Chapter 137 Keystones

I waited in the room for twenty minutes before the door clicked, and Constance entered.  “Where is Vestra?”  I asked.

“She is returning to our hotel in DC to clean up,” Constance said, moving into the room.

Fuck, no.  I had not charmed her yet to make her forget how her core had been enhanced!  I smiled even though I was planning how to fix this.  Ok, I would charm Constance and have her call Vestra and have her come back.

“So, are you ready for the same treatment?”  I asked the elf woman.

Her eyes narrowed, studying me, “I can not believe it only took you two hours to do that to her.  She said she could not use her aether for three months?  Will it be the same with me?”

“That is just to be safe. The larger core is fragile,”  I stated while moving in front of her for better eye contact.  “How come Vestra never had sex before today?”

“What?  I never needed her to.  She is on duty at all times as well.  Personal relationships would spoil her utility and divide her focus,”  Constance stated plainly while looking me up and down.

I used my voice and charming eyes on the elf woman, “I understand.  Since we are friends, Constance, tell me about how you treat your retainers.”  My charm slid off her.  I was puzzled that it had not worked.  She was not strong enough to resist my charm effect—but she did have telepathy, so maybe some magic defenses.  Most likely, she had an artifact on her that prevented it.

I moved into her personal space and placed my hands on her hips.  It was to prevent her from running if she had detected my attempt to charm her.  Holding her waist, I waited for her response while turning on my muted lust aura.  She was slightly flustered with the contact, “I…I treat them well.  They were raised to be loyal, and I do not abuse them.”

I ran my hands along her hips, untucked her blouse, and pulled it over her head.  She raised her arms to assist.  She had a skin-tight tee shirt on and was relatively flat-chested.  I spun her around, hugged her to me with my left hand, and had my right explore under her tee, rubbing her soft stomach.  I kissed her neck and deposited the tier-two saliva along the carotid artery with my tongue.  She instantly became aroused.  It was not long before her arousal reached my incubus’ nose.  Her feminine smell reminded me of buttered corn.

I briefly wondered if this was how a dog’s smell worked.  A scent triggered certain areas of the brain to associate it with something they already knew.  I knew others did not smell a woman’s arousal as sensitively as I did.  I continued on her neck and studied the earring.  It was an artificed device, but it was just a morphing charm.

Constance started to touch herself, becoming aroused from the saliva.  She was panting and moaning softly.  I assisted by having my hand join hers inside her pants.  We rubbed her labia together, getting her underwear damp with preparation.

I switched to the other side of her neck and added more saliva.  I reluctantly added the vortex but was not sure about my promise of enhancing her.  I would have preferred to question her under charm to find out what type of person she really was.  The earring on this side was a translator, not the protection from the charm effect I was searching for.

My hand came up from pants to her naval, rubbing and searching.  I checked her nipples next, squeezing and flicking them to help her arousal.  They were not pierced.  Between her small breasts was a small pendant, no bigger than a dime.  It was on a thin wire around her neck.  I removed her tee shirt and pushed her to the bed.  She did not even realize she was lying in the wet spot from earlier.  The pendant was a small blue stone on a long chain.

While I studied the stone, Constance was kicking off her pants and underwear.  Her eyes were glassy, like she was high.  Activating her elven heat with my saliva had turned her into a welcoming partner.  That, and I had used a lot of tier-two saliva on her.  She was attractive, looking like she was in her late twenties, albeit with elven features.  She had pale skin and a barren pubic region.  Her labia were engorged and soft pink.  Human women were usually closer to red when aroused.  Constance’s arousal was so intense that her vagina dripped down her perineum to her ass.

She motioned me to her, anxious for the promised sex.  I guessed her lust had made her forget why we were even here.  I stripped to my underwear and straddled her hips.  She immediately popped my shaft out of my underwear and started to pump it with her hand.   I leaned over and kissed her nipples, then licked them.  Adding more saliva and driving her insane with desire.

My objective was also to study blue stone with my abyssal sight.  I nibbled on her nipple and confirmed this was probably the cause of my charm having no effect.   It was a powerful artificed device, tier two by my estimation.  I rolled onto my back, pulling Constance on top.

She took no time to slide onto my shaft.  She squeezed my shaft but easily slid it to her depths, having no difficulty with my length.  I watched the small blue stone bounce on her chest as she started to ride me.   It felt like I was selling out by doing this, but I needed to focus and correct my mistake.  The pendant did not have a clasp, so it would have to be removed over her head.  If I had been one hundred percent sure the pendant was the only thing preventing my charm, I would have ripped it off forcibly and then charmed her to forget.  But if I was wrong, I could mess up my plan with the violent action.

