

Chapter 870

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Except for a few hand motions, it was verbal instruction. Knife from an advantage, knife from the front, and knife at a disadvantage. Each had its own set of rules to follow. It was cool. Me having a penis didn't bother her in the least. At the end of the lesson, I asked if I could call her Zen Master. She said 'no', her name was Pamela.

I then asked if I could call her Zen Mistress Pamela. Smiling, she said 'no' again. My last attempt was 'Blossoming Petals of Death Pamela' at which point she laughed and told me to give it a rest. I found myself with a free hour so I raced down to the pool and took in a few laps. It was a crime against nature that all the Amazons were one-piece bathing suits.

Here I was in my Speedo and no one to play with. That wasn't really true. After my first lap, two Amazon lasses tried to engage me in a race without actually talking to me. As they were turning back they realized I was keeping to my same strong, casual strokes in my own little World.

That annoyed them so the next time around, one got into my lane, turned to face me and stopped. Right according to plan, or if you prefer, like stealing candy apple kisses from a lady. I almost ran into her. At the very last second, I pulled up, letting my body coast up against her. She was treading water and looking vibrant.

Her treading water meant I didn't have to. One hand settled on her mid-back (friendly enough), but the other one cupped her right buttock and immediately probed along her cleft and to her pussy from behind. Her 'Happy Choice' pop-up indicators went offand I had a winner. I was sure I could have pointed a shotgun in this woman's face and she'd have spit on me.**w)Ŵ.(c)ôvE/@orm.c(c)m**

With my coc k bumping up against her crotch, my finger wiggling around her suit for her pussy and my other arm keeping her close, she looked totally flummoxed.

"What are you doing?" she whispered. I wassure she wanted to have that sound authoritative, not like plea for an instruction manual.

"How about this," I replied quietly, "you keep

your hands moving and I'll kick so that you can wrap your legs around my waist?"

"Why would I want to do that?" sheasked... while her legs wrapped around my waist. A little positio n altering with my hand and I was having her pulse against my cock.

"Deena?" the other Amazon called out. Shewas swimming in close proximity now.

"I..." Deena responded to her comrade."Youare taking liberties," she chastised me even as an erotic smile graced her lips.

"Please don't turn me in," I murmured toher. My lips were a few millimeters from hers.

The other woman could clearly make out our physical relationship between us.

"Stop that,"the unnamed womandemanded.

"Aaahhh..." Deena moaned as I slipped twofingers past her swimsuit and into her slick cunt. The stranger tried to separate us, but Deena shook her head."No... we are okay."

"Stop it,"I whispered."Don't make me... don'tmake me... don't," and kissed. Total lie for the sake of our voyeur. Deena wasn't currently capable of making me doing anything. Why was I doing this? Out of control libido plus stress plus I still had Yasmin and Felix to deal with. Oh yeah, Deena being cute, firm and just curvaceous enough to be Grace Kelly feminine didn't hurt.

"Why are we doing this?" Deena murmuredsexily.

"Am I making you happy?" I posed. Shethought about it then nodded.

"I thought being with a male would be moredifficult," she countered.

"Stop looking so athletic," I teased her, "andit will be easier for me to get away."

Calling an Amazon 'pretty', or even 'beautiful ' would have limited, if any affect.Better words were 'impressive, swift, healthy, fit and athletic, because that's what they valued in one another. Even 'scary'and 'frightening' were turning out to be goodwords to use. They never got enough male

input to matter.

"You are very healthy for a male," Deenapurrrd back.

"How healthy?" the other one asked. She wasnow more curious than offended with my audacity.

"He's VERY healthy, Sharona," Deenasmiled. "He has strong fingers as well."

I knew the look Sharona shot me. It was the why her and not me?The answer was clear to her- Deena had been bold, thus won. It was traditional Amazon culture. I was easier to blame me because I was the guy. All three of us knew the score. More kissing and kitty-petting ensued. It became even more rewarding when I eventually bumped into Deena's clit.

I didn't have to do much. My finger rubbed against her nub, Deena really liked that and started humping my finger before I could do anything. Public sex had never been a stimuli for me. I didn't mind it and by the number of Amazons circling, or watching from poolside, they didn't mind what Deena was'doing' to me either.

