



Welcome to my
world

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Warning: Contains adult content due to graphic descriptions of any or all of the following:

Battles, Language, Sexual

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Last minute decisions

I pull over onto a dirt spot off the road. One of those many pull over spots on these back roads. This is my land where I have stopped. There is a dirt bank that is climbable but it is around twenty feet up to a flat area. There is what looks like a tall hedge bush but it is slightly thin towards the road.

I climb up to the bush, starting to go in, when I hear someone shouting to me and pointing up the road in the direction my car is pointing. "Hey you, there is a convention just a mile further. They do have those porta potties there. You don't need to go into the woods to relieve yourself."

Looking down, I see two late teens both dressed in costumes. Their look is like those Chinese fighters from that fighter combat game. Right down to those conical straw hats. They, for whatever reason, are walking to that cosplay convention being held there.

Going on a hunch that they are into what they fantasize about. Lands of adventure, magic and combat. I know what I am going to do so I actually tell them the truth. "I do not need to relieve myself. This is actually a portal to my realm. A doorway so to speak to a world of fantasy and adventure. Care to come?"

I look at their faces when they see me transform before their eyes. They saw me as a man in his fifties, now change before their eyes into the classic white haired, long beard wizard right down to the robe, hat and staff,

"My realm could use a few more warriors. Care to come? You can just continue to that wonderful but pale imitation of a fantasy world you were going to or come with me."

They hesitantly climb to me. I think that they figure that two to one, they could best me. They get to where I am standing but hesitate.

"Oh, one thing I must do for you."

I touch each with my staff. Now they know that I am the real deal. "Before you enter, I had to give you the knowledge, the muscle memory and the extra strength you will need for my realm. You will see just what real adventure is like. By the way, the women will like you both."

I now enter the bush and they follow. They are amazed that there is a clear labyrinth where there should be just a trunk and branches.

“I’m the great wizard Samuel. My trusted warriors what are your real names, not your invented character’s names. Your name, not your imitation name, is what needs to be written in our history.”

One tells me that his name is Peter and the other says that his is Ken.

I am leading and they are following. It looks to them like a dead end. I extend my hand, pull back what to them looks like a curtain. “Sir Peter, Sir Ken, welcome to my realm. Zentopia.”

They are stunned at the sight of a very sunny pasture. Strange animals walking over to the opening. Sniffing the air and know that I am back but they are cautious of the new scents.

“Don’t worry my children.” I tell them. “These are new warriors that are on our side. They are new here so please treat them nice.”

To say that the two are in shock is an understatement. Now before them, they see those animals change into females of different humanoid forms. What were wildcats, wolves, rabbits and such are now very attractive felids, canids, lupins and others.

The lupins are showing no restraint and glom onto the two but now almost all of them are paying their respects to me. Telling me that it has been too long since I left. I pat and kiss each and tell them I am sorry.

“When we get to the castle, presents for all. These two are Sir Peter and Sir Ken. Ladies, please wait until the castle to jump them. They do need to get the feel of the land being new here. You do not. Please restrain yourselves. That includes the two of you. Do you understand Sir Peter and Sir Ken?”

The tip of my staff crackles with sparks. Even the females snap to attention at the sight. They in their way, show that what I say in that tone needs to be heeded or you will suffer the consequences.

Before we leave, I point to a stone arch. “If you ever want to return to that world, just walk through the arch. Be warned, no one from my realm can go through that arch. They will cease to exist. You both are allowed to go out but you will never be allowed back if you are not with me. You will revert back to those two young men in costumes. I go out some times to conduct some business and make that world know that I own that land. My car is only there when I am there. Do you understand what I have just told you?”

If you become attached to one or more of the ladies, you cannot leave with them. They would instantly cease to exist in both this realm and that world. That is death for them and they know it

You are not the first I have brought here. Not the first to be warned. If you kill one of my children by trying to take them with you, you too will just cease to exist. A search of the woods in that world will find your bones and rule your death as a suicide. Right now, if you are unsure of wanting to stay here, walk through the arch now.”

