

Chapter 851

Ww.w.novelsworm.com

Chapter 851

"Why do you have such faith in them, but not in your own law enforcement?" Nikita pleaded.

"Training, fanaticism, the ability to act with few restrictions, and their willingness to let a member who makes a mistake to live and learn from it instead of being sacrificed for political and popular expediency," I counted off my points.

"They prepare for war, not peacekeeping," I clarified. "By that, I mean that each standard office worker is the equivalent of a soldier in any fully modern armed force. For whatever cause you and your fellow NYPD believe in, there is also a long history of corruption. There is none of that at Havenstone. Infighting-yes. They would never betray the principles of their organization though."

"You work under the scrutiny of the judicial system, a normally hostile press and a special panel whose sole duty is to keep your law enforcers in line. They work for superiors who give them far more latitude,"

I continued. "A Havenstone breaks an external law, the get assigned elsewhere. Violating their internal code of conduct is harsh and immediate then resolved."

"You screw up, and you are pilloried in the press, abandoned by your superiors and shunned by your peers as if you had a contagion," I sighed. "The NYPD loses you as a resource because of one mistake. Despite the numerous advantages of living in a Democratic Republic and a capitalist economy, the underlying weaknesses remain."

"People are people, thus flawed. Office-seekers need money and to be scandal-free to get elected which has become a continuous process," I stated. "Those realities allow entities like Havenstone to exist in a parasitic relationship with our society. Face it, why pay \$100 million in fines, duties and taxes when you can pay \$1 million in campaign contributions."

"You are so damn cynical," Nikita frowned. Ww.w.novelsworm.com

"Nikita," I huffed. "No, I'm not cynical. I'm a romantic realist. I know the score. Despite that, I still chose to make my own way in the

world. I don't date a woman expecting a 'Happily Ever After'. I also never make a plan to leave a lady. It happens regularly enough and it is my fault most often, yet it has never been my intention to avoid permanence."

"I don't understand you at all!" she yelled. This was expected. This was her prodding me into having some frenzied, 'make me forget about the cruelty of the World' sex.

"Nikita, if I did chose to break the law, I wouldn't be caught because there is some cop out there better than me. If I was caught, it would be that the cops have tons more resources than I possess," I explained.

"I'm not even criminally inclined and I can beat the system. This doesn't mean I plan to break the law. I have no reason to. In the same way, I won't surrender because I don't have to. I'm still alive and have a degree of freedom," I told her. "It is because I know the score that I can fight with hope. I have spent the last four years not living the easy life -the safe life."

"I have the scars to prove it, along with no regrets, because I am me-the man I want

to be," I smiled. "So what that I work for killers-they are hot and most of them are willing. The unwilling ones I'll bring around eventually -I always do." Now she wanted to pepper spray, Taser, baton beat and pistol whip me-all at the same time. Sex.

"I keep asking myself why I care about you," Nikita wailed. "I don't even know why I came over today. I should have known you would have at least one woman in your apartment. I could have waited for you to return a single damn phone call... but NO, I had to drive over and have you stomp on my heart instead."

"I don't know how to reply to that," I mused. I did, but drawing it out was important. "My life is a nightmare. It will most likely end in tragedy. If I loved you, I would send you away in a loud, vocal breakup that would convince Havenstone we were done and that would be that. My problem is I like... I selfishly want to know you better and I resonate with you like no other." Ww.w.novelsworm.com

When you are the bad guy and she knows you are the bad guy, play the bad guy. See, if I was a good guy, I would sacrifice of myself and send her away. Instead, I was

'selfish' and I was selfish because we 'resonated'. Resonate is a good, romantic word. Its definition is a bit shady, thus she can interpret it the way she desires.

Before you hate me more than you already do, please recall that I really liked Nikita. She was special to me. Unfortunately, 'special' has sort of a nebulous meaning form. To put that in perspective, my heart is a five year old child in a toy story. It goes 'get that one, get that one' without explaining to me exactly why I end up doing what I do.

