

Font of Fertility Chapter 29 Beta

By BreaktheBar

The following is the Beta Draft of Font of Fertility Ch 29. As a Beta draft, this is not the final work and may see changes prior to final posting out in the wide world.

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All Characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

This story is a continuation of the Font of Fertility series. I suggest reading Chapter 1 if you have not already. This chapter includes referenced MF sex, lots of magic stuff, and a date.

Jeremiah starts to get organized.

Returning Dramatis Personae

- Jeremiah 'Jerry' Grant - Seat of Fertility, aka. Powerful Sex Shaman
- Adama - Jerry's Seat mentor, magical obese black fertility pixie
- Aidra - Petite goth girl from Jerry and Lauren's school, Fuck buddy, Witch
- Jordan - Redheaded writer friend, interested in Jerry and his Harem
- Lauren Baxley - Public girlfriend, Jerry's Prime in the magic world, closest friend and confidant
- Leandro de la Roca - Spanish Paladin of the Orden de la Espada de Piedra, protector of the Stone Sword
- Lindsey Baxley - Girlfriend/Concubine, Lauren's step-sister via marriage, girl-genius
- Moira - Real estate agent from the city
- Stacey Wilde - Girlfriend/Concubine, godchild of Jerry's parents, athletic
- Victorious - Ancient demonic nightmare horse-turned-muscle car

Referenced Characters

- Amara - Miami Cuban hottie hook-up
- Angela 'Angie' Dawkins - Girlfriend/Concubine, Lindsey's friend from back in high school
- Annalise Stoker - Concubine/Girlfriend, Fire Mage
- Anna 'Other Anna' - Yaroslav's Prime, magical media mogul
- Gao - An ancient bladesmith, either an Ascended or potentially even a Seat, who crafted the 'demon blades.'
- George Stoker - Annalise and Maya's father, evil bastard, Plant Mage
- Jerry's Parents - 'Mom' and 'Dad,' took in their goddaughter Stacey when her parents died in an accident
- Maya Stoker - Annalise's younger sister
- Ndia - Eldest Seat of Fertility, aka. The Most Powerful Sex Shaman
- Tala - Schoolmate for Jerry and Lauren, a dancer, the virgin from New Year's
- Xi Zuang - Seat of Life, aka. Powerful Experience Wizard

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The Judgement of Leandro de la Rocca started at 9:03 AM and was held over the breakfast table.

To be fair, there really wasn't that much of a judgment to *make*. It wasn't like the whole deal with Annalise - technically there were two sides to the story, but Xi Zuang didn't actually have any evidence he could provide me or he would have thrown it in my face already. The judgement wasn't even really a decision between Leandro and the Life Seat, it was about whether to give Leandro a more permanent status of sanctuary in my territory.

The girls put out a spread. Bagels, bacon, fried eggs, freshly squeezed OJ, and Stacey even went out for an early morning jog to check out the nearby neighbourhood and came back with cinnamon buns from a bakery. Lauren had woken me up and dragged me into the shower with her, which led to a lot of teasing and groping but no sex, and when we came out of the en suite Lindsey had been laying on her stomach in just a pair of panties, bouncing her butt subtly and making it jiggle.

Lauren had gotten breakfast started while I had my way with Linds, and then they'd swapped places and Lindsey had continued the breakfast prep while Lauren rode me. I then had to wonder if the girls had planned things out because just as Lauren and I were wrapping up Stacey got home and was sweaty and horny - I got a second shower as we fucked under the running water.

Waking up at 7am was worth it when the first couple hours of the morning were spent having fantastic sex with three gorgeous women I loved. Which made me wonder if, when Annalise and eventually Angie and Jordan moved in, would I need to wake up earlier or would breakfast get pushed back later?

Still, we were all dressed in comfortable, loose clothes when I was finally allowed to exit the bedroom. The sun coming in through the wall of windows on one side of the apartment was almost too bright because of the light amount of snow that was dusting everything, but it made the entire city look stunningly picturesque as we could see out over the park with its paths already cleared and now dotted with walkers and runners.

Leandro, unlike the rest of us, came out wearing the same clothes that he had on the night before and I realised he hadn't had a single bag with him. Just the sword on his hip - now resting on the mantle over the fireplace - and the Stone Sword wrapped up and slung across his back. Still, he looked like he'd had at least *some* of the kind of sleep he actually needed. There were bags under his eyes and he still looked gaunt from his years on the run, but he also looked a lot less like a coiled spring waiting to explode from tension.

Still, even more relaxed, he came out of the back hall cautiously. We had a place at the kitchen island set for him with us and when he hesitated I felt like I was hearing the 'Lord Seat' thing echoing out from him. My mouth was full, however, but Lauren was between bites.

"Come on," she said, waving him to the seat. "Grab a chair, Leandro."

"Thank you, Lady Prime," Leandro said, bowing his head for a moment before approaching.

"Yes, *Lady Prime*," Lindsey smirked a little at Lauren. "It is so nice of you to allow us to eat at your table."

"Oh, fuck off," Lauren laughed, then looked to Leandro. "Ignore her. I appreciate your manners."

Leandro ate voraciously, and I wondered how long he'd gone without a proper meal. After eating all the leftovers from last night's dinner and piling his plate high that morning, it looked like he'd been surviving on nibbles of food literally on the run for a few weeks. I waited for him to have made a decent dent in that pile before I cleared my throat.

"Alright," I said. "There's a lot of shit to get done today, so we should get started at the top of the list while we can. Are you ready for your Judgement?"

Leandro set his utensils down, looking at me pensively. "I- Yes, Lord Seat."

I let that one go since this was technically an official thing. "OK," I said. "Then I'm going to ask you to excuse the super weirdness of this, cause I need to get my dick out at the breakfast table."

He blinked in confusion.

"There's a reason we're eating here instead of at the table," I said, glancing over at the glass-topped dining table. "Just- It's necessary." I sat up a little from my seat and slipped my sweatpants down to my thighs. The height of the kitchen island compared to the stools was thankfully enough that my dick would be hidden from him across the table. I glanced at Stacey, sitting next to me, and she rolled her eyes and grinned before reaching over with one hand and starting to stroke me. It only took another thought to summon Adama.

She appeared suddenly, in a blink, sitting on top of a cinnamon bun.

