

Chapter 821

"We had better eat lunch", I spoke softly into Buffy's ear when I was done. "Do you forgive me?" Buffy's eyes shown feverishly, yet with pleasure, not anger.

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"No. Keep working on it," Buffy smirked then reached around for her plate of food.

"I swear I will be nicer to you than Buffy is," Daphne murmured.

"Don't get between me and my prey," Buffy snarled...then she sneaked an arm around my waist and hugged me. Daphne pulled a seat around to share her meal at my station. Buffy sat in my lap. Not sexual harassment in the least. "So, are you staying away from other Havenstone women?" Buffy verbally ambushed me in mid-bite.

"Would you please accept my word that this is not a discussion we want to have," I groaned.

"Who?" Buffy was back to angry.

"Elsa," Katrina announced as she strolled back into her office. "Don't ask how, or why, Buffy. It wasn't Cael's doing." She was almost to her desk when she froze.

Katrina's body rotated around toward me before flickering to the ground where a lone dart lay.

"Cael, there is a dart lying at your feet," she pointed out. Shit. Too God damn smart.

"We'll forgo me lying, you reminding me to trust you and go to my inevitable revelation that Buffy shot me in my wounded thigh," I sighed.*w(·)W.©·v·Worm.Com*

"Thank you," Katrina nodded to me. "Buffy, you can't do this to him. If you screw up again, I'll send you to another department and forbid Cael from having any further contact with you. Now tell me, what is wrong?"

"I...I try to be with other men," she nearly wept.

"They can't handle my aggression nor engage me mentally the way Cael does," she confessed painfully. "I want to own him so bad it hurts."

"Buffy, you are sitting in his lap," Katrina coaxed. "Why don't you try telling him how you feel? He clearly likes you."

"As poorly as you've treated him, I'm a bit surprised he hasn't punched the crap out of you - off the clock, of course," Katrina admonished her underling.

"I'd kick his ass," Buffy replied defiantly.

"Tell that to Madi," Katrina reminded her.

"Very well," Buffy nodded. Turning in my lap, she added, "Stop looking at other Havenstone women."

"No," Katrina preempted me. "You will not punish him for things beyond his control, Buffy. There is only so much he can do to avoid the other ladies that doesn't get him relocated."

"I still don't like it," Buffy muttered. "We should keep him in Executive Services and send people to harass all his outsider female contacts." Katrina looked down and shook her head.

"This job keeps getting tougher and tougher," she commented. She was heading back to her desk which pretty much ended the conversation.

After Buffy and Daphne had left, I mulled over a few things.

"Can I bitch about something?" I asked Katrina. I wanted to ask about the other three men.

"No," she stated. That was that. The rest of the day was the normal office drudgery spiced up with a near-constant exchange of Nerf fire. Katrina never asked for her gun back and no one dared shoot her.

At five o'clock, Katrina released me.

"How did I do today?" I inquired.

"Hmmm...let me see...you sent the VP of Banking - Australia's Fiat to an address in the Netherlands," she reviewed. "The address also appears to be underwater."

I had to think about that.

"You are making that up," I accused her. "I sent the damn thing to Melbourne and you know it." Katrina gave a heartfelt laughed.

"Do you know why you are the only male getting poor reviews?" she teased. I thought hard.

"No clue," I shrugged.

"Because you are so bloody diligent," Katrina grinned. "I know - some - of your history, Cael. The more difficult the challenge, the harder you endeavor. The other guys are whiny babies. They don't take criticism well."

"Now that we have that out of the way are you going to start giving me better reviews?" I hoped.

"No," Katrina chuckled. "Watching your face as you struggle to figure out what you did wrong really helps me start the day."

"Am I off the clock?" I asked. Katrina nodded. "Bitch," Katrina laughed.

I nearly walked into Violet on the way out.

"Did you just call Katrina a bitch?" she whispered.

"Give me a bad work review and I'll call you something worse," I glared.

"Do you have any idea who she is?" Violet hissed.

"I'll give it a shot," I shrugged. "Katrina is the head of the KGB." I got an uncomprehending stare. "The Secret Police?" Violet thought that over. Fabiola and Tigger came up.

"Yes, something like that except she has people killed," Violet explained.

"What are you talking about?" Tigger intruded.

"Look up the KGB on Wiki, ladies," I smirked. "It will clarify my understanding of the situation."

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"Why are you so insolent?" Fabiola tugged on my arm to stop me from leaving.

"For the same reason you think you are better than me," I grinned. "It is in the blood. Actually, I don't mean to be insolent. If I could walk away from this job, I would. Since I can't, I feel it is only fair to make all of you suffer for it."

"If you hate us, why did you offer yourself up to Leona?" Fabiola persisted.

