

Chapter 865

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Felix should have checked his baggage at the door. Competing for the same lady was fine --even fun. Picking one to punish another... not cool. I had to think about my response as I barely made it in for my Constanza time. Wisely, I left my baggage at the door. These were firearms we were dealing with --a danger to me and the people around me.

I was in my biking outfit today. More looks. The decision was that I'd go for my Glock-22,a .38 Ruger LCR back-up, a South Korean-made shotgun that looked like an M-16 and a very unhealthy looking device called a Heckler & Koch UMP 40 (which I had never even heard of). Wait... it got worse. I was scheduled for knife fighting training at 3 p. m.-- every day for the foreseeable future.

Constanza didn't want to help me breath, much less train. That was okay. I left my shirt in the weapons'room so the second I hit the shooting boot h Magical Amazon Fey appeared to impa rt their wisdom, and body shapes to me. Oh God! I dropped a clip

between my feet. The two ladies nearly head-butted in a race to get.

The loser frowned. The winner was able to determine my ankles were strong, my calves were implant free --guys do that occasionally, and my thi gh was definitely recovering. Without a doubt, my rod was happy to feel her hand. I retrieved my magazine from her unresisting hand. Then I did some shooting. With three clips I proved to be faster yet less accurate, more accurate yet slower and lastly a balance between the two.

I wasn't better than yesterday. It was yesterday. I did marginally worse with the .38 Ruger, better with the shotgun and I hada blast with the H&K. Was I accurate? NO... but this killing machine was loads of fun to fire off a clip at full-auto. According to 'my'Amazons I looked so adorable pouting when I was told I'd fired off the last magazine. I repeat --loads of fun.

Amazons are a dedicated martial culture, I was definitely a delicious male bouncing up and down gleefully while begging "Fuck Me! Fuck Me!" Not actually. I was enthusiastically asking for another clip, but I could tell how

my words were being echoed inside their brains.

"Behave yourself, Male!" Constanza snappedangrily. I fell on my knees, hands presented in supplication.

"Please, please, please, please," I begged.

"Oh, give him another magazine," two of myshooting companions requested.

"I can't believe we are in the same unit,"Constanza sneered, "rubbing against him like over-drunk un-casted." Hmmm, that probably meant teenagers --before they chose a profession.

"Constanza, they are all aggressive,dominant members of the Host," I rose (verbally) to their defense."They are notafraid of their sexuality and they are certainly not afraid of me. What are they doing wrong? They are helping me concentrate (totally false) on the task at hand. I would think you would be pleased that I'm receiving such encouragement, meaning you are more likely to succeed at your task."

"You don't even know why you are here," sheglared.

"I imagine you are here for the same reasonI am --to serve our superiors," I replied."Do you think that I don't want to sleep in an extra hour..."I looked to my new buddies, "Okay, I used to want to sleep in that extrahour, but the point is the same."

"These are our hours. Why not make themost of it as opposed to letting the circumstances make us miserable?" I reasoned.

"Constanza," Naomi, the only shootingbuddy to give me a name so far, "you are out of line. He is on our side now and he has the battle scars to prove it."

"Never," Constanza growled out herchallenge.

"That is not your decision to make," Naomimet that challenge. "He is down here. He is courageous, loyal and undaunted."

"Besides, if you hate him that much, gettinga hunting license for him like the rest of us."

Fantastic (sarcasm), I was popular with Amazonia's professional military.

"Just remember. I get to hunt you ladiesright back," I grinned. They thought that was funny. "If I capture you, you are mine all-weekend long-- yummy. Then, on Monday, it's back to normality and me running for my life."

"Do you really think you can take any of us?"Naomi chuckled. The others laugh. Even Constanza was darkly amused.

"Let me see... I was never a Boy Scout, I'mnot ex-military, or even a backwoodsman," I mused."Still, I never thought I'd be shot with an arrow, or stabbed with a spear either, so I'm actually upbeat about my chances."

"Besides, I'm going to wear a black bear sultas camouflage." Pause, "Damn it. I probably shouldn't have told you that," I grimaced. More chuckles.

"I've watched umm... Dual Survival... mostof one episode... I've been so lost in the wilderness to the point I couldn't see the road... I've made love to a Park Ranger... I've

been so drunk that I hunted a grown moose with a ballpeen hammer... that's about it for me."

"I am going to enjoy being the first one tocatch you," Naomi purred.

"Be careful, Naomi," I cautioned her."Impart lemur. It was the same experiment that made Constanza part Tasmanian Devil --those are some cranky-ass bitches."

"Are you really going to run fast?" anotherAmazon teased me.

"Hell yeah," I nodded as I stood. No extramagazines for me today."I'm going to pick some compass point and run at it with everything I have."

