

KD Rebel

By David Lane

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Preface

When the laws of men decree the death of one's race, then the laws of nature demand rebellion. (The 10th Rejoinder)

The life of a race is in the wombs of its women. A race whose males will not fight to keep its women will perish. (The Precepts)

From time immemorial, those out of power have raised armies with promises of plunder, revenge, and the seizing of women. - David Lane

Introduction

The time is early in the 21st century, within the borders of the former United States. Generations of *"dark is handsome"* propaganda, unceasing promotion of inter-racial mating, open borders, anti-White programs, combined with unending demonization of the *"evil White male"*, has accomplished its intended effect. Less than one percent of earth's population were White women of child-bearing age or younger, and not mated with non-Whites.

For many decades, America had denied the White race its own nations, schools, organizations, and everything necessary for racial survival, while at the same time race-mixing was promoted and enforced with fanatic fervor.

Passage of the *"Harmony Laws"*, giving large cash grants to all inter-racial couples involving a White woman were the last straw for many disenfranchised White males. Several thousand of them, mostly young, migrated to the Colorado Rocky Mountains.

At the time of the events chronicled here, these rebels had established tenuous control over portions of Western Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. They call this *"Kinsland"*, and they use the initials KD as a short appellation for a guerrilla army of Kinsland Defenders.

Futilely they had pleaded with the dwindling number of young White women to join them, but with only a few exceptions their anguished pleas were scornfully rejected with the System's mindless buzzwords, like racist, sexist and bigot. So, since the first two prerequisites for the survival of a race are territory and breeding stock, history repeated itself.

Over twelve hundred years earlier, some Aryan folk migrated to Scandinavia to escape the race-denying, universalist, alien tyrannical religion from Rome and Judea. Only thus could they keep their race alive. From Scandinavia they went *"a-viking"*, raiding occupied Europe for mates and for the necessities of life. Kinslanders of the 21st century followed the example of heroic ancestors.

Most Kinslanders are Wotanists (Odinists), whose speech reflect the indigenous religion of the White race. With words like Midgard (earth), Valhalla (hall of heroes), Norns (goddesses of fate), Sons of Muspell (the racial-religious tribe that rules the world and sentenced the White race to death), and Skraelings (non-Whites).

This account relates a period in the life of some Kinsland folk.

Chapter 1: The First Day

Lights dimmed in the garish nightclub except for those illuminating the stage. A disembodied voice proclaimed, " And now the Palace is proud to present the featured act of the evening, the most erotic spectacle ever seen by mortal man!"

Two stunningly beautiful young women entered the stage, a statuesque blonde, identified by the announcer as Candy, and a willowy brunette named Heather. Their costumes were a welcome change from the tawdry lingerie worn by the dreary strippers, most of them Skraelings, who had humped and bumped their way through previous acts.

Tennis skirts extended just inches below the juncture of their elegant legs. Halter tops color co-ordinated to their skirts revealed taught, trim midriffs, while bobby sox and athletic shoes enhanced their fresh, youthful appearance. The impression was of two wholesome girls, just past their teens, prepared for a sports outing. Others might have found their charms reminiscent of high school cheerleaders, flashing glimpses of lithe limbs and blossoming female mysteries. The dichotomy of modesty and temptation was overwhelmingly provocative.

The audience erupted in boisterous, vulgar and deafening applause, dwarfing anything heard earlier. However, the reaction of two men seated near the back of the smoke-filled club was dutiful at best, just sufficient to avoid undue attention. They were not risking their lives inside System territory just to watch a striptease show. The younger of the two was stocky, clean shaven, dressed in jeans and a sport shirt. He appeared to be in his mid-twenties. In response to the thunderous applause he leaned closer to his companion and commented, "Seems like White women are still the most desired creatures on Midgard, huh, Trebor?"

Trebor, a whip-lean man fifteen years older, sporting a short, neatly trimmed beard, replied, "Yeah, what few of them there still are."

As the raucous noise subsided, the sound of sensuous music could be heard. The two girls on stage faced each other within touching distance, and began to undulate in a provocative sexual dance, synchronized to the music. Their incomparable charms were blatant and undeniable. Equal in beauty, yet with complementary differences, they formed the ideal blend for visual erotica. The voluptuous Candy was the epitome of classic Nordic beauty. Her long shimmering tresses, the color of ripe, yellow wheat, swung freely around her shoulders. A trim waistline accentuated the matchless symmetry of her hips and breasts. Golden skin and flawless geometric curves of calves and inner thighs projected that effect which causes a man to literally ache with need and desire.

She was Aphrodite, goddess of love, sex and wanton lust, reincarnated in the flesh, reborn to command, perform and orchestrate primordial pagan fertility rites.

If Candy was the essence of Aphrodite, then Heather was a Vestal Virgin. Short brown hair framed a delicate face. A cute nose and expressive eyes proclaimed demure modesty. Her slender figure mirrored the nubile form of a nymph, just past puberty. Each exquisite inch declared the passion of first sexual awakening. She was girlish innocence, fearful yet eager, an irresistible invitation to be ravished and deflowered.

Looking deep in each other's eyes, the curvaceous pair began to flirt. With hands resting intimately on each other's hips, they performed in suggestive oscillation the primeval siren song of invitation and consummate carnal lust. To music they parodied the timeless amatory game of domination and submission, or seducer and quarry, of hunter and prey, that generates and underlies intense sexual arousal. Enhancing the fantasy with the allure of the illicit, the blonde goddess revealed herself as a sexual predator. Her hands roamed the velvet-smooth contours of Heather's bare sides and back, then strayed elsewhere, as if by chance or accident, brushing lightly over breasts and flanks.

Impertinent fingers undermining inhibitions while retaining deniability.

The lissom Heather played her role flawlessly, appearing unsure whether to welcome, or resist, the tantalizing and pleasurable caresses once forbidden to another of her own sex. She trembled in eager but apprehensive anticipation of increasingly intimate intrusions on sacrosanct female anatomy. Like a delicate exotic bird, hypnotized by a swaying cobra, the lovely image of innocence submitted to the immodest familiarity and impudent violation of maidenly decorum.

The young man sitting with Trebor asked, "Do you think they really are lesbians?"

"No, Eric, it's highly doubtful," Trebor declared.

"I agree," said Eric, "but why are you so certain?"

Trebor pondered a moment, then expounded, "Men are programmed by nature to be voyeurs. A beautiful woman's body, performing the primal choreography of sexual temptation and arousal is the ultimate aphrodisiac. But men are also programmed to be jealous of other males. So two women performing together doubles the erotic effect with no threat from another male. These girls are paid to please a male audience. In this age, it's doubtful they had many inhibitions to start with, but if so, drugs probably overcame them. I'd bet my life savings that what we see is just an act."

"That's exactly my guess," Eric agreed, and then kidded, "What life savings?" Trebor only grunted in reply. Eric's question was reasonable, though. It was common knowledge that Trebor donated most of the plunder from his raids into System territory to needy Kinsland families. So it was doubtful he had any substantial savings. To date, unlike other KD veterans who had already captured a wife or more wives plural, Trebor had never taken time off from guerrilla warfare for the pleasure of female company. Instead, even as they spoke, Trebor's eyes roamed the room, and the younger man followed his example.

Pretending interest in the show, they circumspectly surveyed the crowd, hoping to spot the owner, one Sidney (Sid) Cohen. KD sympathizers in the Denver area had fingered Sid Cohen as a likely target for retribution and plunder. In addition to the Porno Palace, Cohen owned a chain of pornographic bookstores and theatres. Reliable sources reported that Sid was also a major cocaine distributor who used that drug to procure and control his stable of striptease dancers. Because the stars of Sid's stable were White women, he was a logical target for retribution. Past experience had shown that men like Cohen usually kept substantial sums of cash in their homes, hidden from tax collectors. Invariably the pervert could be "persuaded" to reveal the location of his money, and when necessary the combination to a safe.

Cohen didn't appear to be in the club at the moment, so the avenging duo settled back to wait for closing time.

"What percent of the guys in here would you say are White?" Eric asked his comrade.

Trebor considered for a moment, then replied, "Maybe twenty percent."

"That's what I estimated," the younger man agreed, adding, "This audience sure mirrors 21st century America: eighty percent Negro, Mexican, Oriental and mixtures."

"Yeah, and still the media calls them minorities," Trebor snorted.

While they had been talking, the action on stage increased in intensity. In the ancient, time-tested manner of all of her sex, Heather presented token resistance to Candy's amorous intrusions, knowing instinctively that female favors too easily obtained are seldom deeply treasured.

These subtleties were beyond the comprehension of the boorish spectators, who nonetheless responded with wild approbation to the unfolding drama.

Candy was always the aggressor, initiating each new step in the unveiling of feminine privacies. The coquettish squirming of Heather's supple body betrayed a growing urge to taste the honeyed fruits of verboten pleasures.

The disrobing each of the other proceeded with artful elegance. Heather's saucy breasts, although less prominent than Candy's buxom mounds, were ideally proportioned to her slender figure, and equally stunning. Pert nipples projected in arousal from tempting aureolae, begging silently to be touched, savored and tasted.

The effect of such incredible beauty, enhanced by duality, now revealed in natural splendid glory, was so arousing of fundamental, primal lust that the crowd moaned collectively in awe and desire. Eric seized the moment of relative quiet to comment, "Damndest thing I ever saw."

"And hopefully their last such performance here," Trebor growled. "But you said it's all an act," Eric protested, assuming Trebor's comment to mean the two girls' life expectancy had just been shortened to hours at best.

"It is an act. I was speaking of those White girls exposing their goodies to Skraelings."

The conversation still left Eric unsure of Trebor's intentions. In the past, his comrade had been absolutely ruthless in exterminating White male race traitors, but he had been forgiving of wayward White women unless their treason was exceptionally blatant. Trebor often said that defense of the race was men's responsibility. Wayward women should be captured, taken to Kinsland, re-educated and impregnated. Indeed, such was now standard procedure for KD.

On stage, the girls' repertoire changed from subtle and suggestive seduction to shameless crudity, much to the delight of the vulgar spectators. Heather abandoned the last iota of modesty, the last pretense of inhibitions. In the throes of passion she sealed her own debauchment, inciting the blonde femme fatale to molest her writhing body, teasing with thrusting pelvis and coquettish wiggles of her shapely derriere.

Candy explored every inch of the captured brunette's charms with hands now devoid of tenderness. It was closer to rape than love. Her hungry hands violated the once-demure girl's charms with the most intrusive of indecent liberties. Soon the brunette's exquisite body was writhing in apparent rapture, punctuated with moans of ecstasy, concluding with the involuntary convulsions of intense orgasm.

The show was over. The girls separated and waved to the crowd, responding to thunderous applause. A cascade of wadded-up cash was thrown at the stage. As the girls retrieved the money and their clothes, a short, frizzy-haired, middle-aged man bounded onto the stage.

"That's Cohen," Trebor said. The menace in his voice was palpable. With a hand-held microphone, Cohen exhorted additional applause for the girls. Finally he and the strippers exited the stage, into what appeared to be a

dressing room. The lights brightened and bouncers began hurrying customers out of the club.

Eric and Trebor blended in with the crowd, then ambled casually to their car. A little over two hours earlier, they had maneuvered the innocuous dark-colored 4-door sedan they were using into a spot at the back of the parking lot belonging to Sid's Porno Palace. They had picked a place affording unrestricted sight of both the side and front entrances to the building.

As always when KD operated inside System territory, they drove a stolen car and kept a supply of purloined license plates in the trunk. With the advent of computerized identification capabilities in almost all police vehicles, no member of the resistance dared to submit even to routine stops by the authorities. They stole the kind of vehicles least likely to draw attention, made certain that headlights, tail lights, brake lights and signal lights were in working order, and obeyed all traffic laws.

On those rare occasions when a KD soldier was nonetheless signaled to pull over, whether by sirens, lights or bullhorns, they had no option but to fight. The standard procedure was to immediately stop, jump out with an assault rifle, and totally neutralize the enemy, then either change license plates or abandon the vehicle. There was no sense trying to outrun radios or helicopters.

In the back seat under a blanket were two backpacks containing emergency rations, water and first-aid kits, in case it did become necessary to abandon a vehicle. Also hidden under the blanket were two .308 caliber rifles and ballistic vests. The vest had custom-made pockets for extra ammunition clips, both for the rifles and for the 9mm handguns concealed on the KD raiders' bodies.

Trebor unlocked the driver's door while Eric used his own key to enter the passenger side. All members on a mission carried keys to all vehicles in case of separation or the death of the driver. As always, the dome light was disconnected to allow surreptitious entry and exit at night. After donning the vests beneath outer clothing, they relaxed, affecting that curious air of apparent unconcern so common to combat veterans, but their watchful eyes were ever alert for police, for anything unusual, and especially for the emergence of Sid Cohen from his gaudy night club. Eric, despite his youthful appearance, had participated in numerous raids over the last six years. His companion's looks were equally deceiving. Dressed in grey slacks and a blue pullover sweater, he could easily pass for a doctor or college professor. In reality, he was one of the most feared and respected KD in all of Kinsland. Proficient in the most functional of several martial arts disciplines and absolutely ruthless with enemies, his exploits were legendary.

Eric was still curious about Trebor's intentions regarding Candy and Heather. Passing time while they waited for Cohen, who undoubtedly was counting the

night's proceeds, he broached the subject in an oblique manner. "If we are going to stop those girls from performing again, how do we get their addresses?" he queried.

"Mr. Cohen will tell us." The menace in Trebor's voice had not diminished one iota when the subject was the porno king. A few years earlier, Eric might have shuddered when considering what awaited Sid Cohen in the near future, but now he was inured to the enemies' fate.

"And after we get the girls' addresses?" Eric persisted. "Then we make sure they never again display their charms to Skraelings."

"Okay, damn it how?" Eric knew that Trebor was being obtuse on purpose, his way of teasing a younger comrade. The question was, would the girls be captured or executed?

Trebor pretended to ponder for interminable moments, then opined, "I reckon those two could make some fine babies for me."

"Alright!" Eric enthused. "It's about time you did your reproductive duty." Eric had no interest in the pair for himself, as his heart was set on a high school girl that Trebor had agreed to help him capture. KD informants had picked her as a likely candidate. She was a pretty girl, unfortunately bewitched by universalist poison. Her teachers, parents, the media and every influence in her life had taught her that it was okay, even preferable for White girls to date and mate with Skraelings. She would have to be saved from her own folly before it was too late.

By quarter after two, 15 minutes past the closing time set by Colorado law for establishments serving alcoholic beverages, the parking lot was empty except for the KD raiders' car and an ostentatious limousine parked directly outside the side entrance to the Palace. Soon the door opened and a hulking brute of a man of undiscernible racial origin emerged, followed by Sidney and, to the raiders' surprise, by Candy and Heather. The huge man, whom Eric promptly dubbed "the freak", was apparently a chauffeur and bodyguard. Deferentially he opened the rear doors for the other three, then took his place in the driver's seat.

To the KD men, Sidney looked ridiculous, like a vain peacock, with tight pants, an open shirt and abundant gaudy jewelry adorning his pudgy body. From a distance the girls looked like teenagers, dressed in designer jeans and silky blouses.

The limousine pulled out onto Federal Boulevard and headed south, past sleazy bars, seedy motels and all the ugly effluvium of early 21st century American cities. The raiders followed a half block behind. It would be tricky keeping their quarry in sight without being spotted, but since their contacts in the Denver area had not been able to locate a private residence deemed to

Sidney Cohen in the Denver County records office, this surveillance was necessary.

The limousine turned west on 6th Avenue, then south on Wadsworth. "Ah," Trebor murmured, "Jefferson County, the Gods are with us." Jefferson County sprawled many miles west of Denver, all the way into the mountains. Their route home would be relatively uncomplicated.

Eric figured that after Trebor's comment, it would be a long night. Despite Trebor's meticulous planning for guerrilla raids, he also seemed to believe in omens. If he said the Gods were with them, they probably were, or perhaps fortune just favored the bold.

Meanwhile, in the limo, all was not bliss. Even though this was payday for the girls, meaning they would get a week's supply of cocaine and several hundred dollars in cash, their workday was not over. There was still the private performance that Sidney demanded on payday, once a week.

Sidney was not happy either, even though he looked forward to debauching the two White girls. The club had not been fully packed, and receipts were down. He blamed it on the two girls who were holding out for higher pay before they would agree to duplicate the most raunchy acts he required of them in private performances, including oral sex and copulation with simulated male sex organs. Well, tonight - he vowed to himself - they would pay for their obstinacy or no pretty white powder. Whipping naked women while they were tied up in fully exposed and helpless positions was his favorite sport.

The freak turned into the exclusive Green Gables subdivision. Now, late in April, immaculate lawns were just turning green as spring came late in the mile-high city. Palatial homes on huge lots stood up to one hundred yards apart, separated by trees, shrubs and privacy fences, making each residence resemble a secluded estate. The limo turned onto a long driveway, lined by bushes. The quartet, preoccupied with their own thoughts, never thought to look behind them where an unobtrusive sedan eased sedately past the driveway entrance. Nor did they know that the car stopped just yards from the driveway, out of sight behind shrubbery.

"This cheap car stands out like a sore thumb," was Trebor's first comment.

"Why don't I get out and reconnoiter on foot. You can go somewhere and come back in fifteen minutes," Eric suggested. There was agreement. Eric disappeared behind bushes as Trebor headed for more innocuous surroundings. It gave him time to reflect.

It was the knowledge that the beauty of the White Aryan woman might soon disappear from the earth forever that drove him to fight. Yet, despite all he had done to preserve their images, he had not enjoyed the favors of a

woman for over fourteen years. He had no illusions about Candy and Heather. Because they were so remarkably beautiful they would be good breeding stock, but little else, at least until after a long period of re-education and discipline.

The last remaining young White women in System territory lived in hedonistic luxury undreamed of by the British monarch two centuries earlier. Drugs, cars, television roles, money and adulation were dumped in their laps while the inventions of White men, from washing machines to microwave ovens eliminated labor. Women do not voluntarily give up such pleasure and luxury no matter how earnestly White men might plead. That's why abducting them was the only recourse. Undoubtedly this pair was even more spoiled and selfish than most. He would have to be harsh and ruthless with re-education and discipline, which wasn't his nature with women. Yet he could not bear the thought of their genetic beauty not being passed on. He sighed deeply and headed back to meet Eric.

Just short of Cohen's driveway, Eric flagged him down. "Yeah, the Gods are with us," he enthused. "It's a huge ranch-style house with an attached 4-car garage. The freak started to leave about five minutes ago, but he had a fatal accident." Eric tapped his knife and grinned, while Trebor chuckled. Eric continued, "The upstairs is dark but I can hear music at the windows. There is a little bit of light, apparently from a basement stairwell. I think they are in the basement. No dogs. There is a burglar alarm system. The back yard is surrounded by a privacy fence. Let's do it!"

Moments later the two silent avatars of vengeance crept silently around the exterior of the immense garage. Trebor carried a canvas kit filled with tools and meters. Both were armed with 9mm handguns and razor-sharp knives.

Eric kept watch through the windows and around the perimeter of the yard while Trebor did his magic with the alarm system. Being a former electronics instructor at Red Rocks College, bypassing alarms was no problem for the elder raider, requiring only time and patience.

Twenty minutes later, the Aryan duo were inside the house, standing in the biggest kitchen Eric had ever seen other than in a commercial establishment. The music, if that's what one could call the primitive noise, was not as loud as they had earlier estimated, but still sufficient to mask any slight sounds of their movements.

As Eric had surmised, the little available light emanated from a stairway to the basement. They inched down the stairs. At the bottom, a partially open door revealed opulent decadence beyond anything they had imagined. Except for one corner of the large room which contained an open communal shower and hot tubs, the entire floor was covered in snow-white, deep-plush carpet. Pictures, too obscene to be called art, interspersed with floor-length mirrors, decorated the otherwise maroon-colored walls. The centerpiece was a bed

that must have been custom-made for orgies. It was close to ten-feet-by-ten-feet-square, with video cameras mounted on posts at the corners. Hooks for restraints were strategically placed above and around, a shelf on the headboard held whips and sex toys, while the ceiling above was another mirror.

The KD raiders did not of course know about Sid's vow to debauch the girls with the ultimate in submission. Nor did they know how desperately the girls were hooked on nose-candy. Evidently though, their addiction was sufficient that they had decided to co-operate, for they were both naked, one of them in restraints, the other in action. Turning the spectacle from raunchy to ridiculous was the sight of the depraved Sidney, himself naked, except for gold necklaces, bracelets and rings, with a pot belly hanging over withered legs. He was orchestrating the action with a whip of several short thongs.

The girls were too stoned to notice Trebor and Eric as they approached the scene. Sidney, whose back was to the door, was too engrossed. The first inkling the Porn Palace owner had of impending disaster was sudden and total. With a running thrust kick to the right kidney area, Trebor propelled the absurd looking degenerate onto the bed, where he landed across Candy's back. For a moment there was astonished silence except for the music and an anguished moan from Sidney. Heather's eyes were the first to focus on the KD raiders, and she let out a panicky scream, which she quickly choked off as Eric's 9mm turned her way.

"Nobody makes a sound unless you're asked a question, understand?" Eric's voice left no doubt in anyone's mind that obedience was advisable. Both girls nodded, but the moaning Sidney failed to acknowledge the order. Trebor reached over the bed and butt-stroked the creep in the nose with his gun. A howl of anguish was followed with assurances that the command was indeed understood.

Trebor grabbed a handful of the gold chain around Sid's neck and yanked him from the bed, holding him erect at arm's length.

"Okay, first things first," he began. "You," his gaze fell on Candy, "untie her," he gestured toward Heather with his gun hand. "And you" - each time he spoke there was emphasis on the word you - "how do we turn off that damn racket you call music?" He yanked on the chains. Sniveling Sidney pointed to a control panel on the nearest wall. Heather was now released, and Trebor pointed at her with the gun, "You turn off that noise."

Terrified despite her stoned condition, Heather scurried to obey. The resulting silence magnified the effect of Trebor's menacing voice. "Now you two sit there," he gestured to the nearest edge of the bed. Making no effort to cover their nudity, whether because of shock or the effects of cocaine, they quickly obeyed.

"Alright now, Mr. Cohen, where is the money you brought home?" Cohen started to deny that he carried money home, but was interrupted when Trebor drove a knee into his naked groin, nearly smashing his testicles. For long moments the disgusting creature lay on the floor holding his crotch and whimpering.

"My patience is running out Sidney," Trebor warned.

"In there," the oily degenerate gasped, pointing to a door at the far end of his playroom. Without a word, Eric strode to the door and disappeared from sight. A moment later, he returned with a briefcase which he flipped open on the bed. Inside were perhaps two or three thousand dollars in cash, along with some documents.

"Sidney, Sidney, Sidney," Trebor intoned. "I am disappointed in you. I meant all the money you have brought home."

"That is all," Cohen gasped in a last effort to keep his ill-gotten wealth.

"Okay, if that's how you want to play it," the implacable raider warned. Several broken fingers, a lot of pain and two minutes induced total co-operation. Sidney revealed the location of a hidden wall safe in the same room from which Eric had retrieved the briefcase. And, of course, its combination. Under Trebor's watchful eye and his gun, the three captives remained absolutely silent while Eric went to check the veracity of Sid's confession. Minutes later, he returned, saying, "Yep, a real haul."

Without further ado, Trebor holstered his gun, pulled his knife and in one swift move cut Cohen's throat from ear to ear. Blood spurted from his severed jugular vein, splattering in gruesome abundance over the naked legs and torsos of the stunned girls. Reflexively, they jerked away from their seated positions, gagging at the sight of blood, which to their civilized eyes was a new experience.

Never even glancing at Sidney's still-quivering body, the KD raiders proceeded methodically about their business, each doing what was necessary with a minimum of discussion. Eric stripped a pillow of its case, dumped the cash from the briefcase into it and left for the other room to fill it with the contents of the safe.

Trebor turned to the girls, "Go wash all that blood off." He pointed to the communal shower. As is known to all who experience life-threatening situations, action eases fear. Paralyzed by what they had seen, Candy and Heather regained their co-ordination as they engaged in the familiar routine of showering.

Under the sound of running water, Candy whispered, "You think they're gonna kill us?"

"No, why would he tell us to shower just to kill us?" was Heather's logical response.