"Because he cares," Tigger spoke for me.

"He's weak," Fabiola kept going.

"Seriously," Daphne caught me off-guard. "If he's willing to commit so much to a child not his own, think how selflessly he'd safeguard his own."

"You don't believe in fathers," I regarded the 'new hire' group.

"Things change," Violet smiled. In 76 days they were going to rip me to pieces. I burned through ten more minutes swapping stories about our day before we made it to the lobby. Yasmin Palhavá was early, so she got to meet the whole crew and they got to meet her.

At this point a small leap of logic could have saved me a heap of pain. I could have asked. The girls could have realized I didn't have a critical piece of information. The moment passed, I signed in Yasmin, my Brazilian MILF, and headed up to the corporate workout facility. The first hurdle - there was no men's changing room.

Yasmin decided it wasn't a big deal. We changed in separate sections and joined up at the entrance to the gym. They also had an Olympic-sized pool - cool.

"What happened to your leg?" she questioned. I had been wearing pants and was now in shorts.

"It was an archery accident," I supplied a plausible answer. Her nod signified she didn't believe me and would bring this up later. I get wounded a lot.©wW.n(·)v·Wó·r·m.(·)oM

I was about to swipe my ID at the gym door when it opened and a woman walked into us.

"What?" she gasp in Old Kingdom Hittite.

"My pardon," I replied in the same language. "It was not our intent to impede your progress." She gave us a curious look as I caught the door and held it for Yasmin to enter.

"What lang..." Yasmin got out before the expanse of the exercise facility stole her breath away. See, in normal companies, only a tiny fraction of the workforce uses the in-house gyms. At Havenstone, if a woman wasn't working out on a daily basis, the assumption was that she'd died at her post. Whatever Yasmin said next had to have been in Portuguese.

"What was that?" I inquired.

"Oh, I said this was place is bigger than the village I was born in," she translated. A small village - maybe a hamlet perhaps. Fortunately, we beat the evening rush so there weren't too many women there yet.

We got some looks from the ladies there. Yasmin didn't notice and I was busy working machines in tandem to her. I had made a good impression with her. She barely concealed her enthusiasm and I got the impression her most current workouts were calisthenics in her home. An hour later, we were feeling the burn, Yasmin clued me in that she had a babysitter until nine, and the place was crowding up.

Yasmin had been shooting glances at the sparring area for some time. Like me, she practiced Brazilian jujutsu. She felt she was growing rusty so we grabbed a corner - really an 8x8 meter area. Since the southwestern space was already taken, we grabbed the northeastern spot. Despite my bum leg, Yasmin and I were having tons of fun. Then shit happened.

"What style is that?" one of the now-substantial crowd of women spectators asked Yasmin - in Old Kingdom Hittite. Before I could translate, Yasmin spoke.

"Excuse me? What was that?" Yasmin responded in English. Every other woman began muttering - in OKH. Oh God, I had fucked up somehow.

"I think we should be going," I urged Yasmin.

"Come on now," she beamed at me. "This is the most fun I've had in a long time." Seeing my reticence, "Five minutes, please?" I took a deep breath and nodded - I am an idiot. I was looking at that sweaty body, wonderful bust line, and excellent hips and speculating how nice those legs would feel wrapped around my waist instead of listening to my 'Spidey senses'.

Five more minutes and I would have Yasmin barking like a dog before the Sun set. That I might die in the next five minutes was not something my cock was taking into account. Ten seconds later and all my concentration was eaten up simply stopping Yasmin from grappling with me. Even with her refusal to take advantage of my left leg's weakness, she finally got me down on the mat.

Her victorious smile terminated in an instant. Yasmin rolled us over as a foot stomped down in the place we had just vacated. We both sprang up, facing off against an Amazon I wasn't familiar with.

"Take your bitch and leave, you mongrel," the woman spat in OKH.

"What the hell did she say?" Yasmin seethed. The woman smirked, turned and started walking back to the portion of sparring mat she'd come from. I gave her all the consideration she'd have given me - I blindsided her. My fist caught her between the shoulder blades. I followed her down, striking again and again, rapid-fire.

The other Amazon's started to surge forward, but I wasn't done yet. I grabbed my attacker by the shoulder and crotch, heaved her over my head and tossed her at her sparring partner.

"Apology not accepted," I growled out my contempt in OKH.

Yasmin's outrage at my seemingly unwarranted attack, "Cael!" was overcome by the sensation of the room closing in on us.

Several women grabbed her. No one taunted, or threatened me. I was a male in their world and I'd put a boot up one of theirs ass.

"Cael?" Yasmin called to me, now concerned.

"Woman, shut up!" one of the senior looking women snapped in OKH.