Chapter 68 New Crib

In my car on the way to see my new house, I was feeling quite good. Practicing what Pandora had been teaching me gave me a lot of confidence. If I practiced regularly and trained with Pandora, I felt I could be an unstoppable force in hand-to-hand combat. I parked in the state forest about three miles from the cabin. I aged myself forward and walked there through the woods. The trail in the state forest went to the summit of the mountain my house was on. I had to rough it down the mountain to get to my cabin.

The reason for all this work was I was worried that Amelia might be there since today was closing. I approached from the backyard and didn’t see any cars or hearing anyone. I went to the lock and retrieved the key after finding the code in the message from Amelia. I entered the house, and it smelled of all the woodwork. A few carpets remained from the previous owners. The living room had a large fireplace and large windows that looked down the mountain. The view alone, I felt, was worth the million-dollar expense.

I walked the house, and everything looked like the pictures. The game room/ bar in the basement looked spectacular. I needed some framed signed hockey jerseys down here to fill the wall space. I started taking notes to make it into a great space to watch games and hang with everyone. Would I invite Rob over here in the future? I hoped so. I wanted to keep the house to myself for a while, at least. The only thing about the basement was there was no phone signal. The entire house was that way. Outside and it was fine—inside and almost nothing. I found the issue in one of the crawl spaces for storage. They had used some type of foil-covered foam to insulate the exterior cabin walls.

I had a long list of notes for things I wanted in the house. I sent my list off to Amelia with a note that my assistant walked the house, and I promised her a $2,500 bonus since I was being such a pain in the ass.

I trudged back through the dark woods to my car and drove home. I ate the leftovers from tonight’s takeout and talked with my parents. I explained to my mother that I was taking Iris on a date tomorrow, and we were staying in the city overnight. Dad elbowed her, and she then said that was romantic. She said she was still sore from the workout but asked if she could join us again on Monday. I didn’t hesitate to say yes. Tuesday was our last day of classes at school and I had exams on Monday and Tuesday this week, so I wasn’t even sure if Mary and Rose would have time to come over. I think Rose was ranked third in the class, and Mary was 7th.

When I got to my room, I showered and stood before the mirror naked. I flexed and turned sideways and admired my form. After a minute, I transformed into my incubus form. I was slightly thicker on my muscles and slightly taller than my adult human form. I rubbed my small protruding horns. They felt glassy smooth. Could I change their size like I did with my other horn?

I looked constipated in the mirror as I focused on trying to grow my horns longer. Eventually, I gave up and went into my mind space to ask my resident expert. Pandora was lounging on the bed in a tee shirt and shorts. I had manifested a multitude of clothes for her. She got up and greeted me, “Glad you are back! Do you want to practice?” She was reaching for a Gi on the nightstand.

For some reason, I was highly turned on by her on this visit to my mind space. Her long smooth legs in the tight boxers. I shook my head. I must be going crazy. I centered myself and asked, “Do you have any idea why I can’t change the size of the horns on my head? I can change the one between my legs.”

She let out a sly smile and walked past me to the central chamber and the incubus handbook. She opened it to a page and tapped. I think it would have been easier for her to just tell me. I walked up and read the passage.

The passage was just two sentences and just said the horns of an incubus and succubus reflected the age and power. My two nubs basically told other demons I was a baby. That irritated me a bit. I looked at Pandora, “When they get bigger can I make them smaller to hide my true power?” She rolled her eyes at me.

“Sometimes I am ashamed to be your subconscious. Why don’t you try to make your current horns smaller?” She questioned me.

I defended myself to myself, “Well, my penis wouldn’t get any smaller than my human form. So maybe my horns have a minimum size.”

Pandora cocked her head, “Good point, but you should just try rather than argue with yourself.”

I left my mind space and stood in front of the mirror and focused. They did shrink! Just a tiny bit. I put my hand on them and grew them…tiny bit of increase. I played with my horns until my head ached. Changing things seemed to sap my mental energy. So I think the tiny growth was due to the six upgrades I have completed so far. But I could always show my horns to be as small as when I was first made into an incubus. That may be useful somewhere down the line.

