Chapter 80 Artica

The Bazaar shops looked similar to the ones I wandered at in DC, except for the merchants who seemed more varied. Two merchants were vamps, and a third was a beastkin bull, more commonly known as a minotaur. The minotaur was running the clothing shop, and I approached him and asked, “I have several women I need to get gifts for. Do you have any suggestions?”

He responded, but I didn’t understand him. “I don’t understand?” I said, confused. He nodded and put on a bracelet, and spoke again.

“Better?” He asked, smiling. At least, I think it was a smile, as who knew what a minotaur smile looked like? I ended my abyssal sight, and I was correct as the man was still smiling. I nodded, confirming I could understand him. “Good, good,” he said, excited at a possible sale. “So I asked your relation to the women?”

I replied, “My sister and a few friends with benefits.” The large man nodded knowingly. “My sister likes Harry Potter and magic stuff,” I added.

“Excellent! I have just the thing! A replica *invisibility cloak* from the movies! It requires aether to be channeled into it to function. Truthfully it is one of the worst invisibility items on the market, but they just keep selling!” The minotaur said, pulling a prepackaged cloak from under the counter. “It is $10,000 and warranted for 150 hours of use on the enchantments.”

After that purchase, I got everyone matching robes, Kiri, Eilina, Mary, Paige, Vida, Iris, Bedelia, Lena, Abigail, and Carrie. They were black with hoods and had a royal blue lining. I figured they could start their own coven. Lena might have been a reach, but I figured she would return sooner or later. The minotaur gave me a bulk discount, just $200 each.

I was passing by an alchemy shop and picked up two jars of blue gel that were supposedly a quick-working healing salve. The expiration date was just six days, and they were $5,000 each, but I was guessing Artica was going to be in rough shape after our fun training today. The few bruises that I incurred had already healed with my fast incubus healing.

I then moved over to a weapons shop with the intention of finding some type of ranged weapon. A human woman was running the *Dutch Arsenal and Bullwark*. Her name was Zarka, and she had a heavy English accent and professed to be an experienced dungeon transit runner. I told her I planned to try the transits myself in the future and would appreciate any help in equipping me. Her eyes lit up. She started with the simple 5” combat knife. The handle unscrewed to reveal a silver monofilament garrote. It was her own design and extremely effective at decapitation.

She explained that a knife couldn’t decapitate a vamp, so you needed to take the head completely off to kill one. I ordered four of the survival knives. We moved on to armored clothing next. It was called Shockweave. It was highly resistant to slashing attacks, and on energy and blunt force trauma, it hardened into a protective shell for 0.4 seconds before relaxing again. It was nonmagical. It was about twice the thickness of canvas, and she said I could wear it over the skin suit I had already purchased. I got three sets of fatigues.

I next purchased eight sets of comms that would work in the transit. These comms had a band you wore around your neck with the mic going over your throat. The receivers were a single ear plug. Each device had a quick touch kill switch. With these costing me $2,500 each, I decided to forgo any more aether safe tech for now and moved on to the weapons.

Zarka asked what I was looking for, and I didn’t know. I had never shot a rifle or handgun in my life. If I wanted to use it in the transit, I either had to get a slug thrower with aether-safe ammunition or an aether gun that fired using my own aether. I pretended to consider and asked questions. For the aether pistol, she had two, the *Gunslinger* and the *Guardian*. The *Gunslinger* used about 0.25 relative aether to fire a single shot, and the bolt of energy was about the equivalent of 0.38 round. Impactful against a demi or human, but most beasts in the transit could shrug it off. The *Guardian* pistol was not much larger but took almost a whole point of relative aether to fire one shot. This weapon’s aether bolt was equivalent to a 0.50 caliber—or eight times more impactful than the *Gunslinger.*

Zarka assured me the *Guardian* could deal significant damage to most creatures in a transit. The problem was you were going to burn out of aether fairly quickly. I didn’t tell her my aether pool was 1,000 when full. I selected two *Gunslingers* and two *Guardians*. She took the time to help me get fitted for the holsters. The effective firing range of the *Gunslinger* was 60 yards, and the *Guardian* was 75 yards. After this distance, the aether construct created on firing broke down and dissipated into the air instead of on impact.

I didn’t purchase a rifle. I figured I would consult Kiri first, even though Zarka was extremely helpful. I had all my purchases boxed and shipped to Iris’ house. You couldn’t carry a weapon in Amsterdam, and Zarka said she would ship it for free.

