

## Chapter 890

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"Murder somebody? How much was their DNAworth?"I postulated."I pay the cost, or somebody pays it for me. You are calling me naïve? I'm not murdering somebody. I'm repossessing their DNA. Mr. DeYoung, I'm not a lawyer, so I am not approaching this from a limited field of vision like you are. I live in the World."

"Oddly enough, I've had some recent encounterswith real slavery and that has convinced me that I'll go down standing up, thank you very much," I grinned."In case that was misconstrued; my DNA is mine, no legal precedent will change that and I'm more than willing to put bodies in the ground to keep it so."

"You sound like an anarchist," Mr. Cherrie chimedin.

"Nope. I'm independent-minded. There is adifference,"I indicated. "Just like you, anarchists don't want to let me be me either."

"Laws exist for a reason," Nicole chastised me.

What she was really saying was'you are here for a reason and it isn't entertaining my co-workers'.

"This is the point where the smart man goes yesma'am, they do', " I nodded to her.

"Your young man is not stupid." Mrs. DeYoung

chuckled.

"This young man knows what happens if hebehaves," Nicole bowed to her superior-her boss, not me.

"Oh goodie," I rubbed my hands together."Are weabout to do some file-sharing?"

"Something like that," Nicole laughed and off wewent.

All I could imagine was that Nicole had to be God's Own lawyer at this firm to get away with the crap we'd just pulled. Honestly, I had other things on my mind. We coasted into her office, with her name etched on the glass door...with the glass walls and floor to ceiling glass windows. Just because, I picked up a water-smoothed stone on her desk -glass houses and all.

"That is from the Canadian Shield-some of theoldest rocks on Earth," she told me.

"You are also going to have one of the mostpainful hard substance on Earth in your office if we don't do something soon," I teased.

"Where do you want to start?" she leaned againsther desk.

Her office was small, but it was her own. Considering her age, it was another 'she rocks'indicator.

"Your lips," I murmured. Nicole liked that. Shepushed off the desk enough so our lips could lock. It was very nice.

"The other lips," I teased her. She liked that ideaeven more. Her black, mid-thigh skirt came up, I knelt and decided her sc arlet t hong was more than skipry enough for me to work around. I let my hands run along her calves. Nicole hummed out her acclaim and was even happier when I began lifting both legs up.

Before long, she was laying on her back, her legs were raised high and spread wide. Nice and easy was replaced by rapidly energetic and fiendishly cunning. Nicole was fighting back the tidal surge of her ecstasy.

"What are you holding back for?"I slurped aroundmy tongue-lashing.

We weren't in a bathroom stall this time. Nicole tilted her head up, gave me a simmer glance then embraced her orgasm.

"Damn!"she screamed followed by a dozenslightly less vocal 'damns'. I gave her just enough time for me to shed my pants, roll down a prophylactic then I mounted her.

Had there been any doubt of our forceful ardor, my heroic efforts and Nicole's dynamism shattered them. Half of the lawyers I'd briefly met stopped by and peeked through the glass. I didn't

care and Nicole reveled in 'bending the minds' of the onlookers. After a while, her office was not enough. That sofa in the executive reception area?

I bent her over the art deco beast and pummeled her, and it, half way across the room. The bathroom? To be gender-equal, we screwed around in the Men's room this time. Nicole and I revisited her erotic fantasy of being bent over in the toilet, ass fucked then completing the act with dispensing of the condom and a glorious blowjob.

Our last encounter involved a men's standing urinal, Nicole's legs wrapped around my waist as I gyrated against her.

"Oh my God!" she yelped."I've got it. Put medown."I put her down because the reason I was here was to crack the mental block she had found herself in.

Me? I'd come for the sex and Nicole delivered in spades. She had upheld her side of our bargain. Now that I'd reciprocated, it was time for 'hook-up'Nicole to become 'lawyer' Nicole. She made herself somewhat presentable and quick-stepped in back to the conference room. I secured my cock and pants before following.

Nicole was babbling in an eldritch dark-tongue similar to Lady Sauron relaying doom to her pack of Nazgûl. They responded with various other arcane invocations until their agreement confirmed that millions of voices had cried out in

terror then been suddenly silenced. In my universe, female devotees of Evil were all black leather-clad gorgeous sex kittens who used their dark arts to increase galactic lecherousness.

"Time to show you out," Nicole gave me a sultrysmirk."Come on."Arm in arm, we traveled closely to the elevators.

"Hold the door," a female voice commanded rightas the doors began to shut on the two of us. Nicole put a hand out to keep us from a few more second of alone time.

