

Chapter 829

Don't get me wrong. Felix was the type of person who got the job done and would never claimed the accolades that he didn't deserve. He wasn't a thief. He was really damn good. He was simply an asshole for constantly pointing out how damn good he was as a means of cowing/enticing people he encountered.

Trent was superficially similar to Felix but different in several important ways. The most important thing to Trent Grant was Trent. Trent seemed to talk endlessly about Trent. If the conversation wandering, he would insert a 'Trent moment' into things to bring the words back to where they belonged - talking about Trent.

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The Havenstone women's description of Trent now made sense - he was dull. If you considered that so much of what he bragged about - his lineage dating back to Colonial America, his long family history in politics and business, and the collegiate successes of both him and his ancestors - made no impression on them; basically Trent might as well have been babbling in Martian.

Their bloodlines traced back 3000 years. 300 was nothing to them. If you had something they truly wanted, they killed you and took it from you - they were a cult of psychopaths after all. Colleges? They had built up a global powerhouse without the help of any male-founded institutions of higher learning, thank you very much.

Trent could be civil, polite and congenial when he made the effort. He had punched in all the proper markers for a posh college career. Fraternity president, winning Captain of the local intermural basketball team and Dean's List. He even had a bookend - Brooke Lee of Virginia and Vassar girl.

She was darkly tanned, shoulder-blade length silky black hair, and luminescent green eyes. Her curves were in all the right places and her smile must have cost her parents a fortune to be that white and perfect. By the familiar way she hung on Trent, he had lied to Havenstone - BAD, bad move, Trent. The look she gave me implied that Trent shouldn't trust me around her, or her around me.

It wasn't that buddies couldn't trust me around their girlfriends...actually buddies couldn't trust me with their girlfriends. I was of low moral character and perpetually horny with a glib tongue and a sexual charisma that was a threat to nuns, Christian cheerleaders and grandmothers alike. Brooke knew this to be true. Trent would have if I hadn't been so 'beneath' him and Brooke.

Brooke had brought some friends - all Vassar girls. The two who wanted to be there glommed onto Felix and Brian. The third girl basically knew she was 'settling' for me. I didn't belong to their exclusive social club. My three 'new hire' pals sealed the deal (screwed me over) by informing the girls that I was with Executive Services - the gophers.

I saw some sympathetic eyes from the first three ladies to my 'date'. Libra Chalmers attempted to make the best of it.

"Do you like your job?" she gave a weak grin. I sighed.**W(w)Ŵ.nóveLwórm.Có(m)**

"I wish the President and CEO didn't know me on a first name basis...or her daughter and granddaughter," I shrugged. "Most of the Board of the Directors are nice enough."

Blink.

"Did you bring them their laundry?" Felix chuckled.

"That and other stuff," I grinned right back. "Mostly its drudgery with the occasional bizarre request covered by corporate confidentiality."

"Like what color shoes to wear?" Trent snorted. My face became deathly calm.

"No Trent," I stared at him, "things that I cannot talk about. Do you seriously think Executive Services has long term employees picking up birthday presents and detailing cars?"

"But you are a 'nobody'," Brain blurted out. I was sure that how he really felt.

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"Where did you go to school?" Libra inquired.

"You've probably never heard of it. Bolingbrook in New Hampshire," I smiled. I was proud of my school. I even showed her my class ring.

"Holy Cow!" Libra laughed. "I'm from Bolingbrook."

"Chalmers...as in Marla Chalmers of the 'Seldom Read' bookstore?" I chuckled.

"That's my little sister," Libra nodded. Whoops, I'd nailed Marla and how. Took her virginity.

"Hold on," she grinned as she pulled out her phone. "What's your name again?"

"Cáel Nyilas," I answered. I was too insulted she hadn't remembered it the first time.

Five rings later,

"Marla, it is Libra and I'm with an old friend of yours - Cáel Nyilas," she winked at me. There was a long pause. Libra put the phone on speaker for the group's amusement.

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"Well, how is he?" Marla asked.

"He's on crutches," Libra answered.

"Well, you can bet a girl did it to him," Marla sounded a bit pissed. Not good.

"I was shot with an arrow by a woman who I actually hadn't slept with," I confessed.

"Cáel?" Marla yelped. "Oh my God, is that really you?"

"Sure is," I tried to remain upbeat.

"Damn Sis, does he still look hot?" Marla inquired.

"Very much so," Libra smirked my way.

"Cáel...I still miss you," Marla sighed. "Even after that...thing." That thing was her finding me in bed with her aunt...and me not being her uncle.

"Yeah," I groaned, "I really screwed that up. I can't apologize enough for what I put you through." Brian and all the women at the table were attentive and curious.

"Well, I should have figured you didn't get all that sexual prowess from the internet," Marla mused. "So, are you seeing someone now? Let me rephrase, how many women are you seeing at the moment?"

I was busted. I was also looking down the barrel of 'make-up sex'.