"Oh, disgusting," she groaned, making a face as she raised her little hands covered in sticky-sweet icing. As usual, she was strangely larger than life despite being under six inches tall. She'd changed clothes at some point - I still wasn't entirely sure where she went when she wasn't with us. Her vest was gone, replaced by what looked like a golden bikini top barely holding her massive (relative to her size) breasts, dozens of little golden tassels hanging off of it and down her prodigious belly. The hint of a golden bikini bottom was also vaguely noticeable,

and her hair was pulled back into long braids threaded with gold as well. It was also dragging in the icing, though I didn't think she'd noticed that yet.

Leandro, for his part, took the appearance of Adama better than I would expect most people would. His eyebrows raised as his eyes went wide, he glanced from the half-nude obese pixie to me and back again a couple of times, and then shook his head as he blinked before seemingly just accepting it.

"Why would you show up sitting on baked goods?" Lauren scoffed.

"It looked comfy, and I thought this was cum," Adama sighed as she looked in disgust at the icing covering her little hands.

"Hold on," Lindsey said. "You would *prefer* to sit in cum rather than not?"

Adama levelled a look at her. "Really?" she asked. "Coming from you?"

"Fair," Lindsey smirked.

"Well, I'm here now," Adama sighed. "Jeremiah, sweetie, what can I do for you today?"

"Adama, this is Leandro," I said, gesturing across the table to the man. "Leandro, I'm not sure how much you know about Seats, but we each have a specific mentor and advisor. Adama is mine."

"It's an... honour?" Leandro said hesitantly, nodding to the obese pixie.

"Oh, honey, it certainly is," Adama said with a big smile, eyeing Leandro up and down like she was a predator as she fanned herself lightly.

"The reason I've had Adama join us," I continued, trying to keep my mind off of Stacey stroking my cock under the lip of the kitchen island, "is because this judgement has some... complications, and I need to know if there's any historical issues in regards to the Council of Threes." The blocks on Adama's ability to remember specifics about magic, from Ezekiel or the even earlier Seats she'd served, was an ongoing frustration for me. The same was true of a lot of historical things - I needed to ask specific questions to get specific answers, and even then it was hit or miss as if her memory was veiled by something and I could only get vague answers. I was hoping that direct 'rules of the Council' kind of stuff would be more accessible.

"Well, sweet cheeks, why don't you tell me the issue and we'll see what Mama can cook up for you," Adama said.

“Alright,” I said. “Leandro’s judgement is in regards to another Seat hunting him with illegitimate reasoning; Xi Zuang thought he was a carrier of a Demon Blade of Gao, but Esmerelda and I have concluded that he wasn’t. Are you aware of what happened here last night?”

Adama scowled slightly. “Somewhat,” she said. “I heard it through the grapevine. You really should be bringing me around more often, babycakes.”

I blew out a breath - on the one hand, yes, she was probably right. On the other, needing to whip out my dick and stroke it to fuel her summoning was a *bit* disruptive. I needed to figure out a way to have her around more without having my cock played with. “That’s probably true,” I said.

“Wait, who is in your ‘grapevine,’” Lindsey asked. “Do you talk with the other mentor beings behind the Seat’s backs?”

Adama looked ready to answer those questions, but hesitated and then frowned deeply as she blinked. “I... don’t know,” she said. Then she cocked her head to the side, getting more confused. “Why don’t I know who I was speaking to?”

“Oh, fuck me,” I groaned. “Are you telling me that when you *aren’t* here you have a whole life and all the information about your history, but when you *are* here and able to communicate you can’t remember?”

“This is a strange feeling,” Adama said, shaking her head lightly.

“OK, cool,” I grunted. “That’s *another* thing to look into. Adama, I’m not sure if you’re having an identity crisis or something right now - are you able to focus on this for the moment?”

She let out a huff and then nodded. “Yes, though I’m concerned,” she said. “But I’ll start digging into it when I’m out of your hair, pumpkin.”

I gave Adama the short version, with my girls chipping in things they thought were important that I might have forgotten. The Sanctuary for Leandro, the attack of the ghost ninjas on our home, the meeting with Esmerelda and Xi Zuang, the ultimatum and his threats, and the Stone Sword not being a demon blade. When I was finished I looked to Leandro - “Was there anything else that you’d like ‘on the record?’”

“Is it too much to ask that Xi Zuang be held responsible for the murder of my Order?” Leandro asked.

I pressed my lips together and let out a breath through my nose. “If life were fair? No,” I said. “But, especially now, I only have the ability to control what happens in my territory, and only really since I ascended. Your family and Order deserve justice, but unless something changes dramatically I can’t give that to you. I’m sorry.”

He nodded solemnly. "Then I do not think there is any more relevant information I can provide," he said.

I looked at Adama, who was pursing her lips and tapping her pudgy little fingers on her knees. "You were mostly right in everything you said to Xi Zuang, Jerry-baby," she said. "About the attack on your home, and his minions breaking your Sanctuary. He should have been paying attention to what all of his activities in your territory were doing - though, to be fair, *he* is correct that most of the Seats would have been reaching into Ezekiel's abandoned territory to keep things stable. Especially in an age like this, with such a large and advanced population."

"Should I be rebuking the others as well to make sure they withdraw?" I asked.

Adama made a bit of a face. "By all rights, they would be handing over such matters to you at, or after, your first Council meeting but that would usually be more time after your ascension than the mere weeks you had. Most Seats ascend and have time to gather more power than you have before their first meeting - they also usually are not so... stingy on how they gain power. You really are behind the curve in terms of growth, sugarplum."

"We're handling that," Stacey said.

Adama rolled her eyes a little bit - she'd made it clear that I should be impregnating everyone in my harem, and anyone else I fancied fucking too. And maybe I should have if my life was a video game or something - but it wasn't. Ethics and morals mattered. Being able to look at myself in the mirror mattered.

"Am I in my rights to offer Leandro my protection from Xi Zuang through a Judgement?" I asked her. "Or does he have any right to demand something different?"

"You do, and it wouldn't be the first time in history one Seat took the piss out of another in that way," Adama said. "For what he could do? He could make it an issue before the Council at the next meeting, but that would mean openly admitting his mistake and nearly breaking Council Peace."

