Chapter 47 Full House

Kiri looked expectantly at me for an answer,  “I am not angry.  But I do want to know what you did to me.”

I wanted to reveal as little as possible.  I looked her in the eye and finally spoke, “I have an ability….it allows me to force aether into someone’s aether core, expanding it by overstuffing it.  It can usually expand a core up one rank.”  Kiri’s eyes widened.

“A full rank?” She asked the air, her eyes no longer focused on me.  She was thinking hard, “That much.  I guess that makes sense.  My silent movement ability was easier to use, and I barely felt and any aether drain using it.”  I waited for her, and she finally asked me a question, “Can you expand my core further?”

“No, it usually only works one time.  I am trying to expand Abigail’s slower, just a little each time we....well, I hope to get it up more than one rank,” I responded with some trepidation.

Kiri seemed to think, and then her eyes cleared.  “So what are you going to do with her?”  She indicated the orc in the backseat.  I turned and looked at the teenage orc.  She was in my thrall and didn’t seem dangerous, especially in the guise of a human.

“I don’t know.  I guess I need to break down the communication barrier first.  I will probably ask Iris to get me something to talk with her at the Bazaar,” I said, looking at my most recent miscalculation.

Kiri spoke, “I only know a little orcish, but if you have a question or two, I can ask her. She isn’t an ice orc since her skin isn’t white. I am guessing her clan merged with the ice orcs.”

“Ask her what her name is,” I said.  I knew this was probably a mistake, as the more I humanized the orc, the harder it would be to get rid of her.  Kiri started talking to the orc, and the language was not gluteal like you expected from all the movies.  It flowed and sounded like French.  When the orc spoke, she had a slight lisp which was probably the result of her tusks hidden by the illusion.

Finally, Kiri turned to me, “She was never given a formal name.  She failed to earn one in combat.  The other shaman in the cave we killed called her Tsurani which means ‘useless’ in orcish.  She was assisting the other shaman but was never trained. I was also right. Her clan did merge with the ice orcs. They are driving out all the undesirable children to other planets according to her.”

Well, that weak ice spoke she cast at me was definitely real.  I looked at the orc before saying, “Tell her she will be known as Vida from now on,” I told Kiri to relay to the orc.  I was falling back on my Latin lessons again.  Vida meant life, and I had granted the orc her life.  I just hoped I hadn’t made a mistake.

Kiri kept an eye on the orc during the drive and tried to convince me of the benefits of knowing Bedelia.  I finally relented and let her put the mage’s phone number in my phone.  My reluctance was just my worry about being found out that I was an incubus.  I actually doubted I would ever run into Bedelia again since she was going to school in France.  We pulled into the driveway of Iris’ house, and I took a deep breath.  How would I explain this and convince Iris to take on another border?

I entered the house, and Abigail rushed from the living room and hugged me, “I’m so happy you are ok.  Did you not get a chance to fight the orcs?  You were not gone too long.”  Iris walked into the foyer as well.  “Who is that?” Abigail asked, and I turned to see Vida walking through the front door with Kiri behind her.

“Oh, that is Vida, she is a...a new addition to our merry little crew.  Is it ok if she stays here?”  I asked Iris who was studying the new girl.

Iris asked, “How old is she?  What about her parents?  Caleb, did you abduct her? Why is she wearing my clothes?”

Ok, this was not going well. “No one is looking for her. The thing is, she is an orc.  A lessor shaman, a shaman’s apprentice, I think.” Iris’ jaw dropped, and Abigail looked confused.  I mentioned for Vida to take the necklace off.  She did, and the orc girl stood before us.  Abigail gasped, and Iris pursed her lips.

“So, who thought this would be a good idea?” Iris grated her teeth together.

“She is under the influence of my charm spell,” I started.  “All the invaders in the group we attacked were young female orcs.  When it was my time to take this one down, I couldn’t do it.  I couldn’t kill a living sapient being. So ta-dah...” I indicated Vida.

Iris’ scowl softened at my explanation, “You can’t keep her.  She isn’t an abandoned puppy dog you found.” Abigail was still catching up, and Kiri patted me on the shoulder on her way to the kitchen.  “What do you expect me to do with her?” Iris demanded.

“Well, your house does have four bedrooms.  So one is available at least till Eilina arrives.  I guess we can try to socialize her.  Maybe teach her some magic,” I started to offer suggestions but Iris held up her hand and went downstairs and returned with the analyzer device and another similar device.

