

Chapter 817

"Damn it! Would someone please remember I was shot with an arrow today," I howled. Aya wiggled past Nikita and rushed to place herself between me and danger.

"Stop beating up my Daddy...I mean C  el," Aya declared. "He's not my Daddy yet."

"He is not your Daddy ever, Aya," Elsa insisted.

"I don't know about that," Nikita holstered her sidearm. "With the way their mother was eating him up with her eyes..." Whack! That was Elsa punching me in the shoulder. I truly appreciated Aya's defense, but I wished she was taller.

"Is there any woman at Havenstone you are not seducing?" she accused me.

"Can I get back to you on that?" I evaded.

"C  el!" Nikita blasted me with outrage.

"C  el, come back to the bedroom and I'll comfort you," Lorraine offered.

"NO!" Nikita and Elsa shouted.

"Male," Elsa blindly handed the Nerf gun back. "Reload."

"You are certainly a bunch of wacky dames," Timothy snickered. "C  el, would you please start banging them. The estrogen floating around this place is starting to fuck with my mind."

"Not happening," Nikita stated firmly.

"He cannot sate my lusts," Elsa pledged. Invitation to try.

"Lady, I really don't know who you are, but I've had to put up with twenty orgasms in one night, so if you think your that much of a sexual badass, plan to have your mind broken," Timothy stated with certainty.

I looked at him in confusion. Timothy was struggling to put a face to the lack of sleep.

"That girl from the Korean place," we said simultaneously. Damn, she'd been flexible and in great shape. She ran 10K's. I really should call her back.

"Timothy, how many woman has C  el been with?" Nikita turned on him.

"In the one month I've known him..." Timothy ruminated for over thirty seconds, "Between twenty-five and thirty. I'm sure it would have been higher except I took him to some of my spots occasionally on the off chance he ever got curious." Elsa was confused. Nikita wasn't.

"You took C  el to gay bars? How did that go?" Nikita was deeply suspicious...again.

"Like blood in the water with sharks," Timothy laughed. "I had to put my arm around him just to keep some of them at bay."

"To be fair, I took Timothy to some straight nightclubs to act as a wingman," I offered. The three sisters were taking cultural notes. I was sure they would ask for clarification on some of the terms later.

"At least he went home alone some of the time," Elsa said gloomily.

"Not really. There is this bartender at one of my favorite clubs. I had assumed she was a lesbian. C  el got her phone number with his second drink," Timothy corrected them.

"She is bi-sexual," I corrected. "Her domestic partner is a lesbian...I did her too, in a three-way."

The loaded Nerf gun went back to Elsa's hand and she would have shot me, but Aya batted the projectile out of the air. I think everyone was stunned by that act of physical coordination.

"On that note," Elsa sighed. "I should be going. The girls are fine, if oddly clothed. C  el, I need to give you a few instructions in private." Sex.

"Use my room," Timothy chuckled and pointed the way. He knew the score.

"I'll go with you," Nikita announced.

"No," Elsa held up her hand. "This is Havenstone business." She went to Timothy's room and I hobbled along. She shut the door once I was inside.

"I hate you," she stared at me intently. Translation - I'm going to fuck you.

"Are you going to hurt me if I kiss you?" I cut straight to the chase. These Amazons couldn't ask a male for a damn thing. If they couldn't compel us under the threat of death, they were helpless in establishing a rapport.

"Why would I want to kiss you?" she defied me. Because you nearly rearranged my tonsils last time we were together perhaps?

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"I miss the taste of your lips," I declared. "I was hoping you felt the same way." She did.

"You were very brave today," she abruptly shifted her emotional vector. Whatever excuse worked for her was good enough for me.

Elsa dragged her fingers along my chin, cheek and ear before wrapping up my hair and pulling me in to brutal kiss. I tore myself free.

"We are not allowed to kiss," I reminded her. Man, she and Buffy had the 'I'll kill you with my eyes' glare down pat. "Can I show you an alternative?"

When she didn't stop me, I tugged on the bottom of her sports bra and carefully pulled it over her breasts. I flicked the left nipple with the tip of my tongue then switched to the right. Her resistance was melted away by her rising temperature. Being as we were (somewhat) alone, my hands went both front and back this time, underneath the panties.

Spanking and restraint weren't the path to take with Elsa. She wanted to be in charge. I was able to make her settle for being pleased in silence. She didn't tell me what to do, dominate, or physically direct me. I forced her to accept my level of sexual proficiency and she ended up being an extremely happy camper.

"Stop seeing women outside of Havenstone," Elsa panted as she clutched me tightly and her climax subsided. "It makes me angry." I snorted so she pinched my nipples.

