Chapter 876

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"No!" Yasmin protested. "That's where I draw theline. Cáel keeps his tender bits."

"Mmmhphmfsmmm," I added my voice againstthat proposal. To punish Sammy for even bringing that up, I latched onto a breast like a starving lamprey and went to town. Damn right that put her in her place. Fifteen minute later, she finally let me come up for air.

Ten minutes after that, we stumbled out of the apartment. I was going to see Yasmin safely home she snickered then, seeing my hurt feelings, toldme I was very brave and could take her home. Evie and Sammy lived close by. They had known Timothy from his days working at an ink place in Queens, but had lost touch when he opened his own place on the East Side.

They promised to stay in touch. Sometimes I don't even have to try. Maybe that's why Timothy got so pissy with me at times. As for Yasmin and me, I fucked her in the hallway right outside her domicile because she still had twenty minutes left on her babysitter and there was a convenient vertical surface. We both went home with smiles on our faces.

I met up with Odette walking up to my-now our-place. She wanted all the juicy details, helped me change our sheets, promised to do our laundry tomorrow morning and then we had sex. I was set

up on my feet, shins and knees, Odette facing away from me and grinding her lush tight end on my rod when the door opened and Timothy Nerf-shot me... cause I definitely deserved it.

(Thursday)

there was more!

Thursday was good. I inspected artificial wood products for artificial termites. Actually, I started out with Constanza-really Naomi and her Merry Band now-and learned how to actually fire a personal defense weapon. No more 'spray and pray'for me. They told me they had a special surprise for me on Friday. Color me concerned.

According to Medical, I was a lousy lab monkey. Then Katrina informed me it was Brian's turn today

to get poked, prodded and forced to cough up millions of little Brian-lettes for Havenstone's perverse

pleasures. I e-mailed Brian my best wishes. I was seriously starting to question those 'so-called' medical experts ethical integrity. I worked with Buffy, teamed up with the Daphne/Desiree combo. Why? Because there was an emergency board meeting on Friday. I wasn't told this, but Daphne and I figured it out. To put some

extra butter on my hell-bound soul, an agent of Rhada's gave me a private note informing me she wanted to talk, Keeping to Amazon Princess Rape Fantasy Bondage protocols, I ate the message before Buffy

could pry it from my hands. Bad enough was altwww.NovéLworo.cOM these crazy females trying to kill me, I also had to keep track of which ones hated the other ones. It

and they almost never went to classes. Oh, and they are all related to Jason Voorhees (that's the maniac from the Friday the 13th moviesfor those who had lived constructive lives) and we were adjacent to an Ace Hardware store. Plus I had a date with Libra and I was dedicated to 'tapping that ass' at least once more before I died. And,

reminded me of dating sorority sisters, except this time out, I could never leave the sorority house

Deena, the swimming, 'fingers in her pussy' buddy dropped me a line telling me she was 'expecting'me this afternoon. There was no way I could swing that, despite her request that could be only construed as an order. I simply didn't have the time. I e-mailed her back, pleading for her to be in a bikini with several suggested sites for her to visit.

Before my designated knife training, I had a fucked-up brainstorm about what to do with Rhada. I wrote a letter in Old Kingdom Hittite, sealed it in wax with the imprint of the symbol 'Lowest' on it, representing me, though Rhada'ssubmissive side could easily misinterpret that. To get it to her, I went to the only one who could meet her face to face who I could trust.

Katrina? Laughable. She could do it but she wouldn't touch this disaster with a three meter pole

person who met all the criteria-Oneida. Yes, I was a fucktard, fuck-nut and a waste of human potential.

"Oneida, I need a favor,"I asked the moment Ihunted her down in Acquisitions.

"Of course," her eyes lit up, her lips moistened andbreathe quickened. She wasn't wanting a quick

tussl e in a side room. The chick wanted to be held closely while I whispered love poetry into her ear

"I need this message hand delivered to Rhada," Ipressed the missive into her hands. She didn't know how to wrap her mind around that. Rhada? She knew we had fought, but what

"Cáel, are you in trouble," she worried. Oh, I wishit was only trouble.

contact had we shared since then? She made the sane 'girl-logic' assumption.

"Not that you can help me with. If you can't dothis, I'll find another way," I sighed.

Yes, I was playing her. Oneida would run over hot coals for me.

