

Chapter Three

Tommy certainly wasn't used to being woken up in the middle of being blown, but this was the third day in a row he'd opened his eyes to see the elvish princess bobbing her head up and down on his cock. There was a sort of wild enthusiasm to how she did it, like she had something to prove or territory to mark.

"Jesus, Kaya, you don't have to go all hog wild on me, not that I'm complaining either," Tommy said, his hand reaching down to brush her hair out of her face for her, accidentally making her shiver when he brushed against one of her pointed ears for a second. "You enjoy this that much?"

He was expecting her to answer, but instead she started thrusting her face down harder, making her blue eyes water, even as she looked up at him defiantly, her hands grabbing onto his hips, pulling her face down further, almost choking herself on his cock.

He'd been blown before, but he wasn't sure he could ever compare any of those to what Kaya was doing, intently shoving her lips down to the base of his dick, almost daring him to unload into her mouth. This felt like a competition with no one else in the race. Like she wanted to make him cum down her throat whether he wanted to or not.

And, moments later, Kaya deployed her secret weapon. She'd discovered early on that running her finely kept fingernails against his ballsack often stimulated him over the top and into an intense release. She was hellbent on getting what she wanted, and so a few seconds later, he felt his back arch and spewed hot cum into Kaya's mouth.

What surprised him was *her* reaction, which was to roll her eyes back inside of her head and moan all over his cock, her tongue scouring his flesh, making sure a single droplet didn't escape before pulling her head off, moving to lick around the base, getting what rogue escaping bits of his cum she could get into her mouth.

"Fuck *me*, you fucking *bastard*, yes, yes *I love the taste of your cum*," she groaned as she started to open her eyes again, looking up at him with such intensity he was afraid she was going to hurt him. "I always *hated* the taste of a man's jizz, and when we first connected, I was sure I was going to have to lie to you about how you tasted good, to stroke your ego, but *boze moi*, you... you do not taste like a man. You taste... you taste like joy, like magic, like mystery... and I feel a bit like like a *narkoman*... like a junkie, craving her next fix. Did you do this to me? Or..." She looked down at her hands in annoyance. "*Suka*, you have done this to *yourself*..."

"If whatever you'd been trying to cast on me had been trying to form some kind of bond between us, when it got reflected back on you, you wouldn't naturally have *any* resistance to your own magics," Tommy told her. "Shit, it might have latched on even stronger since your body assumed your magic was for your own benefit. But there's nothing I can do about that. That's your own magic."

"I am too good a spellcaster for my own health," she said with a soft laugh. "So, partner of mine, we should discuss making a list of targets for us to add to our little cabal."

"I sort of have one, although I definitely want your opinion on it, because I put it together before you were in it," Tommy laughed. "So that means I need to update it, because I had loads of options when it came to elves, none of which included you."

"Why *didn't* you include me?"

Tommy chuckled softly. “If I’m honest? You’re out of my *league*, Kaya,” he said with a soft laugh. “I know everyone thinks I’m going to eventually be a great enough wizard to be a member of the Pack, but I’m not there yet. I’m only human, and you elves have a huge advantage in terms of life span. So we have to cut corners, not fully develop all the background learning, the fundamentals, the—”

“The boring stuff which does not even help with making headway into the real ins and outs of using magic in the most practical of terms, and the only way you get *that* knowledge is by constant practical application and use,” she said. “Most of the elves have forgotten that. They’ve crawled up their own asses in the study of *theory* and *conceptual advancement* without focusing on application, on *use*. They’re analog players in a digital world, if you will excuse the saying. They do not know what magic is for anymore, beyond theoretics. They are lazy, fat and bloated. You are lucky to have me, someone who is not trapped in the stodgy philosophicals of the old ways. I will be a partner you can rely upon during combat when it comes to that, and knowing how grandiose your plan is, Thomas, it will indeed come to that at some point. Now, let us take a look at your list.”

Tommy brought her over to a secret door in his apartment, leading into a hidden chamber where he’d been planning this for the last couple of years. When the Green Wizard House had made it clear they intended to keep Tommy on the path towards a Captain’s seat, he’d realized that the way the house conducted their business wasn’t going to work for him, and that he was going to need to do better.

Much like Kaya had described the elves as ‘in decline,’ Tommy felt the same way about the wizards, at least the Green Wizard House. But unlike the elves, who were lost in theorycrafting and conceptual magics, the Green Wizards had entered a state of perpetual middle management, constantly tending to day-to-day operations and never once focusing on longer term goals or establishing automation systems to take over many repetitious tasks that didn’t need mages dedicated to them full time. If history was the elves’ method of downfall, routine was the wizards’.

The North American mages had taken over the job of keeping the Veil and its secrets private, but for the last few years, that’s *all* it felt like it had been doing. There were plenty of lost weapons and artifacts that held wonderous power scattered across the continent, but the Green House was content to just deal with those when they sprung up, instead of proactively seeking them out.

