

## Chapter 855

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"That your heart still beats is an insult toeverything I stand for," Constanza spat.

"I'm cool with that in the same way I'm coolignoring this whole 'blood prestige' thing. You gals aren't respecting mine and you certainly aren't explaining your rules to me, so I'm opting out of this whole 'my old lady was better at dodging arrows than yours'."

"You should not insult us this way," mycloset, newest gun-buddy cautioned me.

"I agree. Do you even know who the Magyarare?" I inquired.

"No," she shrugged.

"Go find out and then we can talk," Igrinned."Until then, you are disrespecting the aim of a sniper you don't even know exists yet is stalking you."

As they were struggling to figure that out, I groaned.

"You are insulting my people without

knowledge of who they are. You are asking me to show respect to your people without explaining to me why. I'm sure they were wonderful, fucking women, but I don't know anything about them," I related.

"If you want blind obedience, go have funwith sterility," I smirked. "I've got better and more far-sighted women I'd rather be with."

"Most likely you will be milked of your seed,joined with our eggs thus creating the next generation of the host," the third girl got all riled-up. Sex.

"Man," I laughed. "Am I the only one here tohave figured out that I, and the other new male hires, aren't the only ones being tested? Really? Come on. If Katrin a wanted to train me to use a gun, she could have sent me with Desire e to a private gun range and handled this stuff off-site. No. She had to put me here--with all of you."

All those smug, superior, horny chicks just realized they'd taken a philosophical snap-kick to the cranium. Tested? Amazons were tested all the fucking time. It was their culture to keep them fit, firm and alert. Best of all, the male had to be the one to bring

this to their attention. I wrapped my arm around the waist of the closest Amazon and pulled her groin to my hip.

"That's okay though. I'm in this for all ofyou,"I murmured while looking deep into her eyes--as if we were the only two people in the world."With your aid, I think we can do this -- make it work. Don't you?" She nodded. It was like shooting fish in a barrel. Shotgun, pistol-grip shotguns and an MP-5 joined my list of weapons I knew the basics of afterwards.

Once more, I was rendered even more attractive by the fact that I could hit a man-sized target at 6 meters with a gun I had only then picked up. I had been joking about the whole 'natural born killer'comeback. I wasn't convinced that my ancestor's ability to fight all their neighbors, sometimes all at the same time, made me kick-ass. $\mathbb{W}w\mathbb{W}.\left(n\right)o\mathbb{V}e\mathbb{Q}W\mathfrak{m}.c\left(o\right)m$

Frankly, my people had lost wars to every European empire of the middle ages and modern times. You just couldn't keep us down. Maybe resistance was genetically based. That was crazy talk... but Grandpa was a tough SOB, as was my Dad, now that  $\mathbb{L}w\mathbb{W}w.-n\mathbf{O}\mathbb{V}\left(e\right)\mathbb{I}w\mathfrak{o}\mathfrak{R}m.c\left(o\right)\mathfrak{m}$

thought about it. Gramps Old Man died fighting the Russians in WWII, which was why he fled his homeland as a child.

Mom's people --they were Irish --the Irish, when not fighting for their own homeland, were fighting for some else's. Mom didn't get the time to teach me much, but I do recall this: $\mathbb{w}w\mathfrak{w}.n\mathbb{Q}x\mathfrak{e}\mathbb{L}w\mathfrak{o}r\mathfrak{m}.c\mathfrak{o}m$

The greatest lie the Irish ever tell is that they only hate the English. The Irish hate anyone they can get their hands on, even other Irish. If you don't believe that, look at every ethnic neighborhood in the US that border an Irish enclave. They fight with them all.

I got my twisted sense of humor from my Mom. I miss her so. Knowing Mom, she wouldn't be ashamed of my infidelities. She'd probably say 'he's test-driving until he finds the one that can keep him in line'. I hoped she wouldn't be ashamed of me. My time was up. I had to go to Katrina's office. Constanza banished me with a grumpy face and a dismissive wave of the hand.

The chick I had put on my hip volunteered/elbowed her way to showing me out. My ID

card wouldn't open any stairwell, or elevator. She felt comfortable walking around in her underwear, plus a shoulder holstered 10 mm. Ten steps out, from her left, I snaked my hand around her back to her right hip. She looked to me and smiled.

"Can you give me some advice?" I inquired. $\mathbb{W}w.-n\mathbf{O}v\mathfrak{e}\mathbb{Q}W\mathfrak{o}r\mathfrak{e}.\mathcal{C}\mathfrak{O}m$

"I'll try," she hedged.

"Well, you are clearly in excellent physicalcondition. I've been trying to put together a regimen that will get my left thigh in shape,"I started. She nodded.

"I've a quadriceps exercise in mind, but I'munsure about one for the gluts," I mused. She looked uncertain. I moved my hand off her hip, over to her left hand then placed her hand force on my left buttock. We were now really close. "I'm afraid of losing my muscle tone. Can you help?"

