

## Chapter 818

Timothy promised to clean up the living room and food so the rest of us could crash out. The sisters settled onto my new, king-sized bed while Nikita and I squeezed onto the air mattress. We were virtually nose to nose. I could feel her eyes trying to pierce the enigma which was my mind. She wanted to fix me.

Hell, I was good looking, had a good job (if illegal), a friendly demeanor, was passionate, mostly honest, good with children, funny, brave and bold. Her dilemma was how to keep my sexual desires in check. What could she do to keep my cock hers and only hers? I wished her luck with that. Any enlightenment was short-circuited by Aya wedging her legs in between us.[V\(w\)w.nO@ellworm.cO\(m\)](#)

Despite the lack of space, the nine-year old wedged herself onto the air mattress, facing me and smiling sleepily. I wrapped her up with one arm and pulled her to my chest. I kissed her forehead.

"Goodnight Aya," I whispered.

"Daddy," she murmured then rapidly drifted off to sleep. Nikita propped herself up over Aya. Her face was aglow with happiness. Whatever my faults, I was giving comfort to a child that was not my own while forgoing my own desires - mainly Nikita's body. She kissed me softly then settled in for her own good night's sleep.[Vww.0vèLwORm.coM](#)

(Monday)

My pain was legendary. Fine, my pain was epic. Okay, my pain was really bad, only exacerbated by a busy weekend. Sunday had started out fine. The girls hadn't minded being cooped up in my place for half of the day. We all worked out in the morning, which Nikita found odd. Then the young ladies explored a 'man pad', which was totally new.

Loraine and Nikita developed a complex relationship. Nikita was martial enough, older and far more worldly. They conflicted over me - Loraine wouldn't accept that she'd never conquer me and Nikita was stymied by the Amazon creed involving men. Europa bonded with Timothy in all kinds of odd ways including the exploration of the world of tattooing.

Aya discovered a new favorite position. I had lain belly-down on the sofa while Nikita gave me a back rub. Right after she was done, Aya climbed on top of me, laid her stomach on my back and relaxed, soaking up my scent and warmth. Only when we got them home did Loraine whisper to me that she'd never seen Aya that calm and at peace for such a continuous amount of time.

That warm fuzzy, along with Nikita being downright sympathetic and attentive for the rest of her stay rolled right into Timothy's and my date Sunday night. That ended up in a 'bizarre unless you are me' frolic late Sunday night. Timothy was a fun time for Nadia, Ulyssa's older sister, then finished up their date by pretending to pass out back at their place.

I'd seen Timothy drink steadily for four hours with barely a buzz. Still, that ended up with Ulyssa, Nadia and I in a three-way until one in the morning. That was when Timothy pretended to wake up and call out my name. The ladies and I wrapped up the sex session quickly and 'us' guys departed because, ya know, we had work in a few hours.

Timothy even changed my bandages again. I gave him a few bills to up our medical supplies. He took a few more from my wallet because he prophesied me being wounded would be a common occurrence. He followed that up by giving me a bear hug and a kiss on the cheek.

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"You are a lifesaver, Bro," he sighed. "My break-up left me really down and you've restored my faith in life and love. Keep it up." Then we both went to bed.

I followed that up with an early wake-up call from Katrina telling me to show up thirty minutes early and report to the Medical Division. That led me to biking, one legged, through the city (Nikita and I had retrieved my bike Sunday afternoon) by dawn's early light and reporting to the witchdoctors at Havenstone. Thus my legendary, epic, really bad pain.

The Doctor at Doebridge had practiced traditional Amazon healing methods. The cute chick who escorted me into the Medical Division had actually heard we were in the 21st century. She sat me on a gurney in what passed for a modern Emergency Room and had me take off my pants. Then she asked me if I wanted pain-killers, or a local anesthetic.

"No, I'm a man," I bragged. I saw the bewilderment in her eyes. Was I saying 'no', or was I claiming to be a weak, frail male? "It is too late for your people to be nice to me now," I clarified. "You are monsters and I accept that, so let's get this over with so we can get back to our jobs."

"What are you talking about?" she tried to be disarming. Could it be she wasn't a full-blooded Amazon?

#To ease my pain, show me your bountiful bosom# I said in Old Kingdom Hittite. The nice, young doctor blinked. She knew of the lingo, but not the speech itself.

"No on the anesthetic," I sighed. "Please work professionally and quickly so we may return to our duties, Doctor."

"Of course. I'll be right back," she nodded then headed off to 'get some supplies' - in other words 'call Security'. They showed up lickety-split, doctor in tow. I recognized one from the Armory. To be polite, I let her know I recalled her.

"Oh, it is the Kindergarten graduate," I grinned. "Who is your lesbian playmate?"

"Oh goodie," Kindergarten snarled. "I get another crack at you."

"Wait," the buddy cautioned her. "Shouldn't we investigate the claim that he knows an unknown tongue?" She looked to me. "Well?"

"The Doctor needs to leave the room," I stated.

"You don't tell us what to do, male," Kindy snapped.

"Okay, how can you verify I speak your Mother Tongue without violating some protocol if she is still in the room?" I sounded bored. Home-schooled and not in a good way.

"I say we beat it out of you," Kindy kept being stupid. Come on, like she was going to stumble upon a conspiracy in her lowly position, armed with her limited intellect.

"Bring it, Kitten," I smirked. "It's not like I'm going anywhere." The two security types drew their Tasers. I reclined onto the gurney and folded my arms over my chest.

"Sit up, damn you," Kindy's partner demanded.

"Why? So when you stun me I fall to the floor? I think I'd rather flop around on the gurney, thank you," I mused.

Our conversation brought attention. A few women were starting to gather around when one pressed through. I didn't know her, but she had some familiar features.

"Cáel Nyilas, I am Traska Maza, Violet's sister. Come to my side," she ordered. Okay now, I didn't HAVE to obey that. Once more, a nice lady was giving me an out and I took it.

I swung slowly off the gurney and hobbled to her side.

"Kneel," and I knelt with a grimace. "Now what is your problem with our breeding male?" she added the last part in Amazon.

"Wait," I blurted out. "I'm no one's breeding male yet!" In Amazon/Hittite. The crowd stirred.

"True and you are making it a truly glorious hunt, but we will take you as our prize in the end, Male," Traska smiled down at me while petting my hair while speaking in Amazon. Sex.

"He speaks the...Tongue?" the Doctor stammered.

"Of course he does," Traska nodded. "Otherwise it would have been quite difficult for him to refuse Hayden breeding rights on Saturday."

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"He refused Hayden," Kindy gawked.

"It is against corporate policy," I explained. "Being a good boy is getting the crap kicked out of me as it is. Heaven help me if I actually broke a rule." They chuckled - psycho bitches.

"Cáel, rise," so I struggled to my feet. "Go to the gurney and let the doctor tend to your battle scar," Traska commanded. As I staggered back from whence I came, the term 'battle scar' resonated to both me and the women.

"This does not settle the crime of him speaking our language," Kindy kept blathering.

"Did it occur to you to contact Elsa, or Katrina, or even the office of Hayden to gather information on what was going on," Traska sighed, "before racing to attack a wounded male in the middle of this vast structure we control? What was he going to do? Hobble over to a hurricane-proof window?"