

## Chapter 826

"That must be some rapport," Loraine giggled. "She sent you two perfumed letters." Oh, that would be her and her sister Nadia. I could read between the lines without opening the envelopes. 'Sorry that my sister joined us last night - unless you don't mind' from Ulyssa.

'Sorry for interrupting you and my sister's date - unless you didn't mind,' from Nadia. Basically, they wanted me to date Ulyssa and keep coming by for 'accidental' sex with Nadia in a three-way. I'm a great lover - lousy boyfriend. They were sisters. There was no way sibling jealousy wouldn't destroy this relationship. Of course I'd continue to date them. I'm a pig.

Aya came out, joyously skipping my way. I held up my hand for her to halt.

"Aya?" I began.

"Yes," she gulped.*w@w.môvèL(w)ôRm.coM*

"Can I ask you for a favor?" I questioned.*WWw.no@èŁw@rm.CoM*

"Okay," Aya was cautious.

"Aya, I'm going to be pretty much busted for the rest of the week," I began - she looked crestfallen. "Could you be my help-mate through Friday?"

"If it is okay with Mommy," she pleaded to her maternal unit.

"We will have to bring you more clothes," Caitlyn acquiesced.

"Yippeel!" Aya ran over and hugged her mother. A quick hug back then Aya was laying on my chest once more. That was pretty much that. I gave each girl a kiss on the cheek. Caitlyn got one on the lips plus a grope on her thigh - oink.

Aya and I had been sound asleep when a subtle disturbance woke me. I looked to my right side and there was Desiree, on her side, eyes open, looking at me.

"Ah..." I muttered.

"This is my room and my bed," she whispered. Oh, she lived like a monk/cloistered nun.

"Thank you," I mouthed. She searched out my eyes for sarcasm. Finding none, she nodded and closed her eyes. Her phone buzzing roused me much later. Desiree began to get up. It was 2:30 am.

"Marilynn?" I inquired softly. Desiree nodded.

"Do you want me to come along?" I offered. "I have an 'in' with the desk sergeant."

"Bring Aya and use crutches," Desiree instructed. Aya was peeved at the early wakeup until she realized it was 'business' - her first job - and she was all for it. Desiree had brought me some crutches and a fresh change of clothes and toiletries when she'd come in earlier.

A half hour later, Desiree, Aya and me entered the precinct house. On this visit, we received a completely different reception.

"Câel," the Desk Sergeant welcomed me. "Hey, is that one of Saturday's kids?" she motioned to Aya. Desiree held her on her hip because I was on crutches. Aya was nodding off again.

"Yeah, that's Aya Ruger," I grinned affectionately. "I since I got so banged up, she decided to help me look after myself the rest of the week. I didn't want to leave her at the room they gave me at work."

"I warned you about those crazy bitches," Sarge winked. "I'll send for your regular pick-up."

Marilynn and whomever qualified as party companions for the night were summoned then the Sarge turned back to me.

"Nikita likes you," she studied me.

"That's bizarre," I shrugged. "I had the feeling I'm not the kind of guy she's looking for."

"Oh, she thinks you are screwed up," the Sarge laughed, "but she thinks you are sincere and clearly not afraid to be vulnerable."

"Vulnerable?" I wondered.

"You don't see the need for any macho posturing," she explained. "Her ex was a controlling bastard that..."

"I don't need to know, Sergeant," I interrupted. "If she wants me to know about the guy, she'll tell me when she's ready."

"That's very New Age of you," she smirked. This was not a good thing.

"Oh, don't get me wrong," I grinned all shark-like. "If he hurts her again, I'm not bring him a 'Get Well' card. I'm bringing a shovel."

"As a police officer, I'll remind you to leave retribution to the authorities," she smiled back. "As a Mother, I'll look the other way."

"Wow, he must have royally screwed up worse than I imagined and I have a pretty active imagination," I snorted.

"Here come your princesses," the Sarge sighed. Marilynn had two barflies tonight. All three were way passed sloshed. Desiree and I poured them into the back seat then began the laborious process of depositing them in their various domiciles. We were back by 4:30 with a sleeping Aya none the wiser.

(Tuesday)

Aya followed me to Medical for my daily checkup. It seemed I was no longer to be trusted with my welfare. Aya found the visit fascinating; not because it was new. Because she knew so many of the personnel. That sucked. The frisky doctor took care of me with the bonus of a little exchange with Aya.

"He's got a really big 'thing'," Aya chirped. I was suddenly wishing Elsa had given me a concussion.

"Oh, I know," the doctor smiled at Aya.

"He's quite proficient too. Loraine said he has had over 150 sexual encounters and he's so good he gets stabbed a lot," Aya related. I wasn't sure how one led to the other, though they did.

"Do you like having sex with women, Câel?" the doctor teased me.

"Not when I'm sleeping," I sighed.

"I keep him safe when he's sleeping," Aya provided. "Its real serious work."

"Aya sleeps in your bed?" the doctor was a tad bit suspicious.*w-ww.noVèLw@rm.coM*

"To be specific, she sleeps on top of me, like a bear cub on a Momma Bear," I informed her.

"He's my Daddy Bear," Aya piped up.

"What does your real Momma Bear think of that?" the doctor poked playfully.

"She wants him to be my Daddy Bear too," Aya beamed kittens and rainbows.

"Oh, I bet she does," the doctor gave me a playful wink. Sex.

"This is all great, but I'm getting a bit uncomfortable and would like to flee to the dubious safety of work," I mumbled.

"All done," Doc said then patted my cock.

Oddly, that was one of the only two places on my body that hadn't been clobbered; my face being the other. They wanted me pleasing to the eye and sperm-functional. I dressed and crutch-walked away. At the elevator door, Brielle and her friend were waiting.

"Guarding you is going to be a full-time job," Aya took my hand and looked up at me.

She saw the lascivious look those two were shooting my way.

"You brought a child to defend you?" Brielle teased me as the elevator headed up.*w-ww.nôvEtŁW@rm.com*

"It worked, didn't it?" I countered.

"Aya stand in the corner and cover your eyes," the companion directed.

"Sorry...I apologize, but I can't do that," Aya said defiantly. "He's my bed buddy." That earned me some looks.

"Jeesh ladies, give me some credit," I groaned. "She's nine."

"Ugh...fine," Brielle relented. "So Aya, what's he like in bed?"

"Warm and he smells wonderful," Aya sighed dreamily. I was getting dreamy looks from the other two, but most likely a very different dream. "And he hugs me before I go to sleep and the first thing when I wake up."

"Fine Aya," Brielle's eye sparkled. "How about I trade you a band of 'honor gold' for a night with Câel?"

"I can't do that," Aya reasoned. "He's the only Daddy I have. I think he is the only Daddy any of us have." Thank God the elevator opened on my floor. The philosophic elements of this conversation had become way too convoluted. I was the last one of us to get to Katrina's office which seemed to amuse Katrina.

"Câel, you have the day off," Katrina informed me. "Didn't anyone tell you?"

"Oh, I'm not here to work. I'm here as your newest hire's - Aya's - lap-monkey," I replied gravely.

"Very well. Aya, stand in line with the others to receive your work review and assignments," Katrina ordered calmly. Aya took her spot next to Violet.

Aya nearly cried when she got my work review for Monday. Apparently I had done the equivalent of threatening World peace, or created a tidal wave generator that swamped the Maldives.

"Look on the bright side," Violet patted Aya's shoulder. "You can't do worse."

"How does it feel to know you will be less productive than a child?" Fabiola taunted me.