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If you spend time in Canada, or with Canadians, you learn this stuff. We Americans tend to be a bit of an 'Us, or Them' kind of crowd. Dating that Quebecois Mountie was really informative and exciting, right up to, and including my 'flight to avoid prosecution'/fleeing from my furious ex-GF back over the border. There may still be a warrant out for my arrest in Quebec. I should check that out.

For all you 'desperately seeking Princess Leia' wannabes: if a Canadian chick says she's 'with the Force', she isn't fantasizing about being a Jedi. 'The Force' is what they call the Federal Police/Mounties in Canada. My bad. She definitely looked freaking kinky-hot in the 'Red Serge' of her dress uniform, full-on cowgirl, reliving with me her participation in the Calgary Rodeo.

"Tadéfi, I'm going to hold you while Sikia strips you," I whispered. The augur trembled.

"What?" Sikia exclaimed. "I could never..."

"Lady, you stripped down to nothing in fifteen seconds," I reasoned. "She puts on clothes the exact same way you do. If all you can see is the augur, you will never see the woman - the Amazon - that she really is."

Sikia was on the tipping point so I gave her one final shove.

"Would you rather I did it?" I prodded. Of course she didn't want me touching her precious augur and friend. I was... a MAN. This pretty much neglected our intention of us having sex within a few minutes.

I had to admire Sikia's willpower. She made one last mad-dash toward sanity. She put Tadéfi's free hand on her lips.

"Tadéfi, I can take you away from this," she promised her ward. Tadéfi reflected on the moment, so I hijacked the process. I moved Tadéfi's fingers adroitly from the lips to Sikia's right nipple.

Revelation: Tadéfi knew her way around the female form and my guess it wasn't a knowledge gained purely from masturbation. Hmmmm...

"I find peace in what lies ahead," the augur murmured slowly over several teat plucks. Yep, Tadéfi was a pro at the whole touch-stimulation art-form. She rendered Sikia logic-incapable with a few deft touches.

The guardian could have resisted me. Not so, her spiritual partner. Flesh flushed, breathing picked up a pace and the stage was set.

"Her jacket," I instructed Sikia. Connecting my words to her actions took a moment. Tadéfi had smallish breasts which she accentuated by going bra-less and wearing a broad-weave cotton blouse.

Next step - putting a barely resisting hand of Sikia onto said breast. The mocha-skinned Amazon flinched. The albino gave a throaty moan. Definitely not a virgin, despite her long believed convention. Even more telling was Tadéfi's negligence in disguising it. Thought.

"Tadéfi, do augurs bathe alone, or with one another?" I queried.

"Together... for our safety," she replied. "It is believed it is safer if we can monitor each other to avoid accidents."

"You found comfort in your shared isolation?" I wondered. To Sikia, "Take off her boots."

"Yes... how did you know?" Tadéfi smiled for the first time.

"You may not believe it, but you two aren't the first two women I've seduced," I teased her.

"A benefit of my limited perceptions is the magnification of the ones remaining to me. You are being untruthful and sexually aroused," she murmured. "I can hear your heartbeat and feel the perspiration on your upper lip."

"Wait!" Sikia exclaimed as the second boot came off. "How do you know about sexual arousal?"

"Sikia, my ***** [OKH: Spirit's Shadow], do all of you believe it takes us an hour to bathe?" Tadéfi sighed sensually. That was a term of endearment I could use later. Maybe Elsa.

"Ah... yes, we do," Sikia settled back on her knees. "How can you have your gifts once you are no longer virgins?"

"We augurs think it is a mistranslation of ancient doctrine. They didn't mean pure = virginal. They meant pure = uncluttered of spirit." Ah, ancient, freak-abulous, twistable languages.

"Why have you let us think..." she gasped.

"What was the point of argument?" Tadéfi stroked her friend's cheek before circling back for the lips.

"Pants," I suggested to Sikia. Her somewhat numb hands obeyed smoothly.

"We are kept in isolation with no men around. Our days are mostly spent in prayer and 'dislocation'. The possible effects of us having intercourse with males was irrelevant," the augur continued. I made a mental note to pursue the precise meaning of 'dislocation' at another time.

"Do any augurs develop Sapphic relationships with your guardians?" I asked.

"Very rare... ly," Tadéfi moaned. Sikia had dragged her hands along her charges thighs as the pants came down. No socks and the underwear, while not downright sexy, wasn't overly-generous with the amount of fabric it has been spun from.

"Shirt," I commanded. We were at that stage of our foreplay. Sikia rose up fully on her knees and the shirt went up, momentarily 'deafening' Tadéfi.

South Africa was face to breast with Antarctica with lips millimeters from nipple. Her breath caused the albino's nipple to become even more aroused. There was no way Sikia could have missed it. Tadéfi attempted to place her hands back. I caught both arms by the wrist and held them still until she got the message that I wanted her extra vulnerable for a second.

"Do what I do," I whispered to my dusky partner. I kept my voice low. There was this undercurrent of sensation that the augur could feel air currents around her and perhaps could even define the words that created them. I slowly leaned forward until my hot breath wafted over the deep, dark red of the albino's left areolas and teat.

