Chapter 126 Chicken Fight Fun

Iris could not get me to leave for three more hours.  Mavais kept bringing me compelling books I just had to have.  I ignored her protests, but she remained with me while everyone else left.  Finally, I looked at the next title, Twenty-one Ingredients to Harvest from an Incubus, and I stopped.  “Ok, Iris, I don’t need to read this one.  We can go.”

She had been working on her phone the entire time as people arrived and everything was prepared. She jumped up and pushed me out the door before I could change my mind. Well, I let her push me out the door as I weighed more than twice what she did.  The white SUV and its driver were waiting for us.

As the driver of the white SUV took us to the house, I slipped into my mind space.   I walked to the library to find all my efforts on the shelves except for what Lilith, Pandora, and Nashima were reading.  I asked everyone, “How did I do?”

Lilith looked up from her engrossing read and answered for everyone, “Nine hundred seventeen books, two hundred six pamphlets, and five hundred or so scrolls. I would say your effort should be rewarded, but I am too busy.  I am sure Pandora would be willing,” she waved at the other construct.

I ignored her for a moment to make a special wall for the scrolls. I designed it like a bee’s honeycomb, with each cell being able to take one scroll. The scrolls were only a single page, but it had taken care to open the old rolled documents. Artica had helped when I requested to save time. She unrolled them, and I scanned them between books. All of them were in foreign script, and I think a number of them were actually from different worlds. I had just trusted Maivis’ judgment on what might eventually be useful to me.

Nashima nodded at the storage and added, “I love the design, Caleb. And I also agree.  The knowledge you gathered is extensive and varied.  You should convince the immortal mage to let you return again in the future.” She held up a book, “This is a study in the patriarchal society of the Jasper Drow and is absolutely fascinating!  Almost all Drow culture is matriarchal based! If you can get more entertaining reads like this, I might even be inclined to reward you,” she teased.

In her humanoid form, Nashima was covered in fine feathers.  She was not unattractive, but I reminded myself this was my mind space and my constructs lived here as just facets of consciousness.  “So what are we studying?”  I asked the trio.

Nashima looked at me questioningly, and I waved her off since she had just told me.  Pandora held up her book, “The Idiots Guide on Using Your Aether to Cast Spells.  That is not really the title, but I don’t think I have ever read a book that actually talks down to a reader before now.”

Lilith quipped, “You are only three months old, give it time.  I am sure you find a lot of books that talk down to you.” Pandora just rolled her eyes and went back to reading.  Lilith tapped her book lightly, “Ritualistic magic for summoning your mind constructs to the real world.   Seems to require a lot of sacrificing of people on your end, so I don’t think you will want to go this route.  After this, there is still plenty of material to read, so I will find something.”

Nashima looked up from her book with a hopeful expression. That was one of the stipulations I had with the Couatl. I would work to try and manifest her in the real world using a type of mental projection.

“Well, I am glad everyone is happy.  Where are Calypso and Casper?”  I asked, not seeing the other two constructs.

“I think they are playing hide and seek in the basement,” Nashima offered.  I just nodded and left my mind space.  I had a steady, dull headache, but my tolerance to sending books to my mind space had improved slightly. However, I think I was going to need a good amount of time off from the practice of scanning books into my mind space.  Just like when you do not sleep for 72 hours, correcting your body’s circadian rhythms takes days.

In the car, Iris was talking to the caterer.  When she hung up, I asked, “How many people are you expecting?”

“Lucy said her whole club was coming, and most are already there since you were dragging your feet.  But it will be just the rowers, no adults.  Maybe seventy?” Iris smirked, at my surprise at the scope of the party.

“Huh, did you hire a DJ?  What are we going to do?”  I asked since I had not paid too much attention to the event’s organization. I just figured I would get an opportunity to harvest some life essence from Lucy.

“It was advertised as a pool party.  And yes, you spent $12,000 on a DJ,” she smirked.  My expression said a lot, “Caleb, you need to have fun!  Besides, we are doubling this as a birthday party for Abigail and Bedelia.  Just relax and have fun.”

