

# Questions To CR James

Issue # 004

**Hi James**

**Hope you're doing great. I'm glad you are helping us men deal with our sexuality.**

**I bought [Super Seduction Power] from you and the downloads were perfect.**

**My question to you is when I make love to a woman I know I must make her cum first.**

**What if I'm spending the whole night with her and I want to go two, three, four or ever more rounds...should I make her cum all those times first before fuckin her?**

**My second question is I want to buy that book Pirate Seduction..can I use it from my bank?**

**Regard,  
[Gary].**

Hey [Gary]

To answer your question. No. You can make her cum once and that should be fine.

But to be honest.. that's probably an "unbeneficial" simplistic way of looking at it..

BTW...Don't think I don't appreciate the math..

I mean, I get it...you want to make her go 5 rounds. Simple. Make her cum 5 times before you get started...

You want to make her go 17 rounds. Simple. Make her cum 17 times before you get started...

Seriously...

I think the real answer has more to do with 'your woman' and her expectations of love making...

For example, one women may prefer to cum first every time you make love to her...and if it doesn't happen she's going to be visibly disturbed...

...kind of like the **bratty 4 year old little girl** who angrily crossed her arms and pokes her bottom lip when daddy doesn't give her enough candy.

...while another woman may prefer to cum when she's in a more horny mindset...so if she's in a more loving mood, her expectations are going to shift.. the only thing that she really cares about is 'experiencing' a strong connection... and she may not even care if she cums... but again, when she's excessively aroused and she wants to be banged hard and wild...and she's going to 'want' to cum...

It comes down to knowing your woman...

Most guys have a hard time understanding this...

So first make sure you FULLY UNDERSTAND her *expectations* of lovemaking...

[You'll learn this by listening, asking and paying attention.]

This is an important to remember because it goes against what is commonly taught...

That's why it's important to put what you learn to the test!! (that includes the stuff you learn from me. it includes anything you learn.)

let me share with you something that's pretty scary...

...and this is scientifically proven...for the majority of the population... if they hear/read something over and over again, their brains will become more accepting of it and many cases will regard it as "the complete truth".....or at a minimum, the likelihood of acceptance is dramatically increased.

It's the reason why infomercials repeat the same things over and over again.

It's one of the reasons why cult leaders repeat 'silly messages' over and over again... for example...when Marshall Applewhite convinced 39 people to murder themselves because an alien spaceship was going to make a pit stop on Earth and swoop them up to Heaven...

so when people hear messages over and over:

'make the woman cum first'

'make the woman cum first'

'make the woman cum first'

...which is a great message for guys (especially selfish lovers) ... unless they get too focused on the issue...

The real lesson is thinking about what sometimes happens when a woman is raped...

Before I explain...

Think about this: When most women sense that the guy is 'screwing' with the objective to make her cum or (make himself cum)...it is a SUPER turn off...

So it's always better to have the mindset that you will...

*understand the needs/expectation of YOUR woman...*  
*understand the needs/expectation of YOUR woman...*  
*understand the needs/expectation of YOUR woman...*

*versus*

*any message that blindly assumes that ALL WOMEN have the same needs/ expectations...*

so always put everything to the test...(including what I just said. lol)

but seriously...a guy can successfully make a woman cum but technically she didn't enjoy herself (completely)...in fact, she may end up being conditioned to not enjoy sex.... EVEN THOUGH SHE CAME!

The question is WHY?

This is VEEEEERRRRRRRY confusing to the guy who genuinely satisfies his woman...

But deep down inside...she is rarely "excited" about having sex with...

So if has memories in his head of his woman enjoying sex...YET, she doesn't appear to get too excited about having sex with him... she rarely initiates.... etc...

in other words, he skillfully presses the right 'physical buttons' but not the emotional/psychological ones...

it's very similar to when a woman cums during rape. many women are obviously ashamed and angry when it happens, but it's not uncommon for a woman to cum while being raped...