The guardian hesitated right up until that sneaky Tadéfi felt out two handfuls of our hair and drew us all the way in. Full on suction and tongue-play with occasional breaks to show Sikia the proper technique meant to drive her friend wild. I gradually moved Sikia's left hand (cupped in my left) and my right down to the top of Tadéfi's panties. Off went they without a fight.

Intercourse can be compared to all forms of art and sports. Ballet - Greco-Roman Wrestling (I've tried 'professional' wrestling once and dislocated a shoulder) - basketball - a symphony and Soccer. All apply. What I pulled off was a prized piece of razzle-dazzle. Tadéfi and I were sitting on the sofa, facing each other. Sikia was facing Tadéfi while kneeling on the floor.

With as much touch-direction as verbal, I switched positions with Sikia, pushed Tadéfi onto her back with Sikia on top and me strategically placed so that I could French kiss both Amazons and suckle on their teats. Athleticism can compensate for failure to practice a dance routine, or bedroom antics and these ladies performed expertly*WwW.NoVelworm.com*

Our disposition didn't initiate a lesbian love fest. Both Amazons were purely heterosexual: good friends and comfortable with close proximity, if not their nakedness. My status was that of facilitator. I lured them into a triple kiss, with the added whimsy of Tadéfi's fingers playing along our lips so that she could capture every gasp, deep breath and moan.

The augur couldn't provide extra stimulation to our erogenous zones so I led Sikia on a Beginner's journey over the vibrant instrument that one plucked, petted, coaxed and played to a variety of pleasurable ends. I did have a 'whoops' moment. Sikia became enamored with my phallus. What was supposed to be a gentle hand job turned into a tender tug of war.

She didn't want to let go. I doubted the organ itself was surprising. The context of the encounter - her lack of complete control - was stirring her mind in unexpected directions.

"This goes in there," I stroked Sikia's kitty. "It will feel really good." Tadéfi chortled. Sikia flushed with embarrassment, but allowed me freedom of movement.

My condom code was broken. I had no condom, I wasn't going to go hunting for one and I wasn't going to abstain from the sex laid before me. I was also going against another long held rule of sexual etiquette - double pumping - putting your cock in one chick then another without cleaning up. Even with a condom, a girl's vaginal fluids were on your rod.

Being careful and considerate was drilled into my head by my mentor. Partners rarely 'get over' you giving them a STD, so take a few seconds to protect them and future mates. Alternating strokes of Tadéfi's and Sikia's pussies turned into dual vaginal intrusions. Those migrated from belly to belly to a rear end excitement.

Tadéfi lost contact with me as I placed Sikia over and myself between their legs. A little more pressure and they had their pelvises resting together. I secured the augur's ankles, began raising them up before she took over the motion and folded her shins to the crux of her guardian's underarms.*w(w)w.n0(v)èfWøQm.Com*

My penis penetrated two centimeters into Tadéfi's vagina, came out and was inserted into Sikia. Each thrust went a little deeper. It necessitated my constant repositioning with my arms and knees to get the angle right. At the fifth twist, I realized I was bleeding... a lot. All those tiny needle wounds all over my major muscles groups - the ones currently in use - were leaking.

Yes, this was the point at which the sane individual says 'this is BAD' and stops. Me, I was a man on mission - a quest from my Goddess. Note to self: get the damn fortune cookie. Things nearly derailed when Sikia gave me a push-back, delving into the wellspring of her need. Some days I couldn't catch a break. The top Amazon looked back.

"Is that stigmata?" she gasped. Groan. There was no indication that she wanted to stop. Her words were more of an observation. Due to the serious, religious nature of the question, I spanked her. Sikia didn't know what to make of that, so I put palm to cheek on the other side. That earned me a grunt then a sigh. This would not do!

"Sikia, twist one of Tadéfi's nipples. Trust me, she'll love it," I urged. Trust me? Five minutes ago she had a gun pointed at me and for a good reason too. I was starting to differentiate between 'legit' threats to my life and the unwarranted ones... Terra del Fuego, Baby. Nipple twist, a yip-turned-gasp of pleasure and there was no more encouragement needed.

Sikia went to work using her skills at studying anatomy (for the purpose of dispatching foes to the afterlife) to the craft of eroticism. Tadéfi joined in and we finally had synergetic symmetry. The augur climaxed first. She'd started from a higher arousal level so I was expecting that. It took a bit of coaxing to keep Sikia teasing her along.

I was starting to feel woozy. I wasn't sure why. It might have been awaking from the coma, destroying my High Priestess, the bullet to the head, or the continuous, if miniscule, blood loss. I wasn't playing favorites. Sikia lurched up unexpectedly, her orgasm gripping her in a carnal wave of sensual constrictions. The back of her head damn near smashed my nose.

As it was, I got a mouthful of hair when I grappled for my next breath. The shock broke my concentration and the first stream of my seed shot into Tadéfi's twat. A moment of tantric restraint and I was plunging into Sikia's vagina. More seed and I wasn't done. I inseminated her once more then was back in Tadéfi. Why Sikia? I hadn't a clue.

Three more shots... my attentiveness wavered. My body went over to autopilot, completed my biological imperative then fell forward with Sikia when her body collapsed. I didn't crush the two for long. I rolled off, banged my head on the floor as I landed on my back and went back to la-la land. If I had thought my previous job performance reviews sucked, I could barely imagine how abysmal they would be now.*wW.n(ø)veIworM.øøM*

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