They do not, so we all walk to my castle.

Each time I come back, I wonder why I leave. I know that it is to get my children presents but also to make sure that the other world is still there. Each time I go there, it is closer and closer to not being there. There may come a time to break that arch and open another to a different world. It would have to be a peaceful world.

I will need to sit down with these two once we get them settled in the castle but it will need to be soon. The arch has been given a spell. It will change to a full red if that world is gone but a yellow if it is close. Then the two will have to make their final choice. That arch is now showing some yellow but down at the base it has just a hint, a slight ring of red.

For right now, there is still time. I know that question they will have for me and I have already thought about it. Their family there. I would question their motives if they did not ask for their families to come here. If they do not ask, I'll send them on an errand and destroy the arch.

The biggest thing will be is their initial reaction when I tell them that their world is going to be destroyed. That is why I need to nip these thoughts in the bud. As soon as today at the castle.

We crest the top of the rolling plain and there it is, my castle. It is not like any of those fairy tale ones but also deceptively lacking in the ability to withstand even a strong wind. The two are amazed. It is not shabby by any means. A sturdy wooden mansion but I could see in their eyes that I must be crazy to call it a castle.

“Time to test your new abilities.” I tell the two. “Think lightning and then make like you are holding a pistol and pull the trigger. Aim at that place.”

They both do and fire off lightning bolts. Almost to the mansion a dome appears over it and the bolts just dissipate. Peter and Ken are both looking at their hand and ask “What just happened?”

“You both just cast your first magic. The thing is that the mansion, my castle, is protected. Many have tried to breach my defenses and failed. I mentally adjusted it to absorb your bolts but normally, it will redirect it back to the source. Those who have tried really only commit a version of suicide.”

I turn to my children “Let’s go home. I’m sure that your mothers are getting mad at me for being gone so long.”

Home, children and especially mothers

As I get ready to open the door, it flies open and my wives pour out. I am smothered in kisses and hugs. Then the atmosphere turns heavy, thick with what I know is going to happen. It is the same as always. They love me, know what a powerful wizard I am but here it comes. I mentally put a foot behind me to brace for impact.

“You do this every time. Go away for weeks and never give us a thought as to how we feel. We sit here for days on end, not to mention the nights that we are deprived of your company.” My first wife dresses me down. I have been chastised before and it always hurts me.

Atasha continues but now tears are forming on all of them. “We never know whether you are ever going to return. That world you go to will explode sometime soon. What would happen to us without you. If you don’t think of us, think of your children. There is still some countries the have slaves. Your daughters would be prime targets. We wish you would just either destroy that arch or us rather than leave us to that fate.”

Now they are all hysterical. Sobbing their eyes out. They are right. I get lost on the other world. The people, that car and the supplies that I can bring back. I forget that the time flows different there. Two days there will equal four weeks here.

It calms down, I introduce the two to my wives and have all sit down. It is time to talk seriously especially to the two.

“They are right. That world is doomed. It will not be too much longer until the missiles fly. It really could be gone as we speak. Time is different here. Your world progresses slower than here. I ask you to think about this very fact. In two weeks here, I will destroy the arch to your world. We as a family will show you around in that two weeks.” You need to seriously think about this, do you stay or return to that world. We will not influence you either way.”

Ken broaches the subject that I have avoided.

“What about our family if we want to stay. I have both my parents and a younger brother. What about them?”

Peter says that only his mother is alive and he was an only child.

My wives see that I am hesitating so Atasha, who is the leader of the wives, looks at me. I nod and she speaks. “If your families are not hostile or racist, we will welcome them but only them. Only the immediate families, not your uncles and aunts. No friends. In other words only those parents and the sibling. They would need to make that decision on the spot. Our husband will go with you both to show them his powers. Know

this, we his wives want that arch destroyed. It will be destroyed in two weeks by our husband, no later. Stay or go you have two weeks here to decide.”