She aimed and used the analyzer device first, “0.44, she said.  Not even an upper tier 1.”  I didn’t voice that Vida had roughly the same potential as Iris.  The next device I hadn’t seen before but looked similar to the analyzer.  Iris used the device looked at it, and then at the reading, “She is 11 years old Caleb.  Eleven.” I looked at Vida.  She looked 15, maybe 16.  Then I remembered orcs aged quickly.

It was Abigail who spoke, “I always wanted a younger sister!” She moved in and hugged Vida. I think her action was partly to mellow the fight me and Iris were having.  Vida, for her part, just stood there and looked to me for direction.  I mentioned for her to return the hug, and she did. Abigail said, “See Iris, she is friendly.  We can raise her and teach her good values and how to be a good mage doing good.”  Iris threw her hands up and left in a huff.

I felt for her a little.  She had been living by herself, and now she had a cheerleader, a centuries-old elf, and now a teen orc living with her.  A half-hour later we were all sitting in the living room and sharing four pizzas.  Vida ate the entire meat lovers by herself.  “So we need a translation device for Vida until she learns English.  Kiri can translate for her until then.  I guess you must also take her shopping for clothes, as she is taller and thicker than both Abigail and Iris.” Vida was just under six feet and had a muscular body.

“Oh, I will do it!” Abigail volunteered. Iris rolled her eyes.  Abigail had been talking nonstop about being a big sister to Vida and teaching her how to fit in human society. Abigail was the only one was constantly showing excitement at the prospect of living with an orc.

“Iris or Kiri should go with you, Abs.  Iris is going to the Bazaar tomorrow for the ring of comprehension that will allow Vida to speak and understand English.  She is also going to get her papers for living in the United States.” I went over the plan.

“Why can’t we just ship her off to the orc villages in China,” Iris asked for the twentieth time.

“No!” Abigail hugged Vida again protectively.

“For my part I will keep updating the charm on her, so she doesn’t go rogue and murder you all in your sleep. Ok, that was a bad joke.  Ok, team, I am headed home.  Hold down the fort.”  I got up and left.

I pulled into the driveway, and my parents immediately came and checked on me. I told them I passed both my exams and I was well on my way to being a senior next year. They were happy, and we talked briefly about the family vacation to Amsterdam. We were leaving the day after Christmas, and the hotel was booked, and the plane tickets were purchased. My passport was still valid, but the picture was out of date, I looked 14. Maybe Iris could get me a new one quickly. No, I shouldn’t use the Magus Arcanum for this. It might draw attention to me.

I went to my room, showered, and crashed on my bed. In the buff, I reviewed my messages. Hockey practice was on for tomorrow morning. Mary was excited to go dress shopping tomorrow. Damn it, I forgot about that one. And I had to take Rose too. They also wanted to talk about me training them for rowing. All the other messages were quick answers, Rob, Paige, Molly, Maya, Hailey and Lena.

Lena’s was cute. She was wondering if I had time to come over and review the exam sometime next week. She had already graded it so I knew she just wanted more sex. She wasn’t a great harvest so I didn’t want to waste my time but it felt rude not responding. My message said for her to check in next week as I was busy with finals at my high school. Hopefully, reminding her I was in high school would dampen her desires.

My social life caught up, I spent time studying Latin and doing aether core exercises in my mind space. Still not much progress with the aether shaping. I could draw it out easily enough just forcing it into shapes was causing me a headache. It was only 1 am when I finished so I worked on my online courses till I needed to leave for hockey practice. I finished the macroeconomics modules, and I was ready for the exam. I sent an email off to set it up with the overseeing professor.

I quietly hurried out of the house and stopped at Dunkin for a coffee. Hockey practice lacked focus after so many days off, and coach Sam kept trying to implement new offensive setups. Our next game was against Haverford. They were not very good either, so the motivation wasn’t there. I left to shower at home after practice was held late by our frustrated coach. I texted Rob to get the car warmed up when he got to my house as I was running late.

In the shower, I began to wonder if I should continue playing hockey. I could easily use it to get a scholarship to college, but I could also just make money in the transit to pay for college. Did I really even need to go to college? I mean, I was already enrolled in the school of hard knocks.

