

## Chapter 798

"Oh, you think that was mean; wait until I tell Buffy that you kissed and felt up Elsa," she continued.

"I don't have to kill you. You'll get any number of women to do it for me."

"Hey, Elsa wasn't my fault," I griped.

"Who do you think Buffy will believe, me - whom she's known for years, or you - who apparently jumps on anyone who isn't her?" Desiree pointed out.

"I can't believe you are passing up the chance to push me off the Empire State Building," I sighed.

"Missing an opportunity to make my life unpleasant is so unlike you."

"That's not so," Desiree sounded oddly sympathetic. "I get my enjoyment from watching you destroy yourself without me lifting a finger."

"I knew it," I crowed triumphantly. Desiree appeared annoyed. "You like to watch me."

"I really should shoot you," Desiree lowered her head.

"I'll put on a set of deer antlers if that'll put you in the mood," I offered. She put her hand on the grip of her holstered pistol and glared.

"Daddy," Aya cried out. Ah, and Ulyssa was with her. If Rachel stepped out, I was a goner. Sometimes I get what I deserve. Most of the time, though, I get away with murder.

Aya mugged me and wouldn't let go until I picked her up and put her on my hip. Her endearing joy helped me deal with her constricting my airways.

"I see you are making Aya a very happy girl," Ulyssa purred.

"Devotion to education is a passionate endeavor," I nodded.

With the 'devotion' she showed her forefinger with her lips, I was left praying for a solar eclipse and some bushes to jump behind for a little personal tutoring. Europa's nudge reminded me I had a job I was supposed to be doing. I got the girls settled and winked to Ulyssa before taking my seat as well.

We made it four blocks.

"You are having sex with Ms. Reichmann, aren't you?" Aya peeped. Oh, shit.

"Wait, I heard you had sex with Ms. Simpson this morning?" Loraine gasped. Oh, shit.  
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"I saw him chatting up that dark-skinned security guard," Europa teased. Oh, shit - why do I bother?  
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"Does that mean you can have sex with Mommy now?" Aya exclaimed happily. I openly wept. I was expecting for the older two to pile it on - instead.

"Is that a burn mark on the back of your neck?" Loraine touched the area. "Are you having kinky sex?" I wept some more.

"No," Desiree rescued me. "He had a run-in with Elsa this morning after we dropped you off."

"Elsa? What did she want to talk to you about?" Europa asked. Loraine was still rubbing my neck.

"Not so much talk as torture and drug me in an effort to - OW!" I gasped as Desiree punched me in the ribs.

"That was totally unnecessary," I grumbled. "The kids need to be warned...Elsa wants to know how the Wicked Witch stuffed Hansel and Gretel into that oven. I suspect some sinister plot behind her villainous intentions."

"Can we ever believe what you say?" Europa snickered.  
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"Trust me," I grinned. "Truthfulness when dating women is counter-productive."  
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"Don't listen to him girls," Desiree told them. "He's a pig."

"I have more experience successfully dating women than you have," I provoked Desiree.

"I will shoot you," Desiree threatened.

"Desiree," Loraine gasped, "did you just crack a joke?"

"I wasn't joking," Desiree insisted.

"Cáel, have you ever been shot before?" Europa asked.

"Do you mean 'shot at', or 'shot at and hit'?" I requested.

"You've been shot - hit with a bullet...or arrow?" Aya gulped.

"I have been shot at with a shotgun, but she missed. It was only rock salt anyway," I informed them.

"I've been stabbed an unhealthy amount. Slapping is a regular occurrence, as are nut-shots and, as obviously exhibited here, being punched."

"Don't die," Aya pleaded. "Marry Mommy and she'll keep you safe." Damn, that child was persistent. I reached back and tweaked her nose.

"Your Mom and I are going to wait a while before we make any commitments, Aya, and you are going to let your Mom tuck you in tonight," I told her.

"But I don't want to," Aya frowned. Maybe I had lost my mind and not realized it. Maybe some of that residual electric current Constanza had gifted me with had one last jolt in it.

"How about this; I'll set up a sleeping area at my place and the three of you can come by occasionally and have a sleep over. I'm sure my gay roommate will love it," I uttered.

"I'd like that," Loraine perked up. "Could I sleep in your bed?"

"Sure, as long as I'm sleeping somewhere else," I groaned.

"You are not even making it a challenge," Desiree muttered. My vanishing life expectancy?

"I'd like to sleep with you," Aya smiled.

"I think we'd all like to sleep with you, Cáel," Europa mocked me.

"He's received a brand new bed today. How appropriate," Desiree added to the mockery.

"I can't wait to tell Mommy," Aya giggled. "She'll be so happy." How did she come up with that delusion? "When can we come over? Tomorrow? Saturday?"

"Oh, I wish I could but...Desiree has me doing errands all weekend long," I lied.

"That's okay," Desiree mused. "You are free Saturday night. You get to go in with Aya and ask her Mom's permission. Good luck, Stud." I felt that, with my imminent death approaching, I was somehow letting Katrína down.

To add to the bizarre, I knew that Katrina was a big wheel in a cult of diabolical murderers - and I still felt bad for her and her misplaced faith in me. We pulled up in front of the children's home and Desiree let me escort them in - alone. Mom was right there waiting for us. Oh joy.