"Ummm..." she hesitated."I could think of afew things." She worked herself up to giving my ass a good squeeze. This was not the first male butt she'd handled yet it was most likely the firmest and most sexually promising one she'd felt. Promising

something she couldn't quite envision but felt deep within her loins.

She dispensed advice. I nodded appreciatively. When I asked for some kind of confirmation, she kindly put my hand on her ass which I promptly began squeezing. Like shooting fish in a barrel. We were comparing stomach and shoulder techniques on the elevator. Her name was Naomi and she was with the Security Detail and a member of House Rajah -- ally of House Arinniti. Sweet!

Like clockwork, Brielle and her buddy joined me in the elevator on the ground floor. They had to know somebody to track me this well. Me shirtless with an Amazon in her undies. It must be Monday morning.

"This is new," Brielle commented. "Goodmorning, Naomi. Forget something?"

"I'm on the job," Naomi retorted. It was thewhole 'going without clothes' thing.

"Are you protecting a bare-chested Cáelfrom us, or us from a bare-chested Cáel?"her companion joked. Naomi's mouth opened then shut.

"I cannot talk about it. Neither one of uscan," Naomi declared with authority.

"That's right, Ladies," I nodded."Whathappens in the laundry room, stays in the laundry room."All those who felt I'd gone to the laundry room, raise your hands. No takers.

"I smell gunpowder residue," Briellecommented after she took a close whiff.

"The Dominicans, Latin Kings, and theRedneck Posse have all started fighting over that little block of paradise I call home," I sighed regretfully. Silence.

"Redneck Posse? That's not one I've heard ofbefore," Naomi commented. Here we go!

"Oh yeah,"I looked contemplative."Tenyears ago, several linguists studying Appalachian dialects paid for some native speakers to come to the city to help in their research. The hillbillies got paid, got jobs and brought their families down."

"When the grant money for the study ranout, the bumpkins had to find another way to support their kin that their minimum

wage jobs couldn't providing. Enter the Redneck Posse. Guns, meth, moonshine--they do it all. They are kind of like Afghan tribesmen except instead of being half a world away by sea, or air, they are a four, or five, hour drive down the interstate," I concluded.

The three women exchanged confused looks. The doors opened on my floor.

"Oh my Goddess!" Brielle exclaimed. "That'salmost possible to believe." I winked and left.

"You mean that was a lie too?" Naomigasped. The doors shut on that conversation as I swept through the office.

I had 90 second s to spare. Only Dora wasn't here yet, but there was a pile of boxes on my desk. They were all looking at me as if I'd just stepped out of a pool, or a French cologne commercial. I set my clothing and valise on my tiny, now over-stacked, desk then joined the line-up.

"Good morning Cáel," Katrina looked me upand down.

"I certainly hope it will be. Good morning toyou too, Katrina,"I beamed. Pause.

"Forgetting something?" Katrina prodded. Isniffed the air. I didn't sense it.

"Yes Ma'am, Katrina. I'm missing one thing.I hope it gets here soon," I confirmed. Pause.

"Very well, let's get started," Katrina began.Fabiola lost it.

"What! He doesn't have a shirt, tie, or jacketon. As far as we know, he's not even wearing underwear," she screeched.

"Cáel, is your attire, or lack thereof,necessary for the performance of your duties?" Katrina politely inquired.

"Yes it is Katrina," I nodded.

"Very well..." Katrina started over.

"What possible reason could you have forbeing half dressed," Fabiola ranted."Are you going to cover yourself with oil and slither down the stairs like the snake you are?"

No one said anything for a while. The rest

of the 'new hires'were coming around to the fact that Katrina and I were mocking Fabiola. Otherwise, Katrina would have shut her down. I held up my hand.

"Yes Cáel," Katrina acknowledged me,"despite the meeting having already begunand not being directly addressed by me, you may speak." Slap!

"Fabiola, I find your desire to see me oiledup a bit perplexing," I grinned in her direction. "I would like to point out, despite the evidence you have presented today, I am not an idiot and our boss--Katrina --is not a fool. Hate me to your heart's content, but don't insult Katrina by thinking she doesn't already know what I'm up to."

"She does not explain herself to me, or you,and I'm pretty sure even Hayden gets an edited view of what goes on here in Executive Services. I don't know and I don't care. That's not in my job description and I'm already way out of bounds as it is," I said. "For your sake and your sake alone, I will tellyou why I'm am dressed the way I am today."

"It is part of your ritual apology," Violet

blurted."It's obvious. This has to do with what Hayden told him to do."That wasn't truly fair to Fabiola. The rest of the ladies had been rushing around getting the items I decided I needed for my public apology. Dora came bolting in right then.

"I'm sorry I'm late, Katrina," she panted."Did I miss anything?"

"No," Katrina returned events to theirproper order."First off, for today, I'll start with Cáel's work review for Friday. I never thought I would say this about his on-the-clock performance. Cáel, your work output on Friday was stellar. There, I said it. Next..."