

Chapter 891

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"We can do this 'answering a question with aquestion' thing all night long, except I have to be at work at six a. m. so how about you tell me what you really want to know and tell me why you look like - screw that- are my MOTHER's clone," I sighed.

"Tell me about your genetic heritage,"O'Shea demanded. She was that kind of authoritative prick- actual penis not required.

"I apologize. I don't seem to have a handleyour native vocabulary and your English-as-a-Second Language skills suck," I sneered."I should go home now."

Moorish guy blocked my egress. English chick was on my right flank, back to the limo and the street. The most pressing issue was a matter of privilege; O'Shea's people thought they'd get away with breaking the law. The moment the Moor popped out is baton, it was'on'. A baton is a weapon plus O'Shea and her bodyguard were blocking my exit.

I was legally free to attack him now. Normally I was lawfully compelled to exit the scene as opposed to engaging in violence. Since I couldn't run away, I was allowed to kick his ass... and O'Shea and company didn't give a crap. I worked five-plus days a week with people like that.

The wavy-red haired, emerald green-eyed O'Shea wasn't the daughter of some Mafioso, or Nigerian Warlord. I didn't know what she was, but she was the many opposites of good news.

"I imagine you think I didn't notice thatTaser," I addressed the Englishwoman while getting in the Moor's face."That is an unfortunate miscalculation on your part."

"See, your dumbass partner, with hiswonderful 80 cm tool, has let me get inside his reach. Before he can bring it to bear, I'm going to crush it trachea," I outlined. "Now I have his tool and the whole reach thing is working in reverse. You have a hand-held device with a 10 cm reach and I have one that is 80 cm and the distance to make effective use of it."

"Don't worry about the guy at the door. By*Ww.noVeIW@rM.com*

the time I face you, my bodyguard will lethally wound Ms. O'She a there. In case you missed it, now you are all fucked because your job is to guard her, not suppress me-and you all just failed,"I kept the Moor's eye contact."While this horror crosses your mind, I'll break your hand."

"Your buddy isn't coming to help you. He'srunning to Ms. O'Shea because he's supposed to keep her alive and that takes all his time and concentration. You poor driver will get out and, not yet having his situation al awareness, my bodyguard will neutralize him. About the same time, I will crack your skull open. This allows me to decide whether, or not to kill Ms. O'Shea," I concluded.

All of that was an utter and complete fantasy. Collapsible batons-I'd seen them in a few movies. Tasers? I have been tased and never, ever want to repeat the process-three separate incidences was enough for me. Did I have a bodyguard close by? I had not asked for one and Havenstone had the sad habit of not telling me a damn thing that concerned my personal survival.

On the plus side, I could be a compelling

actor, or successful conman. I'm not an actor by the grace of two little words-sex scandal. If I sleep with a girl I want it to be because I've tricked and deceived her, not because she wants to tape us then sell it to the media. That would make me feel degraded-cheapened even.

I'm not a conman because they use seduction to get what they want. For me, the seduction IS what I want. Steal their money? That would imply I would never, ever be able to sleep with them again. I couldn't do that and remain true to myself. To prove my point, the Moor looked past me to O'Shea for instructions.

I punched him in his Solar Plexus and took his toy as I shoved his breathless form to the sidewalk. The Englishwoman expected me to attack her, just like I'd told her I would. It took her a second to realize I'd played her. By then it was too late. I could flee up the street if I wanted.

"You attacked my man," O'Shea notedcasually.

"Well, your ears are dicey, but your eyes arespot-on,"I snorted*W@.n)OveIwóOm.CO*

"Shoot him," O'Shea was decided to wrapthis up. I was ceasing to be amusing."In the legs." Out came the guns and down went my likelihood of getting out of this intact.

Pamela walked out of the building we'd exited a minute ago. She was wearing tight black stretch pants, a red turtleneck and a short beige jacket.

"Protocols," Pamela invoked in a boredvoice.

"Define," O'Shea demanded.

"Cáel," Pamela kept her gaze on O'Shea,"who do you work for?"

"Havenstone," I answered. O'Shea lookedfrom Pamela to me.

"This does not protect a simple employee,"O'Shea stated.

"I am invoking the Protocols. This does notrequire me to explain things to you," Pamela was cool and relaxed."By all means, if you feel I am abusing the Truce, kick it upstairs and it will be adjudicated."

"What is your name?" Brianna O'Shearequested of Pamela.

"Cá el Nylas. That is all you need to know,"Pamela smirked.

