Chapter 107 Bedelia

Nashima walked close, and her feathers smelled like spring rain.  Could things even smell in my mind space?  She answered me, “Yes.  Scents are what you receive them to be in here.  But you can make roses smell like rotting meat, and rotting meat smell like roses.  You control through the power of your mind.  But this is what my feathers usually smell like.  I can control that much of myself.”

“I don’t think I am ever going to get used to someone reading my mind,” I grumbled.

“I will try not to be too intrusive.  But if you form your thoughts into a question, I am likely to answer,” Nashima replied with a smile.  We started walking down the steps, and I mentally changed them to white marble and increased the lighting.  Nashima smiled, “Now, about adding some more constructs to your mind space.”

“You have my complete attention,” I said, pausing on the stairs.

“The upper limit of constructs you should have is your core level times two, plus your core level.  For you, that is a total of twelve.  But you are closer to upper tier 3, so I suggest nine at most until the constructs grow some.  Yes, constructs do evolve and differentiate from your original intention, but they should never work to harm you,”  Nashima advised.

“Andromeda said they could take over, given enough time. I was advised eight was a target number.” I replied.

“True,” Nashima answered honestly.  “But that would require two things.  The first being they evolved past your original incarnation, which takes many years...maybe hundreds.  And second, you would have to give up control willingly.”  She let that sink in, “A goal of eight constructs is fine. I suggest strong defensive front liners for your fifth and sixth construct.  Warriors, something akin to your own nature, would be stronger when created.  A Cambion or Erinyes.”

My blank face told her I didn’t know what either of those creatures was.  She explained, “A Cambion is half-demon.  It would result in a Cambion if you and a child with a human or demi woman.  They are strong fighters.  The Erinyes are also extremely capable warriors.  They are feminine devils with unparalleled sword skills.” She hummed to herself, thinking, “Maybe something akin to a demonic Valkyrie.  They do not possess genetic memory, so you could create one here from a deceased bone.”  I thought my attempt at a couatl didn’t go perfectly.  Of course, Nashima read my mind.

“That is why you should stay away from all the draconic races.  We all have some genetic memory—except for the wyverns.”  She spat out wyvern with disgust.  “Wyverns are mindless beasts.  You could make one of them and give it an aspect of yourself.  Not a bad option, but I would prefer not seeing a wyvern every day.  But I suggest a minotaur or gargoyle if the Cambion and Erinyes are not your speed.  Both are hulking brutes and can form a defensive wall.”

“How does a defense work?”  I asked, trying to picture it.

“While you are fighting in the real world, the enemy can connect to and attack your mind space.  It won’t be this,” she indicated the walls and stairs, “but a large open plain.  The constructs from the attackers and defenders battle.  The winner takes all-either controlling the mind space, destroying it, and driving the person mad or even damaging their magic permanently.”

“Could we not just overwhelm an aboleth then, everyone attacking at once,”  I asked.

“No, each battlefield is separate unless you join minds with another.  But that is dangerous in itself.  Learn to defend your own mind.”  Nashima said a little harshly, almost scolding me.

Pandora came up the stairs, “Are we doing this or what?  I want to watch season two of Emily in Paris.”

We played war games for a while, and Nashima had me alter my training setup a few times.  Casper was the most frustrated because it was designed for human-sized bodies, not car-sized wolves.  I was frequently paired with Nashima, and we did well against the other three.  Nashima liked the aether weapons and said they would be very effective against other constructs.  I took the compliment well until Lilith and Pandora learned to set up effective crossfire.  When I left my mind space later, I felt good about the warriors guarding the gate of my mind.

Tuesday was a good practice, and we had fun.  Some of it was because the tension between me and James had lessened. I guess we had been fairly passive-aggressive at practice and during games.  Tuesday at school, the teacher for the history class I was taking the exam for on Friday stopped into the library.  He caught me scanning a book titled Intricies of Minimalizing Aether Investment for Lower Tier One Spellcraft.  He was agitated I was not studying the textbooks he had left for me, so much so that he tried to trick me into taking the Friday exam immediately.

