Chapter 55

It was Tuesday morning, and I was headed to hockey practice.  My car smelled funny from all the gear I had in the back.  I spent quite a lot at Bazaar.  I gave it some thought, and I planned to give Iris $100,000.  She hadn’t helped kill the matron crab, but I had been there to help her find her parents, and it was her device that harvested the crystal.  The device that I still had.  Yes, the $100,000 was a fair payment for the device I rationalized.

At the rink, the locker room was talking about the toy drive.  As a co-captain, I was supposed to help set things up.  We were doing a dunking booth with the girl’s gymnastics team.  We had two dunk booths, and one person from each team would sit in the seat in provocative clothing. People paid $5 for 3 balls to knock us in.  If they were successful, they got a random coupon for a local restaurant.  Usually, a BOGO on an appetizer or something similar.

Will, the left winger on our second line, came up to me and quietly asked,  “Hey, Caleb, what time are you signing up for on the drunk booth?  My sister and m@#%$# want to know.”

“What did you say?  You mumbled, and I couldn’t understand,” I said while dressing.

Will sighed, “My sister and mother.  My mother wants to dunk you.  She has been talking about it all weekend with Candice.”  Candice was his sister and a sophomore, I think.  I didn’t remember what she looked like, though.  Will’s parents were divorced.  How the hell did I remember that?  My recall of small details was definitely greatly improved.

“Hey James, when am I scheduled for the dunk tank,” I asked across the room.

He pointed two index finger guns at me and smiled, “Anytime you want!  Since you are a co-captain, you have to be there from 8 am to close at 6 pm.  Each shift in the tank is 20 minutes.  We put up the schedule so people can dunk their favorites.” James’ smile faded, and I could tell he was still a little upset with me.

“How much money did we raise last year?” I asked.

“$1,800, $1050 from donations, and $750 from the dunk tank.  The gymnastics team did about $3,000, but they had people paying $20 to cut in line for chances to dunk them.  Our team got gifts for four underprivileged children for Christmas last year, and we have five wish lists this year from their letters to Santa,” he said, and cheers went up.

“So what do we do?  Wear white see-through underwear?”  the entire locker room went silent.

James finally spoke, “The gymnastics team wore white tees last year.  So when they got dunked, their nipples showed. We tried going with no shirts, and it worked a little for us.”

“Not for Al!” someone yelled.  Everyone laughed.  Al was our backup goalie and a bit fat.

When the laughter died, James said, “With the python between your legs, it might us bring in more donations.  Are you willing to wear white spandex?  I will get them for you.”

“Sure.  For the kids,” I said.

The practice was a lively conversation about trying to get more money than the gymnastics team.  The coaches kept trying to get us to focus but failed.  They let us out early, and James caught me on my way to my car.  “Hey, Caleb.  Can you meet Mandy? As a favor to me,” he pleaded, “She has something from Jade for you.  I know she has been asking you, but you are ignoring her.”

I thought for a minute and conceded, “Fine.  7:00 am.  I will pick her up Sunday on my way to the carnival, and he can give me what she wants.”  I was still fairly certain Jade’s mother had tasked Mandy with finding out what I did to make Jade’s aether core larger.

I drove home and showered, and brought Rob and Sophia to school.  Sophia was very talkative about school gossip today.  With the dances this weekend, there was a lot of drama.  Oh shit!  “Hey, Rob can you get me two corsages?  A blue one and a green one.  I don’t have time.  There should be some money in the glove box. Take a $100 and keep the change.”

Sophia yipped from the back seat that she would do it, but Rob pushed her back and popped the glove box.  There was a money clip in there with $1,000.  I thought it was only $300 and Rob’s mouth hung open as he counted ten hundred dollar bills.  “Caleb, are you selling drugs or something?”  With his sister in the back, this was a bad time for this conversation.

“No.  My dad just gave me that for gas emergencies,” I explained.  Well, with gas prices, it did cost $70 to fill up.  But even $1000 cash was a little much. I would have to be more careful. At least Sophia wasn’t asking what everything was in the duffle bags in the back. That would be too hard to explain away.

Rob looked dubious but took one of the bills.  I parked at school, and Sophia huffed as she left, “I would have done a better job, Caleb. And you shouldn’t leave your hockey equipment in your car overnight. It stinks!” She slammed the door. Then came back and apologized for slamming the door.

I sat in my car, watching the other students head into the school.  I thought about driving to Iris’ house and spending the day training with Kiri.  I eventually went to school.  I saw Rose, who looked at me for a second, her cheeks turned red, and she turned away.  I was slowly breaking her I thought.

