Chapter 142

As the week moved closer to Saturday, I got nervous about my trip to Tennessee.  On Thursday night Vida had used the symbian next to me and had a jar of my saliva to use on herself during the core enhancement session.  She used the entire jar, and her aggressive hips and powerful thighs managed to break the saddle device after an hour.  I think it had been intentional on her part, so I would have to take over.  Instead, I had her switch to her vibrator.

The end result was encouraging as it was effective.  I learned without my physical contact and usual intercourse, the vortex was less effective.  When I changed into my incubus form, created a new vortex, and held Vida’s hand, it was more effective and close to a normal session.  Vida’s core increased from 0.46 to 0.88.  Usually, an increase of 0.5 to 0.6 was what I found was manageable with a focused and safe effort, and Vida’s core had only been increased 0.42, roughly 80% as effective.

I also had to deal with an angry Vida, as she did not hide the fact she had been wanting to have actual sex.  Abigail had been in the room with us, and I was not going to disappoint her by breaking my promise and having sex with Vida.  It was still a substantial increase in her power, and she was as powerful as any normal orc shaman now from her planet.  She also received a milkshake to give her the elixir of taste, fulfilling my obligation to the young orc woman.

Even though Vida was angry with me for the lack of intimacy, she still helped me work on an orc shape-shifted form.  She spent hours online sorting through images and picking what she thought was attractive in her orc society.  The result was a seven-foot, thickly muscled male orc with pale green skin.  She thought the bald look with a braided ponytail was proper.  Each bead in the hair signified an enemy they had killed or recognition for something.  My eyes were a deep green and she thought my tusks should be off-white.  At least if I wanted to be seen as a warrior.  Only nobles bleached their tusks.

An issue arose when she described the orc anatomy.  She had seen me naked when she spied on me many times and said orc males had larger penises and larger scrotums.  I do not know if I believed her as she was smirking while describing orc anatomy, and since this was going to cost me a hundred life essence, I did not want to create something unrealistic.  I assimilated the photos and ideas Vida helped me with into my mind space.  I would ask Nashima and Pandora for help from here.

I had sex with Artica, Iris, Abigail, and Bedelia to accumulate life essence during the week.  Well, Abigail twice because she thanked me for not having sex with Vida and for the horse that had arrived from California.

Aurora, against our advice, was already practicing with her aetheric chains.  Iris had thought that it would be dangerous to manipulate the aether from it after a core had been expanded.  Aurora was proving her wrong, but she was only using a filament of aether.  Aurora said it was just like bad heartburn but did not feel dangerous.  Aurora’s lack of self-preservation was a little disturbing.

It was Friday morning when I entered my mind space to create my orc form.  I had 205 life essence, it was coming much quicker now, even with getting less from repeat partners.  I had already added the elixir for taste enhancement for Vida.  I had not given it to her yet but planned to before I left for Mercanious.  I used 100 life essence to increase the strength elixir.  This moved it from lower tier one to upper tier one.

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| Elixir Seed of Strength | Upper | Tier 1 | 200 life essence | If your seed is absorbed by your partner they get stronger |

Lilith was behind me when I spent the life essence, “It is only going to be marginal gains for those you already dosed.”

I looked at her, “How do you know?”

“We found references in Rincewind’s library, detailing other creatures enhancing others.  The type of elixir an incubus has just brings them closer to their potential.  Their potential is a mix of racial genetics and their core strength.  The basic lower-tier elixir is extremely effective, bringing the person close to their maximum.  Each improvement you make is just going to be small incrementally.”  Lilith explained.

“So, you are saying I am wasting life essence?”  I replied.

Nashima, who was in her humanoid form, disagreed, “Even a small ten percent gain can make a huge difference in combat, Caleb.  I think your investment in your companions is smart.”

Lilith shrugged, “I still think investing in yourself is a quicker path to power.  But do what you will.  Are you here to make an orc body as well?”  Lilith was my pragmatic aspect, but I still felt the obligation to improve my companions and did not regret it. Also, it meant all the women I had enhanced with strength would have to be updated, and releasing into a partner was extremely pleasurable for me. Just like a human, it was instinctual.

Pandora came rushing from the library with a magazine, “Caleb, you should just make this!”  I rolled my eyes as she had the Hulk comic in her hand.  “Come on, he is green, and look at the bulge!”  I looked, and it looked like the Hulk in this comic was packing. I had added a few comics when I paged through them in my room.

As the most sensible construct, Lilith had two books with pictures of orc war leaders.  “The material you added was not bad, but I think the bald look is slightly outdated for the orcs of Mercanious.  I would go with something more noble.  The white-skinned ice orcs currently rule the planet, but they keep an elite guard pictured here.”

She showed me the images.  When I scanned all the books into my mind, it had been quick, and I did not remember this one.  I looked at the title, An Examination, and Contrast of Seven Orc Cultures.  I spent a few minutes reading about the Mercanious orcs.  Lilith warned me the text was two hundred years old, so the information may be outdated.

