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Endo: (gasp) "Oh my God! He's not imaging it. He provided ten fully viable... and copious sperm samples in a seven hour period."

Me: "I was so close to making it eleven too... but they caught us in the act."

Para: "You had sex with a member of your medical team?"

Me: (puppy dog eyes): "Medicine is a harsh profession. You ladies who dedicate so much of yourselves deserve a little TLC (tender loving care for you non-romantics). Face it, you aren't going to rest until you've found out what's happened to me. How much of a bastard would I have to be to ignore such passion, extensive training and resolve on your part?"

Para: (blush) "Oh."

CoN: "Mr. Nyilas, don't make me sedate you."

Rachel: (whispered): "Please, please, please."

To top it all off, it went downhill from there. They decided on the correct medical procedure. When I discovered it entailed cracking open my skull and probing around, I nixed that. They'd have to shave my head and I had my hair right at the perfect length. It would take months to get it back to that level of a sexually accessory. I'm not vain. I'm perpetually horny.

(Between later that night and before sunrise – with the Parasitologist in her bed)

"Do you feel better?" she said as she drew a circle around my right nipple. Translation: did I want to go home?

"Yes..." I sighed. "I wish I felt remotely back to where I was before I was jumped." T: I don't want to go home, I want to keep having sex with you, yes, you have made me a better man through your medical and physical exertions, and this won't be a one-time thing, Oink.

Adultery? Yes... no excuse. I was seeing more attractive, better crafted females, but I was a sucker for women with bright, laughing eyes, quick wits and an altruistic outlook on life.

"I've never cheated on my husband before," Evian (the parasitologist) told me after she'd rolled over and rested her head on my sweaty chest(๖)๖๙.๐๙๖1๖๐(๖)rm.c๐m

"This is cheating?" I rumbled. "Evian, I'm the one in desperate need of care and comfort and all I see is an adult woman, professional expert and compassionate soul sacrificing herself to bring comfort to a person in need."

"Is that what you see?" she murmured happily, her guilt evaporating.

"Absolutely. You should tell your husband every detail of what you have done for me. It is only cheating if you plan to be dishonest. Choose the moment, set up the encounter in an emotionally safe place and bare any doubts you may have to him," I soothed her. "If he is the man you know him to be, he will understand," I added. I didn't know the guy.

I did know he had a hot, energetic wife that he'd left behind while he took a sabbatical to the Maldives. His specialty was parapsychology, which helped explain her extra interest in me. Deep down she was afraid her mate was a personable narcissist squandering their lives in chasing his egomaniacal discredited pursuits.

They were a mixed race couple. Evian was a first generation Gahanna-American. Hubby was Dutch-Armenian with a fanatical devotion to academic life, exotic travel and spending other people's money. They had honeymooned in the Bahamas – so he could record a mass sponge migration – he claimed it was nearly half a meter in less than one month (29 days)๖๖๖.๓๐๖el๖๐๐m.๘6๓

Propelled solely by my penis, I bet I could have covered the same distance in under three hours. It soon had proven impossible for Evian to advance in her career if they were both constantly gallivanting across the globe, so they now lived somewhat separate lives. They kept in touch through random e-mails and Instagram.

I quickly noted that in a preponderance of his pictures were handsome young men who Evian swore were his 'native' guides hired to lead him to distant, hard to reach locations. I couldn't help but point out in one pic was a Scandinavian nuclear family, cooking like sausages, in the background on some white sandy beach with its crystal blue-green surf. Maybe ghosts, cryptids, a low sanitation rating, or a high shark count kept the majority of tourists at bay?

Or the fortuitous ice-cold beverage dispensers that – somehow – Raiders of the Lost Ark had avoided placing in their opening sequence. Maybe he toted a cooler with him on every expedition, along with his 'not boy toys' local, non-sunbaked, un-calloused callow young men. I broached the subject of condoms. Fine for me, but Evian was certain that she and the Other Half wanted children (?).

How could I warn her she was playing Russian roulette with the Developing World? Instead, I told her she was lucky to find a man who let her explore herself and her horizons (sex with me). I thought he was exceptionally dedicated doing such brave and unappreciated work (not really) and he would most likely be drawn away for months, years, or even decades to come.

Lay out the 'facts' to a healthy, adult woman that her only chance for sexual fulfillment in the next ten years is in her apartment with her ready to go rarely fails to deliver upon the promised sexual reward. Evian was slow out of the gate, then accelerated to front-runner status. Cunnilingus? No – straight to a '69'. Missionary? Why stick with one sexual position for more than a minute when there were so many to choose from?

