

Chapter 777

Having received Katrina's orders, off we went. Buffy looked worried and I thought she was going to tear me a new one. The reactions of the Executive Services group when we got there were totally unexpected.

"Send out the word," Buffy detailed to the first worker she came across, "Madi made a run at Katrina."

The woman blanched and headed off. Buffy took me to Katrina's office and pushed me onto the sofa. Paula and Fabiola appeared at the door looking worried.

"How badly have I fucked up?" I groaned.

"What?" Buffy blinked in surprise. "You did fine."

"I don't understand," I ran my hands through my hair.

"You're bleeding," Paula remarked.

"What happened?" Fabiola demanded. Oh, crap. Another layer of the onion. The female 'new hires' weren't only new hires, they were legacies.

Buffy, for all her expertise and seniority, wasn't part of the program. I didn't think she was ignorant of the basic agenda. She simply wasn't allowed to know the full scope of the goings on. That was the real reason she and I were at the meeting - because we weren't part of the true conspiracy, thus politically neutral.

"Cáel was attacked by Madi's assistant," Buffy said. I wanted to correct Buffy and say 'apprentice'. "He defeated her then defeated Madi when she attacked him, though it was a close thing." Oh yeah, Fabiola was part of the conspiracy. She gave this little smug smirk when Buffy got the relationship description wrong then was outraged that I would attack one of her elite.

Daphne sailed into the room, took one look at me then grabbed Paula.

"Let's get him cleaned up," Daphne suggested.

"He attacked Madi and her apprentice," Fabiola blustered - in Hittite. Daphne looked like she wanted to slap Fabiola. Then they all looked at me.

Had I turned away, I would have looked guilty. Instead I let my eyes flicker between the three.

"What is it?" Paula murmured to me.

"You are speaking the same language they were speaking upstairs," I enlightened them. "I find that a bit odd."

"Don't mention that to anyone," Daphne threatened me.

"No...you are not my boss," I glared. "Right now I'm working with Buffy and I am being mentored by Katrina. It is their right to know. Of course I can't talk to any outsiders about that because that violates corporate policy."

"How dare you," Fabiola came steaming my way.

"Make the first one count," I seethed as I stood up and got ready to kick her entitled, pompous ass. "I've already put down two conceited bitches and you aren't even in their league." Fabiola stopped and reassessed her situation.

"Cáel!" Buffy snapped. "Come to my right side." There I went. "Kneel." I knelt. The three newbies were stunned, mouths open and gaping.

"What...what was that?" Daphne mumbled, referring to my actions. Buffy looked very haughty and superior.

"Cáel works for me right now," Buffy told them. "That means, within the scope of his duties, he does what I say." The girls were taking in this bizarre scene. "Cáel, if I told you to go over to Fabiola and beat her black and blue, what would you do?"

"I'd ask you for a good explanation," I answered.

"She's hurting Katrina's position at Havenstone," Buffy responded. Up I stood. "Kneel," Buffy finished her demonstration as I knelt. She started running her hands through my hair. Not something you would do to a dog unless...well, you went that way. It wasn't like Katrina; this was highly sexually aroused hair-play. "I believe you said that Cáel needed to be cleaned up."

"Are you in pain?" Daphne inquired.*uWwW.(n)©vèlWoOm.čóm*

"A half bottle of Aleve wouldn't kill me," I groaned. I was in some serious pain, much of it centered on my cranium. Buffy moved me back to the sofa, which I liked. Her sensually stroking my palm was a bit scarier.

More women gathered around the door, whispering and looking my way. Finally Katrina came back to the office. The crowd parted for her. Daphne and Paula returned with some wet cloths and a first aid kit. Without consulting with me, they started peeling off my clothes.

"What are you doing?" Katrina stared at the two young ladies.

"Tending to his wounds," Daphne hastily replied. Katrina rubbed her forehead.*(ó)Ww.πOVÉIwRM.©rm*

"For a moment try to imagine him doing that to you in a public place," she advised them. They caught on real quick and the strip-down stopped.

"Cáel, may we tend to your wounds?" Daphne politely requested.

"Fine by me, but let's keep the pants on. I'll deal with the rug burns at home," I grinned.*uWwW.noveZWorm.ca(m)*

"I knew you boxed and practiced a form of jujitsu, Cáel," Katrina remarked. "I had no idea you were that good."

"I also practice ninjitsu," I tried to look innocent. "I tried to put that on my application, but auto-correct kept erasing it."

"Does he have a concussion?" one of the normal workers asked Desiree.

"No, unfortunately not," Desiree snorted. "He's always like that."

"Thank you for your martial valor in defending my prestige, Cáel," Katrina spoke loudly. "Your ability to navigate a very difficult situation bordered on the precognitive. It was of great service to the sisterhood of this office."

"Is there anything you need?" she tacked on.

"Gosh, it's almost four o'clock. Since I've been working since three this morning, can I go home early?" I pleaded.

"No, we are having dinner tonight," Katrina stated.

"I actually have to clean up the apartment tonight," I lied. "Can I have a rain check?"

"If you were under any delusion that I was making a request, let me dispel that right now. You are having dinner with me tonight," Katrina smirked.*ŬwW.π.v(e)©worM.č(o)m*

"Doesn't that violate..." I mumbled.

"End of discussion," Katrina declared. "Buffy and Helena, take Cáel to the Men's room and get him cleaned up and presentable. I need the ****, ****, and **** to stay behind. We have much to discuss." What did I get out of that little exchange? Buffy and Helena weren't part of the real Havenstone, Desiree was and the fact that naming status positions 'charioteer', 'archer' and 'shield maiden' in Old Kingdom Hittite only confirmed my worst fears.

You see, Achilles, Odysseus and their crowd knew these people. They'd frolicked and played with those troublesome Greeks then been raped, slaughtered and enslaved by them. Apparently after 3000 years, these ladies were still pissed about that. We only knew about them today from Greek sources. It stood to reason though, that since they were allies of Troy, they lived in Asia Minor, not Greece.

Therefore, they didn't speak Greek of any flavor. That was the language of their destroyers. No, the Amazons would speak the language of their home region from 3000 years ago, the native tongue for their rituals and secret communications, which just so happened to be Old Kingdom Hittite.

"Tell me what happened," Helena requested while I was leaning against the Men's bathroom sink.

"Rhada became bored, I was asked to alleviate her boredom with a game of Scrabble, and she didn't like my use of the word 'butt-monkey'," I sighed. "She said it wasn't a word. I explained that she was, in fact, a butt-monkey and she took offense."

"Are you sure you don't have a concussion?" Buffy studied my eyes.

"Can I reliably determine my own mental malfunction? If so; I guess I'm good," I grinned.