The book followed Vida’s explanation of her homeworld.  The white-skinned orcs controlled the planet.  The other orcs were considered lesser and tools used in battle and for labor.  It looked like the society was pre-industrial when the text was written.  There was a clan system in place.  I found the page…the ice orc males were between 6’2” and 6’6”.  The other two sub-species were slightly shorter.  So a 7’ orc would be out of place and draw attention.  Lilith pointed to something…the page showed the elite warriors of Mercanious.  They were taller and had massive muscles.  Most were white, but there were a few gray skins and green skins.  So this is what Vida was directing me toward: an orc champion pictured here.

I read about the Mercanious culture.  Females needed to be strong in order to show they would have strong children.  That was how Vida had been exiled, losing her coming-of-age fights with other females.  Growing up, she had failed in her combat duels to be selected to breed.  If a female was not deemed worthy, then they were expendable and the lowest class of citizens, the trash of society.  Males who were weak were castrated so they could not have children.  They were made into laborers.  It was a harsh culture and ruled by the stronger white-skins ice orcs.

Lilith showed me her research, “The pictures that you sent with Vida are not bad, but the skin is too smooth.  Most non-ice orcs develop pockmarks as they age.  This is due to their limited bathing habits.  They scratch scabs and get minor infections.”  My distaste for the uglier orcs had Lilith shown me.  “Do what you want, Caleb.  Either go to the extreme and be a handsome white orc, pretend to be a noble, or be a lesser orc and be unmemorable.”

My incubus hubris made me want to be as perfect as possible.  I took all the material and created the body in the mind space’s central room.  I kept Vida’s ideal orc in mind but added even more muscle.  I went with the pale white skin of the ruling ice orcs.  Vida would be upset if I chose to mimic the ice orc, but it should help when we traveled and had to deal with the locals.  The last thing that probably would not have been an issue if I was not an incubus.  My orc’s cock was larger, ten inches long, and thicker.  My scrotum was also larger to match my increased bulk and equipment.

We all walked around the monstrosity I created in the mind space.  Pandora was focused down, and Aria shifted her body to match the statue.  Pandora looked at the twin orcs, “Oh, this is giving me ideas.  Caleb…” I relocated Pandora to the mind space far below and sealed her there for now.  I did not need her sexual appetite being voiced.

Lilith was comparing the bodies in front of her to the books.  “Well, two hundred years ago, this might be a clan champion or elite warrior.  Maybe add a scar or two.”  I added a scar on the side of the neck and a handful of the massive chest.”  Aria mimicked the changes I made to the statue.

“Anything else I should add?”  I asked.

Nashima reached up and rubbed the bald head.  “If you are a younger orc, then you would not have shaved your head yet.  You would need the beads in the ponytail to prove you earned the right to keep your head shaved.  So either add the beads or add hair.”

I thought, then added a mane of black hair.  “Ice orcs in the books all have silvery white hair,” Lilith noted, so I changed it to a silver mane. Since I did not know what the beads meant….color, shape, size…I could mistakingly add something that made me a target.  It was best to just be an orc with no life experience.  That was what we went with, tweaking the statue to make it appear younger.  The facial features, the tusks were whitened, and the skin was kept clear besides the few scars.  I completed the orc and invested the life essence.  The orc form appeared on the banner.

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| Ice Orc Form | Upper | Tier 1 | 100 life essence |

When I returned, I transformed into the massive white orc in front of Abigail.  “Wow, Caleb!  I would be afraid if I did not know it was you.”  She explored the body with her hands.  She ran her fingers through the hair and said, “Your hair is wrong.  Not that you have known, but that it is silky smooth.  Vida’s natural hair is much thicker, almost heavy.”

I frowned as I was not going to spend another one hundred essence to try again.  Abigail smiled, “You know we could do a role play.  I could play a maiden and run through the woods, and you the big bad wolf and chase me down and take my innocence.”  Her idea was surprisingly a turn-on.

“I like the idea.  Maybe after we deal with the Archbishop and I return from Mercanious.”  Her hands continued to run across my muscled chest.  She casually mentioned, “Bedelia has more information on the Archbishop.  She knows where they are.  I think she is ready to tell you.”

I kissed Abigail in my orc form, and it felt weird, so I changed into my human form during the kiss.  “So which one was better?”  I asked jokingly.

“You need some practice in the orc body.  Your larger tongue was confused, and the tusks felt like they were in the way.  But if you need practice, you know where I am.”  Abigail left me swinging her hips.  Abigail was special. My incubus body or this white orc body did not turn her off. I think she did not have the normal filters people had on what made people attractive and unattractive.

Abigail had an away track meet tomorrow, so I would not see her until Monday.  Maybe Monday night, I would let her explore the new orc form more completely because I needed to make sure I was comfortable in my new orc skin.

