

Chapter 815

Nikita backed off, we made it to my place and made the introductions with Timothy. Once they got past the fact that he was gay - their problem was not with homosexuality; it was with males wasting their sexual potential not making babies - they thought he was wonderful. My roommate caught me flat-footed when he reminded the girls that they should wear their pj's on a sleep over.

Off they raced into the bedroom, dragging a reluctant Nikita along, to get changed.

"Dude," I said in a hushed voice. "What have I ever done to you?"

"Nothing," he snickered, "I'm being petty." He went off to change as well. I was already in a t-shirt and shorts. I really didn't need to change.

Nikita's countenance was one of fury etched in stone. It appeared that Amazonian sleepwear consisted of a beige half-vest, panties and a short, short skirt. It was somewhat endearing on Aya. I wasn't going to go there with Europa. My brain was having none of that avoidance with Loraine though. God, she was scrumptious...and so very out of bounds.

Nikita was in a plaid sleeping shirt than came down to her knees. I was trying to keep it together when Timothy came out in black boy-shorts. *w-w(w).nO(v)eLW©rm δam*

"Wow, Nikita. I had a shirt like that...when I was ten. You make it look..." he ended up laughing. The look Nikita gave Timothy was blistering.

Aya came up to one side, knelt on the sofa where I was sitting, and hugged my head to her bosom. Europa plopped down on the other side. Loraine hopped into my lap.

"Oh...is that your...?" Loraine gasped.

"That's his nothing!" Nikita yanked Loraine off my lap, "that you need to know about at your tender age."

"What is wrong with you people?" Nikita complained.

"Don't look at me. I've been sitting on the sofa the entire time," I waved off responsibility.

"We are not ashamed of our bodies," Loraine shot back. "Don't take out the fact that you aren't pretty as me, my sisters, or our Cael."

"Cael, don't tell me you find this manner of dress acceptable?" Nikita glared.

"If they are comfortable with it, who am I to complain?" I shrugged.

"She's nine!" Nikita pointed at Aya who smiled back.

"Damn Nikita, trust me a bit, why don't ya? I am well aware of women's ages," I sighed.

"Do you want me to dress like they do?" she stared accusingly.

"That would be pretty nice," I smiled letting my lust sneak through.

"Hold on," Timothy grinned. I was in trouble. "When I helped Cael move in I saw he had a huge box full of women's clothes - not in his size. He's not a cross dresser."

Gee - thanks Timothy, you right bastard.

"What is a cross dresser?" Aya piped up. I groaned.

"A cross dresser is a man who dresses up like a woman," Nikita provided. "A Drag Queen is a man who dresses up like a famous woman/actress/singer. A transvestite is a man who dresses like a woman because they want to be a woman."

"Have you ever dressed like a woman, Cael?" Europe inquired.

"Yeah," I grinned. "I did a burlesque review one year and dressed up like a pole dancer at a friend's bachelorette party."

"Really?" Loraine and Nikita both perked up.

"What's are pole dancers and what's burlesque?" Aya mused.

"Hmmm...I was in a burlesque troupe for a South Sudan relief charity event," I recited. "Burlesque dancers were really racy clothing - kind of like what you have on right now, Aya. I was a pole dancer at my friend's bachelorette party because I owed her for some past mistakes."

"Aya, pole dancers where bikini style clothing and do erotic acrobatics with a ceiling to floor pole, thus pole dancing," I explained.

"Can we see you do that?" Loraine and Europa closed in. "Sometime soon?"

"Past mistakes?" Nikita glared.

"Yes, past mistakes," I sighed. "I slept with her, her best friend, her mother and her younger sister. She stabbed me here," I pointed to a faded scar on my left triceps. "We hooked up again later, but things didn't work out that time either," I pointed to the scar on my foot.

"You didn't have her arrested? Worse, you took her back so she could stab you again?" Nikita shook her head negatively.

"I was the one who made her angry," I shrugged, "plus the sex was passionate."

"Those are scars of sexual animus," Loraine purred. "You must be tremendously delectable to incite such a reaction." She gave off her own predatory rumblings.

"Loraine, the man cheated on these women. This is not what you look for in a sex partner," Nikita lectured.

"What do you mean?" Europa looked Nikita's way. "I want a man that other women desire. It makes the conflict and resulting conquest all the more praiseworthy."

"You are thirteen," the policewoman reminded Europa. "You don't need to be thinking about men, especially treating men like conquests."

Timothy came out of my room with a large cardboard packing box - full of clothes - women's clothes.

"What the?" Nikita blanched. Europa and Loraine swarmed the goodies while Aya snuggled in tighter to my side.

