

Chapter 877

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"You don't date much, do you?" I changed things up. Pamela snorted. "This whole scarred scholar-warrior with a tragic past works better with your moping, 19th century literature-reading college types. Cavemen like me prefer slinky clothing and feigned idiocy." *www.n(0)vêLworm.CóM*

"I'll keep that in mind," Pamela snickered. By the bug-eyed expression of our fellow travelers, Pamela was indeed some kind of heroic figure. She held no position, but her status was undeniable. "How about this: I will forgo taking myself to the cliffs until you give me my first great-granddaughter." *www.n0vêLworm()m.00m*

"As long as we agree that I'm never going without a condom for the next five years," I counter-offered. "By the way, which two am I going to be surreptitiously avoiding?"

"Brielle and Daphne," Pamela appeared amused with my expression.

"Holy crap!" I exclaimed. "I really like those two. This is going to be tougher keeping you alive than I thought."

"How many more days?" Pamela teased.

"67," I groaned as we stepped out onto the Executive Services floor. Technically, I had an hour left of my work-day.

"Look on the bright side, our first great-grandchild could be a Son," Pamela joked.

Pamela clearly enjoyed 'freaking out' the Normals -the normal Amazon population that is.

"That would truly suck," I remarked. "You ladies have zero experience with male names and no boy of mine is going to be named Shirley. Picking the baby boy names is going to be all on me."

"How about Augustus?" Pamela suggested. I looked stunned.

Buffy, having heard my voice, hopped up from her station and came blazing my way. I hadn't done a damn thing wrong yet she was angry with me. She didn't know Pamela and I hoped to hell I wasn't hitting on... okay, Pamela was a bit odd-looking. I'd still do her.

"Cáel," Buffy snapped. "What is going on? Don't you have a job to do with me?"

"Buffy, this is Pamela. She's my knife instructor," I said. "Pamela, this is Buffy DuBois, my *****. Literally in Old Kingdom Hittite that meant 'mountaintop'. Pamela clearly got the implication. Buffy's fury about me slipping into OKH was mitigated by Pamela's appraising look.

"Okay," Buffy grumbled. "What was that?" *www.n0vêLworm.coM*

"Pinnacle, peak, highest point, mountaintop,"

Pamela answered for me. "I would wager it is a term of endearment and praise, but feel free to be offended despite him using the word for my benefit as opposed to yours. He might have incorrectly thought you knew how much he cared for you."

Verbal beat down!

"Who are you, anyway?" Buffy struggled to be polite.

"Pamela Pile," my instructor stated. "I am not employed by Havenstone anymore."

"That's not... possible..." Buffy questioned.

"She is Brielle's and Daphne's Grandmother, Buffy," I explained.

"That's nice," Buffy was less than impressed.

"Cáel, take care. Buffy, I know nothing of men, but I know camaraderie and I know you can throw that away as quickly as you earned it," Pamela gave an even stare.

"By the way, Pamela, you clearly have never been a kid on a playground," I joked. Buffy was irritated while Pamela was amused. "With a name like Augustus, he's either going to toughen up really fast, or get flattened. Trust me. My name was Cáel aka Cabbage Head all through elementary school."

"What did they call you in... middle school? It is middle school, correct?" Pamela inquired.

"Yes-middle school. By 6th grade, I was firmly nobody," I enlightened her. "Hell, my teachers could barely recall who I was. I stayed that way until I graduated high school."

"I had asthma as a child," Pamela related. "I barely made it through my 12th year."

"What did you do when you... is the term 'casted', or 'choosing a caste'?" I posed.

"It varies. Sometimes we choose and sometimes the caste chooses us," Pamela answered. "I ended up here, in what is now known as Executive Services."

"Great," I grinned. "I bet you were enticed by our intensive training in marshmallow juggling. Am I right?"

"Not really," Pamela grew serious. "I came here so I could build obstacle courses for kittens. It is an unappreciated melding of animal conditioning and engineering." "I was really liking Pamela. She was like a kindred spirit in this madhouse.

"Speaking of 'animal conditioning', Cáel, we need to get to work," Buffy huffed and off I went. *www.n0vêLworm.coM*

We finished up, had our after-work meeting and began to head-out for the day.

"Daphne, I met your grandmother-nice lady," I told my 'new hire' buddy.

"Really, what was she doing here?" Daphne smiled affectionately. I need to wear a dead rat around my neck -the deader the better.

"She is teaching me how to knife fight," I told her. Her not knowing that was odd.

