Lycan Pleasure / 900

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(Monday Night)

I should have known to not have too good a time. My karma was wacky enough as it was. It was about to get worse in a way I should have foreseen. Ain't hindsight grand?

Inside of five seconds I knew how much sharing Libra and Brooke did - a lot. On the plus side, it gave me some wiggle room with Libra where sex with Brooke was concerned. On the super-plus side, Brooke was looking forward to ratcheting up our sex play. I took her to Libra's experiences with all the extra bells and whistles.

In this case it meant adding a blindfold and ball-gag to the hand restraints. Brooke handed me a high level of trust unexpected at this early moment in our sexcapade. With a quick empathic insight, I pulled her ball-gag down as her orgasm erupted. She rejoiced in the sound of her rapture echoing around my bedroom. **W**wW.nov**E**① @or**M**.com

I deceived her into her next climax by whispering a promise to release her then hammering her

instead. The whole specter of powerlessness tore her up inside. Best of all, even as she spasmed beneath me, I released her cuffs then pulled up her mask. Her fingernails dug into my trapezius muscles. For over a minute, she clung to me with a deep hunger to feel my heat and sweat against her body.

waiting for this opportunity since she'd talked with Libra. Without question, she'd never been tied down before, or tied a man down and had her way with him. She'd manipulated men most of her life - that was old hat.

This was primal, physical and forbidden. She was taking complete control of my person. God, I

thought she'd orgasmed when she finished cuffing me to the headboard. Taunting, teasing and hot

"My turn," she rasped. I pressed my shoulders and head up so I could look into her eyes. She was

body contact followed as she put the ball-gag in. Sizzling lips sealed my fate as the blindfold was slipped in place.

Having invested so much time using all my senses soaking up the hungry beast that Brooke possessed right beneath her urbane surface, losing my eyesight wasn't a major drawback. For

Brooke, this had all the benefits of anonymous sex in a blacked-out room with the bonus of her

having the lights on for her use alone. My bet was she had studied stuff on-line.

From being sure she wasn't going to have sex with me when she first met, she had graduated to running naked across my living room for what turned out to be lemon slices. The 'fumph' of the Nerf gun made me assume Timothy shot her in the buttocks as she raced into my room. By the yip from Brooke, I knew Timothy's aim remained frighteningly accurate.

Lemon juice and cuts don't mix, or, Brooke enjoyed watching my body jolt as said juice interacted with said 'workplace' mistakes. Was I angry? Nah. Every hiss of pain was followed by lavished kisses, licks and hair lashings. I loved her long black hair draped over my body, flicked around whisk-like and tickling my nose.

Brooke was learning my keystone technique - figure out what your partner wants and give them a

quick sample. Don't use any one thing too much - make it a treat and they'll appreciate the taste

they get even more. When Brooke finally sated us both, it was my turn again. We talked a while.

She invited me to a friend's place in the Hamptons which suggested to me the destination was more

than some made-up place on TV.

I promised to think about it. Brooke took that to mean she needed to work harder to convince me. I honestly had little desire to be trotted around as Brooke's boy toy. Hoping that wouldn't be the case relied a lot on faith. I wasn't sure what I would have in common with any of that crowd, which guided

me back to being a stuck up snob for treating a people as a social class and not as human beings.

I took out my social anxiety on Brooke. Poor girl; three holes, ten positions and I'm not sure how many times I took her from frenzied peak to frenzied peak. All I knew was when she'd passed all points of previous primeval ecstasy, I finally released her. Brooke curled into a semi-fetal ball and

"Happy?" I asked as I stroked her sweat-drenched hair. She nodded happily against my chest. "Are you glad you came over?" I continued. Brooke bit me because she knew I was teasing her. "Ow," I grumbled. "I think we have a misunderstanding who is whose sex toy here." $\mathbf{w}(w) \otimes \mathbf{o} \mathbf{v}(e) lworm. \mathcal{C}o(m)$

"Point taken," I conceded. Brooke snuggled in even tighter. We wrestled out of bed, stumbled into

"Do I need to bite you again?" Brooke mumbled into my chest.

began burrowing into me.

the shower and took some time off with Timothy. He looked at us and smirked.

"Cáel is going to be my boyfriend," Brooke tossed out there. Huh?

"What in God's green earth makes you want to do that?" Timothy chuckled.

spill to realize that it doesn't matter which alumni your Daddy belongs to, but what you put on the line for your friends that really matters," Brooke enlightened us both.

"Seriously Dude," Timothy looked at me with pity.

