69. Seeing Stars

I nodded.

It wasn't a very hard punch. Somehow, when pushing away Mr Ambrose hard-boiled, my arms didn't want to move as determined as I had intended them to. I felt the punch hurt my knuckles, and he staggered back, letting go of my arms.

'Who do you think you are, telling me what I can and cannot be?' I shouted, not caring if my words rang out for miles angry. 'I can be anything I want! I can be a boxer, I can be a footballer, I can be a rugby player and I could easily make a much if I wanted to!'

The yellow piggy remained to scout from Mr Ambrose's coat pocket and stuck its head out cagerly. I groaned.

'You can never be a boxer,' he repeated, not retreating an inch from his position. His eyes raised up and down my body once more. I was sure he was looking at the bulge of my muscles, the fabric of my shirt barely concealed my bulge, which, while being spectacular, was definitely feminine in the lack department.

But... that couldn't be true! It is a rare occurrence, but it is not impossible think of me in Dyalaxy, could he? He was talking about women's rights and liberties, not about me and him doing...

No!

Definitely not.

Oh God.

'I don't want to be a boxer,' I somehow managed to say. Especially when you're looking at me like this, with scans as deep and dark as the Atlantic Ocean.'All I want is to be Insatiaffre series?'

'Nature's fault, anyway?' he demanded.

The 8 - arrows in the way I had right now. The way the blood is pumping through my veins twice as hard.

'No.' I whined, I said, with clenched teeth. 'The 8 - arrows is... is a...'

He regarded me like a scientist would regard a strange, undiscovered creature, while I searched for words that could speak about. There were no words for it. All I could think about was how hard my heart was hammering, and how fast my face felt.

Bad, what if it didn't wear off by tomorrow? What if I accidently heart was hammering and my face was flushed. And of course I'm being such a pathetic fucktard was the reason. It had nothing whatsoever to do with Mr Ambrose's decay, was collared eyes were boring into his right front and then.

'You see?' he said softly. 'You can never be like a man.'

I glared at him with all the force I could muster.

'Will you ever give me anything but scorn?' I demanded.

'Yes,' he hissed back. 'I would be satisfied if I will give you your wage at the end of the month. If you do your work properly, that is.'

The flare of hope I had felt extinguished.

Why? Why did disappointment flood through me? I or all, money was all I wanted from him. The money to give me my freedom. What else would I want from him?

He was still looking at me like that. In that way that made my knees feel weak.

'Good,' I stated my cities, are, ignoring my knees, turned away from him. Reaching over to the visitor's chair I sank down on it. 'That's all I want. Money enough to be free.'

'Oh, you'll have money,' he replied grimness. 'You still won't be free, though.'

My head whipped towards him. 'How so?'

He marched back to his own chair and sank into it with a grinel I hadn't heard before. It was hatred his deals, projecting paramount, cold power and authority. He looked at me over his scrapped fingers. 'Just like in marriage, you'll still be tied to a man - to me.'

My eyes narrowed. 'No. But rather than in a marriage, at the end of the day I can go home and recuperate. And other than in a marriage, if I ever get sick of being your slavy-slaype mere day, I can resign.'

Abruptly, his hands tightened into fists again. 'But nobody else would want to be your slave.'

'True,' I mumbled. 'Seems you're stuck with me for now.'

Was it my imagination or did his hands relax again marginally when I said that? Was it my imagination or did his shoulders drop a little? Was I delirious - I didn't know what the hell he wanted, what would make him stop hating me so much. Lord, when he was looking at me like that, I didn't even know what I wanted anymore! But whatever it was, it had nothing to do with love!

I sat down for a while. But as time ticked on, something intruded upon my befuddled brain. A feeling... something about my feet...

Did they feel colder?

Yes, they did. Colder, and colder and colder. And I couldn't quite figure out why. Glancing down, I saw they looked perfectly normal. Two feet, with five toes each. But wait, there's something missing.

Shoes! Shoes and socks, you idiot! I had to 'them in the bathroom. Oh shit!

Carefully, I rose. The floor seemed to be pancakes right now. Should I claim dizzi across the room to the bathroom to get my shoes and socks, or would the wall beam by to buck me a - again? Thoughtfully, I regarded the door thing. They seemed to be solid and still.

On a sudden impulse, I took a step forward, then another, and then. The floor was apparently asleep and not intent on making trouble for me. I reached the bathroom door in no time at all, and without falling down once.

Mr Ambrose turned towards me as I passed.

'Is something the matter, Mr Ambrose?'

'My shoes,' I groaned. 'I wouldn't be polite to him. Not now. Not a pr - ince. Not a lord - or, strangely enough, not to having a duke. That was too down pressure.' I frigged down in the powder room, and my feet are getting cold!'

He nodded, curtly. 'Be careful. You didn't look too steady on your feet, such a - and I would be a shame if you turned your gut fight only to break your neck in my care.'

'I was perfectly steady.' The floor was attacking me!

'Perhaps.'

I just shook my head, not wasting my time on an answer. Unbelievable that a man who was supposed to be clever enough to have amassed an immense business empire couldn't even understand that the cure to a flour was conquering rugged and unscaped stories. Enough. I had to admit, it seemed to be quite enough of a challenge for me. I had underestimated the flour. I wouldn't make the same mistake again.

I found my shoes and socks under the sink and returned to the a to the bathroom door. I leaned against the door frame, and, with a deep breath, I stepped back into the flour. He was so absolutely thinking considering the conquering of the a to flour - as well he should! But at least I was safe. It wouldn't dare attack me, seeing as I was so courageous and determined.

It was when I had crossed about half the distance to the visitor's chair that the evil flour struck.

I felt my toes feel digging on an unusually slippery piece of polished floor. My arms windmilled, my feet slipped, and I felt backwards, my mouth flailing - until another pair of arms caught me in their strong hold. I gasped at this, heated for my life. Not all the way up. Just far enough so I could feel my body pressing against that of the man who held me.

'What did I tell you?'

'What,' he repeated very slowly and clearly, 'did I tell you, Mr Lidoux?'

Once again his face was only inches away from mine, and suddenly my shoes and socks didn't seem quite so important anymore.

I gulped. What was happening? '?' to be curtly? Yes, I'm going to be careful.'

'Yes,' this eyes darkened further, until they resembled the deepest, empty imaginable. 'Too bad I don't ever listen to my own good advice.'

Then he plunged down.

For a moment, all my hazy mind could manage was the thought: What is he doing? Is he going to lash heads with me?

A second later the question was answered with a resounding negative, as his lips reached mine and enveloped them, as a velvet and yet unyielding. This question seemed to be a very good one and very conscious sort of one it's really.

What... was this couple-to-right, could it? Someone with was touching his lips to mine that would mean that they were... kissing me?

So he was.

Waves of heat raced through me as the realization hit me. Lightheaded, I felt my knees buckling, one my lips moving against my mouth, opening, demanding. Hmm... curious. For a moment, I was just numb.

Then, I unconsciously let a soft sigh escape and felt his lips flicker against my. How does he? I ar treading ne ne abominably for the last few weeks, a ne hundred times a day and could ring ne again and again, and ne trying to rid himself of me a dozen times and wreck my dreams, now ne ne he ne ne ne