

## Chapter 888

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I doubt he complained, or even thought to complain. Who would have taken his place? A smaller sister, aunt, or daughter? Had other males objected? Sure, the battle line in Amazon tactics was not the place of glory. The striking arm were the horse-riders. Countless times adversaries had spent the last minutes of their lives with the echoes of horses, hooves and female Amazon war cries seemingly all around them.

Some wise old dead fucker once said 'defeat starts in the mind'. I wholeheartedly believed in that- except my version was 'having sex with me starts with my insidious nature.

"Defeat starts in the mind." I stared intently into Oneida's eyes. Love poetry is a matter of emotional context, not actual words.

I pulled Oneida to me, letting her straddle my lap because I desperately wanted her to understand my tortured soul. Grinding her vulva against my hard-on was totally accidental, as was our renewed French kiss and me grabbing two handfuls of her ass. There was no rushing of things. Oneida was a skittish mare and I had to keep her feeling safe despite her sexual peril.

Any woman who bothers to get to know me knows I am not a complicated guy. Case in point: by the time Oneida was feeding me her left nipple, Odette already had the security types sweep my

bedroom(again) then the three retreated to Timothy's room and shut the door. Were Oneida's guardians worried about Oneida's carnal violation?

No, why would they? Amazons had dick on demand. Virginity didn't hold any religious significance for them; killing things did. With the speed and efficiency those other two Amazons made themselves scarce, I imagined they were happy that Oneida had stopped mooning over me and getting a good grip on reality. A righteous dicking was in the offing.

Oneida's open eyed, opened-mouth countenance when she found herself naked on my bed with a naked me hovering over her was precious. That look always was. It did necessitate a question.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" I whispered. My aroused cock brushed along her thigh. The question was a courtesy.

The answer was always the same because girls want to have sex. They also want to believe they have a say in the process from beginning to end. I say 'believe' because sex done right is passion and passion is the rejection of reason. At some point in the seduction, intercourse becomes an avalanche. Logic can scream all it wants; the hormones are not listening.

I slipped into Oneida's velvety liquid embrace. She gave up a sigh of relief. She'd made the jump

into intimacy. Any other explanation for what was going to happen would have implicated me as a Player- which everyone else thought I was. Oneida had this romantic ideal of me that no amount of evidence appeared to shatter.

Personally, I was starting to dread ever going to her bedroom. I wasn't sure of her 'My Little Pony' comforter would be a turn-off for me. I had done in it on Pocahontas and The Little Mermaid, so odds were I'd pull through in the clinch.

"I am not hurting you, am I?" I moaned.

Said for emotional impact alone. If I was causing a girl pain, I would have stopped first.  
*w.NOVeWdrmm.Oom*

"No," happy murmuring, "I'm wonderful." The most powerful organ human's possess is the brain. Oneida was a 'talker'. She wanted to express her feelings during intercourse-not give directions, but as an effort to increase her participation in the sex act itself.

Slow, steady strokes followed, withdrawing my glans half way along her labia, moved up and down slightly then gradually pushed back in. Every entry held something new for her. I added to the process by tilting her thigh and leg forward so that my next penetration tantalized a whole new series of trigger points in her vagina.

On the next pass, Oneida began her own experimentations, twisting and adjusting the angle

of her hips as I worked my rod in and out. Oneida began crying. I wasn't upset and that didn't make me a callous bastard. She was shedding tears of joy and regret-joy because her first climax was in the offing; regret because she wished she had done this with me sooner.

She had been a Havenstone employee so we hadn't done the deed. We still had to keep our liaison secret. Why? I'd think of something. The real reason was pure politics. I never knew what wacky dame hated another wacky dame for reasons I couldn't even get into, but I knew it would curtail my dating opportunities.

I'd pay the price of deception later. What I couldn't take was being denied sex without having done anything wrong first.

"Am I making you happy?" Oneida gasped. Noflippancy here-romance was the key.

"You demand things from me few other women do," I replied breathlessly.

I wasn't going to lie to her. Prettying up the truth was good enough and it made her happy. I also got something new-to her, not to me. She orgasmed. Whatever she'd been satisfied with before, I obliterated in a few quick, decisive strokes. OH GOD did she go off! It has happened to me before-the door being kicked in; just not in mid-orgasm. Guns being pointed at yours truly while the girl was in mid-scream was new.  
*(w)W.no(v)EI@orm..c6@*

And Oneida was still carrying on and on  
*Ww.W.move@orm.c6M*

"I was trying to tell you!" Odette was screaming. "He does that to us all the time... please don't shoot him." The whole girl screaming at me in Old Kingdom Hittite' was also new. My mentor preferred Minoan.

"I have come back from Death," Oneida rasped. Her skin was flushed deep red from her exertion, she had bathed us both in sweat and she was coming up with any form of vocalization from Goddess-knows where she had screamed for so long. She looked at me with love in her eyes-damn it. She looked and looked and looked and... finally noticed the two women at the foot of the bed.

"Is-some-thing-wrong?" Oneida panted while gazing at her two guardians with worry. There was someone pounding on my apartment door.

