

## Chapter 816

"Me next!!" Europa begged.

"Put her down right now!" Nikita demanded.

"Cáel, I'm scared," Loraine faux-sniffled. "Hold me." That would have been bad in all kinds of ways. Loraine had picked up a cotton candy colored bra and panty set - from a nice girl - liked to walk around my room in just that and the matching pair of 6 inch heels...which were also in the box.

"No!" Nikita grabbed Loraine's bra strap to impede her progress. Europa slipped past Nikita right as Timothy was putting the exhilarated Aya down. For a child handled like glass most of her life, I could tell the thrill of our roughhousing was reaching deep into Aya's heart. She didn't know that she was still being treated differently than other nine year-olds because being something new was good enough.*wŴW.NovèQw©RM.coM*

From my point of view, I was a good boy. I stopped and gawked at Nikita. Sure, she was wearing forest green boy shorts and matching sports bra, but this was as naked as I'd ever seen her. Her body was pale white unlike Loraine's, which had a faint tan. This did two thing; disappointed Loraine and caused Nikita a terrible conflict of emotions.

Oh, I was still a pig who mostly thought of women as sex objects - but she was the current subject of my porcine desires so I was suddenly more acceptable, or at least, forgivable. My reaction had an unexpected benefit. Nikita remembered that she was here to be a chaperone, not a den mother.

"Loraine, if he drooled at you like that, he knows I would shoot him," she tapped the younger woman.

"But I'm wearing less," Loraine turned around to face Nikita. Now Nikita was the 'worldly' woman lecturing the one blossoming into womanhood - Thank God!

Women ganging up on you isn't always a bad thing and them fighting over you isn't always a good thing. If they fight over you, the winner may still hold you responsible for what happened = no sex. When they settle those issues internally, they are more likely to ignore your flaws to get what they want, namely your attention and body.

Anybody who thinks girls don't want sex as much as a guy has never been shoved into a dark closet with a female total stranger. If you aren't quick, she'll have your cock in her mouth before you can get under her bra - just saying.

"Sometimes you get more out of teasing a man than showing him too much," Nikita taught Loraine.

"What do you think?" Loraine turned back to me.

"What? Huh? I think you two are two too many," I gulped. "I'm going to stand in front of the freezer for a bit." Loraine grinned then turned and shared a special look with Nikita - metamorphosis complete. They were now women, neither Amazon nor outsider.

"No you don't," Europa insisted. "I want to take an 'Aya' flight," she referred to Timothy and me tossing Aya across the admittedly small living room. Timothy easily hefted a giggling Europa up in an arm curl.

"We can do this," Timothy grinned at me. "She's light enough."

Timothy knew how much weight he regularly lifted and how that rated against my slightly lesser bench press. I took his word for it that I could catch a thrown Europa with only one good leg. The doorbell rang and a stillness seized the room.

"Timothy, take Europa to the kitchen," I hissed. "Loraine, Aya - to the bedroom. Nikita - gun." People scrambled. Once they were done, I began to stump to the door. The bell rang again because I was taking a while and the person at the door was impatient. I looked out the peephole and what I saw chilled me. Not opening the door wasn't an option - double negative - ugh.

"Hello Elsa," I glared. She had two buddies, all from the Security Detail. "What can I do for you?"

"This is a spot inspection on the Ruger girls," she informed me.

"I didn't receive any notification of this," I narrowed my gaze.

"That's why it's called a spot inspection, you idiot," Elsa sneered.

"Well, that's not going to happen," I took a deep breath. "Anything else I can 'not' do for you?"

"Don't you recall what I said when we met the first time at Katrina's office?" Elsa smirked.

"Since my death will be rapidly followed by yours, I'll accept the trade," I grinned.

Elsa tried to look past me.

"The woman has a gun?" Elsa wondered.

"She's a police officer with a submitted itinerary," I smiled. "Is there anything else you need to know?"

"I will see the girls," Elsa insisted.

"Elsa, here are your options. You can storm the room and you and your team will most likely die. You can leave. Or, you can strip down under my watchful eye. If I am satisfied you have no weapons, you, and you alone, can come in and see the girls. How's that?"

"You don't dictate conditions to me," Elsa hissed.

"You do what you like. This door closes in ten seconds," I shrugged.

"Girls! Present yourself," Elsa commanded in Old Kingdom Hittite.

"NO!" Aya shouted back a second later in the same tongue. "And leave my Daddy alone."

I heard a drawer open in the kitchen.

"The knives are in the bloc on the counter," I heard Timothy give Europa directions. It must have been her looking for a weapon.

