

Chapter 820

"Katrina," Violet stepped forward. "What is he doing wrong? With all his utter failings, I figured there would be a fire, wreck, or near fatality by now."

That was unlooked for.

"Employee trainers have found his work to be substandard," Katrina answered. "I agree with their reports. Is there anything else?" That meant the discussion was over. The rest received their daily assignments, leaving me alone with Katrina. I stood waiting.

"Cáel, you are wounded. You are not going into the field," she informed me. "You will be handling my office affairs and classifying work orders." What did that mean? Katrina was not forthcoming. It was becoming obvious that I'd need the Long Island Medium to get me through the day.

"And I liked this office too," I muttered.

"What was that, Cáel?" my boss inquired.

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"Don't mind me. I'm only contemplating how I can possibly screw this up," I shrugged. "I figure there is electrical wiring that could burst into flames, a sprinkler system spontaneously activating, and several thousand women who I don't know, yet could seriously inconvenience."

"You have great instincts," Katrina smiled. "I believe in you." Helpful - that was not. Despite that, I managed to navigate the order process with some success. Promptly at 8:45, Katrina got up and left the office. Not to the bathroom - gone-gone. She left the door open. That way women in the office could come by and exchange fire with me.

I nearly put a bolt into Trent Grant when he stopped by to see me. His knock saved his Nerf-free status.

"Hello Kale," he began.

"Cáel," I sighed. "Kale is a cabbage...anyway, as you were saying?"

"Oh, I wanted to come by and see how you were doing after that...accident," he said warily.

"That was screwed up," I grinned. "She was so worried that she might hit me that her fingers slipped. Trust me, she'll never make that mistake again."

"I can't believe you are not suing Havenstone over this," Trent smiled back.

"Over this?" I smirked. I stood up and walked around my desk, swallowing my pain and infirmity to put on a convincing act. "Trent, I've had a girlfriend do more damage over one long, hot night than this scratch."

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"You are really okay?" he worried.

"Trent, if someone had really tried to kill me, I would have gone to the cops and we wouldn't be here having this chat," I assured him. Trent took a deep breath, expelling his doubts with a comfortable lie.

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"So...what's with all that?" he motioned to plethora of darts I had stacked up.

I was being shot at far more often than I could return fire. In the minute Trent had been with me, three ladies had peeked in then withdrawn.

"How about you, me and the fellas have after work drinks sometime?" I suggested. Trent almost got snooty then some long slumbering primal instincts kicked in. I was a survivor and he could sense it.

"Sure. Tonight?" he offered.

"I'm working on a hot Brazilian tonight," I grinned. "Tomorrow?"

"Brazilian? Oh, okay. Tomorrow then," he nodded. "You should be careful about dating," he added. "We think that is how Khalid screwed up and got transferred."

Those jackasses had known this for how long and not clued me in? Gee thanks guys.

"What do you mean?" I appeared confused. "I've been getting 'trim' left, right and sideways just not at work. I nailed four ladies this weekend alone - after being shot."

"Aaahhh...good then," Trent grunted as if gut punched.

"Besides, Khalid wasn't transferred. He volunteered for an experimental top secret program involving social engineering - real cutting edge stuff," I lied. "If we do the right thing, an opening might become available for the rest of us." I am a bastard. "The Nerf guns are a team building exercise my personal favorite trainer implemented."

"You appear to be getting along well here," Trent acknowledged. "I mentioned your name and several women looked at me funny then smiled and pointed you out." Sigh.

"Trent, you probably won't heed my advice, but here it is anyway," I said. "I know you were in a fraternity. Think of yourself as a pledge and every woman in your department as a senior brother and you'll get by okay."

"Come on now," Trent smiled smugly, "some of them don't even have a formal education. They use this archaic apprenticeship system."

"Yeah, except you are only starting out in a system they've graduated from," I gave it one last try. Trent nodded. He was right and I was a hick.

I hoped he got along well with Khalid because he would probably be seeing him soon. Trent waved goodbye and I raced for Katrina's desk - and Nerf gun. I made it back to my station before three ladies came at me. I got two of them, taking only one hit myself then it was back to work. Brian showed up thirty minutes later and Felix stopped by ten minutes after that.

It was the same deal. I gave them the same lie, did my song and dance, gave them my warning they would ignore and finally raided Katrina's bathroom for painkillers. She had this herbal crap which I downed like candy. At 12:10 Buffy arrived. She shot at me but I parried with my reading lamp and then shot back twice, hitting her once.

"Why do you have two guns?" Buffy growled.

"Cause I'm smarter than you," I snarled back while desperately reloading. Daphne walked in with both a pistol and a large bag of Mexican take-out.

"Die, you reprehensible Pig!" Buffy howled as she popped off two more bolts.

Daphne shot Buffy in the side before Buffy finished. I was in love all over again. Buffy turned to put a dart into Daphne who raced around to my desk.

"I guess this makes me a rebel," Daphne laughed. She popped off two more shots.

"Sure," I chuckled. "Welcome aboard." Buffy was on the edge of a volcanic eruption.

"Cease-fire while we eat lunch?" I pleaded. Buffy mulled it over; the alternative being storming over to me and administering a pistol-whipping.

"I hate you," she seethed. She did lower her pistol and walk over to my desk.

"I've missed you," I responded. She didn't buy it - yet.

"How many whores did you screw his weekend?" Man, she was volatile.

"None. I don't pay for sex," I sighed. "I still missed you," I moped. Buffy trembled with rage.

"Cáel, be careful," Daphne whispered. Buffy shot me - in the left thigh. I staggered, clamped my teeth down to stifle my scream and only Daphne's efforts stopped me from keeling over.

"Buffy!" Daphne snapped. "That was too much. Stop it."

"It is okay, Daphne," I gasped. "I've made her angry." Daphne didn't get it, but I did. Buffy stomped straight into my space and gave that deep jaguar-like growl. "I liked the Nerf gun idea," I added. "That was truly clever." That got her. Buffy linked her fingers behind her back.

"Thanks," I whispered then leaned in and rained down little puffs of air all along her neck, ears and face. She especially liked me blowing on her lips. Her mouth opened and her tongue played along her lips as I was only millimeters away. Daphne leaned around me to see what I was doing to make Buffy moan so sensually the way she was.

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