Chapter 120 Rakshasa Vanity

The Rakshasa walked down the private jet ramp in his natural form.  He looked unconcerned as he looked around the tiny private airport and toward the hangar.  Four men followed him in suits.  My abyssal sight showed them all as wolfkin. I was too far away to read their cores. Reika was standing nervously in the hangar, and I went to stand by her side.  The Rakshasa was massive as he approached.  Easily seven feet in height with a massive tiger-like head.

He wore robes akin to an Arabian prince as he closed in on our position.  His large green eyes were predatory and not friendly in the least.  I could see his core when he was ten feet from me.  It was a lower tier three core, on par with Rincewind’s core.  But I also knew there were ways to show a false core, so I did not put much stock in it.  One of the wolfkin came forward and spoke in his ear.  He turned and addressed me directly in a gravelly tone, “I leave my city and travel to this aether-thin planet to negotiate aid.  I have been disrespected and forced to defend myself.”

He turned on some type of intimidation or fear aura.  Reika’s knees went weak, and I think I smelled urine. The aura washed over me, and I felt no effect from it, my mind space defending me from the effect.  Artica standing nearby, remained calm, which caused the Rakshasa to stare at her briefly.  It gave me time to assess the wolfkin in suits.  One upper tier 1 and three lower tier two.  I did not recognize any of them.

I needed to respond, “My name is Apollyon, and I was not informed of your visit until a few hours ago.  If you had sent someone ahead, we might have been able to make suitable preparations.”

I was no politician as the Rakshasa growled deeply, “I am guessing my assistance for the aboleth is no longer needed?  I will just take my leave and let fate decide.”

I ran everything through my mind of what little I knew of Rakshasa.  Rakshasa were selfish, vain, and power-hungry.  His city was on a trade point near Bermuda.  I said, “If the aboleth goes unchecked, it could affect the trade caravans to your city from Earth.”

“Why do you think I came?!” He spat out.  “I have not left my city in three hundred years.  I could not trust the lowly leaders on this planet to handle this.” His green eyes glowed as he stared at me.

“I completely agree.  I was only visiting this planet myself and got drawn into this.  Would you prefer to sit down and discuss the attack?  It is only sixteen days away,” I tried to draw him into the attack.  Maybe I would have to reveal myself as a demon to convince him.

I felt the fear aura retreat, and Rieka was able to stand again.  He turned to his men, “Get me a car.  We will stay in this place until the time of the attack.”  Rieka was tapping on her phone and handed it to me.  I looked at it, and it was a complete house rental.  A very secluded house rental far from people.

I nodded and asked in a whisper, “What do I call him?”

He turned to face me, his hearing obviously excellent, “I am Rajah Kystaliak.”

I only nodded my head slightly in acknowledgment, not deference, “Rajah Kystaliak, Dakkon Duskstalker has prepared a residence for you to wait for the attack in.  This is his daughter Reika,” I motioned Reika forward with my arm.  “She will direct you to the location once your car arrives.”

“You can take my car,” she indicated to the nearby Lexus sedan.  I didn’t think the seven-foot Rakshasa would even fit.  He eyed the car considering and then walked toward it with his four wolfkin close behind.  Reika chased them down to give them her phone and explain the directions for getting into the residence.  Kystaliak got impatient and eventually had his man drive them away.

Reika walked to me, “Well, we are both alive.  So I guess it went ok.  I gave them my phone. And my father will be landing in two hours and will handle it from here.”  She hesitated and asked, “How strong are you?”

I studied her anticipation and shrugged, “I do ok for myself.”

“I overheard the wolfkin whisper to the Rajah that you were a threat.  That was what he called you, a threat.”  She said with respect.

I ignored her implication. “Do you need a ride?  You gave up your phone and your car.  Can we give you a lift to your hotel?”  I asked, trying to be helpful.

“I can wait for...” She changed her mind mid-sentence, “Actually, yes.  My rental is just a few miles north of here.”

