

Chapter 887

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"Do you think that connection is possible?" St.Marie posed. She meant 'did I believe I had a tie to man who lived 2694 years ago'to the point we both fought with twin axes.

"I don't want to," I sighed."I want to live in a sane,scientific world that explains all this."ŴŴŴ.(n)óvɛlwɔRm.©om

"Go," St. Marie commanded. Then, "WillConstanza regain the sight in her left eye?"w(e)ɛ.(n)oVɔkwɔRm.C©m

"No," Pamela shook her head."She ignored thelesson and the warning. Next time, this will not be an issue." It took my exiting the building to understand what Pamela was saying was 'you won't find the body'. I also realized that Oneida was absent today-groan.

"Câel, why don't you come home with metonight?" Daphne offered. She was proffering her house's protection as well.

"I'm okay,"I grinned."I'm going to keep to my oldschedule as much as possible."

"Aren't you worried?" Paula asked.

"Worried about what? I don't think any of theother Houses are going to kill me until I really screw up,"I snorted.

"He has no idea?" Pamela sconed out the

surrounding ladies.

"None," Buffy confirmed.

"Care to enlighten me?" I hoped.

"Have a good weekend, Câel," Pamela smiled."Things will become truly interesting on Monday-believe me."

Yeah... like taking over an extinct Amazon 'First'House wasn't interesting enough. Things were going to get better-in the same way radiation burns were 'better' than sunburn. I biked home, brushing a city bus and a BMW getting there. On the landing between the second and third floors I found an Amazon with baleful eyes- waiting.

In front of my door was her psychic twin.

"Can I get you and/or your cohort anything?" Ipolitely inquired. Yesterday-the cold shoulder.

"Thank you for the consideration. We will waituntil our itinerary is clarified," she nodded. I went in, catching the ab rupt cut off of some 'O'talk.

O', as in Odette and Oneida. They were on the sofa, half-turned to face each other when I walked in. Oneida stood and gave the standard Amazon respectful nod.

"Oneida was all screwed up inside about last nightin the Park, so I was explaining some of the basic tenants of BDSM to her,"Odette blithely blathered.

"BDSM? What do you know about BDSM? I barelyknow about it and I've been having non-stop sex for years,"I exclaimed.

"Cá el of Ishara, did you do those things to Rhadain an effort to fulfill her dreams?" Oneida desperately pleaded. Worse, it was spoken in English.

"I can't talk about it," I replied.

"That is 'Câel' for'yes'," Odette intruded."I beganreading up on BDSM after you got the suspension rig," was her saucy response to me.

"Would you ever do that to me?" Oneida gave methose big doe-eyes as she sat down.

No, she didn't want a rape fantasy. That kind of submission wasn't her thing. I paced around, stopped into the kitchen then back to the living room.

"No Oneida, I would never do something like thatto you,"I promised."I like having sex-a whole bunch. I like the women I'm with to have a great time too."

"That means I figure out what really excites herand provide it because I normally want to have sex with that girl again," I explained, neglecting the

and again and again and again.

"Is it over between you two?" Oneida asked. Shemeant Rhada and me.

"Oneida, did I ask you to come over today?" Icountered.

"Have I upset you?" Oneida's lower lip trembled.'Yes' would make things so much easier.

"No," I lied."Let's look at this from another angle.How would you feel if Paula showed up at your domicile unannounced? You walked in and there she was."

"Oh,"she stood up again."I apologize."At thismoment, saying nothing meant she'd leave. I'm an idiot.

"Do you want to stay for dinner?" I offered. It tooka few seconds for Oneida to forgive herself enough to accept my suggestion. Me raping Rhada less than 24 hours ago? We'd deal with that later, or so she promised herself.

"Okay... if it is not too much trouble," Oneidanodded.

In came the doom and gloom duo and we ordered some over-sized sandwiches from an Italian Deli two blocks away. After the two walked through my place(again, I was sure) and the food arrived, the bodyguards relaxed into a close proximity of

human beings. The freakishness continued as Odette bonded with the Amazon killers with tales of my sexual exploits.

At the same time, I romanced Oneida in half a dozen languages. Storming those gates was going to take more time than I normally gave a single sexual encounter. Oneida kissed me. She loved kissing me. She was ecstatic about kissing me. She made it real clear there would be not petting-yet. Penetration wasn't even on the (her) agenda.