I quickly checked my phone and swore as I had missed both birthdays, and they had not said anything. Abigail’s birthday was Sunday, and Bedelia’s was Monday. March 7th and March 8th respectively. I had not gotten them anything. I spent a few minutes going through and adding birthday reminders to my calendar. I spent a few minutes thinking about what to get the two.

Bedelia was easy. She loved motorcycles, and she wanted one, so I went and ordered a Harley Davidson Heritage Classic with red fade coloring. I don’t know when getting someone a $25,000 gift became standard practice for me.

Abigail was slightly harder. She didn’t like to drive, so getting her a car seemed pointless. She didn’t know how to ride a motorcycle. She did mention she liked horses. I started texting back and forth with Jade. Jade’s estate, Cloud Nine Ranch, was a horse ranch. After a little back and forth, I transferred her $20,000 to get Abigail a horse. Jade had indicated that $5,000 would be enough, but I wanted to get her the best riding horse I could.

We arrived at the turn-off for the house, and Iris took my phone, “No more distractions. Have some fun! We are leaving tomorrow.” There were already tons of cars at the house when we pulled in.  The DJ was playing the music loud enough to hear clearly from 100 yards away, and the backyard pool and hot tub were full of male and female teens, all with strong tan lines from rowing outside in the sun.

“Wow,” I said, walking the rest of the driveway since we could not get any closer.  “It is definitely a party for the ages.”  There were a dozen coolers, each with a different type of alcohol in them packed in ice.

I picked up a Great Northern ale and popped the top.  It tasted acceptable even though I knew the alcohol would not affect me.  There were a lot of people here.  “Iris, there are definitely more than seventy people here.”

“Yeah, I am seeing that.  What do you want me to do?” she asked uncertainly.

“Order more food and beer and make sure no one leaves here driving drunk,”  I smiled at her, and she returned it.

Iris said, “We got you some swim trunks.  They are in your bedroom.”

 I went into the house to find couples everywhere in the varying stages of making out.  I tried to go into the room reserved for me, but it was locked.  I knocked, and an irate Australian teen opened the door quickly and paused on seeing my size.  “Yeah, mate.  My room.  You can find somewhere else,” I said in a terrible Australian accent.

His half-dressed girlfriend scooted out with him.  I found the new swim trunks and put them on.  I walked out to the pool shirtless and got appreciating stares and envious stares.  In the pool, there were two dozen people playing a rough sort of tag.  Suddenly, Lucy screamed, “Music off!”  It took a few moments for quiet to spread in the crowd.  She unsteadily pointed her finger at me, obviously drunk, “Everyone that is the yank throwing this tits-up party!   Make sure and thank him!”  Cheers went up, and the music started again, this time a little louder.

There were three college-age men grilling meats of four massive grills. That must be the catering team. There was a popup tent filled with a huge variety of food as well.

I moved quickly to find Artica in a black bikini playing volleyball in the grass. “Hey, Artica.  I need you to make sure none of the guests leave here driving drunk.”

She laughed, “I hired four security guys, Caleb.  Relax and enjoy yourself!”

A drunk Abigail grabbed me from behind, “Caleb, we are playing chicken in the pool.  I need you as my base!”  Abigail was wearing a white string bikini that barely covered her nipples.  I let her drag me into the pool.  Five other burly Australian young men already had female partners mounted on their shoulders.  I dove under between Abigail’s legs and stood.  Abigail’s thighs squeezed my head lightly as she was whooped a challenge.

The first round started with a free-for-all-all.  We quickly dominated the other partners, dunking them in turn.  Round two had them all seeking vengeance on us.  Even with the swarming Aussies, we remained victorious.  From there, things got interesting.  One of the other girls got Abigail’s top, but she didn’t care and fought on, and we won again.  She put her hands in the air and screamed, “We are the undefeated champions of the world!”  She was quite intoxicated and proudly displayed her bare chest and muscled torso to the delight of half the crowd.