Peter asks if it would be okay for him to go now and fetch his mother? Ken asks the same thing. I put my foot down. I banged my staff on the floor. That causes a distortion, a ripple in the air. It brings all to attention.

“It is my decision and mine alone that in the morning, I will take them back and we will explain to the two families what has happened to these two and what will happen to the world. You two will then have to make that decision. Stay or go. On your world, I will stay for only four hours there then I will return here and destroy the arch. Remember, without me, you will only see a trunk and branches in that brush. If your parents and the boy will come, I’ll make that bush so that they don’t have to climb. Matter of fact, I like that SUV so I will make it so we just drive into the dirt bank. That should convince them that this is real.”

They agree to that but it shakes them to their core. Hearing that everything that they knew up till they advised an old man about a porta poddy instead of going In the brush, is going to be destroyed. Now that old man is an escape route for their families but only them. For the first time in their lives, they must make an irrevocable decision. Live or perish if their families choose to stay.

Ken knows that he will at the very least kidnap his younger brother and return to this realm. Peter is feeling that he would not like to leave his mother alone to face that destruction.

Those two are being shown around by the older girls. Some of the others are disinterested. Only the youngest ones are trailing them. They are just as eager to show their special spots. It is actually funny to see how the older girls are trying not to show their irritation.

The mother’s see it also and come to the rescue by announcing that fresh baked warm cookies need some little girls to eat them.

It has not gone by my attention. You see, for what ever reason, all my children are girls. Not a boy in the lot. This has always been on my mind. I was going to search the realm for suitable mates Now is the time. I pull my wives aside.

“Between us we now have twenty daughters. Since we are willing to accept their families, why don’t we ask those two about trusted friends. If we could get five more boys, that would solve the immediate problem. Otherwise we could have a time of conflict.”

My second wife, Ginger, says that those two could handle multiple wives. "I do not know about the others but hastily picks could be very bad. Survival brings out the worst in people. Ken's brother will be able to take some of the younger."

Atasha sums it up. "We now only need to worry sometime in the immediate future. You need to choose a better world. All bets are off if one or both stay but I don't see that. Those older girls already are sinking their hooks into them. We may even need to set watch tonight. Not on the men but on our daughters."

We laugh but they are true. We could accept someone that could be the ruination of this world. Like in battle, rush decisions are always sketchy at best. Usually they lead to disaster. So we now have a plan. We meet at Ken's house and since Peter's mother is only one house down. He will bring his mother to Ken's house.

It is morning here. I have my special family vacation coach appear here. Including the golem driver. The three of us board and go through the arch. We are now in the SUV. Driving to Ken's house we hear dire warnings from the radio. All indications are that war will be erupting before midnight. I'm glad we did not wait.

It is still morning here. Only a few minutes have passed here from when Peter and Ken joined me in this adventure. Peter jumps out and runs to get his mother. Meanwhile Ken lets me in but leaves the door open for Peter.

All are now present. I lay out what they already know. This world is doomed.

"Your sons have been to my realm. It is on another world. I invite you all to come with me and live." To show them that I am real, as I layout my proposal, I started to reform from my old wizard form to a forty then thirty, then teens and then as a six year old. I finished by going back to my real age.

To say that their minds have shut down is an understatement. They have lived with the fantasy characters their sons have imitated for a long period of time. Now they are being shown that a fantasy world does exist.

I put the frosting on the cake. I had their sons show what magical abilities they had so far. Both families were told that only who is here will go. They now tell me that this is no place to be. They will go.

We all get into the SUV then we drive off. On the radio the government has declared Marshal Law. All public functions are cancelled and all need to get to shelters or in their cellars. They are giving general advice. I think that it is all futile.

