

## Chapter 769

After a short series of introductions, we split up to go to our various offices. It turned out that the mentor/internship relationship meant I would be working at her side – literally. I'd have a spot in her personal office for my work station, I would follow her to meetings and be on call 24/7 to assist her in all departmental duties. *(w)(w)W.n.(v)ElwoRm.côm*

"Thank you for the opportunity," I said when she finally gave me the impression I could speak.

"Aren't you disappointed you didn't get one of the plumb assignments; banking, or asset management?" she inquired while studying me. The gentle hum of the elevator was the only other sound.

"Hell, no," I blurted out then blushed. Katrina arched an eyebrow. "I mean, I think this is a great way to know the company. We get to go everywhere."

"I like your enthusiasm," she commented. I couldn't tell if it was a positive thing. Beyond that, she remained non-communicative until we made it to her ornate, spacious personal office.

Six young ladies followed us into the room, with the last one shutting the door.

"Ladies, this is our latest hire - Cáel Nyilas," Katrina began. "He's from some college in New Hampshire and, like the rest of you new hires, will be expected be working closely with me and each other."

Did I mention they were all hot? I was familiar with some of the looks I was getting, too. Once, in high school, I had asked out the Class president who happened to be rich, pretty and smart. Her boyfriend had cheated on her so I thought I had a chance. I was a working class nobody and the look she gave me hurt as much as her words.

"Never in a million years," she mocked loudly. I was an insect – a bug and way beneath her notice. That was the look I was getting from these girls. Four years later, my acne was gone, I'd filled out nicely and physically I had gone from caterpillar to butterfly. That led to the other half of the vibes aimed my way. It was 'he's delicious' as one of my girlfriends put it.

"Daphne Pile, Dora Cartagena, Fabiola Dobrani, Paula Wadena, Violet Maza, and Theresa 'Tigger' Castro," Katrina made rapid-fire introductions. "Now that we all know each other, time to start filling all the orders in our cue. Until Cáel figures out what is where, who wants to ride herd on him?" I had mistakenly believed I would be working with Katrina.

No one leapt at the opportunity.

"I'll do it," Fabiola Dobrani spoke up. She tried to sound upbeat for Katrina. They filed out of the office, each woman heading off in different directions, while I went to my tiny desk.

"What are you doing?" Fabiola sounded annoyed.

"I need something from my desk and to go to the bathroom," I informed her. She sighed in exasperation. I quickly retrieved a handful of rubber bands then raced to Fabiola. She pointed me at the closest bathroom...which was Katrina's personal one. In I went then I locked the door. My pants and underwear came off. I expediently made a rubber band chain then looped it around my hips and pinned my hard-on pointed up.

That had become a serious problem when dealing with all these attractive women and I didn't need the distraction. Once dressed, I quick-stepped it to Fabiola who was tapping her foot.

"Let's go," she snapped. "We are working with Buffy today. We go with her and do what she tells us to do. Got it?"

"Buffy is in charge – I have a basic command of the English language," I replied. Fabiola shot me an evil look. "What? Do I look like a five year old, or are you normally this rude?"

"I'm not being rude to you," the women with a Mediterranean cast to her features reposed. "You've put us behind the other ladies. In case you haven't figured it out, that's a bad thing on our first day."

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"Am I to believe this is your first day?" I smirked. We stopped by another woman's desk. Did I mention that this corporation must raid beauty pageants for their staff? Buffy was a medium height brunette with long hair and a perfectly shaped oval face. Her eyes were the lightest shade of brown I'd ever seen – almost golden.

"I'm Buffy Dubois," she stood and extended her hand. I had a neural misfire. I took her offered hand, leaned down and kissed it. Whoops.

"Cáel Nyilas, Ms. Dubois," I gulped. Buffy weighed my gesture.

"Nice name," she grinned. "Call me Buffy. We go on a first name basis here."

"Our first assignment for the day is to go to 1802 Exeter Tower and prepare the suite for the CFO at our San Francisco office coming in for one week," she informed us. I had no idea where Exeter Tower was and what any of this had to do with my Business degree. I accepted that a fat paycheck was a fat paycheck, so I put my confusion on the back burner.

There was an amusing bit of posturing about who got to drive the company car down to the Exeter. Fabiola made a production of taking the keys and making me sit in the back – Buffy didn't want to drive.

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"You aren't much of a man's man, are you?" Fabiola mocked me.

I waited a second for Buffy to say something, considering that bordered on harassment. Fabiola snickered at me while Buffy looked out the window, bored. *wW.w.NóvELwoRm.côm*

"Was that supposed to mean something to me?" I replied smoothly. "I don't know you, you obviously don't know me, and your assessment of my gender potential is ridiculous."

"Come on, 'New Hire', you didn't even go to a real school," Fabiola spat back.

"That's enough," Buffy coughed. Fabiola shot me a dirty look. I elected to not be childish, looking out the window instead. Driving the car turned out to be more of a disadvantage than the gem Fab thought it would be. Fabiola had to park the car while Buffy and I went up.