

Chapter 843

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"Congratulations, you and Aya are forbidden to work. I thought keeping you in the building would be safer. I'm mature enough to admit I was wrong," Katrina conceded. "No place is safe for you, or from you. I'm sending you home, under guard."

"Can I choose Buffy?" I perked up. Katrina arched an eyebrow.

"I also need something," I kept slaloming down toward Hell. "I need a six hour dispensation from you on the whole sex thing with employees."

"Oh Goddess," Katrina laughed. "What part of me wanting you to stay alive have you missed?"

"Are you going to sleep with my Mommy now?" Aya grinned.

"No," Katrina answered for me, "he's going to play with Buffy." Right on the money. One scary-smart woman without a doubt. "Best of all, I'll let you assign Buffy to be your security for the night and you can tell her

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the good news when you get home. Aya, that means Cael does, not you."

"Yes Aunt Katrina," Aya moped.

She wanted me to be banging Caitlyn; her Momma. We would make love, Caitlyn would take me as her mate and I'd be Aya's Daddy for real. She'd kill me a month later for my twelfth indiscretion. I'm not a fortuneteller. I'm a bookie and I knew the odds of me staying faithful were a sucker's bet.

The only questions were how many and with which one Caitlyn would kill me with. I wasn't sure how to break that reality to Aya. After getting bandaged/tortured by my doctor, cleaned up and redressed, I managed to survive the rest of the day without catastrophe.

(Later)

"Cael, do you realize that you've been wounded more than most Security Detail recruits do during their basic training?" Violet teased me.

Buffy was too furious for coherent speech.

"It isn't his fault, Buffy," Aya pleaded. "He wasn't seducing a woman, or anything like that. Oneida tried to sex him up all on her own." Huh? "Constanza's nipples were very aroused and we all know what she wanted."

I really was worrying about the twisted sexual education Aya was getting. She knew the terms, but was missing out on the complete meaning of what she was saying.

"Oneida? Who the hell is Oneida?" Buffy growled.

"She's one of the new hires with Acquisitions," Violet answered. Brian Fung's group.

"What were you making eyes at her for?" Buffy snarled possessively.

"He didn't," Katrina swept into the office. "She made a Death Pledge and Cael, acting as a vessel for our Ancestors, refused it -so the youngest breeding female in House Arinniti gets to keep living." I grunted because I knew who Arinniti was, or had been.

"Vessels for the Ancestors?" Violet gasped.

"Arinniti-that name rings a bell," Buffy mumbled.

"She's one of the twenty founding bloodlines," Aya gladly provided. Katrina took her seat behind her desk and regarded me with something between amusement, annoyance, and pride. Oh, and sex.

"Violet, Cael held a weapon in the presence of Hayden-the spear that Oneida had dropped to seal her pledge. If he was a male acting alone, he would have to be killed. Is that the course of action you wish to recommend to the High Priestess?" Katrina suggested.

"Ancestors work for me," Violet gulped.

"You can't take back a Death Pledge," Buffy turned to Katrina. "It is a Death Pledge."

"It appears you can if Cael is in the room," Katrina smirked.

"Best Daddy ever!" Aya yipped. "He caught the spear before it hit the ground and held it until Hayden came by and read the signs from the Ancestors that Cael was supposed to retract Oneida's words. Hayden even had

Oneida stand on the spear, but Da-Cael didn't let it fall."

"Maybe the Ancestors think Cael is sexy too," Aya added. Groan.

"They had better not," Buffy spun back tome threateningly. Fine, if some undead man-haters thought I was hot... sigh... that might entail there would be no rest for me even in the afterlife.

"Buffy, do you have plans for this weekend?" I glared.

"Why?" she snapped.

"Great. Katrina, I want Buffy to be my bodyguard for this weekend," I looked to my boss. Aya almost slipped up, but bit her lip to hold herself back. *wWw.n.c@©RM.Com*

"Fine," Katrina grumbled. "I promised you that you could choose your guardian. I was truly hoping you would pick among the candidates from SD I suggested, but so be it."

"I have to be around him all weekend?" Buffy howled.

"Yeah," I exhaled happily, "and I plan to have sex all weekend long." From the look on Buffy's face, she knew she was going to die. She was going to see me having sex with someone else, snap, kill me then kill herself out of shame and grief. Yep, she was going to die.

It turned out Aya was off to Amazon Summer Camp for Squirts. We quickly arranged a series of smoke signals she could use to send for me if she was in danger. Desiree rolled her eyes, hefted Aya's luggage and left with my tiny boon companion. I sobbed.

"Katrina, can I go see her when she's at camp?" I turned to my boss.

