

Chapter 801

"True and so are you. She stalked me down using corporate resources while you used your police powers. Rhodo kicked in my door while you saw fit to stake out my home. I met you at a deli, had a wonderful conversation and enjoyed myself immensely," I replied. "I did...other things with her."

"Like?" she rounded on me, still peeved.

"Like none of your business. How would you feel if I talked about our 'almost' relationship with someone else?" I countered.

"Have there been many women for you to brag about?" she interrogated me.

"I didn't go out with you so we could reminisce over my litany of romantic failings, or yours. After all, you were porked outside my place tonight. The experience that led you to do that has to be either embarrassing, or painful. I had an attractive lady show up at my place for sex tonight because that has pretty much been my life for the past four years," I continued.

"I went out with you because I didn't want you-me-us to be like every other encounter with the opposite sex," I explained.

"Why should I trust you?" she groaned. "We aren't even dating and you're cheating on me."

"If life has taught me anything it is that the only men women should trust end up boring them to tears," I stated.

"That's mortifyingly cynical," Nikito grimaced.

"Nikito, I've slept with women who were married, divorced, engaged, dating someone else, related to someone I was dating and once, a woman about to take Holy Vows," I informed her.

"You roped a nun?" she gaped.

"Well, she wasn't a nun yet. She was on the train, heading home one last time, we talked, hit it off and had sex in the bathroom...a few times," I sighed.[WwW.NoVeL\(i\)WoRm.cOm](#)

"Oh, God," she stared at me. "You are a horrible person." This would be the point when, if she really thought I was some sort of sexual monster, she'd be walking out the door. She wasn't. They never did.

"I'm trying to change," I pleaded. Sadly, though I'd used that line countless times before, I truly meant it this time. I'd been on a date and not had sex and that only happened because I exhibited extraordinary will - from my perspective.

"Okay," she whispered then stepped into my personal space and hugged me. "I'll help."

Nikito was joining a large and storied sisterhood of women who had tried to save me - from myself. By the gentle rhythm her body was rubbing against me, I could tell I had to get her out before I put something in.

"Nikito," I put my hands on her shoulders and pushed her away, "I know this is early in our relationship, but I need a favor?" I started. She was suspicious again. It was her nature.

"I'm here to sleep over Saturday night and..." I continued.

"A sleep over? Only kids have sleep overs," she interrupted.

"True and so are you. She stalked me down using corporate resources while you used your police powers. Rhada kicked in my door while you saw fit to stake out my home. I met you at a deli, had a wonderful conversation and enjoyed myself immensely," I replied. "I did...other things with her."

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"Exactly," I nodded. "I have three sisters - nine, thirteen and sixteen coming over for the night and staying through early Sunday afternoon."

"Exactly," I nodded. "I have three sisters - nine, thirteen and sixteen coming over for the night and staying through early Sunday afternoon."

"Pretty much," I grinned. Aye and her Daddy issues could wait.

"Where would we sleep?" she grinned back.

"On the floor, in my bedroom, on an air mattress," I told her.

"Do you sleep in the nude?" she poked my chest.

"For the love of God, women. They are children," I exclaimed. Yes, I did sleep in the nude. I still had pajamas for things like walking around the place. Nikite patted my cheek.

"Good boy," she smiled.

Unless the women doing that is your grandmother, that's an invitation to have sex. I know, a whole bunch of things are seen by me as an invitation by women for me to engage them in intercourse. I am not delusional; this is just how my life works. Keys jingled and Timothy walked through the door.

"Mr. Denver," Nikite got off before I could make introductions.

"Oh, you must be the cop," Timothy snorted.

"Does Cael have so many we are labelled by profession?" her suspicious nature flared up.

"Neh. Unlike Gomer here," was he calling me a hick?

"I'm New York born and bred. I know a police issued Berette in a hip holster even under a jacket. Also, the next time Cael calls me Mr. Denver will be the first," Timothy chuckled. "If it's any consolation, I can see why he's risking grave bodily injury by going out with you."