"OK," I said, nodding slowly. I looked over at Leandro and he met my eyes. "Anything else you'd like to tell me before I decide what to do?"

"You have everything I am now, Lord Seat," he said. "Your ally has the Stone Sword to which I am sworn, you have my safety in your hands. I am adrift."

I nodded, then had a thought. "Adama, do you know anything about a relic called the Stone Sword? Maybe in association with Merlin, or an ancient despotic tyrant known as the Pendraegon?" She thought for a long moment and then shook her head, apologising. "Alright," I said, turning back to Leandro. "There's one more part of this whole thing that needs to be

handled, and even though I'd like to handwave it, I can't. When someone comes to a Seat for a judgment, a price needs to be paid. I don't set the price, so it's more like an offering or a sacrifice. Or literally a bribe to sway me one way or the other, if you think I'm that corrupt. I need to know what you're offering."

Leandro looked down at his plate, letting out a breath. Part of me, in that moment, kind of wanted to try to read his thoughts. It wouldn't really be that hard to make a spell to do that. But it would be invasive as hell and would be another one of those steps down the path of not treating people like they were humans.

He looked up at me again, wincing a little with whatever he was thinking, but before he could speak Stacey spoke up. "It might be uncouth or whatever for Jerry to make any suggestions, but I'm not a Seat or a Prime so I will - you're a swordsman without a cause right now, right? Well, sell your sword. Offer to serve Jerry for an amount of time you think is appropriate. Join his house, or whatever Game of Thrones-ian term you want to use."

"Would that be something... you would be interested in, Lord Seat?" Leandro asked.

I glanced at Stacey, half thankful and half unsure still. "I'm sure there are things I could use your help with," I said. "I can only be in one place at a time, and I have people I care about in different places. Another set of eyes to watch and protect would be helpful."

Leandro nodded, looked down again and I could see that he was tapping a thin silver ring on his pinky finger. It looked unadorned, but I had a feeling it was some sort of symbol to him.

"I won't ask you to end your oath to your Order," I said.

He exhaled and nodded again, looking up. "For your Judgement, and hopefully for your protection, Lord Seat, I would offer my blade for a period of four years or until the Stone Sword is returned to my care and I must resume my duties as a *Paladín* of my Order."

It was my turn to nod. "That seems like a good price to me," I said. "Any last words before I make my judgement?"

"No, Lord," he said.

I looked at Adama. "Advice?"

"Be careful with your wording, Jeremiah," Adama said. "Whatever you decide."

Last, I looked at my girls. Stacey nodded to me, and Lauren looked deep into my eyes for a long moment but didn't need to say anything else for me to know where she stood on things. Our home, however new, had been violated. Our loved ones were threatened. A message needed to be sent.

Lindsey was the one to respond to me out loud. "We're going to need to get him an actual sword again if he's going to be on protection detail. Not to mention, like, clothes. I'm just saying, Leandro, you don't exactly come fully equipped for duty."

I snorted softly and smiled, shaking my head. "Lay off him, Linds," I said.

She winked at Leandro and then pursed her lips in an air kiss at me.

"Alright, I'm ready to make my judgement," I said, and then took a breath and closed my eyes to focus. I'd only done the Judgement thing once before, for Annalise, and I'd kind of fucked that one up by not imposing penalties or anything on Stoker. I was too easy, too generic. My word was supposed to be enough, but that's not how people worked. I wasn't *God*, I was a king. I only had as much authority as I earned through respect. Or fear.

I needed to read Machiavelli. I had a copy of *The Prince* on my shelf at home for researching writing villains, but I was quickly seeing that there was a fine line between Benevolent Ruler and Authoritarian Dictator.

"Payment is generally made beforehand," I said. "Because tradition is a bitch and other Seats like to have the ability to hoodwink people. So, Leandro... Uh, raise your right hand." He did so, and I tapped into my pool of power and fed a trickle of it into my words. "Do you swear to serve as my sword, and the protector of my house, my family and my harem, for the period of four years or until you are needed to continue your duties to your Order?"

"I do," he said solemnly.

I had a flash to how, only a few days before, I'd been asking Jordan a very *different* series of questions that still had a weird similarity. "Will you honour the people I care about, protect their virtues, and give your life if necessary in their defence?"

"I will, Lord Seat," Leandro answered again.

I released the power, and I felt it wrap around the two of us for a moment, a slender string in my mind's eye before it faded. "I accept your oath," I said. "And we are bound by it. Welcome to the family. We'll talk details in a minute. As for the Judgement, I'm giving you my Sanctuary and will make it known."

"He'll make a proclamation," Lauren said. "Every ascended in the world will be aware of it if they think of you - which means most people *won't* really 'know' other than ascended who know about you already, or others you meet."

"I don't quite understand, but I'll accept that," Leandro said. "Thank you, Lord Seat."

My soft smirk at his reversion to calling me 'Lord Seat' was automatic. That was going to be something we'd need to work on. Instead, I closed my eyes and spoke firmly out loud as I tapped into my pool of power again. "By my Proclamation, Leandro de la Rocca is hereby granted the Sanctuary of the Lord-Sorcerer of the Great Order of Fertility Shamans. Any who seek to bring harm to him while he remains within my territory, or until such time as my Sanctuary is removed from him, shall be stripped of their magic and imprisoned for the rest of their mortal days."

Making a Proclamation didn't actually take any power out of the pool like casting a spell. It was more like the pool amplified my words, sending them echoing out through the unreal where they would remain instead of making them *real*. Which, on realising that, made me feel like I'd just touched on something philosophical about the nature of magic. *That* was something I was going to need to circle back on.

I wasn't done, though. No longer speaking out loud, I formed my 'letter message' spell and directed it towards Xi Zuang. '*The sword carried by Leandro de la Rocca, protected by his Order, was determined not to be a Demon Sword of Gao. Do better research before you start murdering people. Any attempt to seize Leandro or the sword will be considered a breach of the Council Peace.*' I sent it off with a thought, wondering if I should have done it more dramatically. The message that I'd gotten via the flying, talking book had definitely been a lot more emphatic in sticking with me.

"Alright," I said. "It's done. Leandro, I'm sorry it came to this for you, and I hope that I can do right by you based on what another member of the Council did to hurt you and your Order."

"Thank you, my Lord Seat," Leandro said.

