Chapter 813

#Your eyes are a molten river of gold, promising riches and a fiery death# I sang to her softly in Old Kingdom Hittite. It was original poetry.

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"What was that?" she smiled.

"I'm not sure I can tell you," I stifled a yawn. "This whole translation thing wasn't explained to me. I can tell you it was a line of a love poem I created only for you."

"Oh...could you repeat it?" So I repeated it, quietly - this was still a secret language - on each landing until Buffy felt she got it right.

Odette answered the door - oh joy. Buffy turned brittle angry while Odette drank in the whole scene.

"Who is this?" Buffy snapped.

"This is Odette. Odette, this if Buffy, one of my bosses."

"Buffy, Odette is the woman who brings solace to my nights, drives off the pains of the day and comforts me in the first lights of the morning with a smile and a word," I said by way of introductions. I didn't call her my girlfriend and still kept her happy.

"Oh God, Cáel, what happened to you?" Odette worried.

"An important life lesson," I frowned. "Lawn darts and jello shots don't mix." I knew this to be true as I had something similar to this happen to a good friend. Since he was hit by a woman neither one of us 'was sleeping/had been sleeping' with, we assumed she was intoxicated. We took him to the hospital then I fucked her in the parking lot.

Later she, me and the victim had a three-way to ease her regrets. The next four three-ways were just because. Unfortunately, his girlfriend wasn't as forgiving. Back in the hospital parking lot, once we knew he'd be okay, I fucked his girlfriend too. Yes, I am morally irreprehensible.

"What really happened?" Odette fretted as she helped Buffy get me to the sofa.

"He cheated on me so I marked him as my territory," Buffy snarled.

"But he's your employee," Odette gasped. "Isn't that immoral?"

"I hate you," Buffy snapped. I wasn't sure who that was aimed at.

grumbled. $\mathbb{W}_{\boldsymbol{w}}$. $\mathbb{m}_{\boldsymbol{O}}$ \mathbf{v} $\mathbf{\hat{e}}$ $\mathbb{I}_{\boldsymbol{W}}(\mathbf{0})$ $\mathbb{m}_{\mathbf{0}}$. $\mathbf{\hat{c}}$ \mathbf{o} \mathbf{M}

"Carry heavy things..." Odette mused. "He's carrying something heavy all the time," she snickered.

"Immoral? Child, men exist solely to pleasure women and carry heavy things," Buffy

missing out." Buffy gave off her nearly subsonic jaguar growl. "I haven't had too much experience,"

"Why - wait, he's not having sex with you, is he?" Odette sounded surprised. "Wow, you are really

Odette blithely continued on, "but - Wow - I'm having orgasmic tremors up to eight hours after every nightlong sex session with Cáel. It's wild." Buffy grabbed my hair and twisted things until I was looking into her blazing hate/lust-filled eyes.

"Monday morning - seven o'clock - you're mine," she growled. She turned to leave.

"What? No good-bye hug?" I pleaded hopefully. I received a deep animalistic noise and a door

slammed in our faces.

eyes. Odette responded by helping me off the sofa and aiming us toward the bedroom. There was a loud pounding on the door.

"Odette, is there any way I could convince you for some 'intensive care' sex?" I gave her puppy-dog

"I want my hug," Buffy glared as I opened the door.

"Odette, stay here. She's violently unstable," I cautioned my buddy. I hobbled to the portal.

"Fine. Remember, this is purely platonic," I kept it cool. "Now put your hands behind your back."

"What? No, I won't," she snarled. $w \hat{W} \otimes .n(\circ) v \mathcal{E} \ell w \hat{O} Rm. Com$

"Buffy, I'm sort of fragile right now and you are a big bully," I cautioned her. Buffy's whole body

trembled. Had she spontaneously developed heat ray vision, my brain would have been incinerated on the spot. Buffy finally linked her hand behind her back. I gently pressed my body against hers, brushing her hair behind her shoulders then tilting her jaw up. "I don't like making you unhappy, or disappointing you, Buffy," I whispered. "I apologize." I didn't kiss

her. That was technically against the rules. Slow, persistent puffs of breath played along her shoulder, neck ears, cheeks and forehead in lieu of my forbidden kiss. Buffy's vexation at the lack of oral contact faded as the hot, moist sensations of my exhalations upon her flesh played out. She quickly caught on that she could tilt her neck around to offer up places she found especially

enticing, eventually leading me to her cleavage. "Have a nice weekend," I told her when I was done.