I think she forgot she peed herself a bit as we drove away.  Artica made a few pee jokes until Reika was bright red.  She invited us into the house which was closer to a small mansion, but we declined.  At least I now knew where to find her. As we drove away, Artica finally said, “Well, that was fucking scary.”

I started working on my phone, “How do you mean?”

“A fucking Rajah!  That is a Rakshasa Lord.  They are powerful mages.  Very powerful mages.  He would have kept pressing his authority if your powerful core had not forced him to proceed with caution.  He still might.  I do not envy Dakkon,” Artica elaborated.

“Not my problem,” I held up my phone to an email, “The Escalde is arriving tomorrow and can be picked up Monday morning.”  Artica grinned as she liked cars.  We returned to the cabin house, and I texted my parents that I was back and fine.

There was actually quite a bit going on in Apollyon’s world.  Not only was the new car coming, but the auction for the estate in Amsterdam was closing on Monday as well.  The highest bid was a cash sale and looked to be substantial.  After taxes and commission, I would take home north of 100 million.  I would never have to be concerned about money again.  Lord Del Roy was going to be on one of the vamp teams for attacking the aboleth.  He asked me if I was also participating in the “largest rave Boston had ever seen.”  I think he was getting either his slang or there was a translation mixed up.

The only anxiety I had was Paige still had not responded to my text. Should I call her? I was worried about what she was thinking since she knew I was an incubus. We got to the cabin and I stripped and went in for a cold shower.

Artica joined me in the shower.  She started washing my back, tracing my muscles, and scrubbing in the body wash to make a lather.  She proceeded to wash my front but remained behind me to do it.  She was petite, and I was still in my Apollyon body.  She hugged me tight to reach around me as she ran her luffa over my chest.

Dropping the luffa, she hugged my body from behind and ground into me from behind.  I added a vortex as she worked her hands lower to my shaft.  She stroked me with one hand while the other slowly used bar soap to keep suds on my abs. She whispered in my ear, “Tell me faster or slower.”

It was a game to her, and I obliged.  I let her work her hands and grunted and moaned at the proper times to let her know she was doing a good job.  It was erotic as she played me from behind and ground her soft mounds and hard nipples into my back and her groin into my ass.  After ten minutes, I did a quick front rinse in the cold water and turned into the excited Artica.  I scooped her up and brought her into the bedroom.  Still wet, she got on all fours at the edge of the bed and slapped her own ass in expectation.

I accommodated her and entered slowly.  Her heat was intense as my shaft pressed and opened her.  She had a grunt of pleasure, and I matched it as I started my rhythm.  She must be going through a catkin heat.  Her pussy seemed to squeeze me harder than it had in a long time.  I pumped her to her first release, and she tensed her buttocks and thighs, held me, and gushed slightly.  I let her enjoy the rapture, and then I pushed her prone and began to continue.

She was exhausted from the first extremely intense orgasm and just lay there.  I paused and asked, “Are you done?  You had a pretty intense orgasm.”

She groaned, annoyed, “It was the fucking fear aura of the Rakshasa.  I resisted the aura, but it put my hormones into overdrive as a side effect.  I am coming down from the high but go ahead and finish.”  I stopped and rolled onto my back next to her, my penis resting on my lower stomach, unsatiated.  Artica leaned into me and kissed me.  She sucked on my tongue, and I gave her some saliva to rev up her sex drive again.  She was soon on top and riding me while I guided her narrow waist.  We came together, and she collapsed in a wet, sweaty mess on me.  My sack was spent inside her, and my shaft plugged her. She grunted, “Guess we need another shower, and I have to change the sheets again.”

In the morning, we found Abigail and Bedelia in the kitchen.  Abigail was making whole wheat waffles in a new waffle maker with prepped homemade whip cream. There was an array of sliced fruit ready as well.  “Where is Vida,” I asked.

“She stayed with Eilina at Iris’ last night.  They kind of made up since you gave Vida the strength enhancement,” Abigail said, dropping a large waffle on a plate for me.  I coated it like a birthday cake in whip cream, and she rolled her eyes at me. I proceeded to use the strawberries and blueberries to decorate the waffle cake. Artica was simpler as she just drenched her waffle in butter and maple syrup.