"I've never heard my Mother, or Aunts, talk about a male the way they talk about you," Aya whispered into my ear in Old Kingdom Hittite. "They really like you - as a person."

"You referred to Desiree as your Aunt today," I quietly spoke. "Is that the first time you've acknowledged her as family."

"No: I did it once before when I was six and Momma was very angry. Grandmother Sylvia was the Heir to House Epona when she ran away," Aya informed me. "All of this happened before I was born. Great-grandmother was very angry with her sisters and Momma. When they brought Aunt Desiree back, they were all wanted to kill Desiree except Aunt Katrina."

"Katrina fought and killed Great-grandmother so Desiree was allowed to live. The other women still won't call Desiree 'aunt' or 'sister' though," Aya finished.

"You did," I reminded Aya.

"I'm not going to make it, am I Cael?" Aya suddenly looked so small and vulnerable. "I know you will honest with me."

I wasn't sure where the honest part came from.

"Why do you think you won't make your trial in three years?" I inquired. I wanted to know where she stood mentally.

"I'm small and weak. My mind gets excited and confused too easily. It took a man risking his life for me to make me concentrate hard enough to hit the target this morning. I'm not going to make it," she moped.

"You do realize you are asking for sympathy from the only male inside Havenstone who speaks your lingo and everyone will know by Monday," I tweaked her nose. "I've been beaten up, shot with an arrow, faced numerous death threats as well as enslavement plus being stun-gunned half to death and given a truth serum that set my body on fire - figuratively speaking - all in my first week."

"Your life expectancy is under three years, Aya, but mine is at 77 days and counting down," I gave her a weak grin. "I'm not going to feel sorry for you. Aya has a dozen people who love and support her - me included. She's a winner. Me? All I've got is a whiny munchkin with delusions of self-pity. That would be you, in case you missed it." Aya hugged me.

ŴW©.nOvêW(c)rM.cm

"That's why I love you," she whispered into my ear. "You are really my friend. You turn my mistakes into victories, Cael. You treat me like you would any other nine-year old girl."

"Cael Nyilas, what is all this?" Nikita glared at me. She was holding up a bundle of women's undergarments.

"Clean underwear of the female variety," I grinned broadly.

"Wow," Loraine exclaimed. "There is not much to this one at all," she held up a lacy white thong. "Do you want to see me wearing this...and a smile?" she invited me with her eyes.

"Actually Loraine, those are Timothy's," I lied. She looked poleaxed.

"Bro, those wouldn't hide my balls. much less my dick," Timothy laughed.

"Guys!" snapped Nikita. "Try to remember this is a teenage girl sleep-over, not a frat party."

"Nikita, calm down," Europa tapped the cop's shoulder. "I think we've all seen a naked man before, unless you haven't. Why don't you try some of these on? Some are in your size."

wW(w).no(v)eŴbrm.cmM

"Women don't put on other women's underwear," Nikita stated. "It is unsanitary."

"But he washed them," Europa countered.

"That's not the point," Nikita groaned.

"Well, I'm going to try some on and see how Cael likes them," Loraine proclaimed.

"Me too!" Europa stood up.

"Me three!" Aya tried to jump up but I held her at my side.

"No you don't," I tickled her. "You need to stay here with me on the sofa to make sure I behave and Officer Nikita doesn't have to shoot me."

Aya stayed with me; Loraine and Europa grabbed up some of the clothes and fled to my bedroom, pursued hotly by Nikita. Timothy settled in on the other side of Aya.

"Hey there," he rumbled. "You are as cute as Cael said you were."

"Thank you," Aya gave her warmest smile to him. "You have really big muscles."

"I work out a lot and eat children for breakfast to stay in shape," he teased.

"Bad children taste better with ketchup," Aya chirped without missing a beat.

"Do you have any eighteen year old, or older, brothers as cute as you?" Timothy rustled Aya's hair.

"We don't have brothers," Aya informed him. Timothy shot me an inquisitive look. My visual response indicated he should wait for an explanation later. We opted to tickle Aya instead then Timothy followed that with airplane spins and we ended up doing Aya-tosses. Yes, we tossed the future of House Epona, squealing, across the length of our living room, caught her then threw her back.

The ladies came out of my room. Loraine was flabbergasted, Europa was jealous and Nikita was livid. They were also all wearing various pieces of flimsy female attire. You see, when a woman dumps you in a screaming fit, they take their coats, pants and shoes - it gets cold in New Hampshire.©(w)w.*nOveŁworm.cm(m)*

The often forget shorts, pajamas, panties, bras and light shirts. This resulted in my 'collection' of women's things to be biased toward bedroom/house casual attire.