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"Does he think I'll shoot him if I catch him screwing around behind my back?" she asked pleasantly.

"Pretty much," Timothy winked at me.

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"Ah, the prospect of imminent pain reminds me - Timothy, I need two more favors," I begged.

"This is going to be good," Timothy replied sarcastically.

"I've got four girls lined up for Saturday night; three high society children and Nikite here. Is this okay, or do I need to take this somewhere else?" I began.

"This the nine year old?" he questioned.

"Aye and her two sisters," I replied.

"Sure. Every Park Avenue babe should get to meet a gay tattoo artist from Queens once in their life before Prom," Timothy nodded sagely. "The other thing,"

"Yeah - could you double-date with me. There is this school teacher who rooms with her older sister. The sister came through a nasty breakup recently and the teacher asked me if I could help out," I tried to sound upbeat.

"Wow...I don't know what to say," Timothy's mouth gaped. "I don't know what's dumber; asking your gay roommate to distract his fuck-mates sister so he doesn't end up screwing them both, or requesting this in front of the cop you are almost dating?"

"Exactly," I nodded. "I have three sisters - nine, thirteen and sixteen coming over for the night and staying through early Sunday afternoon."

"Exactly," I nodded. "I have three sisters - nine, thirteen and sixteen coming over for the night and staying through early Sunday afternoon."

"The sixteen year old is hitting on you and you are looking for a visible deterrent," Nikita mused.

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"Woh - huh - what he said - that last part," Nikito glared at me.

"Hey, now," I worded her off. "There's barely a week of school left. Then she'll get a summer job and I won't be taking the kids to school anymore and that will be that."[www.NoVeL\(i\)WoRm.Com](#)

"You are sleeping with a teacher at the school your girls attend?" she gaped. "Why?"

"She's hot," I declared. Nikito looked shocked. "I mean really hot. Not as gorgeous as you, but she's very attractive."

Don't think I'd lost my damn mind. I had, in fact, learned something over four years of being for hornier than smort. See, when a girl thinks you are true blue and you cheat, you are a scumbag. If a girl thinks you've slept around and now you are hers and hers alone, you cheating still makes you dirt, but that is ameliorated by the deep-seated fear that she did something wrong.

If you are openly a men-whore when you start dating, you can cheat. She thinks she's weaning you off your promiscuous ways. This toleration is not limitless, so be warned. Make every indiscretion count. Eventually she will give up and dump you. Refer to the break-up sex discussion earlier.

My mentor once asked me if one woman would ever be enough. I told her that I always thought one woman would be enough and I was always wrong. One of these days I hoped to meet a woman who could satisfy my sexual urges and could keep my balls in a vice to stop me from stroying. Then I'd be happy.

"You need to stop that," Nikito threatened me. "My fiancé cheated on me. I'm not going to put up with it from you."

"I already promised them I'd go out at least once," I reasoned. "You wouldn't want me to treat you like that."

"I'm not them," she bit her lower lip. "This roving eye of yours has got to stop and soon." See - a license to cheat. I really liked Nikito and I wanted to make an effort to keep her happy. Somehow I could keep my libido under some kind of restraint...for 80 days. Then my co-workers at Hovenstone would own me like their prison bitch, providing I was still alive.

"I'll do my best," I promised. We hugged and kissed. She wasn't gone thirty seconds when my phone rang. It was Odette. I told her to come on over so Timothy shot me with his Nerf gun.

"Cael, consider having sex with me," Timothy teased.

"What? I'm not gay," I pouted.

"Oh, I know but you'll be dead soon so the sexual ambiguity won't be something you have to deal with for long," Timothy laughed.

"I'll put it on my bucket list," I sighed. "Double-dating with me?"

"Sure. It isn't like life with you has been dull," Timothy taunted me. I groaned.

"Wah - huh - what he said - that last part," Nikita glared at me.

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