Constance hit her first orgasm seconds after she engulfed my phallus inside her.  She was enjoying the size and it was easy to guess I was not her first non-elf partner.  The orgasm was short and strong and only spurred her on faster.  With the amount of aphrodisiac I had given her, she might be going for hours to burn off the effects.  I had not been as careful as I was normally with my partners.

Constance continued, and when she hit her second orgasm a few moments later, I rolled her off me and face down on the bed.   I pinned her aand as I entered her from behind to continue working her, she muttered breathlessly, “Please don’t stop.  Please do not ever stop.”  She sounded drunk, and I pressed my chest into her back, pinning her hard to the mattress while working in and out of her.  I moved the chain over her hair and the top of her head, freeing the pendant from around her neck.  Her face was grunting into a pillow, and I increased the intensity to get her to her third orgasm in the last twenty minutes.

When I sensed it, I pulled her to a sitting position in my lap, the necklace, and pendant flung to the floor without her notice.  She was seated in my lap, and I spun her to face me.  She was already bouncing again, loving the new position.  On checking her core, it was had improved significantly, so I would end the vortex very soon.

My hand went to her buttocks to help her along in her up-and-down motion.  Constance did not take long to find her fourth, and I ended the vortex just before by releasing it into her.  The copious semen filling her seemed to help prolong her own orgasm, and the squelching sound continued for a few minutes as she rode it out.  In my lap,  her pale body was covered in a sheen of sweat that was slowly dripping to add to the wet sheets.

She probably had more saliva to burn off, but I needed to ensure my plan would work, “Constance, it is done.”  She looked slightly disappointed but rolled out of my lap.  I did let her get far and rolled onto her prone body to continue making eye contact.  “I think you should call Vestra and have her come back.”

“Why? Can you enhance her further?”  The exhausted elf woman asked with anticipation in her eyes as our naked bodies pressed together.

“No, I only have one chance in the process.  I just wanted to talk to her before you took her back to conquer your city,” I said calmly.

“I do not think I am going back.  It is too dangerous.  Now that I am tier two, I can build a foundation in Brazil and control multiple transit access points.” She bit him lip in thought, “You should come to Brazil and build my Empire with me!”  She grabbed my ass and squeezed for emphasis.

“That would be a violation of our agreement, Constance.  You are to go and remove your brother and take back your city in the upper transit,” I said, starting to get angry.  I knew she was under my charm effect, but it appeared she still had an idea of self-preservation.

“Even with a stronger core, there is a good chance my brother will kill me before I kill him.  You do not want me to die, do you?”  She said, squirming provocatively underneath me.

“I want you to call Vestra and get her here.  After the call, we can take a shower together.” I rolled off of her, slapping her butt, and kicked the pendant under the headboard so she would not see it.  I stood naked and waiting with a fake smile.

Constance sighed, “Fine!”  She did a summersault off the bed, walked to her pants on the floor to get her phone, and called Vestra, “I need you back at the hotel.  Bring Alhearn and Luca to stand guard outside the room.”  She tossed the phone on the bed.  “Are you happy?  You said something about a shower?”

She came and dragged me into the bathroom.  There was a whirlpool tub and a walk-in shower.  She looked like she could not decide, so I entered the shower.  With the water running and Constance cleaning me, I asked about her life growing up an Alaire.

I learned she was a fifth child of the ruling branch of the Alaire family.  It was a cutthroat environment growing up.  She was almost ninety and had survived her siblings.  There had been nine of them at one point, four had died to enemies or siblings…or both.  When I asked pointedly if she had participated in any of those deaths, she admitted her eldest sister had been killed indirectly by her actions.

She had wanted her father to appoint her as an advisor in one of the largest city’s the Alaries controlled.  Instead, her machinations made her elder sister look incompetent, and her father sent her to a dangerous city.  She was killed three years later when the city fell because it lacked a keystone.

“Keystone?  What is that?”  I asked while she focused her attention on cleaning my resting phallus, probably trying to bring it back to life.

“Keystones are upper tier two artifacts only the artificer council knows how to make.  It takes one upper-tier-two elf with Alaire blood to make or two with lower-tier-two blood.  I am not privy to the process, but I used a Keystone when controlling my city.  They are control stones.  You know everything that is happening within a mile of you.  Every action, every word, and every truth.  The Keystone can also immobilize people in their range,”  she explained patiently and looked about to try her mouth on my unresponsive cock.