It was getting a little late, so I returned to the hotel and checked in with the parents for dinner before meeting Artica in her room. I thanked Zarka and gave her a sizable tip after paying and starting my walk back. My Caleb phone was practically useless for making calls, but I texted my parents successfully. They were headed to the *Sherpa Restaurant* for dinner. It was Indian food, so I passed and just returned to my room.

I didn’t know how long to wait before visiting Artica’s room. I briefly retreated into my mind space to find Pandora watching *Big Bang Theory* on TV. I jumped on the bed to sleep for a few hours and made Pandora a leather recliner in front of the TV so she could move from the bed. She begged for more material to watch, and to placate her, I added some of my greatest hits of my sexual conquests because I lacked anything else to add.

I went down the street to *Pasta e Pizza* for dinner. The people in Amsterdam were very friendly, and some young women from the local university started talking to me. They invited me back to their flat to drink, but I took a rain check and gave them my Apollyon number. I returned to my room and waited till 10:00 pm to head to Artica’s room.

I knocked on Artica’s door at 10:12 pm.  It took a few minutes before she opened the door.  She was trying to hide her soreness and slight limp as she moved.  She was wearing a long tee shirt that extended to her mid-thigh, and her legs were naked to her bare feet.  I couldn’t tell if she had any underwear on.  She looked sexy, and I was tongue-tied as she put an arm on the high part of the door frame and leaned into the frame.  The tee shirt stretched, and her firm mounds and tiny nipples were outlined.  “Hey, Caleb.  Thanks for letting me sleep.  Do you want to come in?”

I held up a jar of blue gel.  “I bought some healing massage oil.  The vendor said it would heal bruises in an hour or less, guaranteed.”  I was smiling as Artica looked at the jar and then at me.  She probably knew how much this salve cost by her surprised look. She returned my smile and moved out of the archway to let me in.  She hobbled inside, giving up on hiding her injuries.  I shut the door behind me, and we went into the kitchen.  A bottle of Pilar rum was on the counter with a few cans of Coca-Cola.  A tray of half-melted ice was on the counter as well.

“I needed something to dull the pain a bit,” Artica said guiltily.  “It is always worse after you wake up.”  She looked again at the blue jar and took off the tee shirt in one motion.  She was completely naked and walked into the bedroom.  Looking over her shoulder, she said, “You can start on my back.”  The pale skin on her back had two large purple bruises.  My eyes drifted down to her swaying hips and firm, round buttocks.  Another bruise was clearly on her left cheek.  I followed her into the room while she fell forward onto her silky sheets with a satisfied groan.

Her womanly slit was clearly visible and relaxing in anticipation. I moved onto the bed and straddled her knees, planning to work from the thighs up.  I ran my hand across the back of her thighs.  Goosebumps formed.  A few brushes gently with my hand got Artica aroused.  Her thighs were being squeezed between my knees, so I couldn’t see her womanhood, just smell its anticipation.  I popped the lid, and the strong smell of lavender hit my senses.  I dipped my finger into the blue salve and began to rub it into her thighs even though there were no bruises.

Artica sighed, “It feels so warm.  Press a little harder.”  I complied, and she groaned as my rubbing turned into an amateur massage.  I added both hands to the back of her right thigh, using my thumbs from the back of the knee up to the buttocks along her hamstring. I pressed harder and harder with each line toward her round buttocks. She started humming—no, it was a throaty purring. I started to continue my lines from the knee all the way up and over her muscled ass cheek.

“Over leg, please!” She moaned between her purring. I complied, and she increased her volume slightly. I moved my knees apart, allowing her to do the same, and she did it without hesitation. I could now look down and see her engorged slit and puckered star. On my next track up from her knee, I brushed her folds with my finger, and she shivered under me in pleasure. After a few teases along her clit my fingers were slick with her arousal.

Artica pushed back with her arms, raising her hips slightly off the bed. This exposed her open and inviting pussy to me. I used the blue gel to get the bruises on her ass cheeks, ignoring her eager pussy. She started swaying her butt and increased her purring again. I just smiled as Artica was slowly being driven mad with anticipation. I added my vortex over her core, and she was completely unaware.

I took a brief moment to strip, and she strained to look over her shoulder at me as my muscular body was revealed to her again today. Instead of straddling her knees, I straddled her hips this time, separated her ass cheeks, and sandwiched my phallus between the two buns. My scrotum hung low enough to feel the intense heat and slickness of her eager pussy.

I controlled her in this position and enjoyed her squirming and purring underneath me as I administered her bruises with the blue gel. I started dripping my lower-tier saliva into the gel as I rubbed, and her body heated under me, and she moaned in frustration at her ignored womanhood. I was going to keep an eye on her aether core and push it to the limit in this session. I liked Artica, and she would only be getting one shot at this, so building and prolonging were in the cards.

