Lycan Pleasure / 989

989

At the lobby, I picked up Velma and her team, Vincent, Miyako and Selena. Rachel and her squad

needed a break. With a trip to Europe coming up, they needed to catch up on their rest and doublecheck their weapon readiness. I imagined having a little time with their families wouldn't suck either. "Okay Vincent, let's resolve our little bet," Pamela suggested. Not only was she stripping down the

tag-alongs for my journey home, she was cementing her rapport with Javiera's latest offering. I still

had two serious problems. I had to find Saku someplace to say. I also had to touch base with

Miyako. I took on the second one first, once our ride had exited the garage.

[Nipponese] "How bad is it?" I asked my ninja-acrobat.

[Nipponese] "There is nothing we can talk about," Selena intervened.

[Nipponese] "One of the seven families betrayed the other six, Cáel," Miyako opened up. Selena clearly didn't approve of the revelation.

[Nipponese] "Very well," I mused. "Could two teams of Amazons do you any good when you head home?" I didn't have permission to commit any resources – yet. More to the issue, I was pledging eight women. It may have sounded like miniscule aid, except these were ninjas we were talking about. Small unit tactics were the name of the game. "I also want to send an ambassador and her bodyguard home with you to keep open communications."

Miyako studied me. She didn't have the authority to bring anyone into her very private struggle.

[Nipponese] "As long as they understand the limitations the... seven families operate under. We have agreements with numerous home corporations and security services."

"Understood," I nodded. "Don't forget, you bear an heir to House Ishara with you now."

"What have you done?" Buffy tapped my shoulder.

Families in their struggle in Japan," I explained. "House Ishara can meet that obligation," Buffy surprised me.

"I've committed eight members of the Security Detail and Executive Services to aid the Seven

"Security?" I asked.

"Kohar Marda offered ten of her house guard to help train up our own in-house security," Buffy

smirked. "I think I can have four of them doing that training overseas." "Loyalty and courage will account for more than the skills of the ninja at this time," Miyako bowed.

"Are you and I still heading for my home ground?" Selena inquired.

"How about we head out in two days?" I asked.

"You are a fool," Saku grumbled to me. I returned her stare.

Sakuniyas lectured.

"That can be done," she nodded.

"You are leaving the safety of the ranks of the Host and your own House to seek out... who exactly?"

all but them, the High Priestess and the Keeper of Records."

Baraqu, or Cáel, they can't leave you alone." The truth sucks.

Wiesława's call came.

business - protecting me.

"The lost sons of House Arinniti and... the offspring of lyrcae of House Illuyankamunus," I enlightened them.

"They were not one of the First Houses, though the name is Amazon. You may find this oddly coincidental, considering where we plan to go. See, House Illuyankamunus is the only house that does not have a matron deity.

They are Daughters of the Primordial Dragon and the spirit that guards their afterlife is unknown to

"Who?" Delilah wondered. I looked to Selena.

"We are going to Transylvania to hunt down 'children of the Dragon'?" Delilah snorted. "Are any going to help us?" Wiesława asked.

"No. House Illuyankamunus only has eight members left, and they are all on missions for the Host, except the Head of House who remains trapped with the Council," I relayed. "Besides, Krasimira

suggested to me that they weren't all that interested in any of lyrcae's brood."

"So why are you locating them then?" Delilah pressed. I paused.

didn't work. How about those men and women need to be aware of their history?" "The Gods and Goddesses are fucking with you," Saku cut through the propaganda. "Be you Alal,

"Women are stupid and need a man to tell them what to do..." I stated. No one spoke. "Okay, that

(Making choices we can live with) "Trouble," Wiesława relayed to our vehicle. Velma had an 'issue' at my apartment. She'd gone

ahead in order to see to my security. My GL-550 had come within a block of the apartment when

"Tell me what the problem is," I demanded. Wiesława relayed my request.

"Your roommate won't let them search your bedroom," was the answer I got back.w \mathbb{W} \otimes .n(\circ) \boldsymbol{v} \mathbb{E} lw \circ $\boldsymbol{\mathcal{R}}$ m.c \boldsymbol{o} \otimes

"Fuck that," I grumbled. "Tell Velma I'm coming up. Wiesława, take us to the front of my place." She

her blue-tooth to Velma. She wisely didn't pass on Velma's vitriol at me poking my nose into my SD's

gave me a cautious look, testing my resolve. Sensing that I'd jump out if I had to, she spoke over

As we pulled up and double-parked, everyone piled out. $\mathbf{w} \cdot \mathbf{w} \cdot \mathbf$ "Are we going to need any "extra" assistance?" Delilah suggested. Considering the flock of 'followup' cars and SUV's tailing us, I wasn't overly worried about the law enforcement

What was I worried about? It wasn't dark yet on a weekday and Timothy was home. Since Velma would have informed me if he was toting around the Black Death, this had to be a crisis of a personal nature... most likely my personal nature. Wiesława struggled to keep pace with me as I took the stairs three at a time. She'd given up on me letting her go first.

first... "I really don't think you'll need your sword, Saku," Delilah advised. "Timothy's not that kind of trouble."

At the third floor landing we came across one of Velma's team covering that approach. A second

member was at the door and from inside, I could hear Velma cursing in OKH under her breath. But

"Hey Velma, Crewe (who, together with Constanza, I'd sparred with, way long ago) and Timothy," I loudly announced myself just as I stepped in. "What seems to be the problem?" Timothy sighed and gave a head-toss to my closed bedroom door. Since I didn't want to be an asshole, I turned to

Velma. "Let me send a neutral party to check things out." I had so many to choose from - Miyako,

Selena, Vincent and Delilah. Saku might kill on general principle. Buffy and Wiesława were Amazons and I was beginning to think that Amazons... shit. I sighed, groaned and lowered my head. I looked to Timothy and clapped my wrists together (slave-like). He nodded. Rhada. Mother-puss-bucket! What was I going to do?

