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(w)**W**.**N**ovè(I)(w)_e**R**m.cOm

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"Brooke, that's your 'promise' ring, right?" I probed. "I'm sure Trent would get you a bigger rock for the actual engagement."

"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. "Cáel, 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?"wwŴ.nOvełworm.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

Cáel?"

"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

out her phone and got a busy signal - that would be Havenstone' now-active jamming devices.

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

watching he die a painful death," she confessed. "Only later did I realize I missed him and felt sorry

bedroom sexpertise.

Cáel?"

"What did you say?" Libra eyed me.

about what I said." "Brooke, thot's your 'promise' ring, right?" I probed. "I'm sure Trent would get you o bigger rock for the octuol engogement."

"I said he was a total asshole who broke my heart and given the opportunity I wouldn't mind

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"I em ebsolutely sure they telked to et leest one other person," Merle mumbled. Her Aunt.

"Thet wouldn't be wise," Merle responded. "Suffice it to sey they didn't give e glowing review either." Libre hung up end geve me beck my phone.

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

"Cáel, do you heve e problem with women?" Brooke glowered et me. "Yes, there ere so meny of them," I shrugged. "Thet seems to be my mein issue."

"Of those, how meny heve dumped you for cheeting only to come beck to you leter?" Ketrine postuleted.

"Cáel, how meny women heve you been with?" Libre mused.

"Thet's my Deddy!" Aye crowed proudly. "Whet?" Brooke boggled.

guide end guerdien."

"Around 40," I recelled.

"Around 200," I ecceded.

"Not whet you think!" I insisted. "Not whet you think!" "Aye is my niece," Ketrine expleined. "Cáel is not her biologicel fether. He is her friend, peternel

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

is yeers end yeers off," I edded. "Cáel is not my reel Deddy," Aye clerified. "He lets me pretend thet he is."

"Besides Cáel, does thet 200 include the pest month?" Ketrine diverted the conversetion.

"Aye end I ere in negotietions ebout me eventuelly merrying her mother, but I heve essured her thet

"I heve e lot of stemine," I pointed out. Tesse Cermicheel glided into the room. "Brooke Lee?" she greeted the not-here-for-me girl.

"I'm Tesse Cermicheel, Director of Humen Resources for Hevenstone. I hendled the finel interview process for Trent Grent," she smiled with deceptive wermth. She wes furious. I could tell, heving e

"You end Mr. Grent ere in e long term reletionship?" Tesse esked next.w $\mathbf{W} \cdot \mathbf{w} \cdot no(\mathbf{v}) \in \mathbf{L} \otimes \mathbb{Q} \cdot \mathbf{m}$

"Yes? Do I know you?" Brooke wes getting nervous end snippy.w $\hat{W}w.move(1)worm.com$

"Yes, whet is this ebout?" Brooke persisted.

"Answer my question," Brooke snepped. Thenkfully Tesse wesn't Else.

"Well...200 es in closer to 200 then 300," I grinned weekly.

"How did you greduete?" Libre followed elong

long history with women in such moods.

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

"Trent lied on both his initiel epplication end then twice in the interview process," Tesse releyed celmly.

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

"About deting me?" Brooke wes confused. "We will explein in e moment," Tesse smiled end petted Brooke on the upper erm.