance, he wanted to be a Banker, he graduated in Cambridge in Finance and Economics had his master's degree and joined the working world. However, behind his wooden façade was an intelligent and well-educated mind.

After his failed relationship with Caitlin Morris, in his cups he was capable of short attractions toward other women, the hitherto-suppressed outcroppings of an experimental temperament. David had always been a solitary soul, and there were very few people whose company he deliberately sought. But at the same time, there weren't many people he avoided, either.

Aside from Frenchmen and Italians, the English men are also romantic people in the world and David Atkins was about to give an example of it. He was about to take step which astonish all his friends and displease a great many of them, and which, superficially, had nothing to recommend it.

He was lucky to meet Sophie Norton and developed a new feeling which he still didn't understand himself, if he's capable to love a woman, he had given himself a great deal to think about, promise to do himself a justice. Eventually, he admires Sophie, as a prosperous businesswoman, her quickening interest and intellectual curiosity which is the purpose of all education awakened his interest on her.

Sophie Norton who sits in front of him which family he knew a good deal about, her antecedents, were very vague to his mind, except in so far as they were generic. And in this sense, they reveal themselves with a certain vividness. She had neither a fortune nor a beauty that justifies a man to the multitude and it had been more than a year since they've known each other.

She's simply a charming well-mannered, independent and lovable woman. She would be thirty-three in five months. There was nothing, that she wanted, except to be young and beautiful for a long time, to be gay and happy and to have money and love with the right man. She wanted what most women want, but she wanted it much more fiercely and passionately. She had been single, never been married before and there were days that understanding rising to ecstasies of proprietorship and pride. She thought, she's still young and marriageable although she's not the most beautiful woman of her time, she could still charm a man like David Atkins. She felt incomplete going out without a husband or a partner to protect her, not in the financial sense but physically.

Sophie had just experienced a terrible relationship with a kinky fellow; she didn't need a man with a bad absurd passion. She was far too practical to believe that everyone found her true love. Or even that everyone had a true love. With this decision came relief. It cheered her that in some manner the illusion of beauty could be sustained or preserved in celluloid after the reality had vanished. But a woman after thirty is ripe for marrying a man with style and financially secured. She stole a gaze, half inquisitive scrutiny of the man sitting in front of her for she suddenly became aware that her gaze being returned with a sweet smile, he asks her what have you chosen for the main dish? She said a fried chicken wings on a salad bowl and he chooses a beefsteak with garnered potatoes and green salad.

*She returned a seductive smile to David thinking she didn't need to wed a genius, but was it really too much to hope for a husband who could count?*

She knew that in her breast she wanted children in the future. As an only child she craved for siblings that she never had. The reality, the earthiness, the longing to be a mom. She wanted to exist for her husband and children, her sentimentality could cling fiercely to her illusions, her ironic soul whispered that motherhood was the privilege of the female species. She imagined taking all tasks under her cup in sequential arrangement, her duty to her husband, her business, her children and a proper household, maintaining her figure without losing her beauty.

In the end her husband would create fine happiness and fine despair she must remain deeply proud to be inviolate, proud also to be melting, to be passionate and possessed. She wanted to get much fun out of life with a husband, at least that happiness is the only thing worthwhile in life shared by two.

Sophie wasn't doomed to be a spinster; she has no family who thought with those shocking suppurating spots all over her face and front tooth that grew sideways. She has no seductive or floozy beauty but a charming lovable look. *Sophie thought, the odds were greatly on my favors, during my younger years, but if you are past thirty, the odds are increasingly against you. **You cannot sit around like a beached whale, waiting for the tides to come in. All you'll get is dead fish and seaweed.*** Eventually they came to fall in love, although the truth was, London society was quite devoid of careful observers, except for David Atkins who noticed everything. He remembered it all too. He could if he wished, recite all of Romeo and Juliet word for word. His friends regarded him as an expert on Shakespeare and the classics.

David was supposed by the word in general wish to marry Sophie; but this of course was between themselves. They don't want to sacrifice their dignity upon an altar of public humiliation. David thought this woman is not an easy game, very independent, and was brought up with such different customs and ideas as an only child. She's not used to arbitrary standards, she's very businesslike in dealing with her difficult clients.

After their dinner they were at the parking lot to locate David's car and he asked her if she could spend the night with him in his apartment. Sophie didn't hesitate for a minute said, well, are you sure you need me for this evening? David had never laugh hilariously, do you mean I had other women in my other evenings? Sophie smiling, I didn't say that, but if that's the way you take it, you must have the answer. He embraced her standing beside the car, kissed her passionately that she can hardly breath, he can perfectly work with his tongue that shuddered Sophie's entire body. I didn't have no one since I met you. Believe me.

