

Chapter 802

(Friday)

"I have today off," Odette murmured to me as I cut off the alarm. That had to have been the issue she'd been holding back on last night.

"I have to work - being the first week of my three month internship and all," I sighed.

"Are you sure I can't convince you to be late?" she gave me a sultry look.

She compounded that offer by stretching out, her knees in place so that her butt rose and wiggled suggestively. Last night I had introduced Odette to a form of doggy-style that didn't involve the man trying to drive her skull through the headboard. We had a long, dual-participant, sensual melding of bodies, control passing back and forth until the need for sleep became something she despised even as it took her.

"Not fair," I groaned into my pillow. When I looked out, she was still giving me that sexually hungry look and wiggling that ass. Why do I even pretend that I can have a normal sex life? I found myself arriving late and changing in the elevator on the way to the Executive Services floor. The two women with me were a viewing gallery I could have done without.

Since I put everything on display - remember; no underwear - one of my two fellow travelers felt permitted to rub her hands along my abs while I was pulling my pants on.

"Goddess, he's hard," she moaned to her companion. "Come, have a feel." I didn't protest. Technically, stripping naked in a public place could get me fired.

"His back is very nicely defined," the other side as she ran her hands over my back and shoulders. "What is it that you do?"

"I'm with Executive Services," I replied. "Right now I'm suborned to Product Testing. I teach monkeys to ride unicycles." Their confused looks humored me.

"Actually, I'm with ES and I'm a gopher - I pick up stuff," I grinned.

"Oh...you are that guy from the elevator - the kneeling man," the first woman exclaimed. "They said you were funny. Goddess, our man sure is hot, but he is so dull."

"Let me guess; you are with the Financial Investigations Unit?" I said. Trent.

"Yes," she smiled. Orgy time. "He's just as good looking, but you are so much more fun. My sister can't wait for you to become available."

"Sister?" I prodded *wWw.nOVeLWorm.com*

"Daphne Pale," she smiled suggestively yet again. My face lit up.

"Daphne?" I caught the lady off-guard by hugging her. "I think Daphne is great," I stepped back. "She's really nice to me. She's smart, gives good advice and treats me like I'm something more than a walking, breathing annoyance. What's your name?"

"Brielle," she informed me.

"Beautiful name," I remarked, as I went back to dressing.

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"Do they let you see other women - besides those of ES?" the second woman questioned.

"I don't see any Havenstone women for 79 more days," I stated. "Corporate policy. After that, all requests for hunting licenses are submitted to Desiree; non-lethal weaponry only until I develop more refined survival skills."

Blink. Blink.

"You are joking, right?" Woman Two muttered.

"Nope. Katrina feels it will be a great third quarter kick-off. Let some women get out of the office for a weekend. Besides, I get to hunt those hunting me. I think it will be fun, don't you?" I hummed along.

"Desiree?" the second woman asked for clarification as she pulled out her phone. I nodded. The doors opened - my floor - so I stepped out and hustled to Katrina's office with only seconds to spare. The meeting was normal, right up until Dora adjusted my tie as we were exiting the office.

"Where did you dress? A closet with the lights out?" she teased.

"In the elevator on the way up," I confessed. "Daphne, I met your sister - Brielle," in case she had more than one. "She felt up my stomach and I made her laugh," I added.

"You let her touch you?" Tigger inquired.

"Cáel, did you come to work dressed like you normally do?" Daphne teased.

"Yep," sighed.

"So you were naked in the elevator," Violet snickered.

"Yep," I confirmed.

"You should be relocated for that," Fabiola sneered.

"Damn Fabiola, why do you...what would he be relocated for? Getting dressed?" Paula groaned.

"He was naked in front of an employee," Fabiola explained.

"Two actually," I clarified. "They both did touch my naked flesh. It was a bonding experience."

"Did you do any actual 'bonding'?" Dora winked.

"I hugged Brielle, but that was only because she was Daphne's sister and I'm not allowed to hug Daphne at this time," I answered.

"You can hug me - in a purely platonic way," Daphne murmured.

We were at Buffy's desk - I was working with her today.

"Okay," I nodded. I took a single stride to Daphne. She closed with me and I put my arms around her waist. Daphne put her hands on my shoulders. Our heads got closer and closer. I let my hands roam higher up her back and through her long locks.

Nose touched nose, I ran my hands through her hair until I tickled the back of her ears. Daphne's lips parted and her tongue played along the edges. I let my breath play along her cheeks as I worked to her left ear. I felt a sharp pain in my right buttocks.

"Ow!" I squalled - after I pulled away from Daphne's ear.

I tried to fully spin around, but Daphne wasn't letting go. I caught sight of a furious Buffy, small knife in hand, burning holes in me with her eyes.

"You stabbed me," I protested. Daphne had thought I was playing a cruel game with her. Now that the truth had come out, she's was pissed - with Buffy.

"Time you got to work, Intern," Buffy snapped.

"Did you have to stab him?" Daphne complained.

"Intern, don't you have some place you should be?" Buffy snarled at Daphne.*W@w.nov©lworm.(c)online*

"Take care," Daphne tenderly stroked my cheek. It didn't take an Aeronautical Engineer to realize I was about to get poked again.

Daphne glared defiance at Buffy even as she retired. Buffy stabbed my left buttock this time. I could have stopped her. What would have been the point? I didn't shout out. I manned up and shed a tear instead.

"Keep him in line, Buffy," Fabiola chortled. "He's been flashing women on the elevator."

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