

Chapter 828

It was Nicole who suggested quickening the pace. Once more, I grabbed control and quickened our pace to the point where I was hard-hitting her rectum. Every time Nicole orgasmed, she tore off substantial portions of her determination like glacial melt. In order to make sure I wasn't torturing her to death, a few chicks peered through the stall door.

I put the condom all the way in her ass, earning one last restrained squeal from her. Nicole was a vocal gem, without a doubt. When necessary, she was able to really control the noise. I am a sex god after four effing orgasms in under eleven minutes. Nicole and I did the cleanup.

She couldn't stop smiling at me.

"I hope I've helped you deal with the loss of your brother," she purred as she snuggled against my chest.

"I'm an only child, Nicole. All that twin thing was for the Dick-head who was hitting on you and decided to make a mockery of me with the whole 'you went to a loser school' thing," I told her.

"Oh..." she digested that. Sexual aftershocks helped her decide she didn't care. They never do.

"Where did you go to school?" she asked as we finished cleaning up at the sink - with three other women.

"Bolingbrook in New Hampshire," I grinned. "I live in a small, five room apartment, with my roommate in lower-middle class neighborhood, I don't have a car - I have a bike."

"That's good because I absolutely love biking, on and off-road," I kept going. "I work at an investment firm making a quarter million a year starting out plus a 'Gold level' benefits package. Mom's gone. My Dad is a working stiff, scoured by the elements most days, his sister works on a crab boat and that's my lineage. I'm Cáel Nyilas, by the way."

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"Do you like picking up rich, successful women from well-heeled families?" Nicole and the other women blatantly listening in studied me.

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"Normally you couldn't have dragged me into an establishment like this," I chuckled. "This isn't my crowd. Three of the new male hires at Havenstone invited me out for some after-work drinks and they chose this place."

Not every lady is looking for a commitment. For some, a hook-up hits the spot and they were not particularly jealous about sharing in their adventures. Nicole was going to go home, a smile on her lips, take a nice hot bath and go to bed worry-free. Her company was envious and planning how to get their own piece of my unworthy hide.

Fucking Nicole into a transcendent state didn't earn me a place in their 'educational elites only' world. That wouldn't keep them out of my bed, only someone they wouldn't mention to their parents. I didn't care. I wouldn't care unless they became clingy. Then I would have to parade her friends and colleagues past her as sexual conquests until she got the message that turning a guy into her 'dirty little secret' was doubly unfortunate.

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Mind you, having a pair of wandering eyes myself, I had never enforced monogamy on any girl I'd ever been with. Deep down I was always looking for 'the one', I assumed that my sex partners were too and I never held that against them for looking somewhere else when I was clearly not the one for them. My sense of fair play rarely translated over to understanding on their part.

Back to my little crowd. From the start, I know we were all freaking gorgeous men. We were also bright and well-educated (though the rest thought I was a bumpkin). Having ladies stop by was a veritable given. How we handled it was multifaceted.

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Brain Fung was a 'one foot out the window' kind of guy. He led off with how engaged he was, how wonderful his fiancé was and finished up with how arranged the marriage was. See, this gave him an out with every women he scored with. He was engaged, yet he was unhappy with the arrangement so some lucky girl might convince him to re-chart his course.

It would never happen. Brian thought too much of himself to be romanced. Besides, he had a five, ten and twenty year plan. The Prick shouldn't have joined Havenstone. His fiancé was from a good family, educated and willing to knuckle under to her family to marry Brian so he could assume she would knuckle under to him too.

He was never going to leave that comfortable future for some sweet piece of tail he could pick up at a bar, or nightclub. Girls were nothing more than a release valve for his sexual frustrations and by the end of the encounter, the girl would know that was exactly how he felt. He was good-looking, wealthy and confident - he'd always find someone else.

Felix fit a distinct mold. He was a con man. He was all about stroking his ego, accomplishments, and hash marks, unlike me. Felix was a Winner with a capital "W," so you couldn't really blame him. He saw accolades, professional success, and attractive ladies as an exaggeration of the Felix Melena story.

He would pursue urban wildlife hunting until he was thirty, at which point he would wed a virgin in her early twenties. Virgin? She must have known him as the first and only man in her life. Felix had no problem naming names and boasting about every aspect of a sexual experience because all that mattered was Felix, his accomplishments, and everyone knowing how badass he was.