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"Don't know and don't care to know," Pamela stated.

"You are being needlessly rude," Selena got all threatening-like. They were spreading out.

"You were disrespectful to my friend. Since I have a grand total of one friend, I take it personally when he is mistreated by imperfect strangers," Pamela menaced right back. It was on now. Selena wasn't going to take the 'imperfect' lying down.www.needlesslurk.com

The click of my first two tomahawks being pulled out must have alerted those two to my status update to that of a 'threat'. Miyako flicked something my way. Being highly symbolic and rather ineffective, I had my axes crossed against my chest. My reflexes kicked in, my right handed axe dropped down and something heavy pinged off of it.

"Bitch," I snapped. "Did you just throw a railroad spike at me?"

"It is a throwing dart, you numbskull," Pamela lectured as she kicked a high-heeled shoe at Selena. They closed, Selena lashed out with a hand strike, missing and then something I had never conceived of happened. Pamela swung and missed. My bedrock beliefs were imperiled.

Then my Wonder Twin powers kicked in. My bet was Selena was Black Hand and that would make Miyako from one of the Ninja families. Pamela had picked a brawl for me with two members of the Nine Clans Secret Society. Pamela vaulted a nearby car. As Selena closed, my Amazon buddy ripped her dress, turning the strip into some sort of sash-weapon.

Miyako had decided that the abrupt application of force was the quickest way to deal with me and on she came. I didn't know ninjutsu, but I knew the principles. I learned three other things in quick succession. One – Miyako was a top notch jujutsu artist. Two – ninjas can pack an arsenal of little weapons inside a little black dress. Three – no one with super-killer skills appeared to know what to make of a tomahawk, much less two.

Miyako put me in hold after hold. She had use of her hands and feet. I countered that by having a sharp spike on the back of my axes, so I could threaten to slice into her hands, or feet, every time she tried to lock anything in. Then the toys came out. She threw another spike at me – and missed. She put it in a car door. I was about to show her what a thrown tomahawk could do when...

"Kid, those spikes have threads attached to them," Pamela cried out. She had knocked Selena's silenced .22 away and got knocked around for her troubles. Selena produced two wickedly curved daggers and Pamela showed her why fighting an unknown opponent isn't wise. Recall the sash? Pamela had wrapped up her little Amazon blade in one end.

Selena was discovering firsthand what a whip-blade could do. That scar across the back of Selena's hand was going to require a few Band Aids.

"You mean like a net?" I called back to Pamela.

"Exactly," Pamela became lost in her own battle.

Miyako was pinning me in too. Does NO ONE know what a tomahawk is anymore? Come on now – it is a tool. It's like a hammer, but with a blade where the head should be. Miyako was doing well until I smashed two of her spikes – out of the car doors and into the ground. She looked perplexed.www.needlesslurk.com

I had a quick chance to check out how Selena was doing against Pamela and I didn't like what I saw her leading up to. Why would someone attack using juggled, curved blades? Answer: They have pins in their hair they are going for. That seemed unfair. Pamela had her long, white hair worn ling, with the bangs tied back. I had a second so I threw a tomahawk at/to Pamela to even things up.

Or so I thought. In mid-tumble, Miyako cartwheeled over and plucked my weapon in flight out of the air with her ankles. Hell's Belles – who teaches that kind of shit? I whipped out my first back-up tomahawk, threw them both straight up with a good deal of force... then applauded.

Miyako acknowledged my honorable gesture by hurling my tomahawk back at me... with her feet. I couldn't let her Crouching Tiger defeat my Hidden Dragon, so I caught the axe centimeters from my face. For a split second, I wondered whose hand had save me. The slight pain of the haft having slapped my palm informed me that it was... me.www.needlesslurk.com

Me and my hand were going to have a stern talking to about it creating martial arts moves on its own without consulting the brain – after we let it fondle a breast, or five, for saving said cranium. Now I had one tomahawk in hand and two plummeting back at me. I hurled my overly adventurous axe in a high arch beyond Miyako's reach (hopefully) so that Pamela could retrieve it.

My Japanese – no, I was going to use the 'proper' and respectful Nipponese for a while, Playmate Bunny was back on me as my tomahawks fell into my grasps. My next thought was 'where was she hiding those thin black sticks?' Motherfucker, they weren't immediately lethal, but damn they stung.

Flailing around with my axes was a losing game. I didn't have a significant reach advantage and her weapons were lighter and faster. My answer was to punch her. Swinging my axes had done no good so I was using a boxing jab with the length of my axe handle going just a bit farther than she anticipated. I punched the steel axe head into her throat.

It was turnabout time. Now my axes were attacking in a series of figure-eight passes. She couldn't dodge them all. Miyako had to use her combined sticks and they weren't enough. I cut into her calf and she stumbled back. I took two quick steps back which confused my opponent. I compounded that by kneeling and placing my axes on the ground.

"Tend your wound," I relayed to her while catching my breath. Miyako was obviously waiting for a sniper to take her out, or something.

"Nimrod," Pamela shouted. "This is not a damn exhibition. She'll kill you." Miyako was thinking along the same lines.

"Not likely since she'd came a long way to see me," I chuckled.

"What do you mean?" Miyako studied me.

"Protocols," I took one last, deep breath. "You are from the Nine Clans, I'm with Havenstone, and you are in Chicago for my Father's funeral. Am I right?"

"No," Selena ground out. She'd taken a step back from her unfinished fight with Pamela. "We are here on our own business."

"Whatever," I shrugged. I picked up my axes, fixed them in my harness then approached Miyako. She regarded me quizzically.

"I have some bang-up medical supplies at my hotel. You are invited to tag along if you like. I owe you as I was the one to cut you, knowing this was an illegal brawl," I informed her.

"Because you knew who we were without us knowing who you were," she nodded. "Why did we fight then?"

"Tomorrow is going to be a horrible day for me and my mentor, the Supreme Chancellor Palpatine, knew I needed a good fight to clear my mind and find my center," I explained.

"Come Anakin, time to go back home," Pamela beckoned me over with the tomahawk I had tossed her. "I'm sure our snipers are tired of not shooting these two."

"So you didn't sneak me out?" I nudged Pamela.

"Of course not," Pamela chuckled. "Rachel would have killed me. Probably in an elevator drop, or something involving copious amounts of plastic."

"Why do I ever trust any of you people?" I snorted happily.

"I haven't a clue," Pamela nudged me back.