

Chapter 880

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(11:00 p. m. Thursday Night)

Rhada stood by the Lily Pond. She'd looked at her phone once. A couple had walked past, causing me to delay my approach and heightened Rhada's unease-an unexpected bonus. It wasn't too difficult of a shot with my air pistol. The only light functioning in the area went out in a crash of light.

She jumped slightly then crouched and scanned the surrounding overgrowth. The light had robbed her of her night vision which allowed me to get close. I snapped the air pistol off into its three parts. Running around with any kind of gun in NYC wasn't wise. In the same vein, the 'stun gun'I now brandished was all light and no shock. It was all theater for Rhada's imagination.

With the flash of my weapon, Rhada's eyes bore in on my location. Her small knife was now over-matched, so her only option was flight. A smart 'victim'would race for the well illuminated roadclose by. Hunters who hunted hunters did what Rhada did -she raced into a geographic feature in Central Park called the Ravine.

It was tough, uneven terrain off the beaten path. I had walked it once before, in dim light. This night I was aided by a half-Moon and the faintest clue of where the chase was leading while Rhada was having to figure things out as she ran. At the last second, she sensed she had lost the race. She spun

around to slash at me-she was playing for keeps.

I s wung down, losing my false st un device while I knocked her knife free. I had lashed downward so that I could find her knife later; it was important to her. My tool cost \$3.00 and I could live without it. We struggled. Rhada tried to scream so I covered her mouth with my sweater-covered forearm.

Dutifully, she bit down. More close body wrestling ensued and I could tell Rhada was truly famished for the attention. I cuffed her hands behind her back, slapped some Christmas tape over her lips-I swear that stuff has no adhesive-and retrieved her knife.

"What is it going to be, little Sweet-meat?" Itaunted her softly as I caught my breath.

I had Rhada pressed face-first in the loam. Despite her strenuous efforts to keep her legs together, I rubbed my hand between her legs and over her cunt.

"Fuck it," I mused."You are a real whore. You aresoaking we t over some guy running you down and making you a fuck-hole."I wasn't sure she was wet and being called 'fuck-hole' really excited her.Www.hóseLWnOm.cómm

"You are probably so loose I couldn't feel a thing ifI did fuck you," I kept up the pressure."Maybe I'll strip you down and leave you tied to a lamp post-write 'Free Slut' and see who is desperate enough to screw you. If I said '\$5 per hole', do you think anyone would leave some sort of payment?" She whimpered.

Soon enough, I located her knife. Without warning, I slipped it past her waistband and began sawing/cutting her pants down past the crotch. She was wet alright. I loudly unzipped my pants and readied my rod. After slapping my cockhead against her mollen labia a few times,

"What? You don't want to be used by everydiseased homeless deviant and drunk rapist roaming the park?"

Rhada shook her head rapidly in the negative.

"Do you really think you can do a damn thing tomake me want to keep you?" I egged her on. Rhada thrust her ass back. My coc k rose up. Rhada whined, repositioned and managed to capture my penis on her second attempt. She wept with rapture as I began pushing in.

All I had to do was lean forward slightly and let Rhada do all the work. She hammered her pussy into my pelvis with a voracious yearning. I was rather concerned what she would have been like if it had been a whole month. Rhada was sobbing and shuddering as pleasure wracked her body. I almost missed the soft crunch of leaves right behind me.

I snatched up Rhada's knife and rolled halfway

over. Oneida, tears in her eyes and her face etched in horror, was poised to strike me.

"No," Oneida groaned in a small, devastated voice.Yeah, this was going to be hard to explain. Rhada, on hearing the noise, rolled on her side so that she was mostly shielded by me.

Do not scream 'this is not what it looks like', or 'let me explain' to a traumatized girlfriend. Wait until they are not traumatized to escape the disaster.

"What are you going to do?" I whispered. Suggestthat she make a decision because, guess what, she needs to make decision, not stew in the madness of the moment.

"How could you?" Oneida lowered her attackstance and took a half-step back.

"There is no way I can explain this," I sighed. Mylegs came up to shield my exposed crotch plus I dropped Rhada's knife."Even if I could make this sound rational, I wouldn't put you in that spot. This is an impossible reality." Okay, that last bit was bullshit.

"Is Rhada okay?" Oneida began to focus on theimmediate and relegated the past five minutes and the forthcoming repercussions to things to do later'. I freed Rhada's hands and then removed the tape. Rhada picked up her blade and readied it.

"Ask her yourself," I suggested. Sensing Rhada's

insanity rising up."No Rhada, you cannot stab her. I won't allow it."

Rhada glared pure, un-distilled hate at Oneida, something the poor girl couldn't understand.

"Rhada, I came here to save you," Oneida gasped.She also prepared to fight.