"Cael Nyilas, this is a place where we send our greatest treasure-our children," Katrina smirked. "We will not discuss the abuse of power it would be for me to reveal the location to you."

"Cool... Daphne, where is it?" I turned to my closest female new hire.

"I won't tell you and it changes every year," Daphne smiled.

"But you know where it is this year," I persisted. *@Ww.N.VELw@n@m*

"I didn't say I didn't," Daphne beamed.

"Fine. Come home with me. While my gress henchwoman holds you down, I'll tickle the truth out of you," I menaced.

"Buffy don't!" Tigger shouted. Buffy was about to brain me with my reading lamp. I was fearless.

"Okay, Bubbles," I beamed vindictively. "Go get us a car and make it snappy." There was a hush. "What? Did I use any words that were too big for you to understand?"

Buffy's screamed caused people to reach for their sidearm three floors away. She stormed out, thankfully not running over anyone.

"Do you want to die?" Violet tugged my sleeve.

"Let the 'Lost Blood'(OKH) deal with him," Fabiola sneered. "They are both annoyances."

I took a deep breath.

"Fabiola, your laws regulate what I can and can't say to you," I stared at her. "Instead, I beseech you to never insult a 'Runner'(OKH) in my presence again."

"Buffy is a 'Lost Blood' (OKH)," Fabiola defied me. I took another deep breath then hobbled over to Katrina's desk, retrieved a pen, piece of paper and a nice, soapstone-encased lighter.

By the time I got back to my desk, I certainly had the new hires' attention. Since Fabiola was a Latin name, I had to guess at what it would look like in the Amazon alphabet.

"Daphne, is this right?" I asked. She shook her head. She wouldn't give me the answer. I got it on the third try. I showed Fabiola her name on the paper then burned it. I rubbed the ashes between my palms then showed Fabiola my blackened palms.

"What does that mean?" Paula inquired. She was worried. I was both flamboyant and hardcore at the same time.

"Who cares?" Fabiola mocked me.

"'Ghost'" I said in Old Kingdom Hittite. It took them a few seconds to realize it had a second definition-invisible.

I had no doubt Katrina fully understood the implications of my actions.

"Cael, I will have to consult with Hayden over this," Katrina mused. I gave a nod, collected my stuff and headed for the elevator.

"Katrina, what did he do?" Dora chimed in.

"He murdered Fabiola," Katrina enlightened them. "In his mind, she no longer exists."

"Can he do that?" Violet wondered. Fabiola took after me.

"Cael," she called out. I ignored her. She caught up. "Cael." Ignored. Then she shoved me from behind in the shoulder. I kept walking.

"Don't you ignore me!" she seethed. Daphne was coming up fast.

"Leave him alone," Daphne insisted. Fabiola shoved me again. I was almost at the elevator.

"Don't," Helena came up. She was aiming for Daphne because Daphne was about to kick Fabiola.

"She's insulting you!" Daphne reacted to Helena while pointing at Fabiola.

"He is a man," Helena explained. "We don't fight over men." Meaning that couldn't be the primary excuse, not that it never happened.

"Katrina, make me Cael's boss," Fabiola shouted.

Well, I would never dare shout at Katrina unless her life was on the line. Also, technically Fabiola couldn't be my boss, being a 'new hire' and all.

"Cael Nyilas, Fabiola is your boss for the next five minutes," Katrina intoned. Oh fuck.

"Cael, to my side," Fabiola gloated. I looked past her to Katrina, sighed and punched the elevator button.

"Don't turn your back on me," Fabiola snarled. A tug of war developed. She kept trying to turn me away from the elevator doors and I refused to be budged. Fabiola drew her blade. Shit.

"You cannot run far enough away that I will let you get away with that," Daphne seethed in OKH. Fabiola was about to meet that challenge.

"What are you doing?" Katrina had been coming out of her office when she caught the exchange.

"I..." Daphne stammered. She'd screwed up.

"Apologize," Katrina commanded. Daphne apologized grudgingly. The doors opened. "Cael, hold the door." I did.

"Cael, to my side," Fabiola repeated. She thought she was about to win. I stayed where I was.

"Fabiola, he can't hear you," Katrina pointed out. *wWw.n.c@©lww(n)m.c@*

"Of course he can hear me," Fabiola rebutted.

"No-no he can't," Katrina remained calm. "You have rendered yourself dead to him. Since he is not a priestess, or augur, he cannot hear the voices of the dead."

"He cannot willfully decide he can't hear me," Fabiola demanded.

"Oh, I agree. That would be wrong for him to willfully ignore any Havenstone female. Conversely, he can't allow any of our women to be harmed either," Katrina explained patiently. "So, when he witnessed an assault on the spirit of our women, he attempted to address it."