I agreed, and he watched me like a hawk the entire time, thinking I would cheat.  I was bouncing back and forth into my mind space for answers.  I appreciated that Lilith was helping me get them quicker rather than forcing me to go through the books myself.  Casper just lay at Lilith’s feet. Pandora and Nashima were watching something on the TV while I worked with Lilith.  I preferred not to know what it was.

I watched as he graded the seven-page test in front of me.  He got more and more frantic, looking for a mistake.  He had fifty multiple-choice questions, with a good ten of them being trick questions.  I scored perfectly on the multiple choice.  The ten short answer were next, and he finally found something to mark off.  Then the final long essay question.  I wrote two pages on contrasting the industrial revolution with the digital revolution.  It was subjective, really, so he could take points off.  Instead, he read it four times and looked up.  He said it was incredibly insightful and would like to submit it for publication in a magazine if it was not plagiarized. I was fine with that. He numbly said I passed and left me in the library. Did I need to stay? I mean, technically, I was done for the week, right?

The librarian was Ms. Cooke.  I asked her, and she went and confirmed I had passed my test for the week and then talked to Ms. Henderson.  Ms. Henderson confirmed I was free to leave but wanted me to stay at least till lunch the rest of the week.  She was at a loss for what to do with me.

I went to lunch and told everyone I was going home.  Everyone wanted to join me, but I told them to finish school.  Jade and Anya were still not here, but Jade said things were progressing.  She expected to take the overnight flight tonight and would see me tomorrow.

I checked into the office to let Ms. Henderson know I was leaving.  She stopped me and asked me if I wanted to tutor anyone who needed extra help.  She was trying to find me something to do to keep me in school. At this rate, I would be wandering around town all day. I told her any math class was fine and I would tutor their first period. She agreed and said they would meet me in the library tomorrow.

I drove across town to the dojo. Nautilus, the bearkin, was cleaning up. “Welcome back, Caleb! Are you here for a friendly?”

“Yeah, I was hoping to get some practice in. I brought my Gi.” I had been hoping Armon, the wolfkin, would have been here as well. After I changed, we began to practice. I was going half-speed because I was here to learn technique and not just overpower Nautilus with superior speed and strength. After three hours, he was sweating and exhausted. I rested against the wall with him, but I had barely worked up a sweat.

“You have gotten better, Caleb. And you are a quick learner. I would ask you to be one of my students, but I do not think it would take more than a week for you to surpass me,” he admitted.

“I enjoy the practice, and you are a good teacher. Where is Armon?” I asked, hoping he could call him in.

“I think he is working for his alpha. They are assembling a pack for something,” Nautilus said after a moment.

“Nothing to do with the new Pride Leader for the catkin?” I inquired.

 “No, nothing like that. I think they are training for a transit run. A transit is a mystical world accessed through waypoints, Caleb. There are cities of elves, humans, and demis there. Trading with them is quite profitable. It is just very difficult to gain entry,” Nautilus explained.

When I went to the regional meeting with Jade, I remembered she had promised the wolfkin leader that I could open a portal to a transit. Was this the result of this? “I am familiar with the transits. Thank you for the exercise, instruction, and patience.” I stood and bowed.

I changed and was back in my car, driving and calling Jade. She picked up after two rings, “Caleb, everything is fine. We are heading to the airport now. Thank you for checking in.”

She preempted my question. “What was the resolution, Jade?”

“An alliance of sorts. Anya will date his son, but marriage is not a foregone conclusion,” she said. I clicked my tongue in surprise. “He was very persuasive. He has his fingers in numerous production studios out here and promised Anya a chance to act,” Jade sounded snide.

“He didn’t offer you the same?” I asked couley.