"Just... call me Jeremiah," I sighed. Then I looked at Stacey. "You can stop now." She'd been stroking me for going on fifteen minutes, and after three orgasms that morning, I wasn't exactly feeling like I needed to blow and it was more of a distraction.

"Do I have to?" she smirked at me.

"Later," I said.

She shrugged with a smirk and let go of my cock.

"I'll talk with you soon, Adama," I said. "Thank you."

"Try and write down some information on your arm before you come back to us," Lindsey said. "Like where you go when you're not here. Maybe that will get through the mental block when you come into the Real."

“Mmm, good thinking, loveslut,” Adama said with a grin. Then she turned to me and pointed accusingly. “More power, sugar. More sex. Adama out!” She raised her hands over her head and pressed them together as she stood, did a little wiggle, and then disappeared in a puff of smoke.

“OK,” Lauren said. “Jerry’s done his part, so now it’s my turn.”

I hadn’t been expecting it, but I was sort of grateful Lauren took charge of the details. Not because I couldn’t handle it, but because she was just more detail-oriented when thinking things through. She made sure that Leandro understood our family, and why we were the way we were - that I had most of the continent on my shoulders, and I needed power to keep things stable, and my power came from sex. Leandro was going to stay in the Penthouse with the girls for now as a protective measure - it made the most sense for him to be there since Lindsey, Stacey and Annalise would be a central location, not to mention Maya.

House rules got laid down quickly - the master bedroom was off-limits unless it was an emergency, and if he ever tried laying a hand on, or even sneaking a peek at, any of the girls he’d be dead meat. And that included Maya. Beyond that, he was free to use any of the other apartment amenities, including those in the building like the workout room on a lower floor. He could even have a girlfriend over if he got into a relationship as long as she didn’t cause any problems. He would, however, need to clear out of the apartment for a bit if asked; the implication being that it would be for having sex with people was left hanging unsaid.

Leandro agreed to everything readily, taking his oath seriously, and I promised that I would figure out a new sword for him to start training with along with whatever other arsenal he thought he could use. I also told him that I was planning on using my magic to fortify the penthouse that morning, so his input would be appreciated on that.

I never did hear back from Xi Zuang that morning, so once we were done with the ‘All the details we can think of for now’ talk, Lauren got up and meaningfully took my hand and pulled me towards the master bedroom while Lindsey and Stacey started cleaning up. Leandro was quickly cajoled into helping, and I could hear the girls start grilling him on his past in a ‘So did you ever have anyone special in your life?’ kind of way that made me think they were going to try and hook him up with one of their friends from college.

Considering I wasn’t sure whether his order did something like swear a pledge of celibacy or anything, I was interested in what sort of progress they made. I was also a *little* concerned because Leandro was either in his late twenties or early thirties and all of their friends were 21 or 22 at the oldest.

Then again, I was going on a date with Moira that evening, so I couldn’t really judge.

Lauren pulled me inside the master bedroom and shut the door behind us, pressing her back to it as she looked at me. “You OK?” she asked.

“Yeah,” I said, raising an eyebrow. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“I don’t know, I just felt like that was a lot. But I guess it wasn’t *new* anymore.”

I shrugged and pulled her from the door and into my arms, just hugging her. “I’m not thrilled at how everything is happening, and I wonder if it’s my fault for focusing on the wrong things, or not doing things the way Adama and Ndia keep hammering on. Am I making the wrong choices? Who am I hurting without even knowing it?”

“You need to delegate,” Lauren said. “You’re already doing that, putting us in charge of different things for personal stuff. You just need to do that on a bigger scale.”

“Lauren, have I mentioned you’re amazing?” I asked.

She smiled and I could feel her cheek tighten against my chest as she did it. “You called me a lot of nice things this morning.”

“I need to set up some sort of government,” I said. “That’s the delegating. That’s how I can make things work on a large scale. I just need to figure out *how*.”

“King Jerry,” Lauren said, peeling back from me and smirking as she looked into my eyes. “Or Emperor? Czar? Caesar?”

“High Grand Poobah,” I said.

“Perfect,” Lauren laughed. “Now, High Grand Poobah, your royal cock got a teasing and mustn’t go wanting.”

“Three times wasn’t enough this morning?” I asked.

Lauren pulled off her sweater and looked at me, her bare breasts making her argument for her.

After emerging from the bedroom, I started my morning off by taking care of some of the little things to knock them off my list - first up was repairing the damage to the floor and furniture that had been caused by the whole glass shattering the night before. Stacey had marked every spot of damage that she could find with sticky notes, which had used up what looked like a pad and a half, but it definitely made things easier. I started at the end of the glass wall nearest the bedroom and tapped into my pool of power.

Mending things, especially minor damage and where all of the materials were still available, took only a tiny amount of power. I could limit the scope and size of the spell, put a lot of structural instructions around the concept, and then hold onto it as I released what felt like little

drips as I touched each point of damage. Things were going well until something weird happened.

Power started to flow *into* my pool.

It was such a weird feeling, being engaged with the fireworks in my head as they slowly roiled with each little release of my mending spell and then having them flare. I ended up stopping and frowning, trying to figure out how the hell I was gaining power. The fun with my girlfriends that morning had helped to regain at least some of what I'd spent the night before, though I was still below my levels before the fight. But, as I was kneeling on the floor amid the holes from the glass, I was definitely *not* currently giving or receiving sexual acts.

So where the hell was it coming from?

"Oh, God," I groaned and felt like I wanted to retch for a moment.

"What's wrong?" Stacey asked. She'd been sitting on a couch that hadn't been in the blast zone, writing something in a notebook.

I gagged again, trying not to think about what I knew. "I think my Mom and Dad are making use of the fact that we're both away," I said.

Stacey frowned, blinked, and then raised her eyebrows and started cackling her laughter. "Good for them!"

The noise brought Lindsey out of the master bedroom where she'd been changing after doing the dishes. She'd put on a pair of tight jeans that did great things for her ass and a zip-up hoodie over a tank top that I suspected was *not* hiding a bra. "What's so funny?"

I repeated what I told Stacey, still grossed out. "It's not that I don't want them to be, uh, *happy*... I just didn't need that literally injected into my head."

