

Chapter 819

W@w.No0efworm.com

"Even if he managed to somehow break one, he would be throwing himself down four floors to the sidewalk below? Admittedly, if he did accomplish all that and escape, he would be a threat. I'd still want to breed with him for that would be one tough, determined male," Traska chuckled. She walked off, the guards stood around uselessly and the doctor tended my wounds. (w)w@w.No0V(ε)l(w)oO.com.com

I called Katrina, updating my situation, she called someone else, who probably called someone else, who called off the guards.

"So, who do you think you will be breeding with?" the doctor hinted. Seriously, I could pick up a girl in a war zone. A lonely female doctor in an ER that only treats women wasn't even a contest.

"Actually, no one," I winked. "I'm gay. I can't get it up around women." Recall, I had no pants on and my cockhead had a mind of its own, which didn't bother me. What did bother me was its mind being more dominant than the one on top of my shoulders. The doctor patted my package. My cock was pleading 'we haven't had sex in six hours - we are dying over here'. Lying bastard.

"Oh really," she teased.

"This is not fair," I groaned. "Your ass is so finely sculpted and tight," I couldn't see most of it because of her lab coat, but hey, "and your lips look like they could suck a golf ball through a garden hose." Be careful with the last line. Make sure your target likes fellatio first. w@w.No0V(ε)l(w)oO.com.com

The Doctor pursed her lips and gave me a wink. Was I lining up another prospective Havenstone woman as part of some grand master plan? No. I'm an idiot with an out of control libido. I am always hitting on women. I can't help it, thus my numerous scars and colorful stories.

"I can, you know," she purred. Golf ball - garden hose - feels so good.

You know you are making an impact on the workplace when this happens: after leaving the doctor, I was taking the elevator up to my floor. The door opened and two women stepped in, suddenly disappointed.

"Oh...you are already dressed," Brielle sighed. Her companion was equally peeved.

"Arrow wound," I informed them. "I had to go to medical. They stripped me there."

"Damn it," her companion snapped her fingers. "Maybe we should tag his itinerary?"

"I think Katrina would frown on that," Brielle shook her head.

"Well, can you take off your clothes really quick?" the companion turned to me.

The door opened on my floor.

"Sorry. No. Gotta go to work. Have a nice day now," I retreated to the safety of the office.

I'm an idiot. On all the desks in the sizable office space housing the heart of Executive Services was a long box...from Nerf. Oh, Sweet God - Buffy was out to make me cry.

How did I know it was Buffy? If Desiree wanted to know something about me, she'd slap me around until I answered. Buffy was far more insidious. She'd spy on me. To give her credit, I had a box as well. I too could get that wonderful feeling that Custer's last trooper felt as the Sioux and Cheyenne closed in. Sure I could shoot back, but it wouldn't do any good.

Katrina had already unboxed her toy. It was loaded, resting on her desk. It was a six shooter.

"Honestly C  el, is your problem with my native tongue, an inability to tell time, or an unwillingness to follow common sense instructions?" Katrina gave me a warm, maternal look. She was referring to me engaging in strenuous activity in the first 48 hours after having been wounded.

"After this afternoon I do not have any other dates planned so I can take it easy," I promised.

"As long as you understand that many of us are risking our lives to help you keep yours," Katrina pointed out. "What did Elsa want Saturday night?" The look of shame on my face was probably what Katrina expected though not what she wanted to see. "Tell me," she groaned.

"Oh...okay...she kissed me once but I stopped her - against policy," I started.

"Yes?" Katrina muttered. She knew this was bad.

"Oh...then I vigorously sucked and bit on her nipples while finger-fucking her anus and vagina until she orgasmed - hard," I confessed. Katrina put her elbow in her desk, forearm uplifted then planted her forehead on her palm.

"By the Goddesses, you could walk blindfolded through a minefield only to trip over a cricket," Katrina mumbled. Katrina sensed my confusion.

"Elsa's and Rhada's/Madi's families are in a blood feud. They would kill you for looking amorously at the other," she explained.

w@w.No0V(ε)l(w)oO.com.com

"Whoops...I didn't make either one like me," I pleaded.

"I believe you, C  el," Katrina looked up and smiled. "If I didn't, I would have Desiree toss you down an elevator shaft - from the thirtieth floor."

"It wouldn't work," I grinned at her. "I'm part flying squirrel. I've got those little underarm flaps and everything."

"Patagium," Katrina defined that bit of anatomy for me.

"Stop being smarter than me," I furrowed my brow. "It is unattractive in a female." Wack - Nerf hit. Right then Daphne and Tigger walked in and took in the situation.

"Can we all take shots at C  el?" Daphne inquired. Oh hell no!

"I'm actually recruiting a Rebel Alliance," I offered.

"What's in it for us?" Tigger asked.

"Dubious glory, improbable hope, an unfamiliar future and the unique experience of pitting your defiance into the Eye of the Abyss before the End," I promised in Old Kingdom Hittite.

"Does that kind of oratory work on males?" Daphne mused. Violet, Fabiola and Paula swept into Katrina's office.

"What is that?" Fabiola inquired.

"I'm looking for the proper terminology to entice some ladies into a rebel faction," I replied pleasantly.

"What are we rebelling against?" Paula questioned as Dora hurried in.

"Meeting," Katrina interjected, calling us 'new hires' to order. I was still doing a lousy job, even on my day off. Everyone else walked on water and was heralded by a chorus of Angels.