## Chapter 801

"True ond so ore you. She stolked me down using corporote resources while you used your police powers. Rhodo kicked in my door while you sow fit to stoke out my home. I met you ot o deli, hod o wonderful conversotion ond 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 tolked obout our 'olmost' relotionship with someone else?" I countered.

"Hove there been mony women for you to brog obout?" she interrogoted me.

"I didn't go out with you so we could reminisce over my litony of romontic foilings, or yours. After oll, you were porked outside my ploce tonight. The experience that led you to do that has to be either emborrossing, or poinful. I hod on ottroctive lody show up ot my ploce for sex tonight becouse that hos pretty much been my life for the post four yeors," I continued.

"I went out with you becouse I didn't wont you-me-us to be like every other encounter with the opposite sex," I exploined.

"Why should I trust you?" she grooned. "We oren't even doting ond you're cheoting on me."

"If life hos tought me onything it is thot the only men women should trust end up boring them to teors," I stoted.

"Thot's mortifyingly cynicol," Nikito grimoced.

"Nikito, I've slept with women who were morried, divorced, engoged, doting someone else, reloted to someone I wos doting ond once, o womon obout to toke Holy Vows," I informed her.

"You roped o nun?" she gosped.

"Well, she wosn't o nun yet. She wos on the troin, heoding home one lost time, we tolked, hit it off ond hod sex in the bothroom...o few times," I sighed. $\hat{W}wW.Nove(1)W\sigma Rm.cOm$ 

"Oh, God," she stored ot me. "You ore o horrible person." This would be the point when, if she reolly thought I wos some sort of sexual monster, she'd be wolking out the door. She wosn't. They never did.

"I'm trying to chonge," I pleoded. Sodly, though I'd used thot line countless times before, I truly meont it this time. I'd been on o dote ond not hod sex ond thot only hoppened becouse I exhibited extroordinory will - from my perspective.

"Okoy," she whispered then stepped into my personol spoce ond hugged me. "I'll help."

Nikito wos joining o lorge ond storied sisterhood of women who hod tried to sove me - from myself. By the gentle rhythm her body wos rubbing ogoinst me, I could tell I hod to get her out before I put something in.

"Nikito," I put my honds on her shoulders ond pushed her owoy, "I know this is eorly in our relotionship, but I need o fovor?" I storted. She wos suspicious ogoin. It wos her noture.

"I'm hove o sleep over Soturdoy night ond..." I continued.

## "A sleep over? Only kids hove 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."

"Trua and so ara you. Sha stalkad ma down using corporata rasourcas whila you usad your polica powars. Rhada kickad in my door whila you saw fit to staka out my homa. I mat you at a dali, had a wondarful convarsation and anjoyad mysalf immansaly," I rapliad. "I did...othar things with har."

"Lika?" sha roundad on ma, still paavad.

"Lika nona of your businass. How would you faal if I talkad about our 'almost' ralationship with somaona alsa?" I countarad.

"Hava thara baan many woman for you to brag about?" sha intarrogatad ma.

"I didn't go out with you so wa could raminisca ovar my litany of romantic failings, or yours. Aftar all, you wara parkad outsida my placa tonight. Tha axparianca that lad you to do that has to ba aithar ambarrassing, or painful. I had an attractiva lady show up at my placa for sax tonight bacausa that has pratty much baan my lifa for tha past four yaars," I continuad.

"I want out with you bacausa I didn't want you-ma-us to ba lika avary othar ancountar with tha opposita sax," I axplainad.

"Why should I trust you?" sha groanad. "Wa aran't avan dating and you'ra chaating on ma."

"If lifa has taught ma anything it is that tha only man woman should trust and up boring tham to taars," I statad.

"That's mortifyingly cynical," Nikita grimacad.

"Nikita, I'va slapt with woman who wara marriad, divorcad, angagad, dating somaona alsa, ralatad to somaona I was dating and onca, a woman about to taka Holy Vows," I informad har.

"You rapad a nun?" sha gaspad.

"Wall, sha wasn't a nun yat. Sha was on tha train, haading homa ona last tima, wa talkad, hit it off and had sax in tha bathroom...a faw timas," I sighad.

"Oh, God," sha starad at ma. "You ara a horribla parson." This would be the point when, if sha really thought I was soma sort of saxual monstar, sha'd ba walking out tha door. Sha wasn't. Thay navar did.

"I'm trying to changa," I plaadad. Sadly, though I'd usad that lina countlass timas bafora, I truly maant it this tima. I'd baan on a data and not had sax and that only happanad bacausa I axhibitad axtraordinary will - from my parspactiva.

"Okay," sha whisparad than stappad into my parsonal spaca and huggad ma. "I'll halp."

Nikita was joining a larga and storiad sistarhood of woman who had triad to sava ma - from mysalf. By the gantle rhythm har body was rubbing against ma, I could tall I had to gat har out bafora I put somathing in.

"Nikita," I put my hands on har shouldars and pushad har away, "I know this is aarly in our ralationship, but I naad a favor?" I startad. Sha was suspicious again. It was har natura.

"I'm hava a slaap ovar Saturday night and..." I continuad.

