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That still equated to a long period of pack-ratting. I'd put a minion on it right away! I'd pray that they didn't have plans for the weekend - later.

"It arrived this morning and you are only giving it to me now?" I grumbled. "That message was

meant for me, not for any of the rest of you. Where is the rest of it? Oh, and you're on the list."

"It was consumed in its examination," Troika blatantly lied.

"You have a visual copy," Pamela sounded bored. "Give it to him."

"I do not carry such things around on a handheld device," Troika parried.

"Ah... that's theft," Pamela gave a slender grin. "Just so we are clear."

"If Cáel Ishara wished to put forth such an accusation to Hayden, I will be prepared to defend my actions," Troika gave a hostile glare right back.

"That won't be necessary," I snorted. "I'm good. Pamela, I'm out for the weekend. Have fun." I turned and walked away.

"Count the days, Troika," Pamela menaced.

"I'm not afraid," she countered.

"I don't care, but in 21 days, Cáel's ban on internal conflict will be at an end. Like me, he will not go to a corrupted Hayden for justice. We will be exacting it in our own way and in our own time. That you should worry about," Pamela gave a tilt of the head, a feral grin and joined me in departing.

[OKH] "A matron, 21 Runners and one archaic mistake," Troika joked.

[OKH] "But how many more 'Runners' can he recruit between now and then?" one of Troika's bodyguards worried.

"More than enough to raise your daughters after you are all gone and forgotten," Pamela shouted over her shoulder.

(Starting Friday Evening in the Wrong Damn Place)

Waiting outside for me were two beauties and a small car. I hefted my bike, detached the front wheel for easier storage and climbed into the Lilliputian backseat.

"Sorry," Libra in the passenger seat sounded embarrassed. "I'm not sure Brooke and I thought this through. Do you have a seat belt?" She was referring to the rear-mounted cup holder I was sitting in.

"This is not rated for human occupation," I grinned back. What that really meant was there were

three conflicting emotions pulling events along. Wanting me to fuck them - the easy one. Loyalty to your social/sorority sister - the relationship under stress. Me being a 'suitable' human being - the one that they were both stumbling toward which made the second emotional force such a problem. Had I solely been a fuck toy for either one, the other could have gracefully exited the field (with the

occasional sharing). I was far from 'husband' material yet I was closing in on being the 'crossing a

crowded club to greet me' kind of guy - already passed the 'not embarrassed to introduce me to their

"You can sit in my lap," Brooke offered. With her driving and our height differential... we'd be lucky to be pulled by the PD before we wrecked.

"How about you drive, I sit in Libra's seat and she sits in my lap?" I offered.

"That's no fun," Brooke shot me a pout.

"It sounds like fun for me," Libra giggled.Ŵww.noVélVwrm.Com

"Facing you?" she winked.

"Now Libra remember, for the seat belt to be effective, you will have to sit facing me..." I sighed.

"Hey!" Brooke protested. "How come she gets to be naked in your lap?\www.**n**ovë**Lw**orm.⊙**0**m

"Yes... facing me naked," I assured her.

friends' phase.

"Otherwise me being naked would be pretty pointless," I explained.

"Libra," Brooke demanded, "you get to drive."

Petty arguments and playful exchanges followed. I left a message for Timothy and Odette, letting

them know I was heading out to some address on the far end of Long Island. I even shot myself in the foot with the Nerf gun and told Timothy so he'd feel better. Brooke and Libra were dressed similarly.

denim shirt (sleeves rolled up) and white cargo short-sleeved shirt, tennis socks and canvas shoes. In a way, I was a victim of my own success. Both ladies wanted to fuck me bad, but their desire to prove to me I was more than a fuck toy meant I didn't get sex at my place. If you are a girl, that will make much more sense. The car ride out was an issue. If I drove, Brooke and Libra promised to put on a Sapphic display for

Red and khaki almost 'short-shorts', white/yellow bikini tops under white wife-beaters covered with a

the ages. If Libra drove, I promised to publically molest Brooke at every stop. The reverse went for Brooke driving. The solution was that the girls would take turns driving and I would be a truly diligent cunnilinguist, with a strong background as an anatomically astute Braille harpsichord player. Our destination turned out to be the hamlet of Sagaponack, aka the most expensive place to live in

the United States. Why was I doing this to myself? For starters, Brooke thought our host, Brennan

Sulkanen, lived in one of those \$50+ million homes... funny, I thought those were called estates. The girls laughed when I told them that. My utter lack of forethought, underutilized intelligence gathering capabilities, and even not acting my age were coming back to chew a huge hunk off my heine now. Brennan was a fraternity brother of

Trent - warning indicator #1. Brennan didn't actually do anything, but his father was loaded...

situation getting worse. Brennan was the youngest of the three sons from the first marriage with three other children from two other marriages waiting in the wings. A quick search revealed that the third and current Mrs. Sulkanen, was very elegant for a thirty-two year old lady. His current Mom being the same age as his oldest brother could be an issue. I was living proof how good parenting could help build up a

"So, why are we going to Brennan's?" I hazarded to inquire as we cruised down Highway 27 through East Patchogue. In the back of my mind, I realized I was due south of scenic Doebridge and their frisky policewomen/Stasi law enforcers. "Oh, we met in college when I came up for one of Trent's - that loser - frat functions," she told us.

