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I could so nail every single (over 17 year old) babe in this place and come back for seconds. But Noooo. Those sadistic monster were Muspelheim-bent on squashing my libido until I exploded. Death by sexual denial... I wondered how Virginia would put that in her report. Since I was covered in dried blood and sand, Caprica decided I had to take a shower.

Funny, I thought we were rationing water (it had to be toted up from the springs). Funny, I could have sworn one of those tunnels had showers in it. Funny, I recalled a joking conversation last night about me using the communal showers while behaving. Funny, I found myself in the flimsiest cloth contraption every designed by capricious three year olds, showering outdoors.

I had visions of M*A*S*H - the movie - except the shower curtain coming down was redundant. My 'screening' was made of cheese cloth that immediately began to disintegrate when it made contact with water... you know, like a shower. On the upside, they were helpful. By that I mean, Amazons were tripping over themselves to offer me things I hadn't even dreamed of asking for... or knew even existed.

Did you know there is a special stick you use for killing scorpions? It was completely different from the beetle spearing stick. I was supposed to eat the beetles. I ask that they point me to Anya Amasova (Barbara Bach - she was married to a Beetle). I could also eat the scorpions as long as I avoided the tip of the tail. Pamela had already cautioned me that some of their venom could be hallucinogenic.

I reminded her I didn't need 'bug juice' to make me delusional. Instead of the Scorpions, I asked if I could have a go at Halestorm, since their lead singer was a young, hot American lass named Lzzy Hale from a place called Red Lion (how cool is that?), not some aging male Teutonic metal-head from Hannover.*wu.w.n.v.e.f.worm.com*

They assured me they had no idea what I was talking about. 'Trust, but verify'? Who in the fuck could I trust out here to verify anything? I was learning something new all the time... the symmetry of the Camp Amazons being helpful and the electron bomb in my head giving me helpful, unsolicited combat maneuvers wasn't lost on me.

For all my fellow, sex-hungry males, don't let you giving a bad first impression, or a girl thinking little of you, make you give up the hunt. Once she has low expectations, it is far easier to impress her. Don't run straight for the Stanley Cup. She's put you in a Pee-Wee House League so aim for the 'Juvenile' (that's the 18 to 20 year olds) Roster.

That way, if you slip up later, you have left yourself room for improvement. Do that and she is enchanted with what she might have started off considering an 'average' performance. Girls like it when you 'work for it' in the same ways guys get off on their lady dressing up so that they have the best looking babe when the two of you enter the club, or party.

Caprica had assessed me to be a 'Ginormous pain in her ass' before I ever set foot in the desert. Her attitude had infected her command. That meant, every little step I made toward their healthy enjoyment of me treading in their environs was magnified by their original notion that I was a lowdown, bossy, vile step-above a satyr. I had some good fortune too.

Sophia had been a big help, treating my gymnastics and comedy routine as amusing distractions instead of disrespectful behavior. The post-campfire song combat episode was a combination of Rachel and Pamela winning without throwing a blow. That helped me by the 'rule of four' - Amazons and their careful choice of companions.

My worth was elevated by having clever cohorts in the same way the Fatal Squirts basked in Aya's company. To a horse-culture like the Amazons, my treating my mount as an equal in the hunt, seeing to her needs before my own and Peppermint's clear acceptance of my behavior was critically revealing.*w(w)W.N.v(e)lwOrM.có(m)*

The Amazons held to the truism that a good measure of a person's basic human empathy was exhibited by how they treated their domesticated animals. Peppermint had been chosen for me because of her gentle disposition. That didn't explain how she melded with me when we chased down that javelina, how she came when I gave a gentle summons, and how we travelled as one.

A rider's posture was as important as the horse's gait. When the two meshed, you could cover many more kilometers between rest stops. Contrary to some modern feminists' way of thinking, being compared to an animal wasn't demeaning to these ladies. The Host religion had always been only a few grades advanced beyond shamanism/totemism. Horses?

The initial Amazon flight had been over the Caucasus and onto the Pontic Steppe. There their chariots were outmatched by the local Cimmerian peoples. It was the Scythians that came to their aid. The Scythians were constantly warring with the Cimmerians and their noblewomen rode into battle beside their men.

