

## Chapter 775

They began chattering about what they were going to do with me. Somewhere in the process, India Senior stomped over and lashed me with the belt I'd tied India Junior with. I actually heard Buffy trying to get to my side. The problems were she couldn't understand Hittite and she was overly cognizant of the power the women pushing her around possessed.

I was giving serious consideration to letting these bitches in on the secret that I knew their lingo when I heard a different voice shout out in Hittite. It was Katrina. The outrage at what I had done and the glee about what they were going to inflict on me ceased. President – really High Priestess – Hayden St. John began to chastise Katrina. Essentially, it was my 'time' and me being out of control was all Katrina's fault.

"Cáel," Katrina commanded, "come here right now."

I stood up then stopped. For a second, I think they were confused, but soon turned angry. Bizarrely, it was Indian Senior who came to my rescue.

"He can't get to her without pushing past you, my Sisters," she said in English. They parted enough for me to slip by and that I did.

"Do you trust me?" Katrina addressed me. I nodded. "Kneel and stay at my side until I tell you otherwise." Without hesitation, I went down on one knee at her side.

"Cáel," Hayden stepped into my personal space. I looked up at her. "Why do you kneel before Katrina?"

'She's my boss' was the hollow response. The social aspects of their meeting gave me a better idea.

"Katrina chose me. I honor that by following her directions," I replied.

"Why did you attack Madi and Rhada?" Hayden interrogated me.

That had to be India Junior and Senior though which was which was beyond me.

"I'm not a kiss-ass, or a lawbreaker," I told her. "If I was supposed to let them behave in a barbaric fashion, I am sure Katrina, or Buffy, would have told me."

"Barbaric!" the junior snapped. "I'll show you barbaric, you Ass."

"Rhada," Senior placed a hand on her subordinate's shoulder. That made her Madi.

"Beg their forgiveness," Hayden directed me.

"No," I replied. By the looks of the crowd, I'd blow my last shot at freedom; maybe life.

"Why not?" Katrina tapped my shoulder.

"They made you look bad in front of Hayden," I gazed up at Katrina. "I'll apologize, but only if they apologize to you first." Clearly no one knew what to make of that.

"No, Cáel," she rubbed my head but smiled warmly doing so, "you must apologize first."

"Rhada, I..." I began.

"No, you must apologize to Madi first," Katrina directed.

"Madi, I apologize for striking your companion, for hitting you and for knocking you to the floor," I looked down at the carpet. Eastern mysticism was all about 'reverence'. I needed no prodding this time to wait for my apology to be accepted or rejected.*uW©.mOveLu(o)R.m.CôM*

"This one has spirit and fights well," Madi said in Hittite. "Katrina, give this one to me and there will be no accounting of this breach."

"Buffy, what happened?" Katrina turned to her worker.

"I didn't see what participated the offense," Buffy answered. I was boned.

"I pushed him into Rhada," one junior confessed. "Madi and Rhada had stopped, the male was on an errand. He stopped, but I didn't see that until too late." I tried not to look relieved because that had been said in mystic Hittite as well.

"It doesn't matter," Rhada grumbled (Hittite). "The male touched me without permission, so I slapped him."

"You hit my male?" Katrina said in a cold, threatening tone – Hittite yet again.

"He is not your property," Rhada stated – sigh; Hittite.

"He is part of the 'New Directive'," Hayden snapped. "You initiated a fight with a male partaking in the 'New Directive' without even asking why he bumped into you?" Oh, Big Momma was pissed. Too bad they were getting pissed in Hittite.

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"He's just a male," Madi pointed out. Yay, me.

"Madi, you perpetuated a fight with Katrina's male, knowing it was your apprentice's fault. What is wrong with you?" Hayden lambasted her. "You owe Katrina an apology."

"No!" Madi insisted. "The male should have taken his beatings and apologized."

That was not a good thing to say and all the ladies around me knew it. Hayden was the High Priestess. Maybe not the Goddess-Queen, but she carried the most gravitas in this circle and Madi was slyly sidestepping that. This was an ugly situation.

"Cáel," Katrina returned to English. "I need you to get up, go over to those two and beat them up for me."

This was not the solution most were looking for, me included. I'd barely beaten Madi's butt when it was just me and her. Adding her little friend would make things very tough.

"Can I ask a favor first?" I looked up at Katrina. I was now being studied by many of the women in attendance intently.

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"What is it?" Katrina remained sympathetic.

"I request that Hayden give me the order so this doesn't reflect poorly on you," I stated. Now all the women were looking around. It was the answer to their conundrum. This would transform the feud between Katrina and Madi into one of Madi versus Hayden, where it really belonged.

"Cáel," Hayden commanded. "Subdue Rhada then Madi. They will fight you in single combat." Now the cultural fear set in to the crowd; not my defiance, but Madi's. I was kicking off my shoes and throwing down my coat when Beyoncé called for attention in Hittite.

"Perhaps we 'burn feathers' over this incident and commit this memory to the 'nothingness'."

"Katrina and Madi should make the appropriate offerings for peace and prosperity," Beyoncé suggested. "There is no need for anger, or debt. Let this matter pass." Since this was in a language I shouldn't know, I had to keep advancing. The two Indian women were waiting on me. The Seniors began rattling off orders, threats and suggestions as I got ready to battle.

The worst part was when I realized they'd reached a peaceful consensus yet I had to get ready to take on Rhada.

"Cáel," Katrina called to me. I twitched but kept sizing up Rhada.

"Cáel," Hayden ordered. I took three steps back. "Return to Katrina's service."

I returned to Katrina's side and stood there. I was getting the hang of this now.

"Kneel," she tapped my shoulder. She said it in Old Kingdom Hittite. I looked into her eyes. "Kneel," she repeated in English. I knelt.

"How did you train him in only two days?" Beyoncé asked Katrina – in Hittite.

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