

## Chapter 859

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Somewhat redundant. The main difference is how they respond to the Restraining Order and how much fun the erotic side of the relationship will be. The first kind of woman has a public screaming fit if you take out a RO on her. Let them build up to an incinerating level, then fuck them --it's so worth it.

Stalkers ignore ROs. That's okay. Now you can legally trap them. They'll do whatever you want. Not because they are afraid of you. It is an RO for God's sake -- one night in jail, maybe. No, they'll do whatever sex act you request because that's why they are stalking you in the first place; the sensual/emotional connection.*wWw.n6v2lWor.m.c0m*

When she starts making bizarr e requests of you, subtly direct her to another 'more interesting'guy. Try not to use a friend. That's kind of cold. For the next few weeks, make sure the latest victim doesn't end up as a Missing Person. After that, you've done your civic duty so you can move on guilt-free.

"Elsa, I need ten minutes to stretch first," I requested. She nodded. Off came the shirt. I retreated to a gymnastics mat and began stretching out my kinks. Five minutes in,I did one of my favorite maneuvers -- the backwards human bridge completed when your wrists touch the Achilles tendons.

Not only does this extended your abdominal muscles, it exhibits your hard-on and suggest all kinds of pages from the Kama Sutra are, in fact, possible. My performance highlighted my musculature, flexibility and numerous scars. My left thigh still had a light bandage wrapped around it. Whatever the Amazon medics were using was working gangbusters on me.

Elsa had retreated to her end of the ma t so I glided to my axes then promptly got off the mat. I didn't trust any Amazon, not even Aya and I'd let my heart be cut out if it would save her life. I got the feel for these axes, spun them around a few times then made to get back on the mat.

"Put the loops around your wrist," Elsadirected.

"Why?" I retorted. We were back to 'why are

we letting a male question our orders.'

"You are not allowed to throw them," Elsaallowed. I nodded. I didn't loop them. No,I walked onto the mat, weapons held axe-head down. I walked in five steps, knelt and placed the axes on the mat by my side.

"Cáel, defend yourself," Elsa stated firmly.

"Which is it? Do I defend myself and I act ina manner allowed by axe-work, or do I accede to your demands and be automatically defeated?" I responded.

"Do you believe my spear technique is thatsuperior to your own, made-up style?" Elsa smirked.*wWw(®).(c)(v)E(1)Wor.m.c0m*

"I think you are cheating. Worse, I think youare being a bully. If you want this to be the 'Elsa is a Bad-Ass' show, congratulations,you've won. I'm not going to fight you. I kneel before you, weapons on the mat, acknowledging that your cheating ways have defeated me," I mocked."Savor this magnificent victory."

"Your opinion of my martial prowess is notwhat is at question here today," Elsa spoke.  
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stood up, turned away and walked off the map, interrupting the rest of her speech. She was coming for me this time. I opened my towel, took out my phone and began texting away."What are you doing?" Ngozi rumbled.

\*Buffy --job complete. Need to showerbefore next mission in queue\*I hadn't hit 'send'yet.

"Please correct me if I'm wrong. This wassupposed to be a weapon's exhibition. That implies a study of your opponents training and capabilities. Elsa's prowess, along with my own, are the question here to today," I insisted."Otherwise it is a waste of time for every non-sadist here."

"Is it absolutely crucial that you throw anaxe at Elsa?" Trask a questioned.

"No. It is absolutely crucial that Elsa fightunder the handicap that I might throw an axe,"I instructed her. "It changes the range dynamic. If I can hit her from --oh, five meters out, she has to keep close. If she has to keep close, my axes can engage her hand-to-hand."

"Since Elsa chose a long spear, throwing it isclumsy, thus reducing her options,"I stated. "Any range over six meters and she canprobably dodge, or deflect, my throw. So we are both range limited, as it should be for a good exhibition."

"I bow you reasoning," Elsa gave me arespectful nod of the head. Fuck--she liked me more, not less, despite my verbal reticence.

We went to our corners. I charged first. Oh God-- Elsa was super-great at spear. Less anyone forget, the spear has not only a sh arp point; it also has a 20 cm bladed surface on each side plus a sold, oak shaft for blocking, poking and smacking. Elsa s wung the spear around her body in lightning quick arcs. She could fight long shaft, or short shaft, as the range dictated.

Long shaft was like fighting a dagger on a stick--cut and thrust. Short shaft was mainly thrusting, but was good for holding me back if I got inside her 'long' guard. Elsa's advantages were life-long experience, tons of natural talent, and being quicker than me. Our staminas were evenly matched. The drain of Elsa's fluid style

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equaled my two-weapon use.

I had her in bulk and brawn. Elsa and I were at the top of the spectrum for our respective genders--physically and mentally better off than the majority. This meant I had her on br ute strength and reach. That was genetics talking. My only other advantage was the uniqueness of my style. Elsa hadn't faced it before, though I'm sure she'd watched Constanza and Crewe's fight with me on video.

Elsa figured out quickly that a left-handed battle axe made a poor shield. It covered far less area and took more energy and concentration for the assaulted to defend themselves. As soon as she put that bit of knowledge into her arsenal of tricks, I showed her another one. An a xe is an axe, and when she slapped that spear against my guard one too many times, my right-handed a xe chopped into the shaft, severing the spear blade from the rest of the spear.

This was the point where an Amazon would have pressed the attack. I was deciding to take as little of a beating as possible. I fell back, knelt and put my axes down. There was a hush.

"Elsa, do you wish to retrieve anotherspear?" I inquired. This was an exhibition after all. Actually, this was Elsa proving she was better than me, but she a script to stick to.

"To your starting place," Elsa commanded."Get some water." I picked up my axes andwithdrew -- backwards. Oneida had crept around to my side.

"I know what you did this morning," Oneidagave me some water to drink."It was very clever of you to send me away for my safety. It makes me adore you even more."

I reached out with one finger and poked her nose.

"You're silly," I sighed.

"No," she giggled like a school girl. I wasgoing to Hell for this one. "You are an 'Ash Man'reborn. I read about it." I had no clue that was and Elsa was waiting.

The rest was pre-ordained. I got a few light cuts while not leaving a mark on Elsa. I scored major points by disposing of Elsa's second spear though I lost both axes in the

endeavor. She swept my feet out from under me, I rolled away from her follow up kick and quickly went to my knees, palms flat on the mat and head lowered.

Only the mentally handicapped would have thought I'd won any part of the martial contest. I'd drawn the first time. My ability to defeat Elsa with the equivalent of a staff was undecided. I had been disarmed and disarmed Elsa the second time --technically a draw, but it wasn't. Why? Because Elsa had been trying NOT to kill me, or even injury me (too much).

I had been doing the same. If by some calamity I'd killed Elsa, I would have been lucky to fall on my own axes before the crowd butchered me. No, mine had been an amateur effort. I had missed Elsa mostly because I never got close. Elsa had to hold back from slicing me up and running me through.

Elsa walked right up to me -- I mean RIGHT up to me. She tapped my head, indicating I should look up. There was her pussy maybe 4 cm away with only her skintight shorts between us.

"As this demonstrates, we need to continueto work and update our styles," Elsa addressed the throngs."Cáel put forth his usual exceptional effort--for the gifted amateur that he is."