Chapter 122 We Are the Champions

On Wednesday morning Vida showed up with Abigail for the morning run.  I was not a fan of sharing the run, but Vida was eager to join us, and Abigail consented.   We were running the level walking trails today with some side trips into the hills. Vida only had a strength enhancement, so with my physique and Abigail’s endurance enhancement, we had Vida sucking wind in short order.  We kept her at her limit as we jogged up and around the familiar trails.

The weather was breaking, and this morning there was no chill.  I think we pushed Vida enough that she would never want to join us again.  We waited at the car for her.  Abigail was talking about her track scholarship to Tennessee.  She thought it was a good pre-med program, and she thought she could graduate in two years from her undergraduate program if she took summer classes. Two older men out for a walk could not stop staring as they prepared for a run themselves.

It was weird to hear her so focused on academics.  She had been a simple cheerleader just a few months ago.  “What events are you going to run in college?”  I asked as the huffing and puffing Vida reached us.  I handed her a water bottle. Vida was tall, matching her orc frame at 6’ in her human form and lean and well-muscled. I did not know how she kept so thin after all the food she consumed. Her human body had long silky brown hair pulled into a ponytail. Her deep blue eyes lit up her square face.

Even with a strong jaw and square swimmers shoulders, she was attractive. Her orc form, which I had not seen in a while, mirrored her human body, except her currently deep-tanned skin was a green-brown as an orc. Her orc face also had tusks and much darker hair, almost black. Bedelia had gotten her a morphing disguise instead of the simple illusion, and she was more comfortable as a human than an orc now, according to Abigail. She was sweating liberally in a spandex bra, highlighting her generous cleavage, and her spandex shorts showed her feminine hips extremely well.

The two older men who had been ogling Abigail still had not started their run, sneaking glances at both Abigail and Vida. Abigail didn’t seem to mind and picked up our conversation, “I talked with the coach, and I think the 5k and the steeplechase.  I plan to win NCAA as a freshman in the steeplechase and maybe a top-five finish in the 5k.  It depends on how many demis are in the field,” she said as she stretched and was clearly presenting her ass to me in her spandex.

When Vida was no longer winded, she interrupted, “I decided I want to go to Europe to train as a chef Caleb.  Can you improve my taste?”  I now understood why she was here this morning.  Abigail smirked obviously knowing this was coming.  I was torn about investing in myself to fight the aboleth or spending life essence to give Vida a simple ability she could not use until I raised her core strength. Maybe that was why she was pushing for the ability because she knew I needed to raise her core to give it to her.

I made my decision, “When I get back from Australia.  I will enhance your taste, Vida.”  A hundred essence was not much.   I had four women going with me, and I was hoping Lucy, Ashley’s sister, would be willing to contribute.  But I would not force the issue.  I also needed to practice ways to enhance a core without sex for Paige, and Vida seemed like a good and eager guinea pig.

As the two men finally ran by I noticed something about them odd—or maybe smelled something odd. I looked at them in my abyssal sight and they were both catkin—I think of the lion variety by their massive manes. It seemed odd because I had not seen many older catkin around, and I would have to remember to ask Jade about it.

I scheduled my Latin exam at school for Thursday as Friday was a half day before vacation, and we had the championship game Friday night.  Hazel continued to be handsy during my tutoring sessions, and I finally caved.  I promised to take her on a date before the end of the year.  I easily passed my Latin exam on Thursday, and most of the week had been prep work for the Australia trip.  Bedelia still got her core enhancement session, and I spent Thursday night with Iris at the cabin.

The hockey game was Friday night in DC at the Capitals arena.  This meant we got to leave school right after lunch for the championship game Friday.  It was a fun bus ride.  We were not supposed to win the game but we acted like we were going to crush them.  We arrived at 4:oo pm for the 7:00 pm game.  The nerves hit everyone as the arena filled out.  Before the game started, they announced an attendance of 7,920!  A new record for the championship game and filling about one-third of the arena.

The opposing team had six demis on it.  Two elves, three wolfkin, and there goalie was a beastkin I could not identify under his pads.  It was going to be a challenging game.  I had all my fans here and my parents. My personal cheering section was maybe 30 people strong and included Jade and her entourage, my parents, Amelia and her husband, Mary and some of her teammates, Iris and her housemates, everyone from the cabin, Hazel and some of her teammates.  Paige sent me a good luck text, and a simple YES stared back at me from my text, saying I would give her magic if she wanted.  Enhancing my sister was a headache after the aboleth.

The team we were playing was good.  Eight seniors, and all of them were playing in college the next year. Six minutes into the game, we were down 2-0. I got irritated and started to rev up my athleticism. An extra hard check here, a burst of speed there, or an amazing quick poke check. I turned into a one-man headache for the opposing team.  I won every faceoff and finally got James a feed to the backside of the goalie to score our first goal.  2-1.  The first period ended, and we were still in a game we had no business being in.

