

Chapter 814

"I'll try," she gently and repeatedly kissed my shirt-covered chest. "I think you joke too much yet you're terribly honest. When you said you had a 'plethora of bizarre knowledge, I laugh at danger and have an incessant desire to learn' you weren't kidding. I should have run out the door right then."

"I agree. I know you are normally smarter than this - staying with me," I nodded.

"You are not getting rid of me that easily," Nikita went to her tippy-toes and kissed me on the lips. That's right. I was not a stoner who liked to toke on the weekends. No, I was part of a massive criminal conspiracy that was involved in various malfeasances more often associated with The Hague than the FBI, or Interpol.

Basically I was the opposite kind of man Nikita thought she wanted. I was verbally evasive, romantically unreliable, unethical and criminally involved. She wasn't blind to my flaws, she was reevaluating her desires. Beyond the sex, which promised to be epic, she felt I was brave and compassionate, honest and caring; a lover who laughed at death.

In her distant future, sitting on the sofa, watching TV, while her socially acceptable, ethical and reliable husband was on the computer and her children were asleep in bed, I was the type of man she would recall with a sensual curve to her lips and the fondest of erotic memories. She might even wonder if they'd ever find all my body parts, or the person, or persons, who finally did me in.

In the short term that meant more sex for me. I knew I was trying to not have sex spoil my relations with Nikita. I was going to move mountains to keep this love affair on track. If I wasn't nailing her by next Saturday, a good bet would be that the world had ended. This lack of sex was killing me. With my stress level skyrocketing, my libido was threatening to slip its leash.

I'd already scoped out three dozen spots at Havenstone for some quick nookie. It wasn't intentional. My perception automatically cataloged every place I went to on how safely, quietly, and comfortable having sex there would be. I don't think most people appreciate how much restraint I showed by not screwing Katrina in her bathroom, Buffy on that bed, and Buffy and Helena in any number of places.

The elevators...oh God, the elevators. I'd had sex with a total stranger riding an elevator in the Sears Tower. Every few seconds, we kept punching buttons for higher floors. Watching her greet her husband and two young daughters getting out of the lift was enchanting. I never considered the wife to be cheating though.

She wasn't leaving her family; she was indulging in a fantasy. That helped me through lunch. After all, I was there to catch up with a high school buddy and his sister...and her husband...and two daughters - whoops. In retrospect, I was probably drawn to her because she looked like her/his mother. Mom was kind of hot and freaky too.

The lesson there was never go upstairs to take a shower and change, leaving me alone with your mother unless you want her to have a secret smile when you return. She was divorced so there was no moral quandary. Further rumination was forestalled by Timothy's keys jingling in the door and coming in.

"Brother, she's still got her clothes on," Timothy mocked me. "You are losing your touch."

"We are not having sex," I protested.

"We are not...this weekend," Nikita blushed slightly. "Next week though..."

"I'm holding out for next Saturday," I informed them. Nikita hip-nudged me and I winced.

"Oh, I'm sorry, C  el," Nikita steadied me.

"C  el, what the hell happened to you?" Timothy tilted over to see past Nikita and look over my bandaged thigh, which was now bleeding. Oh, come on. Don't tell me 'girl on top' sex voids the 'don't engage in any strenuous activity for 48 hours' warning?

"Someone tried to murder him," Nikita spoke for me.

"Any lady I've met, a jealous lover, or some totally unrelated woman I haven't encountered yet?" Timothy was less than sympathetic.

"Why do you assume I was shot by a woman, or that it was even my fault?" I groaned.

"In Atlantic City, the odds of you being mauled by a woman you've pissed off is considered a sure thing," Timothy chuckled.*WwW.noQelwQRM.co  *

"Crazy woman, you've never met her and I seriously doubt you ever will," I told him. "She'd have shot my nuts off but she had these ridiculously large double-D breasts that got in...Owl!" I yelped as Nikita finger-stabbed one of my nerve clusters.

"Come on, Nikita," Timothy teased. "If C  el doesn't notice a woman's breast size, check him for a pulse, or a concussion."

"Eyes front, Mister," Nikita demanded. "If you're looking anywhere it had better be at me."

"Wait a second," I protested. "You are supposed to be my love slave." Nikita smirked.

"Who is the boss?" she patted my swelling cock through my shorts and talked to it. "Who's the boss?" pat, pat, "That's good boy," she cooed. "He knows who the boss is," Nikita smiled at me. What could I say? My cock was the Lying Son of a Bitch of all Lying Sons of Bitches. It lied to everybody, me included.