"Oh... I didn't know she did that," Daphne frowned.

"She worked in Executive Services," I said. That appeared news to Daphne as well. "I thought that was why you joined."

"Katrina," Daphne looked to our boss. "was my grandmother in the ***** service?" That word roughly meant 'darkness of night' in OKH, but like so many things in a 'dead' language, interpretation could be sketchy.

"She was before my time," Katrina nodded. "I do recall her legacy though."

"What did she do? Normally I wouldn't care, except Pamela is a laugh riot," I smirked.

"She was the most lethal Amazon assassin of the 20th century," Katrina stated deadpan.

"Grans?" Daphne gasped. "She's always been so odd-I mean nice."

"What happened to her?" I muttered.

"I don't know," Katrina mused. "She came back from her last mission then took herself to the cliffs. A few weeks later she returned with no explanation for that either."

"Well crap," I groaned. "She's never going to forgive me for that 'wet willy' (getting a fingertip slick with your saliva then sticking it in an opponent's ear). I'm a goner."

Daphne play-punched me. We all heard the subsonic rumbling from the door. According to Buffy, she was the only one allowed to cause me physical discomfort and resented Daphne horning in on 'her turf. Buffy had a new weapon in her arsenal this afternoon.

"Your ***** wants you to come here," Buffy snapped.

Even Katrina looked at her in some confusion.

"I was told that was a good thing," Buffy sizzled.

"It most likely interpreted as 'most prized', or 'most esteemed', " Tigger translated. "Precisely it means 'mountaintop'." Buffy stuck out her chin proudly.

"Cáel, I believe I made my desire clear," she commanded.

"No can do McGiggles Sissy-pants," I grimaced. "I have a date tonight that precludes me from me being overly bruised -again." I was heading for the door, leading the 'new hires' out of Katrina's office.

"I know you like laugh at death, Cáel," Dorasnickered, "but I'm not sure the rictus of death counts."

"I've got that covered, Dora," I actually brushed up against Buffy. "I'm having a laugh track installed in my urn."

"Who says they'll ever find your body?" Buffy moved rapidly at my side.

"Whoa... cannibalism. Where I come from, normally the guy eats the girl," I joked. "With you, Buffy, I'm never quite certain of our gender roles. I'm still terrified of letting you snuggle up from behind."

"I hate you," Buffy growled. She wasn't upset. Here eyes were dancing with laughter.

"What are you going to do when he is relocated?" Fabiola murdered the mood.

"Blame you," Buffy glared at Fabiola.

"I'm so scared," Fabiola mocked Buffy.

"Fabiola, don't be like that," I moped. "You have such full, plump lips that clearly know how to take hold of a problem and work it through. Your thighs are the product of diligent effort on your part and I'm sure that when you grapple with an opponent, no one can break that fearful hold."

"I'm sure anything your hands touch, you don't release until you've milked every ounce of life out of your target. You are truly a complete woman," I concluded. The elevator doors opened and we flooded out. Oneida was waiting for me. Buffy began laughing so hard she couldn't keep up.

"What is it?" Oneida looked to Buffy.

"That is the most obtuse description of fellatio, fucking and a hand job I've ever heard," Buffy wheezed. "Fabiola, he called you a whore and you can never prove it." "Okay, I didn't call her a whore -money was never mentioned. Oneida looked distressed.

"Oneida, Fabiola insinuated that Cáel would be relocated soon," Daphne came to the rescue. I still had something to take care of.

"I knew I forgot something," I realized. "Buffy, can you hold my jacket?" I handed it to her. She examined it then dropped it to the ground. I shrugged then kept stripping.

"Cáel?" Oneida worried.

"I don't have my biking clothes on," I pointed out. "We can't go biking unless I'm dressed in my biking clothes." Was Oneida still upset about me stripping in public? No. She was about to spend time with me because she mistakenly perceived me to be a good guy.

My bike trip with Oneida to a neutral halfway point proved that while Oneida was in good shape, she wasn't a cyclist. Cycling emphasized an unusual muscle sequence, so if you don't cycle much, it shows. I stuck close to her. Not only did it endear me to Oneida, it kept our two shadows at a safe distance so they didn't impinge on their princess's joyful mood.

I sent Oneida on her way, got home and immediately started making adjustments to my night's plans. First I had to deal with Libra. I got into an argument with her. I insisted she should wear only jeans, a t-shirt with no bra, and comfortable shoes. Libra was furious. She wanted to go clubbing and look hot-preferably enticing some guys to make me jealous.