"Maybe they intend to rape us?"

"Could be, that's the least of our worries. It's not like we are virgins or something."

"Sometimes rapists torture and kill women."

"Will you shut up with the kill stuff, it scares me," Heather scolded.

"Well, just what do you suggest we do?"

With the practicality of an experienced, worldly woman, Heather declared, "I suggest we fuck their brains out, or whatever they want, however they want, as long as they want, until we get a chance to escape." They agreed on strategy. Finished showering, they attempted to be as sexy and alluring as two nude women can be, as they approached Trebor. However, if they thought their charms would control the situation, such hopes were rudely dashed as he brusquely ordered them to get dressed. The bewildered women exchanged confused glances as they struggled into their clothes. So far there appeared to be one man who could not be manipulated by sexual offers.

Eric had returned with a pillowcase full of cash. "Think we should look the house over for valuables?"

Trebor looked at his watch, then mused out loud, "It will be daylight in an hour and a half. Figure a little over an hour to the turnoff, what the hell, give it a ten minute look-over. I'll have to keep an eye on these two." Eric bounded up the steps, while the girls heaved sighs of relief. It seemed they weren't about to be killed anyhow.

So far neither man had spoken to the girls outside of brief commands, one of which was to keep silent. So both of them were afraid to initiate a conversation with their ruthless captor. They sat silently on the bed, hoping that the quiet man would say something to reveal their fate, and at the same time dreading what those words might make known. Seemingly endless minutes of fearful suspense dragged on in absolute silence. Finally Candy could not take it anymore.

"Can I ask something?" she ventured timidly.

"May I ask something," Trebor corrected her grammar.

"May I?" Candy repeated, feeling like a chastised school girl.

"Okay, but first hand me one of those sheets off that bed." As Candy and Heather removed an oversized sheet from the huge bed, Trebor reflected that sometimes a woman looked as good dressed as undressed. These two looked good any which way.

Candy handed him a sheet and he sat down on a chair opposite the bed. He pulled the knife from the sheath and began to cut the sheet into strips.

"What's that for?" Candy asked.

"To tie you up with."

"I guess that means you won't let us go?"

"That's right."

"Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes."

"You won't kill us, will you?"

"No." Trebor's short replies weren't very reassuring.

Candy tried a new approach. "Are you gonna make love to us?"

"Can't make love unless you're in love," was all Trebor replied.

"While Candy and Heather were digesting that in their minds, Eric returned. "Not much we can use, but he did have a .45 caliber handgun and four boxes of ammo in his bedroom."

"Okay then," Trebor said, "here's what we do. I'll drive, one girl sits in the front seat with me. The other sits in the back with you. With these strips we tie the girls together so neither one can jump out if we catch a red light." Trebor addressed the girls, "You saw what happened to Sid. Can I assume that you won't do anything stupid and get the same?" Shuddering, they both vowed co-operation.

Eric had Heather carry the pillowcase filled with money and held her slender wrist firmly in one hand as they exited the house. Trebor similarly kept a tight hold on the blonde. They re-arranged the gear from the back seat, tied the women together and proceeded toward home.

The sky was barely beginning to lighten behind them when they turned west on the 6th Avenue freeway. After an abrupt rebuff of further conversation, Candy and Heather remained silent, lost in fearful contemplation of their

future. The effect of the cocaine was wearing off and the result, as usual, was heightened paranoia.

They reached the intersection with Interstate 70 in Golden, got on it and began the ascent into the foothills. Suddenly it dawned on Heather. "Kinsland!" She gasped the word out loud. "You guys are KD." The KD was as well known outside Kinsland as inside, but, of course, they were demonized endlessly in the System press. Every child in America outside Kinsland was indoctrinated from toddlerhood with gruesome tales of kidnapping, torture, rape and mass murder in Kinsland, and by KD operatives everywhere. KD were the bogey men with which mothers threatened disobedient children. Candy and Heather naturally believed every word of System propaganda, so now they were even more terrified.

Some twenty miles west of Golden, Trebor slowed the car to a crawl, then eased down an exit ramp, dodging huge potholes in what remained of the asphalt surface.

The System kept the major east/west interstates open through Kinsland, even though repair crews had to be accompanied by armed soldiers with air surveillance overhead. They had abandoned all attempts to keep entrance or exit ramps in repair over ten years ago. State and country roads were also in total disrepair. At the bottom of the ramp, Trebor turned north, still traveling between ten and fifteen miles per hour, depending on road conditions.

By six o' clock, even the girls were tired and they had only been awake since noon the previous day. Trebor and Eric were nearly asleep on their feet, having been awake, and often under tension for twenty-four straight hours.

"I've got to go to the bathroom," Candy complained.

"Me too," Heather chimed in.

"Just a few more minutes," they were advised. Sure enough, a few minutes later Trebor stopped the car and moved some underbrush artfully concealing car tracks leading away from the road. The tracks wound out of sight among a thick forest of Ponderosa pine trees. They left the road, replaced the brush, and wended carefully through the dense forest. Within a half mile a log cabin came into view, snuggled so closely among towering trees that it was invisible from the air, except from perhaps a helicopter whose pilot knew exactly where to look.

"Okay, you can untie yourselves now, the outhouse is out back of the cabin. And forget about running away. There's nothing but bears, mountain lions, snakes and forest for twenty miles. And you would be lost in ten minutes."

"An outhouse?" Heather queried.

"Yeah, you said you had to go to the bathroom."

"Oh." Realization dawned on the 21st century city girl. "Come on, Candy, I gotta go."

Trebor and Eric retrieved some foodstuffs and extra blankets from the car trunk and trudged to the cabin's front door, their ever-present rifles slung over left shoulders. Inside the cabin, which was a first station on a trail for supplies and people going in and out of Kinsland, was a stack of foldup cots which sufficed for beds, a wood stove for cooking and heating, and a supply of various clothing and other essentials. Eric looked out the back window to make sure the girls hadn't decided to run off. Candy was waiting outside the door of the one-holer outhouse. Trebor picked up a bucket and went out to get water from a nearby spring, while Eric stepped out to chop some kindling for a fire. So when the girls hesitantly opened the back door of the cabin a few minutes later, it was empty.

"Well, that was a first for me, how about you?" Candy referred to the outhouse.

"Yeah, me too. Did you see all those spider webs? I thought I'd get bitten on the butt!"

Eric entered carrying an armload of kindling. He dumped it into the wood box next to the stove and said, "Would you get a fire started and cook some breakfast please? The supplies are there." He pointed to a box on the kitchen table.

"Uh, well, uh, okay," Heather stammered, unwilling to admit she wouldn't have the faintest idea where to start.

Between them the girls figured out how to remove the heavy metal plates covering the fire bin on the wood-burning cook stove. "I guess we shove wood in here," Candy whispered. But after they did so they found that matches wouldn't set the kindling on fire.

Trebor entered with a bucket of fresh water and looked with amusement on their ineptitude. "Come here," he signaled and led them outside. "These are pine needles at the bottom of the fire bin. Then a layer of cones, and then wood on top of that. Then you set the needles on fire. And be sure the chimney damper is open." Together the city girls accomplished the task, feeling an unusual sense of achievement as they listened to the crackling flames.

"Now, about the food." Heather got back to reality. In the box were eggs, powdered milk, sugar, salt, whole wheat flour, dried fruit and a few other staples. "I guess we had better ask them what they want, huh?" Candy

asked. "Yeah, I guess so, and probably how to cook it. They probably think we are pretty stupid."

Outside, Trebor and Eric were fastening a camouflage tarpaulin over the car. Candy ventured to speak first. "You guys probably think we're pretty dumb. We wanted to ask you what you wanted for breakfast, but actually we don't know how to cook worth a damn."

"But we can learn," Heather threw in, eager to please, considering the danger they were in. Both girls figured their lives depended on pleasing the KD raiders, and they were ready to pull out all stops in being pleasant and accommodating.

"They belong to you," Eric said, as he resumed tying the tarpaulin down. They belong to you - the four words implied a lot to both Candy and Heather. Images of a harem or being sex slaves flashed through their minds. Or, even worse, slaves without sex. Like all druggies, their greatest panic was that they would be unable to find a supplier of cocaine. At any rate, it was clear that the older man, Trebor, was who they had to please.

"Well, Basic Cooking 101, I guess," Trebor grumbled and headed for the cabin, his captives in tow. Soon the aroma of flapjacks, frying eggs and fresh brewed coffee, enhanced by the smell of burning pine wood filled the cabin.

Suddenly Trebor signaled his neophyte cooks. "Look here," he pointed out a window. Not twenty yards from the back door, a doe and her fawn were foraging. The girls watched, evidently somewhat entranced by something they had never seen before.

"How old is the baby?" Candy asked.

"Oh, probably a couple of months." The fawn imitated its mother, never going more than a few seconds before surveying the area for potential enemies.

"Are you going to shoot them, or don't you like deer meat?"

"We never shoot females, especially if they have little ones, unless we are starving. The females of every species are its greatest treasure," Trebor replied.

"Oh," said Heather, filing the answer away in her mental computer for later digestion.

"Does that mean women, too?" Candy asked eager for confirmation that Sid Cohen's killer didn't plan the same fate for her.

"Good women are treasures, too," was all he said, with the accent on 'good'. It was a bit ambiguous, but Candy resolved that whatever 'good' meant, that's what she would convince Trebor she was.

The subtle meaning of the exchange was not lost on Heather either. Nor did she forget that all women are in competition with each other. She would have to be at least equally as 'good' as Candy.

Both of the girls were surprised at how good the breakfast tasted, despite the cracked platter, tin cups and unipurpose so-called silverware. When they finished eating, Trebor told Candy to help Eric set up cots, advising that they all needed a nap. Then he had Heather load the dirty dishes into a large pan.

"Come along, I'll show you the spring." He led the way some twenty yards up-slope behind the cabin.

As Heather dutifully rinsed off cookware in the clear cold water, she ventured to ask, "What did your friend mean when he said, 'they belong to you'?"

"'Belong to' means 'belong to'. You got a problem with that?" There was a hint of belligerence in his reply.

"Uh, well, it just sounds kinda funny to own people." Heather was careful with her words, not wanting to antagonize her captor.

Trebor expounded in some detail. "Sid Cohen owned you, body, soul and mind. He established ownership by getting you addicted to cocaine. I killed your owner and captured you, so now you have a new owner. That's how it's been done for a million years. Just be happy that most Aryan men treat their women with dignity and respect, if and when they have earned that respect. If not, he disciplines them."

Heather realized there was some truth in Trebor's words. She hadn't thought about it as "being owned", but Sidney had certainly controlled her life. While sex was to her just a way of manipulating people, or gaining advantage, or enjoying pure physical pleasure, she could see that Sid had been using her more than she had been using him. Even now, the idea that she might be deprived the seductive high of cocaine bothered her more than the abrupt abduction she had just experienced.

Meanwhile, back in the cabin, Candy was prying Eric for information. She too wanted clarification of Eric's comment 'they belong to you', so she asked what was meant.

"Just what I said," was his succinct reply.

"You mean we are supposed to be his slaves?" Candy asked.

"His wives, eventually, I imagine, although you have a lot to prove and learn. But slaves is a good term for now."

"Oh." She thought about that for a moment, then asked, "How come you don't want one of us? Do you think we are ugly or something?"

"No, you're not ugly, but I've got another girl on my mind right now. Besides, it's long past time that Trebor took some mates."

"Do all the men in Kinsland have more than one wife?"

"Most of them."

"Why?"

"For one thing, monogamy is a synonym for castration and racial suicide. For another Kinsland has the only good White men remaining, so they must breed prolifically."

"Monogamy is castration." Candy was truly puzzled.

"Sexual lust is the mother of battle lust, and battle lust is the mother of nations. The sexual lust of the males of a race that wishes to survive must be fired to a fever pitch and never be slandered, weakened or misdirected," Eric expounded.

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of Heather and Trebor.

Before stretching out on the cots for a four hour nap, Candy whispered to Heather, "Boy, have I got some things to tell you."

"Me too," was the response.

Both girls stole surreptitious glances at their captors, particularly at Trebor, noting his lean figure and flat belly. Candy had heard Heather say, "I love a flat-bellied man" often, as she ridiculed either Sid Cohen or one of the pot-bellied spectators watching their act at the Palace. What the girls did not know as they grudgingly admitted to themselves the sexual magnetism of their new "owner", was all through all the eons of time, women have adjusted to their captors, and usually come to love them. It was simply a reflection of all nature, where the hen, the lioness, the mare, or whatever submits to the superior male who has earned through competition the right to breed. Neither did they yet know that jealousy of a sister wife was unnatural and unnecessary.

A few hours later, they were again in the car, prepared to resume their journey.

Several times the girls had heard one of the men refer to someone named Wotan, so in an attempt to curry favor as they traveled slowly toward the northwest, Heather asked, "Who is Wotan?"

"Wotan is the major god of the White man's most common indigenous religion," Trebor explained.

"What's 'indigenous'?"

"It means naturally belonging to, in this case a religion that protects the White race."

"So why haven't I heard of it before?"

"You have! Wednesday is named for Wotan, Thursday for his son Thor, Tuesday for their comrade Tyr, and Friday for Wotan's wife, Frigga."

When Eric noted a System airplane at high altitude, Candy asked, "Aren't you worried about getting bombed?"

"Not anymore. We used to get bombed every day, but now they know we will sneak into their territory and kill a few big-shot politicians or whatever if they do, so its a standoff. They used to shoot missiles at us too, but they were heat-seeking. All they hit were our decoy fires."

"You lived like that for years?" Heather was amazed, and wanted to know why.

"Because this is the only place remaining for White people. The American government has almost exterminated our race."

"My teachers said KD wanted to enslave the whole world."

"How could we do that when there are few White people left and the government has the planes, bombs and missiles? I'll show you how America lies when we get to our maps and reference books," Trebor explained.

For hours they traveled deeper into the forested mountains. Often the men pointed out wildlife: deer, elk, raccoon, a porcupine and even a black bear. The once-exploited wilds were making a determined comeback under the care of nature-oriented Kinslanders.

Shortly before dark, they arrived at what once must have been a charming tourist village. Now over half the buildings were bombed to rubble. "What happened?" asked Candy.

"System bombing raid, was Eric's terse response.

In the center of what remained of the village, Trebor turned off the crumbling highway and they crossed a wooden bridge over a small stream. "just a few minutes to Mathewsville," he announced. The girls in the back seat looked at each other. Then Candy asked, "Are there people in Mathewsville?"

"Yes, it's a Kinsland community," Trebor advised.

There was hurried whispering in the back seat, then Candy asked, "Can we, I mean may we talk to you before we get there?"

"Go ahead, talk."

"I mean alone, please?" Heather chimed in, "Please!"

The men looked at each other, then shrugged their shoulders as if to say, why not? Trebor pulled to the side of the primitive roadway, parked, and Eric got out, saying he would take a little walk.

"Let's stretch our legs too," Trebor suggested. He exited the car and leaned against the front fender, arms crossed. The girls pressed close on each side, still determined to use their sexual charms to get on the killer's good side.

Heather asked, "Are we going to be staying in Mathewsville?"

"Yeah, at least for a while."

"you won't tell people what we were doing at Sid's house, will you, please?" Candy added, "We aren't gay, really, I swear."

Trebor pondered carefully before answering. "First of all the word is queer, not gay. Gay means happy. Queer means a male homosexual. In Kinsland no queer would dare let it be known. Secondly, there are damn few true lesbians among Aryan women. You were putting on a show for the man that owned you. I don't doubt that the sex was enjoyable, but a man was still at the root of things. Finally, there is no reason for anyone in Kinsland to know more about your past than you wish to tell them. Many of our women in Kinsland were captured in System territory have sexual histories as interesting as your own."

"Thank you," both women chimed. Then Candy asked, "How about Eric?"

Trebor assured them his comrade was no gossip. But then, sensing that his captives were getting a bit too comfortable for so early in the game, he added, in a stern tone, "For your own good, though, you better be aware that I own you, and if you displease me, you are mine to punish or dispose of. Just think about Sid Cohen's fate if you get any ideas of escaping, flirting with other men, or being snotty. Do I make myself clear?"

Both captives managed to suppress shudders of apprehension as they profusely expressed willing compliance.

Eric returned and the last leg of their journey resumed. In the back seat, Heather whispered in Candy's ear, "Do you know what the phrase 'fuck for your life' means?"

"I do now," Candy whispered back.

Mathewsville never did "come into view" in the traditional sense of those words. Trebor just suddenly stopped the car beneath a huge Ponderosa pine and killed the engine. Cleverly concealed in dense forest, Candy spotted a cabin. Heather espied another, then another. As they would find out, there were a couple of dozen rustic homes, cabins and former mobile homes within a few hundred yards, and dozens more within a few square miles.

People approached from all directions, and their captors seemed to be extremely popular. Shouts of "Hailsa Kinsmen" reverberated throughout the clearing. Candy and Heather stood uncertainly beside the car, feeling conspicuous in their impractical garb. All the women they saw wore sweaters or jackets as protection against the rapidly cooling mountain air. At this altitude the temperature dropped quickly as the sun disappeared behind mountain peaks. Already they were getting goosebumps on their bare arms.

The women they saw were unusually pretty, and many were pregnant. Most noticeable was the throng of White children. Outside Kinsland they had never seen more than a handful of White children together unless they were outnumbered many times over by colored kids.

"Who are your friends?" someone asked.

Trebor signaled his captives to join him and introduced them by name.

"They will probably be staying with me," Trebor informed the crowd, then added, "I hope you will make them welcome."

The adults all understood exactly what Trebor's words meant. First of all, because the girls were staying with him, neither one belonged to Eric. And because he said 'probably', that meant they still had to pass medical tests. Early 21st century technology had created home testing kits to check for incurable diseases, especially those which were sexually transmitted. The community had the kits and tests were immediately given to captured women considered to be at high risk of infection. The results took only minutes and thus a captive's fate was quickly decided. Incurables were given a lethal injection, believing it to be medicine, and they quietly went to their graves.

A tall attractive woman about Trebor's age approached the girls. "If you'll come with me, we'll get some warm clothes for you," she offered. They looked at Trebor for confirmation. "Good idea, and Greta, would you show them the way to my cabin afterwards."

Greta, the girls and half a dozen other women departed. Candy and Heather were peppered with questions about the System world, especially fashions and morals.

One of the cabins was a storehouse for the entire community. Primarily of clothes, but also of bedding, tools and household needs. Soon the girls had a practical wardrobe conforming to the rest of the community.

Meanwhile, the men outside were full of questions for Eric and Trebor. Signs of System military units, new advances in police technology, and information from KD sympathizers were topics of vital interest to Kinslanders. To say nothing of the vicarious thrills they got from Trebor's unique tongue-in-cheek descriptions of his raids.

Loaded with necessities and guided by Greta, Candy and Heather arrived at Trebor's cabin while the raider was still occupied elsewhere. Greta showed them how to light a kerosene lantern, saying, "We are careful about use of kerosene since it's hard to get." Wishing the girls luck, Greta departed, leaving the two to investigate their new domicile.

This cabin was made of logs and had a wood-burning stove for cooking and heating. An old fashioned double bed with a metal headboard stood near a back wall. A wire strung across one corner of the open cabin served as a clothes rack. Some towels and clothing hung on it. The furniture, including a rocker, was mostly unfinished.

"Well, welcome to hell." Candy let her feelings run free now that they were alone.

"Yeah, I know, but we better get busy like good little slaves do, he could be here any minute."

"You're right," Candy sighed. They hung up their clothes next to Trebor's and started to arrange their new belongings as best as they could, given the meager number of shelves and cupboards.

"You think he will want sex tonight?" Candy speculated.

"Who knows, who cares, let's hope so if it keeps him happy."

"Damn, there's not even a shower or a bathtub. How can you have sex without a shower afterwards?" Candy moaned.

"And I've got to pee," Heather added. Taking the lantern they explored a path behind the cabin and found an outhouse.

After they returned, Heather asked, "You s'pose we're all sleeping in that bed? She pointed. I guess so, it's the only one there is."

They heard footsteps and quickly rose to meet Trebor at the door, their surly attitude miraculously transforming to fake solicitude and cheer.

"Hi, we've been waiting for you," Heather greeted. She realized the words sounded phony but nothing else cheery popped into her head. Trebor's demeanor was courteous but hardly warm. He carried extra blankets and a sleeping bag in his arms.

"Hi to you, too. I guess this is about as far from luxury you're accustomed to as is possible, but we are gonna make it considerably more livable.

Until I get some partitions built, I'll string some wire and we can hang up sheets or blankets for a little privacy when you need it. I'll get a bathtub in here tomorrow. We'll have to fill it the old-fashioned way, water heated on the stove. Now if you two will get a fire started in that stove and heat up a can of stew, we can have a bite of something before bedtime. Tomorrow I'll show you where the pump is, but tonight I'll bring in water. The big tub there is where I keep water for washing and cleaning." He pointed to a large galvanized iron laundry tub. "I keep drinking water in a bucket with a lid. We're working on a water system, so in the future it should get easier." He grabbed a bucket and went outside. As the girls built a fire, which they now knew how to do, they could hear the creaking of an old-fashioned hand pump.

"Christomighty, it's pioneer days," Candy groaned.

"Dammit, Candy, I don't like it any better than you, but bitchin' doesn't help either of us."

"Oh, so what are you, Trebor's little slave?" Candy spat the words out like sour poison.

"If I gotta be," Heather challenged.

Candy thought a minute and the hostility drained out of her. "Okay, I'm sorry, I guess it's just getting to me. Yesterday we had life by the ass, and now this."

"I know, but we've gotta help each other through this." Heather was for the moment the stronger or more composed of the pair.

Later, eating their evening meal, Trebor told them that the community nurse would be by early in the morning to give them a medical checkup. Afterwards as they washed the dishes, he installed a curtain made of a sheet at one end of the cabin so everyone could take a sponge bath in relative privacy. He told them to share the bed, that he had a sleeping bag and the floor was just fine. Dutifully they made a token protest that it was 'his bed'. "An Aryan does not treat his women worse than himself," Trebor pronounced. Then his women had a pronounced effect.

In bed, in the darkest room they had ever experienced - the quietest, too - Heather whispered, "You know, under different circumstances, I could like that guy."

"I've gotta be honest, I could too," Candy admitted, "but we gotta get out of here. I can't live like this."

"Me neither." Absorbed in their thoughts, not the least of which was desire for cocaine, they drifted off to sleep.

In his sleeping bag, Trebor had a lot on his mind. This "taking mates" business was a major project, bigger than he had realized. He was reluctant to establish any real rapport with the girls until the medical tests indicated they were "keepers". He had no illusions about their conciliatory attitude. Their smiles were contrived, motivated by fear and self-interest. There was construction and addition to do on the cabin, and re-education for his captives. But he reminded himself that other KD raiders had gone through the same troubles, so it wasn't an impossible task. As always brutally honest with himself, he recognized the rewards. Sex with these beauties was something special to contemplate. The philosopher in Trebor had never ceased to be amazed at what men will go through to get between a pretty woman's legs, and now he had to include himself. Oh well, he reminded himself, the die was cast, too late to change course now. As always, fatalistic acceptance of what the Norns declared was a switch allowing him to sink into contented sleep.

Chapter 2: Day 2

The next day was Sunday the 1st of May. Neither Candy or Heather had gotten out of bed before at least noon for months. When Trebor's persistent voice finally jolted them awake, shortly after dawn, they were less than eager to rise and shine. Compounding this discomfort was the itchy, nervous feeling that accompanies withdrawal from cocaine. Their grumbling voices were rude and resentful until they came fully aware and conscious of their situation. Even then they could not immediately bring themselves to assume the ingratiating roles they had so carefully contrived the previous evening.

Although he didn't comment on it, they could tell by Trebor's expressions and inflectionless voice that he was not happy with their immature grumpiness. In fact, there was unmistakable displeasure in his voice as he asked them if they would "please" get up and make some breakfast.

"I've got some things to do, but I'll be back in half an hour," he announced, and left them to consider how to repair the atmosphere and their images.

At an altitude of 7000 feet above sea level in the Colorado Rocky Mountains, it is cold in the early mornings, even in May. The girls shivered as they climbed out of bed from under a warm quilt, each wearing one of Trebor's shirts for nightgowns.