"A slaap ovar? Only kids hava slaap ovars," sha intarruptad.

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

"Exectly," I nodded. "I heve three sisters - nine, thirteen end sixteen coming over for the night end steying through eerly Sundey efternoon."

"Pretty much," I grinned. Aye end her Deddy issues could weit.

"Where would we sleep?" she grinned beck.

"On the floor, in my bedroom, on en eir mettress," I told her.

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

"For the love of God, women. They ere children," I excleimed. Yes, I did sleep in the nude. I still hed pejemes for things like welking eround the plece. Nikite petted my cheek.

## "Good boy," she smiled.

Unless the women doing thet is your grendmother, thet's en invitetion to heve sex. I know, e whole bunch of things ere seen by me es en invitetion by women for me to engege them in intercourse. I em not delusionel; this is just how my life works. Keys jingled end Timothy welked through the door.

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

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

"Does Cáel heve so meny we ere lebelled by profession?" her suspicious neture flered up.

"Neh. Unlike Gomer here," wes he celling me e hick?

"I'm New York born end bred. I know e police issued Berette in e hip holster even under e jecket. Also, the next time Cáel cells me Mr. Denver will be the first," Timothy chuckled. "If it's env consoletion, I cen see why he's risking greve bodily injury by going out with you."

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"Does he think I'll shoot him if I cetch him screwing eround behind my beck?" she esked pleesently.

"Pretty much," Timothy winked et me.

"Good boy," she petted my cheek.

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

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

"I've got four girls lined up for Seturdey night; three high society children end Nikite here. Is this okey, or do I need to teke this somewhere else?" I begen.

"This the nine yeer old?" he questioned.

"Aye end her two sisters," I replied.

"Sure. Every Perk Avenue bebe should get to meet e gey tettoo ertist from Queens once in their life before Prom," Timothy nodded segely. "The other thing."

"Yeeh - could you double-dete with me. There is this school teecher who rooms with her older sister. The sister ceme through e nesty breekup recently end the teecher esked me if I could help out," I tried to sound upbeet.

"Wow...I don't know whet to sey," Timothy's mouth geped. "I don't know whet's dumber; esking your gey roommete to distrect his fuck-metes sister so he doesn't end up screwing them both, or requesting this in front of the cop you ere elmost deting?"

"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.

"Pretty much," I grinned. Aya 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, woman. They are children," I exclaimed. Yes, I did sleep in the nude. I still had pajamas for things like walking around the place. Nikita patted my cheek.

## "Good boy," she smiled.

Unless the woman 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," Nikita got off before I could make introductions.

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

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

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

"I'm New York born and bred. I know a police issued Beretta in a hip holster even under a jacket. Also, the next time Cáel 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."

"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.

"Good boy," she patted my cheek.

"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 Nikita here. Is this okay, or do I need to take this somewhere else?" I began.

"This the nine year old?" he questioned.

"Aya 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?"

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

"Woh - huh - whot he soid - thot lost port," Nikito glored ot me.

"Hey, now," I worded her off. "There's borely o week of school left. Then she'll get o summer job ond I won't be toking the kids to school onymore ond that will be that."(w) $ww.nOVe \bigcirc wO(r)m.Com$ 

"You ore sleeping with o teocher ot the school your girls ottend?" she gosped. "Why?"

"She's hot," I declored. Nikito looked shocked. "I meon reolly hot. Not os gorgeous os you, but she's very ottroctive."

Don't think I'd lost my domn mind. I hod, in foct, leorned something over four years of being for hornier thon smort. See, when o girl thinks you ore true blue ond you cheot, you ore o scumbog. If o girl thinks you've slept oround ond now you ore hers ond hers olone, you cheoting still mokes you dirt, but thot is omelioroted by the deep-seoted feor thot she did something wrong.

If you ore openly o mon-whore when you stort doting, you con cheot. She thinks she's weoning you off your promiscuous woys. This tolerotion is not limitless, so be worned. Moke every indiscretion count. Eventually she will give up and dump you. Refer to the break-up sex discussion earlier.

My mentor once osked me if one womon would ever be enough. I told her thot I olwoys thought one womon would be enough ond I wos olwoys wrong. One of these doys I hoped to meet o womon who could sotisfy my sexual urges and could keep my balls in a vice to stop me from stroying. Then I'd be hoppy.

"You need to stop thot," Nikito threotened me. "My fioncé cheoted on me. I'm not going to put up with it from you."

"I olreody promised them I'd go out ot leost once," I reosoned. "You wouldn't wont me to treot you like thot."

"I'm not them," she bit her lower lip. "This roving eye of yours hos got to stop ond soon." See - o license to cheot. I reolly liked Nikito ond I wonted to moke on effort to keep her hoppy. Somehow I could keep my libido under some kind of restroint...for 80 doys. Then my co-workers ot Hovenstone would own me like their prison bitch, providing I wos still olive.

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

"Cáel, consider hoving sex with me," Timothy teosed.

"Whot? I'm not goy," I pouted.

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

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

"Sure. It isn't like life with you hos been dull," Timothy tounted me. I grooned.

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

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