

Chapter 792

(Thursday)

I slipped out of bed, preparing for the trip to the shower when I stepped out and saw Timothy and this black guy I didn't know doing a soft porn version of me and Rhada. Timothy was sleepily amused. His date was anything but.

"I thought you weren't seeing anyone?" he said in a thick Caribbean accent.

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"That's my roommate," Timothy snorted. "My straight roommate." What can I say, I'm really good looking.

"I am, Dude," I promised. "I have a girl in my bed and everything. Hell, I didn't even know what the Village Voice was until last night."

Timothy laughed. His date was still pissed. Timothy gave his date a final kiss the guy barely accepted. I made for the shower. When I came out, Timothy was in his bathrobe sitting on the sofa.

"Whoops," I shrugged. This was the first date I'd seen him on since moving in.

"Better to know they are the jealous kind before I invest too much time," Timothy sighed. "He is beautiful and great in bed. He's also in total denial and now jealous. I won't be returning his calls." I sat down on the sofa next to Timothy and gave him a man-bump.

"Sorry, Bro. Better luck next time," I consoled him.

"How many ladies was it last night?" Timothy muttered. He knew I was 'ambitious'.

"Five - wait, what is the age of consent in this state again?" I grinned.

"Ah, fuck," Timothy shook his head. "If the cops coming busting down the door..."

"Funny you would say that," I chuckled. "Another one is a cop."

"Bro, you have a death wish. Cops do background checks and carry guns," he laughed.WWw.πóvEl©ōrm.c©o©

"Her mom is a cop too," I informed him. He shook his head some more.

"Death wish," he mumbled then headed for the shower. Comparatively, the ride to work was bland and unevenful. I was clever enough to change before setting foot in the Executive Services section.

I arrived with two minutes to spare and I was still the last person to arrive. Katrina was at her desk, Desiree was on the sofa and the security team leader from yesterday and one of her aides were sitting in the chairs in front of Katrina.

"Come stand beside me," Katrina said. I walked over with the added benefit that no one gave any notice of my movements.

"Cáel, how did you feel about the exercise yesterday morning?" Katrina began.

"First off, I don't know these ladies' names," I said. Katrina looked at them. Clearly the two were one step above resenting every breath I took.

"Elsa," the leader stated.

"Constanza," her aide replied. I bowed my head to Elsa.

"Elsa, I apologize for my rash words to you, my attitude and any disgrace I put upon either Katrina and/or Desiree," I pled. "I have no excuse." That seemed to have screwed the two new ladies up. Desiree snorted. Katrina had no reaction. I could hear Elsa grind her teeth.«w©.πóvrel©ORm.c(o)M

"Come between me and a charge again and I will kill you," Elsa glared.

"Come after a charge of mine I'll make you earn it," I snapped back.

"Only Katrina is keeping you alive at this moment," Elsa stood up as did Constanza.

"Really?" I sneered. "Katrina, please fire me. I need to take out the trash."

"Cáel kneel," Katrina ordered so I knelt.

"This was a waste of time," Elsa grumbled.

"Elsa, you scored Cáel at a 92%," Katrina offered.

"92 out a 1000," I muttered.

"No, you idiot," Desiree sighed. "It was stated as a percentage. Try and act your age." Katrina coughed in surprised amusement. I thought Desiree being so verbose this early in the morning was the cause.

"What did he get wrong?" Katrina mused. "It is in your report. I want you to tell him."

"He ignored his initial instinct to retire to the dwelling, he failed to issue orders to his charges, he missed his partner going down, and he reloaded before his clip was empty," she detailed.

"How many current members of the security detail have scored higher on their initial trial?" Katrina persisted. There was a long pause.

"One - me," Elsa answered. I was impressed - with myself. I had the inbred instincts to get myself killed for people who hated me. I snickered.

"You find something amusing?" Katrina looked at me.

"In retrospect, I should have realized it was a test. Come on, I don't have a gun license, no serious firearms training and the vast majority of Havenstone personnel hate my guts," I explained my humor. "There was no realistic way I would be assigned to guard kids."

"I'm so used to being treated like shit here, I missed the obvious," I concluded. Another pause.

"Why did you break cover to tackle Loraine? You abandoned Aya and Europa," Elsa asked.

"I wasn't really thinking about it," I answered. "I saw her in the open, in danger, and I had the other two crouched down next to the car. I leapt. Sorry, it was nothing more complicated than that."

"What did you think when you saw Desiree lying on the ground?" Elsa prodded.

"Crap - ah," I tried to recall. "Nothing really. I noticed the one woman to the North still standing. I wanted to kill her then roll over and shoot the two to the South."