Lindsey snorted and smirked. "Stacey's right. Good for them. I hope mine and Lauren's parents are gettin' some too. But this is actually really good news! It means the runes are still working, and can even work at a distance. That's one experiment we don't need to worry about if we already know it works at range. Can you tell if there's any loss of power because of the distance?"

"I would need to know what they were doing, and I'd really rather not call and ask, 'Hey, Dad, sorry to interrupt but were you guys just doing oral or was it full penetrative sex?'"

"Fair," Stacey giggled from her spot on the couch.

“Awe, poor baby sex wizard,” Lindsey said, coming over to me and ruffling my hair. “I could always distract you from them with some of our own fun.”

I groaned, sitting up higher on my knees and hugging her as I pressed my face to her stomach for a moment. “I’d love to spend all day in bed with you, but I need to do work and I need your genius focused on problems, not on mutual gratification.”

“You say the nicest things, Jerry,” Lindsey grinned.

I got back to work, while Lindsey went and sat with Stacey and murmured a discussion over their ideas. It took me about an hour to get every hole in the floor and furniture patched up since the damage ran the length of the apartment. Looking back at all the space I’d covered, I knew I could have done the whole thing at once but considering the power expenditure that would have required, the hour felt worth it.

Especially with what I was going to do next.

I had already upgraded the front door of the apartment, now it was time to do the rest. The first thing I did was ask Leandro to come up with some ideas and make a list, and then I went to tackle the first one in my mind - bulletproof glass for all the windows. That had two research elements to it before I cast any spells; step one was figuring out what the toughest, best bulletproof glass in the world was, and step two was learning how it was made and what made it the best. I could have just cast generic spells to make the glass impenetrable, but I was really starting to get a feel for what sort of power expenditure I could save by just *knowing* stuff and it was pretty significant.

So I spent half an hour researching bulletproof glass. It didn’t need to be perfect research, I just needed to know *enough*, and what I found out was interesting. Bulletproof glass wasn’t actually glass at all, it was a polycarbonate. At first, that felt like it would be a drawback to the spell - I was working with *glass*, and changing the properties of the glass felt easier than changing it into something else. Lead to Gold took a lot more power than reshaping gold, or making it harder or softer.

But the more I looked into polycarbonates, the easier I realised it should be because - and I hated to admit it - understanding how molecular structures worked meant I could cast the spell to just change tiny little molecules.

I was not a math person, or a chemistry person, or physics. But this felt *useful* and so I was able to focus on it for long enough to grapple with the changes.

I stood in front of a window in the middle of the apartment and took a deep breath before closing my eyes and touching it with one hand, starting to formulate the spell piece by piece. I started with intent and worked forward, letting the spell start broad and narrow in scope. Limiting the spell to the glass pane I was touching helped, and knowing the exact molecular compound of

the polycarbonate I was changing to was a massive drop in power requirement. I added in other limitations like the change only applying while the window was in its frame, and then I had a fucking brain blast.

Glass was made of sand. Not just sand, there was other stuff mixed in, but it was still partially sand.

And grains of sand, along with several other parts of the glassmaking process, were minerals.

I dropped the spell from my mind and rushed into the master bedroom, fetching the Rod of Ash and Hew, and coming back with it.

“Everything good?” Lauren asked. She was sitting over at the kitchen island working in her own notebook, all three of my girlfriends focused on the future.

“Yep,” I said. “Just making the most of the tools we’ve got.”

I formed the spell again, this time pressing one hand to the window but touching the Rod with a bead of my power. It lit up in my mind, humming with power in my hand, and the cost of the spell was reduced significantly again. The only way I thought I could get it even lower was if I manually removed the windows from their frames, dragged them with me to the Sanctum and the Amplifier, and then had sex while casting the spell.

But I didn’t release it yet. Because a corner of my mind had already been thinking of how I could test it once it was done, and that hitting it with Leandro’s old sword could still leave a scrape or scuff mark.

What if I made the glass self-repairing, too?

That brought me back to my laptop to research ‘self-repairing materials.’ Unfortunately, I also found that figuring *that* out would probably take a few days of research at best, buried in digital scientific papers accessed through Lindsey or Stacey’s university library privileges. Would it be worth it? Hard to know. But I didn’t have the time.

I did, as I set up the spell for the third time, play with adding in a generic ‘self-healing’ clause into the spell parameters. The cost almost doubled from it, and while it was still less than the original cost without the Rod, it didn’t feel worth the extra effort when I had so much more shit to do.

So, finally, I released the spell and felt it feed through the Rod and dissolve into the pool of power in my mind. It washed out through my hand, spreading across the glass pane as the molecular structure changed like flipping switches and piecing together Lego blocks. In the blink of an eye, if my eyes hadn’t been closed to focus on the various parts of the spell, it was done.

“Alright, who wants to test it?” I asked.

They all did, of course. Leandro came out of his room when he heard the first loud *bonk* sound, finding Stacey holding the Ghost Zapper Sword and bringing it back two-handed to strike the window a second time. *Bonk*. Lauren and Lindsey each took a turn as well, and then insisted that Leandro do so too - his was the loudest of the strikes and left the only superficial scuff on the surface. I quickly formed the mending spell in my mind, adding my knowledge of the molecular structure of the window and reducing the cost to almost nothing, and slid my hand over the damage to erase it.

It took me another ten minutes to do the rest of the windows around the entire apartment, and when I was finished I decided to take care of a few other things before I started working on Leandro’s idea list. I left the girls still working out in the main living area as I retreated to the master bedroom for some privacy.

First I sent the texts I needed to send. In between the morning sex, I’d managed to respond to my girlfriends - Angie was working the early shift at the mall and had sent me a couple of cute texts, and Annalise was on her way back north with Maya and the new truck. I called Annalise first and warned her about the attack and Leandro; she had me on speaker in the truck so Maya was in the conversation as well. Anna was rightly concerned - about the attack, but also that there was going to be a guy living in the penthouse with them. That got smoothed over shortly when Maya asked how old the ‘cute knight in shining armour’ was and I told her he was over thirty and she said, “Ew, gross.” It sounded like I was still going to be her method of annoying her sister.

Jordan, who was more of a night owl like me and also still on University break along with being a timezone back, had also sent me a good morning text but it had been a lot more explicit - it was a picture of her feeding a dildo into her pussy while she was biting her lip in the background. Part of me wanted to reply in kind, knowing she would love that, but I’d already had sex four times that morning and couldn’t take the time so instead I told her exactly how much I wanted that dildo to be my tongue. She called me almost as soon as I sent the text.