There was no screaming, thunderclap of joy, or even a violent physical spasm. Deena pressed tight, made several yipping noises and came down whimpering happily. She was a truly content little camper; that was for sure.**w)W.noŴelŴótM.(c)om**

"You had sex!"one of the bystanders calledout. I looked into Deena's eyes.**wŴw.nOŴelŴOm.(c)om**

"If you say'yes', I'll wake up tomorrowmorning in Baku Faso," I whispered.

"No... no we weren't," Deena gave me a sultrylook. "We were practicing lifeguarding techniques. Did I save your life...?"

"I'm Cáel," I breathed on her lips."Yes, I feellike a whole new man."

"We will have to hone your skills-realsoon,"Deena winked. That was not a request. That was 'come back, or I'll hunt you down'.

"I normally cannot make it before five," linformed her.

"That works for me," Deena pulled away.She gave a warm sigh as my fingers slipped

out of her. I made for the side. As I pulled myself out, my equipment straining at the seams, several wonderful ladies surrounded me.

"Do you think you are leaving?" theyconfronted me.

"I have a five o'clock end-of-day meetingwith Katrina," I calmly explained. Katrina was my 'Get out of Jail' free card that allowed me to escape the pool and the shower without becoming a scratching post. Amazons aren't animals; I'm just that sexy. Yes, I could pick up almost any girl at a club. I also had various Amazon pre-ordering collars with my name on it. By now my neck size was common knowledge.

(Wednesday Evening)

The stuff of my nightmares: I walk out from the end of day meeting with Katrina and the new hire ladies too see a gaggle of other women waiting for me, I assumed. I knew them all. Farah Winters recruited me from Bolingbrook, Umami Lhasa who was Tessa Carmichael's right-hand woman, Tessa herself... and Yasmin Palhavā, my Brazilian hotti e and workout date.

"Hi Cáel," they all greeted me.

"Hey ladies," I did my best to look happy."What's going on?"

"Havenstone has offered me a job," Yasmingrinned. How could this possibly go wrong? Yasmin thought this place was run by a crazy cult, so why did she look at ease?

She could be trying to infiltrate Havenstone -bad idea. She could have had a conversion-I hope her son would be okay. Shewas... high on drugs... okay, the last one was weak.

"What department?" I kept going.

"We are trying to convince her to start outin Security Services (the guards) then move her up to Financial Investigations due to her expertise with the Policia Federal in her homeland," Tessa said.

"Cáel, by the look on your face, I know youare concerned. Ms. Carmichael-Tessa, has told me some things that put the situation in perspective," Yasmin gave me an all so sexy look."You are far brave r than I thought you were."

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"What? That I invested the entirety of my401K on the comeback of Baleen Oil?" I joked.

"My Son will be okay," Yasmin patted myhand. Was I that much of an open book?

"Do you have an instinct to protectchildren?" Umami inquired.

"Not before I got here, but then I didn'tknow anyone who would casually kill children either," I responded. I had to ask the next question. I couldn't be me and not.

"Tessa, can I ask you a serious question?" lbegan. Tessa nodded."Why was Yasmin 'read in'to Havenstone? I don't doubt for asecond she's a qualified as an investigator, but this strikes me as highly unusual and even reckless for your... people."

"It was this, or kill her," Tessa answered. "Bythe way, that was Yasmin's first question too."

"Precisely, my question was 'are you goingto kill me for that crazy cult stuff that went down last week?"' Yasmin corrected."She said I had to answer two questions to decide

that."In a bizarre, Amazon-style way, that made sense. Yes, Yasmin would beat her husband nearly to death for cheating on her - and shooting her, and she would willinglyhave sex again.

I knew this because Buffy told me her backst ory and it had Katrina asking her the two questions as well.

"Yasmin, let me clarify this right now," I heldmy ground."I'm cheating on you. Please don't hit me. It has been a bad day and the pain has just begun."

And all the psycho-bitches laughed.

"Let's go practice, É o meu P. A.," Yasminchuckled. No one was going to tell me what the damn phrase meant. I dare not look it up on-line because if I did, and Yasmin saw that flicker of understanding in my eyes... bad things would happen to me in the bedroom. No, I needed an alibi witness.

To be honest, I thought the bedroom was Paradise until some ladies (I'd cheated on-surprise, surprise) tied me to one. Having my body waxed by sadistic amateurs was only recently exceeded by being shot with

an arrow on my pain meter. It is not something I like to talk about. They dyed my hair bright pink too.