

Chapter 868

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(Somewhere in the midst of this nightmare,Cá el needs to earn a paycheck)

Felix had the physical confrontation he wanted. Somewhere in the back of my mind was that I had to do something inane yet again-like consumer test Ginsu Spatulas, or the equivalent. Felix noted the open hostility directed his way, but had neither the knowledge, nor the empathy to give a fuck. The elevator closed on his smug face. Work time.

"That didn't take you long at all," St. Mariechortled from behind me. I jolted.

"If I wasn't doing this, I'd be hand-feedingpolar bears, so cut me some slack," I groaned.

"I was under the impression that yourpugnacity was more of a defense mechanism, not male bravado," St. Marie probed.

"I am as much surprised as you are aboutthis. I don't even like the girl involved. I've

never fought over a woman before, but Felix used that woman to get at me-ineffectively," I mused. "My emotions don't... you don't want to be hearing any of this, do you?"

"No," St. Marie said. I stared at her. Shestared at me."Yes?"

"Have you ever done any bikini wrestling?" Iblurted out. She blinked."Gotta go. Work to do," and I fled. In the elevator I recognized one of the ladies from International Finance though I didn't know her name.

"What happened to your face?" she asked.

"Do you know who the Golden Mare is?" Ireplied. She nodded very respectfully."Well, she hit me." The woman studied me. "I guess I shouldn't have hit her first."

"You hit*****St. Marie?" She gulped. "I'mst unned you are still alive."

"You and me both," I sighed. "I'm starting toregret suggesting she take up bikini wrestling."

Blink.

"Tell me about it. I was looking into her eyesand that was the first thing to come to mind," I shrugged.

"I repeat, I'm stunned you are still alive," sheshook her head.

"What do you mean? I think she'd look goodin a bikini," I stated. The door opened to Medical."Have a good day at work now," I smiled."I'm off to crush marbles with a sledgehammer." My real job was to be a genetic guinea pig. I had to sit naked on a gurney and let them take blood and tissues samples.

The sperm sample was fun. First I insisted that I'd been in a fight earlier in the morning and my elbows weren't up to the job. After confirming this, they had some poor'nnew hire'jack me off. I held out as long as I could, to the point she gave me a blowjob-her first. Sadly, when senior medical technician informed her of the extinction of her oral virginity, they were both less than pleased yours truly.

I reminded them that I didn't shoot off into her mouth, or anything so crude. Next I informed them of a little known fact that

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my first ejaculate of the day(no mention of Brooke by me) was sterile and we had to repeat the process. No such luck. Damn microscopes. To prove I was a lousy patient, I feigned a collapse and a lack of breathing.

I didn't grapple with my CPR specialist. I very slowly and tenderly wrapped her up in my embrace. I told her that at the moment of utter darkness, her heartbeat brought me back to the light. I was a the point of penetration when a real doctor showed up and pulled the struggling Physician's Assistant away-she hadn't finished saving me, the young Amazon protested.

At this point the team threatened to give me a sedative. I responded with 'is it chemical, or a blow to the head'. They smiled and said they'd give me both if I misbehaved again. My counter-offer was a request for some Neapolitan ice cream. They conceded the issue, I got my ice cream and stopped being a jack-ass.

At 11:30 am, the first battery of tests concluded. As we were wrapping up, I asked why I had to be naked for the entire thing. They stared at me. Strangely, the Amazon who had prepped me for this nonsense had

made herself scarce. Damn it. The doctors then gleefully informed me that I had to be naked for the second half of the test, after lunch.

I asked why. They smiled. Bitches. As I was fixing my tie, my phone rang.

"Hello, Android Cá el Nyilas here," Ianswered. There was some giggling-Brooke.

"Hey, Android Cáel, this is flesh and bloodBrooke Lee," she snickered. Man, I had turned her around emotionally in only a few hours. Screw Felix.

"Have you eaten lunch yet?" she asked. I bitback my automatic response-asking if she was on the menu. We'd talked about Libra as I was leaving this morning.

"You, me and Libra?" I suggested. Brookeput her hand over the phone-the dearth of background noise was the giveaway.

"She may not want to see you," Brookehedged. That meant Libra was listening in.

"We talked about this earlier, Brooke," I

sighed."I want a chance to at least talk with her."Not totally false. I wanted to fuck her again. That necessitated some amount of conversation so I was willing to put forth the ergs of energy.

"I'll make the effort," Brooke promised.Making Libra a deal-breaker might have been sugar-coated chocolate for Libra. It would have also made them both suspicious of my suspicions.

"Please do your best," I said."Where do youwant meet?"

"My place?" she teased.

"Libra plus I would only have forty-fiveminutes with you, which is not nearly enough time," I reminded her. Sex.