It was Sunday, and even with everything hanging over me, I felt normal as I ate my waffle. Abigail sat with her own waffle. Her waffle had just a little whip cream and blueberries. She asked, “What are you doing today?”

“Resting. I have one more week of hockey practice, and then we are flying to Australia. I will probably talk with Iris today to see how the planning for the trip is going,” I said, finishing my waffle.

Artica said, “I have the itinerary Iris sent. It is just Iris, Bedelia, Abigail and myself who are going with you. She has a small jet, which cost $200,000 to hold for the week, not including fuel. She got five rooms at the hotel, but I told her we could all squeeze into one,” she smirked.

My Apollyon phone rang; it was Dakkon. I answered, “You have reached Appolyon.” I was still in my adult Caleb body as I spoke.

“Appolyon, Dakkon here,” he said, using his first name. I was on a first-name basis with one of the richest men in the world. “Thank you for interceding on my behalf. I admit I took a risk in trying to recruit the Rakshasa to our cause, but it has borne fruit.”

“It is a win then,” I stated.

“Not completely, but I will deal with the backlash,” he admitted. “I prefer to speak face to face rather than over the phone. Are you still in the area?” Dakkon asked.

With his resources, I was pretty sure he knew I was still local. I was pretty sure he knew I was Caleb Silversmith as well. I still wanted to talk with Bedelia and Iris before meeting him. “Lunch at Vincent’s. 12:30,” I said.

I called Iris, as Bedelia was there as well. They quickly came over for waffles and sat at the table. As they ate, they told me what their research had revealed. They reviewed William Olaff Masterson’s financials first. He was richer than most people even guessed. He had his fingers in just about every tech industry and owned interests in hundreds of pharmaceutical companies.

He was also sponsored two profitable dungeon delve teams. He only had one device among the two teams, though. It took about a month for the device to recharge as well. So he was looking for ways to expand his transit operations with me maybe.

His family was not as extensive as I would have thought. He had one sister who had two children. Both of his parents were lost at sea, but Bedelia was fairly certain he paid for them to travel the transit up to the 22md layer in order to extend their life span. He had two illegitimate children. According to birth records, Reika Erendis and Astrid Erendis were both from the same woman, but she was just listed as an illegal immigrant, and they could not locate her in the Magus Arcanum records. Astrid was a sophomore in college at Princeton, pre-law tract.

William’s wife, Nora, ran a portion of his financial empire, and they were on good terms with four adult children. I had already met the youngest, Selina. Each of the children ran a different facet of the business.

“Excellent work. Ok, Artica, get one of the Bentleys ready to meet Dakkon. You can drive me,” I dressed in my older Armani suit, and we stopped at the Cadillac dealership. I completed the paperwork, and they would have the car ready as soon as the courier returned from the DMV on Monday. The Bentley and Artica got a lot of attention at the dealership, and someone even offered to buy it, but I just laughed. I almost regretted not taking the entire car collection from Amsterdam.

We arrived at Vincent’s, and I went in alone. It was not the apex of business meeting locations, but I wanted to throw Dakkan off a little. I was seated, and he entered a few minutes early with two bodyguards. Dakkon was lower tier two, and his bodyguards were as well. He was dressed business casual and slid into the booth with me while his two bodyguards took a table in the corner to watch the room.

I ordered a half-n-half and let Dakkon lead the conversation, “Apollyon, my daughter Reika is outside. Can she join us?”

“I am good with that. It is not like we are discussing apocalyptic things here,” I said with a small smirk and sipped my water.

“Thank you,” he returned the smile, and we waited for Reika, who had no makeup on today. Reika was dressed in form-fitting jeans and a blouse. She had nice curves. I almost laughed out loud, remembering how I had arrived last night at the hangar from the hockey game. She was matching what I wore. I think she actually looked better without makeup.

I sighed with humor, voicing my amazement, “You saw me in jeans and a tee yesterday and thought to be more casual today? Your pursuit of me is so blatant you might as well just wear a sign.”