I joined Rob and Sophia in my car and thought of something else. My Armani suit wouldn’t fit my teenage body. Shit. My advanced body that had been fitted for the suit was for larger shoulders, torso, and legs. Should I get a tux for all the dances, then? This problem felt so small when I considered I was holding the life of the orc girl in my hands. Maybe I would have a chance when dress shopping with Rose and Mary to get a cheap tux.

School seemed to drag just like hockey practice. Mary was texting me all day about the shopping trip, and at lunch, I told Iris that I would stop by much later tonight because I was being dragged into the city. She seemed slightly jealous, and I realized Iris didn’t have a date for the junior dance. Would she even want to go? Unfortunately, Rob was going with Yuki.

Instead of going to study hall, I picked up my suit at the dry cleaners and got back before the final bell rang. Mary got into the front seat and Rose into the back. I hadn’t talked to Rose in years, and it felt weird with two of the most popular juniors in my car. Iris put the address into the GPS, and we were off. The conversation quickly moved to me training both of them. They wanted to get stronger, and since it looked like I lifted weights, they wanted me to teach them. They only did bodyweight exercises for rowing.

Mary had a personal trainer her parents hired last summer, and she made huge gains. So the girls wanted me to train them through March 3rd, when they resumed rowing practice for the spring. When I asked where they offered to pay for my Planet Fitness membership, we would work out there. I countered their idea. I told them I had a gym in my basement and we could work out there on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. I couldn’t do Wednesdays because we had games. They discussed it and agreed. They would drive to my place in Mary’s car after school on those days. I told them I was going away with my parents after Christmas so I wasn’t available that week.

Apparently, it was decided this was going to start tomorrow. We hadn’t agreed on any compensation, but I was hoping to be compensated in life essence. Thankfully we pulled into a massive mall and went inside. I followed the two overly excited women into a massive dress shop, “Now Caleb we need your help to select the dresses. Be honest and don’t hold back. We want to look both sexy and conservative at the same time.”

How did I agree to this? Sexy and conservative were at the two opposite ends of the spectrum. I had a feeling this was going to take a while.

Two hours later they were on their eighth dress each and I had been given a water bottle by one of the sales clerks. She was in her late forties but if I could end this torture but screwing her I would. “Caleb,” Mary called from inside the changing room, “can you come in her and give us your opinion of this set?”

I stood and walked into the single person dressing room they had shared for the last two hours. Mary was wearing a red satin dress that was too shear. It would show her underclothes. Rose had a black gown with frills on the sleeves and hem. Mary said, “Rose likes that dress. Can you dance with her for a second to see how easy it is to move in?” I walked to Rose.

“The only dance steps I know are the foxtrot,” I said. It was a very simple dance that I learned at a wedding from my cousin. I still kinda of remembered.

Mary jumped up, “You know how to dance?” Her voice was eager.

I then proceeded to do some short dances with both women. They were smiling the entire time and Rose definitely let her hand slide to my ass and squeezed. Rose was certain she wanted the black dress so we just needed to find a dress for Mary. I was confused again why I was here. Rose never asked my opinion of the black dress she just decided that was the one she wanted.

Mary pulled three dresses from the racks and went in the dressing room without Rose. A few minutes later, “Caleb come look at this one,” Mary said as Rose took my seat. It was a thicker blue dress that was strapless and showed her shoulders.

“I really like this one. Your bare shoulders look amazing,” I said, sounding genuine in my compliment. Mary moved in close.

“Rose will stay on the lookout,” then she moved and locked the door, and dropped to her knees. My pants were quickly at my ankles, and I willed my cock hard. I locked in my vortex and just hoped one of the attendents didn’t barge in….Rose would warn us, though.

“Are you sure you want to do this here?” I whispered to her. She was already stroking me and getting the head of my penis coated in her saliva as she worked her lips and tongue on my sensitive glans. Mary didn’t respond and just continued to work my rod.

I could hear her moaning in pleasure as she sucked my head. My sensitive nose could smell her arousal too. I still had my faculties unlike Mary who seemed possessed as her tempo and vigor increased. My shaft started to go deeper and deeper into her mouth and was stopped by her throat. I reached down and unzipped the back of her dress as she was lost in her work. I didn’t want to come all over a very expensive dress and end up paying for it. The dress fell to reveal her naked chest. She looked up to me with happy eyes. I bent over slightly to play with her nipples and slid the dress past her hips to the floor. She had on cute light blue lace panties.

