

Chapter 779

"You are my boss, it was an obvious trap, and you bow hunt predators and rip out their teeth. That last bit combined with that aforementioned problem with my libido....," I grinned sheepishly. "I wanted to keep my job...and my life."

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"Do you think I'd shoot you for a sexual indiscretion?" Buffy postulated.

"Do you want my honest assessment?" I looked into her golden eyes.

"Yes," she smiled warmly.

"You, and by that I mean Havenstone, are a bunch of raving psychopaths masquerading as feminists who use economic exploitation to cover up your numerous crimes," I unloaded.

The two women looked at one another then started giggling.

"We like you," Helena walked up and patted my chest.

"I'm glad Katrina chose you," Buffy added. "Let's go buy you a suit, or three."

"I'm glad to see my ranting has had no effect on our relationship whatsoever," I observed.

They let me dress, under their watchful eyes, into jeans and a t-shirt. Arm in arm, they led me from my home across town to a clothier who regularly did business with Havenstone.

"Don't you think it is unfair to put a man in restrictive clothing before the hunt? Don't we at least get a sporting chance to run?" I joked.

"I can kill a bounding deer at 50 meters. Running won't help you," Buffy informed me.

"Well, I've hunted moose before," I countered.

"What did you use?" Helena asked.

"A hammer," I smirked. "I'm a real caveman."

"How did that work out for you?" Buffy played along.

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"How do you think? I sobered up, realized I was hunting a 600 kg monster with a ballpeen hammer, ran my naked ass back to the car and drove home," I chuckled.

"You are smarter than you look," my female tailor muttered.

"Why were you naked?" Buffy looked at my reflection in the three-sided mirror.

"We won the lacrosse finals," I told them.

"Were you on the team?" Helena inquired.

"Bolingbrook only has a Women's Lacrosse team," I sighed happily.

"So why were you the one who ended out in the woods, alone, naked, hunting a moose?" Buffy mused.

"I repeat, we won the finals," I winked, "and I never said I was alone."

"Is this your fabled libido you've been talking about?" Buffy teased.

"Three or four beers and my inhibitions fly right out the window," I lamented.

"Right," Buffy shoved me - not fun when a woman is adjusting your inseam.

"When is your trash day?" Helena came out of nowhere.

"Why do you ask?" I gazed at her.

"I'm thinking about a place closer to work," she lied pathetically.

"Oh come...wait, you looked in my trash can," I gasped. Helena had the decency to blush. "Three days ago," I admitted.

"Oh my God..." she blurted out. "You've been murdering a box of condoms."

"How is this work related, or in any way not to be confused with sexual harassmment?" I stated.

"I'm okay," Buffy smiled. "Helena, how many? Besides, do you feel sexually harassed?"

"Gross, Buffy; I didn't pick them out. I don't feel harassed either, not really. I feel that getting our new intern to open up and talk about his life experiences is a real team-building success," Helena beamed sexual menace my way.

"Hold on," I grumbled. "Buffy, yesterday you were setting me up for something and today, you set me up to fail at the board meeting. Helena, I didn't even know you two hours ago. So why are you both so comfortable busting my balls?"

"Cáel, yesterday and today until three o'clock this afternoon, you didn't belong," Buffy told me.

"I don't understand the whole picture yet, but you fought and bled for Katrina. You didn't even know that this male internship program was her and Tessa's idea," she enlightened me. "You provided evidence their proposal had merit without understanding what you were doing." I hesitated a while as I took Buffy's interpretation of events in.

"Hmmm...yay us?" I offered. "I'm not going to insult you by pretending that what happened this afternoon was anything but leagues beyond the ordinary. I also resent the hell out of Katrina ordering me to have dinner with her - it goes against policy and is plain wrong."

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"She stood up for you today, Cáel," Buffy pointed out. "I don't think you truly appreciate the gesture."

"What I do appreciate is that as screwed as I am, I'm still better off than you two," my look hardened.

"How do you come to that conclusion?" Helena snickered.

"Really? Well, I hope you both like Fabiola because in a few years she is going to be ordering you both around," I reasoned.

"It doesn't matter that Buffy - I don't know you Helena - is more competent and capable. Fabiola is going to end up on top and you two will still be picking up the laundry. What makes me better than you two is that I know this to be true and you two still think you can be rock stars when all you'll ever be is roadies," I explained.

"That's absurd," Helena snorted.

"Please believe me, it isn't something you two have done. You haven't screwed up. Fabiola...she seems to be what's wrong with Havenstone. She's an arrogant know-it-all who doesn't listen to the Goddamn professionals she's been sent to learn from," I continued.

Whenever you separate people into groups, a rift develops. There is not necessarily friction - unless someone upsets things and that was what I was trying to do. I wasn't trying to topple Havenstone. That was a pipe dream. All I was looking for was some allies who had my back. If I asked for more than that, Buffy and Helena would turn on me.

They were both smart women. That was one of the reasons they had been recruited, along with their stunning good looks and willingness to treat men like pets.

"Fabiola's acting did suck," Buffy giggled. "Goddess, that was pathetic, wasn't it?"

"What happened?" Helena leaned forward. Fabiola was rubbing the staff the wrong way alright.

"She asked 'where is everybody'...after she stepped in the room," Buffy rolled her eyes.

"I pity you," Helena nodded. "Daphne's working out well for me. She's trying really hard." A barrier had been breached. They were talking shop - the real Havenstone - in front of me. I had graduated from 'test subject' to actual male intern; emphasis on the male.

They were no longer upset that a male had set foot into their world. I clearly 'knew my place' though they hadn't even known what that was on Monday morning. Despite my badly biased work reviews, I was able and willing to work. More importantly, I obeyed while doing the aforementioned things.

I was not a threat if all they had to do was tell me to 'stop', 'stand by my side', and 'kneel'. Better yet, from their own sexually driven side, I could remain a man while doing so. I was slavishly devoted to the hierarchy yet didn't take crap from others. I could fight and bleed for them while they remained in complete control. In their ferocious world, I was a 'safe' predator.

The fact that these ladies picked up bows and hunted down predators wasn't lost on me. I would never be truly safe among them, nor would I ever be accepted into their world. I was, at best, a bystander they reluctantly allowed to observe their wickedness.

"Done," the tailor announced. "Don't go sprinting across Central Park and you should do fine."*w@W.nOvElwOrM.cOm*