Chapter 143

If it was not for the Archbishop plotting in the background, I would have gone alone to Tennessee. Instead, Artica was coming for protection. I was glad it was just Artica as the reason for going was still gnawing at me. Iris had booked two rooms next to each other at the hotel.

We took the Raptor, and I was driving so Artica could select the specifications for the new Escalade.  The new Escalade-V was just coming out, and she wanted the 682 horsepower monstrous vehicle.  Artica responded slyly, “Since you are leaving me in charge, I should get to select the replacement vehicle.”

“Fine, but I get to choose the color at least,” I muttered, “How much is this going to cost?”

“We got ninety-two thousand from the insurance company.  This model, she held up her phone, is two-hundred and fifty thousand.  Well, it will be after I send it out for upgrades.  As for the color, I will let you choose from silver metallic or crystal white.”  Artica was smirking. I got to choose from just one of two colors?

“Definitely silver metallic,” I decided after looking quickly at her phone. We already had the Bentleys, and I was not sure spending a quarter million on a car was a good move, no matter how rich I was.  It was frivolous spending in my mind.

“Bulletproof paneling and some anti-scrying runes, same as all the other vehicles have or are getting.  Bedelia is setting it up with her contacts,” Artica said.  The Raptor’s bullet holes had been repaired in just a day with some help from a mage mechanic that Bedelia knew in the Magus Arcanum. He flew in from Florida to do the work.

“Fine.  As long as you stop moping about not coming to Mercanius,” I said.  I do not know how a one hundred and fifty thousand dollar apology was needed for Artica to start safely on Earth.

Artica finished ordering and called the dealership in Texas that had the vehicle in stock and transferred the funds.  We arrived at the Tennessee rowing course late in the afternoon on Saturday.  All the racing had finished for the day, and just the shell trailers dominated the park.  Artica asked, “Are we too late?”

“The schedule has the finals tomorrow morning.”  I checked the results online, “Paige’s boat is in the finals.  I am surprised she has not texted me.  I thought she would have at least sent me the results of the races like she always does.”

“Maybe she is having second thoughts,” Artica guessed.

“Maybe.”  I dialed Paige’s number, and it was not long before she answered.

“Caleb?  Are you at the hotel?”  Paige asked anxiously.

“No, we just got to the racecourse.  We had hoped to catch your last races of the day.  We are headed to the hotel now.  I will be in room 409, and Artica will be in 411,” I answered her.  The more we talked, the more real this felt as we closed in on the moment.

“We are showering before the team dinner. We are all on the second floor. Maya and I will head up after the meal. I will text you when we are on our way,” Paige hung up.

We drove to the hotel and checked in, “Are you sure you don’t need me there for moral support, Caleb? You know I do not mind being a third—or even fourth wheel.” Artica was smiling happily while paging through pictures on her phone of the Escadle. I knew the catkin had some interbreeding, so this was not as taboo to Artica.

“No, I think you are going to be too busy getting your rocks off to those pictures,” I said in the elevator.

“Caleb, girls do not have rocks to get off!” Artica informed me while remaining focused on the phone pictures of the Escalade.

Four women rowers from another college team listened to us and whispered to themselves. They got off on the third floor, giggling at Artica’s antics. When the elevator reached the fourth floor, I carried my box and a backpack with my change of clothes. The box was the symbian I had purchased for the occasion. It was insurance in case Maya decided to back out of helping tonight.

My room was nice. A king-sized bed. A complimentary fruit basket—well, not complimentary, as it looked like Iris had purchased it for me. The note read:

Caleb, Do what you must. Family is important above all else. Love, Iris

I folded the note and put it in the trash so Paige would not see it. It was two hours before soft knocks came at the door. I opened the door and asked, “I thought you were going to send me a text when you were on your way up?”

Maya pushed past me into the room, “Coach took our phones at dinner. She wanted us to focus on mentally preparing and getting some sleep.” A smiling Paige followed Maya in quickly. They did not want anyone to see them, but their team was two floors down.

Maya was looking around the room. Paige immediately went to the brown box, “What is this?”

