Chapter 111 Mile High Club

I think Artica was trying to make her sister a little jealous.  I definitely was not going to give in to her desire in front of Jade and Frost.  There was a full bathroom with a walk-in shower on board—that could give some privacy. Even with her insistent and subtle pleas, I decided I couldn’t do it. “I am going to go and change and shower.” Artica got up to come with a huge grin, but I shook my head, “Another time.” I was quick in the shower as it was a rain style.

I pulled out some simple clothes from my mind space and put the dirty fatigues into a duffel bag. When I returned to the cabin, Jade went to shower. I sat, and Artica seemed a bit upset with my decision, but I had some boundaries. We could always have a quick go when we got to the cabin house. Frost firmly asked, “Are there more enhancements you can give me? My sister has three.”

Her tone was conversational, but I realized what they had been discussing while I had showered. I was honest, “It has to do with a person’s core. Each half-tier can only take one of my elixirs. I do not know how it works, but I experimented on a lower tier 1 person, and they could only take one enhancement.” That just sounded wrong. I was experimenting on people. I needed to rephrase that in the future.

Frost looked thoughtful, “So if you enhanced my core to upper tier one, then I could receive another enhancement. If I let you,” she inhaled slowly, “Raise my core. Could you give me a quickness enhancement?”

Artica knew I only had three enhancements available, and none of them were quickness. I slipped into my mind space and checked my banner. After spending 100 life essence on my new male elf form, I only had 15 life essence left. I returned and shook my head no, “I would need time to learn how to produce the elixir for quickness, but eventually, I could.”

Artica’s eyes went wide, “Really? I would have definitely chosen that.” She looked at her sister, “Maybe you could raise Frost’s core now in preparation for a quickness elixir later on?”

Frost’s color turned to a deep red, but her face remained stern. There was silence for a long minute, and Jade returned and sat, dropping her duffel bag. Frost stood resolutely, “I am going to take a shower as well. Caleb, can you show me how to turn the water on?”

Jade was stunned and muttered something I did not catch completely. I stood and followed Forst toward the back of the plane. I could tell Artica was excited for her sister. The bathroom was large, but the shower was a tight fit for two people. I watched as Frost stripped and tossed her clothes absently away, not making eye contact. When she was completely nude, she turned toward me. She had a lean body with the muscle definition of a bodybuilder.

I joked, “The knob on the left is hot water, and the one on the right is cold.” She hardened and narrowed her eyes at me as she did not like my sense of humor when she was so vulnerable. I dropped the pretense, “We can do this one of two ways. We can do it in one session or over a hundred or so, which will give me a chance to increase your core more.”

I already knew what she was going to choose before I even asked, “Just one. I want to get this done and out of the way and behind me.”

I nodded and stripped myself, my cock was limp but still showed an impressive length. Frost’s eyes kept flicking to it. I moved to her, and she turned around and bent over the sink. I sighed, “No, not like that. It is much easier and effective to start with some kissing and foreplay.”

She reluctantly turned around to face me. I kissed her, and her lips were stiff and unyielding. I forced my tongue into her mouth and added the tier-one saliva to it. Even with the saliva, it took her longer than most to relax and her arousal scent to reach me. It was effective as she slowly relaxed and inexpertly returned my kissing. I snapped on my lust aura to help the process.

I was in my human form as I applied my vortex to Frost, and I actually had some ideas on how I might be able to increase the effectiveness of the enhancement session. My hands fell to her ass, and she had the largest and firmest glutes that I had ever felt. Since we were standing, they were extremely firm. As the saliva broke her defenses, her hands moved all over my back, and she lifted one leg to rub her heat on my now semi-hardness. I was holding back because I wanted to take this slow. But it did not appear that Frost wanted to restrain herself as her intensity was building rapidly.

Suddenly, Frost bit and held my tongue playfully for a moment and grabbed my ass firmly for leverage to grind hard on me. I went with it and added more saliva as my member was pressed into her furry mound. Her pussy was wet and yearning. She got more forceful and finally shuddered and jolted with a light squirt of fluids onto me. She seemed amazed that she had orgasmed and paused, startled. I immediately added more saliva and let my penis come to full attention. It was pointing straight up and was pressed between our bodies.

