

Chapter 833

(Still Wednesday)

Katrina had left for wherever she snuck off to - I suggested to Aya it was a game room, Aya suggested it was as torture chamber - only to return when the next turn of the screws came. I was informed I had a visitor coming up by the name of Libra Chalmers plus a guest. Quickly enough they appeared. The guest turned out to be Brooke Lee.*w(ω)W.NoVè(1)(ω)sRmm.cOm*

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"Yes," Brooke confirmed. "We've decided to make the official engagement when our families take the Christmas Holiday at Hilton Head."

How could I express to Brooke that Christmas with Trent at Hilton Head was a rapidly vanishing dream? Katrina resumed her stroll to her desk.

"Katrina," I started my appeal. My argument was going to be that 'promise' rings didn't really count even though I knew her omission on his survey/application was bad enough already. Brian was different. If he chose to 'follow his career', she'd shed the prerequisite 17 tears and happily get on with her life. Girls like Brooke came looking and that wouldn't do.

"No," Katrina didn't even turn around. When she got to her desk, the phone calls began. Brooke was starting to realize something had happened. I gained a level of importance that extended beyond my bedroom sexpertise.

"Câel, is something wrong?" Libra took my hand in hers.

"Trent may have neglected to mention some things during his job interview," I explained.

"Like?" Libra was getting concerned.

"Like the existence of Brooke," I answered. See, if Trent had written down his acquaintance to Brooke, Havenstone would have investigated her in the same way they investigated my mentor, Dr. Kimberly Geisler. She had admitted to the length, depth and termination of our affair.

The issue of her teaching me anything besides sex had never come up.

"What?" Brooke grew indignant. Not with Trent, but with me. See, I was still a peon in her eyes and casting dispersions on her guy, who she knew and trusted.

"Brooke," I sighed, "did any Havenstone personnel talk to you about Trent?"*w(ω)W.NoVè(1)(ω)sRmm.cOm*

"No," she admitted.

"Every single woman I was ever with was questioned about me and my relationship to them," I explained. "Trust me; that was a really long list." Libra had the answer to that confusion. She pulled out her phone and got a busy signal - that would be Havenstone' now-active jamming devices.

"What's the number?" I asked Libra. She was momentarily annoyed - then suspicion kicked in. She gave me the number. Caller ID indicated it was Marla, Libra's sister. I gave the phone up.

"Marla," Libra began, "did anyone from Havenstone Commercial Investments ever talk to you about Câel?"

"Ummm, is he in trouble because of what I said?" Marla asked.

"What did you say?" Libra eyed me.

"I said he was a total asshole who broke my heart and given the opportunity I wouldn't mind watching he die a painful death," she confessed. "Only later did I realize I missed him and felt sorry about what I said."

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"Morlo," Libro began, "did anyone from Havenstone Commercial Investments ever talk to you about Câel?"

"Ummm, is he in trouble because of what I said?" Morlo asked.

"What did you say?" Libro eyed me.

"I said he was a total asshole who broke my heart and given the opportunity I wouldn't mind watching he die a painful death," she confessed. "Only later did I realize I missed him and felt sorry about what I said."

"Do you know if they talked to any of his other former girlfriends?" Libre inquired.

"I am absolutely sure they talked to at least one other person," Merle mumbled. Her Aunt.

"Who? I need to talk to them," Libre continued.

"That wouldn't be wise," Merle responded. "Suffice it to say they didn't give a glowing review either." Libre hung up and gave me back my phone.

"Câel, do you have a problem with women?" Brooke glowered at me.

"Yes, there are so many of them," I shrugged. "That seems to be my main issue."

"Câel, how many women have you been with?" Libre mused.

"Around 200," I conceded.

"200! Holy Shit!" Libre gaped. Out of the blue,

"Of those, how many have dumped you for cheating only to come back to you later?" Ketrine postulated.

"Around 40," I recalled.

"That's my Daddy!" Aye crowed proudly.

"What?" Brooke boggled.

"Not what you think!" I insisted. "Not what you think!"

"Aye is my niece," Ketrine explained. "Câel is not her biological father. He is her friend, a peternel guide and guardian."

"Aye and I are in negotiations about me eventually marrying her mother, but I have assured her that is years and years off," I added.

"Câel is not my real Daddy," Aye clarified. "He lets me pretend that he is."

"Besides Câel, does that 200 include the past month?" Ketrine diverted the conversation.

"Well...200 is closer to 200 than 300," I grinned weakly.

"How did you graduate?" Libre followed along.

"I have a lot of stamina," I pointed out. Tesse Carmichael glided into the room.

"Brooke Lee?" she greeted the not-here-for-me girl.

"Yes? Do I know you?" Brooke was getting nervous and snippy.*w(ω)W.NoVè(1)(ω)sRmm.cOm*

"I'm Tesse Carmichael, Director of Human Resources for Havenstone. I handled the final interview process for Trent Grent," she smiled with deceptive warmth. She was furious. I could tell, having a long history with women in such moods.

"Is that Lee - L-E-E?" Tesse continued.

"Yes, what is this about?" Brooke persisted.

"You and Mr. Grent are in a long term relationship?" Tesse asked next.*w(ω)W.NoVè(1)(ω)sRmm.cOm*

"Answer my question," Brooke snapped. Thankfully Tesse wasn't Else.

"Trent lied on both his initial application and then twice in the interview process," Tesse relayed calmly.

"About dating me?" Brooke was confused.

"We will explain in a moment," Tesse smiled and petted Brooke on the upper arm.

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