Anal sex? No, but that was a matter of time constraints, not lack of her willingness to explore. Back to me explaining to her how she hadn't cheated, her loving spouse would understand everything despite my certainty that he wouldn't contribute to anything or anyone until the turning globe compressed him into hydrocarbons.

We rolled over, Evian on the bottom, her legs spreading out to welcome my penetration and then encasing me while we embraced. Knock, knock came the sound from the open bedroom door.

"Time to go, Stud," Pamela grinned from the doorway. "Almost sunrise."

"What!" Evian squawked. She tried to pull the covers up, but our body positions didn't allow it.

"How did you get in here – into my apartment?" Evian tried again.

"Evian, these people," I automatically assumed there were multiple people out of sight, "are with me. I highly doubt your security system was designed for the NSA and your lock wasn't crafted by a master of the art of creating Chinese puzzle boxes, so they broke in – probably a few hours ago."

"You mean you've been... the entire time?" Evian looked past me to Pamela.

"Oh, we made sure to not peek in, paid for everything we used and met the takeout guy outside," my mentor smoothly related to my current bed partner. "We are his bodyguards. That does require us to keep in somewhat close proximity of his body, you understand."

"I... ah..." Evian muttered. I stroked her hair.

"Don't worry. There will be no accessible record that says I was ever here," I said. "There is something I have to take care of. Can I call you later for any updates on my condition?"๖๖๖๖.๓๐๖el๖๐๐m.๘๐m

"Yes... yes, of course you can," Evian's adrenaline rush began to subside with the knowledge that the criminals who had broken in were polite and not perverts.

For Cael and company, it was back to Havenstone. In my absence, a truce had been reached. Agent Maddox gave up any pretense of a normal life, as had Delliah. Mona and Charlotte had gone over to their respective dwellings, retrieved a change of clothes and basic toiletries so those two could remain and meet their commitments.

Delliah was going gun-less inside Havenstone – all appeals denied. Virginia kept hers due to her official status and an agreement with Javiera. FP Castello could hardly justify to her superiors ordering an investigative agent to surrender her weapon on US soil. For all of us, it was the tail-dragging end to a long-ass day. I still had a few promises to keep before I could cuddle up with a nice comfy pillow.๐๖๖.๓0๖el๖๐rm.(๘)๐m

Pamela could barely contain her glee. Was the source anything obvious? No. It was a victory conveyed with body posturing and a few courteous words from Corporate Security. Cael Ishara, the Great Uplifter of 'Runners' was up and about once more. No other House had joined my lone wagon train. No other 'Runners' had been exalted for their efforts in my absence, so my spry presence was most welcome.

Velma and her unit were waiting at the ground level to relieve Rachel and her crew.

"I'll put Ishar... Wakko Ishara to bed," Rachel yawned. Velma appeared quizzical. "His new designation is 'Wakko'."

"How appropriate," Velma responded deadpan. She'd get the joke later... when someone told her.

"Do we have any idea when Cael will be taking his vacation yet?" Pamela poked the issue.

"Four days," Velma answered. My trip to see Aya wasn't the issue.

"Thank goodness. I get to leave Buffy in charge. She can handle the Council and the inductions while I'm gone," I grinned. That was the issue – inductions.

My absence wouldn't curtail any of House Ishara's new missions. To the security guards, that was great news for them to spread around. Buffy was getting 'my' nod and being invested with the Goddess' Ishara's authority. As fitting with my impossible existence, that had never happened before either, but it was happening now.

When Tiger Lily and Charlotte joined us from the garage, we began our trip to the roof. Daphne, as House Ishara's honored guest was expected. I still had to officially request her assistance in the Council Chambers. I probably should have asked her Head of House as well. I had to hope Pamela's influence would carry the day. I was too damn tired.

Madori, Senior (whose name turned out to be Yalda – Lebanese), Helena and Buffy were waiting for us, as expected. Sydney, one of her siblings and Marilynn St. James were a bit of a shock. Three House Guards of – recognition took a second - House Anahit formed a screen for that group. I hadn't covered three meters when Marilynn noticed me and exploded.

"You Cock-sucker!" she screamed. "You killed her! She's shorn her hair and taken to the cliffs. How could you do that? She protected you," she ranted. "You murdered her!" In contrast, Sydney St. James and her sister were grieving, yet calm. They restrained Marilynn from a futile lunge in my direction.

What could I say? 'You are right?' 'I sacrificed your grandmother's life as part of a greater political play?' I had claimed ownership of every derogatory male, and gender neutral, descriptor in three languages. I was as bad as she said I was. Worse, I knew I would do it again if I had to. I was slipping that much more under the miasma of Amazon morality.