"You came to take my Cael for yourself," Rhadaspat. Oneida was back to not understanding anything. It would come soon enough. Women are women after all.

"I need to... get something from my backpack."Iwarned them both. No one attacked me so I pulled out a set of black jeans and black panties for Rhada.

"You brought a change of clothes for her?" Oneidawas still playing 'kinky games' catch up.

"Of course he brought me clothes, you insipidfool," Rhada seethed.

"How could we bind our souls into one if I had towalk around...?" Rhada stopped. The idea of walking around naked in my presence appealed to her.

"None of this makes any sense," Oneida protested.It didn't matter.

"Oneida, are your guardians close by?" I asked. I

knew the answer, but getting that information out to these to ladies was relevant.

Oneida nodded.

"Rhada, get dressed and go home. Oneida, gohome. I'll try to have this make sense to you one day." I said.

"No!" Rhada yelped as if I'd stuck her."I cannotwait any longer."

"Rhada, unless you want Mad i to find out and thenhave ringside seats as starving dogs tea r me to pieces, you have to go,"I insisted. I wasn't afraid of hungry dogs. The Amazons wouldn't waste the time when they could slit my throat and be done with it. We all three heard a rustle of footsteps maybe fifteen meters away.

Rhada looked at me as if she'd witnessed the murder of every kitten on the planet, then shot venom Oneida's way and finally snuck off, new clothes in hand. Oneida gave me a different look, one etched in sadness and unspoken heartache. She went off to bump into her bodyguards, I holstered my 'junk' and sat back, wondering why I dated crazy women. The answer was always the same-the sex was fantastic. I'd pay the bill laterwww.W.nó(v)Elworm.cómm

(Friday Morning)

I was damn tired getting into work. I locked my bike, walked into the lobby and realized

something was horribly wrong. A dozen pairs of eyes riveted me with their aggression. The security chicks were in their usual places and unsettling in their nervousness. The dozen sets of eyes-those were Full-Blooded killers, not the standard 'Runner'security types.

Adding to my discomfort, there was no Constanza, or even Naomi. A few of the normal ladies from the Security Detail where there -sadly, I had never caught their names, but they didn't look like they were waiting for me specifically. I walked up to the security booth, took out my ID badge and offered it up.Www.No@elWóRmm.cómm

What followed was me re formality. Of all of the hundreds of males in biker clothes coming into this masculine version of the Sixth layer of Hell, they needed to be absolutely sure it was me.

"Cá el Nylas," the women at the guard stationintoned and in they swarmed. Armed with personal defense weapons(read: SMG's) with hair-triggers, I had a split second to decide who I really was.

A few were clearly SD. The rest-House Guard for families I didn't recognize.

"Have I just won Publisher's Clearing Housesweepstakes, or what?" I grinned foolishly. I'm sure you can be very cool, calm, collected and rational while you laugh at death. I'm not that guy. One of the brutes tried to run off with my valise, a quick

tug of war developed and four gun barrels were pushed into me.

"Let go," one of them hissed.

"Do I at least get a claim check?" I countered. WhatI got was a gun barrel slammed down on the back of my hand. My fingers automatically flexed and my carrying case was taken away. The remaining seven members of the Welcome Wagon hustled me to a stairwell... not an elevator and down I went.

Two proceeded me into a moderately sized conference down two levels with the rest following behind. We were doing fine until the co ffile chains came out. That was my 'fuck it'moment. It took me two seconds to realize they were no longer going to shoot me. I came to this revelation when I smashed the face of the guard right behind me.

She stumbled into guards four through seven behind her. Guards one and two, already in the room, holding my chains, rushed in. One came in with a low sweeping kick. I went even lower, caught her leg and whipped her into the wall. I was on my back as number two advanced. Our legs tangled up, we both grappled, but I had strength and leverage. I pounded her temple against the corner of the table twice-hard.

Then came the pain. The rest flooded the room. Number two was down, number one was momentarily stunned and the other five were

deadly serious and coming on fast. To all our credits, they didn't try to overwhelm me with numbers. They closed in from both sides of the table, backing me against a wall.

I was pretty good at fighting. I had damaged three of them striking from surprise. Surprise was gone now, as was their sloppy arrogance. This was all business and there was no way I could take on even two of these skilled warriors at the same time. Any advantage I gained over one, I'd lose to the other one so down I went. I was chained up before I could stop seeing double.

Collar, hands cuffed at the back, leg shackles and all linked by twin chains. I wasn't going anywhere fast. I wasn't done yet. I tried to squirm around to a sitting position.Wur-w.NoVél@orm.COll

"Stop that," one of the guards stated.

"I'd like to sit up, please," I requested.

With barely a pause, two guards came up, put my back to a wall then went back to their positions.

"Thank you," I responded. Several guards looked atme and smirked. Huh?

"They all said you would fight," the leader grinned.