

Chapter 841

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(Friday)

Since I liked to think that life encouraging me with bruises, punctures, cuts and concussions made me smarter, I had scheduled some eleven o'clock gym time most of the week so to avoid the whole lunch and after-work crowds. Aya and I went to the 'Others' gym, which was nice, but wasn't as complete as the Full/Pure-blood one. Most notable was the lack of weapons.

Aya's and my trip to the 'Other' gym on Friday hit a snag. Aya clued in on the fact that I was avoiding the Pure-blood facility. We talked about it. I explained I wasn't a Pure-blood. Her counter-argument was she was and I should confront my fears. Yes, I lost an argument with a nine year old. *w@Ŵ.NovWorm.Cm*

I have talked a nineteen year old, promise ring virgin into nameless sex in an airport stall. Aya was an unassailable wall of resolve that dashed all of my ploys into so many useless words. I found myself entering the real 'No Man's Land' twice in less than a *Www.móvelw.côM*

week. Not only was I hard-headed, I was also obviously soft-hearted.

At the last moment, I imagined I had a reprieve. I didn't have to tell Aya how I got in the first time- grabbing an open door. I could swipe my card, have it rejected and move on to safer pursuits. Sure enough, my card failed. Aya's didn't -mother-puss-bucket! Upon entering, the twenty, or so women in the place looked at me... and Aya.

I recognized somebody. It was Constanza, Elsa's chief evil henchwoman. Our eyes met. She smiled in a way that assured me she vividly recalled our last encounter. It should be of no surprise that I insulted her somewhere in the process. It's how I roll. I smiled back at Constanza and gave her a nod before setting up Aya and me for our workout routine.

Constanza was not mollified in the slightest. She was patiently waiting-for something. I decided that Aya would be my sole focus and banished the other women from my mind. The munchkin could tell the difference and relayed that to me with her happiness. After twenty minutes, she decided her time with the machines was

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done and her minutes were better spent resting against, or sitting on, me.

My cock was reminding me that it was approaching 36 torturous hours without sex. It was also pointing out that there were thirty available, sexually inquisitive women achingly close. I reminded my penis that being relocated was probably as fun-less as it sounded. That bought me some time. We finished up our sojourn by walking the wall, going over the weapon racks.

Mainly we went over the ones various members of her family were proficient with. Aya still had problems with even the most basic ones. The words 'let me help you' spilled out of my mouth. There were two problems; Aya's tiny size and the fact that all the weapons were very dangerous. Even the leaf-shaped short blade was too heavy for her so we ended up screwing around instead.

I picked up two Iron Age style axes. The blades were more of a thick wedge than the broad axe heads of medieval fame. They were less effective in delivering damage, compensating somewhat in their reduced weight. I've convinced a Jewish girl to have

sex in a synagogue despite me not being Jewish yet this child was twirling me around her pinkie finger.

I was entertaining her with some exotic, flamboyant moves wielding two axes while Aya clapped her hands and giggled when I felt a stranger approach me on the sparring mat. I had been hopping around keeping all my weight on my right leg until that moment. I turned to face the woman, putting my left behind me yet while keeping it firmly on the ground.

I also drew my axes up, crossing them over my chest, blades pointing past my shoulders.

"I have never seen that technique before," she addressed me. That and what followed was all in the Amazon tongue.

"It is more of a fantasy creation. I had a loveaffair with pseudo-archaic movies that always do the crazy, two-weapon stuff so my mentor helped me create this method," I explained.

"Has it ever been tested?" she continued.

"I am Cael Nyilas," I answered, "and yes, mymentor preferred using a poleaxe, or a mace/shield combo against me."

"Oneida," she seemed amused."We will seehow well you have been tested."

"May I request a favor?" I tried to keep mycool. She pulled out one of those damn spears.

"Yes," she seemed intrigued.

"Can you call someone over to sit with Aya?I don't want her to accidently set foot on the mat," I beseeched.

"Drusilla, please aid me," Oneidasummoned an observer. The woman had heard my appeal and settled beside the nervous, kneeling Aya.

"Cael, please be careful," Aya pleaded.

"Who me?" I chuckled. "I'm impervious toall man-made contrivances."

"Every weapon in this room was crafted bywomen," Oneida snorted.

"That would certainly explain my full-bodybruising and the hole in my leg," I grinned back. I caught Oneida trying to sneak closer to me. My axes came to a ready position and I charged. I was sure so me sort of me dicould punish me for this later.

