

913

With the phantom applause of a hundred other male 'losers' who went to Fractional North H. S., I penetrated the queen who had been beyond us all only four years ago. The erotic twist to all that was with every sense of triumph and pleasure, Cameron mimicked me. Certainly we were both having a memorable time. I had to touch, lick, knead, and fondle every inch of Cameron's body.

We both explored our nipple fetish, '69'-ed and engaged in some anal play – no penetration. I completed my first sojourn with the removal of the condom and the blowjob that had been the fantasy of countless hours in my home's upstairs bathroom. Cameron didn't just swallow – she savored my semen and looked like she wanted more.

Normally I cuddle beside my partner post-coitus. With Cameron, I lay on top of her at eye level. I put enough weight on her to let her feel pinned without real discomfort.

"I have a confession," I gave her a sweaty-faced grin.

"What?" she asked then gave me a peck on the lips.

"We went to school together – same grade and everything," I enlightened her. "We even talked once." Cameron didn't know what to make of that. "I'll put that in perspective though. Do you believe that if you do something you do your best? Do you believe in craftsmanship?"

"Cáel, you are scaring me," Cameron frowned.

"Fifteen seconds and you can go," I conveyed with as much calm as I could. "Answer my question."

"Okay... yes, I believe in doing your best. I believe in craftsmanship," Cameron played along.

"Your words – 'never in a million years'." I related and waited. First there was the uncertainty and fear of the odd course our relationship had taken. It took a few seconds because so few pieces of the puzzle fit.

"Cáel Nyilas... it was you... start of senior year... I had been," she muttered. Then came the real fear. "You must hate me."

"I thought about it," I said, "but that isn't really me. See, you helped create me. Truth be told, you were only the catalyst. I did all the work."

"A great many women helped. They were never a replacement for you. I was taught better than that by my first lover," I continued. "Still, I would be totally different if you hadn't casually annihilated my self-worth that September day." Pause. "Do you like the results?"

"You really don't hate me..." Cameron was coming around.

"It was high school. We all screw up in high school. According to a few studies, if you don't make a mess of high school, you are destined for failure," I related some real information.

"You are getting hard again," Cameron gasped back to being okay with things between us.

"Perhaps I should have warned you," I grinned wickedly. "I'm a sex addict."

ŴŴŴ.ṁ0ṽ(◊Lw@rM.©.m

"Hey, Sex Addict!" Pamela shouted into the room. "There are some people out here to see you."

"Good people, or bad people?" I shouted back.

"Worse," Pamela replied. "The kind of people that want something from you." That was vaguely unpromising.

"Cameron, take a shower and we'll talk about dinner when you get out. I think I need to take care of this," I sighed. Off went Cameron to the shower and on went my robe. In the main room, with a variety of levels of sexual tension, were sixteen women I didn't know. The Hotel Burnham has very nice suites, but they are not ballrooms.

The room was pretty crowded, with not enough chairs and wall space getting sparse. They were all Havenstone women and I was willing to bet the average age was thirty-five; not my normal crowd. At least I knew why they were all there. Pamela suspected. Rachel and her team were clueless.

"Hi, I am known as Cáel Nyilas," I greeted them. "A short history lesson and things will make a great deal more sense, so please be patient." The crowd was not pleased. I was a male and to a woman, the ladies had repudiated the world of men. They were all 'Runners'. It was the presence of Rachel's group that was keeping them civil at this point.

"Twenty-five hundred years ago, as the Second Betrayal was ending, there was a small group of males who had proven themselves to the Amazon Host, taken into houses and their names were written on the Amazon Rolls." I started off. "Two of those males and three male children of one of the houses survived the massacre the female Amazons inflicted on their kin."

That bought me a moment. Slaughtering your own babies, even male babies, wasn't something they would shrug off.

"Well, if you know your Amazon politics, you know that the children of an Amazon who dies while in service of the Host becomes a member of the Host – so on and so on."

The implications were sinking in as was the nervousness.

"One of those men was a young warrior named Vranus of House Ishara. I am the sole surviving heir of Vranus. We are also here for the burial of my Father, who was murdered Sunday night. The next bit of Amazon politics. House Ishara was an extinct First House," I continued.

"Oh shit," was uttered from half-dozen lips as they moved to the next, obvious step.

"The succession to the Head of House for any House is elevation by your peers, accepted ritual combat and... the oldest surviving member of the House," I added.

"By the Seven Martial Goddess... don't you have to be female? I mean – We are Amazons!" one of the 'Runners' yelled in disbelief.

"Do you plan to add more males to your House?" one of the senior members growled.