"I can't say and you cannot look at the message. Itis critical that she, and she alone sees this," I

"No, no-I'll do it... why? Why Rhada?" Oneidapleaded.

for her to hear alone. I was letting her down abysmally.

made out of male vertebrae. The only other

impressed on her the importance of saving my life without saying please save my life'. By asking her to not look at the message, I increased the odds she'd look. I had no choice. If I didn't

say anything about it, she'd make an excuse to look and tell herself that I hadn't forbidden her to

look. Add to that, she was my racial superior. In her case, this meant she had to look out for my best interest. Oneida nodded and watched me leave. Training with Pamela was hands on this day. I had a wooden blade with a lead core to give me a better feel for the proper weight. Pamela had a meter long wooden rod. She had a miraculous ability

I left with a sense I'd added something useful to my repertoire. I wasn't calling out Elsa anytime soon-heck, I wasn't calling out Europa, Aya's 13 year old sister either. As we were cleaning up,

to move her baton in a blur yet not hurt my fingers, hand, or wrist. It was very instructional. I was

Pamela noticed my uncertainty. "What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, it is that you've resisted the urge to cause mepain," I mused."Normally, I find Amazons to be very harsh."

practicing stabbing and a bit of slashing.

"That is certainly a common training style here,"Pamela nodded."I chose showing a student how to do things right as opposed to reminding the student what they did wrong."

"Good enough. Thanks for treating me like Imatter," I grinned.

"What makes you think that?" Pamela and I startedto leave the little dojo. Note, she didn't say assume.

smirked. "I know the difference between what I see in theireyes and yours,"I winked.

"Trust me, I'm a sperm donor with sex appeal tovirtually every other screw y dame in this place," I

"Ash Man," Pamela remarked. She zinged me,alright."My granddaughters talk of you and not in a way I would expect Amazon women to talk about a male." $\mathbf{W}\mathbf{W} \cdot n\mathbf{O}(\mathbf{v})e\mathbf{L}(\mathbf{w})o\mathbf{R}\mathbf{M}.c\mathbf{O}m$

"That and an Egg McMuffin..." I shrugged wWW.nℚVEŁw⊙r⊚.Com "Means you won't die hungry," Pamela shruggedalong with me. "This is why I volunteered to teach

you; you deserve every chance to go out unconquered," "Do you think I have a chance -of that?" Iquestioned.

knows,"she added. "Do you think I'm an Ash Man?"I wondered. Male-OKH - again?

"Not really. I didn't think I would ever be talking toa man in my native language again either, so who

"I haven't a clue what one is," she rolled hershoulders."I am neither my House Leader, nor its Keeper of Records."

"Cliff-walker? I don't know..." I furrowed my brow.

"Oh... what are you then?" I asked. The responseshe gave didn't make sense.

"I am past my useful life yet refuse to take myselfto the cliffs," Pamela told me."I have unfinished business to attend to in this World." "What is that-if that isn't too rude?" I inquired.

replaced a life for a life," she related. "That's - ummm-odd," I suggested.

"Cáel, I severed his throat to the spine. Even hadhe somehow been alive, he could not have spoken. Then there is the matter of speaking the Amazon tongue," Pamela continued.

"A dead man spoke to me. He told me I wouldnever find my way to the halls of my ancestors until I

"No."

"Did he tell you anything else?" I played along.

"How will you know what life you should save-toreplace a life for a life?" I searched her out. "He had the most unforgettable emerald greeneyes," she filled me in. Just like my eyes.

"Whatever happens to me, and I don't want you todie, or anything-I want you to know you've done what needed to be done," I assured her $wWw.N(\circ)Velworm.cOm$

We had stepped into the elevator when she told me that. There were five other Amazons with us. I

didn't know any of them. I reached out and put my hand on Pamela's stomach.

wrong in so many ways and the Amazons around us knew it.

frame. "That, my friend, is what being an Amazon is allabout,"Pamela slapped my back. What she said was

Pamela's laugh was so loud, deep and resounding, I was stunned that it came from such a thin

Also, no Amazon had ever called me a friend and meant it in a non-sexual manner. Things were getting uncomfortable.

I wasn't an Amazon and equating me to one of them was insulting to their feminine martial ardor.

"Matron," one of the Amazons spoke up, "are youfeeling well?" That was a polite way of saying 'have you lost your mind?'

"Do you know why there are twenty 'First'Houses?" Pamela addressed me and ignored the others.

"Not really. It wasn't in the HavenstoneHandbook," I tried to sound innocently curious.

she was recaptured she would have certainly been raped again and most likely killed. She came back because no risk is too great for one's family. Like the first of the Unconquered, you risk everything for the spiritual and physical safety of your sisters."

"The first Amazon to escape capture came back forthe rest," Pamela related."She was free and if

"He is not one of us!" a different Amazon insisted. "How bizarre that none of these crazy bitches cansee it," Pamela smiled.

"Who are you again?" I gave Pamela a worriedlook.

arrogant warrior humbled."

Clearly this was part of Havenstone's history I wasn't supposed to be privileged to hear.

"A discarded heroine, Cáel," Pamela answered."lam an embarrassment, an anachronism and an