

Chapter 893

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(A Step back in time: that Weekend,between Oneida and Nicole)

The weekend... I'd had plenty of relaxing sex over the weekend, bonded with Oneida somewhat while we biked Saturday morning, had sex with Gael, junior of House Bendis(the woman who let me borrow her phone so I could invite Buffy, Helena and Desire e to my little induction ceremony), then had a late afternoon date with Nikita.

Escorting Yasmin and her son to the airport for the start of her Havenstone training after dinner was unsettling. The boy, Braulio, seemed worried, Yasmin was glad to see me, really glad to see me then finished if off by comment ing that she could tell 'something had changed'. I affirmed her hunch without going into the details. As Yasmin's mood improved, so did her son's. I wished her luck. She told me I'd need it more.

Late Saturday night I was invited to a party by Libra. Brooke showed up date-less (she

WASN'T jumping into a new relationship)so she glommed onto me-us. Marla and Libra had a huge phone fight about her (Marla) not being 21 yet, thus not invited tothe party. Felix was there having reconnected with Gene because he had both a glib tongue and an awe-inspiring sexual arsenal.

Felix's attempts to recoup any ground with Brook failed miserably. She had her own bitterness toward Trent, her memory of me handing her panties under an outdoor cafe's table as a trophy Felix had taken the night before and displayed openly in my office, and my own masculine support to draw strength from.

Felix and I did not verbally, or socially, spar. He accepted the verdict of our first contest and, for all his faults, he acknowledged that my victory had worth and obeyed his conscience on the matter. If anything, he was visually more respectful than ever before. I wasn't his equal-no man and definitely no woman was-yet I was now a competitor he would have to give his very best to defeat.

Sunday morning had been just me and

Odette. We'd cuddled on the sofa, watched some TV and then I took her to Havenstone for time in the pool. I kept the overly-aggressive Amazons at bay while getting Odette used to the idea of regular exercise-hanging out with Timothy and I required greater endurance than her sedentary youthful stamina provided.

An early afternoon invite to a 'pick-up'basketball game at the community, two-court, outdoor lot with Jason, the bar-back from the Yuppie bar, brought me back in contact with Katy Lee Baker, aka Delivery Girl. Odette tagged along. It also brought me in contact with the local 'wild-life'. A Latin King cl ique was starting to operate in the area and Jason's crew were the native inhabitants who took exception to this.

We played for about half an hour were everyone learned I was a big, fat liar. I was actually good at basketball, despite my earlier claims at ignorance. The Kings showed up, drove off the younger teens playing on the other court. A few more of those jokers showed up and it was now 'our turn'to make space.

That went over like a shit brick. The Kings

outnumbered us a good two-to-one, but Jason wasn't backing down. I was struggling to convince Jason that discretion was the better part of valor when some of the new Latin King arrivals tried to play with a few of the local ladies who had come down to watch their menfolk pull off their shirts and get sweaty.

Poor Odette; she had been in the company of so many powerful, confident and lethal women she'd forgotten she wasn't one. A King grabbed Katy Lee's breast. Odette hit the asshole in the stomach, put a shin to his nuts and finished him off with grabbing his head and driving it into her upward moving knee, dropping him like the sack of shi t he was. But wait, he had five buddies.

Poo was being served up and the electric switch was about to be flipped(w)ww.n0vêl.(w)ôrm.co©

"I'll be back to help in a moment," I growledto Jason as the gang members jumped Odette. Katy Lee and a slightly older woman rushed to Odette's aid. The Kings didn't ignore my approach, peeling off two to 'deal with me'. They really shouldn't have hit Odette because now I was angry.

The feces hit the rotary wind machine. With their last shows of bravado, I lay into the closest bastards. The sixteen year old was hesitantly pulling out his .82 ACP while reconsidering his poor life choices as I hit his buddy so hard he went airborne, two teeth and a fountain of blood coming from the ruin I'd made of his face.

Gun guy was next. I clamped my left hand on his right, gun-toting wrist then drove my knee into his elbow. The elbow snapped upward with a sound reminiscent of a car backfiring. His screams drowned out the thud of his gun dropping to the court surface. For the three remaining Latin Kings I was closing with, a terrible social reality came crashing in.

Gangs rely on several tools to exert power-a propensity for violence, illegal finances, a fierce reputation, and superior numbers. By the look on my face, they discovered that their numbers didn't bother me in the least. I knew exactly who they were and didn't give a damn. My desire to destroy them was motivated by something far stronger than any currency, and I was clearly better at this whole violence thing than they seemed to be.

