

923

Rachel started following us as we left the main room. Charlotte was watching the front doors, Tiger Lily was with our car, and Mona was most likely roaming the back. The unexpected destination of our quest was the third floor bathroom. I didn't recall having to 'go' until I arrived.

"There you go," Pamela presented me the door.

Rachel peeked in first, did a quick poke/scan, then gave me the nod before retiring. I went in and took a pee, trying, and failing, to put together what in the hell Pamela was up to - no hand towels to dry off with. I opened the armoire and a folded-up Miyako handed me said bathroom accoutrement.

"Does this make you a 'ninja in my closet', or 'a closet ninja'?" I asked.

She uncoiled herself from that awkward position. Since it was completely unnecessary, I caught her.

"What are you doing here?" I continued.

Miyako started off with a name in Japanese adding, "told me you wanted to meet in private."

"Okay, I missed the name," I worried.

"Ummm... it translates over to something like 'Frosty, the Snow-white Gremlin'," Miyako stated. "She said you wanted to see me. I am neither a ninja in your closet - it wasn't your closet, nor am I a 'closet ninja' as no ninja is classified as a ninja. That defeats the purpose of being invisible warriors."

I put the Nipponese beauty down, sat on the edge of the tub and wiped my hands on the towel.

"Have you ever thought about a normal life outside of this... madhouse?" I posed.

"Yes," Miyako nodded. "I see normal people living normal lives, free of the mortal fears of my daily existence and I am envious at times."

"I have my Oaths to consider, C  el Ishara. There is my family that nurtured and trained me. Leaving the Families would be a death sentence, plus we have a host of enemies. Any life I would have would be on the run, short, nasty, brutal and violently final," she related. That didn't help much.

"Legendary Daimyos raze a dozen mighty castles. Legendary Fathers raise a dozen happy children," was the saying she gifted me with as a smile traced across her lips and her eyes shone with compassion. I doubted 'raze' and 'raise' were that close in Japanese, but I went with it.**WwW.n  v  l.w  r.m.c  m**

"So why are we here again?" I sighed.

WwW.N  v  l  rM.c  m

"Your friend said you wanted to speak with me, yet it is now clear that is not the case," Miyako reasoned. She could have left, accepting the deception of what it was. Instead, "Do you wish to see my wound? I had it looked after by your 'Mona'," Miyako offered.

"Sure," I allowed.

She started off by removing her dark, shark-skin jacket. She folded it, placing it across the toilet seat (top down). Her shirt came next - a plain white number. The bra followed. This was a lot of work for a leg wound, not that I minded. Her bra was unspectacular which highlighted her breasts all the more.

Her mammaries were a solid, high-twenties B-cup, with the bases being perfectly formed hemispheres and the tops being finely sculpted convex slopes to the areolas.

"You have certainly seen more attractive women," Miyako stopped and studied me.

"Yes, I have. I'm soaking up the experience of being with a below average one for a change," I nodded. No, I wasn't letting her get away with the 'I'm just a girl' game she was playing.

"You are scalding me with your wit," her eyes scolded me.

"I make up for it by being a wicked bridge player," I met her dancing light with my own renewed mirth. Off went the shoes and down came her pants. Yep - full front, pink lace panties up front and a thong in back. Wiggling out of her underwear didn't take a second.

The standing split so she could dangle her wounded appendage in front of my eyes was exceptional and new.

"See," she commented softly. "I had my wound tended to by your medic."

"It looks somewhat inflamed," I pointed out. Miyako's eyebrows flinched.

"Yes, starting right here," I kissed her big toe, "and here," the first toe," and so on. Miyako was strong in the enduring, athletic way of all competitive (and combative) gymnasts. She patiently held her standing split pose until I tired of the pretense, and the neck crick I was working on as I licked her vulva, and pulled Miyako's sex box up to my face.

I should have recalled that at age three, the ninja masters had her swinging through trees like a Gibbon. Miyako leaned back and back and back until my penis was just above... below her ear. I was a bit taller than my Nipponese Ninja so she opted for a hair covered (nice, silky locks) hand job. I quickly taught her she wasn't in the bush leagues anymore.

