Chapter 132 Things Were Going Too Good

I carried Bedelia into the master bedroom and pinned her to the bed playfully.  Bedelia squirmed under me as I held her down and tickled her.  She tried not to laugh as I focused on her armpits and then neck.  “Stop!  You win!”  She rasped breathlessly.  In the back of my mind, I realized I enjoyed tickle wars with my sister.  I relented in my assault of Bedalia’s small frame.

I slid down her body, raised her shirt, and kissed her belly, while adding my vortex.  I couldn’t use any saliva on her, so it was going to be all tongue.  I focused on her navel and ran my hands up under her shirt.  She wiggled to remove her bra and succeeded.  I softly played on her breasts, teasing the nipples to hardness and then flicking them while she cooed appreciatively.

Her sex was soon aroused.  I inhaled her familiar scent, but I left it alone under her jeans and batted away her hands softly when she tried to unbutton them.  I continued the foreplay, and Bedelia relaxed and enjoyed my administration.  I kept my hands on her chest enjoying her soft fleshy mounds and hard nipples.  I finally went lower and used my mouth to unbutton her jeans.  My plan to pull the jeans off with my mouth was a disaster as her jeans were tight around her hips and small round butt.  She started laughing at my failure.

“You think this is funny?”  I said while laughing, too.  I forcibly rolled her to her stomach and pulled her jeans to her knees.  I moved over her and began to kiss her on the neck while pressing her down.  I freed myself with one hand and then squeezed her buttocks while my cock rested between her thighs.  I squeezed hard enough to elicit a squeal from Bedelia.

I lay heavy on her and let her feel the heat of my phallus on the back of her thighs.  Her legs were held together by her jeans.  I returned to kissing her neck and giving her a few hickies as punishment.  This went on for minutes.  Her ass squirmed, and she sought to position my cock to her opening, but it was not going to happen until I wanted it to.  Finally, she said, “Please stop teasing me and fuck me already.”

“Fine,” I whispered in her ear.  I used my hand to angle my lower head between her thighs and pressed.  She was slick with her arousal and sweat between her thighs, and I easily slid to her own heat, my phallic head kissing her feminine lips.  I paused as her breathing increased in anticipation.  I slowly pressed into her tightness, and she groaned in satisfaction after all the teasing.  She had been so slick that I was coated after only a few thrusts.  I grunted in concert with her on each penetration. She came shortly with a satisfied groan and massage of shaft inside her. I continued through her orgasm, my body pressed her into the bed every entry.  I continued until she came a second time, this time I released into her, and collapsed onto her.

I kept most of my weight on my knees so as not to crush her, but pretended to fall asleep.  “Not funny, Caleb!”  she said, trying to free herself.  I chuckled as I let her out but made her work for it.  She fell off the bed because her jeans were still around her ankles, and I laughed.  “Ugh, if that wasn’t so fucking enjoyable for me, I would be mad!”  She stripped completely and went into the shower.

I relaxed on the bed while the shower ran.  I needed to figure out some things now that the aboleth was dead.  I wanted to complete my promise to my sister.  I did not know how that was going to go.  Even just picturing Paige having sex with Maya was causing me to get excited. That should be a turn off, not a turn on.  Wrestling with Bedelia earlier had me get constant flashbacks to when I wrestled Paige.  I was actually nervous about the inevitable encounter the more I thought about it.

I had planned to practice on Vida as I needed to raise her core for the enhanced taste.  Maybe she would be open to trying it on Saturday night.  I was going to DC for the hockey game Friday night and would not be back till Saturday, as I planned to thank Chloe after the game.   Vida was simple, and I just needed to not be a Scrooge about the life essence I was collecting and add the elixir to the banner in my mind space.  I also needed to raise her core as well to accommodate her ability since she was lower tier 1 and already had one enhancement.

As far as I knew, there was no limit to the number of abilities that I could unlock. If there had been a limit, I would not waste 100 life essence on the improved tasting ability that would only be given to Vida.  Bedelia emerged from the bathroom with wet hair and a smile.  She wrapped a white towel around her torso in front of me teasingly. Then she made a show as she picked up her dirty clothes.