Morning classes were boring, and I was starting to wonder why I was wasting my time going to high school.  I guess keeping up appearances was important.  At least Bedelia went to a school where she was being trained to use her magic.

I nearly fell off my seat at lunch when Bedelia sat across from me and took my boat of fries.  As she munched on them, she said, “Just transferred in.  First day.  Iris has been showing me around.  I grabbed my phone, and Iris had texted me that Bedelia had arrived at school this morning and enrolled.

Jade was supposed to enroll in the spring.  I guessed Vida and Eilina would also be enrolling in the spring.  I started to get a migraine.

Iris and Abigail sat with us. Yuki and Rob sat as well.  Iris introduced the small new girl, “This is Yasmin Rowan.  She is transferring from her school in Paris.”  I ignored the introductions going on.  I finished my lunch quickly and went to my next class early.  During the last period, I left school and picked up my tux.  It was a nice suit, and I should look good.  I still regretted charming the tailor with my ability to adjust it so quickly.

I reached my house long before Rose and Mary.  I had forgotten to tell Rob I was not driving him home, and he missed the bus.  He ended up calling Yuki, and she drove him home.  I called Rob to apologize and found out they had a makeout session in her car, so it wasn’t all bad.  I prepped the room for the workout.  I wanted to push them today and see if Mary had, in fact, gotten stronger from my elixir.

Mary and Rose came down the stairs.  They had entered my house without knocking...  “Did I leave the front door open?” I asked trying to bring to light that they entered my house without knocking.

“Your dad was in the driveway.  He asked us what we wanted for dinner and said we could head down,” Mary said.

Was Dad home?  I checked my phone, no messages.  “You can start working on their stretches,” I said going to see if something was up.

Dad was outside in the driveway, “Hey, Caleb.  Came home early.  The guys who are going to finish the sauna are coming by to give us an estimate.  I am waiting for them.  Don’t let me interrupt your training session.

I returned to the basement and started working the girls harder than I had planned.  It was just irritating that my dad was here.  Halfway through the workout, he knocked and came downstairs with two Hispanic men.  The contractors ogled Mary and Rose.  I couldn’t blame them as they were wearing sports bras and spandex shorts and had fit lean bodies.  They were sweating freely, and twenty minutes later, the contractors and my dad emerged from the bathroom.

The contractors looked at the girls as they climbed the stairs.  Dad told me, “They got the materials list and will be back next Wednesday to finish the sauna.  There will be a carpenter, electrician, and plumber here most of the day.  But they assure me it will be usable on Thursday,” he winked at me so the girls couldn’t see.  “I will go get dinner for you.  You look like you are working up an appetite.”  My dad went upstairs, and I heard the door shut.

As we continued, Mary was definitely stronger.  She was using heavier weights with ease, but the weird thing was she didn’t look stronger.  No bulging muscles.  How did my elixir work, then?  If she took it when she was stronger, would it have more of an effect?  Or did it just magnify a person’s strength?  More questions to answer.  We finished the last superset, and the two collapsed.  I stood over Mary and looked down at her.

Sweat in her eyes forced her to keep her eyes shut.   Rose groaned as she got to her knees, stood, and went into the bathroom.  The shower started.  Maybe Mary wasn’t planning to administer to me today as she didn’t move.  She asked a question, “When do you work out, Caleb?  We thought you would be working out with us.”

I thought quickly, “Just on Wednesday, now that I am playing hockey.”

She rolled to her knees and took a towel to wipe her face.  “Can we come over then and put you through a workout? You destroyed us today.  It is only fair we get the chance to do the same to you.  Sitting down is going to be painful.” She smirked, “I better not be sore for the dance this Saturday.”

The shower stopped, and Mary moved in to unbutton my jeans.  I had forgotten that Mary liked to be watched and found some thrill in the chance of being found out.  She didn’t use the lube today, just started stroking me after I was freed.  Her head engulfed mine, and she started to use her teeth along my shaft with pressure, “What are you doing?”

Mary paused and backed off, “I have been researching what guys like online.  Did you not realize I have been trying different things?” she sounded upset.

I saved myself, “Oh, I thought you were just experimenting.  Yeah, everything you have been doing has been great.”  She smiled up at me with her blue eyes and returned to using her teeth.  Not my favorite technique.  She gently caressed my scrotum being much more kind to my testicles today than yesterday.  After a few minutes, the bathroom door cracked open in my side vision. Rose was watching through the crack.  It took Mary a minute to notice Rose, and her hand immediately went inside her spandex.

