

## Chapter 772

I told her mother that her daughter had a bright smile and a cute nose. Saying 'your pride and joy would look good handcuffed to my bed' wouldn't win me points. As the desk sergeant and I finished, out walked two wasted teen fashion queens with a female police escort.

"Sign for the over-privileged skanks," the Sergeant directed me.

Desiree pushed me aside and took custody of Marilyn and her high society pal, Vienna Rothmore. The two young ladies joined us as we left the station.

"Sorry to mess up your date, Desiree," Marilyn snickered. Yeah...right, she was soooo sorry.

"He's not my date," Desiree ground out. "He's one of our new hires."

"Oh, cool," Marilyn slurred. She reached up from the back seat and put a hand on my shoulder. "I want you to come home with me and help me test my sheets to make sure they are comfortable," she giggled. "I have delicate skin."

"You also have a problem with substance abuse, taking things that don't belong to you, and a lifetime of making poor choices," I countered. "Sorry; I have to decline."

"You work for my grandmother. That means you work for me," she protested.

"I'm sure if you have your wonderful grandmother put your request in my work cue, I'll get around to it," I smiled.

"You're no fun," Marilyn complained.

"He's not here to be fun for you, Marilyn," Desiree finally intervened.

"Oh, pooh," Marilyn snickered. "What's your name?"

"I'm Clone 117. The corporation grew me in a vat in a secret lab in Nebraska," I stated evenly.*w©w.Ño©eLWo(r)m.com*

"Really?" Marilyn's friend, Vienna gasped. She was way too stoned/drunk.

"Yes. Now that I've revealed this company secret they are going to have to melt me down to my base proteins and recreate me. Such is the life of a clone," I groaned.

"No way," Vienna gasped.*Ww.Ñ©vE©WrM.C©M*

"He's playing with us," Marilyn clued in. "What is your name – really?"

"Cáel Nyilas," I answered.

"Cool name," Vienna declared. "Does it have a meaning?"

"Cáel is from my Mother – it's Irish for 'slender' as well as the angel for Thursday," I informed her. "Nyilas is Hungarian – it means Archer."

"Are there any rich Hungarians?" Marilyn asked.

"Ummm...Calvin Klein, Steven Ferencz Udvar-Házy, and George Soros to name a few," I told them.

They were dumbstruck. We are Hungarians. It isn't like there are tons of us.

"If it is any consolation, I'm not related to any of them," I added.

"Aahhh...do you have a fascination with rich people?" Marilyn struggled back.

"Well, you have to admit it is tons easier than being fascinated with all those poor people," I turned and grinned at her.

"What university did they recruit you from?" Marilyn giggled. "You are fun."

"Ms. Fredrickson found me walking out of a GQ party two weeks ago," I grinned. "The matter of my education never came up."

"Lying on your application, during the interview process, and during, or about an assignment is grounds for termination," Desiree reminded me.

"They don't work for the company," I countered, "nor am I working on any sort of relationship with them. Are you ordering me to be totally truthful while on the clock?"

"She is a client, so she gets the truth," Desiree demanded.

"Cool. I will gladly put this conversation down on my report to Ms. Love – Katrina when filing the sexual harassment suit against Ms. Marilyn St. John," I gleefully stated.

"That is even less funny," Desiree grumbled.

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"As I recall she said, 'I want you to come home with me and help me test my sheets to make sure they are comfortable,' Desiree. I'm pretty sure that qualifies," I glared at her.

"She's not an employee," Desiree countered.

"I chose to ignore the idiocy of that statement, because we both know that we are on the job, working the cue. Thus, she is responsible to our corporation for her words and actions. Marilyn is vulnerable to a suit by Havenstone for her conduct toward one of their employees," I outlined.

"Wait, you aren't launching a complaint; you want the company to do so on your behalf?" Desiree stared at me in surprise.

"Of course," I nodded. "What else would I do?" What was left unspoken was that I could try to sue the corporation for this whole fiasco. I wasn't going down that road.*w(w)w.ÑovE(i)WoRM.c©m*

"Ha," Marilyn laughed "like Grans would sue me."

"You are right," Desiree spoke to Marilyn even as her eyes returned to the road. "She'll simply get a report on this assignment as well as a notification of Cáel's complaint." Marilyn and Vienna giggled at the absurdity of the gesture. They didn't get that I did get it. My complaint was going nowhere officially. I was drawing a battle line. I wasn't going to get pushed around.

We dropped Marilyn off. Desiree took her inside, put her to bed, then we did the same to Vienna at her place. That chore accomplished, we headed back to work. Desiree promptly abandoned me, so I went up to Katrina's office, switched back to my biker clothes and crashed out on the short bench in the bathroom. My alarm was set for 6:45 a.m.

I was half-dressed after the alarm woke me when the door opened and Katrina looked in. I froze.

"What are you doing?" she let her eyes roam over my mostly naked form.

"I had a call at three this morning. By the time I finished, heading home made no sense. I grabbed an hour of sleep on your bench," I said.

"Why are you dressing in my bathroom?" Katrina mused.

"I didn't want to sleep in my work suit, Katrina. I changed to my bike clothes to sleep in and when I woke up a minute or so ago, I was started to change back," I explained.

"Very well," she nodded. "Finish up." She didn't look like she was leaving.