“Can you come over?” she asked softly. “I know we said it might be next-next weekend, but I miss you already.”

“God, Jordan,” I groaned. “I miss you too. But shit’s already been hitting the fan.”

“What happened?” she asked, and I could hear her sitting up a little and paying more attention. I told her about the attack, and Leandro, and the shifting stuff with the other Seats. When I was finished she let out a breath. “OK,” she said. “Shit hit the fan. Sexy stuff later. What can I do to help?”

“Lindsey and Stacey are working on how to industrialise my power farming,” I said. “And Lauren is going to manage the Judgement Email Hotline; I’m going to make a proclamation about that

soon. I think what I could really use, Jordie, is your big creative brain. I need to decide what sort of government structure I can use to adapt to whatever political stuff is already in place across all the spaces and people I need to manage.”

“That I can do,” Jordan said. “Obviously a meritocracy, but also authoritarian, but like... good authoritarian?”

“You’re seeing the moral problems already,” I smirked.

“I’ll start with Rome and work out from there,” she said. “Representational democracy would be nice, but if we’re starting from scratch and you need to be the Big Swinging Dick then it could cause as many problems as it could fix.”

“Thank you, Jordan,” I said.

“I love you, Sir,” she said, the little smile on her lips audible over the phone.

I groaned again; hearing her say it like that sent a tingle up from my balls to my brain. “I love you too,” I said. “I’ll try and make time to come over for a quick visit. I want to kiss you. Badly.”

“Just kiss me?” she asked teasingly.

“I didn’t say where,” I said. “And the answer is *all over*.”

“Mmm,” she moaned. “Say that again.”

“Are you playing with yourself?”

“Yes, Sir,” she gasped.

“Naughty little harem slut,” I grinned, knowing I was pushing her buttons. “When I come to remind you that you’re mine, I plan on kissing you all over. Every inch of you.”

Jordan made a little muffled girlish grunt and then gasped.

“And then I’m going to fuck that perfect little ass of yours until you squirt all over yourself again,” I said.

She came, her gasps through the phone turning me on like crazy until she came down. “Thanks, Bub,” she sighed happily.

“Love you,” I said.

“Love you too,” she said. “I’ll get to work right away on those ideas.”

We said our goodbyes and hung up, leaving me with a half-hard cock but still more things to do. Liking the feeling of scratching things off my mental list, I sent a quick text to Moira telling her I was excited to see her for our date that night. Then I texted Tala, who I hadn't heard from for a few days, and told her I was looking forward to seeing her at school on Monday. She sent me back a little heart emoji and kiss emoji and said she was too.

Next on my list was Anna, or 'Other Anna.' I had her phone number now, rather than relying on Lauren to communicate with her, since we'd become intimate. I asked her if she could do me a favour and put together a package of the major and minor Ascended groups and political entities in my region - she replied quickly, saying she would be happy to trade favours for favours if I would give her more information on what happened last night. I wasn't too surprised that she knew something had gone down between her own sources and the Proclamation. I set up a time to call her early the next day as I was pressed for time, and she promised to have a comprehensive package for me.

Last on my list of people to contact was Aidra - and I felt a little bad about what I needed to do.

"You're not home already, are you?" she asked by way of answering the phone.

"No, not yet," I said. "Lots of stuff going on though. Listen, I'm sorry to ask this when we already have stuff planned, but... I need to meet your Mom. Preferably, like, tomorrow evening?"

"Oh," Aidra said. "No, that's fine. Like, for sex, or about magic stuff?"

That one made me cough. "Magic stuff," I said. "Well, magical *world* stuff, but maybe also magic *magic* stuff too. I'm involved with you, I wouldn't go horning in on your Mom."

"No, that's fine, I just wanted to clarify," Aidra said. "I mean, you're a Seat, so she'll make time. She might be a little weird about it though - she's not super happy that we're hooking up. For reasons."

"Why does that sound like more than just the fact that her daughter is having sex?" I asked.

"Because it is," Aidra sighed. "Look, I'll set it up. Don't worry about that. And I'll explain things when I see you tomorrow, OK?"

"Alright," I said. "As long as you're OK?"

"I am, I promise," she said. "Well, other than my ass. Seriously, Jerry, you fucked it *good*. Lindsey's advice helped but I'm still sitting a little tender today."

"Next time I'll help with a little magic," I said with a smile.

“What? No way,” Aidra said. “This is, like, a *good* ache. Like a heavy workout.”

“So are you saying you want me to give your ass a heavy workout more often?” I smirked.

“Absolutely,” she snickered. “Can’t wait for next time.”

“Me either,” I said. “I’ll talk to your Mom tomorrow, and then we can still meet up after school Monday?”

“Sounds good,” she said.

“Thanks, Aidra,” I said.

“You’re welcome, stud,” she said. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

We hung up, and I leaned back and blew out a breath. Between Jordan and Aidra I felt like I could go again with one of the girls. But it was only noon, and I had more work to do. Moira had texted back that she was looking forward to seeing me too, and so my afternoon activities were on a timeline.

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“Just be normal.”

It was the kind of advice that I didn’t need because it was so obvious, but I kept saying it to myself because I was nervous.

The fact that I was nervous at all about meeting with Moira was silly considering we’d not only slept together but had had morning sex afterwards and she’d sent me naughty pictures. She’d also pretty much demanded to see me again even if she’d felt unsure about it a couple of times, which was reasonable. And I was becoming a pro at being good at talking to women and showing them that I cared - which, funnily enough, seemed to be mostly about being blunt about how I felt, and what I appreciated about them.

How much earlier would I have been dating Lauren if I’d just nuttled up and said what I thought before last month?

Still, Moira was different from each of the other women in my harem and that I’d hooked up with. The closest might have been Amara, the Cuban bartender from Miami, but that really had been a hook-up and not even a date. Moira was an *adult*. She had an adult career and an adult life. She wasn’t built in that ‘sexy MILF’ porny way, but there was no denying she was older than me by a good margin. I found her so... intoxicating was the wrong word. If she’d been the same age as the rest of us I might have said ‘adorable’ in the same way I found Aidra sexy and adorable. It wasn’t the right word for Moira though, and I hadn’t figured out what the right word was yet.