They had their pride and the fidelity with their gang, plus their intimidation tactics were going wrong so fast, they couldn't process the disaster quickly enough to alter course. These guys were not professional warriors by any stretch of the imagination. 'Warriors'- perhaps. 'Professional'-definitely not. Their ability to rapidly adapt to a changing situation was woefully under-

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In gang hand-to-hand combat, you bunch up your members, overru n a foe and beat him to the ground. Fighting a practitioner of Brazilian jujutsu, standing close to one another is the LAST thing you want to do. I was a whirlwind of destruction, fed by the understanding that Jason's bunch needed me back real soon.

The asshat who tried to use a knife on me got his hand pinned to the court for his audacity. I repeat, threatening Odette had infuriated me. At center court, Jason had his hands full and then some. The Latin Kings had the edges in both numbers and ferocity. The only other hometown boy holding his own was this thick, solid Puerto Rican guy named Bennie; the rest were in trouble.

I started with the four-on-one stomp-down on one of Jason's friends -I'd missed the guy's beat down. My inner Amazon was leading the charge. Unlike all my previous encounters, I was intentionally causing pain. I wasn't trying to drive them off, or render them hors de combat. No, my desire was to strike terror in their hearts, inflicting suffering in order to eradicate my foes'resolve to fight.

Knees snapped, bones broke, faces were stopped into the court and internal organs ruptured. Even my erstwhile allies were aghast at the wickedness with which I treated our enemy.

"Ah... Câel... are you okay?" Jason mumbledwhen the last King went down. He'd have a shiner on his left eye soon and his lip was split and bleeding. I hadn't come through unscathed either.

Havenstone had seriously upped my pain threshold. Jason wasn't really asking about my physical well-being anyway. I had to get ahead of this...predicament.

"Let's get this trash off the court," Icommanded. The boys hesitated until Jason

picked up one of my semi-conscious victims.

"Come on 'Pendejo', leave and don't comeback," Jason yanked the man up and began shoving him toward the gate he and his buddies had arrived by. The rest of Jason's friends joined in and we began cleaning up the place. One gangster decided he was too hurt to be moved. I'd rammed his shoulder into the goalpost, breaking his collarbone. He was crying about the pain he was in.

I pulled him up. He was around 1,75m tall and 125 kg. I wrapped my hands around his thick b ull neck and slowly raised him up off the ground. His face was reddening, his good hand was trying to break my hold and his legs were flailing about in the open air.

[In Spanish]"Pain, Asshole? No, pain is mehaving to come back here and hunt you and your vermin buddies down," I seethed.

"I don't live here. These men are not myfriends. You touched my girl and I am God Almighty when it comes to defending those of my household. I am not in a gang. I am not a criminal. If you, or your gang, come within a block of this place, I will become

Death. Today, there are too many witnesses. This is your reprieve-your moment of grace," I snarled.

"Use it wisely. It will not happen again," Ifinished in a fury. I dropped him to his wobbly feet, catching his good hand before he fell over. That act of compassion after my dire t hreat confused the guy.

"Go," I returned to English. The rest of theLatin Kings walked, stumbled, were dragged from the court.

"Who are you again?" Bennie inquired.

"Câ-el-Nyilas," I grinned-"I'm an AerospaceEngineer working on the feasibility of having hamsters running on their wheels being used to recharge batteries on manned flights to Mars."

"Hamster wrangling has to be one toughprofession," Katy Lee snickered as she and Odette came up.

"Come on now," Jason winced as he lickedhis lip.

"Brawling is about panic, anger and the

management of those two forces," I told them."I was the only one in this fight in control of myself, so my actions look out of proportions to what really happened.wɹw.(n)©OvêlWô(r)M.C©M

"They were kicking our asses," Benniechuckled.

"Not as bad as you guys think," I consoledthem."None of you guys ran, or curled up in a ball. That allowed me to pick my fights. I clearly have more hand-to-hand combat experience, but none of that would have mattered had you guys freaked out."

There was some truth in what I said. Had they panicked, I would have grabbed Odette and Katy Lee then fled as well. Since they toughed it out, and the Latin Kings exerted virtually no command and control, I was able take on the gang members in small, bite-sized chunks. My training and experience took care of the rest.

This also made the somewhat traumatized ballplayers feel proud about the cuts and bruises they'd received. Now they realized they had 'won'this scuffle, they'd played their parts courageously and had all been instrumental in a successful stratagem. The

fact that none of them knew that when the blows were raining in it meant nothing.

The women who'd come out to watch the game then witnessed the beat down knew their men had been brave, taken their licks and routed their enemies. Martial ardor, baby! 'Defending' a woman does not diminish her. It increases her odds of dealing with insults and threats in a positive manner.

Women who look down on women who use their pussies to better themselves are being stupid. It is the equivalent of having a complete toolbox and only using the hammer. The women were going to give up some level of sex to reward the men. The men, in turn, had an example of the kind of behavior that would get them what they wanted -defending your ladies equated to feminine reward.