

Chapter 805

I screamed and jump off the sofa. Odette squealed as I suddenly thrust deeper into her and stood up. Timothy was smirking, I was getting ready to scream at him and my phone went off in the bedroom. I gave Timothy a quick, angry flash because Odette needed my attention more. I took her to the bedroom, flopped us on the bed - me on top - and answered the phone while I fucked her.

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"Cáel, Katrina wants you at 1105 Pomwell Avenue, Doebridge, Long Island," Buffy snapped. "What's that sound?"

"Its 8:20 in the freaking morning; what sound do you think it is?" I growled back. "What am I doing in Long Island?"

"Going where you are told." Buffy hung up before I could respond. I was righteously pissed. It was the freaking weekend and I had plans...which included three children, one hot cop and sex with Odette until noon. Now, at least one of those gems was being stolen away from me. Odette and I did finish round nine - I think it was nine - then I showered.

Odette offered to stay, I strongly suggested that she go home because I had no idea how long this chore would take. I was coaxing her out the door when suddenly Odette volunteered to help clean up the place, change the sheets and set up the air mattress...for the date that wasn't her. Timothy looked at me then shot himself with the Nerf gun in a futile display of utter disbelief in the power of my sexual charisma.

It wasn't like I even asked Odette for help. She volunteered. I made my way out the door with my bike. I went to Havenstone. I was checking out a car. There was no way I was paying for a taxi ride out to Long Island. Miracle of miracles, I was given a car without a séance and a full-body cavity search.

I suspected Buffy might have pre-ordered one for me, but anyone at Havenstone giving me a helping hand was so...unlike them. My onboard navigation system took me for a fifty minute drive away from the city and up along Long Island Sound. It turned out Doebridge was the Stepford Wives, sans the husbands.

I could now say I've been racial-profiled (my minority status being male). The first cops (both women) stopped me as I rolled into town. They suggested I might want to take an alternate route. I showed them my ID then said that I was here to investigate a case of poisoning involving Girl Scout cookies. They seemed worried. I then told them I was the food taster for the Queen.

They got pissed so I reminded them they shouldn't have stopped me in the first place. I wasn't speeding, or in a stolen vehicle. They pulled me out and asked to search my car. I told them it wouldn't be a problem but I had two attack midgets in the trunk, so they should be careful. Next thing I knew, I was handcuffed and they were on the phone to a ballistic Buffy.

"What is your problem?" she seethed quietly. She was 'somewhere'.

"I don't know. Maybe I was pulled over for unlawful use of facial hair, or not having a back-up supply of tampons," I groused. "Until Charlie's Angels pulled me out of the car, I swear my cock was behaving itself. For once, it wasn't at fault."

"If you were in front of me now, I'd kill you," Buffy promised.

"You do realize there is a cop standing in my personal space, right?" I brought up.

"It's okay, she's a woman who has talked to you. She'll understand," Buffy snapped. The policewoman's grin confirmed that supposition.

"You are too lucky," Buffy grumbled. "Hayden wants you here, so you escape once more, you cocksucker. Give the phone back to the policewoman." Sure enough, two minutes later I was on the road again. Six minutes after that, I was cuffed and pressed against a brick wall in scenic downtown Doebridge.

I didn't understand it. I swore to Buffy I had been polite. I had complimented both women on how pretty and professional they were. I even suggested we take turns strip-searching one another. I especially wanted to see them do it to each other while I watched. Buffy promised me I'd be a long time dying when I finally showed up. I reminded her she was too passionate.

Four minutes later I was in sight of my target...and pulled over again. This time I behaved well by anyone's standards. Why was I pulled over, I asked? They heard I was cute and wanted to take a look. I was frisked - by the both of them...again. I swear to God, if they had pulled out elbow-length gloves they were going to have to pistol-whip me first. They patted my butt and let me go.

The next hurdle was Havenstone Security itself. They scanned my ID. The second they called their supervisor, I started stripping down.

"What are you doing?" the supervisor asked.

"Lady, I've been searched three times since I entered this crazy town. Since you clearly won't take their word for it that I'm not smuggling anything, I see someone ramming their wrist up my rectum in the near future."

"Oh, that's not..." she got out then another guard pulled on her sleeve and winked. "Go ahead." I stripped, they had me spin around a few times. Then they patted me down and made triple sure my raging hard-on wasn't an artificial attachment packed with high explosives. On the second tour, Buffy called again wanting to know what was taking so long. I told her I was sightseeing but would be there soon. That's when they let me dress.

"What I meant to say was 'what are you doing dressed like that?' the supervisor stated.©Ww.noV(ε)©wοℓM.c©(m)

"What do you mean?" I wondered.

"Why aren't you in business attire?" she clarified.

"Let me think about that," I pondered.

"Oh yeah, its freaking Saturday and no one told me what the hell was going on so I came dressed like it is freaking Saturday. I know most of you are home-schooled, but is reading a calendar really that hard?" I glared. "If this was a quiet cry for an early Christmas present, it worked. Can I go now?" I knew the look Security was giving me.

"If you slap me, prepared to get punched back. I'm not one of your Ken dolls," I warned them. "You'll gang up on me and win. Then you will get to tell Hayden why I'm not where she wants me to be."

"We'll get you on the way out," the supervisor menaced.

"That's right. How dare I act like I have a vagina?" I mocked her. I took a few steps past them before realizing I was missing something crucial. "Where am I supposed to go?" They took malevolent glee at my confusion. "All I am asking is for you to do your jobs," I groaned. They kept grinning.

"Fine, I'll wander about until some far less friendly, helpful and more heavily armed woman takes offense at my temerity to breathe the same air and kills me. Good job boys," were my parting words. The supervisor dispatched a guard to escort me into the complex. "So, do you date much?" I asked the guard a few seconds later.

"What? No," she sounded confused.

"Do you date girls?" I continued.

"No," she grumbled. "Not dating men does not make me a lesbian."

"You are right. Are you a transvestite?" I kept teasing her.

"No! What gave you that idea?" she gawked.

"I was thinking that if you are a tranny, that's really good work," I told her.

"I'm not a transvestite!" she insisted.

"Fine, will you go out with me then? You get even better looking when there is a fire in your eyes," I grinned.www.novε(!)w(ε)ℓm.©oM

"If I say 'yes' will you shut up?" she studied me intently.

"Of course. You can access my personnel records for my current work and home numbers. Give me a call sometime," I winked. I was SO going to fuck this woman. See, she had to get back at me for taunting her. She was going to punish me with sex and she was going to think it was all her idea.

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