This was not their first encounter but every time he kisses her, she felt this urge, this hunger, she melted and trembled, he touched her cheek his hands softly caressing she hadn't such feeling with her former passing admirer. His hand sank into the thick tumble of her hair as his lips devoured hers. *He pulled back and whispered, I adore you, Miss Norton, then continued his kiss.*

Then they realized that they were still standing at the parking lot like two teenagers who made stolen kisses before they get home. When they were inside the car, Sophie laughed, a throaty, wonderful sound that nevertheless startled David in so a heated moment. Sophie giggling God, we're like high school kids, David also jovial yes indeed, how long is that here, when we're sixteen, seventeen? Sophie added oh, I was a very good girl, I had a sheltered life as an only child. When I reached my adolescent years Mom monitored every hour of my whereabouts, I had strict house rules if I go out with schoolmates, should come home before supper. My high school days were not like my classmates who stayed late and enjoy the cinema or in the park gallivanting.

I'm not a night owl in my younger days, one time Dad even escorted me to attend a birthday party. David asks, how old are you then? Seventeen something, my classmates naturally teased me, and my evening was spoiled that I ran out the house of the birthday celebrant went home and sobbed. I screamed to my father, who said I'm just following orders of your mom, I could have sat in the pub while waiting for you. Sophie revolted and why didn't you? instead of sitting with the parents of my friend.

David laughed and loved hearing Sophie's teenage story and about her few admirers that before she could go for a night date, she has to agree that exactly before midnight she should be home. Otherwise, her mom and dad won't go to sleep while she's still out.

My parents should know the guy with whom I'm going out with, they're scared he might be a brute. In the realm of the emotional storm, they sat a moment in the car pressed closed together, their hands knotted between them. David halts the car in front of his apartment and before getting out he whispered and kissed her again, this time neither as hard nor as fast. With a groan, he pulled his lips from hers and buried his face in her hair. She could feel the stir of breath upon her hair, hear the thunder of his heart.

Before they got out of the car, he asks Sophie, are you worried? She said about what? David serenely smiled, well, it's not easy to speak of these things but we are no longer teenagers but fully adults. Yet I cannot allow you to endanger yourself unknowing, you know what I mean? Sophie touched his hands, and uttered don't run around the bush, you mean if I'm scared getting pregnant at the wrong time. He stares at her pressed his lips again to her open mouth then said you got me baby. She said, don't worry, since we dated the first time, I had been protective.

But she throws back the question, why? are you scared if I blackmail you to marry me? David shot her a withering glance, *"that's not the point and you know it."* *This is not a good moment to say this for the first time, I came to love you my girl"* Sophie was speechless and give her sweetest smile she ever gives, she said, then what are we waiting here in the car for? They went up to his apartment hand in hand, he opened the door and Sophie was amazed seeing how orderly the place is. David Atkins thought it was the first time he'd ever told a woman he loved her and actually meant it, so it was audacious to discover that he was talking to a woman whom he thought she must be the right one. But when it came to providing emotional support for another human being David still felt quite out of depth. It was not something he'd had many opportunities to practice.



## Chapter Two

### *JUNE 15<sup>TH</sup>, 1986, FIRST BIRTHDAY OF SYLVIE ROSE CAMERON*

It was a lovely summer day on Sylvie Rose birthday, the lovely first-born daughter of Perpetual and George Cameron is one year old. She already started to speak Mommy, Daddy and baby talk in a walker. Petsy invited few friends to dine at the park restaurant, for small lunch. Dana Fisher, Petsy's bank colleague, and her husband Martin Ansbach with their two-year-old daughter, the Giessen couple with their two kids, Donna Hartl, George secretary and Franz Kaber. Since Matilda Valera is still in Canada on holiday who got engaged with Ralf Delarose Petsy's cousin, she missed Sylvie Rose birthday celebration.

The invited guest was having a nice time chatting, dining and eating while the kids enjoyed in the park. George was mostly with his daughter practicing the baby walk at the green grass, since Sylvie Rose is very eager to walk, she is such a vibrant, vivacious inquisitive child. She looks like a doll with her baby dress. She had adapted the genes from her mother on her beauty, with a sharp blue-black eyes, long black lashes and fair skin like silk. Likewise, her intelligence from both her parents, she can speak clearly the word daddy when she called her father. People around who watched George and his daughter were amazed what a lovely girl who started to shake her bubs upon hearing the music.

Sylvie Rose shaking her feet was enchanted watching the Giessen kids ten and eight years old, running around chasing the peacock. The children provided interesting entertainment; George heart explodes for the love of his daughter and for his wife.

