

Chapter 822

"Yasmin, keep quiet and ask for Katrina," I grinned. "I'm afraid I'll have to truncate our date. Putting all these bitches in their place is going to take a while." It wasn't like they were going to beat me to death any harder. Yasmin started thrashing about, cursing and stomping on feet.

"Stop it," I insisted. "They will seriously hurt you."

"I'm not going to let you fight all alone," she kept trying to break free. I had to keep backing away from her in order to delay me being totally surrounded. Two Amazons slammed Yasmin face first into the mat.

"Oh boy," I muttered. "This is going to be a tad harsher than Rhada and Madi."

"Wait," one of them called out. "You are that male?" OKH.

"I request a clarification of that question," I replied. OKH.

One turned to another.

"I can't believe we missed this. The male speaks our tongue. It can only be C  el Nyilas," she said. OKH.

"Does this mean you are not going to beat me into the earth?" I hoped. OKH.

"No. You launched an unprovoked attack against one of ours. You need to be severely disciplined," one said. The group nodded their acceptance of the verdict. "Due to your bravery Saturday, if you kneel your punishment will be swift." OKH.

Poor Yasmin. She had no clue what was going on around her.

"Thank you for your generous offer. I do appreciate it, but I would rather inflict as much harm upon as many of you as possible instead," I smiled. "I only humble my body before the Worthy." Yes, I had insulted them - roughly 250 and counting.

"You are acting above your station," a familiar voice called out from the back of the pack. Normally, if a man gives a woman an orgasm, she recalls you fondly. In my case, plenty of women whose worlds I'd rocked had tried to kill me afterwards. Elsa's appearance did not signify the arrival of my salvation.

The other women parted and Elsa stepped forward. *www.N  (  )  /woRm.com*

"C  el, I am not going to kill you, or even hurt you badly. I am going to curb your arrogance and remind you of your place in things. Fear not, this will be over quickly," Elsa sounded pleasant.

"I'll remain scared, thank you very much," I shrugged. At least we were speaking in English now.

"Spear," Elsa demanded. Amazons don't play fair. I was hardly surprised.

"Klondike Bar," I demanded as well. No tasty treat appeared while Elsa got her weapon. Elsa gave me a quizzical look.

"I've got a Zen for some ice cold sugar," I explained. That earned me a few chuckles.

"Don't hurt his reproductive organ," someone shouted in OKH.

"C  el, if you can give up, please do. I think that woman wants to kill you," Yasmin pleaded. Elsa wanted some spearing to go on just not the way Yasmin feared.

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"You need to stop picking up whatever gutter trash presents itself," Elsa taunted me.

"She is a guardian of the young, a single mother and a stranger to this country, Elsa," I stated evenly. "She is my friend and a guest. Let her leave in peace."

"No more jests?" Elsa chuckled. "Have I made you angry?"

"Angry?" I sneered. "No, angry would be me finding out you stuff Kleenex in your bra."

"I'm not going to insult your loyalty, prestige, or courage because you've exhibited all three to me already," I told her. "My warning remains the same: don't let your pride blind you."

"Fair enough," she nodded. "Let's begin." She thrust forward with her spear. It was an opening move, not an attempt to skewer me.

"Damn it, you cowards," Yasmin snarled. "Give him a weapon." No one did. They didn't care for an outsider's opinion of their bravery. I fought as best I could with my natural talents. Boxing allowed me to take a beating, especially someone in my weight class. Jujutsu helped me fight prone as well as quickly getting back on my feet.

Elsa beat me black and blue. Come on, she had a spear and I had my fists and a wounded leg. The gathering seemed amazed at the drubbing I was soaking up. I really got their attention the third time Elsa relented so that I could stand back up for another dose of pain. She swung the spear around to hit my wound again. I hit the midpoint of the shaft so hard, it shattered.

I tried to follow that up with a punch to the face. Elsa flowed past the blow and landed several punishing jabs to my ribs, knocking me down. This time she put me in a choke hold.

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"Give up," she commanded.

"Never surrender," I rasped then the world went dark.

(Picking up the Pieces)

I was vaguely aware of a prick to my left leg and the sheer agony of my thigh began to immediately go numb.

"You've ripped out half his damn staples," a female voice chastised someone else.

"He refused to yield," Elsa stated. All of that had been Old Kingdom Hittite. I moaned.

"C  el, how do you feel?" Elsa mocked me.

