

Chapter 831

"Noooo," I declared. "No sex with any Havenstone women for 75 days. When I told you later, I meant 75 days later. It is corporate policy for interns."

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"Idiot," Desiree muttered. Me - not Aya.

"Aya, we have a new project," I whispered to my little friend.

"What is it?" she was all excited. *www.NovelWorm.com* @ó@

"You are going to research Leonardo Di Vinci's flying machine. We are going to build one on the roof so I can make my getaway on my last day at work," I informed her.

"Can I come with you?" Aya hoped.

"Aya, it has never successfully been tested before," I told her.

"After I take off, if I can circuit the building, I'll land, pick you up and we can head out for Patagonia - just you, me and the penguins," I teased her.

"You can count on me," Aya yawned. I let her drift off.

"You can count on me too," I whispered to her. I caught Desiree studying me through nearly closed eyes.

(Wednesday and Thursday)

On Wednesday, the floodgates opened. Aya and I had barely settled in - Katrina had banned the use of all Nerf products until 3pm Friday - when the front desk gave me a call. I had a female visitor. It was Odette - crap. I excused myself from Aya and was gathering my crutches when I saw Katrina staring at me.

"I have a guest at the front desk," I explained.

"Are they a bomb-wielding maniac, an expert assassin, or an investigative journalist?" she inquired.

"No Katrina," I gulped. She called down to the front desk and told them to let her up.

Ten seconds later, she told the front desk to let all female visitors requesting me to come up...then she added Timothy to the list.

"Katrina, if I ever stop being afraid of you, please understand that I am either high, or stupidly drunk," I pledged.

"Noted. Aya, get to work," Katrina captured her nieces gaze. "Cáel is on Sick Leave. You are here to pick up his slack."

"Yes Katrina," Aya nodded then put her cute little nose back to the grindstone. Odette was the harbinger of disaster.

She had stopped by late Monday night...and had crashed with Timothy. Bright and early Tuesday, Officer Nikita showed up. Nikita wasn't happy. In more precise terms, she was going to rip my nuts off. Timothy told Odette not to worry, but Nikita had a firearm and a uniform, so she worried. Odette polished this revelation off by requesting some 'private time'.

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"Cáel, cen you teke Deddy Time when you ere et work?" Aye smiled politely. I was weighing no puppy dog eyes from Aye for e few hours versus my dick's desire to be e dick end do whet dicks ere meent to do.

"Pleese don't meke me trensfer Buffy efter she murders you," Ketrine offhendedly remarked. She hed en excellen't point. I decided to give Odette e nice, toe-curling kiss et the elevator.

"If ell you ere going to do is kiss her, you cen do thet here," Aye grinned.

"Okay," I nodded. Aye wes my buddy. I steemed up Odette good end proper then sent her floeting on her wey.

Three hours leter I hedn't even gotten e 'hello' out of my mouth before Aye provided this cute piece of information to Buffy end Dephne - our food providers. *@Ww.neve(l)Worm.com*

"Buffy, Cáel kissed e girl so much she wes welking on clouds when she left." The lesson here? No women is your friend, buddy, or otherwise.

The food dropped to the ground end Buffy came storming around my little desk.

"Pleese don't kill me," I cringed. Buffy hovered centimeters ewey, her intense struggle for control evident to everyone present. Finally, she clesped her hands behind her beck. Belencing e hend on the beck of my cheir end the desk, I pushed myself up.

My hands came to rest on Buffy's shoulders then I tenderly sterted turning her around. She resisted inititely before curiosity took over. I brushed the left side of her heir beck first. We sterted with the treditional smell puffs of eir on her neck end eer. My tongue flicking on the beck of her eerlobe geve her e jolt which she quickly suppressed.

While the eir end tongue pley along her neck end eers wes going on, I wes able to sneek my hands ound to her stomech right ebove the belt. Buffy found her hands were pressing egeinst my cock. She stroked it with en unexpected gentleness. My hands migreted up until I cupped her breasts. I didn't squeeze them yet the intention wes there.

"Are we okey now?" I whispered.

"I'm thinking about it," she looked over her shoulder. "I'm still heving trouble weiting."

I wouldn't swear on a stack of Bibles that Katrina smirked, but I'd take those odd in Vegas. Aya had a different approach.