Somehow, the next four rounds required the women in the match to not have a top on in order to participate.  The chicken fighting contest in the pool became the center of attention for the party as couples rotated in and challenged the champions.  We finally lost when Lucy and Evie, who were not even playing, dove under and pulled down my trunks.  I didn’t mind the shenanigans, but it prevented me from keeping a wide enough base for balance, and two couples bulldozed into me, causing me to go under.

Lucy and Evie bolted out of the pool with my trunks to escape my mock wrath.  When I exited the pool, I chased them into the house.  My flaccid penis was putting on a show for everyone present. The two thieves ran through the house and locked themselves in the master bathroom.  I was standing naked outside the door while the two friends breathed heavily on the other side, giggling.

I thought about how to approach this.  I knocked softly. “Ladies, you won.  You toppled the king of the mountain.  I surrender, but I need to wash the chlorine off in the shower. Can you let me in?”

Lucy rasped, “You think we would be so bloody stupid, mate?  We ain’t letting you in!”  They started laughing again.

The door lock was a simple indoor pin lock.  A small hole in the handle just needed a stiff, thin wire.  I took a hairpin off the dresser.  I think it was Artica’s.  A quick bend and twist, and I was back at the door.  I could hear the two drunk Aussie girls on the other side trying to decide if I had left or was trying to trick them into coming out.  In one quick motion, I unlocked the door, opened it, and pushed into the bathroom.

They were pushed back, not expecting my entry, and I closed the door behind me. Their eyes flicked down to my nakedness, and their eyes got a little wider. Lucy’s nipples hardened in response under her yellow top. I focused on her face as she had all the familiar features of her sister, Ashley. But Ashley had a more curvy body, whereas Lucy was almost a lot leaner. Most likely, she had just finished a growth spurt since she was around six-one. When she filled out like her sister, she would be a knock-out beauty as well.

Silence hung, but I did not as I let myself come to attention. I was guessing they had orchestrated the chase and getting themselves corned. It was now their move. The shorter Evie watched in fascination as my nearly nine-inch phallus pointed up directly at her. She blushed her wet light brown hair to the side to stare, and a camel toe was appearing on her light blue bikini bottoms.

Lucy licked her lips, but neither young woman made a move as I expected. I took a step to them, and they recoiled by instinct. I turned left and went into the large walkin shower, taking my trunks with me. “I am rinsing off as I said. If you two need a rinse, then you are welcome to join me.” I hung my trunks and got under the stream naked. Both of them watched me in a bit of reversed erotica.

I kept my shaft at attention and gave them side and frontal views before finally, Lucy moved into the shower to join me. Evie clucked slightly in disappointment. Either because she was not first or that her friend was being—well, herself. Lucy stood in front of me, and I pulled her into a kiss under the water. Her tongue was well practiced as we demonstrated our skills to each other.

I pulled the tie on her top to release it, and her small mound sported a lovely areola around her stiff nipples. Evie still had not joined us, so I turned on my lust aura in hopes of pushing her over the edge. This was all about the essence, and I was not going to worry about how much I increased their aether cores. I added a vortex to both women and dropped down to suckle on Lucy’s nipples. I started to dose her with the lesser saliva. It didn’t take her long before she raised a leg and was grinding into my pole.

Her moans started to get louder and louder, and she hopped up, wrapping her legs around me, and leaned back, screaming, “Fuck yes!” I held her body parallel to the floor as she worked. She still had her bottoms on and was rubbing my penis through the fabric. I felt her body shudder in my grip. She did not stop bouncing for a good thirty seconds, riding out the waves of bliss. She came up and kissed me hard, and I gave her another lesser dose. I carried her attached to me out of the bathroom and to the bed, laid her wet body down. I ignored Evie, who was agape in surprise at my actions.