As we are driving Peter spots four men that he really knows. He pleads for me to stop and get them. They are what they call nerds. All four are dressed as Japanese high

school boys but each display their skill. A swordsman, a wizard, an axe man and a shield hammer. All carrying their weapons. They know what will happen so they figure that they will just go to their club room and wait for the final explosion. If only that world we dreamed about really existed, is running through each of their minds

I'm interested so we stop. The three of us jump out.

"You look like you could use an adventure to a world of magic and conquest. Want to come?"

I have the two strike poses and show some of what they can do. Then I do the change bit again. I then open the door and utter the words that they will respond to. "Real isekai, real furries!"

They did not hesitate but their brains have gone into blue screen. You know that, in a normal SUV, twelve people would be crowded. Inside mine is where the magic is exhibited. Outside a normal SUV, inside a palatial mansion. All they could say is that it is bigger on the inside than it appears on the outside. The four just stare at what is going on in that SUV.

The mothers are off exploring the mansion. Ken's father has found the premium sipping whiskey. Ken's younger brother has the game setup going. There is no sense of motion. The four are just standing there. Just as suddenly they are quivering and burst out into cheers.

They are now realizing all their fantasies are coming true. Furries! When they finally calm down, somewhat, I tell them that this world will not be here much longer. "I don't think that even dusk is pushing it. When we get to my realm, I will destroy the means that connects the two together. We are almost at the spot. One final call. This is one way. You will never be able to return here."

None speak but now the SUV is back to the carriage and the door opens. We are realm side of the arch. We will walk the final bit but now the carriage disappears and I point at the arch. It just crumbles. The pile of remnants just get absorbed into the soil. You would never tell that anything but grass was ever there.

Now back at the mansion. Atasha is crossed armed and tapping her toes while the other wives and all my daughters are now in overload. So are the nerds.

"I thought that we had a plan? No, you could not help but pick up strays."

I said nothing but hugged her. "Did you at least destroy that arch?" I tell her that it is done. "Please this next time you need to go, pick a world that is on our time and

peaceful. Now everyone come in. daughters please, do not molest those men. I mean it.”

They all look mad but also they need to obey mother Atasha. She is almost as talented as their father. All the mothers have that crossed arm stare that even their father will back down.

Atasha is the one to start. “We have told your sons about this world but I will just go over some of the highlights. The biggest thing is that we respect each other and each other’s privacy. Daughters, you now have two more mothers.”

She asks each mother to introduce themselves. Peter’s mother is Mary. Ken’s parents are George and Joyce. His younger brother is Chris.

The four nerds are now shaking and bowing as they introduce themselves but first Tasha, my fifth wife confiscated all their armament and puts it in the armory. “You four need to relax. I took those weapons because you were going to hurt someone the way you are acting. We are only people. You are in another world, calm down.”

Thomas seems to be the leader of the four. He tells us that never in their lives did they expect to be here. “This has always been an unattainable dream for us. All the role playing, All the ridicule that we took. My friends are only these three. I’m Thomas and my friends are Charles, Steven and Robert. I need to remember to breathe. We are actually here. I want to go outside and shout.”

Judith, fourth wife, turns into a bear and takes them outside. We hear her roar. A sound that would scare almost anything but we hear the four just screaming various things but all boiling down to “You ridiculed us, picked on us, scorned us yet here we are in our delusional world and you are most likely dead.”

The four come back and Judith tells us that they feel more relaxed. “Now we need to get them some durable clothes. Same with you two. Those silky costumes are too delicate for actual fighting.” She and Katrina, third wife, take the seven into the wardrobe room.

Soon all come out with more practical dress. Pants shirts and vests in complementary colors. By the look of my two wives, those are not the same colors the gentlemen picked out. Katrina said it all. “The colors they picked out said please kill me.”

Both of Peter’s and Ken’s mothers just remarked that those costumes they wore said the same but Mary added that they were screaming “Put us out of your misery.” All the mothers in the room chuckled but our daughters told us that they thought their dress made them very attractive.

