

## Chapter 852

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"Grrr...Grrr...aaahhh," she finally gave intoher arousal. "Ah -ah -aha." That brought me to a halt. I wove my arms around her waist and drew her back to my chest.

"Are you ready to have sex because you wantit instead of doing it because you don't know what else to do?" I whispered in her ear. She twisted her head around. Words failed her so we kissed.

"Can I take my pants off now?" sighedhappily.

"I don't know. I kinda like you like this," Ireplied.

"I can barely move," she protested.

"That would be a point in my favor," Isnickered. Nikita got back at me by wiggling in my lap. Yeah, that put me in my place alright. Changing our orientation was part of my instinctual reaction to her desire for a close visual connection. The whole face down/ass up was only a trick to erase her confusion.

Keeping my coc k deep inside of Nikita, I twisted her around until she was on her back, her bound legs resting on my crooked right elbow. Curse me, Nikita looked up at me consumed by bliss. There is disappointment, settling for what you've got, getting what you want and finally, being giving something you never considered yet now you wonder how you lived so long without.

This wasn't only a 'good dicking'. It was the revelation that my life was a total train wreck and for a crusader like Nikita, I was virtually the Holy Grail. I would never 'not be in trouble' thus constantly in need of saving. To her, I had transformed into the perfect boyfriend. I could never run away, or be saved by anyone else but her. Oh-and I was giving her a terribly good dicking.

"Better?" I murmured. Nikita nodded. Myrod kept up steady, moderately powerful penetrations. "Is there anything I can do to make it better?" Trick question.

"No," she purred."I like... this is wonderful... Ithought you would be different." She was one happy camper. She had anticipated a domination play.

"I'd only be rough with you if that's whatyou wanted," I pressed her legs farther down so that are faces were very close.

"Mmmm... are you ever going to stop seeingthose other girls?" she poised. She was no longer angry. Perfect boyfriend plus fantastic intercourse.

I'm always doing stuff that makes women act in bizarre and unexpected (to them)ways. Won't ever do anal? You'll be ambushing me in the tub and working that ass down my pole inside of two weeks. Trust me. Odette hooking up with Buffy? Been down that road before.

"I've only got 70 days left, Nikita," I groaned."They are going to force me to put out atwork."

"I might as well try to make love to thewomen I care for," I told her. No, they weren't going to make me put out at work unless I made the full 84, or was relocated. Lie baby, lie.

"I'll make sure you live more than those 70days," Nikita passionately assured me. Now she was applying some pushbacks to meet

my thrusts.

"Why are so nice to me?" I began takingdeeper breaths. Please don't say 'I love you'.

"No one should have to face your enemiesalone," she gave up. Her left hand slithered down and began to tenderly work on her clit. I matched it, despite the somewhat awkward placement. My hand rested on hers, developing a synergy and allowing me to get a feel how she liked her clitoral stimulation.Ŵŵŵ:~novelworm.com

Nikita had barely started screeching out her climax when the door s wung open.

"You Bastard!"Libra screamed at me. To bethat fast, she either teleported, or had been eavesdropping at the door. She stormed away, still yelling at the top of her lungs. It was times like this that Timothy appreciated what I told him when I first looked the place over.

No locks on the interior doors? No problem. The women would cause less damage if all they had to do was break down the exterior door to get at me. He thought I was a joker. I am, but I wasn't joking about that. Kicking

open a door is hard on the door sills. They are far more likely to give way then the door is to splinter, or the lock is to break.

There have been a great many women who have busted through all kinds of portals to get at me with vengeance, pain and agony on their mind-my pain and agony if there was any doubt.

"Ah, ah, ah... that was mind-blowing, Cael,"Nikita lilted. "Next time..."

"Yes?" I soaked up her aroma.

"Can we not make this a domesticdisturbance case?" she giggled.

"Is that an appeal for some real privacy, orstadium seating?"I teased.

"You are a meanie!" she giggled gleefully.Who calls an adult a meanie? There was only one proper reaction to such a denigrating insult. I helped her take off the rest of her clothes and fucked Nikita two more times.

Nikita and I were exhausted, our bodies intertwined, sweaty, and sated. Odette

poked her head in.

"Is it okay for us to join in yet?" Odetteasked.

"No," Nikita moaned.

"Not yet," I corrected.

I compensate having no control over my penis by having limited control over every vagina I interact with. I'm not sure how that works, but it does. Case in point:

"I am not engaging in group sex, or sleepingwith a girl," Nikita murmured.

"Well, can they sleep in our bed tonight?They have nowhere else to go," I reasoned.