A Caucasian women with short brown hair and a fi erce scowl entered first. An imperious damsel came in next. My heart stopped in shock while I barely registered on her radar. A dusky man, nearly my height came in last of all. The doors shut and down we went. I was spending too much time watching the woman and her two bodyguards as we all headed to the door and not enough with Nicole.*WWW(n)OV&?wofrm.C&M*

"Don't even think about it, Cael," Nicole teased."That's Ms. Brianna O'Shea, she leads our client'steam and she's totally off limits."

O'Shea pulled a 'Katrina' the moment after Nicole used my name. She spun in place so that she was now facing Nicole and me.

"What was your name?" she asked with sugarysmoothness I associated with Bolivian tourism

officials-the nice ones. You know, the ones that thought using a truck battery attached to the jumper cables and your testicles was too much because a car battery would do.

"Percival Fenris, ma'am," I introduced myself."I'ma product engineer for Cyberdyne Systems. My team is creating a process that uses constantly recycling colored sugar dust as a medium that will replace current LCD technology. We are calling it Pixie TV." Nicole was giggling. I was feeling less giggly, mainly because I was staring at my Mother.

Not my Mother-mother; the woman who gave birth to me and who had been eaten alive by cancer. No, this was my Mother the way she looked when she was twenty-five and in excellent health.

"Ms. O'Shea, this is Cael Nylas. He is a goodfriend of mine," Nicole cut through my obfuscation.

O'Shea took several steps toward us, away from the exit. Her guardians kept up and were ratcheting up their vigilance.

"Interesting eyes," she noted."What is yourheritage?" Rude and scary. Even Nicole knew something was incredibly wrong.

"Cael, you two have the same eyes," Nicolemumbled.

"I was thinking the same thing, Ms. Lawless,"Brianna said. Huh?

"You are a lawyer named Lawless?" I gawked atNicole. "How did that happen?"Why had that not registered when I went to Nicole's office? Oh yeah, her leading me in, eyes pleading for sex.

"That is not relevant, Mr. Nylas," O'Shea keptcoming.

"What do you mean 'not relevant'? Are you sayingyou'd hi re a male escort named Quick-fire Small-Penis?"I wondered. "If so, you are a more trusting soul than I."

"Why are you avoiding my question?" Briannaqueried.

"Why are you asking questions I clearly don't wantto answer?" I retorted.

"Cael, please don't antagonize my client'srepresentative," Nicole was playful yet concerned.

"No problem Nicole Lawless, Attorney at Law," Igrinned to her. I gave her a secretive but t squeeze then made to leave. Miraculously, Brianna let me slip by. The deceptiveness of that kindness was revealed when I stepped outside and found the limo... with another bodyguard standing beside the front passenger door.

O'Shea/Mom's double was hot on my heels. As *WWW.n.v&LW@rM.©om*

turned and headed up the street, she grabbed my right arm.

"Why don't we go out for a late bite to eat," shestated. I wasn't being invited. I was being told.

"No can do," I shrugged off her hand."I promisedmy Father to leave a recognizable corpse."*Wtr @.nov&wofrm.©(s)m*

"What makes you think I have sinister intentions?"she questioned. There was a lot of that going around -not answering stuff, that is.

"Why do you assume you aren't giving off thesame bad vibe as a half-dozen 18th Street gangbangers on a Meth binge?"I teased. Brianna made a hand signal and the three bruisers put their hands on their guns. The closest to me moved around me to block off that escape route.

To be correct, the guy at the car door was African-American, around my height with maybe 10 kg on me. The two guarding O'Shea were a guy of Moorish decent and a woman of the English Midlands. I knew this because I was afraid and making shi t up.

"Was I supposed to be impressed with the quietappeal of desperation you exhibited by playing patty-cake with yourself," I kept smiling.

"Or are these three supposed to scare me?" Ichuckled."Here... in downtown Manhattan; one of the few places on the planet Earth trying to rival

London in video surveillance."

"Video evidence can be altered," Brianna gave mea wicked gleam.

"Was that supposed to be your Evil Henchwomanvoice?" I kept snickering.

"If so, get a refund from that mail-order firm youtook lessons from," I grinned.

"You appear to be rather fearless, and obstinate,"O'She a nodded. "Foolishly so."

"Lady, I'm staring into the face of my dead Motherwho is trying to get me into a limo with three goombahs who think they are intimidating. They are not,"I pointed out.*Wwv.nov&wofrm.C&@*

"This whole weekend has been a disaster, so mebeating the crap out of those three, you and the driver isn't going to change a damn thing," I enlightened them. The Moorish guy extended a collapsible cane.

"You seem very confident," she informed me.

"Of course I am," I stated. "You haven't spotted mybodyguard yet, meaning all of you are truly screwed."

"Why would you have a bodyguard?" she inquired.

"Why would you want to know?" I countered.

"Do you practice being irritating, or is an innatetalent?"Brianna regarded me.