

Chapter 770

The Exeter suite turned out to be a fully furnished apartment. The trick was turning the normal accoutrements into the specifics the client demanded. I didn't have experience with interior design. I couldn't say I was demeaned, being reduced to a glorified furniture mover. If Buffy was impressed by my ability to move chairs about, she hid it well.

She even left me to my own devices while she went to the bedroom. I double checked the image she'd downloaded to the cellphone to make sure everything was where they wanted.

"Cáel, I need you back here," Buffy called out. Back I went – it wasn't like I had a choice. "We need to make sure the Feng Shui of the room is impeccable," she ordered.

"Yes, Ma'am - Buffy," I nodded. "Now let's assume for a second I don't have the faintest idea what you are talking about and go from there."

"For now," she chuckled, "it means moving the bed where I tell you to." As I moved to the far side of the king-sized bed, contemplating the crushing weight of my student loans, I noticed Buffy had made a wardrobe adjustment.

That was a kind way to say she had unbuttoned her blouse to her naval and her pale pink, lacy half-bra was clearly visible. I also saw the incisor of some predator hung from a silver chain around her neck. As she leaned forward, it swayed, playing ping pong between her boobs. I was carefully attentive to her instructions and even managed to ask a few questions like 'what is Feng Shui?'

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"It is the art of focusing energy upon positive and negative lines so that you promote, or disrupt, the harmony of an area and its occupants," she informed me. She back-flopped down on the bed in one of the least obfuscated suggestions of 'come get me' I'd ever seen. I stayed well away, sensing a trap.

"It's jaguar," Buffy tilted her head back and leered at me. Her shirt was wide open, her bountiful mounds jiggling slightly and her eyes were inviting. She was referring to the tooth pendant that was nestled between her breasts. I backed up toward the window.

"I'm sure there is a story behind that," I tried to wiggle some more breathing room from my collar. www.novelworld.com

"There is," she rolled over, her goodies still on display. "I shot it with my bow, skinned it and pulled the tooth from its skull." How sweet and informative.

"I'm glad I'm across the room then," I grinned back. "I'd hate for there to be a misunderstanding between you and I." Now she placed herself on all fours and stalked across the bed toward me.

"I don't think you are very interested in me," she pouted. Now I was mentally mapping out the time and distance involved in me getting past her and exiting this career-killer.

"You are my boss," I exclaimed as I started edging around the room. "I imagine you are very interesting, but I'm not the kind of guy who makes advances on every beautiful woman he meets." That was a total lie. I had the bad habit of making advances on ABSOLUTELY every beautiful woman I met.

"Where is everybody?" Fabiola announced after she waltzed into the room. Forget an Oscar, she wouldn't even get a Razzie from me for that patently false performance. Buffy huffed, rolled her eyes and shifted to the edge of the bed. She fixed her blouse properly then shot a withering glance at Fabiola before getting back to business.

After sending a final video of the apartment to the CFO's personal assistant and getting her okay, we checked out our next chore and set to it. A good deal of it was getting laundry, specialty meals and even picking up kids from daycare/school. We did manage to do some actual corporate business. We ran some confidential documents, not trusted to the computer system, to the various big wigs who needed them.

In eight and a half hours I had been a furniture mover, delivery boy, nanny, chauffeur and glorified postman. Had it not been for my mountain of student loans, the insane salary and limited job prospects, I would have been disheartened. As it was, I was merely paranoid and confused. I was getting the subtle sense that the women I was working with were waiting for me to fail.

I was confused because, with the bending over, strutting, lingerie model wannabes all over the place, how did they expect me to get anything done? My cock hurt – a lot. I was looking away so often I was afraid I'd get whiplash. These had to be the clumsiest women on Earth. Wherever I went, someone dropped something and had to bend over to pick it up.

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No, they could not bend at the knees. They had to reach over while keeping their legs straight. These weren't the new hires either. The only one I saw before quitting time was Fabiola. Even she was pretty helpless. She kept losing her shoes and then pleading to me to help put them back on. No matter how hard she tried, I was not looking up her damn skirt.

Finally Buffy 'released' me, indicating my work day was over. That's when the jackals closed in. From out of nowhere, all six of the new hires appeared outside Katrina's office as I retrieved my valise. Had it not been for my mode of transit, I'd have left it there and made for the elevators instead of risk being cornered.

"Is there a problem?" Katrina spoke up, sensing my reticence in leaving her office. I had to think fast.

"Can I use your bathroom?" I turned and asked her. She indicated that I could. I went in and changed, ditching the rubber band nonsense – it hadn't really worked.

When I stepped out, the conspiratorial whispers among the new girls stopped. I even caught Katrina looking me over. See, I got to and from work on my bicycle. It was a really nice bike. Dad got it for me for graduation – as I said, I don't come from money. Anyway, biking in a suit in New York City was kind of stupid and hard on the dry cleaning bill.

The answer to this dilemma was biking clothes, which in June consisted of very tight shorts and a tight shirt (my helmet is with my bike in a nice secure area in front of our skyscraper). Now take into account I was in really good shape and, oh yeah, horny as hell with a 'sensational' package (fine, one girl called it sensational – I chose to run with her literary license).

1 – 2 – 3 – 4 – 5 – 6; yep, ab six-pack accounted for and there was the tube-snake running off to my left hip. Even my nipples on my broad pectorals were making an appearance (through the shirt). As a passing note, I have a really nice ass, or so I've been told, and these shorts don't work well with underwear so I was going without.

I mustered my courage and marched on the door.

"Ummm..." Katrina purred. "Tomorrow – seven o'clock."

"Yes, Ma'am – Katrina," I waved over my shoulder. The new hires parted for me, except for Daphne. She put a hand on my right bicep.

"Cáel, we are going out for drinks to celebrate our first day," Daphne smiled sweetly.

"Thank you, but no thank you," I shook my head. "I'm not into time travel." I moved past her.

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"What is that supposed to mean?" Dora inquired. They followed me to the elevator.

"It is a riddle, Dora," I grinned. "If you six ladies celebrated your first day with the company, where and when did this celebration take place?"