Atasha told her daughter who is like the leader of the daughters, "If a man wore a fig leaf, you would find that attractive" but as she was saying that, both being rabbit folk, Atasha is looking at me with those eyes.

"A fig leaf is out of the question. They are like a combination of sandpaper and small spikes. Cut outs from fabric will be entertained." I tell her.

I do notice the looks from the newbies. "Come on folks. You see twenty daughters here. In this house, sex is known not hidden. Hidden things will come around and bite you in the ass. These daughters know about it but have not had males here. We have, however, instructed them that only after they are officially mated will sex be allowed."

As I said that, I was staring at those seven males. "Only after they are mates!" I repeated and the ripple in the air was back. My daughters were giggling. I know it will not be too long before they double team each male and come asking us.

I do see Atasha eyeing Mary.

We have a good meal and then it was time to rest. Our new residents were shown the facilities. Without mine knowing it, there is now two separate bathing areas separated by barriers of my design. I do not tell them because it needs to be a surprise. One room for men and the other for the women. That is now extremely large.

I have not gone in yet but the seven young men have. I laugh as I hear more than one daughter scream from a nonlethal shock. Then, "Daddy how could you!"

Yelling up the hall, "I did say only after the official mating. Then I may make a few detached homes. Sound proof of course." I can hear downright laughter coming from all the mothers. Joyce just yells to those daughters, "You need to come in here. Your mothers now have the look. If you don't come in they will come out naked and blind any man who opens their eyes."

I tell George that we need to sit outside and wink at the stars. "You will find that they wink back after a few glasses of that sipping whiskey."

Then we hear Judith yell, "Get drunk and I'll go grizzly."

"I guess that will be lemonade."

Getting training

It is morning, unlike the morning we left to retrieve the parents, my daughters are now doing their morning training period. This morning is different. There are seven males just watching. I come over and in a booming voice tell them all to stop where they are.

I walk over to the mothers of my daughters. "What in the hell are you doing? My daughters, do you see some here that need to be dragged kicking and screaming into this routine? I need some or all to go to those seven sluggards and use them as practice. Let's see just what we have here so we know at which level they need to start. Just don't kill them, yet."

As now a twenty against seven battle erupts, with almost the same voice, those seven say that they do not want to harm the women. Only trouble is that they now are getting whooped. Their asses handed to them by, to use those males innuendo, frail females.

Now beaten, I go over to the seven. "Get up off your butts! My daughters are masters. All of them to the youngest beat you. Now get up and let them slowly show what they did. My ladies, take it easy on them until they can score a hit that you would not suspect a mosquito bit you."

As they pair off, I go over to the mothers. "I think that they needed that. Even though they all have what is needed, skill wise, actual experience is lacking. Mary, Joyce, those need to be ready to fight. It is better that they get knocked down a few pegs now. In actual combat, the enemy will not go easy other than the easy kill."

My wives take the shaken mothers off to the side but not before they tell me that I need to learn some tact in the way I talk to people.

"What? How is it going to go when I tell them that their son is dead because I needed to go easy on them. Not one of them will have it easy or do you want me to just find another world and hide?" I can see that my voice had carried and everyone came to a halt.

All the men came over and Peter spoke for them. "We were arrogant in our thinking that only men could fight. We do not know who or what we will face here in combat. We needed that slapped out of us. Samuel is right. It is better that we learn now or would you feel better giving us a school note saying that we don't feel well. Go easy on us? Who we face will fight dirty if they feel it will beat us. At the end of the battle, the victor will not offer a hand up and say we fought well."

That took a lot out of him but those men took the field and asked guide us, teach us but do not go easy on us.

George and I were standing proud. The mothers now saw why I said what I said and how I said it. I needed to let those seven men know that I will not stand to lose a single one of them. My daughters would not let me sleep with all the crying, all the anger that they would feel if I had them go unprepared into battle.

