

Chapter 799

"Hello Caitlyn Ruger, I am Cáel Nyilas. I humbly request your permission to invite your three daughters to my dwelling Saturday evening for a sleep over," I politely spoke.

"Very well," Mom didn't even blink. Perhaps I was still in Elsa's office, my mind broken from an overload of chemical and physical abuse. "Is there anything else?" I shook my head. Aya was squealing and the other two were stunned. "Pick them up at six and have them home by two p.m. Sunday."

"Yes, Ma'am - Ms. Caitlyn," I gulped.

"It is Caitlyn, Cáel," she gave me a slight upturn of the lips. Fuck! She looked horny!! I liked Aya. That didn't mean I wanted to be her Daddy for real. Marrying Caitlyn was right up there with 'death by multiple girlfriends' in my book.

"Caitlyn, young ladies - I will see you tomorrow morning," I nodded, turned and left.

"She said 'yes', didn't she?" Desiree gleefully declared when I got back in the car. She actually seemed amused.

"You knew she would," my eyes bugged out.

"That's right, oh Swami of the Female Psyche," she drove away.

"I hate you," I groaned.

"Welcome to my world," she actually appeared happy. My day wasn't over either. We ran a few more jobs in the cue before quitting time. The second I had exited Katrina's office with my bike clothes, Buffy was on me.

She looked like she'd just learned her jaguar incisor was actually from an ocelot.

w(w)w.©o©ε/ŴøτM.(c)σ(m)

"You kissed Elsa," she hissed. Usually I have sex with a girl then one of her closest friends before they are this angry with me.

"No, I did not," I insisted. "She jumped me."

"You grabbed her ass," Buffy bore down on me. Sure, I was bigger, stronger and could kick her ass in weaponless combat. What mattered was that she had the look of a woman who wouldn't be satisfied until my gonads were in a leather pouch around her neck. Normally I earn this look. I resent it being taken as a freebie.

"That I confess to," I sighed.

"Why?" she snapped. The new hires were hanging around at a safe distance.

"I hate giving a lame erotic encounter," I explained. "If a girl kisses me, I feel it is only appropriate that I make her feel good, too."

"I hate you," she growled.

"You, Desiree and Elsa," I shrugged. "I'm getting used to it around here."

"What are you doing this weekend?" Buffy was growing impatient.

"I already have four dates lined up," I said. The three kids plus Nikita.

"I hate you," Buffy snapped. We were on the elevator now. The new hires rushed in before the door closed. I hoped that would buy me some room. I'm an idiot.

"I think we've already discussed that," I tried to joke. Buffy shoved me into a corner then backed into me, warding off the other women.

Buffy was in real tight pants, had a wonderful body and I hadn't been laid since this morning. I'm not made of stone. I'm not even made of good quality drywall. My hand didn't ask my brain if it was a good idea, or not. Of its own accord, it began rubbing her ass. When groping somebody, if they are going to react in the negative, it will happen in the first second.*ŴwŴ.H.e.v.e.L.u.v.r.m.c.©m*

They will move away, yell at you, slap you, or all of the above. Opening your legs and pressing against the groper is the opposite of saying 'no'. Our position masked what I was doing from most of the new hires. Tigger was actually leaning against the wall close by and noticed my arm motion. She shot me a curious look. I shrugged to show my confusion.

"I am going to have to tattoo my name on your forehead," Buffy growled - to both me and Tigger. When the doors opened, I began to slip past the resisting Buffy. "80 days, Bastard," she sizzled.

"Someone needs to remind Buffy of her place," Fabiola remarked a bit too loud.

"My place is riding Cáel until dawn's early light," Buffy snarled. "You don't need to worry. A reminder won't be necessary."*Ŵw(w).nδvëIw0(r).M.(c)©,M*

"That's not what I..." Fabiola turned on Buffy. Buffy didn't need the headache of explaining why she shoved Fabiola through one of the glass panels at the front of the building.

"Buffy," I turned on the brunette. I pushed her hair off her shoulders before cupping her ears. My thumbs ran over the front rims while my pinkie tickled the earlobes on both sides. "I'd really like it if you were the first Havenstone lady I am with. I'm looking forward to it, in fact."

Buffy pressed her body against mine, inhaled my scent deeply and moaned.

"Buffy, perhaps you should seek out another male in the intervening 80 days," Violet suggested.

"I did. He tried to run away. When I caught him, he curled up in a ball and cried. After that, I wasn't in the mood anymore," Buffy related.

"That's because you don't know how to make a man behave," Fabiola sneered.

I got guilty, worried looks all around.

"Crap Fabiola, were you born stupid, or have you grown senile in your two short decades?" Dora sighed.

"It isn't like any of them are going to make it the full 84," Fabiola responded snootily then stormed off. Another awkward moment.

"Idiocy is neither age nor gender specific. Look at Buffy, she's a fifty year old man dressed up like a woman and she can babble just as incoherently as Fabiola," I joked as I readied my bike.

"That is something else you are going to have to pay for," Buffy growled.

"Usually I get a whole lot more pleasure before this level of suffering begins," I muttered as I pedaled away.

I deviated from my normal path so I could pick up a few specialty items. Nikita called, confirming our date for Friday night. I said I'd be ready. She made the off-handed comment that I didn't need to worry how I dressed. She wasn't ashamed to be seen with me if I was wearing my bike clothes. Ah-huh.

I suggested that it might be easier if I wore a G-string and painted the rest of my clothes on. Laughing, she told me that was Date 3 material. We said our good-byes. The rest of the trip home was uneventful. At my door I found an emotional Rhada. Not the 'rip out your eyes and feed them to you' I'd come to know, love and fear, but a truly distraught woman.

I ushered her inside. While dealing with some domestic stuff, Rhada went to my bedroom. I followed as soon as possible. She wasn't 'playful' so I didn't play.

"What's wrong?" I asked as I sat beside her and put my arm around her shoulder. She stiffened initially then wrapped me in her own arms and hugged me tight. *w(w).ñσ(ι)EετM.©σm*

"I'm going back home tonight and I won't be back for a month," she sobbed.

"Great," I shouted. Rhada looked at me, mortally wounded and angry. "Think of all the great things I can come up with after a whole month to prepare. Oh...you are going to suffer so much when you come back. I'm going to eat it up while you scream."

Blink...blink. "What makes you think I'll come back here?" she tried to be challenging. She came off more needy/pleading.

"Good idea," I nodded. "It will be much more fun if I have to hunt you down. We can do that Night One," I decided. "Rape you right out in the open for anyone to see."

Rhada's breathing picked up and she squeezed me tighter.

"See those boxes?" Rhada took a peek. "Those are the suspension gear so I can hang you from the ceiling. They came in today. I'm going to suspend you about waist height over the bed, apply clamps with weights to your labia and nipples then fuck you up both holes, alternating with a dildo for the hole I'm not using."

"I imagine the pull of those weights swinging around as I screw you is going to be excruciating," I mused. "What do you think?"