In fact, you might want to check out this link.

It's an interview with a woman who got raped on campus. And despite being terrified she confessed to having an orgasm while it was happening... (This is something that "sometimes" happens to rape victims and it often leaves them puzzled and angry.)

<< Note: I pasted the interview below just in case you have printed this out and you're away from a computer.. You can read it or you can skip down below to the 'lesson'... >>

Source: [http://www.2blowhards.com/archives/2008/03/a\\_real\\_campus\\_r\\_2.html](http://www.2blowhards.com/archives/2008/03/a_real_campus_r_2.html)

March 24, 2008

A Real Campus Rape, Part One

**Michael Blowhard writes:**

Dear Blowhards --

A few weeks ago, Blowhards and visitors compared notes about what seemed to many like a particularly absurd case of is-it-rape-or-isn't-it? on a Northwestern college campus. Soon after I was contacted by a woman who actually was raped while in college in the mid-1970s -- raped in the traditional sense, if I can be allowed to put it that way. I asked her if I could interview her about the experience. She kindly agreed, then gave me a remarkably frank and open interview. I think that you'll find her descriptions and reflections very interesting and thought-provoking.

I should add that I also suspect that you'll find her evocations of the era enjoyable and informative. She's very eloquent and direct. Have I mentioned recently how much I love the way that blogging has made the mini-memoir such a vital and accessible form? Life as it's actually lived, baby -- gotta love that. In this interview/memoir, you'll make the acquaintance of a smart, thoughtful, and soulful woman.

**Maybe first we should set some context up. What was your background?**

**Hannah:** Middle class, middle of the road. Culturally Jewish. We celebrated the holidays and kept the traditions, but I had no religious training, and only went to temple for the high holy days. My parents were sexually conservative. I'm sure they expected me to be a virgin when I married.

**How about politics?**

My family was politically moderate to liberal. My dad did not want me to apply to Harvard. He thought it was too radical (but he had no problem with Columbia -- funny).

I wasn't particularly political myself. But if you think about what was going on then, I was a lot more political than the average kid today. While I was in high school, we went

through Vietnam, Cambodia, Kent State, the first Earth Day, the Pentagon Papers -- how could you not be a little political? That was unbelievable stuff.

**What kind of person were you as a girl-slash-young-woman?**

35 years ago, I would have told you I was strong, capable, practical, and competitive. Sexually neither wild nor conservative, but somewhere around the middle. Anti-war but not particularly political. I thought I was more of an intellectual than I was.

**Can we walk through your rape?**

Sure. It was September 1974. Though I was a sophomore, I was back on campus during freshman week. My friend Winnie and I were roommates. My boyfriend Bruce and I started freshman week together but midweek we broke up. He initiated it. I sort of knew it was time, but I was still kind of hurt by it.

So Friday night of freshman week comes along. Winnie and her male friend and I started the evening hanging out together. I was feeling in the way, but I also didn't have anything better to do. There was supposed to be a midnight organ concert at the chapel that night, and I thought it sounded kind of cool. Winnie and her boyfriend weren't interested, so I headed up to the chapel on my own, shortly before midnight.

**Walking from down-campus to up-campus on your own? Was this a big deal?**

Not at all. It was a bucolic, small-town campus so there was no reason to be wary.

**What was your state of mind?**

I was kind of depressed about my singleness, but I was also happy to go to this weird concert that none of my friends were interested in.

**What kind of evening was it?**

It was a cool-ish early fall evening, clear. I was wearing blue jeans, a not particularly clingy stretch terry zip top (kind of like a hoodie), clogs.

**Where did the rape occur?**

In the middle of the campus there's a fairly large garden. At that time, the bushes surrounding the path through the garden were pretty dense. It wasn't completely dark that evening. There were lights every so often, some of them mounted on trees.