She renewed her grinding on my length, and I watched her core fill with life essence and start to expand. Unable to hold herself back, Frost reached down and aimed my head at her entrance. My tip was tight, but Frost wrapped her elevated leg around my thigh to pull herself onto my shaft. She grunted as she forced herself down. She started rocking with her hips, up and down, as I was buried three-quarters and meeting resistance. Frost started to lose herself to the pleasure of being filled by my phallus. I had given her about three full doses of the aphrodisiac saliva, and it was showing. She was liberally sweating, and the slickness of her body sliding on me was bringing my own pleasure to new heights. I was balancing both of us as she went at me with wild abandon.

I planned to get behind Frost and turn into my incubus form, which was much more effective in pulling in aether from the environment and into a core with the vortex. With her current intensity in facing me, I let her seek her own pleasure for now as sweat dripped off of her. I did not know if she had ever had pleasurable sex with a man before this. Granted, most of the pleasure was synthesized with the saliva. Her grunts and moans got louder, and my shaft finally passed the final barrier and was fully inside of her now with each descent of her hips. She reached another release and panted slightly before starting up again.

Frost’s energy was like she had been thirsty for water after a week in the desert. She could not get enough of being filled. I lifted her onto the sink counter to do some of the work for now while I kept a sharp eye on her core. It was growing steadily, swelling like a balloon.

Frost’s sweaty breasts were firm but bounced as I repeatedly hammered her. She leaned back and started screaming obscenities as I shook her and the entire counter with each thrust. She hit another lighter orgasm with a small fluid release of her own.

As she was coming down from the latest, I decided I was not going to let this only opportunity go for her without maximizing the benefits. I pulled her off the counter and spun her. She spread her legs eagerly as she leaned over. Thankfully the mirror was over the sink and not in front of us. I entered her from behind, she gripped the towel racks, and I started shaking the vanity again. I started slowly, allowing me to drip some tier 2 saliva onto my shaft. It got her ramped up quickly and into the sexual haze again. I transformed into my incubus and started to increase my tempo. The lust area was stronger but still required the target to be a line of sight, so it was not as effective.

The vortex instantly increased its power with my transformation. With my improved aether sight, I could see how well it worked. I increased my girth as I filled Frost over and over again. Her muscled ass cheeks clenched on my shaft, making me work to enter her over and over. She was mostly saying ‘yes’ and ‘harder.’ I did not want to hurt her, but I complied with her wishes, and vanity started to break away from the wall. A 24-million-dollar plane and the counter just broke like that? I ignored the accident and focused on bringing her core to the brink.

She came again hard, and the counter barely supported her as her legs went weak. I didn’t stop and drew out the orgasm and decided she could take one more mind-numbing blissful release, A little tier-one saliva, and a firm grip on her hips as I went full jackhammer. It only took forty more seconds before she completely lost her body control and collapsed in her best rippling orgasm of the thirty-minute session.

I released with her, emptying my aching balls, filling her, and letting it drip down her legs. I quickly returned to my human form and helped Frost into the shower. It took her a few minutes to be able to stand as I washed both of us. Her body was as exhausted as her core. I was getting better at maximizing the gains with practice. My abyssal sight told me she did not reach tier two like her sister but was definitely near the top of tier one.

The pilots announced the plane was starting its descent and to get seated. We finished the shower and dressed. I asked, “Are you ok? I was not too rough?”

Frost focused on me, “No. I am fine. It was much better than I thought it was going to be.”

“Oh, how much better?” I asked teasingly as I snapped on my bracelet.

She actually smiled, which looked odd on the usually stern woman’s face, “I was expecting a 1, and it was a 10.”

“Damn it, and here I thought you were faking it!” I said reflexively. My superpower of saying stupid shit after sex was still intact. I think I was subconsciously doing it on purpose now.

She looked around at the huge mess and broken counter. “No, I was not faking it,” She said seriously.

“I was just kidding,” I said, leaving the bathroom and finding Artica grinning at me from the chair. Jade was playing with the shield belt I had purchased her and pretending that she didn’t hear all the action. I did the same, pretending nothing happened. I sat down and handed Artica the bracelet showing Frost’s new core size. It read 0.97. I had increased Frost from 0.42 to 0.97, a massive increase in power. Artica’s enhancement had gone slightly better, going from 0.45 to 1.02. Unfortunately, I didn’t think I could take Frost any further without putting her at risk. I still did not know what rupturing a core actually looked like. My life essence harvest was very good for a lower tier 1 core partner, gaining me 36.