"You are lying," Naomi nudged me. Theyweren't pissed; this was 'warfare' thus deception was not only allowed, it was expected.*www.n@V61W0rm.coM*

"Without a hint of regret," smiled at her. Wewere suddenly really close again."I may run, I may hide, or I may double back. That is the prey's advantage." This was fine to the ladies around me. I was prey. I was fine with

being prey. I was having fun being prey which made the promised encounter to be new and exciting.

Amazons didn't hunt turtles--they hunted dangerous things that hunted other things. Was I dangerous? Constanza was a living testimonial of that--the scar just above her left elbow. This didn't imply respect and acceptance-- no way, no how. It was impossible to believe I would ever replace one of... craplastic. Katrina was too damn smart --far smarter than me for sure.

I wouldn't have figured it out this soon except for something Oneida said --"The Ash Men'. Who were they and why was calling someone that a good thing? A few more live-fires with a bit of instruction.

With all the 'sisters' willing to show me improved stance and firing techniques, Constanza felt the desire to be in another room.

As I was finally departing for my real job, an Amazon with clear Amerindian blood, put a hand to my chest before I could exit out the hallway door.

"How much of disaster is he?" she asked

Naomi. I seriously thought about doing a takedown then I reasoned I really didn't want to see Traska's teary-eyed face looking down at my shattered form.

"He's passable for a beginner," Naomianswered.

"What are you talking about?" I protested."I'm freaking awesome. I point the boom-stick at... whatever you call them... pull that trigger-thing y and the bullets go in a direction that doesn't hurt me. Honestly, this crap is easy." The copper chick grabbed my chin quick as a snake.

"Your opinion was not solicited," shemenaced, "you ignorant toad-turd." On second thought --I hit her. I'm pretty quick too. My fi st connected with her diaphragm because she was not only not expecting me to lash out, she masked my movements by having her right limb holding my chin. She recoiled, I assumed my boxing stance and Naomi clubbed me down from behind.

Let's not forget who, what and where I was. I was dogpiled, yanked up then had Bitchy Amerindian chick pop me twice in the gut.

"You are going to be caned for that," shehissed.

"Fuck you!" I shouted back. Fist to the head.That was going to leave a mark.

"I look forward to hearing you scream," shethreatened.

"Huh? What? You are still here? Somethingswished past me and I thought it was you leaving,"I joked.*@Ww.n6v61W0rm.coM*

"Do you want to die?" Naomi hissed in myear.

"Let me go and we'll all find out," I replied.

"Let him go," Bitchy chick ordered. They letme go. That was not a good sign.*www.mov61W0rm.coM*

"I'm C  el Nyilas. I -- ah...I'm from theMagyars,"I introduced myself.

"I don't care," she glared.

"Fine. Do you want to take this to the matsupstairs, or do you prefer we fight in a room full of firearms?" I asked.

"This won't take long," she assumed a stancel'd never seen before. I didn't know its official name, but it had 'pain' written all over it.

"A little room here?" I prodded the fiveAmazons standing behind me. My important unknown assailant waved them back to the walls. Constanza was livid, so I could already count this as a victory of sorts. My opponent swiveled on the ball of her left foot. It was a feint. I feinted too --I acted like I was going to fight. I ran away as she made her low, sweeping kick.

I vaulted the table before she could catch me. Now she had a dilemma. If she came over the top, she'd be limiting her mobility and I was gambling hers was a very fluid style. If she moved around the table...as she did, it gave me time to grab my Glock and some ammo and keep running. I put a bullet in the chamber right as Constanza and her two feminazis drew there 9mms.

I was staring down the sight of my .40 s&W Glock at copper chick. Oh, she wasn't afraid in the least. She was pissed.

"Right, or left?" I inquired.

"Put the gun down, or you are dead!"Constanza commanded.

"I'm confused,"I stated calmly."Do I dowhat she says (copper chick) --she is clearly someone important, or do I do what you say, Constanza?"

"PUT IT DOWN!" Constanza screamed.Copper chick waved the guns down slowly.

"Right, or left?" Copper chl ck inquired.""St. Marie," she gave me her name.

Mistress of the Golden Mare had to be something so not good.

"Right, or left earlobe," I explained. "Youwanted to see how accurate I am. Here is your chance."

"If you miss, you could kill me," she gave thesighttest hint of amusement. Psycho.

"Life is full of tragedies," I sighed, "If it is anyconsolation, I'd have less than a second to appreciate my many failings."

"Gun," she ordered. I chambered the roundout, caught it and handed them both to St.

Marie.

"Glock-- 22?" she questioned.

"Mmmm... the woman who taught me toshoot always felt the 9 mm was underpowered and I never felt truly at ease with the .45," I enlightened her.

"You were trained by an outsider woman?"St. Marie asked as she put the gun and bullet on the table.

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