

Chapter 795

"He is as stupid as he looks," Desiree volunteered. By the surprised looks of Europa and Loraine, this was as frivolous as they'd ever seen Desiree act.

"That's not true," Aya protested. "Cáel is wonderful and he's going to make Momma very happy and be our Daddy."

"Yay," I said with muted enthusiasm. "I can envision our first date now."

"Would you mate with my mother?" Europa teased.

"That's not what I'm envisioning. I'm thinking about what my heart looks like, torn from my chest and held up to my dying gaze."

"No," Aya moped.

"We are joking, Aya," Europa hugged her sister. "We'd never let Momma take a knife with her on a date with Cáel."

"Yes, because fingernails hurt more," I scoffed. Europa hit me playfully.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" Loraine inquired.

"Yes. I met her on a job with Desiree - sort of - and we went out, ate a light dinner and walked and talked for over an hour afterwards. She's real nice," I related.

"Did you have sex?" Loraine was a bit distressed.

"Nope. I save the sex for all my other women in my life. No one at Havenstone," I somewhat lied. "I'd like to build a substantial rapport with this woman. Hopefully I won't screw it up, like I do every other relationship."

"Are you joking?" Europa prodded.

"No, not in the least. I like women. Women appear to like me," I shrugged.

"How long does it take you to romance a woman?" Loraine questioned.

"Quickest - three minutes," I answered. In fact, we were heading for that wonderful woman right now.

"How many women at Havenstone?" Loraine was becoming disillusioned.

"None. Oh God, I am not going to mix work with pleasure," I swore.

"80 days, Bitch," Desiree promised.

"80 days?" Europe inquired.

"In 80 days I cease being an intern, so it will no longer be against the rules for a woman at Havenstone to have a sexual relationship with me," I gulped.

"What are you going to do then?" Loraine asked.

"Hang from the ceiling like a Spider Monkey and watch them try to knock me down with sticks," I grinned. Europa snickered at the imagery.

"Honestly Loraine, there can be no 'us' until your eighteenth birthday. You are too young," I explained.

"Are you afraid of our Mother?" Loraine was oddly happier.

"Yes, but fear hasn't stopped me before," I assured her. "I am devoid of reason when presented with a pretty face."

"Wait," Loraine smiled. "Why isn't something going on between us right now?"

"Desiree put a block of C-4 in my underwear. If I misbehave, I'll be half the man I used to be," I warned them.

"Desiree, please don't blow his weenie off," Aya requested. Snorts and laughter echoed throughout the car.

"Oh, look," Desiree sighed in relief. "We are here." We'd made it to school again.

"Cáel, would you come with me to class," Aya begged.

"Cáel, for the love of the Goddess, can you try and make it back in a reasonable time frame," Desiree scowled. Europa and Loraine studied me inquisitively.*W@Ŵ.noVε1w@Řm.c0m*

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"Cáel, can you come to my homeroom as well?" Loraine teased.

"Me, too," Europa poked me.

"Give me your homerooms and I'll try to stop by," I pledged. When we got to Aya's homeroom, I could see that Ulyssa Reichmann was exceedingly excited that I'd returned.

"Aya, I need to talk to your Daddy for a few minutes. We'll be back soon," Ulyssa announced then proceeded to drag me back to the conference room. She finished a round of pulse-pounding passionate intercourse with...

"Would you like to go out on a date?" Ulyssa 'suggested'.

"I'd really like that," I responded because, you know, it wasn't like my social calendar wasn't confusing enough already. "Let's exchange digits and give me a call when you get off work today. Lunch times suck for me. Oh, I should warn you, in my first week here, they've given me the true meaning of working 24/7. I've been called in at 3 a.m. and worked until 10:30 at night - be warned."

"I'm good at all hours," she purred. "My roommate and I stay up late all the time." Please be a guy, please be a guy.

"Is he a nice guy?" I prayed.

"No, Silly," she kissed me. "My roommate is my older sister." Please be a crone, please be a crone. "Here is a picture of her." Of course...she was a stone-cold fox.

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"What's her fiancé like?" I sobbed internally.

"She just got over a messy break up. She's been very depressed," Ulyssa informed me. That's what I needed. It wasn't like a gorgeous roommate in need of comfort had every ruined things for me before...except those other five times when things exploded all over the place. "If you have one, maybe your roommate can double date with us."

"His name is Timothy," I forced a grin. Asking Timothy to double date with me so I wouldn't end up banging my date's roommate/sister was way out of bounds. I'd ask, proving I really was a sorry human being, but I was feeling bad about it. That had to count for something. We walked closely, side by side, back to her room. I played with Aya.

One bully hadn't gotten the message yesterday and called Aya a freak in my presence. I asked him why he thought he could get away with it. He said his dad was a hotshot lawyer. With a toothy glimmer, I told him that would look nice on his father's tombstone. After all, I didn't hurt kids. I hurt adults; grown-ups like Mom and Dad - the hotshot lawyer.

Aya polished that off by insisting that I wasn't a spy. Absolutely, positively not. What did I do for a living? Aya couldn't talk about it because good people might get killed - good girl. With that settled, I went to Loraine's homeroom. Holy Cow! She had the whole 'Plush Mature Teacher' thing going on, including the spectacles on a chain and hair in a bun. *W@Ŵ.NoVε1w@Řm.c0m*

Her name was Rachel Simpson, 42 and never married. In the classroom, she was aloof, condescending and chilly. Two minutes later her mouth was moaning 'no, no, no' while her body was responding with 'more, more, more'. Had she not pulled me into the custodial closet, I might have been worried about taking liberties.