Heather tried a joke while they dressed in the kind of clothing worn by the other women in the community. "Nothing like pissing your new husband off the first morning, huh?"

"Not funny," Candy responded. "For all practical purposes, he is our husband."

"Yeah, well, just once I wish he'd smile."

"He did, at everybody outside last night."

"Seems like everyone loves him and he loves all of them. It's just us he's cold to," Heather observed.

"Um, well, now who is being negative?"

"Okay, you're right, let's make old stone face smile."

They divided up chores, one making the bed, the other starting a fire in the stove. Trips to the outhouse were considerably less scary in the daylight.

"God, I'd like a shower," Candy moaned.

"Well, I guess we can heat water in the tea kettle, pour it in one of the dishpans and take a sponge bath. I'll wash your back if you wash mine."

"Better than nothing. I'm sure our 'husband' doesn't like stinky women." Candy's voice dripped with sarcasm.

"This is all just too weird," Heather mused. "We never heard of this guy until yesterday and here we are, kidnapped, about to be sex slaves or some damn thing, and we're joking about a murderer being our husband."

At breakfast Trebor was again courteous but standoffish. At least he had information to communicate.

"Anna, our nurse - in practice, our doctor - will be by in a little while. She will give you each a complete medical checkup. "I'll be gone for awhile. Later we will go shopping so you can pick up things to spruce this place up and make it functional. After that there will be a Blot and May Day festival. You may want to get gussied up for that. It's up to you."

Anna turned out to be an attractive redhead in her late thirties. The few freckles on her nose and cheeks only made her Irish features more alluring. She was also quite obviously pregnant. As many women as the girls had seen yesterday with babies in the making, they figured there was no lack of sex in the community.

Anna's bedside manner, so to speak, was easy going and congenial. The girls felt free to speak and to ask questions about their medical exams and about the community. They found out that with the latest medical science their blood tests should be analyzed in a few hours.

In response to questions about their sex lives, they admitted to taking specialized antibiotics as a preventative measure, along with anti-viral drugs. "Just in case," they said, implying that they had had sexual partners they weren't sure of. Anna was not judgmental, although she did say, "No more cocaine" after viewing their nasal passages.

A Blot, Anna told them, was a religious ceremony, usually held outdoors. She told them such ceremonies were held to mark changing seasons and to honor noble ancestors. They also found out that Mathewsville was named after an Aryan hero named Robert Mathews who had been murdered, burned alive, by the United States government decades earlier.

The nurse departed, taking blood samples with her. The girls finished washing breakfast dishes while waiting for their Lord and Master, as Candy dubbed Trebor, to return. Two hours passed and still no Trebor. "Let's go for a walk," Heather suggested.

Outside they almost immediately met a young girl about thirteen or so who introduced herself as Freta who offered to show them around. Heather told Freta that Trebor was late and was supposed to take them shopping.

"Oh, he's always getting waylaid with Kinsland business," Freta replied.

Freta took them to a larger building that served as a library, a school and a meeting hall. She also introduced them to several women from the community, and they saw the interiors of their homes. Compared to the austere, barren space in Trebor's abode, they looked almost civilized.

Trebor finally returned, driving a nearly new one-ton truck. Kinslanders figured that when possible they could just as well steal the best. "Ready to go shopping?" he asked. Curious, and concealing a who-gives-a-damn attitude, they pretended enthusiasm.

As they eased down the crude road, Trebor announced that he had just talked to Anna, the nurse.

"And?" Candy queried.

"And you're both 'keepers'." Trebor seemed in a happy mood. Of course, the girls didn't know it was because negative results would have been fatal for them.

Shortly they were back in the bombed-out village at the base of the mountain. "About half the homes and stores are rubble," Trebor advised. "The remainder are often filled with useful household items. Pick out whatever you need or want for our place." Neither girl missed the our, but despite themselves they enjoyed this novel way of shopping.

Dishes, chairs, storage chests, a couch, mirrors, a bathtub and other acquisitions soon had the truck overflowing and Trebor called a halt to the spree, saying they could return another day if necessary.

At their new home, the girls put energy and creativity into making it a less austere environment, figuring to make the best of their situation. Before they were finished, Trebor interrupted, suggesting they get ready for the evening Blot and festival. That prompted the kind of questions that could be expected, like what would happen and what to wear.

"May Day is a fertility celebration. Most of the women dress a little risqué, strutting their stuff, so to speak," Trebor explained. He added, "Of course, nothing like a couple gals from Sid's Palace."

Neither girl yet knew that Eric and Trebor had seen their performance at the Porn Palace. "Did you see us there?" Candy asked.

"Yup."

"And you still chose us for mates?"

"I decided that was the last time you two would show your goodies to Skraelings." Trebor's explanation was accompanied by a disarming smile.

"Skraelings?" Heather made the word a question.

"Non-White people," he replied.

"Oh, so it wasn't because we turned you on, or that you wanted to make love to us." Candy sounded a wee bit deflated, as though she couldn't believe anyone didn't find her irresistible. She and Heather were already curious as to why Trebor had so far never taken advantage of their captivity. Most men would have been feeling them up the first chance they got.

"Oh, you were both erotic as hell, but like I said before, sex and love are two different things. Although it's nice when they go together."

"Alright, so what should we wear to this festival?" Heather asked.

"You've got boxes of clothes you just 'shopped for'. I'm sure there is something in there. Last May Day there were split skirts, mini-skirts, bare midriffs, low cut blouses, you name it. You won't have time to do any sewing and be creative like most of the ladies, but you'll do fine."

It's peculiar how new realities are created in the human mind, Trebor mused as the girls tried on clothing behind a pair of hanging sheets that served as a temporary partition. They were acting with modesty totally opposite to their brazen flaunting of conventional norms that he had seen so recently.

Shortly they presented themselves in loose skirts reaching to inches above the knees and tight knit tube tops that hugged their trim torsos. They asked if this 'would do'.

"Good choice for square dancing," Trebor said. Both girls had heard of square dancing but neither had tried it. In System territory, all the various dances common to White folk a century earlier were either discouraged or banned as "racist".

Outside at the festival they found several tables filled with food cooked especially for the occasion. As women inevitably do, both Heather and Candy sized up other women. Their home-sewn costumes were indeed clever and alluring. Being custom designed, they emphasized each woman's best attributes or those most appealing to her mate. While retaining a certain demure modesty, yet each proclaimed pride in femaleness.

Children outnumbered adults at a ratio of two or three to one, and they were the best behaved kids the girls had ever seen, even though their energy level and curiosity seemed boundless.

The entire community formed a circle at the request of a man they heard was a Gothi. The Gothi held a curious object in one hand. It was covered with strange characters.

"What is that and what's on it?" Candy asked. She stood on one side of Trebor.

"It's a ceremonial Thor's Hammer, and those are runes," he whispered back.

Remembering that she had to be as 'good' or better than Candy, and determined to appear interested, Heather asked, "What are runes?"

"Long story. I'll explain later. For now just repeat what the Gothi says when other people do."

After the ceremony there was music. Several fiddles, an accordion and a harmonica made up the "band". What the musicians lacked in polish, they made up for in enthusiasm. Then a bunch of older children formed a circle around the May Pole, each with a streamer in his or her hand. They began to skip, dance and run around the pole, creating intricate patterns with the streamers in time to the music. Now the girls wanted to know what was represented.

"This is a fertility festival. The pole represents an erect male phallus, which fertilizes the female just as the sun does to the earth."

"What a 'phallus', a cock?" Heather asked.

"Of course, you dummy," Candy mocked.

"Who you callin' a dummy?" Heather challenged.

"That will be enough of that!" Trebor warned. Chastened but resentful, they quit their bickering, but competition was enjoined.

The feast began and it dawned on the girls that they were the only ones who hadn't brought food. Trebor assured them it was okay, that he had made a contribution for their family. Again, the inclusive word was noted.

"What did you bring?" Heather asked, knowing nothing had been cooked in the cabin.

"Well, after Eric got his half there was still about a hundred thousand dollars of Sid Cohen's money left, so I gave half to the community," Trebor replied.

"Fifty thousand of our money," Candy gasped. Realizing what she had just said, she corrected herself, "I mean, your money." Trebor grinned, the warmest expression he had yet showered on either girl, and said, "Yeah, it was our money, but we won't be broke for a long time."

"I guess not, seeing as there's no place to spend it" was Heather's pertinent observation.

"Oh, you can always send money with someone going to a treaty town."

"A treaty town?"

"Yeah. By the System's laws, no one is allowed to trade with a Kinslander, but in practice, human nature and greed are the rule. There are towns along the borders of Kinsland where if one has the cash, he can buy anything. We call them treaty towns."

There was an abundance of a home-made beverage at the festival that the girls discovered was called mead. Trebor told them it was made with fermented honey. They took mugs of mead with them, after eating, as the crowd of perhaps 300 people broke up into random groups, except for the musicians and a bunch of folk who congregated around a large platform.

"Come on, let's dance." Trebor gave each girl a gentle push in the small of their backs. It was the first time he had touched either one of them. They noted the possessive nature of the gesture.

The dancing began with a group of experts, eager to show their skills. The girls wore knee length full skirts allowing flashing glimpses of lithe bare legs as they pranced and promenaded to the dance master's calls. As they watched, Trebor spotted a young man named Ragnar whose seventeenth birthday had been the day previous. "Excuse me a minute," he said to the girls, and went to speak to Ragnar.

The girls watched Trebor in earnest conversation with the young man, and then Trebor returned with Ragnar in tow.

"They will have a beginners' dance next. and Ragnar has agreed to be a partner for one of you, okay?" Naturally they agreed, but then it became a problem of how to pair off. Ragnar, with a graciousness that belied his youth averred that he could not choose between two such beautiful girls.

"Well, it seems a little callous, but I guess its coin tossing time." Trebor had solved the problem. "Heads you get Candy and tails you get Heather." It came up tails.

Heather thought to herself, that Candy bitch will have Trebor eating out of her hand. But then she heard Trebor say, "Fine, we can switch partners each dance." He's not playing favorites, Candy thought to herself.

Trebor had seldom seen a woman who didn't pick up dancing quickly and his new mates were no exception. Furthermore, like virtually all women, they could not resist enjoying the music and movement.

The evening passed in what seemed like minutes. "That was fun," Heather avowed as they strolled back to their cabin, the emphasis on the past tense surprising even herself.

"It was, wasn't it," Candy seconded.

"You two looked good," Trebor complimented them like an afterthought, "and sexier than Sid ever saw you."

The girls thought to themselves; strange he should say that, considering he saw us performing stark naked.

At home, as soon as the adrenaline from the dancing wore off, the girls found they were dead tired. They had been up since the crack of dawn, which was a new experience. Then there was the physical exertion of "shopping", moving furniture, and finally the festival.

Trebor told them he would hook up some kind of drain for the bathtub in the morning and laid out other plans. Meanwhile, the girls made up the two small beds they had acquired earlier for themselves. It wasn't until they were half asleep that either one realized they hadn't thought of cocaine all day.

Chapter 3: Day Three

Heather awoke early the next morning to the clanking sound of pipe wrenches on metal. Snuggled beneath the warm quilt, she looked at Candy, still asleep in the other single bed. As consciousness of her surroundings grew, she concluded Trebor was outside working on a drain for the bathtub. My chance to get ahead of Candy, she thought.

Climbing from bed, she primed her hair, put on shoes, and artfully arranged another of Trebor's shirts that she was wearing as a nightgown, to look as sexy as possible. Ignoring the cool pre-sunrise air, she ambled out to find Trebor.

Despite the chill he was stripped to the waist, at the moment swinging a pickaxe as he dug a leech line for sewage. She struck a pose, exposing a generous portion of slender, shapely leg and said, "Hi."

Trebor took a break, leaned on the pick handle and took an obvious good look at Heather's attributes, top to bottom. "Nice view for early morning," he said with a wide grin.

Always ready to play the female-to-male game, Heather replied with a coquettish wiggle, then asked what he would like for breakfast. Trebor climbed out of the shallow trench, took a handful of Heather's brunette locks and pulled her close, almost cave man style. She braced herself for whatever assault might come, but all he did was brush his lips ever so lightly across hers in a kind of fleeting and gentle kiss she had never before imagined. He released her, then plucked a single flower, a multicolored columbine from among the profusion of blossoms all around, and stuck it behind her ear.

"Pretty flower for a beautiful woman," he said, "and I think oatmeal with raisins."

Stunned, she stood a moment in silence trying to sort out pretty flowers, oatmeal and emotions.

"Okay?" Trebor asked.

"Huh?"

"Oatmeal, okay, with raisins?"

"Oh yeah, fine," she stammered. "I'll call you." Her mind was spinning as she returned to the cabin. How could a man so brutal at what she had witnessed the night she was captured have such a gentle side? Adding to her mental confusion, Trebor's lean but muscular body was an attraction she could not

deny. Then there was Candy - was she really supposed to share Trebor with another woman?

Perhaps in subconscious purpose she made extra noise starting a fire in the wood stove and boiling water for coffee and oatmeal. At any rate, Candy woke up and surveyed both Heather and the room.

"The flower is a nice touch," she commented on the blossom behind Heather's ear, just a bit of sarcasm in her voice. "Trebor gave it to me." There was a note of triumph in her own response.

Candy thought of a smart aleck answer, then stifled it. But to herself she thought: the competition is tough. She resolved to meet or beat any seduction tricks by Heather. Meanwhile she would adopt that saccharine-sweet phony demeanor in conversation with her as women in competition are prone to do.

"So what else have you and our new husband been up to? Candy asked as she got out of bed.

"Oh, he just told me what he wanted for breakfast, oh, and he kissed me." Heather deliberately made the kiss sound like a casual afterthought.

Concealing her anger at the fact that her competition had got a head start, Candy asked what the kiss was like. "He is different," was all Heather could think to say.

Candy changed the subject. "Well, I guess I'd better make the spider run." They had started to call trips to the outhouse the spider run.

"Could I get you to pump some more water while you are outside?"

Candy resented Heather's take-charge attitude, but then again this was a chance to show Trebor that she too was doing something constructive. So she agreed, and after a minute's primping, duly noted by Heather, she left out the back door.

Heather gloated for a moment, but then remembering the blonde's statuesque figure and Nordic beauty, she resolved to redouble her seductive routine. Men were notoriously fickle.

Candy greeted Trebor at his worksite, where he was still picking and shoveling. He gave her the same kind of obvious look-over he had earlier given Heather, then murmured, "Ummm, nice," from deep in his throat.

"You mean this?" she asked, striking a pose with one leg thrust forward, revealing a beautiful bare leg. Standing two feet below her in the trench,

Trebor ran one finger lightly across her shapely calf and said, "No, the bucket you're carrying."

"Men!" she tossed back at him, catching his playful mood.

"Yeah, well, I bet Eric my life savings that you weren't no lesbian," he challenged.

"When?"

"During your act at the Palace."

"You were right, but how did you know?"

"Too pretty, for one thing, but more important right now, I'm hungry. How is breakfast coming along?"

Candy felt the sexual tension being deliberately broken. Although that was frustrating, there was no immediate way to revive it. So, with forced cheerfulness she let him know she was on her way to get water and would find out how breakfast was progressing.

While pumping water she pondered the unique situation. Normally men practically begged to get her into bed at any and every opportunity. Yet, Trebor, who obviously had the power to take either her or Heather any time he wanted, and who had shown himself to be a ruthless killer, hadn't done so. And then he had kissed Heather, but not her. She thought to herself: I can't be losing my sex appeal, I'm only 22.

After breakfast, Trebor put the girls to work, performing the kind of manual labor they had never before experienced. Collecting stones, carrying them to the leeching trench, and finally re-covering the drainage system with dirt were the hardest physical labors either had ever imagined. Meanwhile Trebor was installing a sink in the corner of their cabin that served as a kitchen and hooking up plumbing to it, and to the bathtub. By late afternoon it was obvious that partitions inside the cabin would have to wait at least another day, but at least the girls were rewarded in the evening with long, luxurious baths. Amenities were improving.

While they eased their aching muscles in hot water brought in buckets from the wood stove, Trebor went to the community library. He returned with thick books for each girl, and asked them to read the tomes, end to end, as soon as possible, although his "asking" left no doubt it was expected.

After their bath, the girls donned revealing lingerie and terrycloth robes acquired on their shopping trip. Then they carried on the most personal conversation with Trebor yet, while he soaked in warm, wet, luxury. Under probing questions they told of their earlier lives, childhood, schools, etc. As

could be expected, they were products of the "politically correct" teachings of the System. Like most of the few remaining young White women outside Kinsland, they had been born and reared in rural communities. Attracted by the glitter and gold that awaited the last young White females, they migrated to a big city, in this case Denver. There they were seduced by drugs, glamor and the machinations of the Sons Muspell or Muspellheimers, as Trebor called Sid Cohen's tribe. Cocaine and other recreational drugs were used freely at the never-ending parties they were invited to, and once hooked they needed a supplier. That's how they met Sid Cohen and through him each other. Finding that they got along with each other, they had agreed to share a two-bedroom apartment in Lakewood, a western suburb of Denver.

Although Heather was several months younger than Candy, she was the more practical and reserved of the pair, and also more "educated," if education was what one could call the propaganda of System colleges. At any rate, she had spent three semesters attending a junior college in eastern Colorado. Meanwhile Candy had spent three years after high school working dead-end jobs in Limon, Colorado, before moving to Denver.

Like all captives - and that's what they still considered themselves to be - Candy and Heather worked hard to ingratiate themselves with their captor. Instinctively attempting to "humanize" themselves with one who had power of life and death over them. Of course, they could not know that the killing of Sid Cohen was absolutely no indicator of Trebor's true nature.

Determined to keep conversation alive, and coming from a so-called "culture" where males loved to talk about themselves, Heather asked, "Is Trebor your real name?"

"It is now."

"Oh, so you just picked it out or something?"

"Um, yeah, you might say that. Trebor is Robert spelled backwards. I use it to honor Robert Jay Mathews, leader of the Order Bruder Schweigen."

That prompted questions about who and what were the Bruder Schweigen, which led to discussion of the formation of Kinsland. Trebor emerged from behind a sheet serving as a privacy screen between the room and bathtub. Wearing only a towel around his waist, he padded to a newly acquired dresser containing his clothing and pulled on shorts and jeans while the conversation continued. The unselfconscious display of his body was duly noted with poorly disguised interest by Candy and Heather. Flat belly, thought Heather. Nice ass, thought Candy. Each scolded herself for thinking that way about a kidnapper and murderer, but in their heart of hearts each also knew that she wanted to be first to share the dangerous man's bed.

The next day, with the girls' help Trebor completed a major partition dividing the log cabin in half, with the three beds and sleeping quarters in one end, while the other half served as living room, kitchen and, of course, a spot for the bathtub. He then announced that the partition work would have to do for now because he and others were going to begin Eric's cabin in the next couple of days.

"Oh, yeah, he's gonna, um, uh, 'get' a mate pretty soon, huh?" Candy almost said 'kidnap'.

"The Gods willing," Trebor agreed. They had discovered that Trebor used that phrase whenever risks were involved.

After lunch Trebor advised them to start studying the books he had brought home, and that he'd be home for supper when it got dark.

From a couple of hundred yards away through thick forest, the girls could hear the sounds of construction. Dutifully they sat down with the books, which turned out to be a collection of writings by men with names like Nietzsche, Spengler, Rockwell and others they had never heard of. Try as they might to concentrate on the material, their minds wandered and they kept turning to conversation. They seized the time of being alone to discuss what was really on their minds. "We've got to escape," Candy began.

"How?"

"Well, we sure can't walk out through a hundred miles or whatever it is, with bears and mountain lions everywhere."

Always practical, Heather replied, "Well then, we'll have to steal a car, huh?"

"They have their cars and trucks hidden somewhere so they can't be seen from the air. All I know is, there aren't any in sight from here," Candy advised.

Heather speculated, "They might kill us if we got caught. I keep remembering what they did to Sid."

"Yeah," Candy mused, "you know what, though, I don't care about that creep. I was getting real tired of his demands, especially the private sessions."

"I know what you mean," Heather agreed. "I can't hardly believe all the things we did for that fat little weirdo."

"Actually, we were doing it for the cocaine, not him," Candy corrected.

"What would you give for some nose candy right now?" Heather asked.

"God, you name it, but I've got an idea it's gonna be a long time."

They agreed that they'd better learn a little about what was in the books before Trebor got home.

"Hey, according to this, a White man named Edison invented electric lighting, another White man named Alexander Bell invented the telephone system, and Cleopatra was a White woman," Candy exclaimed.

"Naw, my teachers said they were Black."

"Well, they have supposed photocopies from a 1930 encyclopedia here," Candy continued.

"Hell, who knows? Anyone can write a book." Heather's views were usually utilitarian.

The more they read, the more evident it became that either the books they were reading were complete fabrication, or what they'd been taught all their lives was false. It wasn't possible to throw out many years of indoctrination, but it was necessary to please their "Lord and Master", so they read on.

By now they were beginning to learn how to cook for Trebor, who was almost a vegetarian, although on occasion he would indulge in a little meat. When he returned home as darkness settled in they had supper ready. For all the world like long time spouses, they recounted their respective days. Trebor was enthused about the progress on Eric's cabin. The walls were up, a floor in place, and tomorrow they hoped to finish a roof, windows and doors. From there it would be Eric's chore to finish. For their part, the girls tried to impress him with what they hoped were intelligent questions derived from the books they had studied most of the afternoon.

"After supper, we'll go out for the evening," Trebor said. "You need to see some evidence of the truth in those books, and then there is something else I want to show you since it's a new moon and a clear night." He could sense that they doubted the authenticity of the volumes he had given them to read.

"What's a 'new moon'?" Candy asked.

"That's the opposite of a full moon. In other words, no moon."

"So why is that so important?"

"You'll see," was all he said.

After putting on sweaters, the girls were led by Trebor first to the community building with its library. There he showed them textbooks, encyclopedias and other reference works dating from the 1850's to the 1930's, in which all he had told them was verified.

"As you can see, we at Kinsland don't have the resources to print and fabricate these books," he explained. He spread out a map of the world. "See this little nation over here," he said, pointing to Germany.

"Yes."

"That's Germany, that little speck, the size of one American state. That's the country that your teachers told you set out to conquer the world. These reference works will show you that Germany was outnumbered 144-to-1 in land area by its enemies. Outnumbered thousands to one in natural resources, and hopelessly outnumbered in population. Other books will show you that the Teutonic people, later called Germans, were the defenders of the White race for thousands of years against invaders from Africa and Asia, like the Moors and the Mongols of Genghis Khan. To exterminate the White race, the Sons of Muspell first had to destroy Germany."

Trebor went on for two hours, and by the light of a kerosene lamp, the girls were shown contradiction after contradiction in the political and religious systems they had been exposed to or controlled by all their lives. Finally he said, "That's more than enough to blow your minds for one night. Come on, let's climb a mountain."

He led them several hundred feet up a winding trail in the darkest night they had ever seen. He knew every step and pointed out obstacles. Soon they arrived at an outcropping of rock. They scrambled their way to the top, which was a small level space perhaps ten feet square, rising just above tree level.

Panting from exertion, Candy and Heather paused, too out of breath to ask why they were there.

Then Trebor said, "Look," pointing to the sky. Above them in the thin mountain air, unhindered by pollution or reflected city lights, the vast panorama of the universe stood revealed in its magnificent splendor, billions upon billions of stars creating designs against a velvet black background. The Milky Way truly looked like a ribbon of white.

"Awesome, isn't it?" Trebor asked.

"God yes. I never knew it could look like this," Candy breathed.

"And it goes on apparently forever, millions of light-years beyond what we can see with the naked eye. It makes a person feel kind of insignificant, huh?" Trebor mused.

"Like a little bug," was Heather's agreement.

"Did you know that there are spirals in those galaxies that show the same mathematical progression as the arrangement of sunflower seeds and fern leaves?" he asked.

"No, what does that mean?" Heather asked.

"It means that when our ancestors, the great Aryan philosophers of antiquity, said, 'As above, so below,' or, in other words, that we and the world are a reflection of the cosmic mind, they were right."

"You mean 'God'?" Candy asked.

"I mean a force and intelligence in the universe that we call God. That we as Wotanists who follow our true religion symbolize as Allfather Wotan."

"I don't understand. What do you mean, symbolize? Is Wotan real, or not?" Heather asked.