I'd left the girls, and Leandro, at the Penthouse. It was something of a test - each of the girls had an emergency 'rip in case of emergency' enchanted post-it note in their pockets just in case he turned out to be a psycho or something. If something happened, I could be there as quick as finding a door - explaining that to Moira after the fact would be difficult, but I'd manage. Preferably Leandro would prove himself trustworthy over time.

"We have arrived, Jeremiah," Victorious thrummed as we pulled up in front of the address that Moira had given me. She had a nice house out in the eastern part of the city - not huge or anything, but it looked picturesque even though the snow had melted again. She really did have a version of the White Picket Fence life that she'd built for herself.

"Remember, Vic," I said. "She doesn't know about magic at all. I need you to play it cool, please."

"I understand," Victorious said, his radio voices hinting at a chuckle. "Ezekiel and I picked up many fine fillies who never knew the truth of the man they were having sex with."

"This is a little more than sex," I said. "But I get what you're saying. Thank you."

"Go and mount her now," Victorious said. "A proper filly appreciates a good mounting before a run through the fields."

"That's not how most of us do things, Vic. But I can't deny that it would be fun," I chuckled, opening the driver-side door and stepping out. "Do me a favour and try not to kill anyone tonight, yeah?"

"I will attempt to avoid spilling blood if that is your wish!" Victorious said. "Though I make no promises."

"Best I'm going to get," I muttered to myself as I shook my head. We'd parked at the end of Moira's driveway and I walked up towards the front door, swallowing my nervous spit and taking a breath. *It's just another date, I told myself. Nothing to worry about. Nothing weird. Just a beautiful, smart woman like all the others I'm involved with.*

I knocked before letting myself cycle into another bout of nerves, and after a moment I heard a very muffled, "Just a second!" from somewhere deep in the house. I waited for about a minute before I heard footsteps and the front door opened.

"Hi," Moira said, her smile bright. "Sorry, I got a little behind-"

"Holy hell, Moira," I cut her off. "God, you look gorgeous."

She blushed a little, bending sideways as she was slipping on her cute little ankle-high boots. “Oh, come on,” she said. “You said casual so I’m dressed casual.”

Moira was wearing a cute knit sweater that was a little baggy but also a little dressy, along with black skintight jeans that hugged her thin legs. It looked like she’d styled her long pixie cut with some extra curls for the evening, and she’d done her makeup with just a little touch of golden shimmering makeup over her eyes and highlighting her cheekbones. She’d otherwise been fairly sparse, not going for bold colours and looking closer to natural than not.

“That doesn’t mean you aren’t stunning,” I said. “And you aren’t late. You’re right on time.”

“Yeah, but I like to be early,” she said as she grabbed her coat from a hook near the door. I stepped up onto the stoop and took it from her, offering her help, and she gave me a grin as she let me help her put it on. “I was working with this couple who are looking for their first house today, and they thought they might have found it so I was doing all the due diligence and I kind of got caught up.”

“Moira,” I said, catching her hands in mine and feeling her slim fingers grip on just a little as she looked up at me. “I’m nervous too,” I said. “But you look fantastic, you aren’t late, and I’m still excited to see you.”

“I’m excited to see you too,” she smirked, her thin lips pulling up teasingly.

I leaned in and down to her, and she went up on her toes just a little to kiss me back. It wasn’t a big kiss, just an extended peck, but it seemed to help soothe both of us. “Good?” I asked.

“Why are you so smooth?” she asked, that smirk coming back.

“Lots of learning from failure, and good training,” I chuckled. “Now, tell me about your day. I want to know everything.”

Moira already knew about Victorious being my car, just not that he was *alive*, so she didn’t gush over the outside but did compliment the interior and how clean it was. Victorious gave a bit of an extra thrum as he started up at that, making me internally roll my eyes. Why did my car have to have such a big ego?

The Blue Whistle Canteen ended up being a bit of an old-school, 60s vibe sort of diner that the owners had turned into a BBQ place. The smokers were visible along the side of the building which was done up to look like an old malt shop or something (was that the 60s? I needed to do some research), and inside the place was bright and clean. It looked like we’d just beaten the dinner rush as we stood waiting for a server to bring us to a table and another five parties arrived behind us. I grinned at her, taking her hand, and she wove her fingers with mine as she grinned back.

“The place seems great,” I said.

“Good,” she said. “Because I’m about to get sauce all over my face and I’ll look like a big goof.”

I laughed, and she scrunched up her nose as she grinned back at me. I couldn’t imagine that she would actually get that messy - she was too elegant and proper for that.

We got seated and she ordered a beer while I ordered a soda. “Long night last night,” I explained when she looked at me with a raised eye after the server left us. “And I’m driving.”

She smiled sweetly. Our table was covered in a plastic blue checkerboard tablecloth that I would have bet was easy to wipe down, and she reached across it to take my hands. “Late night with your girlfriends, or something else?” she asked.

“Something else, mostly,” I said. “I’ve just got a lot of- Let’s call it negotiating I’m doing right now. I got into business with some people who I think I’m going to get along with well, but that also meant people I clash with, too. Finding my footing is a bit of a pain.”

“Mmm,” Moira nodded. “Rivalry stuff?”

“You deal with that too?” I asked with a chuckle.

“Everyone does, Jerry,” she said, shaking her head as she smirked. “In every industry. I’m constantly competing with the other real estate agents at my firm - for listings, for bonuses, for awards. It can be fucking tiring, so make sure it’s worth it.”

“It is,” I said. Then smiled a little. “To be fair, the girls *did* keep me up later than necessary.”

She snorted softly. “I’ve seen it first hand but I’m still so... I don’t know how you do it.”

“Do what?” I asked.

“Manage more than one relationship,” she said. “I think about my Ex, and how much *effort* it took all the time, and how that blew apart- God, I’m being an awful date, talking about an ex.”

“No, it’s fine,” I said, but was interrupted by our drinks getting delivered. We hadn’t even looked at the menus yet but Moira checked if I was fine with her ordering for us, and she ordered a sample platter for two. The server nodded, and I noticed him glancing between the two of us as we were still reaching across the table one-handed with our fingers entwined.