“He did, but I don’t have time to play in the fake world. Maybe Anya will enjoy it. Anyway, she is not heading back to California until the summer anyway,” she said, sounding tired. “The alliance with California is just a mutual defense pact. It will piss Agatha off something fierce when she hears,” she laughed.

I asked the question I had, “Are the wolfkin planning to do a transit delve? I heard from a friend that they are preparing something.”

A long pause, then, “I do not think so. Give me a few minutes. I will make some calls and get back to you.”

I reached the cabin house twenty minutes later, and still no return call. Everyone was already here working with Lezerath. I waved to everyone and went to my room to wait for the call. Almost an hour later, Jade called, “I found out the details. There is a delve coming. Eight wolfkin are going to the transit city Atheling. It is a beastkin city. They are going to equip their team for the battle with the aboleth.”

Damn, everything was connected. I asked, “Did they ask you for help in opening the portal to the transit?”

“No, they didn’t. I do not know where it needs to be opened either. They are probably paying a dungeon academy to do the honor or a powerful vampyre,” she said.

I rolled the idea in my head, “Offer my services if the location isn’t too far. I want to help if it is for preparation for the aboleth.”

“If you are sure, I will ask,” Jade confirmed and hung up.

I went downstairs and joined the training. Lezerath talked to me for a while about my new mind-space resident. We then got to talking about adding more constructs. She was leading the conversation somewhere and finally handed me a box.

I opened the box, and inside there was a small vial of azure-tinged water. I removed it and asked, “Is it a potion?”

Lezerath smiled, “No. It is extremely valuable. It is the essence of a greater water elemental. Rincewind gave it to me to give to you. He has had it for a while, and when he heard of your—challenges with the couatl, he thought of it.”

“I was told not to use cores of beings to make my constructs,” I said uncertainly.

“It is just the essence, not the core. Rincewind subdued the elemental himself if you believe him. I did the research for you. Elementals are primal, even the greater versions. Imbue it was an aspect of yourself. I suggest some type of protective aspect. This construct has many immunities and will be a stalwart defensively for your mind space. With the couatl and water elemental, you sound to be completely safe from the aboleth invading your mind with mental and physical methods,” she had her teacher voice going. I trusted Rincewind—mostly. Lezerath as well.

“Ok, thank you. I will assimilate it now,” I said, holding it up and bringing the vial into my mind space. I would talk with Nashima before actually creating the construct, though.

We finished training around 9 pm. Mary and Abigail had arrived for the last two hours. When everyone left, I learned Vida and Abigail had moved their things in already over the garage as Abigail was preparing lunches for tomorrow in the kitchen. Bedelia was on my schedule for a session, so I went upstairs with her to her room.

Bedelia smiled as she undressed, “Caleb, do you want to try anything different tonight?” Before I knew it, she was completely naked. She was smiling brightly, completely exposed. Her nipples were hard in anticipation, and her dark brown hair was now curly and cascaded around her shoulders. I knew the best thing to do was offer compliments.

“You look amazing,” I walked to her and stroked her hair, “Your hair looks cute this way. I like it.” My hand fell to her waist, and I pulled her to me. I leaned down and kissed her softly, and she slowly returned my kiss. It was drawn out as she wrapped her arms around my neck and started to invest more effort.

My hands wandered up and down her back in soft caresses. I added my vortex and was almost tempted to add some saliva, but we had agreed to take her core development slowly to maximize her gains. She pulled on my neck, guiding me to the bed. She had planned to be on top, but I spun her at the last second, so she landed first. She let out an oomph as my body weight pressed her down, and I did not stop kissing her, getting deeper with my tongue and stealing her breath, forcing her to breathe through her nose.

I suddenly broke the kiss, leaving her panting, and moved down her body to her small mounds. I spent time on each nipple, treating it like a hard candy. She was starting to moan louder and louder, and her hand pressed between our bodies to finger herself to an orgasm. When she came, her nipples tasted strongly of cherry cola—the taste my incubus body associated with her.