I didn’t bite and asked, “Can you send Abigail in?  I need to talk with her.” Bedelia frowned and raised her hand, waving it in the air, confirming she heard me as she left.

I went and showered quickly and found Abigail waiting on the bed in her nightgown.  It was a silky turquoise, and her nipples were highlighted in the fabric.  She was beaming, thinking we were going to have sex.  I burst her bubble, “Hey, Abs, I want to talk about Vida.  About raising her core.”

Abigail frowned hard.  Abigail thought of Vida as an adopted younger sister or maybe even a daughter.  She definitely had a maternal protective nature when it came to Vida. “Caleb, I thought you were not going to have sex with her?”  There was a tiny hint of annoyance in her voice.

“I am not planning to.  I need to be close to her to add a vortex when she is in the heat of passion.  But I wanted your advice on how to go about it,” I defended myself and she softened.

Abigail looked at me, “I helped her get a vibrator.  Can she just do that?   Or maybe we can get her a sybian?”

“What is a sybian?”  I asked, confused.

“It is like a horse saddle with a dildo sticking out of it,” she said with a smile.  “You just mount it and ride it while controlling the device with your remote.”  I had trouble picturing it, so Abigail showed me some videos.

The woman in the videos seemed to be in total bliss. “Wow, they seem to like it.  I think it would work. We can order two. If it works for Vida, I can give one to my sister.” On seeing Abigail’s confusion, I added, “I promised to enlarge her aether core as well.  I wanted to see how well it worked on Vida.  That is not having sex to raise her core, that is.”

“You are going to give your sister a sybian?”  Abigail said somewhat judgementally, her eyebrows raised.  Maybe she thought it was a funny concept by the look on her face.

“Actually, we planned on having Maya there to help her along, and I would just—watch, I guess,” I said awkwardly.  “I would need to help them along with saliva too.  Did you want one too, a sybian, when I ordered them?  I mean, I got you a horse.  Couldn’t you just use it’s saddle instead?”

Abigail’s face instantly changed, “You got me a horse!  Did you get one for yourself too?  We could go riding together!”  Abigail’s mind was suddenly sidetracked, reminding me of her old self of being able to only focus on the moment.

“Jade is getting you a horse.  I sent her money for it but have not heard back.  I got Bedelia a motorcycle,” I said with a satisfied grin as Abigail’s excitement peaked.

“We can talk about Vida later.  I need to talk with Jade about a horse,” Abigail rushed out to call Jade.

Left alone, I went online to buy sybians.  I used my corporate Silverhorn Consulting credit card but doubted I would be able to count it as a business deduction.  This was a lot more complicated than I thought it would be.  There were dozens of attachments and sizes.  I ended up just spending $3600 on two ‘fully equipped’ packages.  Maybe I wouldn’t even need to give it to Paige because it did feel awkward. I ordered them on two-day rush delivery.

The process took me two hours, and Abigail was back in my room. “Caleb, I found the horse I want.  His name is Tiburon.  He is four years old and black Friesian.  He is 17 hands in height.  He is well trained and could command a good stud fee.”  I looked at the pictures, and he was a monster of a horse when compared to the woman in the sales ad. He looked like an all-black Clydesdale to my eyes.  That was the only breed I could identify by sight.

Abigail gave me pleading eyes like she had just found the love of her life.  I looked at the offering price, $52,000.  I asked, “Is this what you really want for your birthday?”  She violently shook her head yes.  “Fine, guess you found a replacement for me.”

“I will ride you any time you want!” She jumped on me and pressed me to the bed.  It wasn’t long before her silk pajamas were gone, and she was demonstrating her riding techniques to me.  My favorite was the fast gallop.

Wednesday at school had me reunited with Hazel to tutor.  We ended up talking instead of studying.  Her team got bounced from the playoffs in the second round, so her season was over.  But she wanted to take me out to celebrate my state championship in hockey.  I had promised her a date later in the semester.  I actually felt guilty as I only saw her as a way to harvest more essence.  She was attractive, but my dance card was more than full.  Still, my first time using a vortex on a partner was always more productive.

