

## Chapter 780

"Come by tomorrow morning and I'll finish the work," she offered.

"Work up five more suits for him," Buffy ordered in an off-handed manner. "We'll pick them up tomorrow afternoon."

"Two o'clock," the lady tailor nodded.

"How in the heck am I going to get here at two?" I whispered to Helena. She flicked my nose. *www.novelworm.com*

"Put it in an order with Executive Services, you Idiot," she mocked. "You know - where you work." Okay, I had walked into that one. I looked suitably ashamed. We were given my old clothes in a bag and headed out. Dinner with Katrina wasn't for a half hour so we decided to walk around.

My new shoes were killing me so, of course, we were taking a long walk.

"Why does Havenstone - a female-only company - have an account with a men's clothier?" I wondered.

"They do both men's and women's suits," Helena offered. *www.novelworm.com*

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"How silly of me," I glanced her way. "It stands to reason they would have women's suits in my size, with my shoulder span and corresponding pants...and shoes."

"Be careful," Buffy snickered. "He's clever."

"So?" I prodded. The two exchanged looks. Apparently they decided I was never getting away.

"Most of the Havenstone 'men' can't be trusted to tie their own shoes, much less buy their own clothes," Buffy confessed. She gauged my reaction. I had little doubt I paled at the news.

"Shit!" I exclaimed. The two jumped. Maybe they thought I had changed my mind and was going to make a break for it after all. "My bike is at work," I informed them.

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"How am I going to get to work tomorrow?" I groaned.

"Oh...I'll come by early and pick you up," Buffy slapped me on the back.

"I could stay the night instead," Helena offered.

"On the hobo bed?" I reminded her.

"Good point," Helena shrugged. "Buffy, on Day 83 we need to get him a new mattress."

"Nice," Buffy agreed. Day 83? Oh...fuck. My internship lasted 84 days; 3 times 28. For some now less arcane reason, Havenstone used a 28 day cycle for all their business. Two things usually kept to a 28 day calendar - the Moon and menstrual cycles.

There was no good way to inquire exactly when my officemates had 'that time of the month'. I was tuning into the fact that they might all do it at once - that whole female hierarchy thing. For a few days every woman in my section would be exhibiting a plethora of emotions, few of which were positive to my way of thinking.

I knew that not all women were 'on the rag' during that time period. Some had little reaction. Most times, I wasn't so lucky. There was spontaneous rage, tears, loneliness and, yeah, horniness. I'd been through them all. My favorites were the ones who randomly leapt through the kaleidoscope of emotions with no sense, or rhythm.

I've had a woman try to brain me with a vase then fuck me on the shards - all inside of twelve seconds. Maybe I shouldn't have slept with her roommate, or her dorm advisor. I repeat, I'm a great lover, but a lousy boyfriend. Hell, I've even had sex with a girlfriend's mother - within ten minutes of meeting her. While those two were having a screaming fit, I did her little sister too.

I don't think I seduced them. I looked at them. They looked at me. We both suddenly realized we wanted to have sex. That happens to me a lot. This is probably why I ended up at Havenstone - karmic payback for my promiscuous ways. Or, maybe I did get it right and Tessa Carmichael really did want to come across that interviewer's desk and fuck my brains out.

There I was thinking that ravishing my future employer's point woman would cost me the job. Wait...that's probably how they wrangled Khalid. They flashed him some smoking tits and ass, he went all 'jungle fever' on them and "Bang!" some girl was crying rape, and they had witnesses and footage. Khalid was looking at his whole magnificent life going down the tubes.

Then his boss agreed to help him because he was 'invaluable'. If he requested an out-of-country transfer, she could mislead the criminal investigation thus saving himself and his family's reputation. When it was safe to come back, she'd let him know. Now that smug, superior bastard was in Angola, or maybe Terra del Fuego with my penguins...wearing a shock collar.

Ignoramus. Seven to fifteen in a comfy US prison would have been paradise considering what he was about to go through. Run away? The moron probably still thought he was facing rape charges back in the States and that if he played along, his boss, who clearly thought the world of him, would call him home soon. I hoped I never saw him again.

Not because I hated him - I didn't - but because if I did see him it meant I'd colossally fucked up as well. I was sure Katrina was going to determine my fate at dinner. All of that came to a head when they showed me the door of a private dining club. The maître de recognized Helena and Buffy, but not in a way that suggested they were acceptable patrons (aka lackeys).

"Ms. Love's table?" I requested. Buffy patted me on the back again and wished me luck. The maître de was a man and a right snooty bastard, too. He looked down his nose at me from his elevated perch. He hand-motioned a female server over, gave her a table number and sent us on our way.

"Did they forget to remove his jalapeno enema again?" I teased the girl as we left.

She coughed, stumbled then shot me a wickedly happy look. This guy had to be a peach to work for because she clearly hated him.

"You can talk to me," I told her quietly. "I'm not going to freak out, or anything." She looked at me and smiled again.

"I haven't seen you before," she whispered back.

"I have a very forgettable face. I've seen you before," I replied. She seemed confused. "You are the girl of my dreams," I grinned.

"I'm married," she brandished her banded ring finger.

"He's a lucky man," I sighed. "I hope he appreciates this snobbish hell you work in on a daily basis." She studied me which was all the more remarkable because she was navigating the floor while doing so.

"I'm not married and I don't work EVERY day," she gave me a cute grin. "The ring is camouflage."

"Pen?" I asked. She grew nervous because we were at Katrina's table and Katrina was looking us both over. "Ms. Love is my boss. We are not romantically involved," I assured the waitress. The woman gave me her pen and I wrote my number on her palm. "If you feel like it."

"You don't even know my name," she tried to look upset yet settled on precocious.

"You don't know mine," I countered. "It is Cael Nyilas, by the way."