I dropped my vortex in place and was about to use my saliva, but the front door shut loudly.  Dad was back with food.  Instead of releasing me, Mary increased her rhythm with her mouth and her hand in her shorts.  The bathroom door opened slightly more, and I could see Rose rubbing herself as well.  The door to the basement opened loudly.  Rose shut the door as my dad called down, “Food is here!” and he closed it again.  Mary hadn’t paused, and she shuttered in bliss from the excitement and the accompanying orgasm.  I slipped into my mind space and switched to the endurance elixir.

Not wanting to waste it, I held Mary’s head in place again, just like yesterday. The first shot had he choke in surprise, but she quickly got herself under control and swallowed the rest. When I was done, I relaxed my grip on her head, and she sagged to the floor, “I had thought the lube had changed the taste yesterday. But it was definitely different today as well.” She reached for her bag to go into the bathroom. She added, “It was like butter cookies today. And my lungs felt really cold, and it was almost hard to breathe.”

“That is weird I said,” trying to sound unconcerned. I hoped Mary wouldn’t draw too many parallels when we tested her on the erg on Thursday. Better yet, I decided not to test them. I would get the rowing machines but give our training sessions a few weeks before testing her. “You should get a shower,” Rose was walking out of the bathroom with a bright red face, and I could smell her arousal.

I went upstairs by myself and found dad had gotten chicken parm with ziti. “Is this what the girls asked for?” I said as I spooned a helping of ziti and chicken onto a plate.

“Yeah, I just got two family portions. How are Rose and Mary doing? Paige said Mary stayed with her on campus this past weekend,” Dad asked, already eating his own dinner.

“I think they are both going to be able to choose whatever school they want when I am done with them,” I said confidently. Maybe that was a mistake as I hadn’t used the basement room too much.

Dad jokingly said, “Maybe Paige will let you train her over the summer then!” That was unlikely. Paige was a stickler for following her coach’s training plans, and she had never thought much of my athletic ability. When I did get uppity, she would usually wrestle me into submission. Well, I definitely had an advantage now. I loosed a grin, thinking the next time she attempted to pin me on the couch, I would get revenge for all the years she dominated me.

Mary and Rose came upstairs. Rose still had red cheeks, but Mary looked happy and had wet hair, “Thanks, Mr. Silversmith, getting that basement bathroom working makes it much easier to clean up after Caleb works with us.” Rose’s face flushed further, and Mary just smiled. Then she asked, “Are we going to be able to use the sauna too?” Mary was smiling at my dad.

He smiled back, “If Caleb thinks it will help in your training. I will leave it up to him.” Mary’s turned to me was a devilish grin.

“I have to go. Coach Sam wanted to meet me at the rink this evening for some practice,” I said, grabbing my coat. It was only 5:00 pm, but I planned to drive around a bit.

I left and opened up the realtor app on my phone. I usually just used it to find the properties that Amelia wanted help stagging. But today, I was looking for a place to purchase under my alias. I could always use Iris’ house, but that place was becoming crowded. After searching for an hour, I found a modern cabin, 19 acres, remote, long private driveway and it bordered the state forest.

Looking through the pictures, it was partway up a mountain and had a nice view. The house had five bedrooms, with one being the master. Total square footage was 2600 sq ft with a large detached garage. The interior was all woodwork and beams. The price was $820,000. It was a large vacation home. I was attached to it because of its remoteness. It was twenty minutes from my parent’s house and just 12 minutes to the transit portal we had been using. I bookmarked it as my top pick.

I went and got a new cell phone under my alias Appollyon Silverhorn. I contacted Amelia with my new phone, asking if she was available as an agent on the property to get the ball rolling. She called me, and I aged myself, so my voice was deeper, “Thanks for getting back to me so quickly!” I started, “I am looking for a residence while I am on the east coast. This property is away from the city but most of my work is online anyway.”

Amelia had her professional voice on, “I am at my computer. Let me review the property.” I waited while she made small talk with me, asking about my business, and I answered with vague responses. “Ok, Mr. Silverthorn. The house you are looking at has been on the market for 84 days. It looks like the septic needs to be redone, as heavy rains ruined the old system. I am guessing $30,000 to fix that, but we can probably get the price reduced by $50,000. You won’t be able to move in until that is fixed, though, as for your requirements for working at home. Unfortunately, the cell signal is not too strong at the residence. There is high-speed internet in the area but with the distance from the road…I couldn’t even guess. More than $25,000 definitely. If you are still interested, I can set up a tour of the property or look for something closer to your needs without repairs.”

Amelia was noted as being open and honest with her clients, and I could see why. I paused and recalled some of the tactics she told me about in her line of work. I finally said, “I will pay cash if they can come down to $750,000. I don’t have time to come and look at it, but if they accept, could you find me a contractor for the work?”

