

Chapter 854

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A problem presented itself. The girl who first taught me was pretty good --in the 'if you couldn't find the prerequisite number of bullet holes in the target, everyone assumed the missing bullet had passed through one of the previous penetrations'kind of way. I was pretty lucky. She took a red hot poker to me and was thankfully far less accurate.

She was so incredibly beautiful --so furious with me, naked and chasing me around a cabin lit solely by the fireplace, with that firebrand in her hand. Maybe it was wrong of me to take her English professor up to the girl's cabin for a sexual rendezvous--or stick the professor in the closet when the poor lady absolutely had go to the bathroom. Or fucked the girl on her bear skin rug until the professor had to come out of said closet before she urinated. I know; I'm an idiot.

Fifteen bullets into the first target had made a mess of it. Since there was no one in either station around me, I started shooting at the target to the left. I put the last

magazine into the one on the right. It took me well over thirty seconds to get all 45 shots off, but I did it.

"Done," I stated as I put the gun down andtook a half-step back.

"Do you shoot pistols a lot?" one of my otherguards asked in amazement. They had undoubtedly seen better speed and marksmanship. It was their cosmically low opinion of me that made my effort so impossible to believe.

"No, I'm a Natural Born Killer," I grinned atthe three of them.*Www.Nó(w)è@worm.com*

"Males are arrogant and take things forgranted. They are sloppy," Constanza sneered.*www.NoVèl#wO@M.com*

"It never fails to surprise me that you don'taccept that your ancestors were some of the toughest bitches to ever walk the planet," I muttered.

"What does that mean?" Constanza growled.

"Warriors so tough they are rememberedthousands of years later and your founders

escaped with their lives -- as opposed to all those Trojans, Hittites and Lydians who ended up decorating graves with their bones," I glared back. "What I mean is --why does me having a weapon really bother you? I'm am totally out-numbered, out-classed and out-gunned."

"I don't want to die. I'm definitely notsuicidal. I'll even take bullets, arrows and blades for you people," I snarled. "Quite frankly, all of this paranoia is really starting to get on my nerves, so fucking CUT IT OUT!"

"You do not tell us what to do," Constanzaground out. She'd grabbed my chin with one hand.

"I'll keep that in mind next time anAmazon's life is in danger and a simply warning from me could save their life. Be assured I'll put your directive down for the reason they croaked," I countered.

"If it was up to me, you would be killed foryour insolence," she growled.

"Does it ever occur to you it is the other wayaround?" I touched her wrist.

"What?" Constanza was both ir ate anduncertain.

"You are where you are because you have ahabit of making poor decision on a strategic level," I explained. Apparently I wanted to die.

"Why does anyone like you?" Constanzamuttered.

"Like me? Most people who know me, hate me -- like you. The difference is they get to know me first then they hate me. You haven't gotten the full Caliel experience yet. You hate me on a purely generic level. Real hate comes from knowing me," I grinned.

Like so much that comes from my lips, that was a lie. To be truthful, most of the women I had wronged over the past four years forgave me-- eventually. Most of them figured out that I hadn't cheated on them --I cheated on EVERY girl I was with, but one -- my mentor. She was the one who tossedme out among the female population in the first place.

Some ladies did hold a grudge. There is one chick who burns me in effigy every year on

the date of our break up. I should have known better. It was my freshman year and she was a Psychology teaching assistant. Most psych majors are wacko -- more wacko than most pissed of women, I have learned from experience. I'll still date them. I also take more care about what I eat and drink around them too.

"I'm glad to know you will be gone soon,"she seethed then removed her hand from my chin.*Www.NoVèl#wO@M.com*

"Constanza, you really need to stop trustingme so much," I chuckled.

"I don't trust you at all," she countered.

"But you are taking my word for it thatwomen hate me," I snickered.

"More importantly, you are ignoring thefacts. The majority of the women at Havenstone who like me, do so for reasons totally devoid of any intimacy. We both know I can be a jerk. I'm being a jerk right now--to you. What separates us is that I have no doubt that if you were in danger, I would come to your aid. That is the kind of person I am," I related calmly.

