Chapter 87

It was a New Year. The streets had blearily eyed revelers wandering to work or home. Artica skipped beside me, appearing closer to 15 than 25 by her demeanor. Her innocent appearance masked her vigilant observational skills. I texted my parents to confirm I was ok as we walked to the chocolate shop. I confirmed I had a good time and would be ready to say goodbye later today.

Artica growled when we reached the shop, and I looked up from my phone, expecting an enemy or threat. Instead, there was a sign in the doorway that the shop was not going to open today until two. I asked, “Don’t you still have a few boxes back in your room?”

Artica rolled her eyes at me, “Those are for the flight back to Virginia. I was hoping to start the new year with the perfect breakfast!” It was all said jokingly, but I had a retort.

“Well, I could pay you chocolate if you wish,” I said seriously.

Artica seemed to think for a moment, “Sex and chocolate…or better yet, sex with chocolate?”

Her golden eyes stared into mine, and a smirk slowly grew on her face, “Ok, sex and chocolate,” I conceded. “I will just return all the clothes I have purchased for you,” I said, breaking contact with her eyes and walking away from a stunned Artica.

She caught up to me and thought clearly before speaking, “I think our current agreement is acceptable. No need to alter it.” I guessed she had done the math of the funds I spent on the clothes compared to the cost of chocolate.

“Don’t worry,” I smiled, “I will still be paying you a salary so you can buy your own chocolate, Artica.” The contract from Jade only indicated I needed to feed, clothe and house Artica. It gave very broad guidelines on what level of care that insinuated. I wasn’t sure how much I would pay her, but it would be enough to satisfy her chocolate cravings.

Eventually, we returned to the hotel, and I packed, and my parents called me a cab. At the airport, I paid to be upgraded to first class.  As we were seated, I exchanged seats with a businessman to sit next to Artica on the long flight home.  Artica was amused and leaned into me, “Do you want to join the mile-high club?”

I said, “I don’t smoke pot, and I think you can get kicked off the plane if you smoke.”  She punched my shoulder.

“Idiot,” she said jokingly, “that is not what that means.”

Rather than ask for clarification, I checked my phone. The Mile-high Club was having sex while in flight.  I looked around, and Artica pointed at the bathroom with a grin.   That didn’t excite me.  “No, Artica.  I think I will pass,” she frowned.  “But if we need to fly somewhere in the future, we can rent a private jet and get that notch in your belt.”

 I only noticed two demi passengers board.  A wolfkin in business class and an elf in first class.  The elf was oblivious to me, but he didn’t notice me.  Nothing exciting happened on the flight back, even with Artica probing me a few times. When we landed, my phone had a text from Amelia.  She was here to pick me up.  I had forgotten Aunt Amelia was going to be staying at the house till my parents returned from Europe.  I set up an Uber to the Marriott, where we had set up her room.  I found Amelia smiling as I came down the escalator.

“Hey, Amelia,” I said giving her a hug.

“Happy New Year, Caleb,” she returned the hug and rubbed my lower back for a few long seconds.

When she pulled away, she asked, “So this is going to be fun.  Do you have anything you want to do?”  It was a suggestive statement as we walked to get my luggage.

“Classes start tomorrow, and hockey practices start back up on January 4th, but the new coach wanted to meet with me.  Also, I have about a dozen texts from my co-captain, James. He wants to meet and discuss the rest of the season.  We only have 14 players left on the team, and the JV practice squad only has 11 guys who are not ready to set up since they only practice two days a week.  So the season seems in limbo,”  I explained my issues.  “We forfeited two games and had one rescheduled, but we can still make the league championship game if we win out.”

“Well, we have today and tomorrow.  Do you want to make some popcorn when we get back and binge some Netflix and just forget about your problems for a bit?  Oh, and are you up for moving the furniture on the fifth?  It is not going to conflict with hockey practice, is it?”  She asked as we walked to her car with my retrieved luggage.