"Uh...", I grunted. "Not going to happen," then, "Promise me something."

"Why would I promise a male anything?" she moaned wantonly against my shoulder.

"Promise you will kill me quickly when the time comes," I continued. She tilted up and looked into my eyes.

"Why would I be forced to kill you?" Elsa studied me. She was the Security Chief.

"I only bend so much, Elsa. I make a lousy pet and a worse kiss-ass," I explained.

"When my time comes, I won't be relocated. I'll die killing as many of you as I can," I related. "I know this is your job, so I respect you enough to let you know how it will end for both of us."

"Do you think you could kill me?" Elsa regarded me with what might have been respect.

"I think I will have to try," I replied honestly. She nodded.

I suspected Amazons didn't have a code of honor equivalent to Chivalry, or Bushido. No, there was no dishonor in ambushing, overwhelming, or deceiving an opponent. No victim, outside their sect, was off-limits. No enemy received preferential treatment. Even if they respected their adversary, such as Buffy's reverence of the jaguar, they would kill you no matter what.

Even among themselves, they were bloody serious as witnessed by the punishment meted out to Leona. The Blonde Archer had not appreciated that her offense didn't involve me, but Hayden and the Council. She was already under a death sentence when she defied Hayden again and that had been fatally resolved on the spot. Only Ursula had been openly upset by the gesture.

Suspecting all of that, why had I told Elsa? Simply put, I lived by my own code. As Buffy and Helena had pointed out, I would have been better off letting Rhada slap my twice. It simply wasn't in me. In the same way, I didn't stay down despite the beating Madi inflicted. I fought on knowing I was alone because that was who I was.

Had I not respected Katrina, I would have never knelt. I didn't kneel out of respect - I had done it to survive. My respect of Katrina meant I believed she was giving me a way out and I took it. Hayden earlier today was also different. I did what I did for Aya and I wasn't sure why. Something in the child's soul called to me.

In a way, stepping into the firing line, in front of Leona and finally baring my throat to Hayden were for Aya. That was not truly different to me than dating four Sorority sisters without them knowing about each other. Did I predict disaster? Yes. Did do it anyway? Yes. Did I have a memorable time? Absolutely.

All three questions applied to helping Aya too, with the same answers. No regrets.

"You cannot win," Elsa stated. "We have every advantage."*www.noσ(e)lworM.cm*

"No. I cannot survive, but I can try to go out on my own terms," I explained. "If I avoid being raped and enslaved, even if it means my death, then I have won and you have lost."

"Your life is not that important to us," Elsa tried to reason things out for me.

"My life is the only one I have," I grinned. "It is important to me."

"If you remain defiant, we will destroy you," she explained.*W  W.nOvELworM.c  m*

"Thank you," I touched my forehead to her forehead.

"That was a threat, you idiot," Elsa looked perplex, "not a pledge." She didn't move away.

"The moment that makes sense, you will know you have to kill me," I countered.

"Because you think I will be in love with you?" Elsa mocked me.*W  W.(c)  V  Lwor(c).C  M*

"No. You will respect me. Then you will know that I am better off dead than enslaved," I said.

"I need to go," Elsa muttered after half a minute's hesitation. "Don't think this changes anything," she added. I laughed. I was still chuckling was we returned to the crowd in the living room. Nikita slipped off to get her pistol as Elsa turned the locks then exited the apartment. Timothy shut the door and things were quiet for a moment.

"Movie time," Timothy declared. "First up is Victor/Victoria. Nikita, could you order up some Korean delivery? C  el, take a seat before you keel over. Aya, could you go to the bathroom and get the medical kit. Lorraine and Europa, get dressed in your pajamas before your sexiness causes our boy to die from blood loss."

A few whispers and the sisters figured out what Timothy meant by 'blood loss'. The older two giggled and headed off to the bedroom while Aya brought the medical supplies. Timothy and Nikita, with the girls in observance, redressed my wounds. Timothy and Nikita were shocked by my lack of pain-killers.

Timothy taunted me with the fact that he could have gone out and gotten me some 'stuff', except I'd invited a cop over. Nikita offered to take me to a hospital. Since I had been given a small bottle of antibiotics, I decided to forgo the whole 'who shot you' rigmarole. Timothy paid for the food delivery and we all dug in.

When Nikita went to the bathroom, he handed me a note from the Korean girl. It was a number and 'Call Me'. Timothy couldn't stop chuckling even after Nikita came back. I put Aya to bed after Victor/Victoria ended. The rest of us sat up for a viewing of 'Cabaret' which had all kinds of things for the older girls.