

Chapter 778

"What really happened?" Helena repeated so I told them the whole story. This was the first time Buffy heard the whole thing in a language she could understand - English.

"Why didn't you simply let her hit you that second time?" Helena asked. Buffy nodded.

"Seriously, you two need to get some backbone," I glared at them. They looked peeved. "Listen, those other ladies don't have the right to treat us like crap. We are not doormats, we are facilitators and fuck them if they don't appreciate our worth."

"Yet you bowed down to Hayden, Katrina and me," Buffy countered.*wWw.©oVèŁwOr(®).č0m*

"You are my bosses," I sounded exasperated. "I'm here to learn and that means listening to, and observing, those who have progressed farther than me. That means when you tell me to bow, I presume you have a good reason for it and do as I'm told."

"The other new hires don't kneel," Helena pointed out.

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"It's not my fault they are not as smart as me," I snickered. We all knew that was a lie.

"I hope you make it," Buffy patted my knee. She didn't mean get fired. She meant she hoped I didn't get relocated. I didn't know what that meant yet, but I couldn't imagine it being a good thing.

I decided to press my luck.

"You mean you hope I don't get relocated," I smiled. The two women shot worried looks at one another. "Ladies, I'm twice as smart as I look...well, that still might not be much, but I'm working on it," I chuckled.

"What do you know about being relocated?" Buffy prodded.

"Nothing really. I do get this creepy feeling that if I get posted to a corporate holding in Paraguay, I probably won't end up in Paraguay," I shrugged.

"Are you going to quit?" Helena tag-teamed. She meant, 'are you going to make a run for it?'

"Havenstone has corporate resources on all seven continents. Where am I going to go where some insidious Human Resources agent from the company won't hunt me down and try to make me reenlist," I teased them. Translation: I'm not dumb enough to think I can get away. They politely chuckled which meant they knew what I knew about my projected promotion path.

"What are we going to do about your clothes?" Helena altered course. Ugh.

"I'll give Katrina official notification that we three are heading over to your place to let you change into something - better," Buffy decided. Better? This was my best suit, or had been.

Permission was granted and off we went. Surprise, surprise, security stopped me and got confirmation that I could actually leave the building. Next, we were mugged in the parking lot closest to my apartment building. Technically, it was a legal mugging because the criminal owned the lot from which he extorted the 'parking fee' from us.

I was curious to see if I could have the ladies wait in the hallway while I changed. Buffy noticed the fire escape and made sure she loudly pointed that out. In we went and sure enough, they followed me to the bedroom. I began going through my sparse business suit collection.

"Those look dreadful," Buffy commented. "Where do you shop? Walmart?"

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"Sears," I corrected. Buffy looked cruelly amused.

"You work for a Fortune 500 company and you shop for your clothes at Sears?" she mocked me.

"I'm not very good with money," I laid out my second best/now best suit. "I blew all of last month's paycheck on the Ferrari, Catalina 470 and Gulfstream. Stupid, eh?" We both knew I hadn't been paid yet.

"What did you do with your signing bonus?" Helena plopped down on my bed. "Hey, this is lumpy."

"I killed a hobo for it," I teased. "I take no responsibility for whatever diseases you might pick up from sitting on that overly pretentious compost heap." It actually wasn't all that bad. "Besides, what signing bonus? Do you even know what college I attended?"

"Ah...Brookstone," Buffy guessed.

"I'll give you points for the 'B'," I sighed. "I got the callback for Havenstone and fell on my knees and thanked God that I didn't have to go back to working nights as a repo man, or end up in retail sales, food services, or custodial work. Done them all - not fun, believe me."

"You appear to be a pretty smart guy," Buffy gave me those 'come hither' eyes. "Why didn't you end up going to a better school?"

"I was pretty much a jerk until my senior year. I could have done better but I was ignorant, ugly and lazy. I was happy to get into Bolingbrook," I related.

"What is this?" Helena held up a braid of red, blue and green ribbons. The top quarter was intertwined with the rest of the ribbons hanging free.

"It's a heart cord," I replied. "Each knot is a sexual liaison." She counted out twenty-one.

"Not bad," she gave me those sexy eyes.*www.nOre/WôrM.co©*

"The other three that I completed are in the closet," I winked back. She thought I was joking. I wasn't and soon enough she found that out.

"What the hell?" Helena regarded my handiwork dubiously.

"Oh yeah. I think I slept with half women in my college town between the ages of 18 to 70, students and faculty included," I enlightened them.

"That seems like a large group of women," Buffy examined the braids held aloft by Helena. "Are you some sort of Casanova?"

"It is more like I have an out of control libido," I admitted rather shame-faced.

"Tell me again why you didn't jump me yesterday?" Buffy looked miffed.