Chapter 103 Eilina

I moved to resume activities with Eilina. She returned my kissing with decent skill.  She had a small mouth and delicate tongue.  My tongue violated her mouth, and she tentatively used her tongue to rub against mine.  I pulled her to me and rotated our bodies so I could lay on my back, and she could be on top.

I moved my hands down to her narrow hips and onto her ass cheeks.  Eilina was thin and had the body of a long-distance runner, so there was mostly soft muscle on her ass to gently squeeze.  She liked my hands playing with her ass cheeks, and her knees dropped to my sides so she could straddle me while I squeezed her glutes, and we continued kissing.

I added some saliva to the kissing and dropped a vortex on her core.  Her core strength was obfuscated, but the vortex felt like it was in the right place.  She looked to have a 0.7ish core in my aether sight, but her mother, Danila, said it was actually 1.12, a lower tier two.  I was surprised her method to hide it still did not allow my upper tier 2 abyssal eyes to penetrate the guise.  Since this was likely Eilina’s only session with me, I wanted to push her enhancement.  I was confident I could get her to upper tier 2 and planned to give her the recall enhancement to help her with her memory for learning spells.

As my saliva told hold of her, Eilina’s tongue made its first venture into my mouth, sliding past mine.  Her kissing turned into some suction action as I think she was trying to suck more of my saliva into her mouth.  Her hips started rocking through our clothes on my strong erection pressing underneath her.  I moved my hands under her shirt to caress her bare back.  She paused her kissing, removed her shirt in a heartbeat, and then lunged back down to continue her sucky face kissing.

I dribbled more saliva as we kissed and traced her spine with my fingers.  Eilina had been working hard all day, and her body odor smelled like orange and mango.  How did she taste?  I needed to know.  I pulled her hips up to my belly button so my mouth could attack her nipples.  She had tiny eraser-sized nipples with dime-sized areolas.  Her breasts were barely a handful, and my mouth eagerly sucked most of her breast inside as I teased her nipple with my tongue.   I had saliva prepared, and she arched her back in an unexpected orgasm as it stimulated her beyond the barrier.   I admired her firm chest as she bathed in her first real orgasm, her eyes rolling back in her head. She was having trouble catching her breath at the waves of pleasure, sucking air. My saliva had forced her into her elven heat, and she had not been prepared for the ripples of pleasure.

From her nipples, the taste on my tongue was citrus but more a lemon-lime than orange, like her body odor—Sprite.  She tasted like Sprite, just not as sweet.  As soon as she finished enjoying her orgasm, I picked her up, pulled her to the floor, and placed her on her back on the winter wolf rug.  As I positioned her, the silky, thick surface was extremely luxurious against bare skin.  Her eyes watched me with expectation.  I attacked her breasts again.  I was adding saliva and suckling while I removed my pants.  Eilina’s hands went back and forth from running her hands through my hair and the wolf pelt, unable to decide which was a better sensation for her arousal.

When I sensed her building again, I dropped to her belly button and deposited a glob of saliva. This would be absorbed slowly over a few minutes.  Her belly button was pierced—that was new.  As she peaked in her second wave of bliss, the saliva helped to draw it out for nearly a minute as her senses left her again.  My eager phallus was swinging between my legs, but I wanted to extend our coupling as long as possible to maximize both our gains.  I also wanted her to have the full experience.  She was oblivious as I pulled her shorts and panties off.  The saliva reservoir kept her trembling, and I moved further down to explore between her thighs.

Her slit was heavily lubricated, and her labia was swollen pink.  She was dripping a small amount of juices, and I moved in for a taste.  It was the same, reminiscent of Sprite.  My tongue started to outline her folds, and Eilina moaned vocally for the first time in our coupling.  It was the least sexy moan I had ever heard—like a banshee trying to scare you away.  She was not aware she was doing it, so it was funny.  I blocked the sound, and I continued to taste her and explored her slit.  She was smaller than anyone I have ever been with.  My tongue started past her folds, entering her, and her Halloween howls changed to a shriek of pleasure.