"Two things – it should not bother you one way, or another, and it is not MY House. It is the House of my Ancestor, Ishara. If this is going to be a problem, you are in the wrong room," I met her hostile glare ember for ember. That one headed for the door.

"Wait," a fellow 'Runner' grabbed her arm.

"You can't be going along with this Marsha?" the departing Amazon snapped.

"I don't know this one, but I trust Buffy," Marsha countered.

"Ok ladies, so that we are clear," Pamela sighed.

"The next one of you to insult the Head of House Ishara, I am going to drag into the other room, kill you and cut you up into giblets for room service to take away," Pamela sounded positively disinterested.Ŵŵŵ.N(◊vzLw0R(ṁ).coM

"I am not afraid of you," the departing one glared.

"That would be a serious mistake," Rachel interjected quietly. Deep breath from me.

"Listen, this is a highly improbable incident. I am not asking anyone to embrace the society you have rejected. In fact, I admire you for the strength it took to transition. I also ask you to accept the fact that I DO NOT want to be here, doing this, with any of you," I made one last effort.

"Quite frankly, you man-haters scare me – being a man and all. You seem to think I have a choice in any of this. I don't. I am the heir of Vranus. I am the last known living descendant of the Amazon who chose the name Ishara for the sake of her house's unity," I stated. "I don't want to do this, but I'm not the kind of human being who runs away from my responsibilities."

"Okay... Cael of Ishara, why are we here?" Marsha said as she kept the other one from leaving.

"Sixty years ago, the Amazon Houses swore an oath to the women who joined their cause. They lied to you. They have not kept up their side of the bargain. They have refused virtually all of you entry into the status as true, full-blooded Amazons," I explained.

"And now you are going to rectify that... injustice?" the senior one kept mocking me.

"Fine – you and me – one last chance," I sighed. "Look around you. Who do you see? The prettiest, the most pliable, the most power-hungry? If you can point out one woman in this room that doesn't deserve to be a Full-Blooded Amazon, leave now."

"You didn't choose any of us," she responded.

"Exactly!" I shouted. "I didn't choose any of you to be in House Ishara. Buffy Ishara and Helena Ishara did. Why? Because I don't know any of you, or your sacrifices and worth to Havenstone. I gave that duty to the two – and only two – member of House Ishara who would know who was the most worthy to be in a First House.ŵŴŵ.ṁ0ṽe⓪xórm.c.rM

"We are here to be inducted," one of the silent Amazons voiced with a dream-like quality.

"Yes. Barring being rejected by Ishara, you will be inducted at my Father's graveside tomorrow morning," I stated clearly.

"How many?" Senior questioned.

"This time – twenty," I answered. "I have no agenda and no set number of 'Runners' to be inducted into House Ishara. It doesn't work that way. I'll ask the senior members of our House to look for those they consider of being worthy as sisters. Some of you may never find someone suitable. Others may be more fortunate."

"Wait – you aren't going to select members for your own House?" a fourth member gasped.⓪ŴŴ.Ṃóσ⓪Lw0Rm.ó(◊)m

"I repeat – I know jack and shit about Havenstone right now. I'm not qualified to find toilet paper for the Men's room, much less resurrect an Amazon House. You trusting me is not the issue. Me being able to trust you to keep our House in order until I have a daughter who comes of age is."

"Do you have any children yet?" Marsha inquired.

"No and I always use condoms," I replied. "The factor is that I have decided that House Ishara may speak on the Council, but cannot vote. Until my daughter – who will be raised by the lot of you and your sisters – reaches her majority, we are at a bit of a disadvantage because no Ishara – I'm sure no man at all – has ever voted on the Council and I'm not going to change that."

"If you don't vote, what do you do?" the senior one asked.

"I test road-kill density versus traffic patterns," I replied seriously. Hush.

"Don't make me stab you," Pamela hissed at me.

"He is an intern for Executive Services at our New York offices," Rachel intervened.

"He has this bizarre habit of coming up with unique job descriptions for no reason any of us can ascertain," Rachel added.

"Ladies, I'm twenty-two, straight out of college and have less than a month's experience at Havenstone. What did you think I did?" I lightened the mood.

"Aren't you a director now?" the silent one spoke.

"If a Director gets a paycheck, I've been kept in the dark about that," I smiled. "I do get some benefits above and beyond being an intern. I get an hour of firearms training in the morning – at six a. m. I get knife-fighting at three. I get to shower with numerous gorgeous babes who regularly kick my ass... wait – I've been shot with an arrow and repeatedly stabbed too."

Another hush – waiting for the punchline.