"He was very drunk and tried to hit on me," the tale continued **w**W @ .noveLW o com.c **o**m

"How and where did he 'hit' on you?" I prodded.

child. Improper parenting... could do the opposite. Nothing was guaranteed though.

Lone drunk men DO stumble into Ladies' rooms - usually to vomit. Frat brothers hit on each other's girls - men are pigs. Greeks are pigs with tie pins and secret handshakes. Drunk people do not

"He stumbled into the Ladies' room, knocked my drink over and tried to give me his, but I was

demolish another person's drink then offer up their own. The spilling of alcohol is a drink-worthy event which you can't do if you have given your drink away. Man math = Brennan stalked Brooke, ambushed her in the bathroom and tried to roofie her with his drink because our host was a dirt bag and a total ass-bandit. How had I failed to do some basic 4-1-

1 on this bastard? Oh yeah, brought an extinct First House to life, multiple threats to my well-being,

treated like crap by most of my co-workers and then my father was murdered.**w**@**w**.**N**ovεl**W**@fM. c_o M"I repeat; why are we going to this guy's house?" I asked. "He's been persistent ever since Trent bailed and he sounds so worried about me," she answered.

"OH, I don't want you to think I'm using you as Brennan-deterrent, Cáel," she added. "I wanted to get out of the city and be with you... and Libra." I was more than Brennan-deterrent alright. I was a

unwind.

insulted by his inebriated pawing and left," Brooke said.

'Highway Closed Indefinitely' sign for his edification. This was okay with Brooke (and me) because of all the sex we were going to have. "Thanks," Libra teased her pal. My dilemma was that despite all the positive emotions wafting my way, I wasn't one of 'them' yet. I couldn't simply say 'this dude is a scumbag. Let's go somewhere

else.' This was going to take some tact and pretty much annihilated my hopes for a weekend to

going to floss his teeth with his still functioning intestines if any of us partook of something we hadn't asked for, ended up in some spot we hadn't wanted to go to, and/or doing something we didn't want to do. My diplomatic approach was from some movie that was way before CGI. It was ('you' meaning 'me': 'I want you to be nice... until it is time... to not be nice.')

I was going to give Brennan's survival instincts the benefit of the doubt. I felt certain he wasn't

I had to play nice and at the first opportunity pull our host aside and politely inform him that I was

enchanted with the idea of personal pain and I was going to let him know there wasn't a bank account deep enough to protect him from my wrath. If there was ever any doubt - I'm an idiot. We pulled up to the gate right before eight. Yes - one of those nice wrought-iron, automatic opening double gates. Brooke answered the security screen and in we went. Two people, definitely staff, met us as we parked. There was six cars present already, all variations

of the high-performance, turbo-charged, 'Daddy/Mommy don't love me so they gave me this

deathtrap instead' ideal. Cargo space? Fuel efficiency? Excessive safety features? Not a concern for this crowd. There was a momentary bout of confusion as the male staffer came for my baggage. I thanked him. He looked at me funny. Brooke insisted the female staffer give directions to where her/Libra's luggage was going so I did the same with the guy. My stuff was not only not heading to Brooke's room, I was being banished to

"Take my stuff to their room," I directed the man. "Sir, a different room has been set aside for the gentleman," he insisted.

another branch of this sprawling villa.

different reason.

"Oh... okay," I nodded. I took my bags from him, much to his surprise, and followed the 'maid'. Brooke and Libra laughed at my obstinacy and tagged along. Our introduction to the 'pack' was delayed and, by his look, Brennan wasn't happy with my detour. I wasn't happy either, but for a

Brooke and Libra said 'hi'. I was a little less diplomatic and I was staring down the barrels of a serious crimp in my main battle plan. There were two dissipated young ladies, three men of the

"Brooke... Libra, right? Cecil?" he clearly was disrespecting me straight out of the gates.

same caliber and two guys I identified hangers-on. Most likely rich; just not rich enough to be treated as equals by the majority.