So, I couldn't catch a tomahawk with any part of my anatomy that wasn't a hand. I could find a girls G-spot inside of two minutes plus another to figure out what kind of tongue/finger motion was the most pleasurable and she was my toy to play with. I would never tell Miyako that. She'd do something horrible to me and it would be a week later before I even figured out what it was.

Miyako was a bad little ninja kitty. She orgasmed quite vocally. I was happy right up until Rachel burst in ready to kill somebody who wasn't me. By the look on her face as she drank in the scene, she might have wished to kill me after all.

"It is all my fault, Rachel," Pamela spoke up from behind. "I set them up."

Thankfully, Rachel backed out so she could give Pamela a good-sized piece of her mind.

"That was very pleasurable, Ishara-sama," Miyako flexed back up until she rested with her thighs on my shoulders, her hands in my hair and her eyes looking down into mine.

"We aren't done yet," I began kissing her lower abdomen. Happy killer-ninja babe.

Miyako helped me undress. Actually, she damn near tore off my clothes. Remember, ninja aren't Geisha and Geisha don't put out anyway. Cheap, or not-so-cheap, sex is what prostitutes are for in the Land of the Rising Sun. I worried about squeezing into her vagina. Miyako vaulted onto me. Placing her hands on my shoulders, she guided her tight body downward, her sex perfectly targeted to join with mine.

"Ugh... tight," I coughed softly. By the closed eyed look of concentration, she was coming to that realization too. She started trying to wiggle away.

"I did this wrong," she moped. I wouldn't let go.

"How about we stay like this for a while," I offered.

She wrapped her arms around my neck, her legs around my waist and nestled in. We stayed that way for several minutes then I gave her a slight 'thump' up. She slid up my shaft then fell back down.

"Oh," she purred. She kissed my shoulder. Another bounce - more kissing.**V  (w).N  v  l.w  r.m.c  m**

Before long, we were humping and sweating away. She made these cherished little chirping noises I was now associating with climax.

"You can scream into my chest in order to keep quiet," I suggested. She nodded - more kissing and licking along my shoulders and neck. She was close.

The breath and vibration of her howl tantalized my pectorals. An unwelcome side effect was...

"Tight..." I gasped. "Too tight." Her legs and arms had constricted like a python around my body. She immediately eased her grip the coasted back through her erotic release.

"That was very pleasant, Ishara-sama," Miyako whispered to me.

"You should come to my home sometime and meet my grandfather," she murmured.

"I think I would do better with your grandmother," I countered.

"Oh no," she insisted. "Grandmother is wicked. My grandfather is a gardener. The first thing she would ask you was if I was still a virgin and if I wasn't, she would insist you marry me."

"But you weren't a virgin when I met you," I complained.

"She knows that. As I said, she is a wicked woman," Miyako explained. "Are we done?"

Bounce, bounce, bounce.

"Oh goodie!" Miyako exclaimed and off we went. Apparently full-blooded ninja got out as much as full-blooded Amazon - not a lot.

When we eventually exited, Miyako was sublimely graceful, I was glad I had washed and toweled off, Rachel was... displeased and Pamela was Pamela.

"Good job, Stud. You knocked her up like a good boy should," Pamela patted me on the back.

"It doesn't really work like that," I muttered.

"I have faith in you. Now, in twenty-eight days you have to impregnate the other two so we have the Nine Clans in the bag. I heard you made a good impression on the Earth & Sky - another plus, and... I still think your O'Shea Aunts are going to go wonky when they get a whiff of you, so let's be prepared for you sexing up one, or two, before we head home tonight.

"You are despicable," I grumbled to Pamela. Rachel clearly agreed.**WwW.n  v  l.w  r.m.c  m**

"A little poetic license - I thought I saw some Pussy... I did, I did," Pamela struck back.

"I am glad you are family," I glared at Pamela. "Otherwise I might ask Rachel to hurt you and that wouldn't be fair to her." Pamela laughed joyously as we made our way back to my father's wake.