"That would never happen," Constanzainsisted.

"I don't care what you think," I shot back."I don't make decisions based on your whims. I follow my leadership. I know I'm loyal. Now, can we please get back to the reason we are all here?"

The scoring indicated that I was so lucky that girl came at me with the poker. I missed six shots out of 45, which I thought was awesome. I even managed to badly tear up the chests of the front and left targets. The target on the right was still 'dead', but he could be buried in a tuxedo. I had one head shot-- it wasn't on purpose.

We went back to the gun room, reloaded my Glock, a .38 Colt and a Mossberg shotgun. One guard went with me while Constanza and the second guard scored my first round. Back in the firing lane, I lost all firearms ability what so ever. I was saved by three shooters who volunteered to help. See how easy that was? They helped me with my stances, reload techniques and argued the merits of hip holster, ankle holsters and shoulder holsters.

To reciprocate their hospitality, I stripped off my annoying jacket, tie, shirt and undershirt. We got into a discussion of spent rounds bouncing around and maybe scaring the shooter. For the Amazons, it was training to ignore painful distractions. I stopped--leveled by an epic brainstorm--and fired off an order to Executive Services -- care of Daphne.

"What are you doing?" one of the newlethality-engines asked, somewhat piqued.*www.NoVèl#wO@M.com*

"Oh, I have to celebrate Fabiola'sresurrection--Hayden's orders--and that is going to require supernatural aids," I replied. I was back on track in their eyes.

"What was it like to feel the strength of theAncestors flow through you?"the second one whispered. This Ancestors and Goddess crap--mysticism was real to them. I've never claimed to be a deity though I've insinuated that I was the blood descendant of the Goddess Ishtar--reference the Wiccan Priestess-- and her circle of naked female celebrants.

The answer, not a total lie, was pure Amazon.

"I didn't feel anything," I could sense theirdisappointment."You know, all I felt was the spear and nothing else. Absolutely nothing else mattered. All other burdens and pains were lifted from me so I could devote myself entirely to the task at hand--hold the spear aloft."

They ate it up because the 'stillness' was at their core of martial mystique. Bushido had it too except they called it 'no Mind', or something like that. To be honest, I had come by that state of being through sex. My focus narrowed down to my partner and all of her actions and reactions. For a lowly male, like me, to possess that quality must have been divine intervention.

"You did a wonderful thing; channeling theAncestors that way," the third stated. "Oneida is precious to the Host."

"I beg to differ," I regarded her with a quirksmirk."Every life is precious. When you start weighing a person's life before you chose to save it, you have lost much more than that split second --you have lost a piece of your soul."

Oh look. I was lecturing them and they

didn't like it.

"Try looking at it from my viewpoint for asecond,"I knew they couldn't."I'm a lowly male caught up in your fiendish experiment. I don't know who any of you are beyond the reality that you would casually harm, or even kill me for any number of reasons."

"You clearly think I should cower and cower to your whims and wishes," I took in their negative reactions."I'm not. That's not me. Instead, I'm going to run errands, learn to fight, laugh, play and have a great time. If it matters--I know it doesn't to you --I am Cael Nyilas, son of Ferko, son of Árpád the Magyar. "Where there is Valor, there is Hope'," I added.

That wasn't my family motto. We were from poor, immigrant stock. My grandparents spoke Hungarian. I knew a little of it, just not enough to be considered fluent. I knew some Vlach (Romanian) too. When our neighbors are screaming insults at you, it pays to know exactly what they are saying. Again, I'm not fluent in Vlach, but I could get in a bar fight over what I did know.

"Your line age is inconsequential," Constanzasnapped. She'd come back --yippee!

"How did I do, Jefe?" I beamed happinessher way.

"I hate you," she said through clenchedteeth. I must have done better than I thought.

"Well, that's good. Maybe, under yourinstruction, I'll almost be a match for the other fine ladies down here one day in the distant future,"I nodded happily.