I let Hazel continue with her flirting.  I needed to keep reminding myself I was an incubus, and this was good behavior to get stronger.  The rest of the week, her intimacy increased with me, even being as bold to reach inside my shorts while we were studying.  Her hand gently grasped my penis. She said, “Guess the rumors were true.”  I remembered I was known as the school slut, and my nickname was rhino.

Well, best not to disappoint.  My hand copied hers, entering her shorts, and I teased her. Over her underwear, I gently rubbed her folds, teasing her clit as she started to squirm in her seat.  We were in a private study room with a glass window.  Observers could not see under the table, but they could see our faces.

Hazel thought it was a game and got aggressive but I played her slowly, controlling my erection. Hazel lost and came abruptly, a small gush of wetness on her panties, and excused herself as she rushed to the bathroom.  I just took out some baby wipes Abigail packed with my lunch and cleaned my hands.

That was not the only time we played that game. Hazel lost evertime, even on Friday when she wore jeans.

After my biology exam on Friday afternoon, I drove to DC alone for my date with Chloe. I took the Raptor as Artica wanted to drive the Escalade on errands.  The game was at seven, but the early team skate was at four, and Chloe brought me to the ice to watch.  When I parked, Chloe rushed me and gave me a hug and kiss, “I never know how I should act around you,” Chloe said, breaking the kiss.

“We are just good friends, Chloe.  I like spending time with you, and as I told you, hockey is my favorite sport,” I said, taking her hand and walking to the arena.

“Any chance you want to fly to Miami again?”  she asked jokingly while we walked.  “People asked about you at the last party.”

“No.  I think I will pass.  Events like that are something I might host in the future but not participate in.  It was just a curiosity for me,” I explained my reasoning for going.

“If you want to host, my handler could put together a wonderful variety for you,” she said eagerly.  We had reached security, and they checked her passes to let us in.  I thought about setting up a massive orgy of all women for myself—a buffet of life essence.

“Maybe in the future.  I am currently working on some business opportunities, so I do not have much time for fun.”  I said, following Chloe through the tunnels. We reached the ice.

“Ok, so when we get to the ice, just watch.  Most likely, it will just be a few guys loosening their legs,” she said. “The coaches are inside, and just some of the trainers will be on the ice.

She was right, as six guys were on the ice without upper body pads, making lazy loops.  I could name them all, even without their jerseys.  One skated over to use, “Hey Chloe, is this the guy you are always talking about?”

I reached out my hand, “Apollyon Silverhorn.  I am a big fan and even have one of your signed jerseys hanging in my game room.”

He shook my hand, “Apollyon?  That is an interesting name.  I can get you a new signed jersey if you want.  Chloe has been a godsend.  Her magic hands have made it so my hip flexor hasn’t hurt for the first time in five years!”  One of the trainers approached, but he was waved off.  The Capitals star asked, “Apollyon, do you want to come on the ice?  You can use my stick to take a few shots at this end of the ice.”

I had to remember that it was Caleb and not Apollyon who was the hockey player, but still, it was ok to show off a little.  I was just in my sneakers when he handed me his stick.  He had five pucks, and I slapped all of them in rapidly, not missing the net once from the left face-off circle.

One of his teammates skated over, “Damn, we need to get some skates on this one.  Those shots had some heat.”  The new player was a rookie defenseman who had just been called up.  “Can you hit the net from center ice?” he asked in a challenge.

The next thirty minutes were the most fun I had had in a long time.  Four professional hockey players and myself went to various points on the ice and played a game of ice hockey HORSE. The puck was placed, and the leader had to call the type of shot; wrist, slap or backhand. We each took our hand at shooting and got a letter if we missed it.  I won to their consternation. Chloe and I left the rink to have dinner before the game.  “I think you impressed them,” Chloe had a prideful look on her face.  Her date had out-performed the professionals in a silly game of HORSE.

The place we were eating was Italian.  I had gotten their house special ravioli.  We were talking about Chloe’s parents, who moved to Texas when my phone rang.  It was Kiri, and I was surprised.  She rarely used a phone.  I answered, and her voice came across immediately, “Caleb, they found us.  I think Eilina’s father found her.”  There was some noise and then some discussion about what Elina couldn’t take with her.