Peter's mother is looking at me. She mouths thank you to me. She knows that I am trying to keep them alive. Funny thing is, the four nerds are loving it. They are keeping up with their paring. They have been living all their lives just for this chance. This world of magic and adventure. That fantasy they dreamed of now is before them. They needed the actual full contact. They were getting bruised and beaten but they also were scoring hits.

What they did not see is that they were scoring hits on my daughters hearts. All their initial fight partners have been joined by another. Peter and Ken cannot help but notice. They see even Chris being swarmed and putting up a battle but this time, the hits coming from those young ladies are filled with passion. He is putting his all into it. He knows.

My daughters do not respect someone that does not treat them as equals.

I need to go light on them after all they are just frail females. That makes them targets to show just who is frail. Peter and Ken still get their ass handed to them until their sparring partners finally yell at them, "Hit me! If you don't you will die and I will find you in the final life and continue to kick your ass for eternity. NOW FIGHT ME!"

It is as if their eyes are now open. They see the four and the actual look on the daughters. Then they hear me say loud enough for every wife can hear. "We are going to put a protection spell on those four's doors tonight or our daughters my try a nighttime attack. Daughters, remember not until you are mated!"

Peter and Ken see it, understand it but still do not get it. They just cannot bring themselves to try to damage such beautiful women. Their sparring opponents see this. They have yelled at them. Now the two daughters drop their weapons and started to slap the two timid men extremely hard across the face.

The two men go to drop their weapons and try to leave the field. They are confronted by women's anger. They are now in an enclosed barriers with the two daughters. They do have the magic capabilities to do a force field.

The daughters continue to chase the two but are shrinking the field. Every time it shrinks, the two men get bitch slapped, then the field expands again. Slap and expand. Over and over until Ken snaps and slaps her so hard that she is knocked on her ass. The moon eyes he is getting says it all. She gets up and pursues him again. He slaps first. It turns into a full blown battle, no holds barred.

Meanwhile Peter's opponent is chiding him. "Look at your companion. He now gets it and she plants a foot into his chest. "We demand that you respect us for what we are, warriors." This time she finds his calf with the toe of her pointed shoes and he goes down.

The expression on his face says it all. He is over the edge. He sweeps her feet and she crashed to the ground. He immediately pins her to the ground, then slaps her so hard that I swore I could hear bones break.

She , in an instant, countered him. Throwing her legs to capture his, she pulls him down and smothers him with a very hard kiss. I say smother because she must have. He passed out. I need to call a halt to this. I bellow, "ENOUGH."

"Mother's take your daughters and give them the talk. I will talk to these seven men. George come with me. Mary and Joyce, go with the women."

"You five men, you can sit. I saw that you got what this exercise means. You two. As these four have figured out, you still have not. Yes, you showed some strength but you showed me that you really don't know why you got the reaction you did. Let's ask an expert.

Steven what are they missing?"

For the first time in his life, Steven knows his self worth, his resolve and something that these two do not. He stands then walks right in the face of them both. "These women want to be acknowledged for their skills not their gender. By not giving them your best, you actually put them to shame. Do you think that you could ever get them to even work with you if you shame them? I think that you will find that they will not even spar with you tomorrow. I feel that Chris will be the center of attention. He was out there to improve. He gave it his all. Yes he was beaten but he got back up and went full force. I'm quite sure that most of those young ones will fight each other to spar with him."

I ask Chris what he was doing. "I was just trying to learn. I want to be someone who they could depend on in a real battle. By not going full force with ones your age, you showed them that you will be a risk to them in battle. It took them too long to get you to respond. They know that you will face women in battle. They know you will die."

"See, even your brother knows what to do. Until you two wake up, I decree that both of you are his little brothers. You will serve him until you can continually best those of your own age. Chris don't fail your little brothers. Instruct them until you feel that they are worthy of being your big brothers."