I was about to return to my human form when I saw my tall twitching behind me. I grabbed it and stroked it like a pet. I had minimal control over the appendage, but it was just as sensitive as my penis to my senses. The soft barb folded as I stroked it and it transformed into its phallic form when it got excited. I wondered if maybe Abigail might want to play with this when she was feeling better. The more I rubbed the tip, the more my actual cock throbbed in excitement. My penis throbbed, trying to expand beyond its current shape, yearning to grow, almost painfully.

I secured the two appendages, one in each hand. Both heads had velvety skin and felt amazing as I caressed them with my thumbs. I used some precum dribbling out of my cock to coat both heads as I rubbed them together with the slippery fluid. I felt the pressure building in my balls but ignored it. I was so engrossed by the building pleasure, and then the tail suddenly throbbed and convulsed while my cock shot copious streams of seed onto the bathroom wall. My body’s muscles flexed and racked as I spurted over and over again in an uncontrolled release.

When my body relaxed, I sat down feeling slightly spent. That was the first time in a long time when I did not control myself when I came. My tail seemed to have a mind of its own and pushed my body to ejaculate. This shook me slightly, and I transferred to my human form and sat on the toilet. After gaining myself, I used some towels to clean up and threw them in the laundry. I had found an Achilles heel in my incubus form. If I let a partner control my tail, I would be at her mercy.

I showered again and relaxed naked on my bed. I considered trying out my succubus form, but after losing control in my incubus form, I thought it might not be the best idea at the moment. Maybe after I upgraded my incubus tail, I would have more control over my arousal when the tail was involved. It was an upgrade that I had considered unimportant, but maybe I would need to invest in it eventually if I planned to utilize my more efficient incubus form to harvest essence.

My phone rang, and I answered it. It was just Rob confirming that he could use my car tomorrow. We talked for a bit before he hung up. I just checked over all the material for my tests on Monday and Tuesday next week before getting some sleep in the real world.

I woke up extremely early and asked Abigail if she wanted to go for a run. Our flight was not until 4 pm in DC, so I had a lot of free time without hockey. Abigail picked me up in Iris’ truck a few minutes later and we drove to the state forest. It was a nice day, so there were a number of days hikers as the snow was melting. I had my aether sight on the entire time, and as we ran the trails together, passing the day hikers, I noticed two wolfkin hiking together. A mother and daughter who smiled at us as we passed. When I turned back to stare at them for a second, Abigail asked, “What, Caleb?”

“Two wolfkin, Abs,” I said. “I wonder how many times I passed demis before I changed and never realized it.”

Abigail looked back at the pair and said, “Me too. I can’t believe all this was going on around us, and we never knew. I can’t wait to get magic so I can see them as well. Iris let me borrow her glasses once, and I really couldn’t believe it.”

We ran for two more miles, and Abigail’s physical enhancements had taken hold. She was six minutes miles up the mountain. I inquired, “How did your meeting with the track coach go?”

“Great! I am just going to run the mile and 800-meter distances. I know!” she exclaimed. “I can’t win by too big of margins. But I can still beat you!” She took off on a long uphill, and I grinned as I pursued her for the next three miles of the loop back to the car. We got crazy stares at our speed and reckless running. Abs slammed into the car when we got back a guzzled a bottle of water.

“Damn, Caleb. I should have brought water. I am cramping all over! Can you massage out my legs?” She said without any seductive tone. Her legs were trembling, so I had her sit on the tailgate and rubbed out her thighs and calves. We quickly found some pain around her knee. “I think I pulled my quad on the last decent Caleb. Damn. It is really tender there. Work in the middle of the muscle to help loosen it. Yeah, right there!”

We got a lot of looks as I rubbed her quads and then her hamstrings in the parking lot. Abigail wasn’t getting aroused, so I knew she was in actual pain. She finally said, “I need to run 6:30 or under on my mile time, Monday, Caleb, to make the team. It is tightening up.”

I thought for a minute while I rubbed, “Jade said her large bodyguard had some healing magic. Do you want to go see if he can help? I think she said they were at the Marriott.”

“Do you think he can heal it?” Abigail asked. I nodded and she nodded as well and limped to the passenger seat. I drove us to the hotel and called Jade.

She answered, and I said, “Hey, Jade, we are outside the hotel. Abs got injured on our run this morning. You said your bodyguard Monsoon had healing magic. Can he help her?”