Dakkon kept his face impassive, but he had seen me checking out Reika as she walked in. Reika flushed, caught in the middle. Dakkon finally smiled, “Well, you can not blame her for trying. I am transferring twenty-five million to you, Apollyon, for your assistance with the Rakshasa and future opening of the transits.” He held up his hand, “Even if you never open a transit for me, let us just say I am bookmarking your service.”

“And in exchange, you want to place your daughter close to me?” I answered as the pizza was delivered, and I folded the first slice for consumption, careful not to get grease on my suit. Maybe wearing an expensive suit was not the brightest idea for a pizza restaurant.

Reika looked uncomfortable as she was figuring out, by my tone, what I thought of her father. He was pimping her out to gain favor with a powerful being. Dakkon laughed, trying to break the tension, “She is useful. She was top of her undergraduate classes in finance and is studying material science. Very useful in the higher layers.”

I found this awfully similar to my interactions with Mandy. I studied Dakkan’s face as I asked, “Have you been talking with Agatha Corleonis?” A very slight twitch on his face, and my truth ability was locked on and waiting.

The pause in his response told me he was aware I was using magic on him. He carefully said, “We have talked just recently. She encouraged me to put someone close to you.” I studied him and did not detect a lie. My pause caused him to continue, looking uncomfortable, “She offered me information on you. Which I paid for.”

“And?” I asked, trying to look as indifferent as possible while carefully starting on my second slice.

He took his first slice of pizza. I could tell he was stalling while trying to read me. After taking two large bites of a pepperoni slice, he commented, “Excellent pizza.” He locked eyes with me, “I want to be your friend Apollyon. I can be a very good friend.” He was smart not to add a dangerous enemy, but that was where my thoughts were leading.

I studied Reika, looking slightly pale, and realized that Dakkon was using some type of authoritative aura, but I had not even noticed. I wanted to comment on his weak attempt to impose his will but didn’t. “We can not be friends if you are also friends with Agatha,” I stated.

Dakkon’s lips pursed slightly. I was guessing he had entered into some type of information exchange with Agatha in return for Agatha’s help. He reclined in the booth, “Agatha is just an acquaintance,” he started, but my truth detector signaled to tell me that was not the truth. I cocked my eyebrow, telegraphing my surprise. He changed, “We have worked on projects together in the past. I can assure you, in regard to your interests, I will communicate nothing with Agatha or her agents in any way.”

I realized there was a hole in my truth detection ability. It only held to the current moment and could only feel the target’s intentions. It did not mean that Dakkon might betray me to Agatha sometime in the future. I thought out scenarios to turn this to my advantage.

“I will take Reika in my employ,” I started, and Reika did not look as eager as our first encounter. “You will no longer deal with Agatha on any level. I am friends with her daughter, and Agatha’s meddling has grown irritating. You do not need to take action against her, just cut her off from your circle.”

Dakkon replied, “That could result in negative relations between the catkin and wolfkin. But I can find other ways to keep up appearances,” he conceded. “What do I get for friendship?”

I relaxed in my booth, figuring I had him in my camp, at least for now. “If I have time, I will open portals for you. And if you need a how of power…I may come.” I was reluctant to offer the last. Although I had been fairly confident with the Rakshasa, there could be situations that would not be the most powerful thing in the room. Being on the lowest layer currently made me the big fish. But I could already feel, as my power was growing, that I was feeling starved of aether. I was keeping it at bay with my harvesting of aether and life essence from my partners, but at a certain point, I would have to move on. Whether that was decades or centuries, I did not know.

“We have a covenant then,” he reached his hand across the table for me to shake. I nodded and shook his hand. He motioned for Reika to move and let him out of the booth. She did and then reluctantly sat back down in the booth.

Reika looked like a deer in the headlights. She had thought she was going to help her father and run his dungeon teams. Now she was just traded away to a powerful being. I picked up another slice of pizza and ate it, leaving the crust. I motioned for her to take a slice, and she shook her head no.

As I consumed the pizza, Reika finally asked, “What happens now?”