

## Chapter 804

"Let's go inside," I offered. Keeping upbeat was key; a crying woman on my stoop would suck. As we entered the apartment and I was putting my bike aside, Odette made for the bedroom.

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"Odette, we need to get something straight," I called out. She didn't stop. "I have a date with another women tonight." That did the trick.

"Did I do something wrong?" she gulped as she turned around and stared at me.

"What?" I feigned surprise. I've been here before. "No! Why would you think that? Odette, you are wonderful." I walked to her and she came into my arms. Pig. Dog. Take your pick.

"Why are you dumping me then?" Odette looked up, tears in her eyes.

"I thought you would be dumping me," I reversed things. "I'm the one not ready for commitment. I am afraid you have been far better for me than I've been for you."

"I don't want to let you go," she pleaded as her hug tightened.

"Wait. Odette, think about this. You deserve a guy who wants you and only you. I'm not that guy. I'm a serial dater. I can't help it," I complained on her behalf.

"That's okay," Odette mumbled. "Don't be so hard on yourself, Cáel Nyilas. You are a wonderful man, too. I'll wait around until you figure things out. I'll take what I can get while you look for your happiness." Odette wasn't weak, or stupid. She was a young lady, romantically alone and living in her parent's house.

I was exciting and different, the sex was great and it was a new experience to wake up in a foreign place, safe and warm. I had turned her phantasm dreams of a better life into a tangible reality even if she now had to morph her expectations. Adaptation wasn't failing. It was the reason human beings existed today. I feebly tried to break free.

"Odette - Honey, I can't," I explained. "I'm getting so hot for you right now. I don't want to..." Odette pressed a finger to my lips. She too was aroused. Yes, I had told a second girl that I was a slave to my cock and again, the woman had created a mental excuse that allowed her to stay with me despite my promised infidelity.

And I was about to have sex with her before going out on a date with the first girl I had confessed everything to. Should I 'oink', or is that 'bow-wow'?

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"How long do we have?" Odette's voice turned molten with lust.

"An hour," I kissed her.

"That should be just enough time," she licked her kips then led me by the hand to the bedroom. Odette started out somewhat desperate. I cooled her down and instructed her in micromanaging intercourse. Doing the little things that targeted the erogenous zones of your partner instead of going straight for the sex.

In the afterglow, we cuddled together, Odette kissing my nipples and me nibbling on her ear - one of her hot spots.

"You are yummy," she sighed. "Delicious."ww(n).Novelworm.com

"Are you trying to distract me with your alluring words and dynamite body?" I sounded worried.

"Is it working?" she giggled.

"It will if I don't escape right now," I pleaded. She reluctantly let me slip away. Her eyes followed me around the room and out the door. A warm shower was nice, dressing in front of Odette was innocently refreshing and we ordered her some takeout.

Odette would stay the night - I gave Timothy a warning call - and I'd be back late. We'd have Saturday morning to spend together; my cobbled together plan would leave everyone happy, right? I headed out to my date with Nikita with high hopes. We met at an East Side theater, watched the movie with minimal conversation and exited hand in hand.

Nikita was coming around to my romantic approach. All I had to do was let her know I was dying to have sex with her in the same way she was dying to have sex with me. I was holding off because of my desire to get to know her, so she held back in order to be the 'better woman' and help me with my sexual issues - namely to have sex as much as possible.

We walked, talked about our schools growing up, colleges and her time at the Police Academy. Nikita and I ended up at this nice bar that served tasty comfort food and a good selection of alcoholic beverages. An hour and a half later, we left, both feeling tipsy. Nikita snuggled up against me, taking in my scent and warmth.

Our kisses were more intense that night, our desires more raw and evident and Nikita's craving for our contact to evolve was stronger than ever. We parted. I took a few steps then turned around. Sure enough, Nikita looked over her shoulder, smiled then kept walking. A few steps later, she looked back again. This time she stopped. We looked, then met each other half way and kissed some more.

The second separation was permanent. It was important that Nikita know I was fascinated with her. A more virtuous man might have been troubled with the fact that I was going to unload the sexual frustration I had hefted upon myself by dating Nikita onto Odette, but I'm not that guy. I did get a surprise when I came through the door.

Odette was on the sofa watching Kick-Ass 2, her head resting on Timothy's lap. Timothy was in the midst of impressing on her how delectable Morris Chestnut was when I came in.

"Hey Cáel, Ulyssa called. We are on for Sunday dinner at their place. A Yasmin Palhavã called as well. She's says you are on for Monday at 5:15 pm," Timothy smirked.

To add to the fun, Odette looked up at me and smiled.

"Timothy and I bonded over ice cream," she giggled. "He says you give such an unbelievably good dicking, women lose all common sense for days, even weeks afterwards. He says he's never seen anything like it before and he's jealous."

"You two are hilarious," I griped. "I'm going to the bathroom and masturbate. Then I'm going to bed - alone."

"No, you are not!" Odette declared. She hopped up and charged me. "You are sleeping with me tonight. I need to exercise these extra calories off." She was in her underwear, which I got a brief flash of as she left the sofa, and my old Mayhem Festival 2012 t-shirt.

Beyond her looking far sexier in it than I ever had (in my opinion), she was definitely ready to give me some 'makes him forget about all those other women' sex. I wrapped an arm around Odette and looked over my shoulder to tell Timothy goodnight. He was giving me the finger. Not only had he picked up a jealous lover after careful consideration, I apparently could carpet bomb the city and not hit a single woman willing to hold my philandering ways against me.

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(Saturday)

Round nine - I thought it was round nine - was ended abruptly by Timothy dumping a pitcher full of ice down my back. Odette and I had meant to get some breakfast in the living room. We were eating some shredded wheat, some milk dripped down Odette's chin and I licked it off. If anyone doesn't think that's an open invitation for sex, you're nuts.

Anyway, we were face to face, me sitting on the sofa, Odette in my lap with a combination of her thighs and my hands helping her bob up on down on my cock while we battled tongues and checked that we hadn't sucked any of the other's fillings out yet. Timothy stumbled past in his normal morning pre-coffee haze, busied himself in the kitchen then came back with the aforementioned pitcher of ice.