Amelia said, “Yes. It is not something I normally do, but we can set up an escrow account for the work on the septic and high-speed connectivity. I am sending you a link to set up an offer. You will need to send proof of funds from your bank so I can proceed.” Amelia sounded dubious. I could tell why. Things like this just didn’t happen over the phone or this fast. Since the price of the house was over $500,000, she would get a 3% commission, or $22,500, for an afternoon of work.

“I will transfer $800,000 from my business account. Send me your account information. If this property falls through then, we can apply the funds to the next,” I said confidently and committed to the purchase. I had the funds, and I wanted my own retreat. It’s not like the money was going to be useful sitting in the bank.

Transferring the funds was not as easy as I thought. The bank required an in-person call, and since they didn’t have my new phone number on file, they were extremely cautious due to the size of the funds being moved. The good news at the end of the forty-minute ordeal, I had set up my new phone for the future and transferred the app to my new phone. Now I just had to keep the phones separate.

I drove to the rink to meet with Coach Sam. I was curious how this was going to work out. I was surprised that there were a dozen cars in the parking lot. I went inside and found there were half a dozen girls on the ice figure skating…or ice dancing. I wasn’t sure what it was called. Wasn’t ice dancing when you had a partner? I watched them, seven young women and three young men.

“Are you here for your sibling?” A middle-aged woman asked. “I haven’t seen you before. That one is my daughter,” she pointed out one of the skaters.

“Do they practice every night? I play hockey here,” I supplied to the mother.

“Oh! That makes sense. Yes, we practice Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday nights here. Friday in the city. They compete year-round.” She was smiling, and I watched her daughter for a bit. I turned on my abyssal eyes and wasn’t surprised when her daughter appeared as a demi. A spotted cat, a leopard. The mother was also a leopard when I looked at her. Coach Sam texted me, and I checked; it was 6:50 pm. I texted her back, saying I would be there in 10 minutes.

The mother continued talking to me after the text, “My daughter is single.” I guess I had been staring too long. “She goes to the all-girls school Notre Dame Academy. We come here because the coaches are so good. If you want, I can give you her number.” I looked at the woman. She was still smiling. Her core was lower tier 1, so I assumed her daughter was the same. Not really worth my time. Coach texted me again, and I turned to leave, and her daughter skated up.

I paused as she had an upper tier 1 core and was quite lovely, “Mom, did you see my last run? Coach says if I can hit the two triples in a row, I should do well at nationals.”

“This is my daughter Anya,” the mother said proudly.

I smiled at her and said, “Yes, you can have my phone number.” Her daughter looked shocked.

The mother waved her hand, “You have been complaining; all you do is skate and go to school. You wanted to have more fun, and this young man is so handsome.” The young woman was speechless as I gave my number to the mother, but she was definitely checking me from head to toe with approval in her eyes.

“I look forward to getting your call Anya. Suppose I don’t hear from you; best of luck at nationals. I will see you on the TV?” I asked while backing away. She nodded still without a tongue.

I made it to the coach’s office and found a small couch in front of a large TV. “Caleb! Thanks for coming.” Sam got up and shut and locked the door, “Just so we are not disturbed.”

I sat on the couch, and she joined me. “We are going to watch some videos from other teams that are implementing the offense I want.” We started watching the clips, and it started well. She explained the expectations of each forward and why they were doing what in their cycling. About twenty minutes in, her hand rested on my thigh. Soon so was rubbing my inner thigh, and her hand was closing in on equipment.

“Can we focus on the video, Coach? Maybe we can pick this up,” I rubbed the top of her hand, “at the away game next Saturday?” Something about this interaction just felt off to me, like I was being watched. Coach looked disappointed but relented, and we returned to the video. We finished just before eight, and as I got up, she patted my butt.

The figure skaters were leaving as I was, and I ran into Anya and her mother. I used my new reader as I approached them. Anya was 0.59 on my screen. Worth an investment. Her mother left us to talk, and I couldn’t believe how shy the young woman was. She didn’t realize how attractive she was. Before becoming an incubus, I would have been too insecure to talk to her.

I learned she was a junior and ranked 11th in the country. She was a long shot for the national team but loved skating. It was her life. January 29th was the nationals in California. I saw coach Sam come out to her car; she had narrow eyes on us as she got into her car. I decided to ask Anya out, and we decided on a week from Sunday. She was giddy when she got in the car with her mother. Her mother smiled and waved as they drove away.

I mumbled to myself, “Will you walk into my parlour? Said the spider to the fly.”

I decided to drive up to the cabin to check it out before heading home. Hopefully, it was as advertised online.