"Loraine," Elsa snapped, "stop this madness."

"Elsa, Officer Nikita and me are arguing if I can use her back up-piece, or not," Loraine responded. "Elsa, I have known and respected you all of my life. If you kill Officer Nikita, I will pick up her weapon and shoot you. Cáel is only doing what a Father would do for his offspring - defending us."

"How about this?" Europa, out of sight in the kitchenette, showed Timothy something.

"Utility knife - good choice," Timothy remarked.

"What have you done to these girls?" Elsa seethed.

"I...I can't say anything that would make a damn bit of difference to you, Elsa. You are wilfully blind and I'm too hurt and tired to give a damn anymore."

"3...2...1..." I counted down.

"Fine, I'll submit to a search," Elsa grumbled. Oh, this was going to be fun. This wasn't what I had purposed. It didn't matter. She was here to see me, not the kids. I knew that look. I didn't even ask to take off her clothes. I started, she looked absolutely outraged and she was also juicy enough to slake any man's, or lesbian's, thirst.

The two other security types started out angry then slowly evolved into a guarded curiosity.

"Is this really necessary?" Elsa groused as I took off her belt. I showed her the garrote I found in the folds of the leather accessory. She refused to be apologetic in the least. Beyond the obvious weapons, she had the garrote, 8 small knives and a back-up pistol holstered at the small of her back.

Feeling inside Elsa's bra earned me three dirty looks. I wasn't actually looking for weapons. Her tits looked nice, so I copped a free feel. I'm a pig. Running my hands around inside her panties earned me a death warrant, no doubt. I kept Elsa's arousal to myself. Sticking a finger inside her didn't count as a violation of my 77 day deadline because...I'd make up something later.

"Come on," I beckoned Elsa to follow me. She reached down to pick up her clothes. "No you don't," I insisted. "I can't be sure I missed something sown into the fabric so you come as you are." This wasn't done out of concern for the girls' safety. This was done because Elsa looked even hotter in her aqua French cut panties and matching sports bra. Oink.

Only when I pushed the door open did Elsa and company realize I'd never closed the portal fully. Contrary to the evidence, I wasn't suicidal. If something had gone bad in the hallway, I was planning to throw my body inside and pray for Nikita to provide me cover fire so I could crawl to the kitchenette.

Once we were inside, I shut and deadbolt-locked the door. Nikita and Timothy peeked out first.

"You go Bro," Timothy chuckled. "She's not here five minutes and you have her out of her clothes. My faith in you is renewed." Nikita's reaction was a bit different.

"Did you search inside her bra and panties too?" was her icy insinuation of my pig-atude.

"Yes he did," Elsa snarled at Nikita. Oh, this would be a real bitch-fest. I was 'saved' by the appearance of the three girls. Elsa's gaze wandered from Loraine to Europa to me. "What is the meaning of this?" That had to be about the lingerie.

"Yeah," Nikita glared at me too. "That's what I asked him."

"These are his trophies from some of his female conquests," Loraine proclaimed proudly. "It makes him even more valuable, being so desired and proficient." There was no way to make that sound acceptable to a NYPD patrolwoman, or an Amazon War Leader. It got better. "Hold on! I'll get the rest of it."*www.nove11©œrm.ç0mm*

"At least there are more to it," Elsa simmered. When I said better I was being sarcastic.

"Yes, I ran my hands over every inch of Elsa the Head of Internal Security for Havenstone's body, Nikita. I decided to forgo the rectal exam, but her vagina is hot and tasty," I groaned.

"Elsa, please stand aside," Nikita growled. "I'm aiming at the wrong person."

"By all means," Elsa stopped shielding me.

"Hey Elsa," Europa waved with her knife hand. "This is Timothy, he's a homosexual."

"I'm a tattoo artist," Timothy chuckled, "but I think the relevant issue with you is that I don't engage in sexual relations with females. Which reminds me..."

Timothy put down the crowbar he used for home defense, squeezed passed Elsa and retrieved his Nerf gun.

"Oh Jesus," I groaned. At that moment, Loraine came stumbling out in those matching six-in heels. She had clearly never walked in heels before.

*(w)(w)W.nóvèll(w)ðrmm.com*

This extenuated the badness by causing her to constantly lean forward thus threatening to spill her breasts out of the small, tight bra she was wearing.

"That's the 'rest' of it?" Elsa snarled at me.

"Ow!" I grunted as Timothy shot me. He reloaded and handed the weapon to Elsa.

"Here, have a go at him," Timothy joked. "It helps relieve my stress." Whack - Ow!

*Ŵwww.noVell©œR@.(v)oM'*