"They would have killed you," Constanza informed me.

"As opposed to what? I mistakenly thought I had bullets," I shrugged. "While I had any chance I had to keep fighting."

"You could have surrendered?" Elsa studied me.

"You wouldn't have. Why should I?" I responded.

"You are not me in so many relevant ways," Elsa stated. Desiree gave an infinitesimal groan.

"Don't worry about it," I nodded. "Despite your failings, I'm still willing to accept you as an equal."

"That is a deadly insult," Elsa seethed.

"Oh, look," I came back with a predatory grin, "you're angry. Kind of the way I am having done a bang up job only to have you belittle my performance despite having no training, or warning. Believing you are better than me because you have tits makes as much sense as me thinking that having a dick makes you the weaker sex. Its bigotry and stupid. Worse, it is a tactical flaw."

"Tell me," Katrina rose up majestically, "that his last three sentences make no sense. Please, lie to me and say the man is wrong." Elsa didn't respond. "I asked you to test his instincts and you gave him the second hardest test we have and that's only because I vetoed the hardest. If you honestly think he cannot help us, make that pledge now." Another pause.

"He hit everything he aimed at," Elsa suddenly volunteered. "It was all close range. He didn't panic and he never left mission. If he had tits, I would have been impressed. I am still opposed to him having a weapon. His attitude is also grating."

"I have to work with him," Desiree complained.

"If I express to Hayden the possibility that those men who pass Security testing be allowed to be trained with weapons, will you support me?" Katrina requested.

"Never!" Elsa exclaimed.

"Thank you for your opinion and honesty, Elsa," Katrina nodded. "I will see you later."

The two security experts left the room.

"Stand," Katrina sighed. I stood. "You gave it your best shot, I know. Do not trouble yourself with doubts, Cáel Nyilas. No attitude you could have taken would have altered her thinking in the slightest."

"Huh?" I mumbled. Katrina looked at me. My grin was infectious. "Sorry, did you say something? I was visually evaluating their potential as they were leaving the room." Translation: I was scoping out their muscular asses as they sauntered out the door. Paula and Daphne walked in.

"Cáel, do not talk about your activity yesterday morning, or of the events this morning with anyone," Katrina ordered. I nodded. I made for my desk but Katrina stopped me. In the same manner, she requested that Desiree stay. Three minutes before seven, the last new hire arrived, Violet.

"Everyone except Desiree, Daphne and Cáel leave the room. I will summon you back in a few minutes," Katrina commanded. Confused and curious, the other new hires left the room. As the door shut, she had Daphne secure the lock while she drew forth a folded piece of paper which she unfolded and handed to me. Wow, I had never thought I'd see my death sentence yet here it was.

"Read it," she demanded. Yes, I was boned.

"These are the words of Katrina, daughter of Sedona, granddaughter of Andromeda of the House of Epona, First Bearer of the Sun Spear through the Halls of Night and Death..." followed by a series of awards, accolades and honors I could barely fathom the importance of.

I read it in the language it was written as this was clearly Katrina's intent. Desiree scooted to the edge of the sofa cushion. Daphne's eyes were wide, exhibiting the spectrum of excitement, fear and amazement. She spoke first.

"You got the 'uh' wrong," Daphne corrected me. "It is 'Andromadu' in our tongue, not 'Andromeda'."

"Well this makes a few things make a lot more sense," Desiree mumbled.

"Katrina," Daphne gulped. "You didn't teach him, did you?"

"No. It was Dr. Kimberly Geisler of Bolingbrook College who taught him - so they could read erotic poetry to one another," Katrina revealed. "He was never her student - in a classroom."

"Cáel not only speaks four current languages (French, Spanish, and Russian), he also is fluent in ten dead ones," Katrina related. "Dr. Geisler and I had a long chat last night. Once she opened up, she was quite informative and full of praise for our new hire."

Daphne blathered something while looking at me expectantly.

When I didn't respond she became disappointed. Then it hit me.

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"You are translating from the Coptic, aren't you?" I questioned.

"Yes," I had her intense attention once more.

"What you meant to say was 'may the blessed Isis bring understanding with this greeting'," I translated for her into New Kingdom Egyptian.

"Once you get to Coptic you have so much Macedonian/Ptolemaic influence it is far beyond New Kingdom Egyptian," I added.

"Oh...that makes sense," Daphne nodded. "I - uh - thank you."

"Well, if I live I can give you lessons," I smirked.

"About that," Desiree stood up. "Why is he still alive?" What Katrina said surprised me.

"I've waited twelve years to see you smile, Desiree," she gave her underling a look full of wisdom and compassion.

"Sympathy is nice," Desiree countered. "We must be hard to survive."