I was surprised as she bucked her hips into my face hard in her third orgasm.  I watched her core and added saliva into her opening to draw out the orgasm again.  I learned Eilina had long orgasms, and when she was coming, she lost her faculties, becoming oblivious to her surroundings.  I was concerned that she was not going to be able to take my girth.  My penis was swollen and starting to hurt in anticipation, as it had been almost an hour, but I didn’t want to hurt her either.  Even adding saliva did not seem to loosen her virgin hole.

I added my index finger to explore her depths, and she squealed in delight at the deeper penetration.  I unhurriedly pumped my finger in her and then added my index finger.  Two fingers were all she could handle, and she clamped down on the two fingers in another wailing, screaming orgasm.  I would have Kiri explain to her how unsexy her sex sounds were to her. While my fingers worked on her, I used my tongue to find her clitoris.  It was easy to tease it, the hood parting like flower petals.  I added more saliva and hooked my fingers to reach her G-spot.  She bucked in a fifth orgasm, and I lapped up the little bit of juices to save the silky fur rug.

Surprisingly her core was still capable of more and looked—I was an idiot.  The core I was seeing was not her actual core.  How could I have missed that?  Should I stop?  Trust my instincts?  I wished Danila had told me what device was obfuscating her core.  I searched her from toe tip to ear tip with a glance, and nothing.  The belly button ring was new, so that couldn’t be it, right?  Frustrated, I planned to stop here and not risk Eilina’s safety.

“Eilina,” it took a moment to get her attention from her sexual bliss. “Is the belly button ring new?”

She looked at me, confused at the question.  “What?  Yeah, me and Vida got them two weeks ago.  You like?  The stud is from the eating my mother told me never to take off.”

Bingo!  “Can you remove it from a moment?”  in the sexual haze, she did. When I held out my hand, she dropped it in it.  Immediately the stud glowed in my aether sight.  Her core was now completely visible to me.  She had a lower tier two core, as Danila had said.  More importantly, her core was still stable.  I tossed the stud aside, “You don’t need this.”  She followed the stud as it disappeared at the other end of the fur rug.

I distracted her with more saliva on her genitalia.  Soon she had forgotten about the stud and was howling like a banshee again.  I rolled over to my back, spread out on the silky floor, and let Eilina handle the next part for herself.  She didn’t hesitate to climb on me and line up my expectant cock with her vagina.  I think she thought it would slide right in, but it just pressed into her pussy lips that spread but wouldn’t accept the girth.  It was arousing as she made a concerted effort to force it into herself with one hand on the shaft for the next few minutes.

She could not accept that she was not mature enough to handle me. The sensations on my phallic head were amazing as she tried over and over to squeeze it past her entrance.  A grunt, a sigh, a yip as my sensitive tip enjoyed her efforts.  She started to use her body weight more aggressively, and slowly, her gates allowed my hard tip in.  Wait, was that the problem?  My cock was engorged and hard.  If I could soften it slightly...

My tip softened, and she slid down, my cock burying five inches into her in an instant before stopping abruptly at an obstruction.  She was too shocked to move.  The pain was clear on her face.  I pulled her down for a kiss and gave her saliva as we remained locked together.  The saliva turned the pain to ecstasy, and Eilina started to move her hips slowly and building momentum.  It was only a two-inch movement up and down, but soon her tunnel clamped down in an orgasm.  Her core was swollen and abused and close enough that I thought about stopping.

Instead, I focused on her core, grabbed her hips, and pumped her up and down with my strength.  Maybe one more orgasm for her with the recall elixir.  She was completely out of it as I worked her body on me.  I was sure not to get more depth than she could handle.  My cock could not help but swell rock hard again.  Eilina groaned as my entire cock became hard again.  She was coming back to her senses from the last orgasm, and her arousal was building, though.  I focused on her core to make sure I didn’t make a mistake.

