## **Chapter 830**

"At present it is a waitress, an heiress, two teachers, a CPA, a security operative and a policewoman, but I'm not having sex with the last two," I related. They thought I was lying.

"That sounds about right," Marla laughed loudly.

"You had sex with this guy?" Libra gasped. The whole 'my little sister must still be a virgin' thing.

"Oh yeah," Marla exulted. "He took all three of my virginities. It was one hell of a great summer. Even after I nearly killed him, I still missed his loving."

I was a deviant pervert. I could see it on their faces.

"I miss you to, Marla," I told her.

"Really...what do I like?" Marla teased.

"I miss you, Cáel," Marla moaned.

brink if not for his historic efforts.

most of the year."

"Inside of the triceps; little kisses," I immediately responded. Those kisses drove her nuts. There was a long pause.

"He's on a date with me right now," Libra interrupted. "Talk to you later, Marla." The connection went dead. "You took my little sister's virginity?" she got heated.

"Apparently she gave it all up to Cáel," Felix chuckled. Idiot.

"You really took Marla's virginity?" Brooke jumped in. "Where?"

"Lake Carrie - freaking cold water. Marla loves the place so I took her to a location she'd feel comfortable in," I explained.

"Did it occur to you that she might want her first time to be with someone who was important to

her?" Brian prodded. "Brian, it's a hymen, not the Ark of the Covenant," I smirked. "Wanting a girl to be a virgin is more a matter of a guy's fears of penile inadequacy than a woman's promiscuity. Certainly if I was a woman

brought some chuckles from the girls. "Let's get a bite to eat," Trent broke the tension. Libra had no trouble sticking close to my side as we left. We ended up sharing a taxi with Trent and Brooke. We learned what a fantastic job Trent was doing at Havenstone. From his version of events, the company would have been teetering on the

I'd want the guy to know what he's doing as opposed to fumbling around until the mood died." That

"What about you?" Brooke shot me a look. Yep, I was going to have sex with her. No doubt.

"Honestly, I get abysmal work reviews for no reason I can understand. I don't respond to

combust all over the chocolate factory, so I consider Monday to be an improvement in the fewer fatalities I caused," I stated straight-faced.www.n(∘)♥@IŴ(∘)ℋM.CóM Trent didn't understand my job place revelry. The girls cracked up laughing.

"Apparently I sunk the Maldives Islands yesterday. Friday I caused Umpa Lumpas to spontaneously

instructions, am rarely locatable and never, ever answer my phone," I frowned. "Trent gets away with it, so why shouldn't I?" More laughter and Trent was being pissy.

"Ms. Shore thinks I will make a Lead Investigator in two years," Trent bragged.

"Olympia is a smart cookie," I nodded. "You may end up globe-trotting with a bevy of young ladies

"Who is Olympia?" Libra questioned.

"Olympia Shore," I beat Trent to the answer. "Everyone at Havenstone is on a first name basis and

very friendly. I mean, as the only five guys in the entire corporation, it's different than what I expected." "Trent, do you work with many attractive women?" Brooke inquired lethally.

The lesson being: don't screw with me without a game plan. Making me look bad as a causal thing

in front of women isn't wise. The restaurant was nice, but Katrina's place had been nicer. I ordered, talked, flirted with Libra openly (and Brooke covertly). Libra and I were working on a hook-up when a chilly voice killed the ambiance. "Cáel Nyilas, come with me," the female voice droned. Why did the other guys flinch? She was one

of those stone-cold bitches from the Security Detail. On Saturday, they had manhandled the other as if they were nothing. Since the SD were most likely all full-blooded Amazons, they were correct in that assessment. "I don't know your name and what is this about?" I turned and asked the Arabic swimsuit

model.@ww.novelworM.com "Aisha and you need to check in with Medical," she stated. At least she wasn't too rude.

"Thanks for the drinks and dinner, guys," I staggered up. "Libra, it was very nice to meet you." I put a

had obeyed. I had been nice. This was simply punishing me for having a dick.

put the car in my path. She stepped out of the driver's side, clearly

few twenties on the table, grabbed up my crutches and followed Aisha out. She was double parked. Aisha went around to the driver side, got in and waited. It wasn't like she'd

missed the crutches. I stumped out to the car and rapped on the door. "A little help here?" I requested. She looked my way, returned to looking forward and did nothing. I

I hobbled back to the street and headed across town under my own power. Three blocks away, she

unhappy.www.(n)ovêLW(o)r $\mathcal{M}$ .(c)om "Get in," she commanded.

"Are you going to help me?" I countered. She glared at me. "You are in the cross walk."

She didn't respond, so I hobbled down the street. I didn't try to get past her. I was going to cross at the next street. She didn't reappear so I painfully dragged my sorry ass over to the first taxi I could find and was dropped off at Havenstone twenty minutes later. She was waiting for me at Reception.

"Come with me," she snapped as she grabbed my arm. "Let go of me," I yelled. "You failed at your job. Hell if I'm going to cover for you."

"I didn't fail," she pointed out. "You are here."

"Without any help from you," I stated. She dragged me to the elevator and up to Medical we went. Aisha pushed me into a medical bay

then left. A medical type - who was a physician or a physician's assistant wasn't clear - appeared,

my pants went down and she got to work. There is nothing like grabbing your own calf and pulling it up to your chest while a doctor examines your wound.

"Hot date," she caught me off guard. "I was working on it," I grunted as she swabbed the wound. She looked around my thigh and into my eyes.

"Uh...six-ten - this evening," I answered.

"This was before your date?" she was puzzled.

"How is this any of your business?" I grumbled.

"When was the last time you had sex?" she intruded.

"Well, when I met girl #1, I didn't know girl #2 existed," I explained.

"Wait, you met one girl randomly at six and had sex with her then were aiming for a second girl," she blinked. "It isn't even 8:30 yet."

- a trifecta if you are curious - and parted on good terms," I said.

"Do you want me probing your wound with a cotton swab, or with a steel scraper?" she threatened. $\hat{W}wW.\mathcal{N}\mathbf{O}(v)e(1)\mathbf{W}o\check{\mathsf{R}}\mathsf{m}.\mathbb{C}\odot(m)$ 

"Yes. I went out for drinks, met the first lady, we hit it off and we went to the ladies room and had sex

"When I got back to my buddies' table, they had several other women, one who was my assigned dinner date. It turns out I had sex with her sister a few years back," I sighed. "We were hitting it off

when Aisha showed up with the personality of a marble slab and made me walk back here."

"Really?" "Okay, she wouldn't help me get in the car, so I stomped off like a spoiled child for a few blocks then

took a taxi the rest of the way," I grinned. "All I asked was for her to help me in the car and she

wouldn't even do that."

"Is any of what you told me the truth?" she let my leg down, on the outside of her so that my crotch was pressed against hers. "Everything after the probe - yeah," I nodded.

"Very well," smile. "Is there anything else I can help you with?" Needs no translation.

"Oh, I wish you could, but I need to work out three hours of non-stop sexual frustration and neither

"Mmmm...I get off at 4 am," she licked her lips. "What is your address?"

"Are you going to work out some frustration on her?" she pouted.

"Sadly, I'm rooming with Desiree for the rest of the week," I frowned.

one of us has the time right now," I moaned. "Maybe later."