Beyond that, the conflicts between all the forty-nine houses were being pushed to the back, and letting to simmer, but at some point, Tommy knew they were going to boil over, and someone would have to deal with them. If not him, then who? If he left it to the Houses to solve them, the whole system would be at war within decades, if not less.

Even growing up, the cracks in the system had been obvious. The various tribes didn’t play well with others, and had often been at each other’s necks over the most trivial and easily solved of things, so when larger problems reared their ugly heads, it could easily spill into war.

During his lifetime, they’d already been close to the brink at least half a dozen times, and simple dumb luck had gotten them through those conflict points, but at some point soon, luck was going to run out, and Tommy intended to be sure he was prepared to handle things when it did.

The inside of his planning room was a sanctum to which he’d never brought anyone else before, but considering Kaya was now his partner, it felt important to let her have a say on the other people they were going to bring into their cabal. The walls were covered in photographs of various people from all around the world, background information on display next to them, as well as all of the research he had gathered about them on his own.

“You were considering going after Evelyn Sonoda?” Kaya said to him with a chuckle of amusement. “And you thought *I* was out of your league? Evelyn would’ve chewed you up and left you for dead, and your plan would’ve died upon its back in its infancy.”

“Well, I obviously had her marked as highly dangerous, didn’t I?” Tommy laughed, tapping the large letters written next to her name that read “BEWARE!” in all caps and underlined a significant number of times.

“Probably not dangerously enough,” she giggled slightly, a tone almost unbecoming her general regal stature. “Then again, who you should... who *we* should probably capture in the Orange region is even more dangerous than that, so let’s leave her until far down the line, shall we?”

“Who did you have in mind?”

“Elise Coldembers.”

“The *dragon*?”

“You need to get a dragon into your group at some point.”

“Sure,” Tommy said, “towards the end, when I’m feeling foolhardy and cocksure. Emi’s, what, nine hundred years old?”

“Reportedly.”

“That’ll be easy to capture.”

“You could just ask her,” Kaya said. “She has a crush on you. She’d probably go along with it just for the sense of adventure, and for doing something new and radical instead of the same old plans here and there. I know her.”

“You’re friends?”

“We’ve met socially.”

“And she told you, socially, that she has a crush on me?” Tommy said with a laugh.

“Her public admiration for your skills and your approach to things has been noted by several of our kind,” Kaya said. “She’s convinced you’re going to Deck someday, and she finds you physically attractive. I would recommend we simply go and ask her, and she might be willing to throw her hat into our ring without physical coercion or kidnapping when your next Captains’ Day rolls around. She’d probably be willing to fuck you as part of it, I think she likes you that much.”

“It doesn’t sound like I hear any tones of objection to that in your voice,” he said, trying to gauge her response.

“You don’t, as long as you don’t mind when we pick up a couple of people for our cabal who run more along my type than they do yours,” Kaya said. “I won’t be a jealous lover as long as I have another dick or two of my own to keep me occupied when you’re busy. You hadn’t hoped to assemble a full-fledged harem of six women all subservient to you, as you led us all down the path of enlightenment, had you?”

Tommy snorted in amusement at that. “I wasn’t sure I’d be banging *any* of the people I brought into my cabal, but your little spell ensured that you and I are, and I have to admit, it’s a powerful deterrent

for either of us to act against the group's best interests, so maybe a polyamorous pod is the way to go with this. I mean, if you think Elise's considering getting into my pants..."

"Given the option we would have to drive her off with a firehose if we changed our minds," Kaya said with a giggle. "She's practically gagging for you."

"Then I suppose that makes Hugo Walpole an obvious choice, considering his feelings for you, assuming you don't have any objections?" Tommy said.

"The Australian Fae lord? Other than a time he approached me for a dance a few months back, I wasn't aware he bore any feelings for me?"

"That's because your family has been heading off all the missives he's sent you. Flowers, cards, candy, the whole nine yards."

"They wouldn't!"

"I'm afraid they did, and they continue to do so," Tommy told her. "But Hugo seems a smart enough fellow. A little laddish but he's a Fae, and that's going to come with the territory. He wasn't high on my original list, but since you're here, and he's a soft spot for you, he might be another easy acquisition to our cabal."

"So that's red and indigo, dragon and fae. We'll still need a vampire, a werewolf and a shade," Kaya said to him. "And yellow, blue and violet regions to tend to."

"The violet region's generally slim pickings," Tommy said with a little sigh. "I'd sort of penciled in Tad Longfathom, before you found us a different dragon, although I was pretty open with myself that that was a longshot at best."

"Grandfather Longfathom?" Kaya giggled, shaking her head. "No no no, this simply will not do, my love. Elise is much more open to unconventionalism, and Tad, well, Tad might come across as somewhat open minded, but that is just to, how would you say it, 'remain cool to the kids?' He's a traditionalist through and through, but likes to pretend to be open minded so others feel they can talk to him and often be a little less careful regarding concealing their motives. He's not one we could convert to our league."

"So what do you think we should do about the violet region?"

