

Chapter 849

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This time I went straight to the bathroom. Brooke had built up a good head of steam,I slammed the door shut the second she came in. She was about to unload some truly spectacular vitriol on me. That wasn't the game plan. I shoved Brooke into the door and pressed my lips against hers, conveying my deep desire for her and dowsing her rage.

"No, you don't..." she got out. Game plan.

"God Brooke, I've been worried sick aboutyou. Have you been holding up okay?" I turned on the concern. This is what she wanted to hear. I wasn't indifferent to her emotional state. In fact, I was so wrapped up in her Brooke's turmoil I was nearly paralyzed into inactivity.

These are the words that Brooke wanted. What mattered to Brooke most was Brooke, followed up by how much Brooke mattered to other people.

"I-ah," she mumbled before we kissed oncemore. This time she was hungry and

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passionate. She had reaffirmed that I was in her'corner'.

Now she could get down to the real reason she'd shown up to a place where some middle class guy who didn't return her phone calls lived-sex.

"Works been a mess since Trent jumpedship and took that promotion," I grumbled, still focused on giving Brooke oral stimulation."The important thing is how have you been recovering? How have you been coming along?"

Seduction is multi-layered. Know your partner; not just their erogenous zones, but their likes, dislikes, mindset and goals. Thus I used words like 'Trent jumped ship' and 'promotion'to fixate Brooke's anger onTrent, not me. He deserved it. Also, I used 'recovering' and 'coming along' to insinuatethat Brooke-strong Brooke-was getting through this trauma all on her own, so now she could let me help her and not be in a weak, desperate position.

All that led up to Brooke justifying to herself that she could let me ravish her in the shower without her looking like some

insecure, post-breakup slut. The first words that came to mind were "Pound Puppy'though 'Pound Kitty'was more apropos. I was nice, tender, gentle and loving as I drew her into the tub with the shower on.

She cuddled against my chest, got off a few tears-mainly for my benefit to express how much she still needed comforting. Then I began tearing her up. I went VOA this time out-vagina, oral, anal- and she had no doubt that I was FUCKING her, capital 'F'. She was no Chalmers' girl, but she certainly spared no expense on the screams, howls and caterwaul s as I ripped piece after sensual piece off of her; body and soul. Thankfully I keep six condoms beneath the shampoo dispenser.

It is indicative of the state of disrepair of our apartment building that the water heater didn't exhaust the water supply and turn cold-it turned lukewarm. More screwing for Brooke and me. When she finally came crashing down from her trash pile of depression, self-doubt and rage over a world that had suddenly stopped making sense, I cut off the water, held her tight, and exited us from the tub.

Both being players, Timothy and I had stocked up on nice, plush terry-cloth towels. Nothing builds up a mood for a repeat performance like drying off in a really comfy towel, or kills it faster than being wrapped up in some rag. I partially dried off Brooke because she was still craving close, romantic contact.

Again, the most important person in the room was Brooke, and by attending to her, I was reinforcing that. I even stopped what I was doing to watch her put her underwear, socks then pants back on. She loved it. Then Brooke began looking around the small space for her bra. I had been hiding it behind my back. I revealed it, avoided having her swipe it back then used one finger to beckon her forward.

Her resistance was enough to assert her independence, but not enough to dampen the sensuous course of events. She stepped forward, I tapped my lips indicating she had to kiss me to get back her undergarment. Brooke faux-resisted then kissed me. Then she French kissed me. I gave her br a back, still she pushed her body against mine, kissing away.

She gave up the oral gratification when she wanted to give it up. She was the one in command, she asserted that by giving me what I wanted, so I was okay with things. She kept radiating her confidence as I kept very still, looking her over as she finished putting on her clothes. I cannot stress this enough: give the girl what she wants.

There was absolutely no difference between lashing Rhada, instructing Odette in sensuality, finger fucking Elsa, upping my game to the highest levels with Buffy and going at Brooke in a romantic-aggressive style. Oh yeah, it is rarely productive to actually ask a girl what she wants. Most of the time they want to please you, so they'll lie.W(ω)W.n0vê0w0r.m.cOm

Lie better than they do and read what their body likes. Go from there. That was another gift from my mentor. When she was teaching me ancient love poetry, literature and culture, she was doing more than that. She was teaching me how to read women, get inside their minds and make them happy with things they may not even acknowledged they liked. God, I miss her.

We/she decided that graduation was the

end of the road for our romantic journey. She'd find another young man in need and start over. I would go out in the world and spread the passion and love, my fidelity failings be damned. Libra wasn't far from being a happy camper when Brooke and I came back out of the bathroom, one arm around Brooke's waist, the other holding my clothes and me in a towel.

"Woot!" Odette, sitting on the floor oncemore, fist-pumped."You knocked it right out of the ballpark." Brooke glared. Libra scowled. Odette basked in the knowledge that she was on the 'inside' of my little world now. She didn't have to play games. If she wanted to hang out, or have sex, she could come on over and I'd do my best to accommodate her.