“Yes, I can come by after school. Can we stop by and get my SIM card sorted? It is screwed up again,” I asked when we got back to her car. It was a new Cadillac Escalade.

“You like? This last commission was a big haul, and my lease was up, so I decided to treat myself,” her hand ran across the new car. “Do you want to drive?” Amelia asked, tossing me the keys, not waiting for an answer.

I hadn’t driven the Bentleys yet, but this Sports Platinum Escalade was a dream to drive. The best part was how quiet the ride was, and the sound system was dope as well. We got my phone corrected, and the tech said I should update my phone and change my plan if I plan to travel internationally in the future. When we got back to my house, I brought my bag to my room, and Amelia made dinner. Well, she reheated some dinner from a fancy restaurant. “Do you want wine?” She asked innocently.

We hadn’t really mentioned the incident when we had sex. I tried to press the issue and came down to eat in a tee shirt and boxers. Amelia paused for a moment on seeing me. I asked Amelia, “So, where are you going to sleep?”

“The first-floor guest room,” she said, sliding me a plate of risotto and steak. Not as good reheated, but still excellent. We ate for a while, and she finally asked softly, “I wasn’t able to find the sheets. Can you show me where they are and help me make up the bed?”

“Sure, no problem,” I said with expectation in my voice. A half-hour later, Amelia was dressed in a silky rose-colored nightgown, and we were putting new sheets on the bed. I let my penis show my appreciation of her choice in my boxers, and her nipples popped in the silk top.

As we finished making the bed, I moved behind her and wrapped my hand around her waist. “We shouldn’t,” she complained, putting her hands on mine but not making an effort to break my hold. I kissed her neck, rubbing her belly through the silky top. She began to melt in my hands.

My hand went inside the silk bottoms and discovered she had no underwear on. It was obvious she wanted this to happen and had prepared. I sucked on her ear lobe and added some saliva. My hand started to caress her womanly folds that parted instantly. She had been getting aroused the entire time we made the bed. I poked my erection through my boxers and rubbed the silk bottom between her hard ass cheeks. The silky sheath felt incredible on my shaft, but I controlled my slow pace.

I teased Amelia, “Do you want me to stop?”

Her breathing was heavy, and she didn’t say anything, but she shook her head no. I smiled and placed a vortex, then penetrated past her folds with my index finger, eliciting a pleasured moan. My free hand went under her top to knead her breasts and play with her nipples as I switched to her other ear to add saliva.

She was becoming putty in my arms and reached back and started manipulating my phallus between her silky cheeks. My precum quickly dosed the back while her vaginal fluids soaked her front. I added my middle finger and increased the pace of the finger fuck, and she came shortly after, collapsing on the bed. I followed her and pressed her into the clean sheets.

I pushed her silk bottoms to her knees and held her down, preventing her from removing them. They would trap her knees together and make me work a little to press into her from behind. I lined up my head and pressed it past her folds, and stopped. I held her tightly there and prevented her from moving as I added saliva to the back of her neck, driving her wild with lust. She wasn’t weak, but I had too many gains for her to have any way of countering me.

I whispered into her ear, “Tell me you want me inside you. Tell me you want me to fill you.”

So far, she had only used body language and had avoided voicing her needs. She tried to push her hips back to get me deeper, but she was immobile. She finally broke, “Caleb, I want you inside me. Fuck me and fill me, Caleb. Pound me till I scream!”

I slowly pressed my cock into her, and she moaned and used her vaginal muscles to squeeze it. I had forgotten that Amelia had this ability to literally grab me while I was inside her, and it made it feel even dirtier as I pressed. She didn’t stop talking, “Faster, Caleb. “Fuck me harder.” “Make me cum.” “Fuck my cunt!” “Dominate me!”

