

Chapter 789

Aya was upset that Desiree wouldn't let me take her into the family's brownstone. After the chore was done, Desiree was non-communicative. I made it through the End of Day meeting intact with the hint that I actually did a good job. A bizarre conflict developed as I made my way to the elevator in my biking gear and a bulging dress bag - I was taking a taxi home.

Buffy and Helena collided with the 'new hires' over who had the right to bombard me with sexual innuendo. I dodged any discussion on Rhada, blushed through my hart cords saga as well as my solo attempt at moose hunting, and all fishing expeditions concerning my dinner with Katrina.

In the middle of my workout back at home, I got a call from the Desk Sergeant's daughter. Her name was Nikita Kutuzov - NYPD rookie patrolwomen and she exuded this raw confidence tempered with a suspicious nature. We agreed to meet for dinner. When we sat down at this Polish deli she frequented, she got down to brass tacks.

"Have you ever been in a committed relationship?" was her lead in question.

"Define a committed relationship," I countered.

"The answer would be 'no'," she sighed.

"Why should I go out with you?" was her next point of attack.

"I have a plethora of bizarre knowledge, I laugh at danger and have an incessant desire to learn," I answered. That won me some points.

"How much do you make a year?" she inquired.

"Go to the bathroom, take off your panties then come back and give them to me," I responded.

Her eyes narrowed.

"Your request was about as rude as mine," I sighed. "Listen, if you are looking for an excuse to not go out with me, I'll spill some water on the table, you can tell your mother I was clumsy and call it a night," I suggested. She glared, I looked bored then she got up and left.

I wasn't worried for a second. A girl hadn't dumped me on the first date in three years. When she returned Nikita passed her undies under the table. I took the offering and deftly pocketed them.

"\$237,000 a year," I confessed. Nikita choked on her soda. "I do dangerous work."

When I said 'fat paycheck' I meant 'FAT PAYCHECK'. In retrospect, this was the shiny lure they hooked us pompous 'Cream of the Crop' doofuses with. My pay was probably a clerical error as I would have taken the job for far less.

"But you just got out of college," she choked. "Do you weapon test plutonium, or what?"

"I really can't talk about my job, Nikita. Most of it is mindless stuff a trained chimpanzee could do yet falls within the purview of corporate confidentiality," I told her. "I am on call 24/7, which is a bit sucky - reference my salary again. I also get long- and short-term disability, major medical, eye, dental and health insurance plus a generous life insurance policy and a 401K."

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"They have you doing illegal things, don't they?" she leaned across the table.

"I refuse to answer on the grounds I'm on a date with a law enforcement agent," I parried.

"I can't date a criminal," she cautioned.

"Would it help if I promise to never get caught?" I tried to look innocent.

"That's a ringing endorsement for me leaving right now," she grinned. She wasn't doing that. They never did. It is not that women are sluts. I exude the promise of great, guilt-free sex and each one believes they are going to be the one that reels me in and tames me. This despite all the evidence to the contrary - namely that I do this with every woman I meet.

We finished eating, bought some drinks to go and took a walk. Somewhere along the way, I slipped my arm around her waist. Nikita took thirty seconds to bring it up.

"What's with this?" she prodded.

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"I like the feel of your body close to mine, Nikita. If it bothers you, I'll stop," I offered.

She didn't stop me; she reciprocated the gesture and carried on. We talked about growing up; me in Chicago and her in New York City, missing one parent (her father divorced her mom, my mother having died of cancer) and having the other parent work long hours. She'd graduated from Queens College with a degree in Criminal Justice then gone to the Police Academy - she was a year older than me.

We parted ways outside the Deli. I gave her a tender French kiss. She wanted more. I wanted a second date so we parted ways with Nikita looking over her shoulder and grinning at me as she walked away. Girls like it when you only have eyes for them. My bicycle had barely gotten on the road home when my phone rang - work. *W@W.noVèl @óR.M.cð(m)*

I had to go to corporate and meet up with Desiree. I called her and gave her my location - I was in the wrong direction, farther from the workplace than normal. She grudgingly agreed the best course of action was to come get me, though the purpose of the assignment wasn't given. Desiree didn't utter a word as she picked me up and drove to the work site.

We ended up at the children's house. Desiree parked the car and led me, in my bike clothes, up the steps of the townhouse. The looks we were greeted with weren't promising. The woman at the door was an older version of Loraine - not her twin but closely related. I had barely crossed the door sill when the nature of the problem became evident.

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Aya was screaming. Desiree and I were kept in the entryway for a minute until a more mature woman came gliding down the stairs, clearly steamed and, upon seeing me, livid with rage.

"What have you done to my child?" the older woman seethed.

"I'm not sure what you are talking about," I answered.