

Chapter 894

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That did not mean penetration -life was far more complex. It did mean she would hang around you, talk to you and trust you (most likely more than she should). Guys still had to seal the deal, figure out what she wanted and deliver. That had been the working arrangement between men and women for most of the last 80,000 years.

What I didn't know at the time was that I was being spied upon, that this spy called Buffy-my 'spear and shield' - and Buffy would gather up some Security Detail chicks. Why would SD help? Some morons had tried to murder the Head of House Ishara and that wasn't something the Amazons would tolerate.

That Latin King cl ique was contemplating revenge. They were about to get schooled by the Grand Mistresses of that brutal and unforgiving Art form. I could never let Odette know. After all, to her they were someone's sons, brothers and husbands. My chilling rationalization was that, for whatever reason, the Latin Kings had redefined themselves as carnivores, preying

on the rest of mankind. $w\!w(w).f\!iO(v)_{\parallel}w\!{\otimes}(r)_{\!m}).coM$

They should have studied what nature was really like. Predators had predators of their own. They'd been big, bad caimans, snatching all that came to the water's edge. In nature, the caiman was careful because jaguars hunted and ate caimans. In the urban jungle, there were things far more dangerous than gang-bangers living in the shadows that jealously guarded their spot as apex predator.

Odette and I exited the field. I'd have to catch Katy Lee another time. I was to get the bad news from Ulyss a and her sister about the death in her family. Timothy, Odette and I worked out some more as Odette and I took turns relating the fight to Timothy. He reminded us that the Latin Kings were a powerhouse in the city as well as nationwide. Nicole called at the point I was ready for bed and the rest was family history.

(Monday morning)

I locked my bike up as normal. When I saw the security guards eyeing me funny, I grew cautious.

"Is there a problem?" I asked the womanscanning my ID. She was fearfully hesitant. "Wait, are you worried that I'm pissed aboutFriday morning?"

"We were only doing our jobs, Cá el ofIshara," she told me.

"Oh," I chuckled."So that IS what isbothering you."I smiled at the group."Of course you were doing your jobs. I would have been surprised if you hadn't and I'm certainly not angry about what went down. You acted in defense of Havenstone and I never saw it any other way."

That gave them some relief. My next problem.

"Has anyone from the Security Detail calledabout me?"I asked."I don't see anyone here to pick me up this morning."

"I'll call them," she offered.

The answer was that they weren't expecting me, but I could come down if I desired. That was promising. My ID card worked for the lower levels now. Walking past the Armory was intriguing... in that they barely

noticed me. In the prep room for the shooting range there was... nothing. No guns for me to try out, or even look at.

I went to the firing range looking for one of my 'friendly'SD ladies. They were all giving me the cold shoulder. Naomi told me why-Constanza. The SD were very angry with my interference in justice for Constanza versus Pamela. Since Naomi had been there when the entire incident went down, I didn't laugh in her face. I got coldly furious instead.

If I wanted a firearm, I could go to the Armory and check one out, so that's what I did. The guards there weren't help ful either. Inside was- well-everything. I called up SD and asked them to send an armorer to help me make some selections. Ten minutes later, the lady had still not arrived. That made me laugh. They were tit-for-tatting the wrong guy. Glasses and ear protection came first.

I left the Armory with my weapon of choice for the day, a full bandolier and a cr ate of ammo. I could see the SD chick's guarding the Armory eyes bug-out. I grinned and headed for the shooting range. They

surreptitiously called somebody. Knowing that, I hurried myself along, passing straight through prep room for the firing line. I was a man on a mission.

See, I could be a raging prick when I wanted to be. Those SD babes should have talked with any number of the Amazons who already knew me. I had made it clear-make my life difficult if you wished, but accept whatever payback I could imagine. Respecting House Ishara wasn't even a question. For pummeling me over Constanza, they were about to get a whole new kind of Righteous Pricking, courtesy of the house they refused to treat with equality.