Lucy pulled the string, flung her bottoms away, and was not naked and eager on the bed. I climbed on top of her and kissed her pouty lower lips. Then I slid my tongue between them. Her taste reminded me of honey, but not as sweet. She forcibly grabbed my hair and tried to push me into her, but I had the control with my strength. I did not dwell long, just ensuring her excitement with saliva before moving up to her belly button and adding a small pool. I just licked the left nipple teasingly on my path up to her mouth, and our lips met.

I kissed her as her hands ran across my back, and her lower body squirmed under me, seeking fulfillment. Her sexual energy was in overdrive and needed a release. I lined up and entered her finally, filling her and giving her her desire. I entered her easily to my full length. My throbbing, hard glans was squeezed as it reached depth. We began a rhythm, with her meeting my thrusts.

I got a mild surprise when she bit my tongue hard. But it was in response to the hard orgasm she was having. She squeezed me inside, shuddered from the intensity, and then passed out. I pulled out, confused. I looked over, and Evie was standing nearby. She rushed over, seeing her friend still. “Did she take anything I asked?” I inspected her aether core, and it was fine.

“No,” Evie said unconcerned. “She sometimes passes out right after an erg test too.” Evie hovered over her friend when we both checked her normal breathing, and her heart was settling down.

“That can not be good when she races on the water,” I stated and moved to stand behind Evie.

Evie defended her friend: “She always holds it together in a race. She would never let any of us down. It has gotten better as well. Last year, it was every race, and it only happened once this year. She just pushes herself so hard all the time,” she said concerned. I felt guilty because I had pushed repeated uses of my use of the aphrodisiac saliva on her.

Evie got Lucy comfortable and covered her with a blanket. She finished and turned on me. I was still naked, and she flushed slightly and seemed slightly shy. I offered, “If you want to…”

I could tell she wanted to, but something held her back: “Have you ever?” She shook her head no. “Oh…” She lunged at me, kissed me awkwardly at first, and then softened slightly. The kiss took her breath away. She explained, short on breath, “Lucy and I experimented, but I have never been with a man.”

My eyes went wide as I realized she was maybe gay, and I had my lust aura on. Was I taking advantage of her? I moved her to the bed, next to her friend. I turned off my lust aura and we kissed for a few minutes. I did not use any saliva and then asked after a period, “Do you still want to?”

“Yes!” She said, removing her swimsuit. I lay on my back and let her do the work as she seated and lowered herself. She found a comfortable depth and started rocking my shaft in and out of her. She was not as tight as I expected. I played with her soft mounds and squeezed her nipples softly between my fingers as she moaned above me.

“Fuck ya, ride that stick, girl,” Lucy said, startling her friend. I grabbed her hips, preventing her from dismounting. Lucy, who had awoken, moved behind Evie and encouraged her as I helped her start again. It took her a little longer to come with no saliva, but it was a strong release, and she built up a sheen of sweat to go with her wet hair.

Lucy moved her friend off, “Ya need to share, beastie.” Lucy took her seat, and Evie moved behind her. Evie leaned and hugged Lucy’s back affectionately as she began her ride. I decided no more saliva for Lucy. However, after Lucy came and Evie took her place for round two, I pulled her down into a kiss. It revved her up, and she came much quicker the second time. Lucy pushed off her friend and said, “Ya must cum like a squirt gun, or maybe we don’t excite you enough,” she teased.

“Challenged accepted.” I flipped her onto her back and started to hammer Lucy, who squealed in delight and ecstasy. After a short time, I pulled out and released a torrent onto her. Five heavy strands from heavy twitches.

“Bloody, fire hose more like,” Evie squeaked. Somewhat hesitantly, Evie whispered, “My turn?”

I ran them both to physical and aether core exhaustion. I gave them both the endurance seed by the time our session concluded. I felt they had earned it, and one aspect should not be too noticeable. I left them sleeping, planning to rejoin the party after almost three hours with them.

The party was still going strong, and a drunk Bedelia intercepted me. “Caleb, I believe we have missed too many of my core sessions.” She took my hand and whispered, “Charlotte is here, and if you are up for it after you finish with me, Artica is getting her primed.” It seemed like I was going to have one hell of an end to my vacation.