Her words spurred me on as I entered her at my full length and started pumping her. She came quickly, squeezing my dick with a rippling orgasm, but I didn’t stop thrusting, and she didn’t stop talking. The floodgates were open for dirty talk. “Make me yours!” “Make me cum again!” “Fill me with your seed!”

When she came a second time, I pulled her hips up to a kneeling position. Her knees were still tied together with her bottoms, but now she assisted in the pumping, and she didn’t disappoint. I stopped working and let her do the work and just looked down at my shaft, disappearing into her and reappearing repeatedly. Her dirty talk had stopped and turned to focused moans. She came again, but this time collapsed forward, spent.

I took the opportunity to remove her bottoms, and she rolled over expectantly for more. She had a happy smile on her face. I went down on her briefly to taste her and nipple of her clit while depositing some more saliva. She tried to grab my hair, but I had already climbed up to her mouth to kiss her. I entered her easily this time with no resistance. I turned my method to passionate kissing and went with slow, prolonged penetrations.

I built her to her final orgasm and came with her using my endurance seed on her. Her vaginal walls clamped on my dick in response, and it felt like she was trying to force out every drop. Her blue eyes looked and me with affection, and I fell next to her on the bed after one last long kiss. We lay in silence for a while before I asked, “How on earth do you hold my dick like that when I am in you?”

Not the best post-sex talk, but I had never been good at that anyway. Amelia didn’t move but talked, “An hour of yoga every day and twenty minutes of kegel exercises every night.”

“I just want to say it is amazing, and thank you for your work.” Ok, I just shouldn’t ever talk after sex. I should go to the shower and leave without ever saying anything.

She rolled over and faced me, “I did it for Brad, but we have sex once a month now. If that. We even tried a swingers club to spice things up.” She paused. “Caleb, you make me feel wanted. I know I shouldn’t be doing this, but I can’t help myself.” She got up quickly, putting on her bottoms, “Damn it, Caleb, you are not even 18.”

I jumped off the bed and forced her into the wall, pinning her. “Do not regret our copulations, Amelia. I want there to be many more.” I kissed her because I felt like an idiot for using the word copulation. I had been watching too much *Big Bang Theory*. I broke the kiss, “How about my room tomorrow night?” I asked but didn’t give her a chance to respond as I left.

I had thought about sleeping in the bed with her, but I had a feeling Amelia was getting too infatuated with me and just wanted this to be pleasurable sex for both of us. I checked, and just 20 life essence. Damn it. I had hoped for more.

I showered and collapsed on my bed. This was too much. Both of my phone was full of text messages. The Apollyon phone text messages were more important, so I scanned them. Contractors on the house were asking for more and more permissions to do more work. I deferred to Amelia if it was needed. The small pool and hot tub cost me $98,500. That was the cost of a small house! I transferred the funds. I looked at the plans. At least they came with an expansive stone patio. Amelia had a few texts on additional work—some overlapped with contractor requests.

I was shaking my head when my phone rang. It was Dexter, and I thought about not answering it because I felt tapped out and I didn’t have enough aether to open a portal anyway. I reluctantly answered. “Mr. Silverhorn, I hope this is a good time to call.”

“It is fine,” I said with some impatience in my voice.

“Very good. I have received some shipping reports from Lord William De Roy of Amsterdam. He wishes to ship you four 40’ containers, bypassing customs. I have already set up the imports, which will be taken care of. He sent me a number of manifest documents that I have reviewed. An impressive list.”

I waited for him to continue. “I see a number of vintages, bourbons, and brandies. If you ever wish to sell some of your collection, I hope you will think of my services, Mr. Silverhorn.”

“Certainly, Dexter. Is that all?” I asked.

“Actually, Mr. Silverhorn, I called about the ripple effect your recent appearance in Amsterdam has caused. Lord De Roy has confessed to hiring you to defend his interests. Apparently, you did a phenomenal job. Twelve hundred-year-old vampyres are deadly opponents,” Dexter said seriously. “There has been an outpouring of requests for your services across the globe.”