“Yeah, that is just an aide. With Maya helping, we probably do not need it,” I said with a wink to Maya.

“Oh, is it a blow-up doll with a cock?” Paige said, ripping open the box enthusiastically.

When she pulled the box out, her eyes went wide, and Maya was confused about the device. Paige looked like she knew what it was. Maya asked, “What is it?”

“Oh, Maya. You are going to like this! Caleb, is this my birthday gift? I always wanted one but did not want mom or dad to find it,” she said, opening the box and having all the attachments spill out across the floor. Maya picked up the cock attachment and figured it out.

“Too much information, Paige. Paige, are you high?” I said to my sister, who had dilated pupils.

“I told her not to bother, but she needed the help,” Maya said.

Paige ignored the comments, dragged the sybian to the bed, and started assembling it and plugging it in. This was not bad; she focused on the saddle machine, not me. She decided on a six-inch phallus and a smaller curved four-inch phallus for anal penetration. Paige looked at the setup and did not know how to proceed. None of us did.

I offered, “I can make some jars of the aphrodisiac saliva, and you can dose each other as you move along.” I went into the bathroom, took the two plastic cups, and filled them. Both Paige and Maya stripped to lingerie, getting bolder.

Paige asked, “How long will we need to keep at this?”

“Without me participating, I think maybe four hours?” I said, guessing on my experience.

“Is there anything you can do to expedite this? We do have to get some rest for a race tomorrow.” Maya questioned.

It took me a few moments before I said, “I could be in my demon form. It has a stronger ability.” I did not want to go that route as Paige might actually not see me as her brother and convince me to do something I would regret.

Paige’s eyes were already clearing from the drugs, and she asked, “So this is going to get me the best aether core possible? You said I only have one shot at this, right?”

“Yes, one chance. It is about 80% as effective. Vida had great success with that,” I pointed at the symbian.

Paige frowned, but it seemed to be planned, and I now knew why she had taken the drugs. To get the courage up to ask me to fuck her. Paige smiled, “I only want your best effort, Caleb.”

“Paige, you know I can’t!” I said apologetically.

Maya surprisingly supported Paige, “Caleb, just be your true demon form. Or shift into something else. I know incubi are masters of different forms.”

Paige was not aware of my elf or orc forms. Maybe that would be easier than my demon form. Maybe I could turn them off to the idea. My orc form was intimidating as well. “Fine!” I stripped to just my boxers and shifted into the massive white orc.

Paige and Maya stepped back as I nearly touched the ceiling, “Holy shit, Caleb!” Paige stared. Paige’s eyes were focused on my face, while Maya’s were on my bursting boxers. Paige shook her head, “No, the white hair does not do it for me; what else do you have?”

I shifted into the golden-haired elf. “Oh, wow! Paige came up and rubbed my elven chest. What do you think, Maya?” I had somehow fallen into her trap or not looking like Caleb.

“I don’t know. I think I prefer the orc,” she said, and Paige looked over at her surprised. Maya shrugged, “My sister had an orc lover before we came to Earth. He was—passionate. I always wondered what it was like from the sounds.”

Paige huffed, “Fine, Caleb, what else do you have? Let us see the demon.” Paige stepped back and waited.

I do not know why I did it. Partly because I felt like I was being manipulated into having sex with my sister in my demon form and partly because I did not want them to win. I shifted into a form I had never used before. Paige’s mouth opened, but no sound came out. Maya was just as dumbstruck. I moved in front of the mirror to see myself.

I had not lost any height, standing at almost six-four. My long legs had excellent muscle definition but were not chiseled like my male form. My boxers were stretched over my large feminine hips, and there was no bulge there. My hand needed to know and went inside my boxers. A smoothie silky skin was on my pelvis. My index finger did not take long to find the labia and slipped in as I was too aggressive in my exploration.

I yelped in surprise, stimulating my much smaller penis—well, my clitoris. I felt out the extremely sensitive nib under the soft, fleshy hood. This was just too strange. I should have experimented in my mind space before doing this transformation in the real world. Realizing I was getting hot around my finger and both women were watching me intently, I suddenly stopped.

