

Chapter 864

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Introspection got me nowhere. I was a cad. I'd been happy to be a cad for four years. I was going to be damned if my post-college life was going to be any different --all 68 remaining days of it. In my bedroom I discovered Odette had moved in during my absence. I doubted Timothy had been ignorant of all the stuff she deposited. What was going on with my life?

I woke up when I heard keys in the door. It was a bit past eleven. I got up to check and sure enough, it was Odette. Timothy had given her a key. Odette had lived through a harrowing night, her boss was a dick and some of the customers were pure hell. I cuddled with her on the sofa while she unwound then we went to bed together. We didn't have sex...

(Tuesday)

Around 1 a. m. I miraculously found myself awake and alert in bed. Odette was happily dreaming away. Something was gnawing at the back of my mind. I put a name to the emotion and a face to the fear. I called

Brooke.

"Hey Brooke," I greeted her eight tries later.She was tired of sending me to voice mail.

"What do you want?" she answered in a voice devoid of soul.

"Fuck if I know," I replied."I suddenly wokeup from a sound sleep thinking of you."

"I'm not interested," she sighed.

"I'm going to go out on a limb here. You don't want to talk to anyone yet you want someone to help you understand what you are going through,"I gambled*uxux*@n0vetw0rm.@0m

That created a tiny tear in her shroud of depression. After five minutes, I got her to give me her address. She told me she wouldn't answer the door. I told her I at least had to try. That got me to her place. 90 seconds of knocking got me inside and four minutes later, we were lying in bed with her sobbing on my chest.

Half an hour later, she offered me sex. I told her to stop tempting me and if she only wanted me for sex, I wanted to be paid in

chocolate. She giggled, took a few deep breaths and fell to sleep. Wow, I was in two different women's beds in one night and not having sex in either. My watch alarm went off at 4:50 a. m. That meant no 'Marilyn'call tonight.

"Mmmm..." Brooke moved toward wakefulness."Work?"

"Afraid so," I yawned.

"We haven't had sex," he reminded me. I couldn't stop being me.

"That's not why I came over here, Brooke," I rolled onto my side so that our bodies were very close.

"Never think I don't want to have sex with you, but that's not why I showed up last night,"I continued.

"Why did you show up then?" she worried.

"I have no clue. I'm like Felix --a player.Listen Brooke, I don't consider you my woman," I stated.

"We had sex--we are lovers, but we've been

thrown together by dire misfortune, not out of any common thread," I reminded her."I don't expect you to have any sense of loyalty to me.That phrase freed her up philosophically. That meant she could fuck me and not feel obliged to consider and discard any future for us because there was no realistic future that socially glued us into any acceptable form.

"So I needed a shoulder to cry on and you showed up," she mused.

"Brooke, you are independent and strong-willed. The next guy you chose will be your choice," I led her along."Felix though --Felix is a serious player and he felt the need to add you to his list of conquests. I saw it happening and did nothing. Now I feel like crap for sitting back and ignoring the consequences."

"You knew Felix would turn me into a hashmark?" Brooke seemed depressed, not angry.

"I knew he was trying to get at me," I confessed."He didn't accept that you and I aren't an item. A blonde co-worker -- a high ranking supervisor actually --treated him

like a bug in the communal showers yesterday while keeping close contact with me. Felix had to win. He had to show me he is the top dog."

"And I was the prize?" Brooke moped.

"Not to me," I whispered. Brooke looked hurt."You are a woman. While you would look delectable in a big red ribbon, that's not who you are. I don't keep hash marks. I have a thing called a heart cord and it is solely for my use. Each binding represents a liaison --like a Quipus; an Incan memory knot."

Brooke really didn't care. It sounded neat, it was romantic and the act was not demeaning to her. I could savor the memory of our encounter as long as I didn't share it with my buddies. She wasn't one of those girls.

"You are very intelligent," she murmured seductively.

She didn't care if I was the reincarnation of Benjamin Franklin, or some schmo in Afghanistan who made his living digging up (hopefully) spent ordinance of battlefields.

Smoking hot, sexy, well-educated debutantes like Brooke could fuck finely-sculpted, 'smart' guys like me. She could delude herself that I was rapidly upwardly mobile. My turn.

"Brooke, I don't want to get mixed up about us," I evaded. 'Us'? There was no 'us' and we both knew it. "If I caved in right now, I'm not sure I could forgive myself." Yes I could.

"I just want to feel like someone gives a damn about me," Brooke whimpered. Good acting. We wrestled around --me trying to leave, but clearly not wanting to, while she physically enticed me.