My instincts wanted me to go deeper and force my own release as deep into her as possible.  My balls ached for a release after over an hour and a half of arousal.  I flipped her over onto her back and contained my short thrusts.  The new position made it easy to get my lips to hers and give her more saliva to bring her over the edge.  When. She did fall off the cliff I came with her, giving her the gift of recall.

We were curled together on the fur rug, Eilina in my arms and sleeping soundly.  It had been a success.  My enhanced sight had shown me a clear picture, as Andromeda had said.  I felt confident I could now bring cores to the brink of dissolution to benefit my partner.

I disengaged from our entwined embrace three hours into her post-sex nap and covered her with a blanket.  Her body, mind, and aether core were beyond exhausted.  I retrieved the reading device and read her core. 1.92 was on the screen.  Upper tier two and almost tier 3.  Wow.  I was more than a little shocked.  I found the stud and got it back into her belly button as Eilina didn’t stir.  The device read 0.76.  So the device had predefined reading and didn’t lower the core a predetermined amount.  I had not been able to find any similar device in the Bazaars.  Maybe when we went to the elven city of Kealon, I would have more luck.

It was almost eleven pm, and I decided to go home as my parents had repeatedly asked where I was.  I told them I would be back soon.  I showered first and then drove home.

My father was watching TV this late and told me they planned to redo the kitchen and master bathroom.  The contractors would be here in April to start.  When I asked why he was still up, he just shrugged and said he was worried about me since it was a school night and I had not texted.  I apologized, and we talked for half an hour before he went to bed.

I crawled into my own bed and went into my mind space.  In my mind space, I found Lilith playing fetch with Casper in the park.  I asked, “Where is Pandora?”

“She is the library.  She is looking through all the monster compendiums.  She wants her own pet and is searching for something remarkable.  Unless you changed your mind about the male centaur?  It is still her first choice,”  Lilith informed me with a smile.  I laughed as if that was not happening.  I checked the banner.  I had gained 74 life essence from the session, bringing me to 124—a fantastic haul.   I was a little peeved that Lilith had not been impressed and just focused on Casper.  I had a great haul and learned a lot.

Pandora came rushing into the room waving two books, “I have narrowed down my choice of a pet to two choices,” she said joyously.

With interest, I asked, “Let me hear it then?”  Maybe she had a good idea.

“I want either a kitsune or a couatl,” she handed me both books, and I looked at them.

“The kitsune is just a fox girl?”  I said.

“No!  It is a shapechanger!  Fox, fox girl, and human!  I can snuggle with her in all three forms,” she stuck out her tongue at Lilith and Casper.  A little juvenile, but I should expect that from my subconscious.  Pandora added, “The couatl is a feathered serpent. They are actually a draconic celestial.  They have amazing defensive magics and psionics.  I think it could be a great addition to our defensive regiment here.”  She paused, “And it can wrap me up in its feathered body.”

I looked the monsters over and read the description.  “Good work Pandora but I do not know how to get a genetic sample of either of these.  The couatl resides on the 20th and 21st layers, as noted here.  The kitsune live in the transits and rarely come to Earth.  Also, if I got a sample, how would I know it is from a dead being? Both of these creatures are sapient.”

Lilith offered, “I think you did an amazing job in your research, Pandora.  Both options are excellent.”  She looked at me, “You should ask Rincewind or Dexter.”  Pandora looked at me with expectancy.

“Fine, I will ask them.  I will add some new DVDs for you for your effort,”  I said.  I added all my greatest hits to my DVD library, including my recent Eilina experience.   I just hope no one came in here and viewed my collection.  Andromeda would be fine, but anyone else...

I left my mind space and called Dexfer first.  There was actually a couatl skeleton in the Magus Arcanum Museum.  He was certain he could procure a few feathers for me from it for just $10,000.  Couatl feathers were not a big ingredient for alchemy or enchanting.  He thanked me for the bottle of Macallan and said the feathers would arrive in a few days.   Kitsune were sacred creatures and immortal.  He didn’t have any knowledge of how to get some of their fur without requesting it from one personally.  I hung up and released the funds for the couatl feathers.