Paige spoke, “Damn, you are smokin’ Caleb. Do let us stop you.” I realized my lust aura had been activated when I transformed, and I was feeling it a little by looking in the mirror. My eyes continued up my body. My flat stomach also had minimal tone. If I flexed, you could see the six-pack, but it was not showing, just standing relaxed. I had no belly button. I rubbed my hand over the soft red skin where it should be.

Paige came up behind me and reached around to fondle my two large breasts. They were not monstrous, just a little larger than the shot put that Vida used at track meets. But they were so—perky, defying gravity. My nipples were dark red and pointy, the size of the last digit on my pinky. My areola was small on both breasts, just outlining the nipple. Paige’s finger squeezed my breasts, and it felt good, the tactile feedback was like rubbing a sore muscle.

“What the fuck, Caleb! These are too god damned perfect. Maya, feel these. They look firm, but they are pillow soft.” She pinched my nipples, and an electric charge went through me. I realized my succubus form had the ability to make elixirs as well. But I would have to generate them all over again. But would it not be easier to give someone some succubus milk rather than semen?

Maya was now fondling my breasts with Paige, and I felt myself start to heat and tingle between my legs. It was much harder to control my arousal in this unfamiliar form. My lust was oozing out, and I wanted to try out this new body. Maya squeaked, “What the hell Caleb! Warn me first!”

I turned around to find my succubus tail had gone between her panty butt cheeks and was making progress inside her feminine folds. “I am sorry! I actually can not control my tail in this form. It must have a mind of its own.”

I grabbed the tail and pulled it away and out. It was phallicaly shaped, and I choked it but did not feel any feedback. In my incubus form, I felt everything my tail did. The phallic tip relaxed into the same fleshy barb my incubus body had when not aroused. My incubus tail also added much to my pleasure, but this one did not. Then, I realized I had not yet increased control over my succubus tail on the banner. It really did have a mind of its own.

Maya’s and Paige’s hands continued to explore my chest, and I let them. I could smell their arousal, and this was good. I added a vortex to Paige. My succubus vortex was just as strong as my incubus vortex. Was this a good scenario? I could not fuck my sister in this form, and I should be able to enhance her core optimally.

“You need to remember to keep yourself dosed with the saliva. It is important for the process,” I advised Paige, who dipped two fingers in a cup and sucked it off her fingers. Her eyes went to that familiar glassed-over look.

Paige pushed the symbian to the edge and guided me on my back on the bed. She straddled my thigh, bent over, and attacked my right nipple with her mouth. Maya straddled the other thigh and took the other nipple. Both women were grinding their panties into my thigh and sucking on my teats. It was electric as each bite and suckle sent me little waves of tingly pleasure. The two were in complete control, and I was helpless in my own enjoyment.

I did not realize what my tail was doing, but by Maya’s grunts, I think it was violating her again. I focused on Paige’s core as she attacked my nipple and slid her hips up and down my thigh with noticeable wetness spreading. Maya came first, though. A spasm through her thighs and a hard bit on my nipple excited me more than hurt.

This was not happening the way that I had imagined. I checked on Paige’s core; she drew in more aether and created life essence for me. Her core was expanding. It felt like we were too far down this road to change directions now. I had to commit to it. I pulled Paige’s golden hair and pulled her lips to mine.

This was not the good night kiss we gave each other but a full tongue wrestling, saliva exchange. I upped the saliva to the stronger brand and watched my sister go into overdrive. She ripped the six-inch attachment off the symbian and plunged it into herself, seeking a release from penetration. All while never breaking our incestuous kiss.

Maya sat up and leaned back, and she was playing with her clit while the tip of my tail writhed inside her, bringing her rapidly to another release. Paige ground her thigh into my feminine folds, stimulating me. It took a lot of my focus not to lose myself in my rising pleasure. I was here for Paige. That was why I had not added a vortex to Maya. I needed to focus on Paige I reminded myself.

