

Chapter 812

"I date women. You are a surprisingly dangerous breed, even without the extreme training you ladies possess," I confessed. "To be concise, I have the bad habit of dating women and their friends, acquaintances, and even family members - usually without their knowledge. It always ends badly - thus the wounds."

"You betray the women you sleep with?" the doctor stared.

"We could banter terms and expectations about, but essentially 'yes', I do," I sighed.

"You seemed like such a well-behaved male," the security guard looked confused.

"Huh? What does my love of sex have to do with my demeanor?" I mused.

"I've never beat a lover, or forced myself on a woman. If you want to hold my lack of forthrightness against me, please remember you are part of a secret society that embraces kidnapping, rape and slaughter as daily practices," I smiled. "Comparatively, me not telling one woman that I'm dating her neighbor is small potatoes."

"We do what we do out of necessity," the doctor insisted.

"That flimsy excuse is about as useful as 'you wouldn't understand; you aren't a woman/amazon/nutty-nut bar,'" I shook my head. "I give up. Your society has equaled, if not exceeded, every inhuman deed men have ever committed."

"Congratulations; you have become crueler and more depraved than your enemies," I lauded them.

"Because of your ignorance, I will let that outburst go unpunished," Sydney stated. I wised up and shut up.

My shirt was returned and they had to synch a large towel around my waist because my jeans were ruined and they didn't have scrubs in my size. They gave me my bloody dockers too. Sydney walked me to the front entrance. By the looks of the women we passed they knew something had happened, if not the precise nature.

Security's opportunity to 'get me' on the way out was stymied by Caitlyn & family, Desiree, Tigger, and Buffy hanging around. The moment Aya saw me, she called out my name and came running. The only thing worse than the pain of her impacting me would have been the look on her face if I warded her off. I caught her in my arms and lifted her up.

"Cáel," she exclaimed. "Does it hurt?" I kept lifting her until I blew loudly on her belly.

"Does that hurt?" I teased her.

"No," she giggled.

"Then I'm fine. Really now, I've been hurt worse by a splinter from a toothpick," I exaggerated for her.

"You are lying to me," Aya shook her finger in my face.

"The lesson being 'don't lie to winners'," I sighed.

"Yep," Aya mimicked me. "Is our date for tonight still going to happen?"

"Oh...Aya, I can't," I groaned. "I've got three smoking hot babes coming over tonight."*ŴŴw.N.vêl(w)O(r)m.c0m*

"Don't make me punch you," Europa play-threatened. She and Lorraine had sneaked up on me while I was entertaining Aya.

"I don't know," Lorraine gave a cautious laugh. "I like being called a smoking hot babe."

"Aya, I really like you, but do you always have to drag those two around with you?" I wiggled Aya up in the air. "It's kind of creepy." She giggled.

"Those are my sisters, Silly," she snickered. "They will be your daughters one day too."*Ŵwww.Nov@Il(w)rM.c0m*

"Time for us to go," Caitlyn intervened. As she ushered her children away, she shot me a look over my shoulder that strongly suggested she wanted to play house. Desiree moved to within a meter of me and looked me up and down.

"You are an idiot," she remarked, turned and left. I looked to Buffy.

"I'm your ride," Buffy snorted. I hobbled to her.

"I'm glad you are okay," Tigger waved then followed Desiree out.

"Thanks for a great time," I looked over my shoulder at the Amazons. "As soon as my blood supply has replenished, I'll be sure to come back and play some more."

We were in the car, exiting Doebridge when Buffy finally spoke.

"Why do you keep thinking you can keep getting away with talking like..." she was glaring at me. "Oh Goddess...you really are laughing at death. You really believe you are going to die, don't you?"

"Absolutely. The moment they started chanting I realized it was unlikely I'd get out of this experience alive," I admitted.

"Why are you holding us to the 78 day rule?" she asked.

"Recall what I said about backbone, Buffy?" I reminded her.

"I am attached to the lifestyle I've created and I'm not going to change it to scrape out a few more days of existence," I grinned. "I hold Havenstone to that countdown because I would do it if I thought I was going to be okay." A few more minutes passed. I tried to cut the radio on. Buffy kept cutting it off. I was getting sick of it and my annoyance was showing.

"Did you really tell the whole dome that you would sleep with me first?" she whispered.

"Of course," I replied. "I said that was my intention at work and I mean to keep to it."

"What about Hayden?" she asked.

"Well, unless you agree to a three-way, I think this is going to be an issue we'll have to work around," I shrugged.

"I'm not even sure I like you," Buffy mumbled. "I want you. I am not sure I like you, though."

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"Buffy, that's fine," I murmured. I unbuckled my seatbelt and began twisting around in my seat. My thigh was killing me, but I was a man on a mission. I put my head in Buffy's lap, gazing up at her.

"What are you doing?" she grinned.

"Annoying you - taking advantage of you - take your pick," I smiled. We drove for a while.

"What are you thinking about?" Buffy gazed upon me warmly.

"Picturing you in different colors and cuts of panties," I told her. Buffy frowned then returned her focus to the road.

"What is your favorite?" she inquired a few seconds later.

"I'm torn," I confessed. "I never seen you semi-nude so I have to do some imagining. How do black hipster lace panties sound?"

"Not a thong?" I had her attention again.

"Nah. You are like a chocolate covered cherry, Buffy," I explained. "Those panties would be like the sweet sugar before you bite into the cherry. It tantalizes with the promise of something even better." Silence for over ten minutes.

"I hate you," she gulped. She expressed that by tenderly stroking my face and hair.

I drifted off to sleep shortly afterwards. It was the combination of lack of movement and the city's static that brought me back. We were parked somewhere, Buffy gazing down at me with something that might have been confused with affection.

"We are home," she whispered. "Your home. I need to take you to your apartment."*ŴŴŴW.N0ve!Ww.r-m.c0m*

On the third landing we took a breather. Being wrapped up by Buffy, I took a moment to whisper in her hear.