"I think we have covered all the esoterica we can handle for one night," Trebor replied, then added, "For tonight, just consider the majesty of all that" - he gestured again to the heavens - "and realize that while we are insignificant in the size of things, we can be valuable beyond comprehension as a link in destiny's eternal chain."

"Meaning what?" Candy asked.

Trebor's only reply was an enigmatic, "One day you will understand." Standing between his new mates, Trebor rested one arm across the shoulders of each in a continuing but slow increase of physical familiarity. Almost without thinking, they each circled his waist with an arm, and together they gazed at the incredible spectacle in the skies.

Yet it was Trebor's mind most focused on the cosmos. Heather's mind drifted elsewhere. What a strange man, she thought for the umpteenth time, so strong, so dangerous and ruthless, yet gentle and intelligent. And, yes, desirable. She could feel Candy's arm against hers where they encircled Trebor's waist. Could she be happy sharing this man with another? No, she told herself, I've gotta escape from Kinsland. Candy's thoughts were along the same line.

Trebor broke the spell. "Well, work days start early. I guess we had better get on home."

Back at the cabin, partitions had not yet been built to divide the back half of their abode into separate bedrooms. Soon all three were immersed in their own thoughts in their own beds, yet only feet apart.

"Trebor?" There was a question in the name from Heather. "May I ask you a question?"

"Don't know why not."

"Promise you won't get mad?"

"No," he answered, "I'll probably blow my cool", but his remark was clearly humorous.

"I'm serious," Heather persisted.

"Okay, okay, I promise."

"Don't the women around here get jealous when their husband has more than one wife - I mean, 'mate'?"

"Why should they?"

Both Heather and Candy found his answer frustrating. Candy butted in, "Don't you believe in love?"

Trebor answered, "When you have your second child, will you love your first any less?"

"Um, I'll have to think about that," Candy replied.

Heather got more to the point. "Do the guys sleep with two or three mates at a time?"

"Ye gads, woman, I'm a Wotanist. How would I know?" Again there was encouraging humor in his voice.

"What's being a Wotanist got to do with it?"

"A Wotanist figures it's no one's business what others do in the privacy of their own homes."

"I like that," Candy said.

Heather persisted. "Well then, since you promised not to get mad, what kind of sex do you like?"

"Well. Well, kind of a loaded question. Let me think a minute." After careful consideration, he opined, "I guess there's a time for everything, sometimes romance, sometimes a caveman, sometimes gentle, sometimes a little kinky. Keeps it exciting."

"I like that," Candy repeated.

"So what are you waiting for with us?" Heather continued. "Don't we turn you on?"

"Do you think its time?" Trebor had this disconcerting way of answering a question with a question.

"Time? How does anyone know that?"

"You know, for a moment, upon the mountain top under the stars tonight, I thought we were getting there. I had a feeling of -- of -- well, if you don't know, it's a waste of words. When the day comes that lust and love combine, I reckon we will all know. Now dammit, let's get some sleep."

Sleep was slow in coming for Heather and Candy. Their minds drifted back to those days of innocence when, as teenagers, love and lust indeed combined in girlish fantasies. Back before drugs, easy sex, booze and night life had made them women of the world. What was reality - Kinsland, or what Kinslanders called the System? Was Trebor a brutal murderer and kidnapper, or the stuff of a girl's dreams? Finally they drifted into fitful sleep.

The exterior of Eric's cabin was completed by sundown the next day. At Trebor's request, the girls had prepared a picnic style noon meal for the workers. Even to their relatively insensitive perception, the unselfishness and camaraderie of the Kinslanders was obvious. Eric endured incessant ribald kidding about the sexual adventures he was sure to enjoy in his new home, with embarrassed grins.

"They're like a bunch of big kids, huh?" Heather had mused to Candy.

"Yeah, sometimes, but then other times they are so damn serious and dangerous."

"Romantic fools?" Heather asked.

"I guess so, but it's kinda neat, too, know what I mean?" Candy waxed a bit philosophical.

They would spend most of the rest of the day reading the prescribed books and so were prepared with questions in the evening. Instead, events began which would lead to a very painful lesson for Trebor's mates.

There was a knock on the front door which Candy went to answer. It was the young girl, Freta, who sometimes helped as an aide to Anna, the nurse.

"Anna needs help." There was no mistaking the urgency and distress in Freta's voice.

All of them rushed down the hill to the nurse's home. The rear of Anna's cabin formed an immaculate if crude emergency room. When they arrived, Anna was efficiently preparing for surgery on a young man whose blood-covered body lay on a four foot high table.

"It's Bragi," she told Trebor. Without pausing to see who the women were with him she ordered, "You, get his clothes off." Candy and Heather hurried to obey.

"Laser rifle, I'd say. Went right through his vest. Must have severed or nicked a major vessel judging from the blood." Anna talked as she worked. "Roth and Rick brought him in. Found him at the first cabin on the Fort Collins run. While he was still conscious, he told them it was La Porte cops that stopped them. He was with George. George's body was in their car, been dead some time."

Anna already had an IV bottle hooked to Bragi's arm. "Got him on painkiller now." She named a synthetic drug known in the System's streets and among druggies as Tope, short for Utopia, because of its euphoric effects. In fact, Tope was a drug abuser's fondest dream and most treasured possession.

"I've got to give him something to knock him out now, but I thought you might want to try to talk to him first," Anna told Trebor. The clear implication was that Bragi might not live to talk after surgery.

Trebor took hold of the wounded soldier's left hand and leaned close. "Can you hear me, Bragi? This is Trebor."

Bragi's eyes flickered open, and he tried to answer, but blood in his throat provoked a bout of coughing.

"Hang on, Kinsman. We'll talk later," Trebor told him. He turned to Anna who was showing Candy and Heather where to dispose of the bloody clothes, and said, "No use, better get inside of him quick."

Trebor, Anna and Freta each knew what to do and were immediately engrossed in controlling anesthesia, monitoring vital signs, and surgery. Candy and Heather exchanged the knowing glances of druggies and each pocketed a vial of Tope while no one was looking. Then they watched the desperate operation with interest that was only partly feigned.

"Yep, nicked the aorta," they heard Anna mumble. "Gimmie that, and that, and that" - she would point and Freta would hand her surgical tools. A long hour passed before Anna began to sew the KD soldier's chest closed.

"He's got a lot of life force," Trebor murmured.

"Yeah, but he's lost a hell of a lot of blood and his system is in serious shock. I'll keep him loaded with painkillers and antibiotics in case of infection. The rest is up to the Norns and him." Like all Kinslanders, Anna was extremely fatalistic.

Trebor sent his women home and went outside to talk to the two men who brought Bragi in.

"We were on our way out on a fruit run," one of the men named Roth, began. A fruit run was a trip to buy fresh fruits and vegetables for the community, in treaty towns. We found him and George in their car about a quarter mile from the first cabin on the Fort Collins run. Before he passed out, Bragi told me it was La Porte cops and they had a laser rifle. He and George jumped out and George caught a full load. Probably dead before he hit the ground, Bragi emptied a clip of .308 into the cops' car, but they must have bulletproof firewalls now. Anyhow, the cops had time to recharge the laser rifle enough to put a quick burst into Bragi. He managed to pull George's body into the car and headed west. Apparently the cop car was disabled, because they didn't follow. Then Bragi got weak from loss of blood and didn't quite reach the cabin. That's all we know."

"Was fruit their only mission?" Trebor asked.

"No, there was surveillance on a CSU professor. I think an 'accident' was planned."

Trebor had a good idea who the professor might be. There was an 'educator' named Goldberg of Colorado State University who delighted in promoting miscegenation between Skraelings and the few White coeds in his classes. In fact, one of the Kinslander's mates was a former student of Goldberg who had been rescued a couple of years earlier.

"Well, I'll be headed east in the morning if you all want to join me," Trebor remarked, with a casualness that belied his deep emotion. Rick and Roth both quickly volunteered to join him. It was the rule in Kinsland: if the System killed one of theirs, then immediate retaliation, at least two for one, was called for.

Trebor trudged to Eric's new cabin, where he found the young soldier just getting ready to turn in for the night. After hearing the events of the evening, Eric too was ready and eager to join the revenge team. They agreed to head out the next day as soon as there was cloud cover.

At home, unfortunately, there was to be no rest for Trebor. No sooner had he arrived home than there was another knock on the door. This time it was Anna. Looking very somber.

"Bragi?" Trebor asked.

"No, he's still plugging along. Freta is watching over him."

"Oh good." Trebor's relief was evident.

"It's something else," Anna said, clearly reluctant to begin.

"Yes?"

"I'm missing two bottles of painkiller." Anna let the words hang along, pregnant with portent.

Trebor considered carefully. Quite clearly he didn't want to accept the obvious, but his new mates were the only druggies in the community. And they'd had the opportunity.

With sad resignation in his voice and posture, he turned to Candy and Heather, who had heard the conversation.

"Alright, where is it?"

They both vigorously denied any knowledge of the missing Tope. When a search of their pockets revealed nothing, they trumpeted, "I told you so." But when he searched their dresser drawers, they knew they were caught and their attitudes became apologetic, on the surface anyway. All druggies justify to themselves what they do for their drugs.

Trebor returned the vials to Anna, saying, "I guess this means a Thing first order of business tomorrow."

"I'm afraid so." Anna's voice showed sympathy for Trebor's anguish.

"You'll have to bring the charges."

"Yes, I know," were Anna's last words upon departing.

Trebor strode to the bedroom and gathered his sleeping bag and a few other items. On his way to the exit, he stated, "I don't care to stay with liars and thieves. Tomorrow you will be tried at the Thing."

"What's a 'Thing'?" asked Candy.

"A community meeting," was his terse reply.

"You know, we didn't ask to come here," Heather said with some defiance and sarcasm in her voice.

A withering look of disgust was Trebor's only answer. He would sleep on the floor at Eric's cabin this night.

The girls were blithely unaware of the seriousness of their offenses in the eyes of Kinslanders and Wotanists. Lying and stealing were virtually unheard of, partly because everyone had a sense of being one large family with a unique destiny, and partly because defense of the communities demanded integrity.

"Screw their damn 'Thing'. Let's get out of here," Candy spat out.

"Wonder how far we'll get in these woods at midnight?" Heather countered.

"A little damn Tope and they act like it's the end of the world." Candy was incensed at the injustice of it all. Heather agreed, but counseled that defiance was not going to make matters better.

"He said Anna had to 'bring charges'. This 'Thing' must be like a trial," Candy speculated.

"So what, men run things around here. What are they gonna do to a couple of girls for swiping some painkiller drug?"

"Yeah, and we're the best lookin' women here." The bravado in Candy's agreement evidenced a need to reassure each other there was no real problem, but in the back of their minds the image of Sid Cohen's last moments lurked like a spectre of disaster.

All in all, they were apprehensive enough that they were up and dressed early the next morning. Figuring to influence the men who would presume to judge them, they primed to the nines with their hair, make-up and perfume. Then they dressed in the most demure clothing common to the community.

They were thus prepared and sipping coffee when Trebor arrived shortly after sunrise. His attitude was cold, but they had expected that. They knew that a woman's looks were her weapon in life's struggle, and both were confident in their weapons where men were concerned.

They found themselves seated in the front row of the combination school, library and meeting hall, behind Trebor. Looking about as the hall filled up, they noted that each man brought his mate or mates with him. Perhaps

twenty men and nearly twice that many women filled the room before Trebor rose and addressed the crowd.

"I've called for this Thing for two reasons, neither of them pleasant," he announced. "First, as most of you know, our good Kinsman George was killed by the System's police yesterday. George leaves two mates and nine children behind. The funeral pyre will be tonight, though of course a few of us won't be here, as we have the usual business to take care of in the east. Respect to George's mates will, I am sure, be paid by all.

"Second, I am sorry to say, this is about a wrong for which I am at least partly responsible, since I brought the accused into the community. Anna, would you please state the facts?"

Anna rose, faced the audience and detailed the charges of theft and lying. "This crime is particularly inexcusable in light of what was stolen," she added. "This painkilling drug is vital to injured KD soldiers. In fact, Bragi was on the operating table at the exact time of the theft. Stealing medicine could condemn heroes to pain or death. Regretfully, as the offended party, I must ask for severe punishment." She sat down and the floor opened for debate.

Trebor rose first, confirmed all that Anna had said, and then added, "However, please bear in mind that these two are new to the community and have no knowledge of our ways or why they are so important. If they can be re-educated, aren't they potentially more valuable to our folk alive than dead? Nonetheless, let the will of the folk be done." He relinquished the floor.

The seriousness of their situation now struck home on both Heather and Candy. This was about life and death, their lives or deaths. The way Anna put it, stealing medicine from wounded soldiers did indeed sound awful. Worse yet, it wasn't just men deciding their fate. It appeared each family had one vote in decisions of the 'Thing'. The man of the house cast the vote, but only after consultation with his mate or mates. Not only that, the men seemed to respect their mates' opinions, and the women who spoke from the floor were uniform in their condemnation. They heard one woman specify, "If my man or my son were denied medicine by a thief in the community, I'd have no mercy."

The debate raged for two hours before decisions were reached. In accord with common practice, the injured party - in this case, Anna - delivered the verdict. In clear, somber tones she announced: "Candy, a prospective Trebor's mate, and Heather, a prospective Trebor's mate, it is the judgment of the Thing that you are thieves and liars. For such the appropriate punishment is that you should be stripped naked and flogged in view of the entire community. A second offense requires capital punishment.

"However, because you are new to the community, and out of deference to Trebor, we deem it improper that you should be unclothed to the eyes of the

community's male members. Therefore your punishment will be administered in the privacy of this hall, by women, with only women present."

"Be aware that your punishment does not result from malice. Those who have no conscience will only follow the rules necessary to the survival of the folk and community out of fear of pain."

The men rose as one and departed the meeting hall. In moments, Candy and Heather found themselves naked with their hands tied above their heads. No amount of pleading, promising, tears or - later - screams would save them. One of the women administering discipline was in fact heard to say, "Stow the tears, thief, that trick only works on men."

Later, as they limped back to Trebor's cabin, carrying their clothes because anything touching the welts on their bodies was too painful to bear, the last words they'd heard rang in their ears.

"Are drugs, lying and stealing worth all this? Are they worth dying for?"

At least, thankfully, at the cabin there were no accusing looks or words from Trebor. In fact, he wasn't home. On the kitchen table was a terse note that read, "The past is over. The future is what one makes it. Do right. The Gods willing, I will be back in three days."

"So what now?" Candy asked.

"I don't know. Keerist, I thought I was dying. I didn't know a person could hurt so bad."

"It still hurts," Candy moaned.

At that moment there was yet another knock on the door. The girls exchanged apprehensive looks. It couldn't be a friend - they didn't know any in the community.

Heather sidled to the door, holding her clothes in front of her, and cracked it open.

"Hi!" It was Freta, Anna's helper. "Well, may I come in?"

"Oh, sure." Heather stepped aside.

"Anna sent this." Freta held out a bottle of greenish-blue lotion. "She said applying it to your sore spots a few times a day will help."

"Anna sent this?" Heather was incredulous that Anna, who had so eloquently laid out the case against them, was now solicitous.

"Sure, why not?" the young girl responded.

"Well, eh, you know," Heather stuttered, "what happened this morning?"

"Hey," Freta responded, "if a child does wrong, he gets a spanking. Then it's forgotten. You did wrong and got a real good spanking, and now it will be forgotten."

"Are you kidding? Those people, especially the women, they hate us! We can't ever go outside again."

"Oh, really," the sprightly teenager replied. "Well, you better go put that lotion on and get dressed. I think you're about to have company."

Suddenly they realized how silly they must look, standing stark naked in the middle of the room, carrying on conversation with a fully dressed and seemingly all-wise teener.

"Oh, yeah, thanks. Sit down and I'll, I mean we'll be right back." Heather took the lotion. She and Candy retreated to the bedroom with as much dignity as two sore and naked women could muster.

In the back room, they whimpered as they applied the lotion to themselves and to each other.

"Ooh, this does help," Candy moaned.

"Boy, does it ever! Wonder what it is?"

"Who cares? Just be glad we got it."

They speculated about who could be coming to visit, without optimism or enthusiasm.

"You know, just in case, we ought to brew some coffee," Heather suggested. Dressed in the softest clothing they could find, they returned to the front room.

"You are both so very pretty, I can see why Trebor picked you," Freta complimented them.

"Well, thank you, Freta, but to tell the truth, I don't feel very pretty right now," was Heather's honest response.

"Me neither," her sister-mate agreed.

"Trebor left a note that said he'd be gone for two or three days. Do you know where he is?" Candy asked.

"Sure. He and Eric and Rick and Roth went Vali."

"Went 'Vali'?"

"Yeah, that's a name they use for revenge. It's from the God Vali."

"Yeah, so what does Vali do?" asked Heather.

"They kill one of ours, we kill two of theirs. That's all they understand."

The casual manner in which this apparently innocent young girl spoke of killing astonished Candy and Heather. "Just like that, go kill someone?"

"War is war, with plunder and women to the winners and slavery or death to the losers," Freta responded, with what to the newcomers was frightening intensity.

The conversation was interrupted by the first in an afternoon-long procession of women offering to teach the girls sewing, gardening, leather crafts and all the skills of the community. They accompanied one pair of sister-mates to pay respects to George's mates. There they heard references to Asgard, Valhalla, Tyr, the Bifrost bridge and other terms that baffled them. The sister-mates called themselves Sifen and Skadi.

"Where do you get such strange names?" asked Candy.

"And why does everyone seem to use just one name?" chimed in Heather.

"They are mostly names of Gods and Goddesses of our folk, and we often take a new name in Kinsland."

"But no last name?"

"Well, kinda, I guess. You are Candy Treborsmate and she is Heather Treborsmate," Sifen replied.

"Can I - I mean, may I - ask you another question?" Heather was being super polite.

"Sure," Sifen agreed.

"Well, uh, first, uh, what's your husband - I mean, mate's name?"

"Our mate calls himself Baldy, partly out of respect to Balder and partly as a joke since he has lots of long beautiful hair."

"Balder is a God?"

"Yes, a God of summer and sunlight."

"So which of you was Baldy's first wife?" Heather asked.

"I was," Skadi offered.

"Weren't you jealous when he took another wife? Oops, I mean mate!"

"Jealous!?" Skadi laughed. "I picked Sifen and helped Baldy capture her."

"Why, don't you love Baldy?"

"I love that man more dearly than anything on Midgard, except maybe our children," Skadi replied.

"Me, too," Sifen echoed.

While Candy and Heather were being educated into the ways of Kinsland, some miles away, traveling almost due east, four Kinsman maneuvered their two sedans around ruts and potholes in trails and roads. There was little conversation, as each man's thoughts were on fallen comrades and revenge. What little talk there was involved strictly business.

In the lead car, Trebor said, "We've got to get our hands on some of those laser rifles. I hear they can bring down a chopper or low-flying plane."

"Oh, man, if every Kinsland community had one of those, we could make life easier," Eric enthused.

"Well, we're gonna try. That's what the bolt cutters are for." They figured the laser rifles were bolted into locking devices in police vehicles just as was done with shotguns.

Behind them in the second car, Roth, a large husky man in his mid-forties, was driving. To Rick, a slender blond at least twenty years younger, he speculated, "Laser rifles for local cops, that's new."

"Well, the police department is about all Skraelings except for a few White females I hear. Guess the System feels it's safe to let racial enemies of the folk have advanced weapons."

La Porte, once a small suburb of Fort Collins, now had a population of a hundred thousand spreading north and west. Its western border was within a few minutes' drive of the mountains and Kinsland territory. The population was ninety percent Mexican with an additional ten percent divided between several races, but the police department was at least ninety-nine percent Mexican.

"You think Bragi's gonna make it?" Rick asked.

"Questionable, but there's a chance. He was breathing well when we left."

"If he doesn't make it, I want to go Vali again next trip," Rick vowed.

Bragi was Rick's age and a close friend.

"Not wise to go Vali when a man is too emotional," Roth cautioned.

"I'll cool down first," the younger man promised.

By nightfall they were at the first cabin where George and Bragi had been found a day earlier. From a nearby promontory there was a view of the unending lights of the front range. From north of Fort Collins to south of Colorado Springs, the entire front range was one long city, a hundred miles in length and up to fifty miles in width in places. It resembled Mexico City in size and inhabitants.

From informants, the KD knew of a donut shop in western La Porte where the police often took coffee breaks. If the Gods were with them, some System Skraeling police would take their last coffee break tonight.

They left one car concealed at the cabin, then crept down the last ten miles to the edge of System territory in a sedan loaded to the gills with four men, rifles, back packs and -just in case - a bolt cutter. By nine o'clock they were innocently ensconced on a side street overlooking the parking lot of the franchise donut shop. It was over an hour before a police car showed up. A swarthy Mexican and a fat White woman got out, dressed in the garish uniforms designed by La Forte's Skraeling city council, and waddled into the shop.

"Okay, Rick, take a look."

Rick was the least menacing in appearance, and he was designated to stroll by the police vehicle and look to see if a laser gun was locked inside. Just as Rick opened his door, Trebor grabbed his arm.

"No, wait". A second police car entered the lot, and parked, and its Mexican cops went inside. "Okay, try again," Trebor advised.

A minute later, Rick returned. "The Norns are with us. There are some kinds of weapons I don't recognize locked to the dashboard, and the fat broad didn't even lock her door. If there's no alarm turned on, I can probably cut one of those weapons out of that car before they even come out."

"Well, if we're gonna take out all four of them, it can't be a quiet operation," Trebor said. "It's smash and grab and run. Rick, you and Eric amble up to the cars. See if you can get the first weapon out quietly. If an alarm goes off, Roth and I will take out the cops immediately. We'll have them in our sights through the window all the time. If you get the first weapon out quietly, signal us. We'll then take out the enemy. You then shoot out the windows on the other car if it's locked, cut the weapon loose and we're gone. Thirty seconds maximum. Everyone agree?" Heads nodded.

As luck would have it, there was an alarm on the first police vehicle, although not audible outside. Apparently an alarm went off in the cops hand-held radios, because just as Rick opened the car door all four cops looked up.

"Take 'em," Trebor muttered.

A stream of .308 slugs tore through the front window of the donut shop and entered the heads and bodies of the enemy, already tumbling and expanding. The exit holes were as big as a man's fist, and all four were dead when they hit the floor. The patrons and workers in the shop screamed and dropped to the floor, but Rick and Eric calmly went about their work. As Rick cut the weapon in the first car loose with bolt cutters, Eric pulled out his 9mm and cleaned out the rider's-side window of the other car with a fusillade of shots. He had the door open and waiting when Rick arrived with the cutters and a weapon in one hand. Another ten seconds and they sprinted for the car, two precious laser rifles in their possession.

There was no point in taking a circuitous route out of town. In minutes the major thoroughfares would be sealed in every direction. At the top speed possible without blatantly violating the limit, they headed due west, counting the minutes to the Kinsland borders. With two miles of good highway in front of them, then another two miles of unrepaired Kinsland roadway before entering heavy forest, Rick announced from the back seat, "Cars in chase, at least four, lights on. Might as well floor it now."

Trebor floored the gas pedal and the large engine in their carefully chosen sedan responded with a lunge. They traveled the last two miles of highway at over a hundred miles an hour with the chase car still at least a mile behind. At the end of the unkept road, Trebor had to slow to ten and fifteen miles per hour, picking his way through potholes as the headlights allowed, but he wasn't worried about chase cars. They would have the same problems.

"Choppers, guys, look for them." Windows down, the other three poked their heads out and surveyed above and behind.

Just a few hundred yards ahead, Trebor could see the first trees, which meant safety. Suddenly Rick shouted, "Chopper, right rear, maybe one mile!"

No chance to evade, thought Trebor. It will have missiles already honed in on us.

The trees were less than a hundred yards away.

"Backpacks, weapons, and the laser guns in hand," he yelled. "We're getting out!" He jammed on the brakes, and all four raiders piled out, sprinting for the trees as fast as their legs would carry them with all the gear they carried. Behind them the chopper's co-pilot pushed a button and a missile already honed in on the car's hot exhaust roared away at four hundred miles per hour.

Just as the raiders reached the tree line, there was a tremendous explosion as their vehicle was virtually vaporized by high explosive. The KD soldiers took a moment to catch their breath, then began to strap on their backpacks.

