

Chapter 862

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"Trent has already been promoted," Brian continued. "I am regularly referred to as indispensable in my work reviews. Felix works closely with Ms. Pharos at all times. You seem to be the only one of us having... issues with Havenstone. Hell, they even shot you and you sat back and took it. I doubt your complacent attitude impressed anyone much."

No mention of poor Khalid. How quickly they forget. Trent had been 'promoted' to Southeast Asia alright. I looked it up; there are around 10,000 islands between Indonesia and the Philippines. Sure some were small spits of land with a few trees. I had little doubt one of the good-sized one was a jungle of a different sort.

Certainly Executive Services sent Trent's belongings somewhere. I'd never tried to find out. What would I have done with the knowledge? Brooke didn't care and I didn't know his family. Brian and I went to the same yuppie bar as last time. I was with Brian this time, so I abandoned him as quick as I could. [www.novelsfrom.com](#)

Why? At the far end of the bar, talking the bar-back was my Delivery Girl--aka the person who did the home liquor delivery to Libra's place. Half way down the bar, she sensed me looking at her. The bar-back followed her gaze. He wasn't happy with me. DG simply didn't recognize me so I held up my valise over my groin.

Confusion--surprise--acknowledgment that despite our surroundings, I wasn't worried about being seen with her. She had her hand truck--she had to make a front door delivery this time.

"Remember me?" I smiled.

"Cá el Nylas--the Pillow Guy," she snickered. "How did that work out for you?"

The bar-back was broadcasting his displeasure at some upper class smuck cutting in on his action. DG caught that.

"Jason, this is Cáel," she introduced me. "We last met under unusual circumstances."

"What kind of name is Cael?" Jason remarked.

"An unfortunate one," I snorted. "You try explaining to your kindergarten teacher that it is 'c-a (acute accent)-e-l'. Of course, I wasn't 'Bomophoto' either. She had it worse than I did."

Jason searched me out to see if I was pulling one over on him. I wasn't. Bomo and I bonded over our linguistic misfortune. She moved to Santa Fe in the third grade. I wonder if she grew up to be hot looking. Oink.

"I'll give you that," he chuckled. "Why did you get branded?"

"Mom was Irish, my Dad was in love with her so I got the cultural emersion, minus the Guinness," I shrugged. "By the way..." I looked back to the lady.

"Katy Lee Baker," she batted her eyelashes. We shook hands.

"How did it go?" I picked up her question. "Sex, chopped fruit, your drinks, more sex and back to the clinic before eleven."

"Have you talked to them since?" Katy inquired somewhat seductively.

"Perhaps. I don't like to kiss and tell," I evaded.

"I'm curious because two of the three arrived five minutes before you did and they appear somewhat unhappy with you right now," she smirked. "You can look over your shoulder if you don't believe me." Sure enough, there was Felix, Brian, Brooke, Libra and... I think her name was Gene. I waved then turned back to my current two conversationalists.

"So Jason, what do you like to do?" I asked the guy.

"Huh-- what? I work," he replied.

"I mean bike, try ethnic food, go to the gym-- stuff like that," I teased him.

"I work six days a week... but usually one or two are afternoon shifts. Me and some buddies play some pick-up basketball," Jason told me. [www.novelsfrom.com](#)

"Great. You'd pick a sport I suck at," I set the bait. If Jason thought I sucked, he'd invite me to play. That's how it worked. I was pretty good at basketball considering I'd

spent the last four years playing with girls --on the court. Girls play some mean ball. They also didn't shy away from putting an elbow into my nuts if they felt like it.

"I'm not sure I live in a neighborhood you'd be comfortable visiting," Jason threw up a roadblock. I had him on this one. I showed him my ID. It had the right address --wrong apartment number. "Shit dude, that place is about as rough as my home turf."

"I get paid a quarter million a year to taste test for hexafluoride in Chinese imports," I joked.

"Really?" Katy chuckled.

"It's a growth industry --if you consider tumors to be growth," I was faux-serious.

"Mr.-Cáel," Jason looked over my shoulder. "I think one of those chicks is about to come over here and kill you. You best hop to it."

"Which one? The brunette, or the russet-colored (Libra)?" I inquired.

"The brunette wants attention and the russet wants to push a red hot poker up

your ass," Jason gave me his experienced opinion. Heading over there was going to be 'fun'.

"Give me a call some time, Jason. Nice to see you again, Katy Lee," I waved good-bye.

"You know the staff here?" Libra spat.