Frost came and sat, and Artica was ready to show her the bracelet, but I held her back. Let Frost find out on her own. Frost tried to hide a smile, “So it worked, I am assuming. I can not use my adept powers for a few weeks like Artica, but can I get the elixir eventually?”

Artica teased, “I think my sister is actually glowing! Caleb, Jade, is she glowing?”

Jade joined in on the joke, “Oh my! You are right! She is! Do you think she actually had fun?”

Frost ignored us as she slowly returned to becoming the ice queen as the plane landed. We went to our respective cars, and Artica thanked me, “Caleb, I can probably never repay you, but I will try. Yes, I will try over and over again,” she smirked. “But I am a little pissed you are going to increase Frost’s quickness. I will never be able to beat her again in hand-to-hand combat after that.”

Artica drove us back to the cabin house, and I checked my messages as Artica was at the wheel. My absence from school seemed to have been accepted. I had a message from Chloe. She was offering to take me to a Capitals game. She got front-row seats near the player’s bench. Chloe was a friend who was a sports masseuse and worked as a high-end escort on the side. She remembered that I was a hockey fan and was trying to maintain our friendship.

I usually barely responded to Chloe’s texts, just enough to let her know I was not ghosting her. The game was Saturday, March 20th. My hockey season would be well over. I told her tentatively yes. I would have to check my schedule as we got closer to the game day.

I drove my car home, and it was relatively early. My parents were eating dinner, and I told them I played hooky from school today. I didn’t want a lie to blow up eventually. I referenced Ferris Bueller’s Day Off a few times in the conversation to explain my motivations. They surprisingly took it well because they thought I had been burning myself out. Mom even said to ask her next time I needed a day off, and she would call into school for me.

Thursday and Friday proceeded normally. I would spend a few hours in my mind space training with my constructs at night. I would tutor in the morning, add some books to my mind space during the rest of the day, and after school, I would join everyone for lessons with Lezerath. My exam on Friday was easy, even though it was a long essay comparing the main characters from the four novels and pointed questions about how feminism differed in the four different eras the novels were set in.

Hockey practice was going well. If we won this Saturday’s away game, we could have our division playoff game at home, so there was an incentive to win. It was our last overnight away game. A five-hour bus ride on Friday after school up to Baltimore. I told no one to waste their time coming to the game, even with Artica insisting she was my bodyguard.

As I was waiting at the rink with my duffel bags, a large SUV pulled into the lot. A bunch of guys in Varsity jackets got out and headed toward me. I was a bit confused but thought that maybe this was a problem caused by Mandy. They didn’t look friendly, and my seven teammates waiting with me moved to circle around me. The six guys all had football letters on their jackets and looked pissed. One of them stepped forward, and I told my teammates to back off. I would handle this myself.

I thought it might be someone manipulated by Mandy, but he said, “Caleb, I want you to stay away from Hazel.”

“Hazel Reed? I am just tutoring her. She is doing much better in algebra,” I said, perplexed.

“I know you! Stay away from her!” His jacket said his name was Ned, and he was not a demi. Nor were any of his companions.

“I have no aspirations for Hazel. You can go on your way,” I dismissed him with a wave. Maybe it was how I dismissed with my tone or flick of my hand, but he suddenly turned red with anger.

“I know you two are all touchy-feely in the library, so I am going to teach you a lesson!” He lunged, throwing a wild haymaker. His friends joined him, but I just ducked and weaved among fists and bodies. I didn’t want my teammates to get involved as they were rushing to help. I also did not want to hurt any of these boneheads. I should have just used my charming eyes immediately rather than listen to them.

I got Ned quickly into a restraining hold, “Everyone freeze,” I yelled. “Or I will dislocate his arm.” The football players were breathing heavily, and I was talking conversationally. It worked, and they stopped moving. “Now, let’s get cooler heads here. I am not interested in Hazel. As you know, I am already a busy guy. I also have a black belt and do not want to hurt anyone. I am assuming most of you are seniors and have an athletic scholarship or something lined up?” A few of them nodded.

I released Ned, and they slunk back to their SUV. My teammates came up and said how awesome I was and asked if I could teach them kung fu. I just shook my head no. I had just fought six eighteen-year-olds, all over two hundred pounds, and it was not even remotely a challenge. Any desire to remain in high school or go to college was extinguished. I would graduate for my parents’ peace of mind, but I was not going to attend college full-time. Maybe I could find a university with only online classes, or somewhere you just needed to attend the exams. A problem for later.

