

## Chapter 796

I'd have to catch Europa's homeroom tomorrow. As it was.

"Sixty-five minutes...God, you are messed up," Desiree commented as we pulled away.

"What do you tell the security guard when you are just sitting here, waiting?" I asked.

"I tell the guard you are inside fucking your way through the female staff," Desiree stated.

"And they buy it?" I was aghast.

"She's seen you. She believes it. I hate you," Desiree answered.

"I apologize?" I looked sheepish.

"Here is her number on the off-chance you are ever bored," Desiree handed me a torn piece of paper. "You are a totally contemptible pig."

"I think you are a Saint for putting up with me," I smiled.

"By all means, please jump out of the car while we are in motion then run through traffic, preferably in front of buses and dump trucks," Desiree requested.

"Is this your way of suggesting I meet some nice nurses at the closest hospital," I reposed.

"Die." We were non-communicative for a few minutes.

"Desiree, I'm tired," I sighed. "Please stop the car."

"What..." she started to snap then she saw my face. I was ashen. Reality was catching up. Desiree changed lanes and pulled up to the curb. I got out.

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"I'll walk into work," was all I said before shutting the door. Children and sex aside, I was confronting evil and I couldn't ignore that anymore. My working theory was that, after a century of genetic manipulation, the Amazons were dying out. Sterile women, deformed babies, pre-teen girls with fragile psyches and men bred for pliability and lack of aggression.

The science of genetics dated back to 1866. That would mean roughly seven human generations. In turn, that suggested they already had a fatally poisoned male breeding population and their imperfect application of science made it worse, not better. The dilemma became how to introduce a strong male gene strain into the Amazon breeding population.

What this meant for the now useless breeding males was yet another horror to contemplate. My future involved walking the nearly impossible line between the 'masculine' traits they were looking for without the aggression the Amazon's responded negatively to. I knew I was too aggressive and my survival was mainly through the efforts of Katrina.

I had made progress with a few women and they'd come to accept - no, tolerate - my irreverence. I was still wrestling with that whole mess when I walked into the atrium of Havenstone. I flashed my ID. They security personnel told me to wait, then took me to a side room and relieved me of my badge and phone.

Two security detail ladies replaced the two security guard types then Constanza showed up.

"Come with us," she ordered.

"No," I replied. "I work for Desiree right now." They didn't say something nice like 'do this or else'. No, they went straight for the stun guns.

My perception was overloaded with pain and I believed I was screaming, but wasn't sure. Before I knew it, I had been rolled over onto my stomach and my hands cuffed behind my back.

"What have I...?" I got out before they stunned me again.

"Shut up," Constanza snapped.

"Bitch!" I snarled. They stunned me again. I could no longer stand without assistance. The second I could form words, "Whores!" came tumbling out. They stunned me again. The points they gained for cruelty they lost to their lack of forward thinking. I really tried to not repeat my insults, but honestly, my mind was too numb by the end for me to be sure.

They slammed me into a chair in front of Elsa's desk. Opening my eyes hurt. My tongue was so bloody and swollen, talking was no longer an option. The echoes of my own screams of pain muffled what Elsa was saying. They jolted me and I spasmed right out of the chair. They picked me up and Elsa - or somebody - said something.

About the time I could make sense of the world again, Elsa clued in to what I had been doing.

"How many times did you stun him?" she barked.

"He kept insulting us," Constanza answered. "We made him shut his filthy mouth."

"Did it occur to you he was doing that on purpose?" Elsa seethed.

I giggled. Actually, I made some indescribable noise as I'd bitten my tongue and cheeks repeatedly and the amount of blood in my mouth was getting troublesome. Elsa pushed her chair back and came around her desk. I surprised them all by hurling my body into her. My knees buckled and I fell down before I even left the chair. Someone caught me before I hit the ground.

Elsa's face took over my view. She grabbed my jaw in her right hand and steadied my head.

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"You did that on purpose," she stated. "It won't do you any good. No one knows you are here and you aren't leaving until I have what I want to know." I mumbled something. "What?"

"Never surrender," I worked out, blood drooling passed my lips.

"Fine. Cáel, do you believe I am an honest woman?" Elsa inquired. I had to think about that.

"Ugh - yeah," I mumbled.

"Good. I'm going to give you a chance because you did behave courageously yesterday," she congratulated me. "Tell me what I want to know, or things will become very painful for you."

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"O-okay," I grunted.

"What did you and Katrina discuss over dinner last night?" Elsa asked. I had to think. My next words were crucial.

"I - ah - do you prefer silk sheets, or cotton?" I whispered.

"I understand," Elsa patted my cheek. She went back to her desk, pulled a dull silver box out then extracted a loaded syringe. "This is going to hurt a lot." I didn't struggle. What was the point?

"Man, the penalty for sexual harassment in this corporation is harsher than I thought," I gasped.

They expedited matters by having Constanza brandish her knife and cut my left coat and shirt sleeves off. Those were brand new too. She expertly tapped for the vein, the needle went in and this cool sensation worked its way up my arm. The promised pain didn't come, so I decided to play against the play. You steeled yourself against pain. It was the rational reaction.

I began humming, keeping my breathing level and relaxed. I chose Bruno Mars' Grenade as my first musical selection. Something about loving a woman destroying a man appealed to this situation. Had I possessed my facilities, I would have realized I had lost them. Elsa kept asking me questions.

I confessed she had sexy eyes - she really did, she had one of top ten asses I'd seen all week and I was dying to see her in her underwear. I had no clue why this drug wasn't working on me. It was a little weird when Elsa transformed into Katrina. She asked me how I was. I asked her if she'd let me breastfeed if we got married. That was my last memory for a while.

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I rolled, saw a carpeted floor coming at me and threw out my arms and legs in time not to face-plant. Then I vomited. Here was the pain that Elsa had promised. My gastro-intestinal tract was on fire, the pressure in my head was about explode and if I had a nerve ending that wasn't in agony, it wasn't for a lack of trying.

I managed to roll over farther so I didn't fall into my own vomit. The desert Sun blazing down on me made me cry. My eyelids refused to close...no, they were closed. My eyes were simply that sensitive.

"See," Elsa said, "he's alive."

"Thank you for that crisp and unsolicited professional medical opinion," Katrina purred. "When I wish you to leave this room, I will let you know." I wished they would stop screaming. The urge to vomit overcame me. All I got for my troubles was a series of violent dry-heaves. "Don't, Tessa," Katrina spoke, "his trachea and esophagus are inflamed. He might choke on the water."

This time I was able to push up so that I was on my haunches. I didn't feel any better, but I was struggling to project more pride than I could from lying on the floor. There was no conception of time passing. All I knew was that I could make out six people in the room when I motioned for the water. Sure enough, it was Tessa Carmichael giving me a glass.

"Small sips," Katrina advised me. I did as suggested. My physical abilities were starting to revert to normal.