She didn’t hesitate, “Definitely! We are in the small penthouse suite. Frost will come down and get you.”

I helped Jade into the lobby, and soon Frost came out of the elevator and waved us in. The Marriott elevator took us up to the top floor, and Artica was outside the door when we approached. I had been expecting a lavish suite, but it just looked like a large apartment with a high ceiling and two bedrooms.

Monsoon was in the living room and motioned Abigail to sit. Jade came to stand next to me and whispered, “He is quite good but can only heal minor injuries. If it is a muscle, cartilage, or tendon, then he should be able to help,” she said encouragingly. Monsoon put his large hands where Jade indicated and moved them around the area.

He looked up at Jade, “Very small tear and tendon strain. It should take a few minutes to heal and align the damage properly.” Jade nodded.

Abigail had wide eyes, “You can fix it in a few minutes!” She winced as he started, but Abigail remained stoic, “Can you heal other things like cancer, burned skin, or clogged arteries?”

Monsoon looked up into her face as he worked, “No. I am a pretty weak mage. My aether core is just barely into the upper tier 1 range. More powerful mages could do those things you mentioned.”

“It tingles,” Abigail said.

“Almost done,” Monsoon responded.

Abigail asked tentatively, “Can a lower tier 2 mage cure cancer?”

Monsoon looked into Abigail’s eyes, “Yes. It takes a long time to learn the magics, and you need to understand how the body works as well. All the mages I know that can perform medical miracles went to school to be a doctor.”

Abigail’s eyes pivoted to me and looked pleadingly at me. “Abs, if you want to become a medical mage doctor, then do it. You can probably get a track scholarship for college. If not, I can pay for it.” She beamed at me.

Monsoon stated, “They are called Medicus Magicae. They are rare, and the path is long to become one, but they have such great control over their bodies they can halt their own aging.”

I could see the gears turning in Abigail’s head. She was going to commit to this wholeheartedly. Monsoon stood. He looked at me and decided to speak after thinking, “She would need to have at least a core of 1.05 to learn the more complex healing arts. It would be best if you didn’t let her get too excited at the prospect of becoming a Medicus.”

Abigail screamed, “Yes,” and was excited. Monsoon looked confused and then placed his large hand on top of Abigail’s head. He removed it, and his head whipped back to me and then to Jade, who was smiling. He was trying to control his surprise but was doing a terrible job.

He whispered just loud enough for us to hear, “It’s true.”

Concerned, I asked, “What is true, Monsoon? Were you sent here as a spy?”

Jade laughed, “No, Monsoon is loyal beyond any doubt. My father met with me before I left and placed Monsoon in my service. He will guard me with his life and my secrets.” Monsoon nodded solemnly.

Completely off-topic, Abigail asked, “Can I see your true form? They said you are a lion man, and I have never seen such a thing. I hope to learn magic to see through illusions eventually so I can see all the different beings out there.” Her tone was so innocent that I doubted Monssonwould deny her.

“Another time, future Medicus Magicae. I am already quite tired from expending my aether to heal you, and if I dropped my guise, I would not have enough to raise it for hours.” He looked to Jade, who said he could leave to rest.

All three of us sat on the sofas. I asked Jade, “What about the sisters in the hallway? All they loyal beyond doubt?”

Jade reclined and crossed her legs, “I don’t know for sure. They were in the middle of their class at the bodyguard training center. Their low tier made them destined to be assigned to someone fairly unimportant or as general household guards. They are smart, athletic and good fighters but lack the reaction speed of an upper tier 1 catkin.” She looked at me, “I did take them immediately after interviewing them, so I know no one got to them to convince them to spy on me. The snow leopard catkin are a very small population in the catkin clans. Most are lower tier 1 and are looked down upon by most.”

“So you want me to raise them?” I asked in order to stop beating around the bush.

“Oh, Caleb, you are mine, and I wouldn’t share you with anyone!” She smirked as she spoke. “But yes, I do hope you can elevate them. I haven’t talked to them about it yet. Frost doesn’t like you, and Artica hasn’t decided yet,” she smiled at me. “Now that Jade is healed do you have some time to spend with me?”

I looked at the time on my phone, “Actually, I have to get to the airport with Abigail. We are going to New York to research a lead on her parents.” I continued, “There is a friend of her parents that seemed to know something but wanted to tell us in person.”