"Whew, that was close," Roth panted.

"Yeah, too damn close," Eric agreed.

"That damn chopper hasn't left yet," Rick observed.

"No, it hasn't, has it?" Trebor muttered, a thoughtful look in his eyes. "Let me see one of the laser rifles." Like all KD soldiers, Trebor had read every bit of literature that was printed or could be stolen about System weaponry. In a moment he had the rifle charged.

Using a tree limb for a rest, he centered the sights on a fuel tank of the chopper that hovered over the burning wreckage of their car. "Adios, I hope," he murmured and squeezed the trigger.

A pencil sized hole blasted through the helicopter's fuel tank. Metal turned red hot in a microsecond, igniting fumes within the tank. There was a flash from the explosion, then the only sounds were of rubble raining from the sky and approaching sirens.

"For Bragi," Trebor gloated.

The raiders began the ten mile uphill march to the cabin and the other car. Between the difficulty of the terrain and having to watch for System aircraft, it would take a long time, but no one minded.

Less than fifty miles west as the crow flies, in Mathewsville, Trebor's new mates had tried going to bed around ten o'clock, but despite Anna's

medication they were still in considerable discomfort. Unable to sleep, they talked instead.

"I guess we're gonna have to get honest with ourselves," Heather began, thinking out loud. "Apparently nobody escapes from Kinsland, so we've got to make the best of it. In their eyes, we are liars, thieves, and druggies. If Trebor hadn't convinced them to give us a break because we are new, we might be dead."

Candy broke in, "Yeah, well, he's the one that kidnapped us."

"That's beside the point now. We have to play the cards we're dealt. Everyone here talks about fate, even at that funeral or whatever they call it."

A little earlier they had watched along with the community as far across the valley a fire sprang to life. A funeral pyre, Freta had told them. George on his way to Valhalla. He escaped the straw death. The straw death, they discovered, meant dying in bed instead of in battle.

"Anyway, Trebor is one of their heroes, and for all practical purposes he owns us, right?"

"Yeah."

"Well then, we gotta do what women have always done, right?"

"I guess," Candy replied, still unsure where Heather was headed.

"What I mean is, if everyone loves Trebor and he can be convinced that he loves us, we end like at the top, right?"

"You mean like big fish in a small pond?"

"In the only pond," Heather responded.

Candy admitted she could see sense in the idea. "But," she reminded Heather, "at the moment we are lower than whale crap in Trebor's eyes."

"Maybe so, but tell me something - was there ever a man you met that you couldn't seduce if you wanted?"

"Well, not many, if any," Candy admitted, or bragged, depending on one's viewpoint.

"Me either, and against two of us he hasn't got a chance. You ever know a guy that didn't want two good looking women?"

"They mostly all do," Candy agreed, then asked, "So what's the plan?"

"What's most important to Trebor?"

"Um, I guess this community."

"Right. So beginning immediately, we convince him it's important to us. He has to fall for that."

"Uh-huh, so I agree. That makes sense, but what about sex? That's what really gets to men."

"We gotta find out what he likes and turn him on, that's all."

"Sounds easy, but I've got a feeling that Trebor's different than any men we've known before. He's got some kinda romantic streak or something."

"Maybe so," Heather agreed, "but remember, he decided to kidnap us while watching us perform at the Palace. All that romance and all good sense goes out the window when a man gets horny."

"Well, if he feels romantic about us, he's all screwed up. After all, he knows what we are."

"What do you mean, 'what we are'?" Heather challenged.

"We're a couple of druggie strippers, liars and thieves, and he knows it." Candy was in a full blown period of painful self-examination.

"Speak for yourself," Heather said, flying into a huff. She squirmed about, trying to find a position that didn't hurt, and fell into resentful silence.

For at least a full hour there was complete silence in the pitch black darkness. Then Heather's voice broke the dark spell. "Candy? You awake?"

"Yes."

"I'm a druggie whore, a liar and a thief."

Candy pondered the admission for a minute. "Friends?"

"Friends."

"I don't think I'm gonna sleep tonight, how about you?"

"Nope, me neither," admitted Heather.

"Wanna get up and have some tea or something?"

"Might as well. Better just our butts hurt from sitting than our whole bodies."

"Yeah, let's put on more of Anna's magic lotion, too," Candy suggested.

"Okay, I'll get the lantern and light it."

Shortly they sat in the kitchen sipping tea and being honest with themselves and each other for the first time ever. Actually, they discovered, it's difficult to put on a pretentious act when you're sitting around stark naked due to the fact that your body is covered with painful welts received for lying and stealing.

"You know, we're gonna be expected to have babies, don't you?" Heather asked.

"Well, I guess in the back of my mind I always expected to do that anyhow, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I hear that all the women here breast feed for a couple of years. I'll have boobs as big as yours," Heather opined.

"Yours aren't too small. I always wished mine were your size."

"That's funny. I always wanted bigger ones like you," Heather chuckled at the irony.

"Well, I guess babies don't care so long as there is milk in them, huh?"

"Nope. Now the question is, what does Trebor like?" Heather regretted the words instantly. "I'm sorry, I wasn't trying to get any competition stirred up."

"That's okay," Candy assured her. "We've got to get over any jealousy, although I still don't see how these women do it."

"I think they love each other," Heather mused. Then noticing Candy's questioning gaze, she hastened to add, "I don't mean that way, I mean like.. .like..." she searched for a word. "I don't know, they just do."

"I couldn't ever love you that way," Candy said.

"Oh?"

"Nope, you're too damn pretty, too much competition."

Mollified, Heather answered, "You're a lot sexier than I am." These kinds of confessions of admiration women never make to each other except in sarcasm or jest, and now both were embarrassed.

"Good thing Trebor isn't here to hear two naked women telling each other how beautiful they are. He'd swear we are stone lezzies, huh?" Candy joked, breaking the tension of the moment.

Conversation grew desultory as bone-tired weariness descended on both girls. There was a sudden interruption, another knock on the front door.

"Criminy, it's two o'clock in the morning!" Candy exclaimed.

Heather padded to the door and called out, "Who's there?"

"Wolf," a muffled voice answered. "I saw your light and thought you would like to hear about the Vali."

"Wolf? Wolf?" Heather asked. "Who is Wolf?" "I think he's the one-legged guy who works the communications shack on night shift."

"Oh yes, I remember. Just a minute," she called through the door. Both girls scurried to don terrycloth robes. Heather opened the door.

"I picked up news on a System station out of Fort Collins," Wolf said, making no effort to enter.

"Oh well, come in." Heather stepped aside.

"That wouldn't be proper at this hour of night with Trebor gone," Wolf averred. "All I had to tell you was that apparently the men are safe and the raid was a success."

"Thank you, Wolf. We appreciate the update."

"You're welcome. Good night," Wolf hobbled away on his crutches.

"That was sweet of him," Candy remarked.

"Yeah, part of being Trebormates, I guess."

"Have you thought about what happens to us if Trebor gets killed on one of his raids?" Heather asked.

"Don't want to think about it. Let's go to bed."

In the bedroom, Heather surprised Candy by saying, "Let's sleep in Trebor's bed til he gets home?"

"Why?"

"Just because, I dunno, just because it's his, I guess."

"Kinda like getting used to the idea?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Well, alright."

They once again anointed themselves and each other with lotion and slipped naked between the sheets.

"I'll bet if Trebor knew we were in his bed, both of us, like this, he wouldn't be so eager to play war," Candy ventured.

"I hope not, but I suspect he's one of those duty-to-the-bitter-end type of guys."

"You're probably right. Let's get some z's." This time, despite the tender skin, they went immediately to sleep.

Meanwhile, all through the hours of darkness the four KD soldiers slogged their way through inky blackness and occasional heavy underbrush, ever upward and westward. Finally at daybreak they called a halt.

"The surveillance satellites will be tuned into this area. Let's rest until the afternoon cloud cover rolls in," Trebor advised.

From their canteens and emergency rations, they made a meal and thankfully sprawled out on beds of pine needles, carefully hidden beneath dense evergreens. In moments all but the alternating sentry were asleep - the dreamless sleep of men who were exhausted after a job well done.

Some hours later they resumed the trek, surprisingly refreshed and eager to get home where they could regale the community with tales of their exploits. If their car hadn't been destroyed, they would have been home no later than early afternoon, or perhaps late afternoon depending on cloud cover.

Back in Mathewsville, Wolf had told everyone as much as he knew about the raid, but of course all knew that the System radio was often pure lies and propaganda. So by mid-afternoon many folk, especially close friends and relatives of the raiders were sneaking anxious glances into the valley below for signs of a vehicle.

Candy and Heather found that they were no different. Now that they had accepted that their fates were intertwined with Trebor's, future plans relied on his safe return.

Sifen had invited them to help her and a few others to weed and water in the community garden, and she noted their glances down the driveway.

"Best to get used to it. They either return or they don't," she counseled.

"I guess it's always like this, huh?" Heather asked.

"I'd say most of the women here spend from a few days to a few weeks every year wondering if their man will return."

"God, how can you live like that?" Candy asked.

"I guess if there's no other way to stop the Muspellheimer murder of our race, then we have no choice," Sifen answered.

"No wonder you love your men like you do. Each day may be the last," was Heather's observation.

"That's part of it," Sifen agreed, "but there's more. Our men are real men, brave enough to put their lives on the line time after time after time, as long as they live. There is nothing like being loved by a real man."

Comparisons of Trebor's lean hard body and Sid Cohen's disgusting image flashed into both girls' minds. Heather thought of his kiss, lips gently brushing hers, while Candy remembered a single finger tracing a line across her bare calf. They looked at each other.

"We're hooked, aren't we?" Heather asked.

"I'm afraid so," Candy admitted.

Hours dragged by and afternoon turned into evening which became night, and still no sign of the KD soldiers. Finally the girls, tired after only a few hours of sleep the previous night, gave up and decided to go to bed.

Once again they medicated with Anna's lotion and slipped naked between the sheets.

"There's no one else here that I'd want for a mate like Trebor. How about you?" Candy asked.

"Nope. No one else compares. It's scary, what's gonna happen if he's dead?"

"Don't say that. We just decided to love him," Candy mumbled. Then, deciding love was inappropriate, she amended, "I mean, you know, be real mates."

"Maybe that's what love is?" Heather whispered. "Who knows? It would be nice to be treated like these guys do for their women. Even when they're pregnant with big bellies, you can tell their men love them."

"I'll bet that's why the women aren't jealous of each other. It's because the men never leave their mates for a new one."

"Now that makes sense," Candy asserted, then after a moment's reflection added, "except when they're killed."

On that somber note they fell into silence and then sleep.

At four in the morning, Trebor and his companions arrived back in Mathewsville. As tired as he'd ever been, Trebor decided to skip a bath until he saw the pair sleeping in his bed. By the light of a flickering kerosene lamp, he could see the sheets were nearly kicked off their nude bodies and angry welts decorated their skin.

There was a chill in the cabin, so he pulled the sheets back over them and added a quilt. Then he returned to the kitchen, started a fire in the stove and set a bucket of water on top. Maybe a warm bath would be just as refreshing as sleep, he rationalized. Soon he was soaking away the dirt and sweat of a forced march while sipping a cup of mead.

The girls had received a painful punishment, he reflected. He hoped they had learned their lesson. A repeat performance could well cost them their lives. The community had harsh rules, but survival demanded ruthless enforcement of certain laws and codes of honor.

He also had to admit to himself that there was more to his reflections than some altruistic determination to pass on both their genes and his own. They're getting under my skin, he thought, despite their shady past, and there's no fool like an old fool. I must remember that they lie, they steal, and they are drug-abusers.

Nevertheless, before extinguishing the lantern and climbing into one of the girls' beds, he stole a long look at their faces, so peaceful in repose. Five minutes later he was dead to the world.

Heather awoke at sunrise, needing to make a spider run due to the tea imbibed in the middle of the night. "Ouch," she murmured, as movement still caused a little pain. Then as full consciousness returned, she noted the quilt. Had Candy gotten up in the middle of the night and covered them? She glanced at the blonde still asleep beside her, recalled a hug of the previous

night and was surprised to feel no guilt or embarrassment. Maybe friendship with a sister-mate is possible, she thought.

She slid out from under the warm quilt and slipped her feet into slippers before venturing across the cold wood floor. Only as she was donning her terrycloth robe did she finally see Trebor in the next bed. She stood beside his bed for a long moment gazing at his light brown hair and chiseled Nordic profile. You coulda done a lot worse, girl, she told herself as she tip-toed silently out of the room to make the spider run.

Later, as she set about to build a fire in the kitchen stove, she realized there was still heat in the embers. He hasn't been home more than a couple of hours, she correctly surmised. After setting a tea kettle of water on the stove to heat, she returned silently to the bedroom.

Carefully she nudged Candy awake. When the blonde's eyes opened, the first thing she saw was Heather's face, inches away, with one finger over her lips, indicating "be quiet". Heather pointed to the sleeping Trebor. Candy nodded her understanding and slid quietly out of bed.

Heather noted for the umpteenth time the blonde's classic figure, which transcended even the welts still visible on her skin. Must not be jealous, she reminded herself. The experiences of the last three days flew by in her mind's eye. How was it possible that she and Candy could have changed so much in such a short time?

As she eyed the slumbering Trebor once more, she began to wonder what the near future would bring for him, and for his young comrade, Eric...

Chapter 4: The Rescue

Sixteen year old Dory Johnson, like most girls her age, spent little time reminiscing on the past. Teenagers are future-oriented, and Dory's future seemed to contain endless possibilities for pleasure and adulation.

As one of the few White girls in her suburban high school, Dory was besieged with attention and requests for dates from Skraelings of all colors and mixtures, as well as an occasional overture from some shy or brow-beaten White boy.

Unfortunately the few White boys in her school were so beaten down with the System's propaganda of guilt, as well as fear of anti-White laws which were used to punish White males for the slightest deviation from humble subservience, that they remained socially invisible. By nature's programming, young females are not attracted to disenfranchised, beaten males.

On this particular evening, Dory was mentally wrestling with a not uncommon dilemma. Who should she go to the weekend homecoming dance with? She had narrowed the options down to just two.

One was a jive-talking flashy Negro, a senior who starred on the basketball team. The other was a Mexican whose expensive clothes and new sports car were financed by sales of various drugs to fellow classmates.

Under the prevailing moral climate promoted by all of society, including teachers, Dory was not without erotic experience with both sexes. Although physically she was no longer a virgin due to a lesbian affair in which her partner had employed sex toys constructed to simulate male sex organs, she had so far avoided vaginal intercourse with any male, not because of inhibitions but rather out of fear of pregnancy or disease.

Long ago she had discovered her ability to manipulate and gain advantage using sex and flirtation, weapons that she used without shame. Ignored by her drunken mother and by her lying lawyer father, she was tough, practical, clever and self-centered. Drugs, fights and varied sexual stimulations were integral in her life.

It was in fact incessant chatter about herself that precipitated an earlier than planned abduction. She had confided to a friend her decision to 'go all the way' with a Skraeling. The friend, a secret KD sympathizer had, through channels, relayed the information to another, who in turn had broadcast a coded transmission on a set frequency at a prescribed time.

Wolf, the communications officer, arrived at Eric's cabin to warn that time was of the essence. Eric in turn shared the news with Trebor and hastily they

began to plan.

"Can't get there tonight," Trebor opined.

"I know, but tomorrow night should be no problem. We have all the surveillance data we need." Eric was anxious. Although having only seen Dory's picture, he was infatuated. Of course, he had no way of knowing that behind Dory's pretty and innocent face lurked a scheming, devious and thoroughly utilitarian mind.

Dory lived with her parents in a ritzy home adjacent to the 18 fairway of a country club golf course north of Arvada, a suburb on the northwest outskirts of Denver. Other than contingency plans for unexpected obstacles, the abduction plans had been rehashed in Eric's mind many times.

The next day as Trebor and Eric traveled slowly down the rough and untended roads, Trebor counseled Eric on the problems he was about to face with an angry, scared, spoiled, brainwashed and basically useless prospective mate.

"I know, I know," Eric answered, "but you are the one that said women are incredibly adaptable, especially when they are young."

"That's true, but remember, this one has lived in luxury never dreamed of by kings and queens of ages past. She has absolutely no experience with the real world and is unable to perform any valuable task whatsoever until she is taught. And she will resist."

Trebor's evaluation was sobering, and Eric fell into silent meditation for several hours. After dark, they began to converse again as they entered System territory, all about business as they reviewed plans and contingencies.

The country club golf course was surrounded by an eight foot high chain link fence. A gate providing access to a service road for maintenance vehicles and supplies was situated at the far end of the course from the club house. Opening the gate would be child's play for Trebor. They would however have to leave the car parked outside the course and proceed on foot to Dory's parents' house in order to avoid detection by the groundskeepers, who would be watering and mowing fairways and greens all night long.

Wearing dark clothes and carrying their usual issue of weapons and tools, the efficient raiders arrived at the two story brick home which was their destination shortly before midnight. They could see no lights on in the house. Finding a pair of expensive cars in the garage, they surmised that the family was already asleep.

To their delight they discovered that a back door to the palatial home was

unlocked.

"Guess these rich folks feel pretty secure," Eric whispered.

"Uhhmm," was all Trebor replied.

Due to its isolation the house was too dark to explore without the aid of the small flashlights they carried. Reconnaissance of the first floor found it devoid of humans. After creeping silently up the stairs to the second floor, they found there were a half dozen doors, all of them closed. No way to know which door might lead to Dory's bedroom, and it was too dark to explore rooms without using flashlights, which would likely awaken the occupants. This would have to be done the hard way.

Standing at one end of a hallway, they whispered.

"Might as well start here at the first door," said Trebor.

"Okay, I go in first," Eric was eager.

"Okay"

Slowly and silently Eric turned the doorknob of the first doorway and eased it open. It was pitch dark, and they couldn't see a thing. Suddenly Trebor switched on his flashlight and illuminated what turned out to be some kind of studio or study. There was no one in the room but the raiders. Each heaved a sigh of frustration because the tension would have to be repeated.

A second door opened into a deserted guest bedroom. The third room was occupied, but unfortunately not by Dory. Trebor's flashlight revealed a couple sleeping on a king-sized bed. The man, an overweight specimen perhaps fifty years old, awakened almost instantly, shielding his eyes from the light. He stammered, "What the hell, who are you?"

Eric flipped on the light switch and closed the door. Now both raiders stood revealed, holding 9mm handguns aimed at the bed. The woman woke up then, saw the KD raiders and screamed.

"Shut up," Trebor warned in a quiet but menacing voice, aiming his handgun directly at the hysterical woman's face. The screaming ended abruptly.

"No telling who she woke up. You'd better look for your girl now," Trebor advised.

As Eric hurried to find Dory's bedroom, Trebor began to tie up her parents with duct tape around their ankles and wrists. Dory's mother was a rather attractive woman despite showing signs of wear from a dissipated life. In a trembling voice she asked, "What do you want?"

"Just your daughter," Trebor replied. He was disgusted to see the look of relief on the woman's face. She had to know that horrible fates often awaited women who were abducted, but obviously she didn't care so long as her own decadent carcass was safe.

"Why our daughter?" the overweight man asked.

"To save her," was Trebor's terse reply.

"Save her? Save her from what?"

"From dating and mating with non-Whites," Trebor explained.

"There's nothing wrong with that. We're all equal. We can't be racist!" The System line spouted by the slob made Trebor want to vomit.

The woman chimed in, "Hell, my oldest daughter is married to an African-American." Although they didn't know it, the two racial renegades had just sealed their own fates.

Meanwhile Eric raced down the hall, opening doors and flipping on lights. The first two rooms were empty. In the third he discovered that Dory had indeed been awakened by her mother's scream. She had a phone in her hand and was just about to dial the police emergency number. He leaped across the room and struck the instrument from her hand.

The two sized each other up. Dressed in a short nightie that showed all of her shapely legs and the outlines of firm young breasts, Dory was a vision that aroused Eric despite the tension of the moment. A pert nose, pouty lips, and just a few freckles decorated a pretty face framed by flowing light brown hair. Despite the terror in her eyes, she was a fine figure of a woman.

What Dory saw was a stocky but well built, clean cut young man holding a gun that looked like a cannon to her.

"Please don't hurt me," she stammered.

Although his Aryan soul would have preferred to offer solace and comfort, Eric knew that a whole new mindset would have to be created in his captive, a mindset in which respect and compassion were earned by service to folk, mate and family, not by demands or pleas. So his response was brusque. "You have one minute to get dressed. I'd recommend jeans, a sweater and sneakers," he advised.

When Dory hesitated, Eric began to count off the seconds aloud while pointing to his gun. At the count of ten Dory scrambled to obey, too terrified

to consider the show she was putting on for the intruder. Eric didn't miss a thing.

Moments later Eric and Dory arrived at the door to the bedroom where Trebor was talking to her parents.

"I'll be downstairs in a minute," said Trebor, indicating Eric should take his captive down there and wait. When they had left, Trebor turned to the pair on the bed.

"Untold thousands of generations of your ancestors struggled, fought and died so that beauty like your daughter's would exist on Midgard today. Then you taught your daughters to defile their heritage by mating with Skraelings. This is justice." With that he plunged his knife into their throats, first one, then the other, all in one swift motion.

Wiping his knife clean on a blanket, he muttered curses upon the very memory such vile creatures, then went to join Eric.

"Sorry, young lady, but we can't take a chance on you screaming" Trebor advised before placing a piece of tape across Dory's mouth. Each of the raiders holding one of her arms, they escorted her across the dark golf course and placed her into the back seat of their car with Eric.

As Trebor headed the car for Kinsland, Eric removed the tape covering Dory's mouth.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked in a quavering voice.

"Kinsland," Eric told her.

Like Candy and Heather before her, Dory became even more terrified upon hearing such news. Certain that a fate worse than a quick death awaited her, she gasped, "Why, why me?"

"Because you are good genetic material and I need a mate."

"You mean, like a wife?" Dory could not hide the astonishment in her voice. Eric merely nodded.

"What about him?" She indicated Trebor.

"Oh, Trebor just acquired two new mates very recently. He has no interest in you."

"Two wives?"

"Sure. You have a problem with that?"

Anxious not to offend her captors, Dory quickly avowed that it was none of her business to judge. Now that it seemed she wasn't about to be tortured or killed, she felt emboldened enough to ask questions.

"I'm supposed to be your wife and I don't even know your name?" It was a question.

"Eric."

"Hell of a way to court a girl, don't you think?" Dory attempted a joke, then silently cursed the tremors in her voice.

Eric thought her attempt at humor showed courage, and it found it endearing. "Cracking jokes at a time like this shows grit," Eric allowed in a neutral voice, thinking to himself that it was a good sign.

"I don't feel very brave," sobbed Dory, breaking suddenly into tears. Well damn, I thought of everything but a handkerchief for a crying woman, Eric reflected. From an equipment bag he retrieved a stocking cap and handed it to his tearful captive without comment.

A silence which was potently uncomfortable to Dory ensued until well after they began their ascent into the mountains. Not that a plethora of questions weren't racing through Dory's mind, but she didn't know where to start or how such questions would be received. Already an exceedingly practical mind was speculating on how to enchant, seduce or otherwise control her captor until an opportunity to escape presented itself.

She finally broke the silence, telling Eric, "My name is Dory."

"Yes, I know."

"You already knew my name?"

"Of course. I wouldn't take just anyone for a mate."

"You have been spying on me," Dory accused.

"Well, someone has, in a way."

"What if I don't want to be your wife?"

"Doesn't look like you have much choice, does it? Besides, where in all nature does the female decide? The males fight each other for the right to breed and the female opts for the winner. That way, only the best genes are

reproduced."

Dory pondered that for a moment, then ventured, "But people aren't animals.

"Tell me in what way people aren't part of the animal kingdom?" Eric challenged. After considering, she replied, "I hadn't thought about it that way before."

The rest of the trip home to Mathewsville passed in much the same manner as with Candy and Heather earlier. They did allow Dory, who was emotionally drained, physically exhausted and younger to get a full ration of sleep at the halfway cabin.

Unlike Candy and Heather, Dory's arrival at Mathewsville was expected and the community was primed to make her feel welcome. After a bewildering abundance of greetings from friendly strangers, Dory didn't know whether to feel like a kidnap victim or royalty. At any rate she soon found herself appropriated by two young women not much older than herself. One of them, obviously pregnant, introduced herself as Sheila and her companion as Linda.