He was very gentle and gracious with a cultivated taste; the couple is to be envied. Petsy from a distance watching her husband and daughter warmed her heart. She went to relieve George and before the day ended, there was a big birthday cake for Sylvie Rose and George managed to let her daughter blow the candle, the people watching them were enjoying and admired the little beautiful girl how she did what her father told her. In the meantime, the warming sun started to set, and the children should have their bath and supper then to bed.

It was about five o'clock when everybody was ready to leave, George and Petsy thanked their friends for coming, they disperse and went in separate direction. When they reached the apartment, Petsy give Sylvie Rose a bath and her dinner, she put her to bed, the baby was so exhausted that she slumbers right away. Then George and Petsy has time for themselves, having a glass of wine and a small dinner. They were settled at the sofa, relaxed, he touched the perfection of his wife's face, the porcelain beauty of her skin, the pale rose of her cheeks.

*He pulled her to sit on his lap, his fingers traced the line and the sweet curve of her lips. George kissed her lightly then Petsy returned in a deeper kiss, his tongue teasing her lips open. He stroked his fingers over her chin and down the line of her throat, not so long but elegant. He laid feathery kisses down her neck, his fingers gliding down to drift across her breast and bent down to her nipples into his mouth with a languid suction, his tongue working on it. When he pulled away, the bud thrust up hard and red and glistening. Then Petsy was on fire, she said why are we having this difficult when we have a wide bed to occupy but we should get some shower first. George used to say, your wish is my command my princess. While under the shower Petsy said, are you happy to have a boy this time, George screamed over the sound of the shower what?*

Are you in a family way? Planting small kisses along his throat and jaw, she moved restless hands over his chest and hard belly. Waking with a growl, he swiftly grabbed both of her wrists and held them above her head to halt her teasing touch. Are you ready for more then? Or be you after getting me worked up for nothing? George said I thought we shall go to bed. Petsy stepped out of the shower cubicle blissfully undeterred by his fierce tone, she giggled and showed her slank body coquette dried up that when George got out, she slid her feet up to clasp them behind his waist.

*They finally reached their bed George mumbled, let's see what her ladyship has in store. Shifting lightly, he allowed the head of his already stiffened shaft to nudge gently between the silky lips of her cleft. He grinned at the gasping, squirming response. He earnestly teasing her by thrusting a fraction of an inch into her before withdrawing. Again and again despite of her breathless begging, he continued to penetrate only so far as to drive her mad with wanting.*

*Petsy couldn't stand anymore turned him on his back and she portrayed her favorite position riding him like in rodeo to satisfy her needs and his tormenting grip. She thrusted as far as she can that George was about to loss his mind how wonderful the rhythm of his wife, thrusted deeper and deeper as if he got buried in a dungeon. As if they've never made love in their lives. His big hands on her breasts squeezing her puckered nipples, pulled her down and sucked them that brings them both to climax.*

*Petsy came and came like waterfalls and afterwards, she gave him a hot greedy kiss and they lay entwined, letting the waves of their passion ease along with their breathing. As she listened to the incoming thunder outside their bedroom window, they both fall into deep sleep like dead hogs.*

*NEXT MORNING AFTER SYLVIE'S BIRTHDAY...*

Petsy was awakened about six in the morning by the noise produced by Sylvie Rose, she had wet pampers and was hungry. She glanced at the clock it was already past six, Sylvie's time for her breakfast. She picked up the girl from her crib and carried her to the kitchen to warm her milk with oatmeal and feed her. After feeding Sylvie Rose, Petsy whispered to her daughter, let's go and wake up your Daddy, it's already eight o'clock, we'll have our breakfast. Petsy put her daughter beside George in bed, and Sylvie started to kiss him and said daddy eating, George opened his eyes what do you mean, Petsy who was sitting at the side said, she meant breakfast. He turned embraced his daughter, baby talk, yes darling daddy will eat breakfast. Sylvie Rose smiled, Petsy said you are divinely beautiful when you are naked that everyone within a mile of you looks like bird dung. George mumbled, don't exaggerate early in the morning princess. What are you aiming for a diamond ring? Petsy replied, there was no doubt about it, you are so blatantly all man that it hit a woman like a brick on the forehead.

George holding his daughter on top of him, oh my God, you're flattering me as if I'm a Greek God. He wrapped one arm around Petsy's neck, hold Sylvie Rose with his free hand. She straightened and looked into his face. She'd never felt love like this in her life. Not really, not the stomach-lifting and skin-tingling kind of love. Not the kind that made her want to hold his face forever. As he was rocking his daughter, Petsy asks him what you do like for breakfast prince, you take hold of our Schatz, so I'll prepare breakfast. Whatever we have princess, but first let me greet my wife good morning. He erected in sit position to kiss his wife in the lips said, good morning darling, I love you so much. Petsy's heart was jovially aching, I love you too my prince.