"He's been there when I needed him. Cáel is a real man and it has taken me having a really tough

"Cut down on the awesome dicking until somehow polygamy becomes legal," he added, but then,

"Brooke, you know he's seeing about a dozen different ladies, right?"

likelihood of me settling down was right up there with us sharing a White Christmas in the Bahamas.

"Let's go back to bed, Babe," I redirected things to safer waters. "It is your turn to be on top."

"Cáel is looking for a serious relationship," Brooke insisted. Timothy chortled because he knew the

Brooke, wearing one of my fresh t-shirts and nothing else, hopped off the sofa and let me lead her back to the bedroom for another round of 'not thinking about any other part of my fucked up life except the beautiful woman with me right now' sexw\hat{W}.n\@velworm.Com

Twenty minutes later, Brooke had encased my rod in her wanton elixirs, was gyrating her hips as

she stroked my rod inside her vagina while keeping me bound, blind and muffled. My phone rang.

"Should I get that?" Brooke teased me. She moved enough to seize my cellular device.

"The number is unlisted," she mused. "Who could it be?" I gave a muffled response. She removed

the ball-gag enough for me to speak.

"Work," I repeated. "It might be work. I'm on-call 24/7."

"Damn," Brooke undoubtedly pouted (still blindfolded). She answered the call then placed the phone to my ear.

"Cáel, a Security Detail detachment is on their way to your quarters as we speak. You will recognized the code they will use," Katrina's icy calm voice informed me.

hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

"There has been an incident at your Father's home in Chicago. We do not have clear intelligence at

"Katrina, what is wrong?" I inquired. Normally, I wouldn't get an answer. Katrina's tone made the

this time. I may have more when you get in," she related.

"Understood," I replied. My passionate storm abated and I felt empty inside. Dad.

"Cáel?" Brooke sounded worried.

"We need to get dressed," I murmured. I had to let Timothy know something was truly wrong. I needed to get Brooke home safely. I... I needed to know more than I did right then. Brooke uncuffed

me quickly. I barely had my boxers on when there was a light series of raps on the door. I sprang up, opened my bedroom door, surprising Odette.

She must have come back to work a few minutes earlier and was unwinding with some low-volume TV and some sofa time. Timothy was asleep already.

"Odette, go back to Timothy's room and warn him something bad may have happened. Go!" I warned. Odette scampered back. Brooke was at my back, trying to move into the main room.

"Brooke, stay here. If something unusual happens, hide in the bedroom and don't come out until the

police get here. Do you understand?" I met her confusion with an iron stare. She nodded. There was another, more insistent, rapping at my apartment door. I crept up to the portal and gave a counter-

"Crab Fisher-woman," a female voice said from the other side."My Father's Sister," I responded. It was an imperfect code, but effective given the circumstances. I

double checked through the spy hole, unlocked the door and let three SD Amazons inside. How bad was it? I doubted these ladies would know more than I did.

"[OKH] Ishara," the leader said, "we have orders to escort you to Havenstone immediately."

They weren't blindly expecting me to follow instructions. They had a directive they were following to the best of their ability.

female I have been with tonight to her dwelling before going on to Havenstone."

The SD team leader nodded again. There was no condescension, or argument. They were following

orders as if it was my right to issue them. That was how bad things were. Time to get back to

"[OKH] Will a team be watching my domicile?" I asked. The leader nodded. "We need to take a

"Brooke, finish getting dressed. I'm taking you home," I called out.

Quite frankly, along with my desire to see Brooke back home safely was my instinct to not split up

my guardians. Better a longer trip than two smaller, more vulnerable groups. I was in the process of getting dressed in the living room when Timothy and Odette came out.

"Bro?" Timothy asked.

I don't know anymore."

"My Father's home was attacked. I have no other details right now," I explained with a sinking feeling in my heart. Timothy read my soul, came up and engulfed me in his mighty arms. Odette added herself to the heart-felt love-pile.

"Do you want me to take Odette and head back to Queens for a while?" Timothy asked.

He sensed we had limited time.

"They," and by 'they' he knew I meant Havenstone, "will have a team watching this place. There are not enough resources to go back and forth to work. I wish I could tell what would keep you safe, but

"We'll stay put," Timothy declared. Odette nodded. "We'll be here for you when you get back. If any of these psycho-broads want to stop by from time to time, I won't say no." I shot a look to the security team leader and she gave a curt 'okay'.

"You'll need an overnight bag!" Odette squeaked. Off she went.