"I want you so much," she groused, hating herself for her naked desire.

"Let's go back to my place and make love," I suggested. She jerked slightly.

"What about all those other women?" she questioned.

"Odette is a dear friend, Buffy is my bodyguard and the other two showed up all on their own," I informed her.

"I like Libra and Brooke well enough, but the attraction is purely sexual (it better damn be all it is). I hope we have something

more," I said. I could even make honesty my bitch, it seemed.

"Fine. Let's go before I regain my sanity," Nikita declared. It doesn't take a NASA mission control officer to know that really means 'fuck me now-I've soaked my panties'.

Nikita was hopping up and down on the balls of her feet by the time we exited her car and made it around to her/street side. She grabbed my hand and yanked my unresisting form hurriedly back to my apartment. We nearly crashed into Buffy who had been watching from the door. Nikita flashed an embarrassed look.

That didn't stop her from bounding up the stairs three at a time as we raced up to my place. Nikita was slowing down on the final approach only to have Odette open the door and stand aside-Buffy had phoned her. In we swept. Libra and Brooke rose from the sofa, I gave them an apologetic look before Nikita drew me into the bedroom. I slammed the door shut.

"What the Hell!" Libra screamed. What can I say? When I truly set out to fuck a girl, I

leave them wanting more. Before you think I'm an egotist, or a Sex God, it is they want to have sex with me, not that they care about what I want. I've been jumped while putting gas in a friend's car by a girl, whose name I couldn't recall at the moment, who I had banged in a bar's men's room.

Midway through that encounter (we were standing up, my back against the car, and her legs spread up and wide as she coasted down from her first orgasm), she confided in me she'd been running around with a condom in her pocket in hopes of finding me-which proved she didn't really know me -I always have a condom.

I even have some stashed in my bathroom & kitchen -just in case. After that, for the rest of my college career the Kwik Mart attendant kept smirking at me-the gas pumps had video surveillance. My friend and his date were amused too. My date-less so. Maybe I should have stopped at the first orgasm. It turned out okay.

See, unknown to anyone at the start, the girl's (Genevieve it turned out) boyfriend and I had been in a skiing accident and the poor bastard had suffered frostbite dragging

me to safety, so I owed Genevieve big time. Yes, my date bought that hastily conjured excuse. All was right with the world and I ended up screwing my date that night and for the next two weeks.

That relationship fell apart when three different servers at a Hooters gave me lap dances (who knew-Hooters girls don't normally give lap dances). I swear to God I had never been there before-the truth didn't work that time either. That wasn't too bad. It reminded me of Genevieve. I went back to the bar and nailed her again. In case it matters, I don't have a fake ID. I lie to the DMV about where I live. It is all official-like, if completely illegal. Ww.w.novelsworm.com

Back to my current official; a rapid analysis of the kaleidoscope of emotions. Lust, fear and confusion battled for dominance. I had to take into account her sexual background, parenting, and personal let downs. I had to give her something she didn't want. No, I wasn't going against my tried and true strategy. I had to give Nikita something she didn't want yet really needed.

She began trying to strip off her clothes. Off went her faded denim jacket (despite the

heat in NYC in the early summer) then her short-sleeved shirt. Poor Nikita-her nice, gossamer white bra was obviously new -that crisp, pure white doesn't come from Tide, and she had marks from the first bra she'd put on today. Off went the gun... and the cuffs.

I had kicked off my shoes and so quickly pulled down my pants it burned my skin. The policewoman was drinking up my Nikita-inspired arousal so I was able to strip off my shirt too. She began working down her pants and undies in one motion when I jumped her.

"Hey wait," she giggled. She became a tad more annoyed when I wouldn't relent.

With her pants and panties still above her knees, I slipped on a condom, rolled her over and began slapping my cock against her sopping wet cunt.

"I don't want to do it this way," Nikita insisted angrily. "Let me up."

"I can't wait," I grunted as I penetrated her doggy-style. In I went. Nikita's love box was best described as intimately velvet.