All the demis on the other team had upper-tier 1 cores, so they were not weak at all.  The coach kept asking me if I was ok playing more minutes during period’s intermission, and I just nodded.  When the puck dropped in the second period, I was swarmed by two players every time I had the puck.  This just gave James a chance a good shot.  They switched mentality to try and run up the score when I was not on the ice, which was hardly ever now.  I skated 15 minutes of the second period. And neither team scored.  We got great saves from our goalie who somehow matched the opposing team’s skills.

Going into the third, I decided I didn’t want to lose the last hockey game of my life.  I started on the bench for the first three minutes, and the score turned to 3-1.  I was fine with that.  After playing nearly thirty minutes in the first two periods, I needed to look exhausted.  My first shift had a nice setup for James, but the other goalie made a great glove save.  The next shot after the face-off was a rebound, and I was there to put it in the net. 3-2.  With five minutes left, we scored again, this time James putting back a rebound from my shot.

I realized the other team’s demis were winded.  I don’t think they lost a single game all year, and only a few had been close.  I had pushed them up and down the ice, and our goalie had made a half dozen amazing saves to frustrate them as well.  The other team started to defend and pause the game to get to overtime.  They were planning to get rested legs to start overtime period.  My team was also exhausted, and I was faking being past my limit.

I even had a fair lather of sweat going. Making myself sweat was something I figured out on the fly. It would add something to future sexual encounters as, to date, only my partners sweat.

I focused on winning the game. With two minutes left in the game, I got my chance. I shielded the puck behind the net and faked the goalie to the wrong side for a rapid wrap-around to the other side. I was too fast. The crowd went wild, well, half the crowd.  The last two minutes had the opposing team in a flurry, but I intercepted a pass and skated to an empty net goal.  It was over shortly after.

It wasn’t the Stanley Cup, but it was still a championship.  We did the on-the-ice media and then celebrated in the locker room for a good hour.  The bus driver smiled when we boarded.  I stepped away to go home with my parents.  Artica had the Escalade and Iris had driven her truck, but I decided to go home with me parents.

They talked non-stop about the game and looked forward to seeing me play college hockey.  I didn’t burst their bubble and let them dream.  It was past midnight when we got home.  I went straight to my room and packed.  My parents knew I was going on a vacation with Iris over the school break. Iris picked me up in the morning. My parents trapped her and questioned her for a good twenty minutes about our romantic escape. She fed them the planned story that we were going to California to meet her parents.

Iris drove her truck to the small airport. The Escalade was already here, and Artica, Bedelia, and Abigail waved as we pulled into the hangar. Iris had rented the hangar for the week to leave the cars parked safely. It was just $5,000—a sum that was small to me now.

Even with the cool morning air Artica was dressed in a tight tank top and short shorts. The plane had two pilots, and a hostess waiting for us at the bottom of the ramp. Iris started talking, “The plane will stay at the airport outside of Sydney for the week. We only have to pay for fuel if we leave early. The piots and hostess are booked in the same hotel.”

The hostess was smiling even though we were still two hundred feet away. She was very curvy, and in her mid-twenties, it looked like. She was an attractive blonde with brown eyes, but I think her natural hair color was brown or black—call it an incubus instinct. All three were human. I asked, “How much did everything cost again?”

“Iris winced a little, $230,000 for the plane, with $30,000 being escrow for fuel and airport fees. The three staff are $8,500 for the eight days. Their hotel and meal allowance was another $3,000,” Iris said a little guiltily. “I paid extra to have a plane with a bed.”

Artica nearby chirped, “Mile high club, Caleb.” She slapped my ass and scooted off to the plane before I could retaliate.

Abigail asked, “Are we still landing in Pasadena?” Abigail was dressed in tight jeans and was wearing a University of Tennessee tee shirt.

While helping me get the duffel bags out of the truck, Iris said, “Yeah, we are picking up Reika and a friend of hers.”

I cocked my eyebrows in surprise, “Really?”

“Yes, Reika needs to return some books she copied from my parent’s library and she wanted to see what Rincewind’s library offered in terms of research,” Iris said as we made our way to the plane.

The hostess was cute, with freckles, and I reassessed and thought her natural hair color might be a deep red. Her smile never wavered, “Welcome to Perfect Sky. We are here to fulfill all your journey needs. I am Charlotte, and here to attend to your needs.” Charlotte kept eye contact and was very professional. Her core was small at just 0.18. She was also fairly short, but her high heels made her closer to 5’7”.

“Thanks, Charlotte,” I said and nodded to the two male pilots as well, who had tried to remain stoic but were sneaking glances at Abigail and Artica, who were loading the luggage. As if remembering their jobs, they started to help.

We were soon loaded and locked into the plane. The main cabin had seating for seven, and the back of the plane had a king-sized bed and full bathroom. Charlotte asked if anyone wanted anything to drink, and we declined. The pilots said five hours to Pasadena, California, and gave the weather report.

