Chapter 803

"Fabiola, please appreciate the fact that I requested Cáel today. If I had you one more hour, I swore to Katrina they'd find your corpse in a Newark landfill," Buffy sneered. "Now scurry off to where you are assigned to be before my first order for Cáel this morning will be to carry your subdued and gagged body to the trunk of our car. I'll be doing the subduing."

Fabiola repositioned herself and said something in Old Kingdom Hittite. ((a) www.novel((a) r ((a) c) om

"Your blood is the fecal matter of cats and dogs; unworthy of your station at arms."www.NovElworm.com

Fabiola had this smug, superior look ruining her classically beautiful Italian features. Buffy was angry yet hampered by not being able to understand the insult. I scanned

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"Tigger," I called out. She was the closest. She quickly gained visual permission by her trainer for the day and jogged to Buffy's area. "Tigger what does '****' mean?" I relayed Fabiola's insult, in Old Hittite, to Tigger. "Fabiola said it to Buffy and I think it is the same language she used on Tuesday."

"What did she say?" Buffy demanded.

"I cannot tell you, Buffy," Tigger bowed. "I promise I will convey these words to Katrina right now so that she may properly evaluate them." She sprinted off. Fabiola was worried; not so much she apologized, but worried.

Tigger came sprinting back a minute later. We were all supposed to get to work. Katrina would deal with this matter. Fabiola's smirk told me she was completely naïve about the shit-storm she'd unleashed. Off Buffy and I went. It was the child protection detail once more. There was the added bonus of having the security guards at the armory giving Buffy shit over not speaking Hittite morons.

"We need to work on our pig Latin," I suggested to Buffy as we loaded the car.

"Huh?" Buffy's funk subsided somewhat.

"Do you speak any exotic languages, or do we invent one, because I'm sick of this secret language bullshit," I declared.

ended up sighing as I looked out the passenger window. I was my usual boisterous self during the pick-up and drop-off. I deftly evaded my 'teacher time' today so I was able to spend a few minutes with the Brazilian security hottie.

"I'm still furious with you," Buffy finally spoke. I filtered through a variety of insufficient responses and

She didn't have a gym to work out in so I suggested we could meet at Havenstone and she could use their corporate facility with me. It was safe enough. Buffy kept up the silent treatment until lunchtime which left me pretty grim. At 12:15, Nikita gave me a call. She was on her lunch break and was making sure our two dates were still on.

It felt good to hear a friendly voice. I confirmed our engagements and she left me with a smile as she hung up. I noticed Buffy glaring at me again. I looked away.

"Which girlfriend was that?" she commented snidely.

"How is that work-related?" I didn't even look at her.

"I am telling you it is," she snapped back.

"Put my refusal in yet another one of your stunning job performance reviews you are going to give me," I stated calmly. I still wasn't looking at her.

"I will," she grumbled. I didn't respond. There was no point.

As we finished our cue, Buffy pulled me aside.

"What is wrong with you?" Buffy hissed quietly.

"If I've messed up any part of my assigned work, please make it aware of it," I stared back.

"Don't be a smart-ass," she seethed. "It isn't appealing."

"Since you haven't addressed any specific grievances, I'll do my best to randomly determine the source of your displeasure," I said. Had I not spoken in a voice devoid of emotion, it might have been taken as a joke. "You resent being treated like a random employee in the same manner I resent being treated as your property."

"Since you are convinced you have done nothing wrong and that I'm a jerk, I feel this conversation is at an end. Have a good weekend," I kept calm.

"You are a jerk. In 78 more days," she snarled.

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"78 days - nothing. I can sleep with far more important women, Buffy," I let my countenance harden.

"The only reason I would have sex with you would be because I liked you. That would imply that you liked me too. You clearly don't like me, so I think we are done here," I explained.

"I say when we are done," she grabbed my elbow.

"Really?" I laughed in her face, "I'll see what Fabiola, or any of the new girls feel about that." "Do you think they'll feel generous enough to give you the scraps off their table?" I mocked her.

Buffy looked ready to stab me again. "You felt free in stabbing me this morning yet when Fabiola clearly insulted you, you did nothing. You aren't even courageous enough to fight for me, or treat me with dignity. Lacking any virtues, what would attract me to you over any of the others?" "Who says you get to decide anything?" Buffy was breathing heavily now. Her problem was she was

aroused, angry and being buried under the crushing weight of the truth. I wouldn't have total freedom. I knew that. I also knew that I would have some choice and certainly enough to deny a woman with Buffy's low status. The truth of that was in the anguish in Buffy's gaze. Begging wasn't in her creed, especially not to a man. She couldn't apologize to me either. I hated

myself at times. "Buffy, I need to go," I tugged on my elbow. She let go. "Can I talk to you on the elevator ride down

once I'm off the clock and can speak freely?" "Yes," she looked down. I changed in Katrina's bathroom then made my exit with my fellow 'new

hires', minus Fabiola whose absence was noted by all. The group mostly kept the conversation about work with some flavoring being applied in the form of weekend plans. When Buffy and Helena stepped in, I looped my right arm around Buffy and pulled her too me. Buffy jolted in surprise, refraining from attacking me long enough to realize we were back in the

down allowed me to place my other arm around Buffy as well. The kiss I placed on the top of Buffy's head caught everyone off-guard. My right hand came to rest on her left hip. The left crossed her body, pressing on her bosom from

corner we shared yesterday. I was back to the corner and she had her back to me. Putting my valise

"Apology accepted," Buffy turned in my arms so that we were facing. She placed each hand upon my jaw and tilted my head down. "Be more appreciative on Monday, or I won't let you off so easy next time."

beneath. Repeated kisses fell upon her hair until the elevator reached the main floor.

As we parted company, the 'girls' gave me similar looks as I biked away. Things got worse immediately. Sitting on her butt next to my door was Odette - with a tote bag. She pushed up the wall and smiled broadly.

"I figured since we had the weekend free we could hang out," she beamed.