Chapter 151

Bedelia was out of her clothes quickly. Her orc body was lean, and her public region was hairy. “Do you like?” She teased, swaying her more voluminous hips.

“It is not unattractive but…different.” I moved into her and ran my hand over her chest. Her body was slow to respond, so I sucked on her nipple, getting it stiff, and set my vortex away from her core to just collect aether. I activated my muted lust aura, and her body was instantly stimulated, and she let out a moan of pleasure as I sucked on her neck. Her body started to emit more heat as she became further aroused. I pressed her onto the bed, on top of the blankets we spread.

Underneath me, she rasped, “It feels so different when it is a morphed form. Bite my nipple, and I want to see how the pain is different.” Bedelia asked through heavy breaths.

I bite down hard using my orc jaws, and she squealed in pain. I trapped her body to mine with my left hand, and my left hand snaked down to her hairy bush. I explored the jungle to find her folds already moist. She grunted as I penetrated her with a finger. In reprisal, she moved and attacked my orc nipple and bit it in retaliation. The pain actually just turned me on.

I removed the rest of my clothes. My massive orc body felt awkward as we continued to engage in aggressive foreplay. My index finger worked inside her while my thumb teased her clitoris. She was panting now, ready for a release. My hand started to vibrate on her groin, causing Bedelia to scream in a burst of orgasmic release.

I didn’t stop, and her entire body squirmed in ecstasy as my hand worked her faster and faster. Being superhuman had some advantages. Her hands tried to pry her arm away, but she was not strong enough. Her body convulsed over and over as she could not stop me from stimulating her with my hand. Her screams got louder and louder as she begged me to stop, and I didn’t. When her body finally exhausted itself, unable to respond, I stopped. I checked her core and ended the vortex.

Since I had not used saliva, the core growth was still incremental, but maybe I had pushed her chain of orgasms too far as she lay there exhausted and trying to get air. I should have stuck with the standard two we had been doing, but it was actually fun watching her orc body helpless beneath me as I forced her to come over and over. I was not sure if that was me or me embracing the male orc body I was masquerading in.

Bedelia rolled away, catching her breath. She had been close to passing out. After a moment, she moved to me and grabbed my pale orc cock, which was semi-hard. “No need, Bedelia. Your session is over. I will take out my aching balls on Aurora. Nice job with the screams. I am sure anyone listening would think I was destroying your womanhood.”

Bedelia pouted, “That is not fair, Caleb. I wanted to see how this,” she jerked hard on my shaft, trying to get me to respond, “Would feel pounding into me.”

“You keep talking like that, and I would think you are a nympho like Artica,” I said with an orcish grin.

“Just because I like feeling pleasure does not make me a nympho.” She released my member and started dressing. She had left a sizable wet spot on the bed, so I found more blankets to add to the bed before working with Aurora. Bedelia gave one more sardonic remark before leaving, “I think it is prettier than your human cock.”

She was gone, and I moved to a mirror to see if she was joking. It was much whiter than my human cock and had a slight C curve up. The mushroom head was also smaller, but the shaft was slightly thicker. How does a woman even judge a penis? Was I now getting self-conscious about my phallic appearance? Aruroa walked in while I was checking out my erect penis.

I asked her, “How does my orc cock look to you?”

She was speechless and seemed to consider before walking closer and inspecting it. She took it in her hand, stroked it a few times, and then squeezed it twice. She then tried to bend it. It was extremely stiff. She said her evaluation, “It is harder than your human form and designed more for taking a woman from behind by the upward curve.” She sounded very clinical in her appraisal.

I looked down, and yes, the natural curve of the pale phallus would target a woman’s g-spot better. “How are you an expert on penises?”

“The internet,” was Aurora’s curt reply. Her aetheric chains were wrapping around my ankles and wrists. She smiled ruefully, “If you can break my chains tonight, then you can do whatever you want to me. If you can not break them, then you are mine to do with what I please.”

I let her chains form and double up. I asked, “Is that why you wanted a turn? To see if your chains could hold me?” She smirked but did not respond. Her chains dragged me to the bed, and I did not resist, letting her position me spread eagle like she had on our first encounter.

I tested the restraints and was unable to snap them with ease. My massive orc bulk strained, muscles and veins bulged, and the aetheric chains started to stretch. Aurora looked angry and added more layers of chains to her restraints on me. I relaxed, my chest heaving from minutes of effort. Aurora had watched, intrigued, while I struggled, slowly moving her clothes and reverting to her natural human body.

“Guess you win I said,” I had really tried but was trying to sound like I was just enjoying the game and could free myself at any time. The truth was her more powerful aetheric chains had me subdued. If I struggled, I might be able to drain her aether, but I was caught.

On the inside, I was resentful because I had recently lost the archangel Kushiel, and now another person had bested me. It had taken her time to form the aetheric chains, and if I had not let her layer them, I would have been able to break them, but for now, I was trapped.

Aurora stood over me naked and looked at my orc body. “Do you want me to transform back to human?” I asked her.