Jade absorbed the information and then gave some advice, “Stay away from the seedier side of city. There are a lot of demi factions operating in the city, and they are constantly fighting for control. Let me give you the number of the alpha pride leader in the city in case you run into trouble.” She sent me a number, and I filed it in my phone as Lion King of New York. “I would go with you, but I have meetings all weekend, and I still am looking for a house.”

Nope. Not gonna do it. It was my personal cabin, and it was going to stay that way. “We have to get going. Thanks for healing up Abs. I owe you one.”

“Don’t worry Caleb, I plan to collect!” Jade said as she purred.

On the drive, Abigail asked, “Caleb, do you really think I can become a Medicus Magicae? I have never been that smart, and medical school is really hard.”

“You can do it Abs. You will develop a mind space, and it will make learning much easier. If you have trouble after that, I am sure I can make some incubus elixir to help you,” I said, reassuring her.

“Really! Caleb, you would do that for me? When can I get it?” she grabbed my arm and hugged it.

“I will try and figure it out, Abigail. I think it would be similar to the physical enhancements that I gave you,” I guessed.

Abigail was excited as I dropped her off and picked up Iris. Iris had a massive suitcase that was full. My suitcase only had my Armani suit, some spare underwear, and a stick of Old Spice Swagger.

As we drove to the airport, Abigail was excited about meeting Dexter and hopefully learning something. I hoped that as well, but I had also never been to New York. We didn’t have any issues on the flight, and we checked into our hotel, the *Walker Hotel*. The room was amazing. The view was awesome, and the sheets smelled incredible when I lay down to wait. Iris was too busy looking out the window.

She asked, “So Caleb are we going to….”

“If you want to. You don’t have to, but I told you about my physical enhancements that I can give you on the flight,” I said calmly.

She did hesitate for a long, “Yes. I want to. I have wanted to for a long time, but I was always afraid to ask since you were so busy, and I didn’t know if you were joking when I played that trick on you in the basement.” She looked away shyly.

That trick was making me think the containment circle had been activated. It was funny, but I didn’t appreciate it. I had jokingly told her she was cut off from my dick for a month.

“Iris, anytime you want. Just ask.” I said and pulled her on top of me on the bed. We kissed and had our hands wander for a bit. Iris’ phone went off, alerting us we had an hour to get ready for dinner. “We can pick this up after dinner, Iris.”

I dressed in my Armani suit, and Iris had on a tight-fitting black dress. She applied her makeup to appear older, and it didn’t work as well this time. She looked beautiful, just not older. We walked two blocks to the restaurant, *Portale*. It was an upscale restaurant, and I was glad I had brought $4,000 in cash. We were seated at my private reservation for Mr. Silverhorn in a small private room which I think was their function room. There was only one table set up. As we sat, I noticed there were four place settings.

I looked at the menu, and the waiter said, “Mr. Silverhorn, your entire meal has been paid for. You can order anything on the menu and in any quantity. Can I get you started on a bottle of wine?”

Iris took the wine menu and said, “A bottle of red, please.” The waiter winced and patiently turned the page for Iris. There was page after page of wines. Her face turned red even through her makeup. Her jaw dropped, but eventually, she pointed at one.

“Is this a red wine?” she asked. He leaned down to look.

“Yes, very good.” He took the wine menu and put it off to the side. He left to get the wine.

Iris leaned to me, “I just ordered a $600 bottle of wine.” She was smiling, and I just returned it. At least she was having a good time. I was looking at the menu when two men in suits walked in. One man had salt and pepper hair and looked to be in his 50s. The other was older with white hair and a well-trimmed beard.

We stood to meet them, and the younger man spoke, “Mr. Silverhorn, it is a pleasure to finally meet you. I am Dexter Briar.” He turned to the older man next to him. “When my longtime friend heard I was meeting you, he flew in to join us. It is my pleasure to introduce Archmage Grayson Rincewind.”

My heart started to slow under his gaze. This was the man who had called Bedelia’s father and ran her academy. One of the most powerful mages on Earth. He reached out his hand to shake, and I took it and mechanically shook it. Rincewind smiled and spoke, “A pleasure to meet you, Apollyon Silverhorn. I haven’t met a demon in ages. I am sure we are going to have an interesting conversation tonight.”