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The foster care system paid the non-existent caregivers for their non-existent charges and always refunded the money. It wasn't even fraud. Virginia was having a tough time of it - blatant criminality being discusses without reproach. She was assured they didn't 'hack the network'. That was too difficult since no three state systems had the same software.

No, they broke in and manually entered the data after hours. A vein along Virginia's hairline was beginning to throb dangerously. 48 felonies a year? Noooo. They had to break in every three months to update the files. That made it 192. The FBI had taken down whole Mafia families charged with far less numerous crimes.

Pamela handed her a mason jar of something most likely toxic and alcoholic and Virginia drank it like water. First Virginia fell down and gasped in agony. A jar and a half later, she was 'my buddy'. I had beautiful eyes and she had peeked under my sheets when I was in a coma and stroked my cock... then she had kissed it... but she had gone no farther*wŴw.(n)σσe(1)ŴoⓄM.com*

Delilah seemed pleased with my 'don't bang the plastered chic' rule and, with Mona's help, draped Virginia's limp arms over their shoulders and took her to bed - a torturous mission I had yet to endure. Virginia told Mona that she'd never been attracted to a girl, but she suddenly found the Amazon 'seductively dominant yet feminine'. By that point her speech was so slurred, we weren't 100% sure that was what she meant. Delilah bitched about not having a recording device for future leverage.

Why weren't the Amazons worried about telling a FBI Special Agent this? Where were her badge and authorized firearm? Goddess knows what blackmail they were generating against her if a serious case of character assassination was ever needed. Even Rhode Island had more than one Children's Services office and there was no timetable for the break-ins and no names to begin a back-search with.

And then I saw Aya.

Hers was one of the last groups to come in. The councilors were extra tough on the younger crowd. Every scrape, bruise and dress down increased their students' chance of surviving their 12th year test - life and death.

Unlike Loraine's group, Aya's band was under tighter discipline. This wasn't 'standing at attention'. The Amazons didn't do that. Instead, this was a kind of 'stand easy', allowing some movement of the upper body and head. The leader's growling began - lowering her voice as she criticized and belittled her wards. I got angry. As I said earlier, I would make a lousy soldier.

I drew up and discarded my choices. Bum-rushing my sister Amazons? Inexcusable. Ignoring them and greeting Aya? How would I feel if the roles were reversed? Wait patiently? This is me I was thinking about!

'Love more than hate'. 'Above even those, I adore humor...'

Off I strolled. Miyako was kind enough to let me spot her tagging along. Rachel and Pamela were giving me more space. A secondary Amazon teacher glanced my way so I gave her a friendly smile. Her look was one of mild confusion. My muscles were coiling up, yet she didn't feel threatened. She was right.

About three meters out, somewhat behind the leader and facing the group of Camp sprouts, I eye-balled a patch of earth and bent down until my hands touched dirt. My body folded up, the weight went forward and then I unfolded into a handstand. Acrobatic stunts are fun, both amusing and erotic. As fun as they were to learn - for charity, they were even more fun to teach.

Without a doubt, naked aerobics have their own special place in my heart. I wasn't aiming for eroticism this time around. I was clowning around. My actions were a distraction yet not out of bounds. There was no camp regulation forbidding laughter, or eliciting laughter. A different councilor glanced my way then nudged the boss.

"What?" the leader half-turned to look me over.

"I'm in LOVE," I sighed lustily. Blinking all around.

"That is fascinating, Cael Ishara, but not relevant to my instructions," she explained.*wŴw.flOVE(1)ŴóR.m.cⓄm*

"I'll be quiet," I pledged while going to a one handed handstand. By then, all the councilors had turned toward me, plus several different age groups had migrated down from the open-air Dining Hall.

"The absence of sound does not lessen your impact, Ishara," the woman continued. I had to tilt my head to a painful angle so that I could make eye contact as I smiled at her. I hopped from my left hand to my right, almost toppling over at the end. That almost-accident added to my appeal. Nothing is quite as interesting as someone else's near failure.

"He is Cael," Priya spoke up. She'd hung back until now. That clarified my 'one of the girls' societal position.

"Oh?" the leader grinned. "I am Sophia. Come here." Hey, I had shed my hierarchical buffer to reduce the quantity of ruffled feather so over I went. "You could have used your legs."

"I miss my days viewing life as a Leprechaun," I spread a thick dose of Irish-green honeyed brogue over that bizarre fallacy. The pint-sized crowd giggled. Much to my relief, the adult Amazons chose snickers over scowls. Sophia circled and squatted in front of my elbow, then tapped my right flank. I took that as a cue to hand-turn around so instead of having my back to her and having to crane my neck, we could look face to face, with one of us being upside down. The young audience had suspended breathing in order to better overhear our exchange.

"He can't have sex with any of us for fifty days," Priya added. Ah... visible disappoint.

"Go get something to eat," Sophia commanded. She still had work to do.

"I am in the presence of my \*\*\*\*\*," I responded. My Old Kingdom Hittite patchwork term of affection was more than a mouthful. As far as the Amazon tongue goes, it was also clearly invented by me.

"Daddy!" Aya squeaked. It had slipped out and she'd tried to squelch it, but only been partially successful. Her happiness was evident to all.

[OKH] "What you said make no sense," Sophia chided me. I was really warming up to her after an initial bad impression.

"I am 'oath-honored', Aya is 'daughter of my brother' and 'he died in battle'," I explained in English. It didn't make too much more sense even then.

"I didn't know you had a brother?" Sophia tapped my abdomen. I took that to be a 'request' for me to stand up, so I did. "Exactly when and where did he die in battle?" She stood to match me.

"Well... ah... he sort of died a few generations back... about a 120 of them," I looked somewhat evasive. "You know how bad the Postal Service can get around Christmas. The news was a little late getting to me."

"Fine," Sophia studied me. "The 'Christmas Scam' takes care of the last 100 generations. What about the first twenty?"

"The message was written on a ten ton stele and addressed to my nom de guerre, "Cabbage Head," I elaborated. "It was also written in Harappan ideograms. You know how bad that can be to decipher - really, does a stork look all that different from an Ibis?*ŴŴ.πoŴêŁwOσ(π).Ⓞom*

"I see the root of the problem," Sophia took on a scholarly aura. "Harappan's used script, not ideograms, nor did they have an Ibis in any way, shape, or form."

"Ibis... they must have meant 'Flamingo'. Those are native to Western India and the Persian Gulf," I kept the word-play going.

"Wait," Sophia held up her hand. "Does anyone know if there is now, or ever has been, a flamingo species native to Pakistan?" she addressed the crowd.

"Yes," a mocha skin beauty resembling Rhada volunteered. "It is the Greater Flamingo."*wŴŴ.NσσeŁσo(σ)m.ⓄσM*

"Not as great as your I... colorful recounting of events," Sophia narrowed her eyes playfully.

"How about I sit here nice and quiet while you finish your duties?" I offered.

"Capital idea," Sophia nodded. She turned back to her troop and the tongue-lashings resumed.

The sole twinkle in the eyes that mattered to me was Aya's. Even after amassing a Cael-level dose of failure assessment, she didn't crack. Sophia had barely initiated her dismissing gesture when Aya charged me.

"I knew you would make it!" she yipped. She leapt into my arms.

"I missed you so much, \*\*\*\*\*," I laughed as I pulled her up into the air, sent her flying then caught her petite, giggling form. The personal honorific 'boon-companion' was pure Amazon. Size and age differences aside, it was one of the most truthful things in my life - with Aya at my side when things looked bleakest, nothing would ever seem impossible.