

Chapter 785

"Buffy was attempting to subject me to vehicular homicide," I replied. "I was afraid for my life on multiple occasions, up to and including her entry into the garage."

"How horrifying for you," Katrina delivered deadpan.

"I had my hands full, I swear," I placed my hand over my heart.

"I suspect that was the case," Katrina allowed. "Is there anything else you need to take care of while the rest of us wait on you?"

"Thank you, yes there is," I smiled, nodded and began typing away.

"I was being facetious, but then you knew that," Katrina teased. Several girls were openly giggling now.

When I finished, I walked around Katrina's desk, went to one knee and lowered my head. Katrina scanned my latest request.

"Really?" she was intrigued.

"Yes, Ma'am," I looked up at her. She ran her hands through my hair. "Katrina."

"You are trying," Katrina remarked. That could read either way. "Go back to your station before I show you where you really belong," she chuckled. I stood up and fist-pumped.

"Woo-who!" I shouted. "I'm going to bed." That finished them off. Even Fabiola cracked a tiny bit and snickered behind her hand.

The real joke they were embracing - making me part of their new breeding program - was the punchline to the joke Katrina and I found amusing. I knew the truth. We received our assignments and left the office.

"How did your date with Rhada go last night?" Paula nudged me.

"It wasn't a date. It was a corporate appointment," I corrected. "As for the rest - you don't want to know. Please believe me, you don't want to know."

"I can make you tell us," Fabiola smirked. The group kept together until I reached Desiree's desk. She was my boss for the day and she was not pleased, or amused. (w)wW.N@veI:uO?m.©om

Fabiola saved me. WwW.no(v)éLW0(r)(m).com

"Sister, compel this one to tell us what happened with Rhada last night," Fabiola sneered in Hittite. I played dumb which wasn't hard in my fatigued state. Desiree transferred all of her dislike of me into outrage at Fabiola's breach.

"Is your blood poisoned?" Desiree seethed. "When they tossed you off the rocks, did you bounce back up, or are you so arrogantly stupid you would flaunt one of our most basic safeguards?"

"You are only half the woman you could have been," Fabiola shot back.

By the way Desiree flew out of her chair that was a deadly insult. I put my body between them and grabbed Desiree by her upper arms.

"Release me," she yelled, her hate returned its focus to me.

"You are my boss," I explained calmly. "I most join you in your battles. Is this a battle you truly want to fight, here and now?"

"Release me at once," Desiree commanded.

"One of us hiding behind a man," Fabiola mocked Desiree. Daphne punched her. "Ow!"

"Care to try that on me?" Daphne challenged Fabiola. "My family's prestige has never been called into question." I was starting to think they meant genetic purity.

"Buffy would not want me to let you come to harm," I whispered to Desiree then released her. It was that hunting photo that made me make that leap. Desiree glared at me. A slap followed, but it wasn't all that hard.

"Do not touch me without permission, Cael Nyilas," she commanded in a clear voice.

The matter was almost settled.

"Come on," Desiree barked. I had one final bit to take care of.

"Daphne, thank you. Helena says you are coming along really well. Maybe we could have a few drinks after hours and you can give me some pointers," I requested.

Daphne seemed to mull that over. We had moved past the entrapment phase to the 'male in the bull pen - what do we do with him now' phase.

"I'll think about it," Daphne shot me this sexually curious look. Off they went and I had to sprint to catch up with Desiree who hadn't stopped to listen to my conversation with Daphne.

"Do not be flippant with me," Desiree grumbled. "I am not Buffy."

"Of course you are not," I nodded. "Katrina values your counsel and she trusts you."

"You know nothing," Desiree grouched.

"Really? Helena and Buffy were sent away with me yesterday afternoon - you stayed," I began.

"This male internship program is the brainchild of Katrina and Tessa. Maybe she thinks that I'm in danger, thus her program, so she chooses you to safeguard me - no other," I added. "I don't think much of my place here as an individual, but I represent something of value to our boss. If that is the case, how much does she value and respect you?"

"Do you ever shut up?" she glared at me. wWw.W(n)oveI/@vRM.com

"Is that a question, or a veiled order?" I grinned. She glared some more. I kept quiet. Desiree had to enter a special code to gain us access to Basement Level 3. A short trip down a drab concrete hall illuminated a door and two Amazon's guarding it.

Desiree's ID card allowed her access. Mine did not. The security types verified my permission to be there, then verified it again. Finally, one pulled Desiree and questioned her. With great reluctance, the guards let me into the room. Their caution made sense. This was the Havenstone Corporate HQ armory.

This was not a few guns in a case with handful of wall sconces. Nope, this was an ATF gun-gasm, White Supremacist Nirvana, and a Gangster's Paradise all rolled into one. Desiree went to one table, lifted and examined one 9mm Walther PPQ, loaded the clip and gave it to me.

"It has no safety, so be careful," she notified me. She tossed the shoulder holster and two spare magazines my way.

As she readied her own weapon set, I put on my shoulder holster and secured my weapon. (w)wW.©ôveIWoRM.Com

"This is nuts, Desiree," I stated. "I'm not ex-military. I'm not a security officer, bodyguard, or assassin either."

"Don't get hysterical," Desiree snorted. "This is a simple assignment. We are going to pick up some school children and take them to their exclusive academy."

"Besides, on your resume, you claimed to have a passing familiarity with a number of firearms," she grunted.

"What do I do if we are stopped by the cops?" I inquired.

"Go to jail."

With that sterling pep-talk, we exited the bunker with a variety of weapons - mostly Desiree's because she was clearly anticipating the end of the world. She stored the weapons in our new, armored car while I stood close by acting like a weapons dispenser. According to established routine, I was given no specific instructions until we arrived on site where I was then supposed to instantly absorb the knowledge.