I went to find Bedelia.  She was in her room at her computer and looked up as I entered her room, “Caleb, what I found out is not great.”

I pulled up another chair, and Bedelia had maps on the screens, “I have scryed the building where they are.  It is south of Baltimore, and they have been laying traps everywhere.  My guess is the Archbishop will send some of his men to stir the pot soon.  He will make it obvious where he is hiding.  A simple trap.”

“And the angelic?”  I asked.

“It might be a ruse, and he just used the name of a known avenging angelic.”  She pulled up a picture of a man with shaggy blonde hair on her screen.  “This is the airport camera view of the man that sat in the seat next to the Archbishop.  There is nothing matching the face in the Magus Arcanum databases.”

I studied the face for a few minutes.  It was the eyes.  The eyes told me what I needed as I just knew.  “No, that is an angelic.  I can feel it. Make sure everyone knows what all the men with the Archbishop look like.”  Bedelia brought up all the pictures, and I recognized Rose.  “Has she contacted Mary?”

“No.  And Mary tried calling her old phone, but the number is no longer active.”  Bedelia answered.  I had some guilt as Rose’s association with me had forced her family to flee and seek sanctuary with the Purists. Now, Rose had been weaponized—maybe she was being controlled as Aurora had been. I would have to free her if that was the case—even if it was not the smart thing to do.

As I talked with Bedalia, my phone rang, and it was my sister, “Caleb, what are you up to?  We just rigged, did a practice row, and are headed to the hotel.  Are you going to see us race on Saturday and Sunday?”

She was asking if I was going to be in the hotel tomorrow night as planned.  I hesitated for just a moment, “Yes.  I may miss your racing tomorrow, but I will be there Saturday night and will watch you race Sunday. Is Maya with you?”

“Maya is on board. She says she needs to repay her debt to you,” Paige said softly. She was on the bus with her teammates, so she could not be too loud. “I look forward to seeing you bro,” she said in a normal voice. She actually did sound happy.

Bedelia said, “I am going with you for protection, and I think you should take Artica as well. She is still a bit angry with you for not planning to take her to Mercanious.”

“I will go and talk with her, now,” I said, standing. Bedelia grabbed my hand to stop me.

“Maybe just a short enhancement session first?” She looked up longingly.

“How is your core growing?” I asked the small woman.

“It is 1.071, it is a really slow process. But extremely enjoyable,” she smiled. Bedelia had started at 1.030 and wanted to reach lower tier three. At this rate, it was going to take about two years, and that was only if her core did not harden first and resist further expansion. We moved to the bed, and I let Bedelia control me. After my session with Aruora, I found that I liked it when my partner controlled everything. It felt like I was empowering them.

I showered and went to find Artica. She was in the basement at the security room setup. It was very futuristic and had three terminal stations and she was studying the plans for the new warehouse. She looked up and narrowed her eyes at me to show she was still unhappy with me.

I lifted her up, sat in the seat, and pulled her into my lap. She struggled, and I held her tight, “Explain to me what you are doing.”

She did not struggle hard and eventually conceded and leaned back into me, allowing me to rest my chin on my shoulder so we could both look at the screens. “These are the final plans for the mountain storage.” She paged through them, and it was as I had approved. It was a multi-story garage facility buried into the mountain with a luxury house built in the front concealing it.

Her butt squirmed in my lap, and I got hard to show my appreciation, “This over here is the purchase for the magic array to hide the construction from satellites. Here is the security outlook and step-by-step construction. It would be greatly appreciated if you could stop by and motivate the contractors to stay on schedule.”

She squirmed some more, and I smelled her arousal. “This,” she changed screens, “is all the financials. The auction yielded a crazy amount of funds, but I have been sending Reika small sums to establish your financial portfolio in California. And, yes, she has already burned through your initial investment.”

“See, I need you here on Earth to manage everything. Besides, if I did not return, you would get it all.” I kissed and sucked on her neck.

“Oh, you are going to leave everything to me?” She teased my cock.

“I am sure you will divide everything with the others and my family,” I said as she worked her shorts down and my shaft free. She pressed into my lap, taking the length.

As she enjoyed herself, she mussed, “If you do not return, you know we will all probably band together and go looking for you.”

I took her hips and helped her, “Then I better plan to return then.” She gasped in an orgasm, and my balls contracted, releasing the improved strength seed into her. I held her in place and kissed her ears and neck.

“Did you? I feel…more strength elixir…it feels the same…” Artica said as she felt the changes to her body.

“Yes, and you were the first one to get it,” I said, lifting her up.

I pulled up my pants, and she looked at me, “I am still mad at you, but thank you.” She pulled up her shorts and gave me a passionate kiss. “I am going to get something to eat and then challenge Frost.

“No, I need you to pack. You are going to Tennessee with me and Bedelia. It is time to to something I have been dragging my feet on,” I said.

Artica smiled, “Great! On the drive, we can talk about ordering the new Escalade. The insurance money just hit the books.”