We ended up, me on top, pinning her wrists to either side of her head. Her legs were trapped between mine.

"Make it up to me... please," she pouted. She humped her pelvic bone playfully against my cock."I know you want to help me out."Good word usage on her part.

"Brooke, this isn't going to happen," I gritted my teeth in frustration. Yes, it was going to happen. Her right leg began exerting steady pressure against my 'weak' left leg. It slowly

'surrendered' to her advance. Now she had on leg on the outside. My right leg held out a little longer yet Brooke was persistent.

Now she could ground her finely groomed landing strip against my pulsating rod. I really, really wanted to fuck her now. I took my hands off her wrists, turned them into fists and placed the beneath each of her underarms.

"Damn you," I cursed her. Brooke was grating her crotch all over mine.

With her hands released, Brooke could leverage her body up and trap my cockhead between her labia. They were thoroughly soaked with her honey so after my 'capture'she drew more and more of my length in until I was completely incased. Brooke had won! She knew she'd won. Fuck Felix and his hash marks. I didn't care so why should she?

I made on last energetic yet futile effort to get away. Oddly, Brooke somehow end on top at the end of my exertion. I must be an awful wrestler...

"No you don't," Brooke purred only

millimeters from my lips. "You are not getting away." That was Brooke tossing good ol e Felix under the emotional bus.

Felix the Player? She'd chalk it up to too much to drink and the hype being more than the man. How was this possible? Look at her. She'd thrown a known sexual dynamo down on her bed and was working his shaft over every G-spot in her vagina. Brooke still preferred a long, rough fucking to get her off. At the moment, she needed reassurance more.

Felix most assuredly made Brooke ride him. He kept her perpendicular to his hips and came up to suckle her teats when he wanted to, or watch them bounce as he lay back. He was great at sex, no doubt. The girl had to scream and howl --forgetting every other male she was ever with and making every other guy she'd be with later an automatic failure. To him, that was how he rated success.

This resulted in me keeping Brooke close so I could make quick kisses to her very close lips. She'd playfully pull away-- to put me in my place and remind me she was in charge --then she'd initiate the kiss. Our

love-making was more rhythmic; less frantic. She was getting close.

"Next... next time you fuck Felix," I gasped."Tell him...*3vWw.N.VeluxorM.com*

"What makes-- makes you think I'd -- every sleep with him --again?" Brooke got feisty*(w)w.No(v)(e)lworM.com*

"I bet he was good in bed and now that you have his measure," I assured her."You can take what pleasure you want and leave."Brooke liked that. It was the whole independent woman thing.

"Won't you be jealous?" she panted.

"I cannot constantly keep up with your sexual desires, Brooke," I grunted. "I've been neglecting Libra." Oh yeah, Libra. The girl she, Brooke, initially set me up with. Her Vassar classmate.

"What about Felix," she huffed and huffed.She was real close.

"Off-handedly comment that he's developing male pattern baldness," I grinned."Just to fuck with his head." Felix was gorgeous. Better yet, Felix knew he was

gorgeous. Hit him where it hurts. Brooke tried to giggle, but the surge of triumph overcame her and off she went. The problem was I was getting close and I didn't have a condom on.

"Brooke," I inhaled deeply. She'd come to rest on my chest."I'm about to..."*wv(w).(e)oveLux(R)m.c0m*

"Oh," she sighed happily. She reversed to the side as she slithered down my body. My cock went down her throat and I started petting her flank. Brooke wasn't the very best, but, man o man, she was going to town on my dick.

There was no doubt in my mind that her vaginal secretions didn't bother her. I had to rush the experience because if I was late to work, Constanza make me stand beside the targets while she shot at them. If she was really pissed, she'd have me hold up targets in front me instead. I shot off, Brooke caught it all in her mouth then spit it into two tissues before tossing them in the trash.

I caught her look. Trent and now Felix made her swallow. I didn't care; which was yet another choice Brooke was free to make when making love to me. I jumped her. We

had a little, tickle-nibble fight that ended in some kisses. I had to leave and Brooke made sure she was poised extra-sexy the last time I turned around to say goodnight and cut off the lights.

"Ah damn," I moaned before I left. I didn't really like Brooke yet, by choosing to engage her in sex, I had accepted the task of making her happy. That was the reason Felix and I were going to fight. He'd use another human being to strike at me instead striking at me directly. To me, this was more than low character, it was an insult to my lifestyle.