Linda, who had an infant in her arms, had a take-charge personality. "Come on, we'll get you fixed up with clothes and stuff." Her suggestion was voiced so as to leave little room for debate.

"What about him?" Dory gestured toward Eric, who was deep in conversation with a group of other men. She found it hard to believe that her captor was unconcerned about her whereabouts, or whether she might try to escape.

"Don't worry," Sheila advised. "We will show you your cabin if he doesn't show up first."

In the community storeroom, while being fitted and supplied with clothes and women's needs, Dory discovered that the two girls were willing and eager to share a wealth of information about Kinsland, Mathewsville, Eric, or whatever might be pertinent.

"Some of the younger girls are a bit jealous of you, but don't worry, they will get over it soon," Linda confided.

"Jealous of me?" Dory didn't understand.

"Yeah, Eric is quite a catch and two or three of them wanted to be his first mate."

"A catch! He is a catch? He kidnapped me!" The sarcasm in Dory's outburst was thinly disguised.

"You will soon enough realize that you were rescued, not kidnapped. I knew I'd been rescued in a week," Sheila averred.

"You were kidnapped too?" Dory asked.

"Both of us, and it's rescued, not kidnapped," Linda informed her.

"Didn't you ever try to escape?"

"Escape to where? Didn't Eric tell you this is the last place for White people on earth?" Sheila patiently continued.

"This is all just too much," Dory exclaimed. "Yesterday I was safe in my home, and now here I am in some wilderness about to be forced to marry some guy I don't know that just kidnapped me. So tell me, am I supposed to jump in his bed and let him fuck the hell out of me before the night is over?"

Sheila grinned. "Who knows? I wondered the same thing the day I was rescued. Kinslander men aren't into mistreating women. When you're ready, I'm sure he will be, too."

"What if I'm never ready? I mean, this isn't marriage, not the way I ever heard of."

"Oh, Eric is a handsome man and you are a healthy girl. You'll be ready, willing and eager in due time, take my word for it."

Dory found Sheila's certainty infuriating, but considered it wisest to conceal her anger. Instead she decided to learn more about her captor.

"How old is this Eric, anyhow?"

"I think he's about twenty-six," said Linda.

"Kinda old for a girl that's just turned sixteen, don't you think?"

"No Kinslander has a right to take a mate and reproduce until he has proven his value to the folk in battle, and killed enemies of our people," Sheila informed her. "That's why most Kinslander men are ten or twenty years older than their mates. When a girl starts having periods and develops womanly attributes and gets 'boy crazy', that's nature saying it's time to mate."

"You mean Eric is a killer?"

"Soldiers kill their enemies and the enemies of their people, don't they?" Linda asked.

"Oh well, I guess so."

"And they still love their mates and children, don't they?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"So what's the problem?"

"Ah, I guess this is all too new and sudden for me to get used to," Dory stammered.

"Well, this should be about all you need for now," said Linda, indicating a sizable pile of merchandise. "Come on and we will help you carry this stuff to your place."

There was calculation in Dory's next question. "You still haven't told me if I should have sex with him tonight."

"Trust me, you don't need to worry," answered Sheila with a knowing smirk that frustrated Dory.

"Well, hell, I was planning to give up this virginity thing real soon anyway." There was wry humor in Dory's comment.

"Atta girl. Humor in uncertain times shows courage," was Linda's response, accompanied by a reassuring pat on the arm.

That's the second time I've heard that tonight, thought Dory.

It was now fully dark as they trudged a couple of hundred yards through partially cleared forest to a cabin that Linda identified as Eric's place. "And yours, too," she added.

Without a reflection of city lights, the inky darkness was near total, unlike any night Dory had ever experienced. Spooky, she thought to herself.

"Good, Eric's not here yet. We can get you settled in," Sheila announced. Inside the cabin she lit a kerosene lamp which illuminated a large but unfurnished interior.

A kitchen of sorts with a table, chairs, a wood burning stove, a sink, a water barrel and some cupboards comprised one corner of the interior. The opposite corner contained a modern king-sized bed, incongruously surrounded by crude furniture including a dresser, a rocking chair and a lamp stand. Men's clothes hung on a clothes rack.

A third corner held a bathtub hooked up to a visible drain pipe. This corner was obviously intended as a future bathroom. Scattered elsewhere throughout the interior were tools, guns, ammunition, books and other male

or revolutionary accoutrements.

Adding to the unpleasant first impression, the cabin was cold, having been unoccupied for nearly two days. Dory shuddered at the idea that this would be her "home."

"Don't worry, you'll have him trained in no time, and between the two of you this place will be fixed up in a week," Linda advised.

Dory looked doubtful. "Trained?? I'm gonna train him? He's dangerous."

To Dory's surprise, Linda and Sheila fairly roared with laughter, sputtering "dangerous" again and again. Then Linda apologized, "I'm sorry, we weren't laughing at you, it's just the idea that a Kinslander would harm his mate."

"Well, there was one once. Remember old Ralph?" Sheila asked of Linda.

"Yeah, but he's ravens' food, or was," Linda replied.

"What's ravens' food? What happened to Ralph?" asked Dory.

"Ralph was a wife beater and a drunk who lived in Mathewsville until about a year ago. He was harming the morale of the community, and he didn't straighten up after repeated warnings. So we hanged him, right out there in the clearing where you drove up," explained Sheila.

"We hanged him?" queried Dory.

"Well, the whole community voted at his trial and a public hanging sends a message."

Linda chimed in, "The point is, White Aryan men in their own lands and cultures don't mistreat their women or allow others to do so either. So when you assumed that Eric was dangerous to you, we just had to laugh."

Sheila added, "Don't misunderstand, though, if a woman gets too snotty or out of line, her man might drop her panties and spank her bare bottom until her attitude improves. It's just that it takes a lot of provocation. So unless you are planning to act really nasty to Eric, he will be easy to train."

"I still don't understand what you mean by training a man." Dory pretended to be puzzled, although she figured she was already an expert on how to control men.

"If his woman is happy and eager to please, especially in bed, a White man will do anything he can to please her. I mean, ANYTHING! Women have always been the power behind the scenes in Aryan countries. Let your man defend the nation and supply you and your family with whatever you need

and want. As long as you stroke his ego and make him think he is a king in his own home, he will actually be your slave. Almost literally and without realizing it, he will be a happy willing slave."

"Hey, enough chatter! There's work to do," Sheila exclaimed. "Linda, why don't you help Dory put her clothes and stuff away while I get a fire started. I'm sure Eric and Dory will want hot water for baths, and they must be mighty hungry. I'll see if Eric has something around here to cook for supper."

In the rear of the cabin Linda placed her baby on the bed.

"What's his or her name?" Dory asked.

"Magni, he's a boy."

"How old is he?"

"Five months."

"Have you been here long?" Dory asked.

"About two years."

"Were you scared at first?"

As they reorganized the contents of the dresser to make room for some of Dory's things, Linda responded.

"Well yeah, for about a day or maybe even less. Mostly I was just confused and surprised. Shocked, I guess, by the sudden change and finding out that I'd been lied to about Kinsland ah1 my life. Then too I was still in high school, and all of a sudden I found out that nature said I was a grown woman. I was fifteen at the time. It took a few days to settle in."

"I'm sixteen and I'm in high school too, a sophomore. I mean, I was in high school."

"Well, you will probably go from student to teacher real quick. I think the community wants you to replace Sheila as the teacher of the kindergarten through third graders. Sheila will be having her baby soon."

"Don't you miss your old life?" asked Dory.

"Hell no, not one bit. The whole System is rotten and anti-White, and I despised my parents."

"My parents are pretty disgusting, too," Dory confessed. "My mom is a drunk and dad is a lying politician. No one believes anything he ever says. Of

course, he's a lawyer, too, and everyone knows what lawyers are."

"Well, you will like the honesty of people here," Linda avowed. "You'll have to get used to primitive living conditions, though."

"I see that. Speaking of which, I guess this place has an outhouse for a toilet, uh?"

"Yeah, but the men are working on a water system. We hope to have flush toilets sometime this spring."

They finished organizing, Linda retrieved her baby, and soon all three were seated around the kitchen table, while buckets of water heated on the stove top and a tuna casserole baked in the oven.

Unceremoniously, Linda opened her blouse and began to feed Magni.

"I've never known anyone to breast feed," Dory observed.

"That's a shame. A mother's natural milk is what nature intended. Besides, I like it. It makes me feel protective and motherly and stuff."

"Does it hurt?"

"Naw. Feels kinda good actually, at least until they get teeth. I hear they can get rambunctious then.";

"How long will you nurse him?" Dory asked.

"Probably two years. It's good for him, plus a woman stays infertile while nursing. One baby every three years or so is about right."

At that juncture the front door opened and Eric stepped in. He stopped after two steps and observed, "Well, well, well. A bunch of old hens discussing my shortcomings undoubtedly."

"Yes, and there's no shortage of conversational material," retorted Linda. The playful repartee showed obvious affection.

"Those milk tanks of yours get any bigger and we won't have to import dairy products anymore," responded Eric, eyeing Linda's exposed and impressive mammaries.

"Yeah, well, Alf isn't complaining," boasted Linda, referring to her mate. Eric threw up his hands in mock surrender, saying, "Well, I sure ain't gonna argue with Alf."

"We better get going," said Sheila, getting to her feet. In mock

admonishment she added, "Eric, you treat Dory right. She isn't used to a barbarian bachelor hovel like this."

"I guess that means you haven't spent the last hour extolling my endless virtues after all, huh?" he queried Sheila.

"It's getting too deep for me in here, even with boots on. Let us depart post haste," snorted Linda. Wishing Dory luck with "that smart ass barbarian", the pair left, declaring they would see her tomorrow.

There was a prolonged awkward silence once they were alone until Eric said, "Hi." Dory only nodded to indicate she had heard him.

"Not an impressive place compared to what you are accustomed to, I guess."

"You are a master of understatement, aren't you?" was Dory's sardonic response.

"Umm, so that's how it's gonna be." There was a hard and dangerous edge to Eric's voice as he seated himself directly across the table from Dory and stared into her eyes. "I will excuse a lot for obvious reasons, but one thing I will not tolerate is a spoiled, snotty, sarcastic little bitch with an attitude problem. I hadn't planned to get physical with you, but my belt and your bare ass will have a get-acquainted session that you will not enjoy, if you can't be civil. Civility is all I ask, okay?"

Dory, who had already decided to bargain with her body, raised her head as defiantly as she dared and said, "Civility is all you want? Well, there's only one bed in here."

"So what? It's not big enough or fancy enough for you?"

"So you expect me to sleep with you tonight, don't you?" The mocking tone of her voice was infuriating to Eric, who fully intended to let Dory set the pace in sex. So there was real anger in his voice as he advised, "If I want to I can strip you naked, tie you to my bed and take all the pleasure I want right now. I captured you in enemy territory and might makes right. That's the way it's been done for all the thousands or millions of years we have been on the planet. But so far I haven't, have I?"

Sensing that her body as a bargaining chip was losing value, and seeing Eric's anger, Dory meekly agreed. Between what Sheila and Linda had told her earlier, and Eric's threat to use his belt, she realized she was in danger of getting stripped and whipped on her bare butt if she couldn't appease her angry captor.

Then there was a completely unexpected development as Eric went to a drawer beneath a gun rack and returned with a pistol secured in a holster

with a clip on the side.

"Stand up," he ordered. Hesitantly she did so, and then he slid the gun and holster into her waistband.

"There, that will protect you from any danger you might encounter in Mathewsville, including what you probably wrongfully call rape," he informed her. "Not that taking you anytime I want isn't my right. Now, I smell supper. Go see if it is ready."

The cold fury in his voice was echoed by body language, and Dory figured she had pushed him too far already.

"I wasn't calling you a rapist," she protested in the most conciliatory manner she could muster.

"You were. Now go." He pointed to the kitchen stove, his rage fearfully evident to Dory.

To herself she said, why didn't I just flirt and tell him he's good looking and give him some sex? God, am I stupid. Now she would have to figure out how to make amends and appease him. It was doubtful, after she had already expressed herself as she did in regards to the bed and sex, that he would be easily fooled into thinking any sex offer now was sincere.

She rummaged through the cupboards and found dishes and silverware with which to set the table. She didn't know how long the casserole should cook, but a glance in the oven told her it wasn't burnt, so she decided to let it heat a little longer.

Then she realized she needed to go to the bathroom, but the journey outside scared her. Summoning her courage, she approached Eric, who was now sitting in the rocker near the bed, reading a book.

"I've got to go to the bathroom," she announced in the meekest voice she could manage.

"Okay."

"Is it safe?" she asked.

In response he nodded, tapped the gun on her hip, then added "flashlight" while pointing to a shelf. "Just point and pull the trigger. Tomorrow I'll teach you all about guns."

He was pissed off for real, thought Dory as she picked her way along a path to the outhouse. Again she cursed herself for being stupid. So what if he

wanted sex. Almost every other woman in the world was getting it anyway, and now she'd have to flirt like crazy or who knows what he would do. Well, if that got him horny, at least he was good looking.

Shortly she was again behind Eric's chair. In dulcet tones and pretended humility she said, "I think supper is ready. If you'll come eat with me, I'll be civil, I promise."

"Hmmm, I am hungry,"; Eric replied in a flat monotone that implied neither forgiveness nor hostility.

While they ate, he did initiate conversation, which Dory took as a hopeful sign. Thus emboldened, she said, "You and Sheila and Linda must be good friends, huh?"

"Yeah, they're good gals."

"Linda wasn't bashful about showing her boobs, was she?" Dory now wanted to bring up sex, figuring it was still her best weapon.

"Naw, clothes are just something to protect our bodies or keep us warm. Or because women look sexier in clothes that accentuate their best points and hide their weaker points. Don't you agree?"

"Are you saying that since nature gave us these bodies, there is no reason to be ashamed of them?" Dory asked.

"Couldn't have put it better myself. Still, if women didn't wear clothes we men wouldn't get the pleasure of undressing them. I like for my woman to just show me glimpses of her goodies, like with a split or short skirt or loose blouse. That turns me on. Speaking of showing bodies, I'll put up a blanket in front of the bathtub after supper so you can have a little privacy for a bath. I imagine we both smell like billy goats after so long on the road and all."

"That would be nice. Thank you." Dory's voice oozed insincere gratitude.

Eric changed the subject. "I think they want you to start helping Sheila tomorrow at eight o'clock, with teaching."

"Okay." For the moment Dory was ready to feign humble agreement to his suggestions, although escape remained her real objective.

"School is over at noon. Sheila would be glad to take you by her place and show you how nice a cabin can be."

"Okay," she agreed again. Like the actress that lurks within the heart of every woman, Dory played the role she had now selected to near perfection, not realizing how easily an act can blend with reality.

She volunteered to do dishes while he hung the blanket. As she cleaned the kitchen area, she snuck glances at Eric, thinking that he really was a fine looking hunk of man, and such a fascinating combination of dangerous soldier and charming boy.

Meanwhile Eric's mind was creating pictures of Dory, nude and glistening with soapy water from head to toe.

"I guess I carry hot water from the stove and cold water from this barrel and mix it in the bathtub until I get the temperature right, huh?" she asked a few minutes later.

"You got it, but here, I'll help you."

"How about towels and soap?"

Eric found both for her. Then, determined to let her set the pace despite the will power needed to resist taking what was now his, he departed for his favorite chair.

Dory immersed herself in the warm water, then soaped her entire body before focusing on immediate plans. She realized that quite obviously her power to manipulate her captor with sexual favors was severely diminished by the fact that he could simply take his pleasure at any time he so chose. So, she reasoned, it would have to be with enthusiasm, expertise and temptation that she might inspire his passion, a passion she could temper with affection. No more catty remarks, she warned herself. Then began her campaign employing feminine wiles worthy of comparison to Cleopatra's conquest of Caesar.

"Eric," she called out, "do you have any shampoo?"

"Oh yeah, I do. I forgot because I usually just use bar soap to shampoo."

"Would you mind bringing it to me?"

"Not at all."

When he hesitated on the far side of the privacy blanket, Dory was well prepared to offer some visual stimulation, saying, "Don't be bashful. Don't you think we need to talk?"

As he handed her the shampoo she asked, "And would you do one more thing for me?"

"What's that?"

"Get me a little more hot water."

As Eric went to the stove, Dory finalized her decision. When he returned with a large kettle of boiling water, she said, "Just a second until I stand up. I don't want to get scalded."

She rested a hand on his shoulder and posed as sexily as possible as he emptied the kettle into the tub, then initiated a quick kiss on his cheek before abruptly settling back into the tub. "This may work out okay," she proclaimed out loud.

With a vision of female perfection indelibly impressed on his mind, Eric returned to his favorite chair and attempted to concentrate on a book about the System's latest weaponry. The attempt was futile.

Meanwhile, Dory reflected on the day's events as well as her future, while luxuriating in the hot tub. Apparently, as Linda and Sheila had said, she was in no physical danger if she played the role of sexual temptress and wife. Quite obviously there was no way of escaping from this place, at least not without a great deal of planning and more information. So, she reasoned, why not make the best of a bad situation? Besides, she had enough sexual experience to know it could be great pleasure. Her hands drifted across her breasts, feeling her nipples grow erect. One hand slid slowly down to the pleasure center between her legs, and a shiver of anticipation coursed through her body.

Why wait? Next week, tomorrow or tonight, what was the difference? What the hell, tonight's the night, she decided, trembling with expectation.

"Eric," she called out.

"Yes, Dory?" he replied, feigning exasperation.

"Do you have a razor?"

"Just safety razors."

"Would you bring me one? My legs need shaving."

When he got to the edge of the tub, she had one lovely leg out of the water, a foot propped up against one end. He stood transfixed for a moment, then tried to hand her the razor.

"You mean, I've got to shave my own legs?" she asked in feigned amazement.

Eric was not slow to catch on. "Well, certainly not, m'lady."

"That's better. First lots of soapy lather, clear up to here," indicating a spot

well above her knee. Playful banter ensued as Eric performed the pleasurable task.

When he was finished she said, "How about you get out of here so I can get dry and put on a nightgown. Then it's your turn in the tub if you're gonna share my bed tonight."

"Bossy broad, aren't you?" he kidded, complying with all her requests. As she donned a short flannel nightgown, she artfully left the top several buttons undone, prepared to tease with glimpses of her breasts. Meanwhile she reflected that men were so gullible. Eric evidently thought that she was a naive innocent, a sheltered little rich girl with no experience in the real world, or at sex. It's him that's a babe in the woods, she thought to herself.

As Eric rigorously scrubbed himself clean in the tub, Dory announced, "I'll figure out some partitions for rooms, okay?"

"You're the boss," he called back.

Damn right I am, she thought, but her contemplation was more on the upcoming seduction she was planning than on room divisions.

Eric finished, pulled on clean jeans, then noticed that the lamp had been turned low, leaving the cabin in seductive half-light. Dory was sprawled on the bed, two pillows behind her back, one knee cocked in the air, exposing most of an enticing, curvaceous thigh.

She crooked a finger in a "come here" gesture and in a syrupy voice crooned an invitation, "How about we get acquainted?"

"The Gods alone know the things a man has to do to keep a woman happy." Eric too could play games.

"Oh really! Well, if it's such a chore, forget it." Dory rolled to her stomach, affecting an exaggerated pout.

"No problem. A Kinslander always does his duty," said Eric as he sprawled beside her and ran an impudent hand up one velvety bare leg until it rested on one rounded and perfect ass cheek.

"I said 'get acquainted', not 'cop a feel'," was Dory's quick retort, squirming to remove his eager hand.

"You didn't say where," his repartee continued.

"How about everywhere?" she challenged, turning to expose a firm rounded breast. Eric's response was a low throaty growl and eager acquiescence. As they kissed she ran her hands across his muscular back and he explored all

of her ripe nubile body with gentle but inquisitive fingers. Soon her body in the usual ways of sight and movement gave incontrovertible evidence that the pleasure she audibilized was not all pretense.

As he kissed and nibbled up and down the insides of her smooth, firm and deliciously curved thighs, her imagined impervious control gave way to fundamental desires.

"Stop teasing," she muttered, trying to guide him into a possibility of completion and satisfaction. Prolonging the anticipation in order to increase the final pleasure was exactly what Eric had on his mind.

When at last he tickled her ultimate erogenous zone, all calculated ideas about controlling and manipulating were long banished from her mind. Every fiber of her being was afire with primal need.

Eric slid up and kissed her on the lips as she moaned, "Now." With unrestrained passion, their bodies performed in synchronous rhythm, the ancient horizontal dance of mating and bonding, until 'all too soon'the inevitable and uncontrollable conclusion arrived.

For long moments they clung together, unwilling to let the moment die. Finally, sighing, "Ah, that was incredible," Eric rolled onto his back. Dory turned to face him and traced patterns in the hair on his chest with one finger while trying to think of something casual or witty to say. For once, trivial patter eluded her. Instead, what popped out of her mouth was, "That sure wasn't your first time, huh?"

"First time in a long time."

"Have you had a lot of women?"

"I don't think a gentleman should tell, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Would you want every guy you ever made it with telling the world?"

"I never went all the way with a guy til now."

"Oh really?" A cocked eyebrow and the inflection of his voice told her that he didn't believe her.

"Yes, really."

"Well, it's no big deal, but you weren't a virgin."

"I didn't say I was a virgin. At least I didn't tell you I was. What I said was

that I've never gone all the way with a guy. That's pretty unusual these days. Most of my girl friends have been putting out since they were eleven or twelve years old. So at least you got to be first."

"So why did you wait so long?" he asked.

"Waiting for you," she kidded, poking him in the ribs.

"I'm glad you waited," Eric said, pulling her head down for another of his patented gentle kisses. "But what's the real reason?"

"I didn't want to risk getting pregnant or getting some bad disease. Believe it or not, I'm pretty mature for my age, at least in real important things."

"I can see that," Eric acknowledged. He then lapsed into a long silence.

After a while she asked, "What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Oh, just curious."

"About what?"

"Never had a man and not a virgin?"

"Oh, you really want to know what happened?"

"Well, it's not earthshakingly important, but it does make me wonder."

"Promise you won't get mad?"

"Okay."

"Are you sure?"

"You want me to swear by the hairy balls of Thor?"

"Huh?"

"Just a saying. Thor is a God strength and masculinity, in other words, of 'big balls', so it became a humorous way of affirming something."

After another lengthy silence, Dory said, "I was fifteen and hanging around with this girl named Gloria. One night I stayed at her place and no one but us two were home. We got high, and we were talking about sex, and she had this vibrator sex toy and one thing led to another."

"Ouch! Didn't it hurt when, uh, you know?"

"I guess, a little, but when you're all worked up you hardly notice."

"So how long did you and Gloria have an affair?"

"Just a couple of months. She started acting jealous if I talked to boys, or even to other girls, so I stopped hanging around with her. Finally we got into a fight because she started telling stories about everything we did."

"I guess the schools encourage girls to try sex with each other these days, don't they?"

"Oh, yeah, all the time, and most of the girls do it, too. Guys love to watch 'em. Would you have liked to watch me and Gloria?"

"Well, as you now know, we Kinslander men don't need any extra stimulation to get in the mood."

"I'll still bet you would have. Did you ever watch two girls together?"

"Well, kinda, one time," Eric admitted, thinking back to the show with Candy and Heather.

"See, I'm no dummy about men."

"You definitely are not dumb," he affirmed.

"And I'm good in bed." It was both a question and a challenge.

"Out of sight, the best," he enthused. "How was it for you?"

Dory placed a forefinger across her chin in a gesture of deep contemplation, then drawled, "I don't think a girl should make snap judgments without research in depth. Do you suppose we could do it again?"

"I suspect I could rise to the occasion," Eric replied, wondering if she would catch the double entendre. She did, and before the night was over, three sessions of passion were enthusiastically brought to a climax.

At midnight both of them lay side by side, emotionally drained and physically exhausted. "Do you have any idea how crazy the last twenty-four hours have been for me?" Dory asked.

"I think so, and so far you amaze me. I knew that all this super sex tonight was calculated on your part for what you consider your best interests, but your practicality and courage make me feel you are a special person."

Guess I wasn't fooling him a bit, Dory thought. On further consideration she decided it was all for the better because Eric seemed impressed with her

regardless of her motives.