"Ummm,"she bit her lower lip. "Okay." Ta-da! I didn't argue with Nikita, or challenge/dare her. I said 'our bed'which put her, theoretically, on top of my female acquaintance hierarchy. Truth? Nah. I never had enough women hanging around together to ever have the time to figure that out. Nikita was going to be in bed with me and two other sexual active women.

Buffy alone was a morality hazard. Odette was spunky. Nikita was armed with three relationships at best-her mom was a cop after all, so dating had to be fun before college. Finally, there was me -the lowest of the low. If cads had a shred of reverence, they worshipped an idol with my face on it.

To my credit(don't laugh), I wasn't forcing Nikita to do anything, only making her do things she'd have never thought she'd do before she met me. We cleaned up then joined the others. The start was awkward. I changed the conversation to things girly: guns. I have a twisted life. Odette knew nothing-pure law-abiding citizen.

I was an amateur gunslinger who picked up firearms to romance a girl, or three. Niki grew up around guns and the people who used them-the police. Her area of expertise was handguns and shotguns. She had little experience with rifles. Buffy had gotten a later start in life, but played 'radical catchup'since then.

While not going into details, Buffy was very engaging. Timothy had no formal training yet had somehow managed to acquire a familiarity over his misspent life. He had

even been paid in an AR-14 once. He had, of course, turned it over to the cops...but couldn't remember which cop, or precinct, when prodded by Nikita.

We broke for Korean takeout. There was a problem with the order. Niki, Buffy, and I prepared to head out when Timothy developed a situation in the bathroom. Us guys tried to handle it. We were hopeless. Finally, Nikita intervned and shoood us out to the living room. Timothy'found' some tools and gave them to Buffy to give to Nikita.

Us guys had been exiled, after all. The second Buffy went into the bathroom, I slipped out the door quietly. Odette gave me a 'thumbs up' then snuck off to my bedroom. Bedroom noises commenced. The take-out issue was that my cute Korean delivery babe was missing me. Despite the plethora of sex coming my way, I discovered I missed her too.

Later.

"Do you find it amusing to not trust us inthe least?" Nikita stared at me. I would have felt better if Timothy wasn't bound up with

extension cords and his mouth covered with duct tape and trussed up on the floor. Odette was cowering in the far corner of the sofa.

"I apologize," I extended my armload offood."Old habits die hard."

"You hurt our feelings," Buffy frowned. Stillfreaked out by that. Why wasn't someone hitting me? Seriously, there are tons of throw-able things in the apartment plus they both had guns.

"If I sneak out, you two don't have to dealwith the conflict of me wanting sex with different women," I pleaded.

"This has nothing to do with how fantasticthe sex with all of you is. It is that I'm so used to disappointing women then running for my life, the option of gaining anything approaching permission isn't something I know how to handle," I explained.

"What makes you think we'd ever give youpermission to cheat?" Buffy smirked.

Ah, the joys of a blossoming four-way. Nikita? Not going to sleep with another

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woman? Hell, three hours in and she was already dividing up my sex-time with my other bed-buddies. My only worry was Niki would retell this to her Mom, the Police Desk Sergeant. I wasn't worried she'd hurt me. I was worried 'Mom'would toss me in jail.

I'm a very pretty man and I doubt I'd do well in an all-male environment. Sure, there would be female corrections officers. That's not a good thing. I'm incredibly horny and I could see 'don't ask, don't talk back' in my future.

"Listen, both of you," I got feisty. "If I wantthis level of aggravation, I'll go back to work and slap Elsa."

"Also, why is Odette cowering on the sofa?She didn't do anything wrong," I declared.

"She went into your bedroom, shut yourdoor, and made all kinds of sexy noises. It took us ten minutes to realize we weren't hearing you," Buffy sounded miffed. Odette had fooled her. It wasn't that her 'friend' had done it. It was that Odette, a rank amateur, had tricked the two supposed professionals. Go Odette.

"How can I make it up to you?" I requested.

"We can start by eating," Niki grinned."I'mstarved and Buffy's stomach has been growling."

"Aren't we going to untie Timothy?" Isuggested.

"We are thinking about it," Buffy allowed.ŵŴŴ.~Novelworm.Ċ©M

I did manage a charm campaign that freed Timothy so he could eat with us.wwŴ.~novelworm.Ċ©M.com

"Dude, you-are -fucked," were his firstwords after I untapped his mouth. "They are starting to group think." That didn't stop me from a four-way that night, again around 3 a. m. and yet again right after breakfast. All Sunday Timothy kept shooting me with the Nerf gun.

I had to usher the ladies out late Sunday afternoon. I was double-dating with Ulyssa and her sister once more. Her date never showed. I had the sneaking suspicion he never actually existed. We had a dinner, took in an off-Broadway play and finished up the night with some group sex. I made it home and I realized I had to start a new

heart cord. My current one was all tied up.