She was panting, trying to catch her breath as her bliss subsided, but I didn’t let it. I moved down to the lower lips and sought to taste her and keep the engorged lips happy. She screamed, “Fuck!” when I brought her to another release. Since this was our typical pattern, two orgasms and they stopping, she relaxed her entire body, thinking we were done.

I pushed and stood away from the bed while the naked Bedelia lay sprawled and stared up at me longingly. I slowly unbuttoned my shirt, and her eyes went wide in excitement. She rasped, “Is it happening!”

I didn’t respond and slowly stripped while she sat up, watched, and rubbed herself between her legs. When I dropped my pants, I was fully erect and looking at her. Her eyes bounced from my shaft to my eyes, questioning our next step. I walked and crawled onto the bed. She eagerly opened her legs for me, but instead, I hovered over her, kissed her forehead, and lay next to her, my pole at full attention.

“Bedelia, you have been loyal. And I count you a friend. You can do whatever you want to me for the next thirty minutes,” I said, looking at her.

“Figures you would make me do all the work,” she joked in a kind of sexy way as she positioned herself between my knees. Her hands looked small as she explored my shaft. She pulled it to her, creating tension and then releasing it. It snapped back and made a solid sound as it hit my abs. She repeated this a few times, pulling harder and harder.

“Do you always play with your food like this?” I asked, amused. I grabbed a pillow and put it under my head so it was easier to watch her.

“You are not going to tell me I have to put this monstrosity in my mouth, are you?” she giggled. “I was imagining putting it somewhere else.” She repeated her action teasingly.

I locked my fingers under my head and relaxed. All I said was, “Twenty-five minutes left.”

Her eyes looked shocked, and she lowered her head quickly to my glans and ran her tongue around it. “That feels good,” I said, encouraging her. Bedelia was small, but her mouth easily took me. She worked the top few inches before moving her entire body over me. Her heat and wetness pressed into my bellybutton region as she tried to push back into my phallic tip.

I let her play as she tried to get it in. It kept slipping past her folds. She got a thought and spun around to the reverse cowgirl position so she could see better. She finally got it lined up and the tip inside. She squeaked at the pressure and reveled in my tips, the pleasure of her virgin hole’s silky sweetness and heat.

Normally I would add some incubus saliva to aid her first time, but we were working on her core. The fit was tight, was expected, and she just stopped at two inches. I couldn’t see her face, so I did not know what she was thinking. I felt a rippling effect—she was playing with her clit aggressively, shaking the bed. On impulse, I released my recall seed into her. If this was as deep as she could get, then this would be my only chance to gift her this enhancement.

My cock swelled slightly, and my balls contracted as I spewed into her. Bedelia seemed oblivious as she wrangled herself into a third orgasm a few seconds later. Her body trembled, and she yelped slightly as she slid down another inch.

I held her hips so she did not go any deeper as she finished the orgasm and then fell backward onto my chest. The motion released me from her, and I wrapped my arms around Bedelia and held her. Her entire body was hot, and my body heat made her sweat and slide for the next few minutes. She turned over and used the sweat to slide her hips back. She grinned as she tried to find my cock with her opening, but I had already gone limp.

She looked at me confused as her hand grasped me and tried to jerk me. I smiled, “Your thirty minutes are over. But I will hold you for an hour.” She gave up trying to get me excited and just hugged me.

An hour later, I left a sleeping Bedelia. The hallway had the familiar scent of Vida. She must have listened to the session. I was surprised that Abigail had not stopped her. I showered in my room, and Artica entered the shower with me. I was happy to get some additional life essence. Artica was not gentle with me either. She said she still owed me for increasing Frost’s strength and not telling her. I let her win the soapy coupling.

After my shower, I dressed and left, and Abigail caught me to confirm we would be running tomorrow morning. We did not have any game on Wednesday, so we planned on a five am run with extracurriculars.

I got home after 11 pm and didn’t wake my parents. In my room, I crashed on my bed and went into my mind space to talk with Nashima.