“No,” I said angrily. “Lord De Roy dragged me unwillingly to defend him. He erred, and much of what is being sent is compensation for his folly.”

“I see,” Dexter said evenly. “I will sort this with the Magus Arcanum then, Mr. Silverhorn. Keeping your distance from the vampyres is wise. They are an unforgiving breed. I will expedite your transport on a Magus Arcanum vessel. Have a good day, Mr. Silverhorn.”

Damn it. If any vamps came after me or mine, I would start by hunting down De Roy! I put away my phones. I would go to Iris’ house tomorrow and handle messages in person. Classes started the following day, and Eilina and Vida were starting classes. It looked like Kiri got a job as a PE teacher as well. Bedelia was still working on getting Artica’s paperwork in order for me so she could

I didn’t sleep well. I had nightmares about having to save Paige from vamps at one of her rowing races. To save her, I had to transform into my incubus form and fly after a vamp, but all the crowd could comment on was my flaccid member waving beneath me. And every time I took down a vamp, another one arrived to take its place in an endless cycle.

I woke up angry for letting myself get involved in vamp politics. It was 4:00 am and a Sunday morning. I texted Abigail and met her at the state forest for a run. After a long hug and kiss, we started a long ten-mile run. Her core was still healing, so no sex. But when we finished, Abigail told me about her break. She had watched Vida and Eilina most of the break and was learning a lot from Bedelia regarding her magic.

Abigail thought she would be able to cast spells within a year. We drove our cars to Iris’ house, and I was shocked at how clean the place was. Bedelia walked out of the kitchen with an omelet.

I asked, “Do you live here now?” since it was 6 am.

She munched away, “Yeah, I took Vida’s room, and Eilina and Vida share the master bedroom.” I paused at the news. “What? I am teaching six different people magic! You don’t realize how difficult that is or time-consuming!” I put up my hands in surrender and went through the list. Abigail, Vida, Eilina, Mary, Carrie, and Iris. Wow. She was busy.

“I thank you for all your help. I have a line on a different location for a portal. It is closer to the city of Kealon too. Do you want to go this weekend after Saturday’s hockey game?” I asked to placate her.

“You are still playing? Why? I never understood your need to prove yourself,” she said, exasperated.

It was true that I had enough enhancements to put me far ahead of everyone else. “I started it, so I need to finish out the season. I don’t plan to play next year,” I admitted. “Was Paige here the entire time as well?”

Bedelia nodded, “Your sister is determined to learn magic. I think she would drop out of school if she could.” I thought I was screwing up Paige’s life by bringing her in. I had been very supportive of her efforts when we texted back and forth. Maybe I could raise her core indirectly? Just give her saliva and let her masturbate while my vortex worked. It wouldn’t be as effective, but it should expand her core a little anyway.

Bedelia interupted my thoughts, “So how was Amsterdam?”

“It was terrible. I got pulled into a vamp clan war and had to kill a vamp lord and a bunch of his minions. The only good thing was getting a new bodyguard while I was there.”

Bedelia’s chin was on the floor. She stuttered, “You killed a vampyre lord? Who? There are three in Amsterdam.”

I was impressed that she knew three vamp lords were in the city. I said, “Van Holthe on the behest of De Roy.”

Bedelai sat down hard on the couch, “Van Holthe! He is one of the twenty most powerful vamps in the world, Caleb! De Roy as well! Why did you get involved? Tell me everything!”

I spent the next hour telling my tale and had to retell it when Mary, Artica, and Kiri came in. Aritica added her own flavor text to the story, greatly exaggerating my role. I don’t think Bedelia believed me, so she went onto the Magus Arcanum site using her father’s login and swore, “It’s fucking true. All of it! The vamps have called a council in Romania.”

Ok, that didn’t sound good. I pulled out the card Lord De Roy had given me with a contact number. I needed to make sure my involvement was at an end.