A gush through Paige’s panties and the strong smell of cinnamon hit the air as her orgasmic fluids coated me. She had abandoned the dildo as she came and let out satisfied repeated grunts. My tail had found Maya’s other hole, and she was enjoying its exploration. I turned my focus away from Maya. Maybe my tail could keep her occupied while Paige was increased.

Paige had enough aphrodisiac in her to continue for quite some time, but she seemed confused about how to get her next release. She suddenly swung her hips over my head and sat on my face. She placed the target in front of me as she worked off my boxers and showed me what to do.

Her tongue teased along my unfamiliar labia and snaked inside searching. She was not at all practiced at giving pleasure and seemed confused. I was going to have to show her how it was properly done. I ripped off her panties for easier access. My tongue expertly traced the clitoris and teased it out. I seized it with my teeth and added more saliva, pushing her into a back-arching orgasm. My tongue probed between her folds to help her draw out the pleasure. The strong taste of cinnamon was on my tongue.

When she came down, I pulled her down so I could add saliva to her athletic abs. Her body was slick, sweaty, and salty as I licked Paige from her groin all the way up to her breasts. She tried to control the administration, but I knew the more I spread the saliva, the better her core enhancement could be.

I suddenly found Maya’s head between my own legs, replacing Paige. I let her do what she wanted as I needed to get Paige her zenith again. One hand held Paige’s chest to my lips while my other flicked her clitoral hood, teasing it. Paige’s groans got louder and louder over the next few minutes. I was just too much stronger than her for her to escape. “Fuck yes!” She screamed after a fifteen minutes in her third powerful orgasm as her body shuddered on top of me.

Maya was getting tired and came again as well but curled up at the bottom of the bed. She had not kept herself aroused with the saliva I had put in the cups, and I had not given her any from my mouth. My tail had exhausted her. With Maya out of reach, the tail swung toward a new target. I grabbed it and held it at bay, away from Paige and myself.

I held it at the base of the tip and used it to rub across Paige’s labia. I would keep it from penetrating, but it should stimulate her to the last needed orgasm. Being in a demon form, the vortex had been stronger, and she was extremely close to her limit. Paige lay on top of me, her sweaty back to chest. Her slickness had her athletic body sliding on mine while I used the tip of my tail like a short dildo on her. It teased through her fold over and over again, eventually igniting her. Her body was too tired to have a powerful release, and I ended the vortex immediately after the last, softer orgasm.

I slid Paige off me, and her exhausted body curled into a ball. I checked her core, fragile but stable and larger. My tail kept trying to sneak into Paige, and I slapped it a few times before giving up and changing into my Caleb body. Being naked next to a naked Paige felt wrong. I rolled off the bed and stood.

The room smelled of sex from the last ninety minutes, and two young women were coated in sweat and other fluids. I flushed the two cups, not leaving them behind. I showered but could not seem to wash off the guilt. Had this gone too far? Had I broken my morality? Even being in the succubus form, the act still felt dirty. Also, I was personally left unsatisfied sexually.

I covered the two of them and took out my core reader bracer. This would tell me if all this had been worth feeling so wrong. Paige had been 0.22 before this session. A good reading would be about a 0.6 increase. I aimed the bracer and activated it. She would be happy. She would have her chance to do magic in the future. I put the bracer into my mind space, the reading still showing on it. The reading was 0.93.

With the two still sleeping, I packed up the symbian, washing the used attachment. Paige said it was a good birthday gift, so I would give it to her for her birthday. Paige would also be able to choose another enhancement. Maybe tomorrow. Maya already had the strength and endurance enhancement, but her 1.21 core could add another. Maybe as a thank you for all the help she had given tonight.

I let them sleep and brought everything to the room next door. Artica let me in, “You know, Caleb, the hotel’s walls are not very thick. A few people actually stopped and listened outside your door. Nearly two hours of loud sex does that. I had to scare them away a few times.”

“Well, I guess I am just going to sleep then and not giving you a turn,” I said with a smirk. An offended Aritca threw me on the bed and mounted me. I needed a release, so I did not resist as she quickly worked up my male body into a frenzy. Tomorrow, I would deal with my conscience.