The only thing it didn't lie about was being horny, which was more like a continuous state of being for the damned thing anyway. I could have grappled her breasts, petted her kitty, and/or groped her ass. It pays to know your date/target/victim (depending on how polite you want to be).

My hands cupped her jaw with my fingers tickling her ears.

"Are these lips mine?" I whispered before kissing her with only a tantalizing tip of the tongue. "Are these my lips," I continued on and on.

"Yes," Nikita sighed happily, finally submitting.

"Nikita, I'm about to shoot our boy," Timothy muttered. "Let's avoid a friendly fire episode." Timothy went for his Nerf gun, I went for the kitchenette, or would have if Nikita hadn't stopped me.

"Oh, come on," I pleaded.

"No," Nikita smiled, "I don't know what you did, but I'm sure you deserve it." Wack - Nerf hit.

"Fine," I muttered. "Since I'm clearly not getting any sympathy, why don't we go get the car now?"

"I'll go get the girls, C  el," Nikita suggested. "You should stay off your feet."

"Trust me, that will not work," I said. Thankfully, no one contested me on that. They took one look at the blood soaking through my bandages and cut me some slack.

Getting the rental car was interesting. I had to convince Nikita her personal vehicle wouldn't cut it in our destination neighborhood. Halfway to the pick-up, something dangerous occurred to me.

"Desiree, I need to warn Caitlyn I'm bringing over a lady with a gun," I made a panicky call to the boss most likely know Caitlyn's number.

"Who?" she snapped.

"NYPD Patrolwoman Nikita Kutuzov," I supplied the name.

"You are an idiot," Desiree stated then hung up.*Www.NoVlelw  RM.(c)  m*

"What was that all about?" Nikita stared suspiciously...again.

WwW.noVlelw  RM.co  

"The family we are going to is security conscious to the level they will want to verify you are who you say you are," I explained. They weren't likely to kill her, or us. Caitlyn simply wouldn't let me in, or let the girls out, which would be a sucky thing to explain if the opportunity to even see the girls ever arose again.

"Do I need to inform my precinct that I'm stopping by this house?" Nikita questioned me.

"I wouldn't think so," I said. "I also wouldn't have thought I'd be shot with an arrow this morning either. Do what you think is best." Nikita called in her itinerary. Once we made it to the children's place, she insisted helping me to the door. Caitlyn answered with the kids closely behind her, luggage in hand.

"Ladies, this is Officer Nikita Kutuzov of the NYPD. She will be our chaperone for the night," I introduced my companion.

"C  el," Caitlyn asked after she pulled me into a side room, "who is this woman?"

"She is the daughter of the desk sergeant I met at the police station last Monday night/early Tuesday morning when Desiree and I showed up to get Marilyn," I informed her.

"I've dated her two times - no sex - and we are getting along okay," I added.

"No sex?" Caitlyn purred. "Saving yourself up for something?" I looked over my shoulder and saw three faces peaking in.

"Please stop taunting me, Caitlyn," I murmured. "The children are watching and I have to get going." She pressed up against me, gave me a wink then returned me to the hallway.

"Children, behave and I'll see you tomorrow afternoon," Caitlyn smiled. "C  el - Daddy, have a good time." Aya was as happy as a clam, Europa was amused, Loraine was a bit sullen and Nikita was stiff as a board. The presence of Nikita, the outsider, kept conversation to a minimum on the ride over. Europa broke the silence as we entered my building.

"Gosh C  el, you are poor," she noted.

"That's rude," was Nikita's rebuttal.

"What do you know about C  el," Loraine boiled over with anger. Nikita turned on her.

"I know you are the reason I'm here, Loraine," Nikita locked eyes with her. "You are pretty so I'm here to make sure he behaves."

"She doesn't want him to behave," Europa teased. Loraine shot Europa an evil look.

"I want C  el to be our Daddy," Aya piped up. "So does Mommy."

"I had that impression too," Nikita's smile to me was frosty.

"Well, I plan to be single for at least three more years," I declared.

"Great!" Loraine exulted.

"Good luck with that," Europa mocked me.

Www.m(o)v  t  RM.  D  

"I can wait that long," Aya added.

"It will be a miracle if you live that long," muttered Nikita.

"C  el was shot saving my life today - me and my family," Aya got out.

"Aya - no!" snapped Loraine. "We are not to talk about it."

"I'm a police officer, you can tell me," Nikita tried to corner Aya.

"She is a ****," Loraine stated.

It was Old Kingdom Hittite for 'masked ghost'. 'Ghost' could also mean 'evil spirit'. I postulated that was the Amazon term for non-Amazonian women.

"What does that mean?" Nikita scanned the group.

"It means we are not going to talk about it, concentrating on having a good night instead. Okay?" I stressed.