I took my time making sure all the bruises were taken care of, and the pain of my pressing the gel into the brattled muscles from our combat had groans of pain mixed in with her continuing vibrating purring. Unexpectedly the brushing on my scrotum on labias caused her to have her first orgasm. I felt the contraction under my sac, and some additional sticky fluids were added. Antica stopped purring momentarily and just breathed heavily while orgasm passed through her.

I turned her over to get the bruises on her front. She complied and stared with her golden brown eyes up into mine longingly. I smiled with my scrotum pressed into her vagina and my hard, erect shaft pointing straight up. Her hands moved to stroke my shaft, and I let her. She had small but strong hands as she massaged the skin along my length. Not very practiced hands as she ignored the glans head entirely. It didn’t seem like this was her first time due to her willingness, but she didn’t seem schooled.

“Artica, the head of a man’s penis is the most sensitive part. Like a woman’s clit. Use your thumb to caress it,” I advised. She started immediately and smiled at the pleasure the sensation caused to show on my face. I finished with her front bruises and took to massaging her breasts with the gel. Her mounds were barely noticeable on her back, and her areola contracted around her tiny nipples. I started adding saliva to my hands to push into her breasts. Her hands got frantic on my shaft, and she spread her legs extremely wide to grind her pussy on my ball sack as she reached another orgasm.

Her body was coated in sweat, and she was still trembling from the aftermath as I moved down between her legs and entered her with my tongue probing her. Her taste was unique and sweet—something akin to cherries. Her voice squeaked as I entered her tight and well-lubricated opening. I added a significant dose of saliva, and her hands grabbed my hair and attempted to use my head to fuck her pussy. I tried to resist, but she was strong, and I let her, licking and sucking as she achieved another release. She paused, breathing heavily, but I wasn’t going to let this happen, and found her tiny clit and started licking and sucking it, adding a tiny dose of tier-two saliva. The sensation caused her another immediate release, accompanied by a scream of carnal pleasure beyond her expectations.

It was a good prolonged thirty seconds of bliss for her before calming down. I then moved up her body, met her lips with mine, and switched to the lower tier 1 saliva. Her body was exhausted, and her aether core was stuffed, but I had enough experience to know she could take more without danger. Her arms wrapped around my shoulders, pulling me into an embrace while her hips sought my hot and lonely cock. We spent time tongue wrestling. She had a small mouth, and I felt like a brute with my tongue twice her size, but she had resumed her purring, so I continued to dominate the struggle in our mouths.

The saliva had its effect, and she erupted under me again by rubbing her pussy on my muscled abs. Her core was starting to enter the shacky stage, so I thought I could only take one more. I rolled over, pulling a surprised Artica on top of me. Her face changed immediately, figuring out she was finally going to be able to play on my shaft.

I released her and let the exhausted woman do what she willed. She spun around to a reverse cowgirl position and lined up my shaft with her entrance. On my god, she was tight beyond anyone I had in the past. It must be all her gymnast training and inexperience with men. I don’t think she got more than four inches in with a growl of effort. She started using half my dick, eagerly pounding her pussy. I slicked my hands with saliva and rubbed it between her ass cheeks along her puckered star. She started screaming in a language I was not familiar with, but I guessed it was Italian. It was about two minutes of pleasure as she pressured my dick inside her. When she finally came, I grabbed her hips, held her as her vaginal walls massaged my dick, and deposited my strength seed inside her.

I had assumed Artica was going to pass out, but she just swayed on top of my shaft while I held her up with my hands. I rolled over onto my side, keeping my dick inside her. I wasn’t sure how long it would take for the elixir to be absorbed, so I cradled Artica’s small body inside while plugging her. As soon as we were in the spooning position, she passed out.

I held her for five minutes before extracting myself. Her core was looking thin but intact. I had probably come right up to the line of safety and probably had let the pleasure of the sex get to me a little in this harvest. I went and retrieved my bracer from the floor and aimed it at the sleeping naked body. 1.02 was the reading. So I raised her from 0.45 to 1.02, that was a two-rank jump. Artica was now a lower tier 2 strength. I wasn’t sure if Jade would be happy or not. Jade was still much stronger at 1.48. Maybe I could convince Jade to transfer Artica’s bodyguard duties to me?

When Artica woke, I would have to warn her not to use her abilities until her aether core reinforced itself. Wow, what a first day in the city of Amsterdam.