Once he left, glancing over his shoulder at us like he couldn’t believe Moira was there *with* me, I cleared my throat. “Moira, I’m OK if you want to talk about your ex or my relationship. It’s a little awkward, but the only way to clear that up is to talk.”

She took in a breath and let it out, shaking her head and smiling. "You really want to break the seal?"

"With you, absolutely," I said. "I promised I wanted to make you feel more like yourself, and more confident in us, right?"

"I think what you said was that you'd 'fix' my worry about you being too young for me," she said. "But I guess that works too."

So I let her talk. And I answered her questions as best I could without going into the magic stuff. We didn't go super deep, and I could tell Moira was still holding back because this was a date, but I tried to encourage her as best I could. She rehashed the quick version of her story; moving to the city with her ex, being left alone and rebuilding her life. She asked about Lauren, and I gave my girlfriend glowing reviews, then asked how things were between me, Lindsey, Stacey and Lauren. I explained that everything we did really came down to teamwork, whether that was life stuff, or love stuff, or sex. There weren't any secrets because we couldn't afford to have any.

The food got delivered and our conversation stalled as we drooled over the delicious smells and tastes. The platter looked like it was ready to feed four people, not two, but Moira wouldn't let me eat a bite of the delicious smorgasbord of meat until she cut one of the cornbread pieces in half, buttered each side heavily, and then handed me one.

"To a great meal, with a sexy man who is wise beyond his years," she said with a smile.

"And to an amazing conversation with a stupendous woman," I replied. We toasted with the bread and I bit into it and almost died, it was so good.

That opened the floodgates and we began to pig out, groaning at each new flavour. The meat fell apart, dropped from the bone, and the house BBQ sauce was sweet and savoury at the same time. Once we were finally slowing down, half the platter already devoured, I signalled the waiter and ordered a second platter to go - I had to share this with the girls. Moira looked conflicted for a moment when I did that, but shook her head and smiled.

"What is it?" I asked. "Did I just stick my foot in my mouth or something?"

"No, no," she said. "I- That was a me thing. I was just thinking I *should* have felt some sort of way about you ordering food to take back to someone else after a date with me, but... I don't know, after the way you were talking about everything between you four, it just seems so natural that it didn't bother me."

"I'm glad," I said. "I really should have been thinking about how that would sound to you though, I'm sorry. You deserve to have tonight be all about you."

"I've got all your attention," she said. "I can't own your brain. It's OK, really."

I smiled softly and met her gaze. "I love your eyes, Moira," I said. "Every time you smile for real, and not just politely or professionally, I can see it spark in your eyes."

She blushed, covering her mouth with a hand as she was chewing a new bite of food. "Thank you," she said. "But don't make me blush while I'm eating Pork Butt, it's embarrassing."

I laughed, and we moved the conversation on. She told me more about the city, and what she'd gotten up to since the last time we saw each other.

It was strange - I was all in on listening to her, but my mind was also 30,000 feet up and I could see a path that my life could take. I could have these rendezvous, casually dating dozens of women, catching up with them every few weeks for an evening. Hearing about their lives, and giving them my adoration, up until I had to leave. It would be easier, probably, for me to feel the connections I wanted without getting overly invested. Someone like Moira could find their person, and end it with me, and it would only be a small heartache because there were dozens more I was equally mildly invested in.

It was, maybe, the ethical middle-ground between having an overburdened harem that I needed to split my time and heart between, and just fucking anyone I wanted whenever I wanted.

But I was stubborn. I wanted what I wanted.

And sitting there with Moira, looking across the table as we laughed and flirted and ate, I knew I wanted her.

It wasn't fair to her, really. Even less than the rest of my girls. Angie was the closest to Moira's situation, not having been really connected to me or the magic world before everything. If I made the effort to bring her into the harem, her life would be... It would take a dramatic shift. She'd been forced into that before. I didn't want to *force* her, but I did want to... get her there.

I excused myself, heading to the washroom, and on the way back I paid the check. Then I sat down and we finished our meal, laughing and flirting some more. We'd spent an hour and a half at the table easily, but Moira had swapped to Soda with me after her first beer so it all felt natural.

"Do you want to go somewhere?" I asked her. Our plates had been cleared, and the other platter had been brought out in takeout boxes. "Maybe for a walk?"

Moira looked across the table at me and shook her head. "Let me pay the bill and then you can... drive me home."

"Bad news," I sighed. "The bill is already paid. And I left a big tip."

“Jerry,” Moira said. “You didn’t need to do that. I said we should go on this date, and I suggested the restaurant. I should have paid.”

“Shush, darling,” I said, standing up and grabbing her coat from the hook near our table. She stood and let me help her put it on. I leaned in from behind her and kissed her cheek as she was adjusting it. “You paid for sushi, it was *definitely* my turn to treat you.”

She turned and grabbed the collar of my shirt, pulling me down lightly into another chaste but lingering kiss. “Take me home. Darling.”

I grinned, put on my own coat, and grabbed her hand.

The ride back was quick, Victorious doing the actual driving as I kept one hand on the top of the wheel and let him control things. My other hand was down and holding onto Moira’s thigh a couple inches above the knee, and she was grinning as she teased her fingers around my wrist. We pulled into the driveway and I got out, hurrying around the car to open the door for her just like I had at the restaurant. She let me help her up and out, and we held hands as we approached her door.

“This was a really nice date,” she said, stopping on the porch.

“It was,” I said. “You have great taste in food, just like you have great taste in real estate.”

“And men, I think,” she smirked. She leaned in and this time when we kissed it wasn’t chaste. She held onto the front of my coat as her other hand scooped behind my head, running her fingers through my hair. I groaned against her lips as I held her hip with one hand and pulled her closer with the other before sliding it back to grip her little booty through her black jeans. That made *her* groan right back, and her tongue pressed through our lips and started to tease mine.

The kiss ended with us gasping for air.

“Alright,” she said. “Serious question. How pissed would you be if I said I have a rule that I don’t have sex on the first date?”

“I wouldn’t be mad at all,” I said, still catching my breath. “I’d be a little disappointed because *God* do I want you again, but I can handle disappointment. Over and over, for you, until you’re comfortable.”

“It’s a good thing I don’t have that rule then,” she grinned, unlocking her door one-handed and pulling me inside.