"That was the girl who delivered the liquor to your place, Libra," I sighed. "I said 'hi'," [www.novelsfrom.com](#)

"It takes you an awful lot of words to say 'hello'," Brian gave a false smile. Libra was positioned next to Brian. Her anger with me plus his 'sexy' put her there.

Brooke shifted as I joined their chair-less center table. She was putting enough distance between us to show everyone she was independent yet close enough to give warning signs to other women that I was in her sights, if not her outright possession. I was better looking than Brooke had counted on. More 'fun' was coming down the pipeline.

Gene was here on another date with Felix, or so she thought. Poor Gene. Felix was most likely an excellent fuck. What she

didn't appreciate was that Felix was not only a competitor, he was the kind of athlete who had to win. Second place was what you called the first loser. Gene was about to be educated in this personal idiocentricity.

Now that I was on stage, Felix made his move on Brooke. Gene? He'd let her in on a three-way if he was feeling personally Hernán Cortés-like. Felix had to have Brooke. I hadn't dumped Brooke, according to Gene, so he wasn't getting my castoffs--he was stealing my prize. The flaw in this plan was my whole viewpoint on monogamy. I didn't much care for it. Brooke was a grown woman and could make her own choices.

Felix made his move. Damn, he was smooth. He had Brooke wrapped up and pulled tight without Gene even being aware she'd been dumped. Enter the train wreck named Nicole. She was the criminal defense attorney who I'd fucked in a stall in the women's bathroom of this place. She hadn't tried to contact me and I hadn't worried about her. Hook-ups were like that.

She'd been close by, respecting Brooke's signs and not stopping by to say hello. Then

Felix launched his master plan and I was suddenly freed up. Nicole had gotten a rough fucking and liked it, I could tell.

"Cá el Nylas," Nicole swooped in. "How have you been?"

"The normal. Menace to society, disrespectful of authority and being annoying to random strangers," I teased. "You?"

"I'm a lawyer fighting the irresistible lure of evil. The usual," she joked back. "What have you been doing wrong? As I recall, last time you were doing everything right?"

Yes, a good fucking indeed. I was going to re late this encounter to Timothy just so he could shoot me with his Nerf gun. He'd shoot me anyway, but it was nice of me to give him an excuse from time to time.

"I've been sending sexually suggestive letters to ADA Feinstein," I offered. "Does that count?"

"Oh really?" she seemed surprised. "Why don't you come by my table real quick and let me introduce you to some of my

colleagues." I wasn't going to be rude.

"Gang, this is Nicole," I introduced her to my table. "She's an attorney at a prestigious law firm that probably has more dead partners than living ones and offices in Papua New Guinea and a few dozen other places you've never heard of. I'll be right back."

"You are a nut," Nicole bumped me as we weaved our way to her buddies. "Ladies, this is Cá el Nylas. I think I mentioned him once." By the looks on their faces, once had been enough. "This is Zelda, Marsha, Phyllis, and Rivka--Rivka Feinstein, ADA for New York County, (that's Manhattan for us hicks).

"Ah crap," I exclaimed. That wasn't what they expected.

"I confess," I looked at Nicole, "I saw the name in an article on the back of the Village Voice. Sadly, they had R. Feinstein and I stupidly assumed it was a guy."

"Oh my God! You're gay?" Zelda and Phyllis despaired.

"While my life would be a whole lot easier if I was, I'm straight--not even bi-curious. My roommate, Timothy-- never Tim --is and he was reading it while I was working out. It sort of stuck in my mind," I admitted. [www.novelsfrom.com](#)

"How did my name come up in conversation?" Rivka inquired.

"Cá el is a pathological liar," Nicole teased me.

"Not true," I protested. "I'm allergic to excessive honesty. That's totally different."

"I'd like to put you on the witness stand," Zelda gave me those bedroom eyes.

"You and about a 150 other women," I groaned.

"150?" Rivka choked.

"Yep. The rest already know I'm guilty," I muttered.

"Are you of weak moral fiber?" Phyllis joined the game. We were all having a blast.

"Sorry, but no. I'm saving up for some.

Currently I'm without morals... or scruples. Any suggestion which one I should purchase first?"

"You are a great guy," Rivka snickered. "Why aren't you dating somebody?"

"Shall we revisit my lack of morals and scruples?" I answered.

"So you are a player?" Nicole nudged me. She wanted to play alright.

"How to put this... I'm a wonderful lover and a lousy boyfriend," I told them.

"I was an eighteen year old virgin. In the past four years, I have betrayed every woman I've ever dated, save one--my first love," I explained.