She stopped briefly to take the dress completely off and hang it on the wall. Then she returned to giving me a blow job in the dressing room. She seemed reluctant to take my length down her throat, just working the first six inches and bobbing my head against her throat. One of her free hands was stroking the other six inches from my base.

She was beyond turned on. Our first encounter had been in a park parking lot. Now we were in a dressing room with people walking by. Mary had a fetish for public places, I surmised. And Rose was an enabler. I was fine with it, but I wanted to get my saliva involved to get more life essence and maybe get some penetration. I pulled her off her knees to my lips, my wet cock pressing into her belly. Mary rasped as I kissed her, “No, I don’t want to have sex. I just want to give you oral.” Her eyes pleaded with me. She added, “Maybe on prom night we can do anal, but I am saving myself for when I am married.” I was a little stunned but nodded. I think my vortex worked well as long as my partner achieved an orgasm.

Mary dropped back down and returned to trying to get me to come. I wet my fingers with my saliva and played with her nipples. I needed to get her to orgasm and incorporate my enhancing saliva. It worked too well as she convulsed on her knees and squeezed her legs together. I had used the tier 2 version of my saliva. Oops. Mary writhed on her knees, and she attempted to control her body erupting. It took almost a minute before she got back on her knees breathing heavy, and attacked my cock again.

We could clearly hear someone outside the door talking to Rose and instead of stopping Mary grabbed my ass cheeks with both hands for leverage and plunged her mouth on my cock. Every time she backed off a light popping sound was made. I listened to the conversation outside as Mary pleasured me.

Rose was talking to a young girl she seemed to know from school….no, not school rowing. They were talking about racing this spring against each other. Apparently, they attended the same rowing camp last summer. The conversation being so close got Mary excited and I reached down to massage her breasts and gently squeezed her nipples. This orgasm didn’t have my saliva as fuel so was much less intense. She really was a closet exhibitionist.

I heard the voice of the woman who had given me the water earlier asking a question of Rose. I didn’t want to get in trouble, so I guessed I should end this. I held the back of Mary’s head and tried to release myself slowly enough that she could easily swallow everything. She understood what was happening, and she quickly swallowed my seed with each spurt. I really needed to be able to control my ejaculations better. If I had come in here without a receptacle, then it would have been a nightmare to clean up, and the smell would have lingered.

With a final twitch, I was done, and Mary was suckling on my cock with a smile while looking up at me with her blue eyes. A little cum dripped from the side of her mouth, but her tongue chased it down before it dripped down further.

A knock at the door, and the older woman asked how we were doing inside. I thought Rose was our lookout. Strangely, Mary didn’t move from her knees and just cleaned my cock so I was forced to answer, “Just fine. We have one more dress for her to try on and then I think she will make her decision.” The woman remained outside for a second before I heard her footsteps leaving.

Mary finally stood and came up to kiss me. I returned the kiss and whispered, “You really like doing this in public places.” She didn’t shy away from the comment.

“Yes, the park was the best sexual experience I ever had, and I think it was due to the danger of getting caught. Rose helped me figure it out. She was supposed to watch the door from in here but chickened out.” So much for the good little church girl mystique surrounding Mary. “I will take the blue dress it has memories.” She took the dress she had been wearing off the wall after she dressed and went to pay for it.

The wetness of her panties showed through her jeans, but I think she was aware and was daring anyone to stare. Had I corrupted this once pristine girl’s image in two sessions? Was what I was doing wrong? It definitely didn’t feel wrong. How was pleasure wrong? The junior dance was the Saturday and this weekend. I would have to decide how far to take it with Mary then.

The ride home was a lively conversation about how we almost got caught. Rose had left her post to help her rowing friend look at dresses on the racks. I guessed Rose did this intentionally as I could smell some lust from her as well. She had been excited listening to my blow job. I did a quick check and found I only pulled six life essence. Still better than a dying orc, but not worth wasting an entire afternoon.

We stopped at Wendy’s on the way home for dinner. It was almost a two-hour drive, so Rose was hungry. Mary said she wasn’t feeling too hungry, and I knew why. I dropped them off in the school parking lot at Mary’s car and drove to Iris’ house. Hopefully, Vida was settling in.