This didn't meant I was accepting her marching orders. I was far craftier than that. My plan was one ofsetting an example'. I stood up - we were sitting on the bench press seat, shot Odette a sexy look then went to the kitchenette. We got something- whatever it was wasn't important. The crucial activity was my surrounding Odette in my arm s from behind.

I kissed her neck, Odette wiggled her butt against my crotch and murmured happily. More kissing along the neck, ear and jawline ensued. Odette exhaled a happy breath, and twisted around in my grasp until we were face to face. An exhaustive French kiss finishing up with a few light pecks and led to us rubbing noses like Inuit.

"Thanks buddy," I smiled warmly at OdetteŴwŴ.novelŴor(m).c.r.m

"She blue-balling ya?" Odette snickered.

"Big time," I muttered. Odette squiggled down my

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body then bit both my nipples through my shirt making me gasp.

"That should do nicely," Odette's eyes were alightand she was super-pleased with herself. She smacked my butt then returned to the living room. I returned to Oneida. After a few seconds,

"Does it disturb you to be treated like that?"Oneida murmured.

"Like what?" I sounded so innocent. Trust me-this is a crucial relationship tool.

"Like -like we would treat one of our males," shelooked for my reaction. I laughed.

"The critical difference is that I can say 'no'," Ismiled. "Oneida, do you think the original Ash Men spent every moment not in battle, contemplating their place in the Universe?"Clearly, she had. "Believe me, men hunted, worked their crafts and chased female Amazons when they weren't eating, or sleeping."

"Warfare is an emotional undertaking," I had readthat somewhere."You can believe that with the battle safely won, your ancestors and my ancestors fooled around. They sang songs, wrote poetry, and created artwork for the ladies they courted. They wanted the attention of the strongest, bravest and most courageous mates, just like your ancestors did."

"I think I do know something about the Ash Menyou don't," I prodded her.

"What? I have studied them for many years,"Oneida was now more engaged.

"What can you tell me about Vranus?" I asked. Thatstumped her.

"I... nothing is written of his exploits," Oneidaadmitted."We know he was a young warrior for Ishara."

"Think about this, Oneida; Vranus was only twentyyet a member of the Host,"I started. She nodded. "He is shown with twin axes-no shield and nobow. That means he had to be very brave, rushing through the initial exchange of arrow fire and thrown spears to attack his enemy. His House probably directed him to large clumps of opponents, breaking their formations for the Host to exploit."

"That means he fought alone for several secondsuntil his accompanying Amazons could pick apart his foe,"I explained.

"That must have been horrible," Oneida frowned.

"Not at all," I protested."He was trusted with acrucial task-to hold the enemy's focus so the faster moving Amazons could attack their foe from multiple directions at once."

"The Amazons of House Ishara must have beenvery proud of him,"I fluffed out the fantasy."From what you saw from my two exhibition with twin axes, it is very tiring. Vranus had to have absolute confidence his sisters were coming for him. They trusted one another, thus fighting as one organic unit. It was a synergy that included the best of both genders."

That last bit confused her.

"Back then, most of the Host would have been ofthe same genetic stock from the time of the First Betrayal. Short and fast. The males of the region they took over were taller-the local men being even taller than the local women. That means you give men heavier and longer weapons. Your people would have favored bows, light shields and short spears- ranged, or quick in and out tools."

Was any of that true? Not a history major, so I have no clue.

"Many of the Host at the time rode horses yetthere are also pictures of them forming battle lines," Oneida enlightened me then her own eyes expanded."Males are always shown with solid round shields while the Host-women had the oval wicker shields."

"Lacking stirrups, the Amazons may have used themen to grapple with the enemy then rode their horses around the flanks, dismounted and engaged their opponents from the rear-Amazon

style," I grinned. It was. Amazons were all about out-maneuvering and confounding their foes. The Amazons hadn't been callous with their males'lives.

At one time, chosen females had held the center line. Over time, as males joined, it was practical to adapt the solid wooden shields of their opponents for their own and put them in the place where their upper body strength and size were of best effect. The unknown older male with Vranus had probably held his place in the battle line dozens of times.