

Chapter 825

Desiree didn't argue. She nodded to the security detail ladies and they took Yasmin away. She shot me back a few worried looks before she rounded the corner to the elevators. The Executive Services group was looking at me. I was totally taken aback by Buffy being hellishly pissed at me. Okay, maybe not.

A senior member named Rosette came to me first. She patted me on the shoulder which made me wince.*Ŵ@w.(n)©Vè(1)w0rM.C0@*

"Is there any place on you that doesn't hurt - besides your face?" she inquired.

"I think Elsa avoided hitting his cock and balls too," Desiree muttered.

"Elsa!" Buffy screeched.

"Yeah," Desiree kept interrupting me. "She beat him with a spear before choking him out."

"We have to do something," Daphne declared. Five of the six new girls were present.

"No!" I insisted. "I haven't see you ladies fight, but I've seen Elsa and that is not something any of you want a part of."

"You fought her," Violet stated.

"I didn't pick a fight with her, believe me," I countered. "Trust me, she's a cyborg killing machine and you are nothing but a bunch of little girls more accustomed to pillow fights than the sounds of your ribs being broken." There was a moment of silence.

Trigger came up and gave me a gentle hug.

"You're okay," she murmured. "Try not to be such a drama queen."

"No promises. There are plenty of punches and kicks around this wonderful place I haven't walked into yet," I teased. The rest followed up with physical tenderness and teasing jibs.

In the end, there was only Buffy (Desiree was sitting this encounter out) and she was quivering with lethal passion.

"Did you fucking feel her up this time!" Buffy screamed at me. Teasing and mocking was unwise.

"No Buffy," I related in a deep, seductive voice.

"What about that whore?" she kept yelling. She was referring to Yasmin. I lowered my head, took a deep breath then looked to Desiree.*Ww©.n0VèW0r.m.c0m*

"Where am I going?" I requested of her.

"Don't you dare ignore me," Buffy stepped forward. I stumbled back. Not because I moved, but because Desiree pulled me back and interposed herself between us.

"Buffy think," Desiree calmed her friend. "He was working out in the gym with an outside female, not screwing her. He was attacked - twice. Why do you want to hurt him?"

"He makes me crazy," Buffy wailed. "...I don't want him to get hurt." To me, "Câel, stop going on dates with other women."

"Buffy, I'm a womanizer and no amount of hoping on either of our parts is going to change that," I tried to explain. "I really do like you."

"If I didn't, I would have kept walking after that 'whore' comment. I don't date whores. I date women and one day, if I live long enough, one of them will be you. Until that time, I'm going to roam and since I can't roam in-house, I'm going to do it with other women I meet," I told her. "I'm not going to make some promise to you I have no intention of keeping and no amount of fear or pain will change who I am."

"Sleep with me," Buffy persisted. "At this rate, you'll be dead before the month ends."

"Everybody makes mistakes," I grinned. "Genius is never making the same mistake twice."

"Come on Genius," Desiree sighed. Buffy wouldn't get out of the way.

"Do you want a totally platonic and workplace acceptable hug?" I offered Buffy.

She nodded and I carefully wrapped my arms around her. She slowly linked her hands over my ass. Buffy took several deep breaths. I could feel her tension bleed off. Elsa coming out of the gym ruined the mood.

"Don't get comfortable," Elsa mocked Buffy. "You are not even in the running."

Buffy's grip tightened until I gasped in pain. Elsa chuckled as she went into the locker room. Finally, Desiree broke the hold and forced some space between Buffy and me.

"Don't let her get to you," Desiree said to Buffy. "You'll be the one Câel will be dragging off to a closet at 5:01 pm on Day 84, not her." Buffy ran her hand over my chest one last time then left.

"You really are her friend," I mused to Desiree.

"I don't have any friends," Desiree remarked. Yeah, right. She took me to another basement level, put me into a Spartan one room dwelling with a small bathroom and even smaller shower. Desiree went to get me a plastic wrap for my bandage so I could get clean and some food because I hadn't eaten yet.*Ŵww.n(©)©èLw0RM.c0M*

She returned with the proscribed items - including a Klondike Bar. She was gone before I could even say 'thank you' or share the joke. Since my body was a mass of pain, I finished my business quickly and lay down on the double bed - the only piece of furniture in the room. Sleep had barely wrapped itself around me when the door opened.

It was Caitlyn, Loraine, Europa and Aya.

"Hey gang," I sat up. Aya ran up to me. I noticed a tote bag. Loraine and Europa followed a little slower. Caitlyn's approach was sedate and graceful.

"You were hurt again," Aya protested.

"I fell down some stairs," I snickered. Aya pouted.

"How many?" Loraine teased.

"Let me think...I started on the twenty-eighth floor and caught a railing around the sixth," I fabricated.

"I'm glad you live on the third floor," Europa grinned, "Otherwise you would kill yourself inside a week." She was referring to my apartment.

"That's the spirit, Europa," I applauded her developing sarcasm.

"That's not funny," Aya frowned. "It scares me when you get hurt, Câel."

"It scares me to get hurt, Aya," I stroked her cheek. "I'm not all that brave."

"Oh," chuckled Loraine, "you tackling me on the sidewalk was a come-on?"

"Not really," I winked. "I saw a penny and I thought you were trying to beat me to it." Loraine hauled back to punch me.

"Is there any part of you that doesn't hurt yet?" Loraine asked.

"My pancreas," I mused. "I'm pretty sure my pancreas isn't in screaming agony yet."

"You are in screaming agony?" Aya fretted.

"Yeah," I ruffled her hair. "I could really use a hug right now."

Aya scrambled on top of me; I bottled up the howl of suffering as she lay on my chest.

"I am here for you now, Câel," she sighed. I looked over to Caitlyn to judge her mood. I was behaving myself right into some 'Daddy Time' with her, no doubt. After a bit of time passed, Caitlyn sent Aya to the bathroom to change for bed.

"Is it okay if she stays with you for the night?" Caitlyn whispered once she was gone. She'd already set up Aya for a night visit but was kind enough to give me the chance to break Aya's heart.

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"How is she going to get to school tomorrow?" I evaded.

"She's going to take the last four days off," Caitlyn informed me.

"Do you want her to spend the rest of the week with me?" I tried to stay calm.

"Would you? She is truly happy in your presence, Câel," she said. "Today, even with you not taking her to school, she was calm. Apparently Ms. Reichmann was more distressed by your absence than Aya was."

"Imagine that," I looked away. "I would like to think we've established a rapport."