

Chapter 784

(Wednesday)

The phone rang. The clock was flashing 6:15. Odette snuggled up to me, making cute, happy cat-like noises. Timothy's bed was bigger than mine so I had to reach out to get my mobile device. For the tenth time, I silently thanked Timothy for switching bedrooms with me, though I believed he had chosen to sleep on the sofa instead.

"Hello," I said quietly.

"It's Buffy. I'll be there in fifteen minutes," she stated firmly.

"I have a companion over," I hesitated. "Can you make it twenty-five?"

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"Who is that, C  el Nyilas," Odette yawned. She liked the way my full name rolled of her tongue.

"Who is that?" Buffy grilled me.

"She's a sweet young lady I met - the rest is none of your business," I told Buffy. To Odette, "It is one of my many bosses. After my 'auto accident' (I couldn't tell a stranger that some psycho bitch - who I had just screwed - had her mentor kick the shit out of me), she brought me home then deposited me at your workplace. My bike is still at work." I had told Odette I was a cyclist.

"Does she think you are sexy?" Odette giggled. I groaned.

"81 days, C  el," Buffy reminded me. "81 days," then she hung up. I wasn't getting my extra ten minutes.

"Do we have time...?" Odette wiggled her whole body against mine.

"I don't think so, Babe," I sighed. "All I can do is go down on you then I have to grab a shower and get dressed." Odette blinked, blinked again, then brightened up incredibly.

"If that's all we can do," she exhibited no regrets as she hurled the covers back. It took me seven minutes to bring her to orgasm.

I was good, but I had also torn up Odette pretty badly last night. I had to buy Timothy some more condoms. I felt kinda bad for using the number I did. I raced to the shower, did a Wonder Woman (hold your arms out and spin around a few times in the shower), raced back to Timothy's room - Timothy shot me with his Nerf gun from the sofa (Odette was vocal) - and began dressing.

"Odette, stay and get some sleep," I stroked her cheek. "Timothy heads to work around ten, so if you could head out with him so he can lock up the place. Fix whatever breakfast you like. If it is Timothy, I'll make it up to him."

"You mean beyond letting us use his room?" she fixed me with her feline eyes. I coughed.

"Come on, C  el Nyilas, this room is plastered with male Calvin Klein models and you have five copies of the Village Voice on your dresser. You are far too proficient with punching all my buttons to be gay," she pointed out.

"Gay men can be very sexually proficient," I countered.

"C  el Nyilas (damn, she loved my name), you came five times. I lost track of how many orgasms I had. If you are gay, you aren't in De-Nile, you are in Ethiopia," she giggled. This wasn't the right moment to brag that I ejaculated eight times last night. Rhada filled up three condoms during our little escapade. I repeat, I have an out of control libido.

"Gotta go," I straddled Odette and gave her a kiss. I deftly avoided the French grapple because I had the feeling that Buffy wasn't the kind to wait patiently.

"Timothy..." I mumbled as I sped to the door.

"I know - girl - bed - sleeping," he groaned. As the door shut I heard him add, "at least he's not dull."

I managed not to kill myself tumbling down the stairs in my haste to reach the street. Buffy was waiting and drumming her hands on the steering wheel. I tried the car door - it was locked. A tap on the window earned me a baleful glare. I sighed and fell on my knees.

"Please," I begged. "Please, please, please let me in the car." I heard a click after ten seconds.

"You're late," she remarked as we sped away. I hastily put on my seat belt.

"I apologize," I tried being obsequious.

"You had better be, damn it," she seethed. Oh...I scented arousal...and jealousy. We drove a few blocks in silence. "Who was it?"

"Are we on the clock?" I countered. Pause.

"No," she said in a clipped tone.

"None of your fucking business, then," I growled. "My sex life is none of your concern, Buffy. It is none of your group's concern, so give it a rest."

"Or what?" Buffy's eyes narrowed. I wished she would watch the road.

"Thunderdome, Bitch!" I grinned. Oh, she tried. She tried really hard to stay angry with me.

"I hate you," she snickered. She pulled out her phone and handed it to me. It was a picture of Buffy, Katrina, Tessa, Desiree and some woman who looked familiar standing, or kneeling, behind a pile of dead animals. All the ladies had bows, knives and camo gear.

"Does the Audubon Society know about this? I'm pretty sure the World Wildlife Fund would have a freaking stroke," I nodded.*www.N⊕vE()wOɽ⊕.(c)σm*

"Ladies at Havenstone have a passion for killing things," Buffy measured me. "I thought you might want to know."

"Why do you use bows?" I questioned. "Don't your boobs get in the way?" Buffy smacked me in the chest - hard. I could have blocked. That would have been counterproductive. No, I grabbed her right boob and gave it a strong squeeze. In retaliation, she hit me again. I grabbed her boob. This went on until we entered the garage. She got in the last hit.

"We are on the clock now," I notified her. She seemed less than pleased. "Very nice, by the way."

"Huh?" Buffy studied.

"Sorry. Any continuation of this conversation would constitute sexual harassment," I sighed.

"I am mentally projecting negative emotions your way," Buffy grumbled.

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"I believe the totality of your efforts create a positive outlook for me," I grinned.

"Have you ever been skydiving?" Buffy dropped out of the blue on me in the elevator ride up.

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"With, or without, a parachute?" I inquired. She blessed me with a feral smile.

I hurried to Katrina's office, Buffy a step behind me, rumbling like the jaguar she'd performed illegal dentistry on. She wasn't trying to intimidate me. Buffy was trying to mark her territory. I made it to my desk without actually being scent-marked, so I considered the encounter a draw.

"Have fun last night?" Katrina inquired without looking up.

"More than any one man should have," I confessed. Further conversation was severed by the arrival of the first of the female 'new hires'. As Katrina started our little meeting, I surreptitiously put in the work order for my suits. I wasn't sneaky enough for Katrina.

"Are you suffering some sort of head trauma that makes you believe you can avoid participation in this meeting?" she purred.

"No, Ma - Katrina," I was contrite. "I had to submit a work order for the business suits Buffy and Helena purchased for me last night so I would stop coming to work dressed like a homeless panhandler." That killed four of the girls; they failed to stifle their giggles.

"Couldn't you have dealt with that on the way in?" Katrina had this glitter in her eyes.