An Amazon finished firing off a clip for her personal defense weapon and was checking her pistol's slide action.

"Excuse me," I said as I stepped up. She wasabout to scream something. Most likely 'stop!'Since I had no intention ofcomplying, I didn't wait- or stop.

For me, I was suddenly wondering what the precise blast radius of a 40 mm grenade was. I pulled the trigger anyway. I swear by

$\mathcal{W}\!{\otimes}(w)_{move}()_{\mathcal{W}\!{\otimes}\mathcal{RM}.S\!O(m)}$

Ishara-turned-Ishtar, I hit that target right in the 10 ring. The explosion the grenade caused when it hit the back wall rendered my claims moot. Even with eye and ear protection, I could barely hear anything because of the ringing echo, or see anything because of the dust.

The flashing yellow lights and klaxons going off indicated something bad had happened. Bad wasn't done yet. I walked to the next stand where the Amazon had ducked down while she oriented herself to the threat.

"Good morning," I yelled at her. Then Iaimed and prepared to squeeze off my second round.

With all the dust in the air, I could barely make out the outline of the target I was shooting at. Accuracy at this point was unnecessary. This bitching toy seemed to kill everything. Third station - third shot and the Amazons were starting to figure out what was going on. Some mo ron was firing a gre nade launcher within an indoor firing range.

Before the fourth shot they figured out it was me. Now those bitches had a problem.

The lead Amazon tried to get my attention despite my constant attempts to ignore her. I resolved the issue by tapping my six-shot bang-bang and indicating I had two shots left... and I used them. Only when I stopped to reload did the ladies screw up the courage to exhibit some kind of physical resistance.

Naomi pulled off my ea r protection.

"What are you doing?" she shouted at me.She wasn't being rude. All our ears were ringing.

"I'm being left to my own devices, you'failures' to every concept of loyalty, respectand faith," I replied to the entire group.

"Constanza called House Ishara anabomination, insane and diseased," I spat out my hate."I spared her life when I should have had her stricken from the roles of her house and butchered her like some beast. I showed mercy and this is how the Security Detail responds? Congratulations, you have earned my contempt."

"But why are you using a gre nade launcher-indoors?" Naomi struggled to understand.

"Oh," I smirked."Because I can. I'm superiorto all of you here so I can do what I want and you have to suck it up. I am the Head of a First House so none of you have a choice. Every one of you chose to show me no respect and, out of respect for your lack of respect, you get no respect."

They were trying to figure how to work around that when I upped the ante.

"I'm also going to direct the other membersof House Ishara to come down here at random times and fire off grenades, use flamethrowers, or-how about tear gas- tear gas sounds good." $(w)w\!W.N\!O\!v\!e()_{w,x\!r(m)}.C\!o\!m$

"That would degrade the readiness of theSecurity Detail," the first Amazon protested.

"Not my problem. Take your complaints toElsa or St. Marie. Make sure to start your complaint with exactly how you behaved toward me-but use the names Beyoncé, Ursula, Katrina, or Messina instead of mine,"I glared."Now excuse me. I have a box full of high explosives to work through."And off I went.

There were 25 shooting lanes. I had fired off

my 22nd grenade when Elsa showed up.

"Cá el of Ishara, why are you destroying thistraining area?" she inquired calmly.

"Working through a cr ate of grenades. Ithought that would be obvious," I joked. $W\!{\otimes}w_{move}\mathcal{W}\!{\otimes}r\!m\!C\!o\!m$

"Is there something wrong we should talkabout?"Elsa was keeping her anger in check.

"Your underlings were chronicallydisrespectful. Since positive reinforcement failed-being nice to any of your weakling-bullies was counter-productive -I decided to employ the stick treatment," I met her gaze.

"Stop destroying the firing line... please," Elsaground out through clenched teeth.

"You are right," I nodded. "I need to take afew of these upstairs to the pure-blood gym. There is a lot more damage I could do there. This place is already a mess."