“No, I actually like this. It will be like conquering a beast. Forcing them to pleasure me,” She said a little too coldly. “I think I would request your aphrodisiac saliva.” Before I could acknowledge her, she swung her hips over my head and sat on my face. She squirmed a little to get her labia over my mouth.

I responded by probing with my tongue while keeping tension on the restraints with my arms. Her hips began to gyrate, and I added the saliva and a vortex to her aether core. I actually felt some resistance to the vortex being added. She had been aware of it like Abigail was, but Aurora had pushed back—unsuccessfully, but she had tried.

My tusks made giving her oral stimulation awkward, but the saliva had the expected effect as Auruara quickly became aroused and slick. She rode my face and started moaning. Suddenly I felt her mouth around my cock. It spurred me to dig as deep as I could into her folds with my long orc tongue. She gushed her first orgasm but did not stop bobbing on my shaft with her mouth.

We spent minutes like this as she came again. My shaft was thoroughly coated in her saliva, and she moved forward to impale her eager body on the pale orc shaft. All I could see was Aurora’s muscular back and ass as she rose and fell over and over again. The thick white veined penis disappeared into her repeatedly as she worked the aphrodisiac out of her system.

The angle of the phallus did seem extremely pleasing to Aurora as her moans of pleasure turned into screams as she climaxed again. Her body was glistening in sweat as she took a moment to bask in the orgasm. I thought she was done, but instead, she turned to me, her light blue eyes slightly foggy. “Give me the elixir, Caleb. You promised me one.”

“You have not worked hard enough for it,” I smirked. She smirked back. She built her tempo again, and I focused on creating the simple dexterity elixir. I enjoyed watching her muscles flex as she bounced. The orc penis seemed less sensitive than its human counterpart. I could not feel her squeezing me ever descent, and the glans on the head gave less stimulating and pleasurable feedback. If this was how all orcs were, then I felt sorry for them.

Aurora screamed as loud as she could, and I released into her, giving her what she wanted. The less voluminous elixir was absorbed while she rested impaled. With my release, my vortex had ended. She waited and then dismounted. She stumbled slightly, but then she dressed. “Are you going to release me?”

She ignored my question as she dressed. When she finished, she faced me, “You need to free yourself.” I narrowed my eyes at her and, transformed into the thinner elf body and slipped easily out of the restraints before she could close them on the smaller elf wrists. With two hands, I snapped the leg restraints one at a time. She seemed a little bit angry that I had escaped so easily.

I smiled and said, “That was fun. You will have all your enhancements with one more time, and we will no longer need to do this.” She frowned slightly but went stony quickly. I returned to my orc body and dressed. I went to the common room.

“Were they loud enough, Vida?” I asked the disappointed orc girl, who narrowed her eyes at me.

“No, I could have been much louder,” she said testily. Iris smirked and laughed. She had been sitting right next to the bedroom door for both sessions.

“Huh, I wonder if there is something like the mile-high club for having sex on different planets? Maybe we can make up a punch card?” It was not my normal stupid thing to say after sex, but it was close. I took a seat in a chair, “I am going to spend ten minutes resting in my mind space. When I return, you all can get some rest.”

In the center room, I looked at the banner, 219 life essence. Lilith had left her ‘plan’ for me. I increased my abyssal endurance according to her plan. I would follow it as long as it made sense to my current circumstances. My session with Aurora and Bedelia gave me just over two hundred life essence, so I hoped this would continue.

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Abyssal Endurance | Lower | Tier 2 | 200 life essence | improved fitness |

|  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Abyssal Endurance | Upper | Tier 2 | 400 life essence | improved fitness |

This increased my life essence cap up to 360. I was getting closer to 400 and being able to move my abilities to lower tier three in strength. I slept for seven hours and returned. A jealous Aurora grumbled, “You got a full night’s rest? I need to develop a mind space.” The woman were scattered across the small domicile, and I sat and watched the door.

The night passed uneventfully, and we ate from our packs. Iris asked, “Are we going to make it to a city today?”

We searched for maps to answer her question but did not find any. When we were ready to leave, Vida reminded me, “Do not be nice or say thank you. It will draw suspicion.” I nodded as I exited first.

The ice orc whose house we took over rushed to meet me. “Champion Apollyon, I hope your night was pleasant.”

I stared down at him, “My nights are never pleasant keeping these bitches in line. Your house smelled foul, and there were no places of comfort to sleep.” I walked past him down the road, ignoring his fearful eyes. My troupe followed me.

Vida giggled when we were far enough away. “The musk of a male orc is a prideful thing, Caleb. You just insulted him by saying his house stank. If he had any honor, he would have challenged you. Instead, he was pissing his pants.”

As we headed out of town, I thought Mercanious was not what I thought it would be. I had thought of the orcs as a barbarian-like race. I thought the orcs would be wearing hides and wielding bone clubs. The orcs in the mining town were dressed in normal clothing—albeit dirty from their labors of smelting or mining the ore nearby. They were brutish looking for sure, but acted like any normal person going about their daily activities. Maybe this would change the closer we got to their population centers.