“What is going on?  Are people there to kidnap Eilina?”  I asked while standing and walking to privacy.

“I told you I had thought we were being followed. Now I am sure. At the grocery store, I ran into an elf with a pendant with the Alarie crest. Her father, Bastian, must have found her using some powerful tracking magic,” her voice was laced with concern.

“Do you think they found Danila? Should I go and check on your mother?” I asked, and there was a long pause from Kiri.

“Yes. Could you? Artica is securing the cabin house, and we are moving over there,” Kiri said.

“Do you need me to come back right now?” I asked, prepared to leave.

“No, I just wanted to tell you what was happening. Enjoy yourself,” she said, hanging up but clearly flustered. Kiri was never flustered.

I called Jade, “Jade, I need a favor. Eilina may be in trouble. Could you send Frost of Monsoon to help protect her? I should be back in the morning.”

“Yes, no problem. I am in Canada with Anya right now; only Frost is at the Ranch. I will send her over to Iris’ house,” she said without hesitation.

“They are going to the cabin. Frost can head over there. I will be home later tonight,” I replied before hanging up.

“Is everything all right?” Chloe asked with concern.

 “No, I am going to have to head back after the game. I can not stay the night,” I said disapointedly.

Chloe frowned and looked at her phone. “We have an hour before the game starts. I can get us a room at a nearby hotel?” She asked hopefully.

It kind of felt like our roles were reversed. She was paying for me to service her. The tickets, dinner, and now a hotel room. I didn’t want to disappoint. “Ok, Chloe. You are in charge.”

And she was in charge. When we got to the hotel room, she practically ripped my clothes off, “If we only have an hour,” she growled hungrily, “then let us stop wasting time.”

We arrived late for the game. It was the middle of the first, and our seats were behind the player’s benches. I enjoyed the game and Chloe’s company. In the middle of the third, my phone rang. It was Artica, and I answered as the arena erupted to a score by the Capitals.

Artica was breathing heavily, “Caleb, someone just tried to fucking abduct me. The Cadillac is wrecked.”

Some shock and then clarity, “Are you ok, Artica?”

“I am fine. They ran me off the road, and when I started firing the aether pistol, the two cars took off,” she said.

“You don’t sound fine,” I inferred by her strained breathing.

“Just a bump on the head and some bruised ribs,” she brushed off my concern. “They knew I was alone as I was coming back from getting groceries for our house guests. So they were not after you. Hold on. The police are here, and an ambulance. I will call you back.”

I stood, and Chloe could tell I was leaving. “I have to go. An employee of mine is in trouble. She was pushed off the road and wrecked her car.”

Chloe looked a little shocked, “She got run off the road? What kind of business are you in?” Even over the crowd noise, she had overheard my conversation.

“I do not have time to explain. I had a great time, Chloe. Thank you,” I bent over and gave her a kiss. It had been fun—some normalcy for a short time.

I ran to my car and began the long drive back. Artica called, and I picked up on the car Bluetooth, “What is the news?”

“I am on my way to Memorial Hospital. I am in the back of an ambulance. I probably have two broken ribs,” Artica’s voice sounded less strained since she was lying down.

“Was it the elves? The ones who are looking for Eilina?” I guessed.

“No. I don’t think so. Not unless they are hiring catkin mercs. One of the drivers I recognized. She was one of Aagatha’s bodyguards the last time she visited Jade,” Artica informed me.

Agatha? Why was Agatha targeting Artica? This was really fucked up. “Why do you think Agatha sent her people after you? Does it have anything to do with the catkin?”

“I know people are not happy about a catkin bodyguard serving a human mage, but they wouldn’t go this far. Agatha even signed off on my contract transfer,” Artica spoke. “Maybe Agatha was trying to kidnap me to show someone my improved core strength? That is the only thing I can think of.”

Damn it. First, elves are looking for Eilina, and now Agatha is trying to force the matter since I have been blocking her. After the aboleth, I thought things would be simpler—I had five days of rest at least.

“Ok, Artica. I am on my way to the hospital. After I check on you, I am going to pay Agatha a visit,” I said resolutely.