"I guess we both have been kind of, well, I don't know how to say this.. ..not totally open with each other," she volunteered.

"Yes, I guess in a way we used each other, me because you turn me on, and you for control," Eric pondered out loud. "I really do like you though, and I think I'm gonna love you. It's just too early and too crazy to use that word."
"Crazy is right. I should hate you as a kidnapper, not be having sex with you and kinda liking it."

"Oh, so I finally passed the test," he kidded.

"Umm, it will take a few more exams, probably a week's worth or more to make a proper judgment."

"Thank goodness I like tests."

"Do you have to go to the bathroom?" she asked.

"As a matter of act, yes. Why?"

"Cause I gotta go and it's scary out there."

Eric slipped on jeans, a shirt and boots, then handed her a warm terrycloth robe. "Nobody's ever been threatened by a bear or mountain lion in Mathewsville yet, but come on, I'll escort you."

Later, in pitch darkness under a warm quilt, she whispered, "Hold me and tell me everything will be alright." Moments later they were both sound asleep.

The next morning Eric awoke as usual shortly after daybreak, just before six o'clock at this time of year. Knowing Dory had to be at the school at eight, he would soon have to awaken her.

Five-and-a-half hours' sleep after the trauma and experience of the previous day wasn't much. He decided to let her sleep a little longer. This first day she would get breakfast in bed.

He fired up the stove and shortly started breakfast along with hot coffee for himself. At seven o'clock, using a piece of one-by-ten board for a tray, he presented his woman with breakfast in bed.

Several nudges of her shoulder at first produced grumpy protestations and requests that he go away.

"I have to leave for work in a few minutes, and you have to be at the school

in an hour," he told her. As the words sank into her consciousness, she finally rolled over on her back and opened her eyes.

"Sit up. I brought you breakfast in bed, just this one time though," he warned. As she yawned and stretched, exposing well-remembered cleavage, Eric realized that he was indeed infatuated.

"Smells good," Dory enthused, sitting up, placing pillows behind her back and putting the makeshift tray on her lap.

"I let you sleep in an extra hour because I figured you needed it, but now I gotta leave in a few minutes. I'll be working on our water system along with some other guys until noon. Then I'll see you back here about one, okay?"

"Okay," she mumbled around a mouthful of buckwheat pancakes and maple syrup. "Aren't you eating?"

"Already did. Just enjoying my coffee now." He raised the cup. "Oh yeah, before I forget, all teachers and girls wear skirts or dresses at the school. As soon as you finish eating, I'll show you where the school is through the kitchen window, then I've got to go. Will you be alright by yourself?"

Dory nodded.

A few minutes later, standing by the kitchen window, Eric said, "Well, gotta go." There was an awkward silence as neither knew how to separate or say goodbye. Both thought it strange considering the passion and intimacy of the night before.

Uncomfortably they exchanged glances. Then Eric said the first thing that popped into his mind. "You sure are pretty." Then he turned and rushed from the cabin.

For a long time Dory stood motionless, her mind a confused kaleidoscope of emotions, doubts, events and questions. In a daze she eventually got around to washing the dishes and then donned a dress for her teaching assignment.

Because fuel for a pumping station was impossible to obtain in sufficient quantities to supply water to the community, a gravity system was the only alternative. The engineering problems were only one set of obstacles. The labor itself was back-breaking. Eric's mind and body were thoroughly occupied the rest of the morning.

Dory would find it difficult to keep her mind focused on any particular subject. She felt dazed, confused and apprehensive about the future.

Arriving at the building that served as a library, a meeting place, a dance hall and a school for the community, she found that Sheila was already building a

fire in the pot-bellied stove. Dory broke out of her mental fog sufficiently to respond to Sheila's friendly greeting with a "hi" of her own.

"Looks like you got through the night safe and sound," said Sheila with a companionable grin. Dory felt like she should initiate some conversation of her own, but "yeah" was all that came to mind.

"I remember my first night. I was afraid that Randy would beat me up or rape me or whatever, and at the same time I was just as afraid not to make him like me. I didn't know what to do. Was it like that for you?"

"Well, I guess so for about five minutes," Dory allowed.

"Just five minutes?" The surprise in Sheila's voice was real.

"I'm pretty practical about things. I could tell he wasn't gonna do anything to hurt me, so really I mostly was deciding how much I wanted him to like me."

"Damn, you must be pretty brave." Sheila did not disguise her admiration for such quick practicality on Dory's part.

"Well, I was kinda scared one time for just a minute," Dory admitted.

"Really? What happened?"

Dory shrugged, saying, "No big deal I guess. Right after you guys left I got snotty with him and he threatened to whip my ass with a belt."

"Wow, you gotta tell me everything when we get time, okay?" Sheila's fascinated interest was both friendly and genuine. Dory felt a rush of affection for her new friend. Just then the first children arrived for class and Sheila advised, "We can talk at recess time."

"Okay, what do you want me to do?"

"Today why don't you just watch and see how we do things here. The first two hours will be basic math and language. Then after recess will be history and natural philosophy."

"Natural philosophy. I don't even know what that is."

"Mostly common sense, but to get you started here are the 88 Precepts." Sheila handed her a well-worn booklet, saying, "You can read them when there's nothing of interest going on."

Soon there were fifteen children ages five to eight sitting quietly at their desks.

"Good morning," said Sheila.

In unison the class answered, "Good morning, teacher," then waited in respectful silence for further instructions.

"Is there anyone who didn't finish his homework?" she asked. When no hands were raised, she went from desk to desk, picking up yesterday's homework and handing out new assignments. "For you third graders we will discuss changing fractions into decimals this morning," Sheila announced, pulling a portable blackboard to the front of the class.

Dory reflected that she hadn't learned to do that until the eighth grade. She didn't know that System schools had been deliberately "dumbed down" for decades.

As the arithmetic lesson proceeded, Dory opened the booklet titled "88 Precepts" and began to read. 'My God, this is deep stuff' was her first thought. She was struck by the absolute logic in the teachings that all living things are subject to natural laws. It seemed impossible to deny.

After a lifetime of propaganda about "equality", she found the 29th Precept to be devastatingly iconoclastic. It read, "The concept of equality is declared a lie by every evidence of nature. It is a search for the lowest common denominator, and its pursuit will destroy every superior race, nation of culture. In order for a plow horse to run as fast as a race horse, you would first have to cripple the race horse; conversely, in order for a race horse to pull as much as a plow horse, you would first have to cripple the plow horse. In either case, the pursuit of equality is the destruction of excellence."

"That is true," she decided. She then wondered if there were other lies that she had been taught. The 85th Precept also caught her attention. It read, "One measure of a man is cheerfulness in adversity." Kind of like the "humor in times of peril" adage she had heard the day before. Thinking of cheerfulness, she reflected that earlier that morning she had hardly spoken to Eric. After he had served her breakfast in bed and let her sleep late, he must have expected some kind of acknowledgment. No wonder he rushed out of the cabin so suddenly. Why did life have to be so complicated?

At ten o'clock came recess time. As soon as the children had gone outside to play, Sheila joined her.

"Okay, the suspense is killing me. You thought he might use his belt on your ass, then what? Or am I being nosy?"

"Oh no, it's okay." Actually Dory was quite willing to discuss the previous night in order that she could work out some thoughts in her own mind. "He gave me a gun. That's when I knew I was safe. Not that I would have shot him, but hell, I could have."

"That was his way of reassuring you, I reckon, and it worked, too, huh?"

"He is pretty damn smart," agreed Dory, adding, "He even said he knew all my passion was calculated on my part."

"Passion! You didn't...did you? I mean, you know, get it on with him?"

"Well, what the hell choice did I have. I mean, sooner or later it was gonna happen anyway, and he was really pissed off for awhile."

Sheila laughed. "You don't have to make excuses to me. I think it's great! Most girls take a week or weeks to make such a practical decision." She lowered her voice to a conspiratorial level and asked, "Was it good?"

"Which time?" replied Dory with a smirk.

"Damn, how many times did you do it?"

"Three."

"Boy am I jealous. Until I get this baby out of the hanger, I'm deprived. You still didn't tell me if it was good, but I guess after three times that's a stupid question."

"The first time it was fabulous, but then it got better, and then better again." Dory's smirk grew even more pronounced.

"So you two are gonna be happy together?"

"I guess so. I'm afraid I made him kinda unhappy this morning though, not that I meant to."

"How's that?"

"Oh, he let me sleep late and then he fixed breakfast in bed for me, but it was like I was tongue-tied. I couldn't think of anything to say. He probably thinks I'm a real spoiled brat."

"Ah-ha, don't worry. Shake your ass real nice when you get home and all will be cool. A man's brains are mostly below the waist."

"You don't have a very high opinion of men, do you?" Dory queried.

"Oh yes I do, I love 'em, and our men are the civilization builders of the world. I'm just being honest about their desires." Sheila glanced at her watch. "Oh crap, recess time is over, got to get to work."

As she returned to her desk, Dory heard her muttering, "Breakfast in bed. I'll be damned. "

The next hour was devoted to history and now Dory was truly amazed as the young children rattled off the names of scientists, philosophers, martyrs, wars, revolutions, kings, queens, dates, events and on and on. She wondered what she could possibly teach these kids, thinking that they could teach her.

It was the logic of their thinking processes that was most startling. Sheila asked a six or seven year old boy why a warrior named Herman might have been motivated to defend central Europe against the legions of Rome.

The little student promptly rose from his desk and, standing respectfully behind his seat, as all were taught to do, he answered in exactitude, "The 24th Precept: 'No race of people can indefinitely continue their existence without territorial imperatives in which to propagate, protect and promote their own kind.'" Dory felt an urge to hug the little guy. Time flew by for the thoroughly-engrossed Dory, and suddenly the school day was over.

"Why don't you come by my place, and I'll show you how nice a cabin can be with some feminine influence," Sheila suggested.

"Okay, but I've gotta be home, urn, yeah, I guess it's home anyhow. I'd better be back before Eric gets there. I might have some fences to mend."

"Just make sure he sees you changing clothes, and give him a good show," Sheila advised.

Dory cocked a finger at Sheila and agreed, "Good idea."

From painted surfaces to curtains over the windows to padding on the furniture; there was no doubt that Sheila's home was a huge improvement over her own.

"Where did you get all this stuff?" she asked.

"Mostly we go shopping down there." Sheila pointed in the general direction of the bombed-out town below Mathewsville.

"Shopping? There's no stores open down there."

"Exactly, we can just take what we need from all the deserted houses and buildings."

"Do you still get bombed a lot?"

"Not anymore. They got tired of bombing the decoy fires we set for their heat-seeking satellites and missiles. And every time they bombed Kinsland, some KD snuck into System territory and killed a bunch of politicians or media whores or whatever. So now it's a standoff, just as long as they can't prove it's us when we plunder them."

"Why doesn't the System send in their army and wipe you all out?"

"Oh, they tried that, but their Skraeling troops were cowardly and undependable. Then they brought over thousands of troops from China, but as one division was coming up Bear Creek Canyon our guys blew up the Evergreen Dam and drowned the whole bunch. After that the Chinese called their troops home."

"We never heard about all this stuff in the newspapers or on TV."

"No, the System doesn't want to admit its weaknesses," Sheila explained.

"Damn, it's twelve forty-five. I gotta go. But first tell me, what am I supposed to teach the kids?"

"You can handle the basic arithmetic and language, like parts of speech, punctuation, spelling and such, can't you?"

"Probably, but all that history and philosophy is Greek to me."

"Don't worry, I'll give you the right books to study and by the time I have my baby you will be ready. Probably Eric will be glad to help also."

"Thanks. I gotta run." Dory gave her friend's arm an affectionate squeeze and hurried for her new home, all the while casting about in her mind for ways to repair any damaged feelings. She knew there was bread, cheese and other sandwich materials in the cabin, and so she decided to have a lunch and hot water for coffee ready when he arrived.

Trudging home from the reservoir site, Eric had time to ponder the reception awaiting him. Other than response to the razzing he had received from fellow workers, and jokes about the energy of "newlyweds", he had been too busy to contemplate anything but slopes, pressure and the like, all morning. He reminded himself that Dory had been through enough emotional trauma hi the last two days to break most women into sobbing wrecks.

Entering the cabin, he saw that at least there was a way to initiate conversation. "Ah good, hot water and lunch. I'll get a pail full of that water and take it outside to wash up."

In the kitchen, Dory said, "Here, I'll pour it for you," and filled a handy

dishpan.

Soon they were seated facing each other across the table. He asked her how the morning had gone.

"Fine. Those kids are so smart I can hardly believe it. And cute. I wanted to hug this one little boy."

"What was his name?"

"Brian. He's about six I'd guess."

"Oh yeah, that's Brett's boy. I heard he memorized all 88 Precepts in less than a month."

"Boy, I don't think I could do that," Dory marveled.

"Oh, I'll bet you could, but you will be learning so many new things you won't have time to concentrate on just them. Which reminds me - are you ready to learn how to shoot?"

"Um, I forgot about that. Sure, but I've never even held a gun before until last night."

"That's good. It means you won't have any bad habits to break."

After some small talk about his morning, they were finished eating. There had been no rancor, but their extra-polite conversation masked tension anyway.

There was a gun rack near the bed with drawers beneath it for handguns and ammunition.

"Well, I'll get the guns and we might as well get started," Eric said, hoping that the activity would relax the atmosphere.

"First I want to change into some jeans," Dory announced, trailing him to the bedroom. Quickly she slipped out of her dress and said, "Since you're here you might as well unsnap my bra for me. You don't mind if I do without, do you?"

"Tickled to be of service," he answered, performing the requested action. After momentarily eyeing her tempting form, clad only in panties, he placed his hand on her shoulders and, peering into her eyes, said in a quiet voice, "I can tell what you are doing, Dory, and you don't need to. Sure, I love to look at you, all of you, but what will grow between us will not be only passion and sex. Damn, I just don't know how to say this because you do drive me crazy wanting your body. Hell's bells, I feel so awkward, just give me a kiss and

get dressed, okay?"

However awkward, the words struck the perfect chord with Dory. She flopped on her back on the bed and beckoned him, saying, "Come here a minute."

They spent several minutes kissing and hugging as she assured him that she too was feeling like a mental basket case. Then, relaxed and comfortable, she got dressed. Carrying a variety of weapons, they left for the community firing range.

Dory proved to be a quick learner, squealing with delight when scoring a bullseye. When they finished, she asked, "Does this mean I've got to go on raids?"

"No, but if necessary women do have to defend their homes. Actually, in nature there are few creatures as ferocious as a female defending her young."

"Yeah, I could shoot someone that messed with my kids," she agreed.

"How many shall we have?" he asked.

"I don't know, but can we wait a little while? I want to get used to this place first."

"Sure, no hurry, unless we started one up last night."

"No way, I just finished my period three days ago. I keep track, you know, of when it's safe."

"You amaze me more by the hour. Are you sure you're just sixteen and not sixty? You think like a mighty experienced woman."

"Does this look like I'm sixty?" she challenged, lifting a side of her blouse to expose a tempting breast.

"Ye gads, woman! You are more female than I dreamed of. Scary even!"

"Play your cards right and maybe I'll do a striptease for you tonight, big boy." She nudged him in the ribs with an elbow.

"Hell, for that I'll put some extra aces in the deck and deal from the bottom." Arm in arm they returned to the cabin.

Surveying the barren interior, Dory said, "When are you gonna take me shopping down there?" She pointed toward the ruined village.

"Ah-ha, so Sheila has been giving you ideas, huh? Probably said I would be

your perfect slave, didn't she? I know all about that wicked wench." His grin and tone of voice belied the caustic words.

"Actually, seriously, you will do most anything for me if I'm a good wife, won't you?" she challenged.

"Damn, maybe so, but you don't have to be so cold-blooded about it. It sounds like a business deal."

"Maybe in a way that's what marriage is, but you know what, I think I'm gonna like it. I mean there's probably worse sex partners than you."

"Maybe?" Her mischievous grin matched his own. "You just wait. If you thought I was a tease last night, you ain't seen nothin' yet," he threatened.

"Talk is cheap." Her eyes expressed a dare.

"Umm, see those tubs over there? They are for laundry, and that thing on the side of one of them is called a wringer. I'll bet you never did laundry the hard way before."

"You're changing the subject. You scared?"

"Wait til you have to kill, gut and pluck a chicken. Then you'll appreciate me."

"Speaking of chicken...." She was too quick on the draw for Eric.

"I surrender, you win. Women always do. I'm a lousy lover and you should have stayed with Gloria."

"Ooh, low blow, but at least you admitted defeat, so you can have your striptease anyway. I'm gonna go take a bath and don't you peek if you want a show later."

"Me, peek? I'm no pervert."

"After last night, I wonder. You sure ain't no priest."

"Ah-ha, so I was good."

"I told you, no snap judgments."

"Go take your bath," he growled at her. "I'll take mine later."

"Okay, I will, and like I said, no peeking," she repeated while pulling off her shirt, standing nude from the waist up. She giggled, saying, "See, I knew you would," as his eyes were drawn like magnets to her perky breasts.

Putting one hand over his eyes, he pointed with the other and said, "Go, you impossible daughter of Freya."

"Who's Freya?"

"Goddess of love and sex."

"Hmm, I like that, you smooth-talking devil."

"Go," he repeated.

Humming a popular song, she pranced toward the bedroom to get soap and a towel, feeling more contented than she could remember for some time.

Later, after she had roused him to unknown heights of need and desire with an impromptu but incredibly erotic striptease, he carried out his threat to tease her to distraction. After an hour of all-over body massage, her hips were oscillating wildly and uncontrollably in frantic need of penetrating relief.

In the warm after-glow of sexual satiation, they talked in comfortable relaxation. Out of the blue, she asked, "What do you think love is?"

"Are we being serious?" he asked, rolling over to look directly into her eyes. "Umm boy, that's a scary, tough question. I assume you mean love between a man and woman, not like a mother and child or some such thing?"

"Yeah, like Linda and Alf, or like in old movies."

"Well," he began after careful thought, "I think it's like two becoming one, sharing everything and wanting to do things to please each other. And sharing a cause like raising children or preserving one's own race."

"Doesn't seem like having more than one wife is 'two becoming one' to me. I wouldn't share my man with anyone."

"You don't have to if you don't want to. Some families are monogamous. But in defense of polygamy, think about this. If you have a second child would you love the first child any less, or would your love grow to include both?"

"I see your point," she admitted, "but if you want me to love you, I'm not sharing you with another woman. If that's selfish, well, I just can't help it."

"Well, there's no reason for us to fight. It's up to you, and you're all I want right now anyway."

"Do you think we will ever be able to say we love each other?" she asked, a little tension in her voice.

"I already want to, but.. ...damn, how do I say this.. .I hardly know you. But I'm crazy about you. Can you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"Kinda, I guess, except for me it's a little different."

"How's that? The difference, I mean."

"Well, it's hard for me to put into words too, but actually I've already made up my mind. I plan to be a good mate for you if you're good to me. I can tell that you are different from anybody I ever knew. You make me feel at peace and contented and safe. Except when I have times that I doubt. Now, do you understand?"

Eric pulled her into his arms and kissed her ever so gently. Holding her tight, he murmured,

"I guess some things just take time before they can be said, but can you tell how I feel right now?"

"I think so," she whispered. "Can you feel what I am afraid to say?"

"I think so, too," he whispered back.

For a long time they clung tightly to each other, a girl who had never known real love, and a man holding a dream. With a glow of contentment, they both fell asleep.

The next morning at the breakfast hour there was much exchanging of meaningful glances, touching, petting and nuzzling, as new lovers are prone to do. Conversation was finally free of the defensive and contentious repartee which both had been using to disguise their feelings, feelings about which both had been unsure.

After eating, as Eric enjoyed a cup of coffee, Dory said, "Well, I know how women come to Kinsland, at least some of us. But what brought you?"

"Oh boy, that's a long story. You sure you want to hear the whole tale? It's not really that unusual."

"I want to know all about you," she answered, her elbows on the table, chin in hands and a fond expression on her face.

"I was raised on a farm just outside Greely. But like most farmers, my dad was driven out of business by the bankers, the government regulations, and the corporate farm managers who worked in collusion with the owners of the grain exchanges. So my dad went to work for a big meat packing plant in town.

"The schools I went to, including high school, were mostly filled with Mexicans, plus a few Asians, Blacks and Whites. Naturally, like everywhere else, we Whites were terrorized by the Skraelings, and the curriculum was full of the usual guilt trip about the 'evil White man'.

"After I graduated, I enrolled at Northern Colorado State University, taking classes in agriculture along with the required social programming courses that you have to take these days in order to get a degree.

"Anyway, I met this girl, kinda pretty and real outgoing and friendly. Her name was Shirley, and we went out together a few times. Then she met this guy named Michael Perlman. I thought he was ugly, swarthy with kinky black hair and these yellowish eyes like two pee holes in a snowbank. But he had lots of money, he was real loud and flashy and had a new sports car.

"He published a campus newsletter called 'We Are One' that promoted inter-racial dating and mixed marriage. Shirley fell for him and his bullshit, hook, line and sinker. About that time I had come across some pro-White literature surreptitiously distributed around the campus by a Kinsland sympathizer.

"So one day I had just had enough. I drove my old rattle-trap of a car into the mountains, where it was supposed to be Kinsland territory, went down an old side road for a few miles, parked and sat there, honking the horn every few minutes."

Eric paused to request another cup of coffee. As she poured it, Dory prompted, "Go on."

"After awhile a couple of guys with guns showed up and asked what I wanted. I couldn't be sure they were Kinslanders, so I just said I was thinking of moving to the mountains. One of them asked if I was too dumb to know this was Kinsland territory. So I said, 'you're here, are you Kinslanders?' "That's right, you got a problem with that?' one of them said..

"Not really, I'm thinking of joining you guys,' I informed him. Well, it turned out not to be all that easy. They didn't trust me, which is natural. The System tries to send infiltrators into Kinsland all the time. Anyhow, I spent months being interrogated and watched, along with education in Aryan history, philosophy and destiny. Also, I was taught martial arts, weapons use and physical conditioning, all before going on a mission. I was so frustrated and impatient with not being fully accepted by this time that I asked to go on a solo mission to prove myself.

"Dunn, who was the senior man on the team that I'd first met, asked what I had in mind. I told him about Michael Perlman and said I wanted to kill him. McClure, the junior partner, wanted to know if I'd bring back proof that Perlman was dead, which I agreed to do. So that was how I got accepted as

a KD."

"Go on, I wanna hear the rest." Dory was entranced with the story.

"One night they gave me an assault rifle and a handgun, then took me to my car, which was safely hidden away. We agreed on how they would meet me when I returned, and I was on my way."

"Weren't you scared or at least worried about being caught?" Dory interrupted.

"Not as much as you might think.. Mainly I was mad about the murder of my race and at how White males were treated. In all honesty that included myself. Anyway, I got to Greely about an hour after midnight. I knew where Perlman lived, in a private residence near the university campus. It was dark and quiet, so I used a glass cutter to carve a circle in a window near the latch. Then I put some tape across the circle, knocked it loose and reached in and unlocked the window. After that I climbed inside and then it was easy." Eric paused to sip more coffee.

"So, did you kill him, and what did you bring back to prove it?"

"I'd brought the stem of my bumper jack from the trunk of my car because I didn't want the sound of a gunshot if I could help it. He was in bed with a woman, so I just hauled off and caved his whole skull in with one swing. Then I grabbed the woman and covered her mouth so she couldn't scream. It turned out the woman was Shirley, but I wasn't sure of that in the dark. I let her see the gun and warned her not to scream while I tore off another strip of tape and covered her mouth.

"I hadn't intended to abduct anyone, but when I turned on a light and saw it was Shirley, the idea just popped into my head. So I returned to Kinsland with Shirley in the trunk of my car, and Perlman's wallet and ears in a plastic bag."

"His ears!" Dory made a face that expressed something that he wasn't sure of.

"Well, I didn't have anything with me to chop his head off with," Eric explained.

"What happened to Shirley?"

"McClure took her for a mate. They live in a community over near the Utah border now."

"Why didn't you keep her for yourself?"

"I was waiting for a really good woman named Dory," he kidded, thinking he was clever.

"Okay, you are a smooth-talking devil," Dory admitted, "now be serious."