"That is not possible," Brianna gained herown barracuda grin. "He is Illuminati business. Look at his eyes." Pamela laughed. The WHO?! Weren't they some kind of Freemasons?

"He walks away right now unless youexplain yourself. He is at Havenstone. Whatever relationship he possessed with the Illuminati ceased when he was hired,"Pamela informed her.

"Cá el Nylas, tell me about your Mother,"Brianna commanded.

"No," I shrugged.

"It is a simple enough question," Ms. O'Sheapersisted.

"And it is simply none of your business," Iheld my ground.

"I am her sister," O'Shea declared. Pamela

snorted but otherwise kept silent.

"Ugh... that was not what I wanted to hear," Igroaned. Pamela snickered. She knew where my mind was."Why should I believe you?"

"You had your genetic sequence analyzedThursday, didn't you?" O'Shea said. "That was flagged by people working for me because you and I share half of the same DNA."

"That's not possible," Pamela stated in thesame way she knew I was a cosmic joke.

"How is that not possible?" I looked toPamela. I was really starting to accept me and Homicidal O'Shea were family. Why? I'd never had to confront the incest taboo before and here it was looking right at me.

O'Shea looked to Pamela, to me, back to Pamela then finally back at me.

"Do you have a single clue about what isgoing on?" Brianna addressed me.

"Yeah, of course I do," I lied. "You are withthe Illuminati and you know Havenstone is more than a bunch of greedy bitches."

Pause.

"So you know nothing about what is goingon here, right at this moment," O'Shea's eyes skewered me. Sigh.

"Mom - your sister, is dead..." I got out.

"Yes, she died seven years ago," Briannainterrupted.

"What?" I glared."No, she died fifteen yearsago. Where do you get your information from and why didn't you at least check out the fucking gravestone?" I snapped.

"Fifteen...that doesn't make sense... I didn'tknow where she died, only that when her medication ran out, she would have been consumed by some kind of aggressive cancer," O'Shea responded.

"What..." sort of slipped out.

"How many brothers and sisters do youhave?" O'Shea probed.

"Like I'd tell you," I growled.

"None," Pamela stated.

"Thanks," I glared at Pam. "Why don't yougive away all my bargaining chips?"

"Cáel, they know your last name," Pamelastated."Do you want them to hunt down your father and torture him for the names and locations of any other children?"*Ww.noVeIW@rM.c()m*

"If you go after my Dad..." I becameaggressive.

"You will do nothing," Pamela interrupted."He is not covered by the Truce."

"A Truce I know nothing about," I grumbled."Fuck all of you."

"Don't sweat it, Cáel. They need you and Ican prove it with two honestly answered question," Pamela smirked. "What name are you using today?" to Brianna.

"Brianna O'Shea," the red-haired ladyreplied.

"How quaint, your real name, Brianna, howmany OTHER nieces and nephews do you and your sisters have?" Pamela inquired. Brianna glared."I'll answer that for her-none. That begs the question of why you,"

Pamela smiled at me,"exist at all. I'm sure that come Monday morning every me die at Havenstone is going to be crawling all over you looking for that answer."

O'Shea had a new game plan. She was going to murder Pamela and kidnap me. This meant I was going to get fucked up- maybe killed. Pamela would kill everyone else and sex would be extra painful for the next week to ten days-I was tired of that crap. I dropped the baton and walked up to Brianna.

The bodyguards were twitching, Brianna was calculating multiple variables and Pamela looked mildly amused. I hugged Brianna.

"If we are family then we are family," Iexplained."If there is something you want to talk to me about, give me a call. I'm in the book and I'm sure Havenstone can patch you through if you want to get in touch with me at work."

Pamela was struggling to contain her mirth.

"Can you keep this discussion under wrapsfor now?" Brianna requested. The likelihood*Ww.noVeIW@rM.com*

of that happening must have showed in my eyes."Okay, who do you work for?" Pamela was laughing into her hand.

"Umm... I work for Katrina Love ofExecutive Services," I answered. O'Shea almost had an embolism. "It is okay, my desk is in her office, so we are pretty close."Not at all what she wanted to hear. "Okay, I'll stop teasing you. I know who Katrina is and what she does-basically making people like you have believably fatal accidents."

"You are a man? Why are you still walkingaround free?" O'Shea muttered.

"His sexual dynamism supersedes thesublimely addictive," Pamela enlightened O'Shea,"and if you don't believe me, go up and ask that 'Nicole Lawless' woman."