"I've changed my mind - Velma, the room is fine," I started off. "I know for a certainty that my life is

not imperiled by my visitor. Everyone else, I am about to have sex, so could you please head out to

a restaurant and give me an hour, or two?" I took in the rest. Timothy coughed and pointed to the

ceiling. "Three hours..." another cough, "four hours." No more coughing. "Who is it?" Buffy snarled, lest I forgot that I was her scratching post. She was resenting the lack of scratching going on between us. I was about to tell her I needed some private time,... or just not tell her anything. But I was working on not being a jerk. I pulled Buffy to Timothy's room and gave her

the lowdown. She mulled over the information. Her wrapping a hand around the back of my head

"Okay," she smiled. "Please don't think I'm not righteously pissed with the two of you... but I know

and pulling me into a steamy kiss was unlooked for.

Timothy and me.

Wagon arrived.

peeved and she knew it

you are doing the best you can with your limited survival instincts. I'll take care of everyone." Off she went and in moments, the room had cleared out until it was just

"She stopped by work this afternoon looking pretty badly beaten up - emotionally," he explained. "I doubt she's slept in three days and she's really confused about all kinds of things. I was in the process of letting her know you weren't going to be back for two more days when the Welcome

"Thanks buddy," I hugged him. "A few hundred guys tried to kill me and Aya last night, so we came back early. Now," I steeled myself, opened the door and entered my room. Rhada was at the head of the bed, her knees pulled up to her chin and my pillows stacked up around her in some sad effort at a visual barrier.

Her eyes had a sunken quality to them that suggested someone two steps past hopelessness. She

was waiting for me to say something, which was an added truckload of bad news in my book. I

began to undress in an unhurried manner. The shirt came off. Working the belt free came next.

"I've missed you," I said in a calm, yet positive manner. No response.

I figured the last thing she needed, before seeing you, was public exposure," he said.

I finished undressing while she remained frozen and emotionally clouded. I made some semieducated guesses. Her mind was probably an incomprehensible cyclone of clashing upbringing principles and adult desires. She didn't need to be built up, Rhada needed to be rescued. That kind

of emotional crisis was something I didn't need, or want, at this moment in my life. Rhada had nowhere else to go. Her martial bravery was of no use in the matter of her heart's

insistent call. Her fear was of a different nature. She was looking down that unholy, dark corridor that

was the last walk of all failed Amazons. She craved her personal slavery to a man and master. It

was tough to move farther away from her native culture than that... or so she thought.

"Have you missed me?" I asked with authority. I ran two fingers along her left jawline. Rhada nodded. It was a rather feeble effort. "I asked you a question." "Yes," she sniffled. "I am curious why you are hiding your body from me, Rhada," I prodded her. I wasn't 'curious'; I was

"I don't know why I'm here," she moaned. "Oh..." I mused. I was on her like lightning.

She struggled weakly as we rolled around until she was ass-up on my lap. I had her right arm

pinned to her back. Two sharp blows rained down on her covered posterior. Just two for now.

have repeatedly taken you by force as my captive," two more with her accompanying moan.

"I asked you a question. We both know your answer was inadequate," I spoke softly. Two more stinging, open-handed slaps to her buttocks. "I have defeated you in battle," two more smacks. "I

was simple: punishment and reward were mine to dispense, not for her to demand. "I'm sorry," she mumbled.

"The incompetent are sorry - failures are sorry - useless people are sorry," I stated, followed by two

more loud, cupped-hand blows on her ass. "People apologize when they commit an error. People

apologize if they plan to learn from their mistakes. Now, are you someone else's miserable excuse

"What makes you think you can defy me now, Rhada?" The promised blows did not fall. "I own you,

don't I?" She moaned wantonly from anticipation of the spanking that wasn't coming. The lesson

for a human being, or are you MY person who learns from her lapses in judgment?" "I bring shame to my people," she whimpered. Two more smacks fell upon her backside.

"Why do you insist on insulting me, Rhada?" two more, far harder, spanks landed causing her to

gasp in pain. "Of all the Amazons I have defeated, I picked you to be mine - captive - no other. I

thought you had the fierce spirit worthy of my fighting prowess $\mathbf{W}\hat{\mathbf{W}}.\mathbf{n}$ ó $\bigcirc e$ 1 \mathbf{w}_{e} $\mathbf{\tilde{R}}$ $\mathbf{M}.c$ $\bigcirc \mathbf{M}$

Your crawling up and dying inside disappoints me," I continued. It didn't disappoint me; it scared me Rhada was so fiery and feisty. Seeing her mentally ground down into a crippled state at at my mind.

intent to move her, face down, to the middle of the bed. As I straddled her, I dragged her hands over

"I'm afraid, Cáel," she choked out between her tears. The emotional riptide she was going through caused her to shake uncontrollably. I telegraphed my

her head and crossed her wrists. I nuzzled her shoulder, the crux of her neck, and ear.

"What are you afraid of, my captive?" I murmured. The term 'captive' along with the gentle affections brought forth a pleasurable response from her.

pressing down on me as you are doing now. I beg to be spanked, lashed, tease and tormented by you. Steal my sight and hearing. Render me

helpless and utterly at your mercy, my Cáel," she pleaded. I'd allow the 'my'.

"I am perverse," she whispered. "I want you to take me as I cry and scream. I want to feel your body

"And?" she was confused.

"And?" I mused.