Chapter 844

Chapter 844**WWw**.(n)**O**ve/**W**Or**M**.co**M**

"He approached the perpetrator andpolitely asked them to refrain from that activity. He was rebuffed. It wasn't like he could physically resolve the issue. To resolve that internal conflict-to defend his sisters but not attack a sister, he symbolically killed the problem. This allowed him to constantly and continuously forget the cause of this disruption."

"He can't do that," Fabiola persisted.

"Actually, it is pure Cáel," Katrin a smirked." Ipersonally unaware of any scripture, bylaw, or statute that forbids him from doing this. I have given you a reasonable argument that explains his actions. He is essentially working through two conflicting orders."

"Now Fabiola, as a perspective leader, whatdo you suggest he do? Let you force him to be relocated when he breaks your jaw? Let you insult half of Havenstone's staff until one day, one of them snaps and you end up in a Newark landfill? That would be wrong of him to do as he is supposed to lay his life down for us," Katrina kept at it. "What do

"How do you resolve the crisis? Before youanswer that, consider the fate of Leona,"Katrina gave a

you suggest?"

both body and mind."

predatory twist of the lips that would make a Momma T-Rex proud. "This male is making us fight amongstourselves," Fabiola complained.

"I'm not fighting just for the male," Daphnegrowled."I'm fighting to have offspring that are strong in

"Hey," Helena snorted, "can you imaginehow much tougher the women in Acquisitions and Business Management have it? We get to talk about the New Directive without fear of weirding Cáel out."

"Please believe me," I chuckled."I'm stillweirded out. There is simply nothing I can do about it so I get on with my day."

"I don't understand any of you," Fabiolaprotested.

"No."

"Why?" Katrin a gazed at me. "Isn't she small, weak and hyperactive?"

"Sure, she's small now, but she's only nine.Look at the size of all the other women in her house.

very active imagination. Once she finds her 'stillness'-her center- she'll do fine. If anything, she's too smart. She figures out that her guardians are worried, why they are worried and has to fight against

their disappointment every time she does anything." Fabiola snorted, proving yet again she was clueless to her surroundings. "After all, Katrina, she's related to you andyou are one of the scariest-smart people

None of them are super-tall either," I answered. "She's not hyperactive. She is very bright with a

Since I was dragging both all my business clothes, toiletr ies and my bike upstairs with crutches, it was painfully comical. A furious Buffy relented and took a few of my things. We had barely made it in

"Cáel, go. You are unlikely to survive Buffyas it is," Katrina directed.

Buffy dumped my belongings in the center of the living room. "Hey," I answered the phone.

Buffy was indeed apoplectic. She did manage to let me retrieve my bike before driving me home.

"Hey, it's Odette," she greeted me happily."Are you still in the HQ?" "Nope Odette," I grinned at Buffy. "I'mhome. Do you want to come over?"www.NôvEl@orm.com

the door when my phone rang.

stand my illicit behavior, you are more than welcome,"I informed her.

"Cool," she chirped. "I'll be over in about anhour."

"Now I have to watch you fuck a whore?"Buffy stared at the ground. I wasn't going to go after for the

"See you soon. Until then Odette," I said.

read it. "So? What does this mean?" Buffy lookedready to explode in tears and fists.

"Buffy," I showed her the text from Katrinaabout my six hour sexual exemption. She looked up and

"You worried that I'd be dead by the end ofthe month, and I did promise to try and

make you the first Havenstone woman I made love to," I explained.

"Constanza was about to kill you and youwere thinking of me?" is what Buffy got out of all that. "Yeah. I also realized that Aya was far calmerthan she was last Saturday, but the major thing was

"See, I figure we time everything. When westart something naughty, we cut on the timer and the

moment we are done, we cut it off,"I met her gaze. "That way me squeeze as much out of the six

"You were about to die and I was the oneyou were thinking about," Buffy wept.

caught off-guard by this open vulnerability. I hugged her back and snuggled her close. She sniffled for several seconds. "This doesn't count, does it?" she hiccupped.

eye."Or, are you going to make me beg like a big baby?" "I really want to have sex with you too, "Buffy smiled... romantically. The fiery freakiness was gone to be replaced by a deeply sensual, gentle spirit. What the hell?

"I love your sense of humor," Buffysnickered. I repeat-Huh? We stripped down then crawled under the sheets. Buffy was demure, calm and at peace. "Buffy, I don't want to ruin the mood," I saidas I pulled her close.

"But you are not acting normal and I don'tknow what to make of it," I completed. "I won," Buffy stroked my ch eek lovingly."Ibeat out everyone else for you. I gave it everything I had,

"Let's go to the bedroom," I suggested."Wecan try out the sofa later."

came out, I ripped open the packet, slipped on the prophylact ic and returned to my lover. I was about to slip into Buffy, missionary style.