I was on the way to the chapel, taking a main path about halfway through the garden, when a man stepped out from behind the bushes and asked me if I had a match. I said no, and I tried to walk around him. But he grabbed me, putting one arm around my head and face and one around my arms. He then pulled me off the path towards an empty building

on the garden grounds.

**Did you put up a physical struggle?**

I started out screaming, but he got his arm over my mouth. He held something against me. I didn't know what it was. My glasses were falling off.

**How scared were you?**

I remember thinking "Oh god, please don't hurt me, I'm going to die, no one hears me, no one's going to help me".

**Just to get this straight: You'd never seen this guy before, right?**

Correct.

**Did you try to push him away or harm him?**

When he first grabbed me, my struggle consisted of trying to break free of his arms, trying to get a hand free. He had one arm around me, holding one arm and pinning the other. His other hand was around my face and neck. I tried kneeing and kicking, and I lost my balance. That's something they teach you in self-defense classes often happens. It's why you should stomp on an attacker's instep instead of trying to knee him in the groin.

I was trying to keep my footing and he was pulling me off the path. I lost one of my clogs. If I had gone completely limp, he probably would have had more trouble getting me to move. I didn't think of that because I was too scared.

**Did you struggle physically throughout?**

No. There was a small screened porch off the back of the building in the garden. He dragged me into it and pushed me down. I think I gave up struggling around then.

**Why? What was going through your mind?**

I gave up struggling out of hopelessness. It wasn't working, I couldn't get away, I didn't want to make him mad, and nobody could hear me. Losing my glasses didn't help. I'm nearsighted, with around 20/200 vision. I'm also somewhat night blind. I lose a lot of depth perception at night, even with lights. So I couldn't see where he was taking me. That contributed to the panic.

**So there you are, he's overwhelmed you ...**

Neither of us said much. Once I stopped screaming, it was very quiet. He didn't say

anything, so all that was going on was just heavy breathing.

His hat had a braided leather strap. After he pushed me down to the floor, he started to wrap the leather around my mouth. I said, "I promise, I won't scream anymore," and he stopped. That's when I really gave up, and became completely passive.

### **How did the intercourse part of the rape go?**

I let him pull my pants down, off one leg. He spread my legs, and lay down on top of me. I have no idea how long it took him to rape me. It felt like forever. I just wanted him to be done, and it went on and on. He asked me my name and told me his, during the act. That's when I was thinking "Okay, this is really happening, I couldn't stop it, what happens when he's finished, is he going to let me go or is he going to kill me to get rid of the evidence?"

### **What were your physical sensations?**

It seemed unreal, but I was very aware of being flat on my back on a cold cement floor, with this stranger fucking me. I didn't smell much of anything except a wet-earth garden smell.

It did hurt when he entered me. I don't think he noticed that I had my period. He certainly didn't notice that I had a tampon in me. Strangely, I had an orgasm.

### **Was that disorienting? I've read that women who orgasm during rape often feel guilt or shame.**

Yeah, I felt shame. My body betrayed me by reacting when my mind was so against it. I remember hating myself because I had an orgasm.

### **What was going through your head as the event was underway?**

Fear, mainly. I remember thinking "this can't be happening to me." My spine hurt -- it was scraping on the concrete floor. My mouth hurt -- my teeth were being ground against my cheeks. My overriding fear was that when this guy was done he was going to kill me.

Yeah, I was being overly dramatic.

### **It sounds plenty scary to me.**

The fear of further injury definitely overcame the pain/horror/disgust of being raped. It probably comes with the territory of being a somewhat sheltered, romantic 18 year old girl. Although I had read a book about [famous murder victim] Kitty Genovese that summer, and in retrospect, I'm sure I was thinking about her case.

**Were you able to make out anything about your rapist?**

At the time, all I knew was that he was bigger than me and a lot stronger. He was black, youngish, and was wearing that leather hat sort of cowboy style. I had never seen him before.