As soon as we were in the air, the scantly clad Artica grabbed my hand and started pulling me to the bedroom. “I am open to sharing she said aloud. Bedelia rose almost immediately, blushed, and followed anyway. She had shared me with Artica before. Abigail seemed uncertain, but I motioned for her to follow.” I did not motion for Iris because I knew she got a sexual high from watching.

Charlotte did not seem surprised by the parade to the bedroom, and I guessed this type of thing was common. It was going to be my first time with more than two women. I knew I could only maintain two vortexes at once, but it should be a good session.

Artica and Bedelia undressed me rapidly. Abigail propped open the door to the bedroom so Iris could sit and watch in the main cabin. Charlotte retreated toward the cockpit, where she had a private cubby. I thought about asking her to join, but we already seemed like a bunch of sex-crazed teenagers and did not offer.

I was already in my socks, and on the bed, Artica was massaging my sac and stroking my hardness as Bedelia stripped down to just her panties. She was bright red as she did so, not completely comfortable being watched. A stared straight up at the ceiling to notice a painting. It was called The Women of Amphissa, if I was correct. It was probably a good copy. Suddenly Artica’s tongue was on my head, and all thoughts of the painting vanished.

It took some cajoling to bring Bedelia’s lips to the other side of my penis, and their tongues played tag along my shaft and glans, adding a mixture of saliva. The warm and coarse tongues swelled my shaft’s to a hardness I could not remember having before. I activated my lust aura and added a vortex to both women. I could see Iris through the door getting comfortable after making sure Charlotte was gone.

Abigail was still wearing her jeans but had removed her tee shirt and was wearing a black lace bra. She seemed uncertain about what to do next. “Abs, take the jeans off and have a seat,” I tapped the bed. She sat when she was naked except for her bra and socks, and I pulled her hips over my face. She understood and settled as I firmly grasped her ass cheeks with my hands and licked her folds. She was completely smooth and must have gotten a bikini wax before we left. I focused on her inner folds and used my tongue to penetrate and tickle her clitoris. She began to moan, and I added some saliva to bring her to a rapid orgasm.

It worked, and she shuddered, and I held her in place while sucking her clit. I felt my shaft get enveloped by heat, and by the tightness, I knew it was Bedelia. Bedalia’s hands came around, and started to play with Abigail’s nipples after snaking under her bra. Bedelia was bouncing and grunting. I felt the familiar rippling on my phallus as Bedelia came. It was only a moment before Bedelia popped off my shaft, and Artica took her place.

Artica was much more aggressive and ignored Abigail’s chest in favor of bracing on Abigail’s shoulders to gain leverage from her riding my length. She preferred to get height, almost losing my tip and then slamming down, shaking the entire bed.

Abigail was approaching her second orgasm, and I spurred it with more saliva; she came harder the second time, followed by Artica, who rolled off, straining my erection as she did so. Bedelia asked shyly, “Abigail, do you want a turn on Caleb’s pogo stick?”

Abigail slid back from my face, down my abs, and impaled herself in one smooth motion. I had a better view for just a moment as I could see Iris with one leg over her armrest and her hand inside her pants, her eyes lost in bliss. I think the cockpit door was slightly open, but Bedelia soon covered my face, pressing her pussy down for cunnilingus. I decided to release into Abigail when she reached orgasm so I could rotate my two vortexes.

A rotation started among the three of them as they used my face and cock in turn. After every two rotations, I released myself to reset my vortexes. The scent of sweat and sex was heavy in the cabin. After seven rotations, Bedelia finally tapped out and went to the shower on the plane.

I was surprised to see Iris follow her into the shower. Artica and Abigail were not satiated, and each came twice more before collapsing next to me. They were trying to outlast each other and mutually threw in the towel.

When Iris and Bedelia came from the shower, I went in by myself and showered, surprisingly alone. I came out and put my clothes on to find Abigail and Artica sleeping. I had used a lot of saliva on my partners, so it was not a surprise. I went to the main cabin and sat. Iris was sleeping soundly in the chair, and Bedelia was trying to get comfortable.

“I think when we land, we will go out to lunch,” I said, getting comfortable myself. I checked on my harvest, and it was a disappointing 132 life essence. It was not bad for three-plus hours of work, and I had pushed all three cores to their limit, but I was getting diminishing returns, and I knew it. I was working harder for less. If their cores were developing resistance, I might have to find additional partners. Maybe if I let their cores rest? Like a sponge needed some time to soak up water, maybe their cores were similar?

Charlotte came out and announced we were landing in thirty minutes. She looked at the two naked bodies on the bed and flushed. I smiled, “We are going to get lunch in Pasadena before flying to Australia. Can you arrange a car?”

Charlotte’s eyes were a little unfocused on the screen before responding, “Consider it done. They will need to get—dressed and fasten their seat belts.” She turned away and went to the cockpit.

I was about to say something, but Artica was already waking Abigail, having heard the conversation. The first part of the flight was enjoyable.