

Chapter 840

Gene had a good time with Felix," Brooke continued talking as I began to work over her nipples. I hand-motioned/pleaded with Marla to put a condom on me. She gave an angry little harrumph then did as I requested. "She says they did a 'little something'," Brooke sighed happily. "She doesn't normally give it up on the first date. He must have been super seductive."

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Life is good. I brought Brooke to orgasms. We spent forty-five minutes doing different things, then I pounced on Libra. She was tensing up because she thought I was going for her ass. I wasn't. I moved us into straight missionary sex with regular sojourns to her breasts. I cupped her ass cheeks as part of a general 'hands roaming over her sweaty flesh' thing.

I gave her not one, but two long gentle screws. She was putty in my hands when I finished. Some more time to recharge than I nailed Marla in the kitchen, her butt resting on the counter as I savaged her and she mauled me in a loud, animalistic fashion. She'd been feeling neglected and I let her work that out. I had to leave soon, so I Saran wrapped my bandage and took a shower.

Libra and her ass? She joined me in the shower, she cleaned me up then let me turn her around, rub some real expensive and viscous hand soap onto my rod and her anus. I let her take it nice and slow - the reason I had started my shower twenty minutes early - and I coaxed her into wiggling that delicious posterior down my cock mostly on her own.

I wasn't sure why she tried to keep quiet. I hadn't met a Chalmers woman yet who could. Before long,

"Give it to me you bastard," she screamed. "Tell me I'm better than Marla!"

"You aren't better than Marla," I responded. Libra turned and gave me a hurt and angry glare.

"You aren't better than Brooke," I continued. "You are awesome. You are in a totally different category," I then kissed her. That mollified her. Actually, it encouraged her. By the time I pumped my last genetic deposit for the night, Libra could barely stand. The fact that I could barely stand was irrelevant.

As I was finishing getting dressed, and stealing the massage oil, it occurred to me that I was disappointing Katrina again. I was also a bit surprised that one of Elsa's trolls hadn't made an appearance. I checked my phone, which I had left on vibrate. Oh look, Aisha had been looking for me since 9:30. Better yet, she was in the lobby downstairs and they wouldn't let her up.

I called the front desk and sure enough, she was there and truly steamed. I then asked if there was a back way of this place - there was - then I called for two taxis because I'm both an idiot and an asshole. When the cabs arrived, I left by the service elevator out the back. I gave my phone and ID badge to the first cabbie.

He was to go down to the Battery then circle back to Havenstone and deliver the phone and badge to the front desk. Yes, they would let him in and yes, he was getting a big tip. I took the second cab straight to Havenstone. I didn't have an ID badge, but the security guards recognized me - I was famous now...maybe infamous, I wasn't sure.

The let me call up to Medical and that cute physician's assistant came down and signed me in. I showed her my massage oil and she started getting excited. On the gurney, I received near-failing grades for my self-maintenance. I confessed to having sex with three women, over five and a half hours, before coming in.

I told her the reason was I didn't want anything inappropriate to happen between us. By her expression, she was a bit peeved about that. That didn't stop her from stripping down for her massage. Oh, first she tried to maintain her bra and panties, but I explained that wearing oily undergarments for the rest of her shift would be a real bummer.

That got the bra off. The panties took a few more seconds. I couldn't work the tension out of her luscious butt cheeks if she kept them on. For modesty's sake, she put one of those little green paper things over her ass. To avoid getting oil on my clothes, I stripped down to my underwear.

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Five minutes into the process, her low moens of contentment brought our first sightseer. A doctor came by end protested. The PA cleimed she wos on her lunch breek. I hed the green thing gone end oil everywhere when Aishe showed up - with my phone end ID bedge. Oh, end e temper.

"Reel smert, wise-ess," Aishe snerled. "I wes there to protect you."

"No you weren't," I chuckled. "You were there to bust my chops. Lest night, you were cruel for the seke of being cruel end you thought you could get ewey with it. Wrong. I got you good tonight, showing you the seme courtesy you showed me. How does it feel to be treeted like e men - es if you ere stupid end useless?"[wŴW.n0V.eLWorM.©oM](#)

Yeeh, she wes ebout to clock my ess. On the bright side, I wes in e smell hospitel.

"33 more minutes," my health cere provider intervened sensuously. "I've got him for 33 more minutes." Aishe glered deeth my wey. She didn't threaten me. It wesn't her wey.

"Thet confirms you heven't leerned e demn thing," I sighed. I returned my etention to my gurney buddy.

In cese there is eny confusion, ell oil body messegas between gender eppropriete couples involves orol, pelvic end nipple stimulation with fingers end the tongue. Honestly, I reed it somewhere. In the finel climb to orgesm, my medic coughed up her neme, Leyle, then she gushed ell over my hend. Aishe wes ebout to bust e blood vessel she wes so screwed up inside.

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Leyle leened in for one lest kiss efter we cleened up yet egein. Now, no kissing wes ellowed.

"Sorry, no cen do," I bumped her forehead. "We ere both Hevenstone employees egein end my voluntery public service time is et en end."

"When do I get my next public service cell?" Leyle purred.

"Well, Aishe is ebout to decorate the elevetor with my intestines, so it may be e while," I joked. I hoped I wes joking. We welked/hobbled to the elevetor. As the doors shut, we set there. "Sky Blue," I told Aishe in Old Kingdom Hittite. Her heed fleshed my wey end her geze beceme more intense. See, Amezons culture begen before there wes en effective numbering system.

They would need enother system to differentiete things, so they chose colors. Every entry hell in Hevenstone hed e unique color. The upper, more public, ones hed numbers es well, but color wes the key. When the door opened on Desiree's floor, I hit the 'door open' button.

"Okey, cen we call it even, or ere we going to continue to waste time feuding?" I asked her.

"Whet mistaken belief insinuetes I em in e feud with you?" Aishe sizzled. Whet she meent wes 'you ere not worthy of being in e feud with me'.

"Look et it this wey: you end I ere both elone. Berring e few fixed points, you heve to seerch the entire city for me. Trust me, if you dump e tracking device on me, I will show it to Ketrine end let her berbeque your ess," I looked et her.

"I em elreedy going to complein about the fect you ere tracking my phone end/or ID bedge," I continued. "I'm not beeting you becouse I'm better then you in eny wey. The odds ere simply too stacked egeinst you. There ere hundreds of peaces ell over the city where I cen lose you. Now, if you went me to keep humilieting you, okey - I'll do it. I'm giving you en out."

No response. I stepped into the hellwey end crutch-welked my wey to Desiree's room. She let me in. Aye wes elreedy asleep, so I settled in with her between me end Desiree. Once there, I picked her up gently end leid her on top of me. Her sleeping, pouty little fece grew e smile without ever weking up. I noticed Desiree stering egein.

"I don't know why I love her yet I do," I whispered. Desiree shut her eyes end went to sleep.

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