"78 days...Cáel. 78 days," Buffy's eyes shone like solar flares of lust. She left.

The door shut, I turned around and Odette gave me a horny, beseeching lament. She'd been

masturbating while I had been not-kissing Buffy. "I need you," she moaned. I limped her way.

"I'm not sure..." I got out before she overwhelmed me.

"I'll help," she squealed. She dragged me across the room before tossing me on my new bed. Hmmm...new sheets...and the room looked really clean...sex. Odette would hurt me, make amends

Timothy and Nikita would be showing up around 4 pm.

then try even harder to make me happy. It wasn't my best experience with sex, but far from my worst. For example: don't let yourself get tied down when you suspect your bedmate is unhappy with you because she's found out you've also been doing her friend. At least make sure her friend isn't at

appropriate. A terrifying first night. The next two were among the best I ever had...until the next weekend. Odette helped me clean up and changed the sheets all by herself. She was a wonderful girl and I

hoped she'd meet somebody who appreciated her and wasn't like me. Odette informed me that

Timothy had also told her he and I had a double date tomorrow night so she promised to call me

home and in on the revenge too. Don't apologize, beg for mercy, or say you love them. No, take

your lumps like a man, admit you are lower than low, and that you deserve whatever they deem

Monday to see how I was doing...and whatever. With a wink, Odette also passed along that Timothy claimed all the toys in my room were his, except for the bondage suspension gear - which was untried - hint, hint. Wait a second - wasn't this the same girl who thought a lone dildo was pressing the sexual envelope

on Thursday? I kissed Odette and sent her on her way. I noticed the Nerf gun. I contemplated hiding

the damn annoyance then I realized he'd only shoot/throw something harder. I decided to wear my

Havenstone t-shirt (one size too small) that came with my recruitment packet and some gym shorts because jeans and the wrapping on my thigh didn't mesh. Nikita showed up first and a bit early. Maybe she was trying to catch me shooing another girl out the door. I didn't ask.

"Hey Cáel - what happened!" she gasped, taking in my bandaging. I had thought about my response.

"I was at an archery range this morning and was shot," I related.

"Hey Nikita," I greeted her with a kiss.

"My insurance will cover this and 'no', there is no police incident report," I answered. "Why not?" she glared.

"I work for the Amish Mafia, Nikita. If I talk to the cops, you are going to be looking for me under the next barn raising," I joked. Nikita was not amused in the slightest. w(w)w.(n) v veℓ(w) or m.com

"We need to take care of this," she demanded.

finger to save me," I exhaled.

"Did you report this?" she began her interrogation.

"How about this - someone tried to murder me this morning. Not a single person I was with raised a

make a break for it," I explained. "Now, I'd truly prefer you think I'm making this shit up to sound insane, or trying to impress you." "You are not...insane, or making that shit up," she muttered. "I still can't date a criminal."

"I didn't die for a few reasons. One is the three girls coming over here tonight. Another is that a few

women find me charming enough to keep me around. Lastly, they know that I know I'm a corpse if I

"Barring carrying an unauthorized firearm loaded with blanks, I've been good," I grinned.

"That's a crime," Nikita groaned then pressed into me. "Why do I put up with you?" "You are most likely the best woman I'll ever meet?" I offered. She hugged me.

"I'd say that you are only saying that to get into my pants except you're desperately trying to not get

into my pants," she sighed. "How do I fix this?" "Fix? I'm not sure this can be fixed. If you want to help, remind me love is stronger than hate, no one

is irredeemable, and people can change for the better," I murmured.