One of my teammates was interested and questioned me about my black belt. He asked what martial art form and a dozen other questions I did not want to answer. I pointed at the normal black leather belt holding up my jeans, and put on my best half-grin.

The bus ride was actually torturous. Someone had recorded the fight and already posted it on social media. Iris was the first one to call and ask what it was all about, and I explained. About halfway through the five-hour bus ride Hazel called to apologize and tell me she was dumping Edward. This whole thing was her fault for playing footsie with me in the library. I told her so as politely as I could. She hung up on me. I did not like this drama. Maybe I should make a much less attractive Caleb to change into.

We arrived at the hotel and checked in. I had my own room—but I was not the only one. The team booked the rooms at the beginning of the season, and we expected to bring more guys on this trip. I got a few texts from my teammates wanting to sneak out and go to a bar or try to find a college party. I ignored their texts.

I took out my phone and called Maya. She was a water dryad, and I had enhanced her core and given her both a strength and endurance enhancement in Amsterdam when she visited. She was more than a little shocked when she found out I was a demon. The phone rang and went to voicemail. I left a message, “Hey, this is Caleb. Just checking in to see how you are doing. Give me a call if you want to talk.” It was 10:33 pm on a Friday night, so Maya should be free.

When Maya called back, I was preparing to enter my mind for training. I answered. “Caleb. I am sorry for not calling you.” I was going to say something, but she continued, “I forgive you.” I did not understand why I needed her forgiveness. She went on, “You have helped me a lot, and I want to be friends.”

I almost asked ‘friends with benefits’ but caught myself. “That is good, Maya. I like you, and I was happy to help you. I was actually calling because of Paige. It seems she has been able to learn quite a bit from you.”

Maya stuttered, “I…I didn’t tell her…she just asked innocent questions…I did my best…”

“She figured it out—all of it. I can’t say I am happy about it, but Paige has accepted me for who—what I am,” I admitted. “If you two are going to be rowing together, I wanted to make sure everything was good with both of you. To make sure nothing else comes up—with Ashley, for instance.”

“I understand. Ashley doesn’t know anything. She still thinks you are just a human with a big dick,” Maya joked. The conversation became lighter as we continued to talk into the night. We talked for over two hours as Maya and my friendship slowly cemented.

The game late Saturday morning was close, as I did not go into my inhuman mode. I was actually surprised we won, as half the team was hung over from going to a frat party at a nearby college. One of the guys had a sister at one of the nearby colleges and hooked them up. The score, 5-4, was a bit of a miracle. We managed to win and ensured we would have a home playoff game.

The bus ride home had everyone wired the entire ride, singing songs and being loud. I even joined a bit, letting myself go.

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Dakkon Duskstalker read the report and looked at the video. There had been no camera in the bathroom, and it was a complete wreck. Apollyon and Jade’s bodyguard had done quite a number on it. Apollyon had offered to pay for any damage to Serina, but Serina had declined the offer. He wished he still had such vigor in himself. He looked, and finally, the audio was filtered. Microphones on a plane were a pain as the vibrations made whisperings difficult to pick up. He replayed it, this time with the sound.

Apparently, Apollyon was not only a powerful mage but also a powerful alchemist able to brew enhancement elixirs. Rakkon did not understand the conversion about core enhancement. Did Apollyon have some type of artificial core fortifier? They were extremely dangerous and not always successful. He did not seem like the type to risk people’s lives for a small chance at raising someone’s aether core power. Though, he did know a number of people who would willingly take the risk. Still, this Apollyon was too powerful not to befriend. Dakkon thought about sending his daughter, Serina, but she had failed to garner much attention from Apollyon.

Maybe Rieka? She wanted to help the family and could match the catkin women’s beauty with Apollyon. Reika was a love child that his mate knew nothing about. She was finishing college at USC and planned to join the Magus Arcanum as a researcher—and informant for him. He would reach out to her to see if she was interested. He made some notes and sent off some messages.

He turned to his mission report. Profits should be around 3 million even after removing the gear for the aboleth attack. He hated risking six of his best men on the attack but understood that an aboleth needed to be dealt with. He was concerned that agent Kissinger had not returned from his meeting with the lords of Dennadjen. Maybe it had been an error to request aid from the Rakshasa who ruled there. They were not known to be kind, but he thought the threat of an aboleth would stir them to action. Hopefully, it was not an error on his part.