**Who was he, in fact?**

Some things I found out later: he was 21 at the time. He lived in town with his girlfriend, who was white. He had been fired or laid off from his job that day and he didn't want to go home and tell his girlfriend. He had a very thin moustache, though I didn't notice that at the time. He had been a star football player in high school, I later learned. He was about 6' tall, easily 200 pounds. I was 5'7" and 140 pounds. I thought I was in pretty good shape and capable of defending myself. Ha!

**How did the rape end?**

When he was finished he asked me my name again. I don't remember what I said, but I didn't give him my real name. He said his name was Albert. He helped me up. I said "I lost my shoe" and he went outside and found it while I dressed. He was also looking for his cigarettes, and said "You know that wasn't a knife I was holding, it was a cigarette box." He had dropped it during the struggle, and he couldn't find it afterward.

He didn't say much, he just asked me where I was going. He didn't really say much of anything else. He was just a dark, looming presence, still wearing that hat.

I remember thinking "How do I get away from him? I don't want him following me. I don't want him to come back and get me."

**That's so strange, that he didn't just pick himself up and run away.**

He asked where I had been going, and I answered that I had been going to a concert at the chapel. He walked with me there, but the chapel door was locked. I wasn't wearing a watch, so I have no idea what time it was. I guess I'd missed the concert. So I told him I was going back to my dorm.

**It sounds like Albert became a kind of gent in his own mind after the act.**

He did seem to think that we were going to be more than rapist / victim. It was kind of surreal. Here I was not saying anything because I was scared out of my mind, and he's thinking something like "I made her happy -- new girlfriend time." I remember that he said he was sorry a bunch of times. And he did help me up from the floor.

**Was there ever any explanation for his behavior?**

In the trial, it came out that he had been drinking straight whiskey beforehand. His lawyer

tried to make the case that, however things had started that evening, I had consented to sex. I will never forget his attorney saying "Consent, however reluctant, negates rape." This appears to have been the legal opinion at the time.

**Did Albert continue to accompany you?**

He walked with me. But I didn't want him to know where I lived. I walked into the dorm's lobby. There was a crowd of people at a foosball table. I walked into the crowd, then around the corner and through the door to the stairs. He didn't see where I went, so he didn't follow me. I just got away, and I returned to my room.

**What did you do then?**

Winnie, my roommate, wasn't there. We didn't have phone service yet -- phones wouldn't be activated till the next week. I stripped, I put on my bathrobe, and I went to the bathroom. I took a shower. It's funny -- I didn't cry. (It's funny because I have always cried very easily.) I went back to the room, curled up under a quilt and a few hours later fell asleep.

**Was it Winnie who found you?**

When I woke up the next morning, Winnie had returned. I told her what had happened. She said to me, "You have to call campus security." I didn't want to. I was still scared, ashamed, embarrassed, a total mess, although I didn't realize it. Winnie said to me, "You have to! What if he does it to someone else?" That finally got through to me.

She and I went downstairs to the lobby phone. I called security, and told them I wanted to anonymously report a rape in the garden the night before. Needless to say, that didn't work too well. Winnie wouldn't let me hang up, and the security office kept asking questions. Finally I wound up telling them where we were.

They came to the dorm, took us in a back office, asked me some questions, and wound up taking me to the town's police station.

**How were the cops?**

They were fine. They had me write a statement. They had me describe Albert. They showed me pages and pages of mug shots. None of them were him, but they had me pick out a bunch that were similar. They took me to the college infirmary, where a woman doctor examined me.

I turned down a morning-after pill -- we decided that I was very low pregnancy risk. The doctor turned over a piece of tampon to the police. The cops talked to me once more. They wanted the clothes I had been wearing. Finally they let me leave.

I was due to drive home that day. And in fact I went home -- and I didn't tell my parents a

thing about the rape. I came back to campus on Sunday evening, and started classes on Monday.