"Even if I had wanted her, which by now I didn't, I wasn't a full-fledged KD. One mission doesn't establish a man's right to join a community, take a mate, and reproduce. Kinslanders don't make "snap judgments" - to quote a woman I know. So I had no place to give her a home even if I had wanted to."

"In school they told us that KD raped every woman they could get their hands on, and apparently this Shirley was what you call a 'race traitor'. If I'd been you, I'd of raped the bitch." The venom in Dory's voice portrayed an anger that an "ex" had existed in Eric's life and had treated him dishonorably.

"I guess some young KD have taken their pleasure with race traitor women at times," Eric admitted. "Undoubtedly Viking raiders left few virgins behind when they raided convents filled with nuns a dozen centuries ago. Taking your pleasure with the conquered enemy's women is as old as the existence of humans. But seasoned KD who see the big picture or who are just naturally deep thinkers are not likely to take a woman's favors by force. I'm not saying it's wrong. Wotanists don't believe in the Christian 'sex is sin' insanity, so what you call rape is in effect just another act of war. But it brutalizes the men who do it, endangering their instincts to protect and provide for women in general. So under the principal of leading by example, I would never do so.

"Besides, taking a woman's favors by force is no challenge. Nature made us men bigger, faster and stronger so we could catch you women. But that's not an even playing field. The real challenge is in making you want to do the man/woman thing. At least, that's how I see it."

"You know something I like about you?" she asked, placing a hand over his.

"What's that?"

"I know you are telling the truth. You could have raped me instead of being so gentle. You had all the power, and I was a captive."

"That's not a snap judgment?" he kidded.

The time had flown by and it was nearly seven a.m. "I've got to get to work," Eric exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

Their parting was in stark contrast to the previous morning's as they shared a gentle kiss filled with unspoken meaning.

Dory arrived at the school before Sheila and immediately started a fire in the stove. When Sheila arrived, she was reading a book on European history first published over a hundred years earlier. She gave Dory a cheerful greeting. Dory returned it, then observed, "Boy, history really has been rewritten over the last one hundred years, huh?"

"Oh yes, and if you think modern European history books are bad, wait until you see what they have done to America's history. It's all about the 19th and the 39th Precepts, the reason the System rewrites history."

Dory pulled out her copy of the 88 Precepts. The 19th Precept read: "A people who are not convinced of their uniqueness and value will perish." The 39th Precept read: "A people who are ignorant of their past will defile the present and destroy the future." She felt a sense of righteous anger over having been lied to all her life. No wonder the KD were so willing to fight, kill, or even die for what they believed.

"I've got so much to learn before I'd dare to start teaching, so is it okay if I just watch and study again today?" she asked Sheila.

"Sure, take all the time you need. I'm not due for several weeks yet, so I'll be here to handle classes."

Re-reading the Precepts, Dory came across the 35th Precept which got her to thinking about something she had told Eric. This Precept read: "Homosexuality is a crime against nature. All nature declares the purpose of the instinct for sexual union is reproduction and thus, preservation of the species. The overpowering male sex drive must be channeled toward possession of females of the same race, as well as elements such as territory and power which are necessary to keep them."

She had told Eric about her escapade with Gloria and he hadn't seemed to care. She made a mental note to ask him why.

Engrossed in studies and in conversation with Sheila at recess time, the morning passed in a flash for Dory and she returned to the empty cabin, where she prepared lunch and eagerly awaited Eric's return.

When he arrived, they greeted each other with ever-growing familiarity, affection and companionable conversation.

"Are we going shopping this afternoon?" she asked.

"Good idea. I need to knock some lumber out of some walls for partitions, and you can roam around and look for goodies. I'll go down to our vehicle stash and get a truck right after lunch."

They talked about items she desired for fixing up the cabin. Then she

broached the subject she had made mental note of earlier.

"I was studying the Precepts this morning, and there is one that says homosexuality is a crime against nature, but you didn't get a little bit upset when I told you what Gloria and I did. How come?"

Eric drew on his knowledge of history and human nature to answer her question.

"You know, Dory, all through known history women have been denied access to men, or to nature-decreed sexual appetites. Convents for nuns, harem quarters, all-girl schools, for example. And of course in times of war the male population was decimated. So it appears that women often satisfied their sexual needs with each other. I believe that such relationships are wrongfully called Lesbian. They are substitutions for men. A Lesbian is a woman who truly prefers sex with women over sex with men, and there aren't many such women of our race. Women have good instincts. Even if they have been involved in affairs with one of their own sex, almost invariably when the right man becomes available they prefer him as a sexual partner. Just like yourself. You do prefer me to Gloria, don't you?"

"Of course, you big dummy," she giggled nervously.

Eric continued, "Anyhow, since Wotanists don't believe in that Christian nonsense that 'sex is sin', and because nothing is more dangerous to people's freedom than unnecessary laws and nosy busy-bodies, neither Lesbianism nor substituting a woman for a man are worth making a big deal about."

"What about threesomes, two girls and a guy, with the girls putting on a show with each other for him to watch? That seems to be what most guys want."

"Well, I don't know much about that, but you just said, 'a show for their guy to watch'. Seems like there's still a man at the root of things, so I still wouldn't call it Lesbianism, even though I suppose they enjoy the sex. Shirley told me that she thought most women had a secret urge to try it with another woman at some time in their life. But even if she was wrong, I know women are born actresses and they love to put on a show."

"For a man, you sure know a lot about women," Dory observed, "and yeah, I think lots of girls want to try it with another girl at some time. I even had a crush on a teacher one time. And I wouldn't mind putting on a show for you, but no one ever saw me and Gloria."

"So do you think the girls in threesomes really enjoy the sex with the other gal?" he asked.

"Oh, unless they have some hangups, they would have to. I mean, a girl's body responds to touch, especially in certain places regardless. A tongue or a finger inside her or tickling her love button, and her mind isn't thinking, and her body is just squirming around wanting it. That's as honest as I can be," she answered. "Now you be honest, you would have loved to watch me and Gloria, huh?"

"Wow, you like to put me on the spot, don't you? Well, you were honest, so I will be, too. Men get turned on seeing women's bodies, and two are twice as exciting as one, and I am a man. But the way I feel right now, I am content with just one woman and that is you."

Dory's radiant smile and her one-word comment ("good") convinced Eric that he had said the right thing.

"So it's male homosexuals the Precept is referring to?" Dory asked.

"In my opinion, yes. Queers spread diseases and they are notoriously promiscuous. And most importantly, in times of racial peril our men must fight for women and territory."

"So do you kill queers?"

"If they came out of the closet and advocated such a 'life style', I'm sure the KD would execute them."

They had finished lunch, so the discussion ended. Eric went to get a truck while Dory cleaned up the kitchen. When Eric returned, he advised her to get her gun because no one ever left the community unarmed. For himself, he selected an assault rifle. They started for the village.

On the way Dory said, "I've got another question.&"

"Shoot."

"Who are the Sons of Muspell and how did they get the power to sentence our race to death?"

"Wow, good question and pertinent. How about after supper tonight we go over some true history about the power of money and the people who call themselves 'God's Chosen Pets'?"

"The Sons of Muspell and God's Chosen Pets are the same thing?" she asked.

"Yes, and their history and the power of money are among the most important topics you need to understand in order to be a good teacher."

Eric parked on a street where several undamaged houses were still standing

adjacent to one another. Taking a large crowbar with him, he entered the first house while Dory went exploring.

Three hours later they returned home, their truck laden with building materials and a large variety of furniture, housewares and decorations. Two more hours and everything was unloaded into the cabin, and they were both more than ready for supper.

After supper Dory brought up the subject of the Sons of Muspell again, but at the same moment Eric cocked an ear and said, "Listen." The sound of folkish musical instruments could be faintly heard drifting through the cool evening air.

"We can talk later. That's our music makers and it means an impromptu dance tonight. Let's get cleaned up and join 'em." Then, realizing he wasn't leaving choices, he added, "if you want to."

Dory in fact immediately relished the idea and naturally asked what to wear.

"Most of the gals will probably wear full skirts for square dancing," he advised.

An hour later the new mates entered the community hall to the sound of energizing music coming from harmonicas, guitars, an accordion and a fiddle. Others from throughout the community were still arriving too, and most took pains to again welcome Dory.

Among the arriving throng she spotted Trebor. Although the elder of her abductors wore casual clothes for the evening's festivities, there was still an aura of dangerous reserve that seemed to project from his slim compact form, and everyone treated him with special deference.

Trebor was accompanied by two young women of such unusual beauty that Dory reacted defensively as the competitive nature of females dictates. She nudged Eric's ribs and said, "I suppose those two are the new mates you told me Trebor had captured?"

"Yup."

"They are pretty, aren't they?" She was fishing for an assurance from Eric that she was prettier than the elegant pair now approaching them along with Trebor.

Wisely Eric responded, "not as pretty as you."

"Kinsman," Trebor greeted Eric and received the same greeting in reply as they exchanged forearm grips.

"Dory." He inclined his head in courteous salutation.

"Trebor," she answered in formal reply.

"Candy, Heather, I want you to meet Dory. Dory, Candy and Heather." There was more stiff formality as the three touched hands while sizing each other up. Three beautiful women in one small group makes for a volatile combination, was the thought of both men.

After a demonstration of a dance called "clogging"; something like tap dancing, but with a lively beat and energetic music - by a dozen of the children and young people, there was mead passed around. As each person in turn took a sip of mead they proposed a toast to a hero or heroine of Urd, Verdandi or Skuld.

"What do these words mean?" asked Dory in a whisper.

"They are the Norns, the three Goddesses of fate, all sisters. Urd represents the past, Verdandi the present, and Skuld the future."

"What shall I say when it's my turn? I don't know any heroes or heroines."

"The Gods and Goddesses are our ancestors. You can always toast one of them."

"Okay, which one? What name?"

"How about Freyja? Just raise your cup and say, 'to Freyja, Goddess of love and beauty'."

Dory's toast was greeted with rousing choruses of "Hailsa" from the participants, eager to make her feel welcome. After the toasts there was square dancing and polka, which while new to Dory appealed to her Aryan racial soul.

Later, when Eric and Dory were comfortably ensconced in bed, for the first time neither felt either pressure or passion for erode activity. Companionable conversation and bonding seemed a natural pleasure, but neither was quite ready for sleep either.

"So, you were gonna tell me about the Sons of Muspell," she reminded him.

"Oh boy, that's a long and important story, so if you get tired or have questions, just interrupt, okay?"

"Sure."

"First of all, can you picture in your mind the continent of Europe, where

most of our people lived two thousand years ago?"

"Yeah, basically I guess, although I couldn't name the countries or identify their borders."

"But you can picture the Mediterranean Sea with Europe above the western end and Palestine, also called Israel on the eastern end, can't you?"

"Yes."

";Well, two thousand years ago our folk had their own organic indigenous religions, and the most common among them was what we now call Wotanism, with Wotan - pronounced "Votan" - as the highest God. In the British Isles and in Scandinavia he was called Woden and Odin respectively.

"Now at this same time, two thousand miles away at the eastern end of the Mediterranean there was a tribe of bankers and merchants that controlled the trade between the three continents of Asia, Africa and Europe. For example, ivory from Africa, spices from Asia and furs or metals from Europe. The Greek geographer Strabo and others who lived at this time stated that the tribe of bankers and merchants ruled all nations.

"Now as I go on, Dory, please bear in mind two things. First of all, except for merchants, almost no one traveled far from their local villages or tribal territories in ancient times. So Israel could just as well have been from the moon to most of our ancestors. Second, remember that when looking for historical truths, the best answers are found by asking the question, 'who benefits?'

"How did a new religion with strangers from far-away Israel being called 'God's Chosen People' come to replace our native religion? To answer that question, ask yourself, who are the only people that could benefit from spreading a religion throughout our nations in which they themselves were called 'God's Chosen People?'"

"You are talking about Jews, aren't you?" Dory interrupted.

"I'm at least talking about people who call themselves by that name, yes, although that too is a complicated subject."

"Okay, so how did it happen?" Her curiosity wasn't feigned.

"First they hired the Legions of Rome to conquer the Western world in what we call the Roman Empire. Then when after several centuries it became difficult to hold such a vast empire together by force, they created a universal religion in an attempt to unite the many races, nations and factions of the empire. The word 'Catholic' means 'universal'. In the new religion they

called themselves 'God's Chosen People', and they had the Legions murder or torture anyone in Europe who would not accept this absurdity. So a thousand year war ensued before they finally subdued the last of our true folk who were called Vikings.

"In 787 A.D. as Christians reckon time, a man calling himself 'Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Emperor' called a treaty conference with forty-five hundred leaders of our people from central Europe, all of them followers of our indigenous religion. Then he surrounded them with a Christian army and cut off their heads, every one of them. That's how the suicidal slave religion we now call Christianity was forced on Europe and our folk.

"And so, more of our White race has been murdered or tortured in the name of the Christian God than by any other influence in history except America." "How did the Sons of Muspell get so much power?" was Dory's next logical question.

"That involves the power of money and of usury, which is the practice of charging interest on money, and it takes awhile to explain. Are you sure you wouldn't rather wait til tomorrow sometime? You must be sleepy."

"Not really, and I like your voice. I can't believe anyone can know so much about history. So tell me about usury."

"Okay, but first you have to know who the Sons of Muspell really are. Throughout history, kings and bankers and merchants have arranged marriages between their offspring and the offspring of other merchants, bankers and rulers in order to cement relationships, increase their power or make more money. So naturally a mixed race of people came into being in Israel, which, as I said, was the crossroads for trade from Asia, Africa and Europe. This mixed race are called Semites, of whom the Sons of Muspell are the most successful. And long ago as bankers they discovered the power of usury and fractional reserve banking.

"To understand usury, you must first realize what money is. Money is a device used as a store of value and a medium of exchange. Probably once upon a time long ago, people just traded for things. But eventually they needed a way to exchange things of unequal value. For various reasons they usually settled on gold or silver as money, so they could trade it for either the difference or for a complete item.

"But there was a problem with weighing or measuring gold and silver, so it was smelted into coins. If all men were honest, this would have worked fine indefinitely. But soon dishonest men began to mix other metals with the gold and silver and kept the extra for themselves.

"Even worse, bankers came up with the idea of issuing scraps of paper that were redeemable in gold or silver. They told the suckers it was for their own

good to use these scraps of paper instead of gold or silver for trade because it was so easy to carry and hide.

"But, just so long as the masses of people believed there was an equal amount of gold or silver in the bankers' vaults, it didn't matter if there was or not. So the banker could lend out many more scraps of paper than he said were redeemable in gold or silver than he actually had in the vaults. And he charged interest on every scrap.

"Let's look at how usury makes bankers rich. Suppose you go out and buy a home for \$100,000 and finance the purchase. You will sign a loan agreement agreeing to pay the lender about \$900 a month for 30 years. That's over \$300,000, but you only borrowed \$100,000. So the lender made \$200,000 or enough money to buy two houses like yours.

"The difference is, you will spend most of your adult years working your ass off to pay the mortgage and earn your houses. The banker does nothing. He cuts no lumber, he hammers no nails, he does no plumbing, he does nothing but sit and grow fat and rich off the labor of others.

"That's the power of usury, and it is how the Sons of Muspell got the power to rule the world and sentence the White race to death. Naturally it is all cleverly disguised with artificial complications, and the Sons of Muspell bought the media so they could control the masses, cover up their actions, and decide the fate of politicians. And of course they forever claim they are persecuted when in fact they are a parasitic pestilence that enslaves the whole world."

"Wow, they are clever, aren't they?"

"Yes, and also cruel, dangerous and hypocritical! But enough of that, let's get some sleep."

By mutual and unadvised consent they declined expressions of sexual passion in favor of drifting into easy sleep.

Chapter 5: From Russia, with Love

The next day System radio broadcasts, which were carefully monitored by KD forces, signaled the beginning of the most consequential event in the history of the Aryan race. However, the KD had no way of immediately knowing the full significance of what the System's controlled media was leaking to the public.

While giving few details, the System broadcasts stated that in Russia there was political upheaval that would affect the whole world. While it was known to the KD that White Nationalist Russians had been gaining in number and power for over two decades, they had no idea that an Aryan coup d'etat was either possible or imminent. Although some limited contact between White resistance groups world-wide had been ongoing, information-sharing was sparse for security reasons.

Old Norse and German religious writings had spoken of a final day of reckoning in the ancient battle between the forces of reason on the one side and the forces of blind faith in service to chaos on the other. This day of reckoning was called Ragnarok.

Unbeknownst to the Kinslanders of Mathewsville, Ragnarok had begun, so they went about then-daily business without undue interruption, albeit with ears tuned to any news available. All KD knew of Kipling's prophecy, made well over one hundred years earlier, in which the famous writer and poet predicted that the salvation of the White race would come from Russia.

Homebuilding proceeded apace at Trebor's cabin, and in due course his marriage to Candy and Heather was consummated with sexual relations highly satisfactory to all. In accordance with the Wotanist conviction that the sexual affairs of a man and his mate or mates is nobody's business but theirs, the erotic details are not included in this record. Suffice it to say that in the normal way of things, Aryan folk usually become fond of their bed partners. So it was that both Heather and Candy felt apprehensive as events unfolded in May of that fateful year.

It was from KD informers inside the System and from short-wave radio that the beginnings of Ragnarok became known. White Nationalist forces in Russia, in the Baltic states, and in Ukraine had cooperated in a well planned and carefully timed overthrow of their Jewish-controlled governments. Other eastern European governments were given ultimatums to immediately expel NATO (i.e., American) occupation forces or face invasion and internal subversion.

Pre-planned revolts within Moslem countries by fundamentalists were coordinated by agents of various intelligence-gathering groups. Most important

of all, oil from the Middle East was immediately blocked from leaving port if destined for the Western hemisphere.

As more and more information filtered into Kinsland communities, including Mathewsville, it was Trebor, as usual, who first realized the full impact. So after consultation with local elders and with messengers from all over Kinsland, Trebor called for a Thing.

The hall was packed when he began to speak. "We have at this time the greatest opportunity to secure the existence of our people and true freedom in thousands of years. This is truly Ragnarok," he began. After detailing events in other parts of the world, he began to explain what was about to happen in North America .

"The population of America is about to drop from three hundred fifty million to perhaps five or ten million," Trebor announced. There was a collective gasp and murmurs of disbelief.

"Think about it," he continued. "Since nuclear-powered electrical generating plants were banned, and since KD shut down all western coal supplies from reaching the System, nearly ninety percent of all electrical power in North America comes from oil-fired plants. Most of the remainder comes from hydroelectric generation in the Northwest. Without oil the entire grid will shut down.

That means gasoline and diesel fuel for trucks and cars won't be refined, and it won't be pumped in gas stations. Communications, computers, heating, traffic control, elevators and a thousand other wants and needs dependent on electricity will be shut down. That includes the food distribution system.

The cities will be starving in two weeks. All that pales into insignificance compared to the stoppage of water, especially drinkable water. Not only will the water treatment plants cease to operate, but so will the pumps that transport water into the cities."

After letting that sink in for a moment, Trebor continued. "People can live for weeks without food, but without water they are finished in a few days."

A young man raised his hand and asked to speak. "What about soda pop and bottled water?" he asked.

"An entire city's supply would be used up in a day," Trebor advised.

"Won't people boil water from lakes and rivers to make it drinkable?" someone asked.

"Boil it how? Their gas and electric stoves will be worthless. Almost no one keeps coal or firewood handy. Maybe a few will be close to rivers or lakes

and could chop up their furniture to boil water over an open fire, but given the level of pollution in most of America's rivers and lakes, even that might be futile."

"What about farmers with water wells?" was the next query.

"Not one in a thousand still has working windmills or handpumps. A few will have portable generators, but without supplies of diesel fuel or gasoline they won't operate very long."

"So how do you think the System will react?" was the next question.

"Undoubtedly there will be rationing of power with electrical generation for perhaps an hour a day as the System tries desperately to remain functional. But after we knock down a few transmission lines and sabotage hydroelectric plants in the Northwest, the grids will be non-functional nationwide.

As I see it, Kinsland can be defended," Trebor continued. "We have the best source of clean water on the continent. We have large stores of food, fuel and weapons. The vast hordes of Skraelings on the West Coast won't have the gasoline or other means to invade Kinsland from that direction. The same holds true from the east except for the population of the front range, specifically Metro Denver, Colorado Springs and Fort Collins. That leaves us a border of about one hundred twenty miles to defend.

But remember, almost all Americans were disarmed by the anti-gun laws, while we are armed to the teeth. And there are only a few streams, so any attempted invasion will be in predictable areas."

While Trebor spoke, other Kinsland communities were holding their own Things and reaching similar conclusions. Encrypted messages flew back and forth between the communications officers of each community. From one end of Kinsland to the other, there was unanimous agreement that now was the time to strike a dagger into the heart of the System. So no one was surprised when Wolf interrupted to announce that Trebor had been selected by acclamation to be supreme general of the Kinsland armies for the duration of the struggle.

After the applause died down a thoughtful veteran of KD wars posed two more questions. "What about refugees, and what about the Mormons on the Western Front in Utah?" he asked.

With the sureness of a born leader now elevated to his rightful place, Trebor replied, "Regarding refugees, we must first realize that we don't have the resources to feed vast numbers. So only the young and healthy who can contribute can be given refuge. Of course we have supporters and agents within the System, and we must make every effort to get them here as soon as possible.

Among other refugees, children who appear to be of good racial stock and young healthy women can be brought to Kinsland communities. Healthy young White males who pass our usual tests can be taken to camps for military training and indoctrination.

Skraelings, Muspellheimers, known traitors and other undesirables are to be shot on sight. As for all those old White folks who spent their lives accepting or supporting the System, if they can make it on their own in the mountains, let them try. Not many will, but they aren't worth wasting a bullet on. They deserve neither aid nor pity.

About the Mormons, a little history is necessary. As you know, the original Mormon religion was racist. It allowed only Whites and it promoted polygamy. The race-murdering American government first forced them to give up polygamy, then they emancipated women, and then lastly forced Mormons to accept racial integration. The sequence was no accident, because a race of castrated men is easy to subdue. But a race of men who are sexual predators will fight to the death to keep the harems they dominate.

Anyway, several decades ago a Muspellheimer named Kurtz who headed the U.S. Treasury department told the Mormons that if they didn't racially integrate, the government would levy so many taxes on them that the church would lose all its property. So the president of the church, a degenerate cowardly swine named Kimball, promptly had a 'vision' in which God told him to integrate the church. Curse the name Kimball forever!!

Well, about three hundred thousand Mormons figured the church was in apostasy, so they formed their own group and called it 'Concerned Mormons'. We are in touch with them, and they will co-operate with us in Ragnarok. The race traitors occupying the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City will pay the usual penalty for treason!!"

"How soon should we attack the System's electrical grid?" someone asked.

"Very soon," Trebor replied. "Already we hear that gasoline is up to fifty dollars a gallon when it's even available. Many cities should be ungovernable within days. Then we can move around in System territory with impunity. For certain they will announce martial law, but with all the ethnic and racial groups within the System's police and military forces, that will be a joke. They won't be patrolling lonely rural roads while the cities burn and die."

After further discussion on tactics and tuning, it was nearly two in the morning. The meeting adjourned, and Wolf went to send encrypted messages to all Kinsland bases with Trebor's orders.

At home Trebor enjoyed the solicitous ministrations lavished on him by his new mates. Although Candy and Heather had now acquired the perspicacity

to realize that they had done nothing to earn the position, they nonetheless relished the idea of being in effect "first ladies" of a new nation.

Sleep however was long in coming to Trebor, as his mind was filled with the endless problems that would arise in the near future. The first priority that had to be achieved at all costs was shutting down the System's electricity. The Kinslanders' carefully hoarded gasoline supplies would be severely depleted during that operation. The technology existed to convert coal into fuel for internal combustion engines, and in fact such a plant was already in operation near the Colorado-Utah border. The plant would have to increase production and expedite delivery.

He made a mental note to talk to Wolf in the morning about increasing short-wave communications with the Russians and other eastern European groups. Immigration to America from crowded Europe was vital.

When Trebor finally drifted off to sleep, it was with immeasurable hope and satisfaction. The efforts and sacrifices of himself, his comrades, of countless others throughout endless generations had not been in vain.

A beautiful people would yet fulfill a glorious destiny as nature's finest creation.

The End

And

The Beginning