My phone had a message from Rincewind.  It was the flight information for the Githerki.  I forwarded it to Artixa.  She could pick her up tomorrow night. I thought about doing some training in my mind space but ended up passing in favor of sleep.

Hockey practice was a blur. All day Monday, I was dreading or anticipating the arrival of my mental defense teacher.  I could not decide which. We would be fighting in the same team against the Aboleth as well. I had decided to offer her a room at the cabin house. She was flying in at seven and would arrive with Artica around eleven, so I would see her Tuesday afternoon.

After school, with Artica gone, I had a private session with Bedelia. We were in her room on the second floor at the cabin, and she started, “I checked Eilina’s core today at school. It seemed the same.”

“She has some type of artifact that shows her core as 0.76. You can not see the changes. How is your core coming along?” I asked. She instantly burst into a smile.

“I am gaining about three-thousandths of a point every session,” she jumped on the bed and was on her knees, excited. “I can feel marked power improvements the day after. It is definitely working.” She fell onto her back and took her pants and underwear off in one smooth motion. She went spread eagle, exposing herself, and said, “I am ready for my treatment.” I set up my adjacent core to get some aether from my work and dove in.

After the session, Bedelia took a shower, and I was downstairs in the library, where she joined me. Bedelia was all smiles as I paged through books to add them to my mind space. “You know, Caleb, we should really talk about Carrie.”

“Oh, how is her training progressing?” I asked, not really concerned about the artist.

“She has the gift of foresight, Caleb. She can literally see the future. Her core is just too weak to make much use of it, and it just causes her to have nightmares. Now that she is aware of it and has done some training, she is doing much better,” she stopped and stood before me. “Caleb, you need to enhance her core as well.”

Carrie’s core was tiny at 0.11, so I was not getting much life essence from it. “Keep training her. Maybe eventually. Right now, I am more concerned about the aboleth.”

Bedelia dropped the Carrie discussion in favor of another topic, “Can I join you in training with the psionic?” She was referring to the Githzerai.

I nodded after thinking about it for a long moment. Bedelia couldn’t hide her enthusiasm, bouncing around. Then she broached another topic, “Do you think it would be more effective to have me return oral stimulation in our sessions?”

I smiled at her scholastic wording. I put a book back and took the next, “Only if giving oral stimulation turns you on. It has to do with your arousal. Does giving oral sex turn you on?”

Bedelia slowly said, “I don’t know. Maybe we should try and find out?” Her lips were twitching from a smile to a grin.

“Ok, then. We can try it sometime in the future to see if it works,” I smiled at her. I could not believe how much the small young woman had grown on me. She had practically forced herself into my company. She left me to continue my work in the library.

I added books till late into the night and was surprised when the Ford Raptor pulled in. It was 11:18 pm. The Githzerai had arrived. I watched her get out of the truck. She was in a human guise and looked to me like she was in her late fifties with dark hair and one thick line of silver in it. She looked at the cabin and saw me through the window. She walked forward, and I saw Artica get her luggage from the back.

She pushed open the sliding door and held out her hand stiffly, like it was unpracticed, “Lezerath. You must be the demon, babe. I would get started tonight, but I am exhausted. Thank you for offering me a room in your house.”

“It is the room across the hall from this library. You can make yourself at home here. Thank you for being willing to train me and my companions,” I said, being respectful and polite.

She smirked, “Well, I owed Merlin a half dozen favors, and he called all of them in at once. I cannot say I am looking forward to confronting an aboleth. At least training a few young ones will be enjoyable,” she smiled brightly, and I found I liked her—kind of like your favorite teacher kind of like. I double-checked and did not feel her trying to influence me in any way.

“After school, we can start. This place does get hectic, but you will be given every courtesy,” I said before leaving. Tonight at least, I had informed my father I was going to be late. I drove home and started to get mentally prepared to get mentally prepared.