**How did you feel about how everyone handled the rape?**

The college security officers were coldly efficient. They didn't say much of anything. They just wanted to get me to the town police -- they were just getting the job done.

The police were much better. They listened to me, they acted like they believed me, they offered me coffee, they told me what they were going to do. I was still at the police station when the man they had sent off to the garden to look for evidence returned with his pictures. He was very excited that there was such a clear trail of drag marks. They told me they found footprints and cigarette butts on the steps to the porch.

**How about the people at the infirmary?**

I can still picture the woman doctor. She was a sweetheart. Professional, but gentle. No overdone sympathy -- that would have had me flooded with tears.

No one in officialdom treated me dismissively, or with lack of respect.

**Was there a campus rape hot-line, anything like that?**

The college didn't at that time have a rape hot-line or crisis line. I wish they had. I didn't know it at the time, but I very much needed to hear that it wasn't my fault, that I was still a good person, etc. I had only vague ideas about counseling and mental health back then. I don't think I knew anyone who had ever gone for any kind of counseling. I myself never would have thought I would need counseling. Somehow it would have been admitting weakness, and I was into the superwoman role model. I thought I could work through anything.

**How were your friends about it?**

My roommate Winnie was terrific. She offered unconditional support. I should have talked to her more than I did.

Legally, because Winnie was the first person I spoke to after the rape, she was a witness to my condition, my frame of mind, etc, without it being hearsay. And she did ultimately testify in both the grand jury and court case. Not everyone could have done this.

**So, on to the investigation. What was involved?**

After a few days, I was called to the police station to make a photo identification. They showed me half a dozen black-and-white photos of people, and Albert was one of them. I picked him out right away, with no doubts. Soon after, they spotted Albert hanging out in town and brought him in, based on my description. The photo identification served as a

“lineup” -- after I id'd Albert, they charged him.

A few weeks later I got a call from a county prosecutor, who told me they needed me to testify before the grand jury. Bruce -- the boyfriend I had broken up with during Freshman Week -- drove Winnie and me to the county courthouse. It was right before Thanksgiving, so by now a couple of months had passed.

**I'm curious: How did you come to tell your ex-boyfriend about the rape?**

He had stopped by to see how I was doing after our breakup when I told him. He was just quiet, he didn't say anything. What *do* you say? I can appreciate it's not easy. A few days later he came by at night. We didn't talk at all about the rape, but he was very sweet, sensitive, loving, etc. I responded, and we had sex. Then he told me he had sex with me to help me get over the negative feelings about the rape. We weren't getting back together, he said, he just wanted to help. !!!!!!! (Insert favorite expletives here -- "rat bastard" comes to mind.) To this day, I somewhat hate Bruce. I think I talked to him once after that, the day he drove us to the courthouse.

**Was the grand jury hearing a big deal?**

It was stressful to anticipate but easy to get through. All I had to do was answer yes or no questions.

Albert, my rapist, wasn't in the courtroom when I testified. There was no cross examination. The prosecutor called me a day or two later to let me know that Albert had been indicted by the grand jury.

It would be some time before the case came to actual trial. Quite some time -- in fact, about 18 months after the rape.

**When did you tell your family about the rape?**

Sometime around Thanksgiving I told my older sister and brother-in-law.

**How about your parents?**

I didn't tell them for a while. My parents didn't know I wasn't still a sheltered innocent virgin. How the hell was I going to tell them about this, without having them overreact, or force me to come home, or whatever? My sister and brother-in-law were cool, though. They listened, and promised to help when I was ready to tell our parents.

**How was the college administration about the whole thing?**

A few weeks after the rape, I was called by the Dean of Student Affairs, and I went to see her. The only positive thing I remember coming out of that was I got a permit to park my

car in a nearby lot rather than in a far-away one.