She got off two jobs then I was all over her. I knew how to fight a two and a half meter spear. She had no clue how to plot out two incoming weapons with an extra meter of reach. The first time I drove her off the mat. The second time, I got inside her guard and clocked her in the temple with the back end of an axe head. I quickly hopped back three paces, knelt and put my axes on the mat.

The rush to get me was stillborn. A few did come to stand over me while two others checked on Oneida who quickly came around.

"What happened?" were Oneida's first, shakywords.

"He hit you," one of her companionsanswered.

"With what-the Moon?" Oneida mumbledas they helped her up."My ears are still

ringing."

"My turn," Constanza announced. She wentfor a spear, blade, and round leather-covered, wicker shield.

"Give Cael a moment to rest," Aya appealed."He has been fighting longer."

No such luck. I was halfway to exhausted as well. Fighting with two weapons pretty much means just that-twice the fight. Kinetically speaking, I was burning around 80% more calories than my one weapon opponents. I was wielding axes, not fighting sticks after all. In my favor was a deep wellspring of stamina and my Will reinforced by my desire to not upset Aya.

What little time I was given wasn't out of charity. A second Amazon was joining the struggle. I could back off, but I felt Constanza would enforce an intense level of groveling solely to grind up Aya emotionally. She didn't hate Aya. Aya was an avenue to really hurt me and we both knew it. For a second, when I hobbled off the mat, there were chuckles. I had fled.

That ended as I began retrieving some

select weapons from the wall racks. Sword harnesses came in two varieties; belted and shoulder slings. I took two shoulder slings and two more axes. I affixed my two 'spare'axes with leather straps. As I turned to the mat, Constanza had decided to be clever. She and her buddy had closed to within three meters of the edge.

They would box me in as soon as my second foot touched down on the mat.

"Please back up," I requested. Constanzasmiled with supreme confidence. I smiled back. This was going to be dangerous, agonizing and unorthodox-totally me. I began backing up.

"Cael," Aya murmured. "Don't let them hurtyou."

"Running away?" Constanza sneered.

"Aya, wickedness is the expedience of theweak," I nodded her way. "Do you think I can win?"

"Of course," Aya sighed happily."I am byyour side." I laughed. I charged. The Amazons did the precisely wrong thing-

the stepped up to meet me.

You keep thrusting weapons, like spears, aimed at the central part of the body. This allows you to deviate your projection anywhere from the thighs to the face. This does imply you know where the central part of the enemy will be. This was not playschool. Real weapons-real damage-real death. They didn't have to kill me. It didn't mean they wouldn't.

I leapt. I didn't leap at them, I leapt over them. Let's not forget I'm pretty freaking strong. My left leg shot-gunned pain straight to the brain but held it together. I sailed over their thrusting spear points, flipped my axes down so that they would impact the mats first. The flat tops of the axe heads impacted the mat and my body rose up and then flipped over them.

This gave me an extra meter and a half on my back flip. I turned that maneuver into summersault, giving three more meters of space. I rolled over to my side and rode the momentum to my feet, facing my adversaries. Now they were the ones in the corner of the mat with their enemy pinning them in and I wasn't done yet.

With all my might, I hurled my right-handed axe at Constanza's companion. She did exactly what I thought she'd do. She saw the throw halfway in motion and raised her shield up-right where I wanted it. Amazon shields aren't what most people think shields are today. They think medieval knights, or more appropriately, the shields of the Greek hoplites.

The Amazons date back 700 years before those Greeks and they weren't heavy infantry anyway. Amazons moved light and fast. Consequently, their shields were light-wicker constructs with layers of leather stretched over the frame. Great for deflecting light weapons; not so great for what I was about to do.

The steel axe head shattered the top half of the wicker frame. It saved her life, but now she had this useless object strapped to her arm. It also had the added bonus of knocking her back while Constanza engaged me alone. Her first jab forced me to jump back, but I still was able to draw my first spare axe.

My luck with women held up a little longer. The other Amazon hesitated just long*Ww.w.Ŋ@YELŴe(r)m.CôM*

enough to remove her shattered shield. Alone with Constanza, I attacked. She thrust, I captured her spear head between my axe handles and yanked her forward. We kicked off simultaneously. Her off-balanced strike brushed past my abused left leg. My right kick hit her shield and knocked her down.