The Scythian noblewomen 'adopted' the Amazons and the Amazons adopted the Scythian horse-born lifestyle. Internecine warfare wasn't what the miniature Host wanted. With the Scythians pushing west, the Cimmerians were displacing to the south to pillage the old Amazon homeland, eradicating their roots from history as well as destroying their erstwhile Hittite allies.*www(w).novellwORRM.có(m)*

The Amazons, with their new steeds and battle tactics, vacated the new Scythian lands, migrated to the Western Pannonian Plain and ended up with the Second Betrayal. Important to my tale was the growth of an unsophisticated horse-spirit worship into the veneration of the Celtic Horse-Goddess Epona and making it a pivotal part of Amazon spiritualism.

Only in Africa did the bond waver. Asiatic horses sickened and died in the alien ecosystem, leaving those houses to revive the original Amazon 'Runner' style of combat. Lesson: horses and hunting... bravery, solidarity and sisterhood. They were finding excuses to set aside their old gender ideology, keep me in close proximity and not feeling on edge.

I still wasn't one of the girls. For some reason, I continuously found myself shirtless - vest-less too if they could make up an excuse. Whiskers were a new sensation they had to sample. Poor Miyako, Virginia and Delilah were inundated with requests to explain the how's, why's and wherefores of my sexual potency. Miyako took to 'hiding in plain sight' the pestering got so unremitting.

Virginia loudly proclaimed 'we had never had sex', only to become viewed as non-credible and selfish for her unwillingness to share. Delilah had already figured out she was in 'virgin' territory. Not 'virgin' as unsexed. No...'virgin', as in "Harlequin what?", "You mean 'Fifty Shades of Grey' isn't about color-coding?"

Who was Lady Chatterley, was being a 'Lady' a power position and in what condition did she keep her lover? Delilah was a perverted nāgī in the Garden of Eden. Besides the plethora of porn imbedded in her memory, she also felt a feminine obligation to educate the erotically illiterate.

Night two - how to make a man give acceptable cunnilingus and why they should never settle for less.

Night three - fellatio with an advance course on what hoops to make your designated playmate jump through before rewarding him with some deep-throat action. Delilah was virtually the female 'me'; helpful and educational while being petty and selfish (except I was never petty.)

Night four's agenda was training your male in proper breast play, identifying your pleasure points and ensuring he memorizes every last one of them.

Night five - Kissing? Man, was that ass-backward.*WwW.(n)0v6lW6rm.cóM*

I didn't worry overmuch. Aya and her Squirt squad hung out with Pamela and me. We scaled a chimney path to the mesa top - the Squirts and my first time. Pamela and my Miyako Monkey had made the journey earlier in the day. We watched our mesa's shadow reach out across the broad valley until it cloaked the closest mesa to the west. We might not have been overlooking the Painted Desert, but this was our own private portion of paradise.

There was a bit of a traffic jam on the way down. The Amazons posted snipers along the top of the mesa at all times. Three watched over the camp while the other two took shelter in blinds that allowed them to watch the other approaches to our haven. Goddess Paranoia was alive and Kicking.

Rachel proved true to her word. I was unable to wrangle a single moment of 'alone time' with Miyako, or Delilah. I was sure that Delilah would have jumped at the chance as this testosterone/estrogen cocktail was an incredible turn on for her. Pamela hinted that Miyako was biding her time.

(Midnight in the Grotto of Good and Evil)

We were in one of the underground pools at the bottom of the mesa. Our tour guide had informed us there were nine known caves and the complex had never been fully explored due to the remaining waterways being totally submerged. It was well past midnight, all my little friends had crashed out and I had wisely ditched my security after Miyako silently woke me up with her hand over my mouth.

She pulled my hand to her lips and sucked deeply on two of my digits. I took this to be an indicator to me she was in dire need of loving. The grotto was my idea. I was inspired by my desire to see her naked and I couldn't risk a light source any place but underground. The tool shed and garage lacked a certain appeal. The fuel depot and septic tank were also ruled out.

[Nipponese] "Is the chaos in your mind still raging, Cael?" Miyako asked with enough worry to doubly enhance her cuteness.

[Nipponese] "Which of the twenty-seven unexplained languages rolling around in my head do you want me to answer you in?" my toothy grin barely visible in the darkness.

Around half way through my sexual enlightenment in college, I had a revelation. The two guys I had gone road-tripping with took me to a bar in Portsmouth. I caught a woman looking us over. I already had my one-night stand lined up and she was looking most agreeable to my nefarious skullduggery (i. e. she had come with some other guy who preferred beer and darts with his buddies over keeping his attention on what mattered).

And then my awakening.