

Chapter 790

"He did nothing more than his job," Desiree's defense of me came out of nowhere. "He engaged himself in the welfare of your daughter. I was there the entire time."

"Come this way," the older woman beckoned. Desiree, the woman from the door and me followed her up two flights of stairs to Aya's room.*ww(w).N©Vē/wOrM.cOm*

Loraine and Europa had stepped out of their rooms and were observing us.

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"There," the woman - Mom - pointed me into the room.

"Cáel," Aya squealed. "You came." She was sitting in bed with her arms outstretched. I crossed the distance, sat down and hugged her.

"Now what seems to be the problem?" I tapped her nose.

"I...I - ah - wanted you to tuck me in," she mumbled.

"As your Daddy, or as Cáel?" I questioned.

"As my Daddy," she murmured.*WwŴ.nôVE①Ŵórm.com*

"I am not your Daddy, Aya," I explained. "I am your friend, and your guardian upon occasion, but I am not worthy of being your Father. You are a very special girl and I am the son of a working stiff from Chicago. With your Mom's and Katrina's permission, I would gladly help you convince the World that I am your Daddy. We must remember that this is not real, okay?"

"Why can't you be my real Daddy?" Aya asked. 'Because your Mommy would bite my dick off' didn't seem the politically correct thing to say.

"Life can be very harsh, Aya. We all face different challenges. Since life has not provided you with a Daddy, you must find a way to get by without one," I said. "Now let me tuck you in."

We hugged, I tucked her in, kissed her on her forehead then waited around a few seconds while she held my adult hand in her tiny mitt. As I left, the Mother cut off the light and shut the door.

"Good night, Cáel," Europa and Loraine called out. I waved, but kept my peace. Downstairs, it was a bit less pleasant.

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"I will report this egregious breach of conduct to Katrina. You are dismissed," she waved her hand.

"Really?" I perked up.

"Cáel, don't," Desiree cautioned me.

"Oh, come on," I pleaded. "Desiree, what is the penalty for tucking a little girl into bed? Wait - wait, are they going to get me for NOT embarrassing a child in public? Is it because I accepted a female's gender-appropriate pet name?"

"Shut up," Desiree demanded sedately.

"Yes ma'am - Desiree," I sighed.

"The charges will be murdering our patience, insolence, irreverence and not being able to follow simple commands - like 'Cáel don't'," she explained. I could swear she was mocking our hostess except that wasn't like Desiree. She had no sense of humor.

"Do you think this is funny, Half-blood?" Mom mocked.

"No. He is a jester and I'm superior to him because, unlike you, Pure-blood, I can tell the difference between his juvenile antics and him being a viable threat," Desiree reposed. "Funny is Cáel throwing his body on top of your eldest daughter, sacrificing himself to save her life only to be treated by you as a common household pest."

"It was a test," Mom said.

"He didn't know that," Desiree countered, "or are you claiming he fooled me and the entire security detail?" Insulting Desiree was okay in Mom's book. Insinuating those stone-cold bitches who scared the crap out of me this morning were incompetent wasn't.

"I repeat, you are dismissed," Mom seethed. This time we took our leave. Desiree remained lost in her own thoughts as she drove me home.

"Thank you," I said when we were close.

"For what?" she murmured.

"No specific cause. I reason that if I say 'thank you' a few thousand times, one day you'll say it to me," I looked at her through the corner of my eye.

"Hold your breath," Desiree commanded. "Hold your breath until I repeat the words 'thank you'."

There was really no way around that. I practiced breath-control techniques I had learned from swimming and diving, making the most of what air I had. Desiree was heartless. I broke the two minute mark, which wasn't bad given my lack of preparation. I leaned forward, panting for breath and looking down.

"You might want to appreciate that you are not perfect, can't do everything and should reacquaint yourself with your limitations," Desiree commented.

"Thank you, Desiree," I gasped. That was some of the best advice I'd received on the job to date.

"You are welcome, Cáel," she said serenely. In her culturally limited way, Desiree had allowed me a tiny space in her world - Immature Student Lackey. "Be at work thirty minutes early." With that, I exited to my apartment and belatedly got to my workout. Timothy was out on a date so I had to bolt out of the shower to get whomever was at the door when the doorbell rang.

"I must redeem my prestige by breaking your spirit, Cáel Nyilas," Rhada snarled then leapt to the attack. I was standing there, dripping wet, with my hand clenching the towel tightly around my waist. Mortal Combat - the pornographic edition. Rhada was feisty yet I had the feeling she was more into our fight as a contact sport than a real effort to subdue me.

I wasn't aware that there was an oral appliance that allowed you to give a blowjob without having the recipient bite your dick off. Timothy had one in his toy box. Rhada and I tried it out, but I got the feeling she didn't get much from the experience. I felt like I was at a glory hole. After that, things got better.

I clued in that Rhada's key focus of arousal was being forced to pleasure me. Under threat of something horrible (mostly in her imagination), hands bound behind her back, she'd fuck me in every imaginable way and she was even becoming passible at fellatio. Binding her legs was actually counterproductive. If I wanted to pin her legs, she liked it if I wrestled with her.