

Chapter 860

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"Thank you for your attention today, mysisters," Elsa concluded. End of lesson. Trask a picked up her medical kit and came my way. Oneida and a half dozen other Amazons closed in as well. Elsa didn't move a millimeter. Her fragrance wafted in my face. When Traska tried to shift me around so she could better access my wounds, Elsa stopped me with her hand on my head.

Trask a found it odd for a second then they all clued in. Elsa was making a statement. This wasn't Amazonian mannerisms coming to the fore. This was throwing down a gauntlet -- Elsa's intention to win this competition--me. Amazons were inherently competitive, being tested and testing themselves against previous achievements and each other.

Before Buffy opened her big mouth an hour ago, any contest for me had been a joke --the whole 'hunt me down in X-number of days'. Buffy had beaten Elsa to me. You don't get to be a 3000 year old secret society by letting one setback force you to admit defeat. Noooo... Elsa was stepping up her

game.

The amazing transformation that had confused the women around us was that, according to Elsa, my opinion suddenly mattered. Buffy had made a point of me finding a way to be with her. My choice. Better yet, I'd made my choice to be with her while my life was on the line. Once again, 'I laugh at death'is an incredible turn on.

Elsa hadn't changed her stance about men being armed. She was letting me train so she could summon me whenever she wanted me --unless Katrina put her foot down. Katrina wasn't going to do that often. Elsa was a useful subordinate and Katrina finally had her test dummy-- me -- on the firing range, which she had wanted all along. Katrina is scary-smart.

You don't think so? Who kept throwing me and Buffy together knowing of the Buffy/Elsa rivalry? Who approved my sex weekend with Buffy? Who approved my firearms training once she had Elsa's endorsement? As you might recall, that was something Elsa swore she'd never do, yet here we we re -- a male being trained with

firearms at Havenstone.

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Katrina didn't know when I'd figure out a way to sleep with Buffy, but she had faith in me that once I got to know Buffy, I'd figure something out. I'm far easier to read than the US Tax Code, or the Affordable Care Act. I liked sex with women, I liked being seen as a good guy, I liked trying to be a good guy; roughly in that order. Katrina knew that.

I didn't particularly mind being used by her either. That was herjob; to protect the security and integrity of Havenstone. Now Buffy was happy, Elsa was letting me train and by dint of my outrageous behavior, I was assisting Katrina in her plot to restore stability to the traditional Amazon bloodlines.

Traska slathered this synthetic goo over my lacerations. It stung, but it aided in the healing process and was flexible enough to barely restrict movement. I winced and 'stumbled'forward face-first into Elsa'scrotch. My nose ridge pressed deep into her camel toe, certainly pushing down on her clit.

"I apologize," I said softly. I didn't move. Elsadidn't see fit to move me, even with her hand still in the hair on the top of my head.

"Finished," Trask a sighed.

"Let me help you up," Oneida jumped to myaid. She helped me stand, but Elsa didn't seem to mind.

Getting out of the gym alive was easy. My heartfelt pledge to myself to never return was futile. Sweaty chicks hang out at gyms. As a kid, I played D&D. If I was a Ranger, gyms would be my favored terrain. Okay, maybe bars then gyms. Fine, rock concerts, bars then gyms. I almost made it to the locker room. Coming from the other direction --the non-blooded gym-- was Felix.

"Hey Felix," I greeted him. Here I was withseveral fresh wounds and ten steamy ladies who all appeared to have a definite interest in my physique, if not my well-being. Felix was alone. That would not do, not for a man like Felix.

"What happened to you?" he asked.

"Figure-skating accident," I lied. "It seemsI'm clumsy on ice." He didn't buy if for a second.

"Oh -- maybe Brooke can help pa tch you uptonight," he grinned. Asshole. The only flaw in his game plan was that the chicks around me didn't give a rat's ass about outsider women. They certainly weren't going to be jealous of them.

"Good idea," I nodded."Where are mymanners? This is Oneida, Elsa, Traska and... well, I can't say I've been able to catch everyone's names yet."The unknown women didn't bother introducing themselves. Why? Felix was only a male. They had no immediate need of him, so they didn't bother being civil. Felix was an Alpha's Alpha. He didn't give up that easily.

We made it to the showers. Buffy, having not worked out, waited by my locker. Mystically, Elsa appeared in the showers at the exact same time as me. Felix was right behind her.

"Felix Melena," he offered his hand to Elsa.She shook it then went back to showering. "I'm better than C  el." Elsa gave him a quick

sneer.

"What gives you that idea?" she murmured.

"Why don't you let me prove it," he turnedto face her, giving Elsa the complete Felix Melena aesthetic. He was a centimeter, or two taller, I was maybe three kilograms heavier and we both lavished attention on our bodies. He was perhaps a bit longer, but narrower down there.

As long as it wasn't aimed at my mouth, or ass, I didn't care. By the lack of reaction in Elsa's body tempo, she didn't care either.

"If you were a team bodyguard and anassassin appeared to be trying to kill myself and Hayden, who would you protect with your life?" Elsa posed.

"I'd kill the assassin," Felix came backimmediately. Felix was a winner.

"C  el?" Elsa said.

"Hayden," I responded. "I'm a bodyguard.From the top down; protect, secure, return fire."

"C  el, you are trained as a bodyguard?" Felixsmirked.

"Nah. That was the common sense answerto the question she asked," I shrugged. Shampoo time. Felix was going to make me pay for that comeback.

"Felix, would you ever work at Havenstone-- off the clock?" Elsa continued.

"Yeah," he grinned. I know what he wantedto work on --off the clock. Good luck, you bastard.

"C  el?"

"I'm never off the clock, damn it," I snorted."This job is a 24/7 crimp in my sex life."

"Bro," Felix coughed. "Be careful. That'sclose to sexual harassment." Btw, Felix was serious. He was actually cautioning me. See, me being deported meant he couldn't crush me.

"Elsa, would you please shoot me in thehead?" I replied.

"No," she smiled warmly at me.

"I love you too," I said, dripping withsarcasm. Felix's eyes bugged out for a second.

"That, Felix Melena, is why C  el is a betterman than you," Elsa looked like an angel sitting in judgment of Felix, finding him flawed and substandard.

"C  el joking around makes him better thanme?" Felix mocked. The mistake here had to be Elsa's.

"Your lack of understanding is not myproblem," Elsa dismissed him."C  el, wash my back."

"Fine, I'll do it, but I'm massaging your buttoo,"I groused.

"Get it over with," she sighed withexasperation.

"Damn. Felix--day in, day out. Alwayswashing naked women. This job is killing me,"I muttered. Felix wasn't one to give up easily. By the time I had totally soaped up her back, buttock and upper thighs--back and front, he had exited the field.

He caught me exiting the locker room.

"C  el, why don't we go out for some drinksafter work?" he offered. Ah, he was going to beat me up with Brooke.

"Sure,"I agreed. I'm a dog. Felix was going tosleep with Brooke to show me he was the superior male. He was going to rub it in my face.

I hadn't told anyone about knocking boots with Brooke. It wasn't their business. Felix would crow it to the Heavens, because pissing me off was what mattered, not how Brooke felt. I couldn't even save Brooke because Felix was in her socio-economic group and she'd make the same mistake with him she'd made with Trent-- thinking they cared about her.