Odette had gone from hook-up, to fuck-buddy, to friend. She was still a girl around me with all the resulting pitfalls. That wasn't going to go away. What she had decided was that she was getting to hang out with cool, adult people. Dating in high school had never been difficult yet in the transition to adulthood, she'd be caught in a state of limbo.

One night she met this young, dark stranger and she'd decided to take a chance. Now she had a big, musclebound gay sofa-buddy who was a relatively famous tattoo artist, a woman bed companion who apparently kicked ass for a secret society of some kind (Odette wasn't stupid) and that gorgeous,dark stranger to make love to her, to cuddle with and to wake up next to.

I'd even kissed her before I raced off to work. I never kicked her out once I was 'finished' with her. We hung out, watchedmovies and talked about adult stuff. Timothy had offered to take her to a gay club-even a gay strip club. She couldn't wait. Odette wanted the three of us -she liked the idea of being a trio-going clubbing.

Sure, she'd be sponging off me, but Timothy said I wouldn't mind. Timothy even insisted that we both really liked her. He also told Odette that 'with all the wacky bitches in his life, he needs you'. Before this, Odette had always thought of one boy-one girl. After a few days with me, monogamy flew out the window and she honestly couldn't recall why she'd been so hung up on it.

I gave Brooke another steamy kiss, before heading to my bedroom. I bent over Odette, stroked her ch eek as she looked up and smiled at me, and met her lips in a tender, caring moment. Yes, she knew she was special to me. Libra was ready to bifurcate me -verbally. Blood is so difficult to get out of clothes.

Why was I going to get away with this? I banged the Trent out of Brooke -again. She could assume I was either ignoring her-Heaven forbid-or I was working up to her-a far more appealing illusion. I nearly closed my door. I wanted to hear what was going on.

"Let's go," Libra groused.

"Why don't we see if he wants to go out toeat?" Brooke suggested, ignoring Buffy, Odette and Timothy.

"We had Brazilian for lunch," Buffy calmlyinformed them. It was mid-afternoon.

"Oh, how was Yasmin?" Odette inquired in afriendly manner.

"Are you his social director?" Libra sneered.

"Oh no," Odette chattered back."Cáel Nyilasand I are buddies. We have a lot of sex, but mainly I hang around for the meals and company."

"Is he fucking you too?" Libra snapped.

"Yes," Buffy sighed happily."Yes he is. It isonly for this weekend. After that, I have to wait for the end of his internship."

"Damn," Libra seethed, "Is he fucking you aswell?"

"No," Timothy said regretfully."Cáel isn'teven bi-curious, despite my dreams and fantasies."

"I guess that's something," Libra grumbled.Right then I stepped out, looking all male-scrumptious. For guys, imagine a D-Cup tanned blonde, in a midriff exposing damp, white t-shirt, no bra, and red bikini bottoms. This is pretty much how most women demean me in their libido clouded minds. I've never actually felt demeaned by this.

I mean, if the opposite sex finds me sexy, do I really care if that's going to be the limit of

them getting to know me? I think not. By the way, for all you curvaceous blondes out there who gripe and groan about men only seeing you as sex objects -really? That bothers you? Do this-tease them the say 'now sit there and listen to what I have tosay, or no no okie for you'.

Talk away. Will they understand you? No, but then very few of us understand Stephen Hawking either. Consider yourself in a select group that includes the smartest human on the planet. That guy/girl on their knees before you pleading for intimate contact? They will agree with you in a heartbeat. Congrats-you are a genius.

I also don't mind. If women stopped wanting sex, I doubt my life would not be worth living. Less I be allowed to savor a victory, there was a knock at the door. I headed that way.

"Oh yeah-Cáel," Timothy called out."Nikitacalled and said she was going to stop by."And here I was with two sexually dressed (it was hard for Libra and Brooke to not look sexy) hotties, plus Odette and a Havenstone Stormtrooper in my crib.

Had I whispered for Odette to go hide in Timothy's room, she would have hopped to it. Had I fell on my knees, begged, pleaded and was shown to be speaking the Words of God, Libra and Brooke wouldn't have moved an inch. Fortunately (?) this happens to me a great

deal.(ω)wŴ.n0Vêl@o0m.CoM

Hey Nikita," I gave her a sleepy smile. I started to usher in my policewoman/somewhat-girlfriend.

Yes, I was acting like nothing was going on, much less like I'd done something wrong. I was aided in this by the fact that the sex had all been shower-based, thus not odiferous. This wasn't a great plan, or even a good plan. It was a weak plan, in fact-rather desperate and last ditch.

"Hi," Nikita scanned the room.

"Who is this bimbo?" Libra insulted bothNikita and me.W(ω)W.(n)0vêl1W0Rm.COm

"New York City Policewoman NikitaKutuzov," Niki snapped back."Who the fuck are you?"