

Chapter 797

"Ah, Katrina," I mumbled, "did we have a...'if we were married' moment?" Before she could respond, "Wait, have I missed picking up the kids?" I blurted out.

"I'm still here, Dummy," Desiree sneered.

"Thank goodness," I rasped. "I'm seeing double and I was terrified there were three of you."

"He's fine," Desiree addressed the room, "and you tried to get Katrina to breast-feed you, too."

"Ugh...that's unfortunate," I looked down. "Do I still have a job? If so, can I go home and change. I seem to have torn my coat...and my shirt."

"No rest for you yet, C  el," Katrina stated. "Now, Elsa, please hand me your firearm." My vision was finally doing me some good and that wasn't good. Katrina had an automatic pistol aimed at Elsa's head. Desiree had a pistol in her right hand and was standing by the door. Tessa was by Katrina's desk, her poise indicating displeasure.*w  n  re  (w)zRM.c  m*

Elsa deftly drew her pistol, turned it barrel first and handed it to Katrina. She immediately backed toward me, keeping her pistol leveled at Elsa.

"C  el, are your hands and eyesight steady?" she inquired. I held out my hands. They were sore, yet level.

"Yes, Katrina," I answered. She handed me Elsa's pistol.

"Kill her - kill Elsa," Katrina directed. Elsa's eyes widened, but she held firm. Constanza was less controlled.

"You can't do this," Constanza gasped. "He's a male."

"Are you volunteering to take Elsa's place?" Katrina offered. Constanza's mouth gaped then shut.

"C  el?" Katrina prodded me.

"Do we even need to go over why this is wrong?" I groaned. My head hurt. "She didn't try to kill me, Katrina. All she wanted to know was something that was none of her business."

"Okay, so she and her thugs stunned me to Hell and back and I really want to jack-slap her, but I'm not going to shoot her. She was just doing her job - a bit misguided perhaps. Had she wanted me dead, I'd be dead. If she was going against you, Katrina, she would have taken me off site," I reasoned.

"Besides, unlike those two, I don't attack defenseless people," I remarked. "I'm in Executive Services. I'll leave the sleazy stuff to your pathetic skanks in Security. They seem to get off on that kind of thing." I struggled to my feet, swayed a bit then staggered over to Elsa. "Here you go, Bitch. Knock yourself out. I've got work to do." I handed her the gun, grip first.

Elsa took it, stood up and pressed the barrel to my chest.

"I should kill you for your words alone," Elsa glared. I smiled.

"Go ahead. You may want to note that while I screened Katrina, I left Desiree a clear shot. Go ahead and commit suicide. I'm sure you, me and Constanza will fill a grave nicely," I smirked.

I looked over to Constanza. "You don't think Katrina can let you live if Desiree kills Elsa over a male-problem, do you?"

"They won't shoot," Elsa declared. "You don't understand Havenstone."

"You need to work on your people skills. I know three things of relevance," I grinned.

"You think less of Desiree for reasons that have nothing to do with her bravery, or competence. You want to kill me yet you'd die for Katrina - which is another reason I didn't shoot you. Finally, I've never lied to you. You are one of the most attractive women I've met here and your ass really is a wondrous work of art - my hand to God," I swore.

If Elsa had truly liked me, she'd have shot my balls off. As it was, it was the same old refrain - almost. Elsa, whipped the gun down, grabbed the back of my head and initiated a French kiss that would have brought Charlemagne back from the dead. On the plus side, I got to fondle her firm, muscularly perfect ass and bring forth several wanton moans from deep within her core.

"C  el! To my side," Desiree snapped. I had to untangle myself from Elsa and man oh man, did she have strong hands. I quick-stepped it to Desiree's side. "You're hopeless," she muttered. "Katrina, I have to get him some fresh clothes."

"Back to the queue, you two," Katrina dismissed us. Elsa and Constanza watched me leave - my damn ass again.

"You are worthless," Desiree grumbled as we got onto the elevator.

"Wait - she kissed me. Why is this my fault?" I complained.

"You suddenly forgot how to dodge?" Desiree countered.

"She had a gun on me," I reposed.

"Fine. You are hopeless and a gutless wonder," Desiree piled it on.

"You are not jealous, are you?" I teased.

"Don't make me shoot you," she glared. "I have a gun this time, too."

"Thank goodness," I sighed. "Otherwise I might have told you how I truly felt then kissed you and that would have cost me my job."

"Shut up, or do you want to ride the elevator the rest of the day?" Desiree threatened. I wisely kept my yap zipped. When we got to my apartment, Desiree followed me up for the first time. I was getting in the 'girlfriend has a gun' way, which was stupid because I was already trying to date a cop and then there was the whole Buffy factor.

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Her appearance had an unforeseen utility; my new bed and suspension rig had arrived, all courtesy of Havenstone written off as business expenses. It seems Helena and Buffy might not need to get me a new bed after all. That was still 80 days away and I knew how much damage I could do to a bedroom set in only one semester. True, a girl set that mattress on fire, but at least she waited for me to jump off first.

Without comment, Desiree helped me move my old bed out to the hallway, set up and put the sheets on the new bed and finally moved the boxes with the bondage aids onto my bed. I dressed while she watched - old hat - and we finished the hour by taking my old mattress to the curb. Yes, I lived in one of those neighborhoods.

We made the academy with enough awkward time to spare. It was also enough time for that nice school security officer to come by and chat with me. She was Brazilian, divorced with a three year old son. She tried being sultry. I talked about age appropriate boy toys, parks with good playgrounds and asked where the most authentic Brazilian eateries were located.

Seriously, a web search for children's toys takes five minutes. All women want to be seen as desirable in some manner. Mothers want to know you don't find their children to be a turn off. Immigrants want to know you are curious about their cultures. They may love America, but they are also a bit homesick.

Indulging a woman's interests is never wrong - unless you are a sexual deviant like me; then it is plain moronic and self-destructive. She had to hurry off to perform her duties. I leaned against the car while Desiree stared at me.

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"Yes?" I sighed.

"She's a former state criminal investigator back home," Desiree informed me. "She caught her now ex-husband cheating on her and nearly killed both of them. She was acquitted because he shot her first."

"She kicked both their asses AFTER she was shot?" I gulped.

"In the left shoulder," Desiree regarded me impassively.

"And you couldn't have brought this up BEFORE I talked with her?" I groaned.

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