"Had enough?" I mumbled. "If so, whose ass do I have to kick next?"

"Male, Elsa demolished you," an Amazon gloated.

"With a spear," Yasmin countered. Good, she was still close. "Hand to hand, he would have won even with his bad leg."

That brought forth snorts of derision all around. Oh well.

"How is that first girl I fought doing? Is she okay?" I was putting my thoughts together.

"I'm right here," she grabbed my jaw and yanked it her way. Then it dawned on me I was lying on my back, on the mat, with multiple ladies kneeling around me.

Yasmin was there, along with Elsa, a medic of some kind, and first chick I'd fought with.

"Is this circumstance between us at an end?" I inquired of her in OKH.

"Your insolence remains unbroken, dog," she seethed. OKH.

"What I did does not matter," I sighed. "You attacked a guest of an Executive Services personnel and would not apologize, now or then. You and I are not done."

The woman hauled back her fist to hit me. A shot rang out.

"I said 'make way' damn you," Desiree shouted out from the far side of the crowd. OKH.

"Watch your..." a woman snapped. OKH. BANG! Screaming in pain. BANG! A different scream. "I swear by all the Goddesses and Ancestors, I have six shots left and they will all be aimed to kill!" Desiree yelled. OKH. *(  )www.N  (  )Ve1worM.com*

Multiple women headed for the weapon racks. Amazons couldn't be accused of cowardice. They did part enough to let Desiree make it to my side next to Elsa.

"Idiot, how have you fucked up this time?" Desiree glared down at me, so I told her. She looked to the first woman I had fought. "Is this how it happened?" this time on OKH.

"He was in the Pure-blood facility," she answered. I had figured that out already, just too late to do any good. OKH.

"And in your brilliance, you decided that he was purposely picking a fight with you and the over 300 other Amazons here as opposed to him having made an honest mistake..." Desiree let that last bit hang out there. OKH.

"He was in here, no matter what the reason," my assailant persisted. "Even Katrina can't save him from this - or you for attacking other full-bloods." OKH. Desiree smirked.

"I am not here under the orders of Katrina, Sabia," Desiree finally identified my attacker. "I am here under the orders of Hayden, who has plans to breed with this male." OKH.

"Your willingness to deny her this pleasure will be noted," Desiree smirked. "C  el, did it ever occur to you that there would be separate gyms for the different status groups?" she looked back to me. At this point, Elsa motioned for two members of the security detail to take Yasmin away. All that followed was in Old Kingdom Hittite, the language of the Amazons.

"Initially no. I figured it out right before the shit hit the fan. Not being a bigot, I didn't take into account the bigotry of others," I sighed. I wasn't working on a fan base directly. I had to walk that fine line between 'highly spirited male' and 'blasphemous intruder'.

"They are not bigots," Desiree interrupted the dark mutterings. "They are the Master Race."

"His insolence is infecting you," Elsa said as she stood.

"That is insulting," Desiree mocked. "He inspires me. This is no disease. He is a living example of defiance against all odds. In case any of you missed it that was our genesis as a people."

"He shames me by showing with his own wit and blood that I should only give respect to those who show it to me and I should bow to no other. You had best earn his respect because he will not subject himself to your undeserved pride, numbers be damned," Desiree declared.

"He angers me with his jokes and cutting commentary. He also angers me for pointing out the sickness in our own ranks. You have become more prideful than competent. His greatest joke is not that he will die for his beliefs, it is that he risks so much out of compassion for us. He will not let our poisoned lineage limp on a few more decades if he cannot aid in our salvation."

'We don't need you, this male, or any of your thoughts, half-blood,' was the general mood of the room.

"Revel in your superiority while being restricted to breeding with inferior males," Desiree chuckled. "Again, your condescension is ridiculously absurd."

"I will breed with C  el and have many fine daughters. You, who can still breed," Desiree rubbed it in, "will have daughters who are even less than you. I'm sure my granddaughters will be suitably impressed with your prestige when they read about it in the scrolls."

"We cannot kill you for your abuse, but we can certainly mark you for the offenses," Elsa smirked.

"C  el, to my side," Desiree snapped. I struggled to stand. The medic tried to stop me.

"You will tear your staples if you exert yourself," the medic told me.

"While my heart still beats, I must answer my Sister's call to battle," I explained to the woman. She let me struggle to my feet. I did my best to not topple into either Desiree or Elsa.