"Libra doesn't have to know," Brooke wasnow pressing Libra's buttons.

"We are not going to go there," I insisted.They didn't own me and I didn't own them.

We were bantering back and forth, playing with sexual innuendo of the relationship kind. A good aphrodisiac is a woman

thinking you are foregoing sex with another woman to have sex with her. Best of all(for me) for hooking Libra and me back together, Libra was going to let Brooke fuck me yet again. Win-win-win.

"We'll meet at Stanhope's," Brooke finished.I agreed to meet her there in ten minutes and off I went. Aisha, the Arabic swimsuit model/SD hottie called for me as I was heading out the door. I asked why. She didn't say so I ran for it. Screw them all; it was my lunch break. I made it to Stanhope's. I was fleet of foot and was getting the hang of hailing taxis.

Libra was with Brooke at an outdoor table at Stanhope's. I didn't fake surprise. My cover was that I had faith in Brooke. I kissed Brooke while Libra gave me the cold shoulder.

"Libra doesn't believe we've talked abouther," Brooke opened up.

"You are the one who keeps shouting outhier name during orgasm," I sighed.

"That's not a joking matter," Libra snappeddeviliciously.

"It made you talk to me," I winked. Libragrowled.

"I hate you," she seethed.

"That is a perfectly normal, if heart-rendingreaction to our past two encounters," I admitted.

"I hope it hurt," Libra seethed."Besides, Iwent out with Brian Fung last night." She was stating the obvious. I was okay with that. It left her open to my lie.

"Have you moved on?" I moped. Libra notseeing me anymore made me want to cry. Missing her was utter anguish -it was written all over my face. Non-verbal deception is as important as the verbal kind.

I was not beating a dead horse, I was coaxing a thoroughbred to the Triple Crown. Give the girl what she wants-verbally, sexually and, if you can pull it off convincingly, emotionally.

"I don't know," Libra stated which meant 'no,she hadn't moved on'.

"Let's go out tomorrow night," I suggested.

Be bold enough to make the first move, but not so aggressive she feels pressured.

Being a man isn't beating your chest; it is stepping up to get your ego battered by the girl. If it wasn't for my first, failed romantic attempt, I wouldn't be where I am today. It hurt like Hell when she publically rejected me. These days, my bed was always warm so the pain was well worth it.

"Why not tonight?" Libra got combative.

"Felix and I had a disagreement at work," Igrinned. "We are settling the issue tonight at six."

"What happened?" Brooke leaned in close tome, hungry for details. I was a bastard.

"He loudly presented me with these," Islipped Brooke her panties under the table.

"In the middle of my office and co-workers.Even my Boss heard it," I added. Brooke's deeply tanned complexi on paled. Libra didn't see the panties, but she knew the score.

"What did you do?" Libra pressed.

"I told him Brooke was a grown woman andcould make her own decisions about who she was with," I started.

"Brooke is a wonderful lady and she shouldbe courted based on that. Felix had this bizarre idea that I felt possessive about her and thought he was using Brooke to hurt me over a slight at work," I wove forth the basic truths."I'm not going to fight Brooke's battles," I affirmed which meant that 'yes, I was going to fight Brooke's battles'.

If you are a guy and you assume that the woman is actually hearing the words coming out of your mouth, you are deluded. The reverse is also the same.

"If a man has a problem with me, he comesafter me, not my friends," I grew stern. This meant Felix was not a man. It also meant that I considered Brooke, thus Libra, my friends.

They were okay with that. This didn't mean they thought of me as a friend. It was similar to the family butler. I had to memorize every de tail of their lives. If they remembered my birthday, I should feel blessed-symbolically speaking of course.

I'd make an abysmal butler.

"Did he hit you?" Libra leaned across thetable and stroked my ch eek right below the place St. Marie had clocked me.wwW.©ovElwar (n).cOm

"That? Nah. An Archer fish tried to shoot myeye out so now he's fish sticks," I replied.

"With all your wounds," Libra hesitated, "Areyou in the military?"

"Libra, I'm a disaster as a civilian," Ichuckled."I'd make an impossible soldier. Half way through basic training I'd start showing up in a kilt-'cause it makes me feel free and breezy down there."

"When they tried to make me change, I'dcharge them with cultural insensitivity," I smiled.wwW.NoVeLW0r (n).C(o).M

"What would you do if they let you get awaywith it?" Brooke snickered.

"Take up horse archery... because you neverknow when you'll be without fuel and bullets on the modern battlefield," I postulated. "If they let me get away with that, I'd stay, but I'd join the airborne."

"I like parachuting," Brooke nodded."Haveyou ever done it?"She bet I hadn't and she was right.