"Neighbor-door-I'm on it," Odette called out. Seconds later the deadbolts clicked and the door opened. "Hello, Mr. Finnes."

"You God-damn Whore!" he screamed. "Where is that homo and his butt-buddy? The cops are on their way and this time you are all in the street." He had a good head of steam on tonight. Slayer of Testicles #1 looked at Slayer of Testicles #2, nodded and left. "Who is this bitch," Finnes got out. It was so wrong that I recognized the next sound.

It was the barrel of a gun being inserted into a person's mouth.

"Listen and listen carefully," SoT#1 spoke softly. "You are going back to your hotel. If I get word, or even a bad premonition, that you are causing this apartment a hint of worry, I am going to come back and end you in a fashion the New York City's Coroner's Office will find memorable."

"I do not care if you have to puncture both eardrums to drown out the noise. I am not a compassionate person. In fact, I am considered sadistic by those who know me well. Now go back home, tell the police who show up this was all a mistake and give a prayer of thanks to whatever deity you grovel before that I didn't simply ram my firearm up your anus and decorate the ceiling in what passes for brains in your pathetic bone-sack of a body," she menaced.

There was a choking/gagging noise then the sound of heaving.

"Mr. Finnes... are you okay?" Odette worried. As a wonderful counter-point.

"Have you given me your seed?" Oneida asked hopefully, I was still hard. It had only been ten minutes of sex after all. I gently rocked my penis deeper in, "Oh," she happily babbled.

"Again?" SoT#2 questioned. I made a few more penetration cycles instead of speaking. "Do they

train you in some sort of Sex Academy for this? Are there more males out there like you?"

"Is having a viewing gallery a real damper on the mood?" I asked her while looking into Oneida's eyes. I was actually proud of Oneida for not sending the other woman away.

It showed me she respected the woman's job. I also heard the apartment door shut.

"Wow, your threat was nice and spooky," Odette snickered.

"Threat? Child, what do you think I do for a living?" SoT#1 asked.

"You are one of those wacko, psycho-chicks Cael Nylas works with," Odette was undoubtedly smiling.

"Correct, I am one of those wacko, psycho-chicks..." SoT#1 left that hanging out there.

"You weren't playing with Mr. Finnes, were you?" Odette grew quiet. Pause. "There is really a job which allows you to do that kind of stuff?" Pause. "Can I apply?"

"This is not something you apply..." SoT#1 began, but then, "I guess if Cael wants to..."

"Cool," Odette was truly irrepressible.

"If he does that, there will definitely be consequences and repercussions," SoT#1 cautioned.

"Oh, I think I had better stick with being his fuck-buddy," Odette conceded.

"Wise choice," SoT#1 agreed. My bedroom door shut. SoT#2 had slipped out.  
*WWw.fl-vz(i)@drmm.@om*

Do you often have sex with an audience?" I teased Oneida.

"Yes," she answered matter-of-factly, "I do. Don't you?"

"Now that you mention it..." and I got back to the pleasure that encompasses so much of my life.

(Sunday Night)

"Cael," a voice purred over my phone.

"Hey Nicole," I greeted my lawyer not-quite a hook-up anymore. Also, unless you are SURE you know the female caller, don't take a gamble with the name.

"So, do you have something going on tonight?" she queried.

"Nope. My normal engagement had to cancel so I'm sitting back with some friends who do not appreciate the depth of my depravity," I sighed.

"Canceled?" She laughed. "On you? Have you recovered from the shock?"

"Actually, they had a death in the family and had to go to South Carolina," I explained.

"Oh... sorry," Nicole apologized. "Well, if you are feeling lonely and neglected, you could come by work and do me a favor."

"I am feeling neither lonely, nor neglected, but I am certainly missing you right now. Give me a half hour and I'll be there," I promised. She thanked me and hung up.

"Who is it this time?" Odette snickered. Man, I was becoming so used to her hanging around.

"Nicole the lawyer," I replied. I trekked down to my bedroom to prep. I opted for the 'Bad Boy' look-worn jeans, high-top tennis shoes (equally worn), my Plant Smashers t-shirt (Quebecois ska band-yes, I will road-trip to another country for sex) and my Bolingbrook bomber jacket.

Yes, I was going to an Ivy League Law firm dressed like a carjacker. Every other male was going to be dressed in finely-tailored silk and I had to stand out. Since I couldn't outspend them, I was going to make them look like effete pussies by dressing like I just didn't care what anyone thought. I was coming over to fuck Nicole and there would be no doubt about it.

"Isn't that chick rich?" Timothy teased me.

"Yeah. I'm packing the glow in the dark Trojan tonight- cause she's special," I grinned.

"Oh! I love those," Odette squealed. She really needed to trust me less. I walked over, cupped her ears with my hand then kissed her on the forehead.

I did the same to Timothy. His look suggested that I had best make a hasty exit before he kicked my ass. I caught a taxi a block away. It turned out he was from Qatar and he asked if I was sure about the address I gave him. I grinned then told him I could outrun 95% of the NYPD so was feeling good about my chances.