I gave her a little soft erection to play with before asking, “Can these keystones be moved?”

“To a new city?  Yes, I suppose.  They are usually cemented into the city’s ruler’s throne, so they are difficult to get out.

“Has a keystone ever been stolen before?”  I asked as she began to give oral and finger herself.  I was not surprised as it was going to take time to get the aphrodisiac stimulant lit lf her system.

“Each city has hundreds of guards whose duty is to protect the Keystone.  But yes, they have been stolen before.  The Alaires mobilize a Great Hunt to retrieve the stone and punish everyone who participated in stealing it.  It only happened once in my lifetime.  A human city tried to take the Keystone for a city on the Earth on the 22nd layer.  The Alaires mobilized two hundred thousand soldiers in a day to wipe the city with a mix of magic and technology.  Suffice to say they retrieved the Keystone and scared others away from trying the same thing.”  Constance stood with her back to me, pressing her ass suggestively into my groin.

I never thought it would be work to have sex with an attractive woman.  I entered her and slowly fucked her under the shower while starting to program her.  “Constance, I know you can be a better person.  You can treat people better and rule justly.”

She pressed her hips back in rhythm with me, “You can not show weakness. If the people do not rise up, then another Alaire will take your place.”

“Could you rule a city without an Alaire Keystone and do it justly?”  I asked as she increased her tempo, getting ready to reach completion again.  She focused on her pleasure before answering.  The orgasm was slightly stronger than the ones in the bedroom.  Finished, Constance knelt on the shower floor under the water.

“No. No one could. There will always be those trying to take what is yours.” She stood and washed herself before grabbing a towel. She walked naked into the bedroom, went to the door, and opened it. I was wearing a towel, and Vestra walked in. I could see the other two elf bodyguards outside as the door shut.

Constance began to gather her clothes. I made eye contact with Vestra to get her under my influence, “Vestra, we are friends, correct?” Thankfully, I felt my charm take hold of her.

Vestra was in clean clothes and had taken a shower, as her hair was still damp. “Yes, Mister Silverhorn. I consider us friends.” This could have gotten awkward if Vestra also had resistance to my charm.

“Excellent! I think we all need to sit down on the sofas and have a nice conversation before you leave. I want to make sure we depart on good terms.” Constance, half-dressed, moved mechanically to the sofas.

I only had a towel wrapped around my waist but wanted to get this over with, “First, ladies, we are friends. If you need something from me, you can always ask. Second, about what happened here this evening….”

The story that I implanted was we did have sex, but their core enhancement was from a unique potion they purchased from a mysterious vendor. The vendor was from the planet Mercanious and was an orc. I worked to erase my trail as best I could but kept stumbling and changing the story. If this had only been one person, it would have been easier. Thankfully, neither of them had told anyone what they were doing.

It took almost two hours before I felt comfortable with letting them leave. My goal was to create allies and aim them at my enemies. Do not think I did, either. When I got to the car, I climbed into the passenger seat, I turned to Kiri, “Ok, you were right, that was a complete clusterfuck.”

“So, can I just kill her now?” Kiri said enthusiastically.

“Not today. We will see how it plays out. I turned them off of Eilina for sure. I also learned a lot about the Alaire KeyStones. Eilina is a serious threat since she can control them, and also, she is an asset because she can help in the crafting of a new one,” I explained as Kiri started the drive home.

Kiri was still steaming, “So, did you raise their cores?”

“Yes,” I admitted. “Constance was raised from 0.72 to 1.30. She is now stronger than her brother, Bastion. Expect he has hundreds of soldiers and guards. The healing mage was a better success, going from 0.96 to 1.52.”

Kiri’s knuckles went white around the steering wheel. “Did you enhance them physically as well?” Her tone oozed displeasure.

“Just the mage with quickness. I hope it keeps her alive. I did not find her to be a malicious elf. Constance got nothing,” I said truthfully.

It was an hour before Kiri spoke, “Thank you. Even though I completely and utterly disagree with what you did, I know you were trying to help Eilina.”

We got to the cabin house late, and I was still not done. It was 2:21 AM on Monday morning. I let Kiri explain what happened while I got my delve gear on. A demon’s work was never done. I had Bedelia get the Raptor ready so we could try and solve the next problem—one Agatha Corleonis.