"Wait!" she stopped me. She hit two buttonson her wrist watch. "Timer," she explained. In I went.

"I prefer you," I teased. The 'thank you'hovered right on the other side of unspoken. It wasn't in her.

She was starting to get amorous. I pulled away to Buffy's momentary confusion then the condom

was not Buffy's first time. By the level of stimulation she was giving me, this was unlikely to even be her 100th time. She knew her stuff. She had mentioned me physically and cerebrally engaging her being a reason she was so desperate to 'have' me. I had misinterpreted that. Buffy wanted a sex partner that could keep up in a

way that went far beyond stamina-she hungered for matching skill and maturity. She could give me

subtle clues with her body and I'd pick up on them, folding them back into my own actions and

signals.

back and buttock. I would balance on my right arm while I coaxed delightful hums from Buffy. This

"Don't pull out yet," Buffy requested. "If I pull out, we can stop the clock," linsisted.

"I won't tell if you won't," I snickered. Buffycut of the timer on her wristwatch. Buffy was bringing her

"If you hadn't been as good as your hype,"Buffy whispered after a minute, "I think I would have fallen

"Oh, "she giggled, "me lying naked on top ofyou in your bed isn't 'inappropriate behavior'?"

breathing under control and getting comfortable with our sweatiness.

apart... and killed you... then probably myself."

encounter with me. "In high school I discovered the wonders ofsex. I loved it. Not the lover, but the carnal act. I'd screw

good at. I met this guy-you know the story. He would protect me, love me, blah, blah, blah," Buffy recalled painfully. "Slowly the sex stopped being fun. It wasmoney and not my money at that. One night I got sick of it. 'He'wanted me to perform, I told him I was leaving so he and

"Fabiola, will Aya die?" Katrin a asked. "Yes." "Why?" Katrina continued.www.πο**ν**έΙwω(r)(m).c**óM** "She is small, weak and hyperactive," Fabiolaexplained. "Cáel, will Aya die?"

I've ever had the pleasure to know," I smiled. I could reply to Fabiola while not replying.

"Sure... it's not going to be a problem, is it?"she asked. "I have a good friend over, but if you can

'whore' thing. She was at the end of her endurance. I knew that. I limped in front of her and pulled out her phone. She was too angry to look up at me so I knelt down.

"It means that when Constanza had hersword aimed at my throat I figured out a way to ease some of your fears," I stated. She blinked.

how to ask Katrina for the exemption and lure you here for the weekend," I told her. "Weekend?" Buffy studied me intently.

hours as possible-if that's what you want to do?" Buffy hugged me suddenly.

"Yeah," I grinned seductively.

By that, I meant she fell apart emotionally. I had always seen Buffy so fierce that I was

"Oh Goddess, you are crazy, you are crazy, you are crazy," she murmured into my shoulder. "Okay, I'm crazy. I also really want to havesex with you," I pushed her back so we could look eye to

"This is purely platonic. I'm bonding withmy supervisor-team-building," I stated firmly.

"Is your leg going to be okay?" she suddenlyworried. "Which one? Two of the three are workingfine," I teased. No anger.

you recognized that and came to me. This is me being happy, Cáel. Would you prefer me to be combative?"

Buffy gasped slightly then began moving her legs up along my thighs. Years of experience made this a slow, gentle screw. This wasn't me wasting time; Buffy wanted savagery later. For her triumphal moment, she wanted to savor every second of this first time with her prize-me. Tender kissing and nuzzling were the signs of our affection. She ran her hands over my shoulders,

There aren't too many that can meet me orgasm for orgasm. Buffy did. She crested to her climax first, but I was only seconds behind her. Before my final ejaculations, I rolled us over so that she was on top. I tried wiggle my coc k out of her vagina. Buffy resisted.

"Whoa," I reacted." Explain that. Girlswanting to kill me is fine. Girls killing themselves for anything remotely involving me isn't." She mulled that over. She wasn't going to apologize yet felt a need to share something. I had to be patient.

I've been with a lot of girls and a few guys who didn't take rejection well. That rarely had anything to

do with the actual rejection. It was some festering wound much deeper and older than their

anyone, as long as it was something new and different," Buffy confided. "After a few bad incidents, my parents -mystepfather and my mother-threw me out because they thought I was a bad influence for my two younger sisters. I went to a city and did the only thing I was

two buddies raped me. They raped me a lot over the next two days while they smoked meth and drank,"she continued."Finally, when they all passed out, I went to the place where he had his gun." $\mathcal{W}_{\mathcal{W}}$ w.n $\mathcal{O}_{\mathcal{V}}$ e \mathcal{L} W $\mathcal{O}_{\mathcal{R}}$ \otimes .(c)(o)m