The road south had some traffic, horse carts heading toward the mining town to pick up the refined ore and a few farmers bringing produce from branching dirt roads. Vida had learned the city we were headed toward was Cayden. She was unfamiliar with the city as she grew up on the southern continent. I received a lot of hateful, admiring, and fearful looks depending on who we passed.

We finally reached paved roads, and I saw my first motorized vehicle. It was bulky and looked like a box truck. It hissed and ground loudly down the road. Blue-black smoke belched from a pipe. Iris marveled at it, “It must be steam-powered.”

Vida confirmed, “The ones on the southern continent are not nearly as loud, but yes, it is steam-powered. This planet does not have the same deposits of biofuels as Earth.”

“What heats the water?” I asked as the cargo truck passed. It had given us a wide berth.

“On the southern continents, a mage. That one was probably burning Iron Wood. It is very dense and burns for a long time. The wood makes the blue-black smoke,” Vida informed us as we continued walking.

Aurora asked, “Could we not have forced them to give us a ride?”

Vida thought and said, “Probably. But they were headed in the opposite direction. Also, whatever ice orc owned the truck would be upset. If they belonged to a powerful clan, then we could bring more problems down upon us.”

We walked for about ten miles, and grassy planes and distant forests started to emerge on the planet. The odd colors kept the planet feeling alien. Vida pointed far away. A few buildings could be seen outlined on the horizon. “The city is close,” Vida said excitedly.

I was surprised she was happy to return. The traffic on the road got more and more dense as we approached. All orcs seemed to keep their distance from me. I asked Vida, “Why am I so feared? I do not have any beads or any clan associations.”

“Just your height, Caleb. Only elite warriors have your height. We are taught to respect any orc of your stature. They also probably think you serve one of the clans in that capacity.” Vida replied as we walked.

When we reached the city’s outer edge, I was surprised again. The buildings were as high as ten stories and looked elaborate with arches and round columns. I would not call them beautiful, but not ugly, either—more utilitarian. They were mostly built from a glossy black rock. Iris asked about it, and Vida thought it was obsidian from volcanoes. Stone shamans could spread it like plaster with their abilities, and then it would reharden.

The buildings covered in the glossy black were actually pretty in a domineering, dark, totalitarian, and scary kind of way. The number of orcs with white skin also multiplied drastically as we entered the city. The entire city seemed to be built around a central pyramid. I was also covered in black obsidian, but it had white writing in the orc hieroglyphics.

“What does it say, Vida?” Iris asked.

“It houses one of the portals to your world. One of the gateways used to send young orcs to die,” she replied testiliy. I could see the transit thread shooting into the sky above the structure.

“It is built on a transit,” I noted.

Bedelia confirmed, “It makes sense. They probably bleed aether from the transit to power the gate. It would be dangerous and uncontrollable. It is all fascinating!! Can we get inside and find out how they do it?”

“Well, we do plan to use the transit. So I expect we will get inside somehow,” I said.

“There will be an orc Collective when we pass into the transit. A small established city independent of Mercanious, but they trade openly,” Vida informed us.

“Where can we stay tonight?” I asked Vida as we had been walking for over fifteen hours. No one had complained, but I knew Bedelia was exhausted. At least Iris’ endurance enhancement had helped her today.

“We should stay at the best inn in town,” Vida said without pause.

“What will that cost us?” Iris asked, nonplused.

“Four chips…about an ounce of silver for a night. Follow me; I will find one.” Vida said, making her way quickly in the streets. Since I was not leading, they moved slower out of our group’s way. A few steam-powered vehicles made their way around the city. I quickly lost my sense of direction as the tall buildings rose above us, and the winding roads made no sense in the city’s layout.

Deep in the city, Vida stopped at a white stone building that was only three stories tall. She indicated, “This is for ice orcs only. Visiting dignitaries. It might be more than I estimated, though. I suggest paying with a gold coin. Tell the manager you are visiting from Karlhune Island. They speak a foreign tongue there, and you will not seem so strange.”

I entered first, and there were only white, pale orcs. Even the attendants inside were ice orcs. The air was icy cold as well. I approached what looked like the reception desk. A middle-aged ice orc looked me over and licked her lips. Thankfully, she was wearing a translation earring.

“Honored warrior. How can I service you today?” she intoned suggestively.

“A room for myself and my consorts,” I waved behind me. She looked distastefully at Vida and Bedelia, who did not have white skin. I placed a gold coin on the counter, a full ounce.

As she turned the coin over, I explained, “I am from Karlhune Island. The coin was spoils from a transit.”

She smiled and put the coin under the counter, “How many nights?”

“Is it enough for four? Or do you need another coin?” I held up another.

“The first will cover your room and meals for four nights. Your name warrior?” She asked, focusing on a registry.

“Apollyon,” was all I said.

“No clan association?” she responded, looking up even more curious.

“None at present. I am here to remedy that.” I said smoothly. Her oricsh face widened in surprise.

She handed me a key on a chain, “Third floor, room two.”

I turned to see Vida looking a little constipated. We made our way to the stairs, all eyes following from the common room. Once we got in the room, Vida blurted, “Caleb, you just invited half the clans in the city to petition you into their clan!!”