I walk out.

The mothers, especially Mary and Joyce, express their disappointment with the results of the training. Mary asks them what they thought of the sparring. All thought is was good. She now addresses Rose that was Peter's opponent.

"You were mad that he would not treat you as a true opponent. You even went so far as to directly tell him to fight you. What did you do when he, one time, got the best of you? You show him that his opinion of you was correct. You kissed him"

Atasha knows what Mary is insinuating. "You two gave into their idea of you on the basis of one time they bested you. They were not mad, they were angry. Didn't your father teach you that making your enemy angry is the key to making them do a fatal move?"

She now addresses her daughter. "What did your papa teach you to do when pinned?"

"Knee them in the crotch and then stab them in the gut."

"When you were pinned down Sally, what did you do? You kissed him. You both are now considered dead for the rest of today. Leave us now and go to the rock and sit. You will stay there until morning. Tomorrows training will exclude you both. You will observe your younger sisters. They were constantly challenged fully. Even the youngest fought well. Watch what your sisters do. You will see that they did not cave to their lust the first time. They actually started to double up and still those five gave a good fight."

Ginger finishes the meeting. "Knowing your father, he has dressed down those two for their actions. Mary, Joyce would you do these girls a favor? Get those costumes and tell your sons that they did not rate the durable clothes. I know that their mothers telling them that those show clothes are what they demonstrated they are only able to wear. Give them the look while you tell them that they are to wear the shame all day tomorrow."

The two now see that they must be tough. It is like Samuel said, do you want to hear that both are dead because they went soft on them in training. They both remember commenting on just that about those costumes.

The daughters were, for the rest of the day, trying not to look at Peter and Ken. They did notice that the two were trailing Chris.

After the meetings I noticed that the four men were asking my daughters if they would show them what their training regiment was like. Thomas was heard to say that they deeply admired the way they moved during the sparring match. "You all were precise. No wasted motions. Deliberate in your strikes. We admire your superiority in your skills. We need your expertise to stay alive. Please teach us."

The others also say "Please."

I and my wives know that they will be son in laws in the future. I hope it is not too soon but we will approve when they come to us properly. Again I see my wives talking with Mary.

Morning arrives and there are four being told to watch. Today is not sparring. The five men are facing the daughters. They are mimicking the moves. For the first time through their routine, my daughters are going slow. The next set is faster and the men keep up. Soon both the men and my daughters are keeping pace.

Tasha yells to them. "That is exactly what you need. Like a newly made knife, it is sharp but not fine enough to use. You need to use a strop to refine that edge. You girls have now made the blades. You men need the strop to refine your edge. Show these four weaklings just what it takes to make an excellent knife."

When they are exhausted, they take a break. I approach the five.

"You need to be proud. Towards the end, you were very tired. You slowed but did not give up. Soon you will equal my daughters. Then they will respect you. Chris, please choose one of my daughters and the two of you supervise these poor four in their exercise. Make sure that they get at least four hours before they get a break."

I hand them both sturdy sticks. "Marsha, if you see them not going at full strength, use this. Chris, you do the same to your younger brothers."

I look at the four and the air ripples and sparks fly as I ask them if they understand. "It is combat time. If you got to relieve yourself, do it in your drawers. In battle many a fighter fights in wet and smelly pants. The four of you will not stop training until these two release you."

Being under the command of younger siblings, the four know that they are being told that they are less disciplined than Marsha and Chris. The younger are now their superiors, masters of sorts.

This time, they have the pairing different from yesterday. Peter is now against Sally and Rose is against Ken. The two figure that affection was shown, so splitting them will distract Peter and Ken.

The fighting starts. It is fighting because they were instructed to act in real battle conditions. It was very weak fighting by the four. It seems that they were distracted. It seems that bonds have been formed between yesterday's matchups.

Marsha is the first but Chris thought the same. Both struck their respective students hard enough to leave marks.

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