**Did she offer any vows to do better?**

The college normally had a security guard stationed at night in the garden where the rape occurred. But he wasn't there during freshman week. The idiot Dean couldn't bring herself to come out and admit that it had been criminally stupid not to have a guard stationed in the garden for freshman week. A simple apology would have been nice. But she didn't offer one of those either. They were probably concerned about potential lawsuits. I gave the college a list of places on campus that needed better lighting, where I didn't feel safe. They ignored it.

**How did the rape affect your experience of your sophomore year?**

My biggest problem was that I was scared to go out of my room alone after dark. I'd start out fine, and then my heart would start pounding, and anxiety would overwhelm me. Daylight around campus was fine, though.

**What part of campus was toughest for you?**

I hated walking to the tech center, where most of my classes were. It was a fairly dark and isolated walk, with a lot of parking lots to cross. And if a lab class lasted past 5:00 pm, which most of them did, it was dark when I left. I kept imagining someone was waiting in the dark for me, and would jump out at me.

**What kind of affect did the rape have on your romantic life?**

I started dating Ryan -- who later became my husband -- around then. He was very supportive about escorting me around campus. When I told him about the rape, his reaction was anger. He wanted to kill the guy. Very Regency! I loved his reaction. It helped me feel secure and protected.

**When did you finally tell your parents?**

I told my parents about it sometime in January. They were upset for me, hurt that I hadn't told them sooner, and angry with the school. My parents talked to the college's Dean of Student Affairs and were not impressed with her lack of response.

**Did you leave it there with the college?**

My whole thing with the administration was, What could they do to make sure that this wouldn't happen to someone else? I wrote them a two page single-spaced memo of my suggestions, including where to put additional lighting. I wanted them to put out security warnings to all students, telling them it was not as safe or idyllic a campus as it appeared.

A friend of mine told me about how she used to go out and wander the college's golf

course at one in the morning, alone. I tried to convince her this was not the safest thing in the world to do, and told her about my rape. She was sympathetic, but she wasn't about to change her behavior.

**So you were really looking into things.**

I found out that there had been at least three "stranger rapes" at the college the year of mine, and about the same number of "date rapes." The infirmary doctor offered to put me in contact with one of the other victims of stranger rape, but the girl wasn't willing to meet with me.

As for the women's center at the college ... No one ever suggested I talk to anyone from there. I think it consisted of a one-room office somewhere, and I think most of their concern at that time was about lesbian issues.

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Many thanks to Hannah. Return tomorrow for the trial, the impact, and some reflections. Please feel free to leave comments and questions. As I mentioned above, Hannah will be dropping by and responding.

Best,

Michael

### **The Lesson**

The point is: I'm pretty sure she (and other women who had an orgasm during rape) would not ever willingly have sex with the guys who assaulted them...

..even though technically, they had an orgasm.

So you should be thinking about how this relates to women who cum while being fucked by their loving husband or boyfriend....[...yet, they are not ever excited about having sex with him]...

You have to remember:

- **At any point during the day: A woman can provide herself with an orgasm. No one can stop her.**
- **However: She can't provide herself with the sensations of being loved, connected and cared for by a guy who loves and respects her.**

That should always be your goal (for any guy who is in a loving relationship)

So become a master at doing that.

You have to think:

*How can improve in being more respectful to her?*

*How can improve in being more understanding to her?*

As far as spending the whole night with her... and going 4 or 5 rounds, you have to figure out if she wants and/or can handle that... and if so, what are the "conditions"....

In other words, you might have to pace yourself... don't *rip it up* on Round 1 to the point where her eyes are swirling around like a hypnotized cartoon character... and then afterwards say 'OK. Are you ready for Round 2?'

EVERY ONE has a point where they reach sexually exhaustion!

Focus on getting her in the habit of experience sex how she wants it.. more so than looking at strictly from an orgasm perspective...

I hope that helps...

Take Care

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'CR James', with a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

Warmest Regards,  
CR James.

<http://SuperPowerMedia.com>