"There's an enclave of shades in Antarctica that we need to take a look at, and I'm certain we can find someone down there, but we'll need to visit that place, and that's never been the easiest of things to do," she told him. "But we can make a trip out there. What were you thinking for the vampire and the werewolf?"

"For the werewolf, I figured you and all the other ladies wouldn't mind Eduardo Sanchez," Tommy said. "He'll be tricky to catch, but once the whole thing is explained to him, I'm pretty sure he's going to be on board. He's flighty, he's flamboyant, but he's progressive and passionate, and I'm told he's quite good looking."

"He's *gorgeous*, but are you worried that he's not as reliable as some of your other options?"

"He's also the *least* likely for anyone to suspect as being playing for another team, because he's so damn unreliable," Tommy said. "But I'll let you in on a little secret – he's not as unpredictable as he likes to give the impression of being. He's actually remarkably smart and resourceful; he just likes to play

up the reputation he's got of being a gadfly. Don't buy into the myth that he's selling you – he's more than capable of being an excellent addition to the crew, and I figure he'll do plenty in terms of keeping the female members of the team satiated, if not the male members who swing that way.”

“You don't?”

“Nope, dicks frighten me,” Tommy joked. “I don't even really like *mine* all that much.”

“Liar,” Kaya told him with a smirk. “That means we need to find us a vampire from Africa who will fill in our last spot.”

“I've got a couple of options, but I don't know Africa very well, so I was hoping you might help me sort through the candidates a bit.”

“Who were you looking at?”

“Ashanti Ali from Egypt, or Rui Siteo from Mozambique, but I don't know that much about the vampires of Africa, or, in fact, most of the region,” Tommy said. “It's like when I was looking at the orange region – there are *so* many players and *so* much real estate to cover, and there's no possible way I can understand all the possibilities rippling through them.”

“It's a madhouse, isn't it?” Kaya said with a laugh. “I almost feel like you may need to pick up a second player from the Orange region. Russia is so different than, say, China or Japan.”

“That'll make us more than seven,” Tommy said with a laugh. “I was kind of keen on the Lucky Sevens.”

“We can just be two sets of seven, maybe?”

“That's quite the sizable polypod you're talking about forming,” Tommy said. “Let's start with *just* seven and we'll work to expand beyond that.”

“Well, you don't need to worry about this too soon, do you?” Kaya said. “It'll be a while before we have another Captains' Day opportunity for you to follow up on, won't it? Or is the turnover in the Green Wizards House that frequent?”

“More frequent than we'd like,” Tommy admitted. “I'd suspect we probably only have a year or two, if that. The Green Wizards' House is something of a mess. There's been quite the influx of additional work for us to handle over the last few years, as it seems like more and more people want to challenge the protection of the Veil, thinking they're going to be the one to bring mystic life back into the spotlight.”

“Sounds like you boys have been hunting mostly,” she sighed. “It's unfortunate that so many of our kind can't coexist in peace, but—”

Tommy raised his hand up to quiet Kaya as his other hand pulled his phone from his pocket. “Hey boss, what's shaking?”

“We need you to solve a problem down at Hearst Castle,” his boss, Grand Captain Tony Feng, said to him on the other end of the line.

“What, there some kind of ghost wandering the walls there?”

“There's an elf roaming the halls claiming her inheritance is hidden somewhere in the walls of that building,” Feng sighed. “She's an out-of-towner and she's claiming it's part of some kind of

challenge put forth by her school in training. I don't mind that she's doing it – just that she's doing it during tourist hours, when everyone can see her. The locals are starting to get a little rattled and suspicious, plus we had a call from one of our colleagues from the local elf chapter, and they don't want this girl going too far off the rails. I was hoping you could go down and have a word with her?"

"Yeah, okay, I'll head down and find her, see if I can get her to back off bothering the normies," Tommy chuckled. "What level of force we talking here?"

"Don't go all John Wick on her unless she doesn't give you any other option," Feng said quietly. "In fact, if you can do this one without a scratch, the better it'll be for all parties involved."

"Oh," Tommy sighed, leaning against a post in his room while Kaya moved up alongside of him, her hand sliding over her chest. "It's a favor for a friend, is it?"

"Let's just say someone politely asked me to do this and I'm adding a tally to my favor book," Feng said calmly. "And you're adding one to yours from me. Assuming you can get this problem solved without spilling any blood."

"Boss, I'm *assuming* that's why you called *me* in the first place," Tommy laughed, shaking his head at Kaya, who'd taken to rubbing her ass against his crotch while he was on the phone. "Out of all the Captains you have on call, I'm the one known best for his sense of discretion, and his ability to be subtle. I'm not going to charging in like a bull in a Victoria's Secret."

"I don't believe that's how that phrase goes, Tommy."

"Well, I figured it might be a little more tactful."

"Good thinking. Now go and get it done..."

(Apologies for this being a bit short. I'm feeling unwell again, and going to see a doctor tomorrow. Hopefully it's just the heat.)