Chapter 114

Morning was a slow beeping alarm clock followed by Artica kicking it off the nightstand.  She hated alarms; this was the third or fourth one she had broken. My cell phones went off a few seconds later, and Artica mounted me, growling threateningly at my joke.  My phones were on the dresser across the room.  I had an hour before I needed to get to the rink.  Abigail knocked loudly and said breakfast was ready.  I tossed the playfully aggressive Artica off me and got dressed.

Abigail smiled brightly as she had a massive spread of bacon, eggs, toast, fresh fruit, bagels, and spinach.  Since it was a game day, Abigail had a lot of carbohydrates in the spread.  Vida was already on her second plate, and Lezerath was sipping tea with an untouched plate full.  She had manners and was waiting for Artica, and I.  Artica came out in running shorts and a loose tee shirt.  The tee shirt was a TMNT tee, and Vida’s eyes went wide.  Artica shrugged, “If you actually did your laundry, Vida, instead of leaving it in the washing machine dirty, I wouldn’t be wearing it.”

I had gotten Vida a dozen Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle tees online because of her love of pizza. She wore those tees all the time when not at school. Vida was good at cooking but not so much at cleaning. Abby was more than willing to pick up her slack on that end, doing all the laundry.

Abby and Vida had an indoor track meet today so they would not be at the game today. Abigail checked everything, doing her best June Cleaver with an apron on. She then sat and I asked, “What events are you doing today Abs?”

She smiled brightly, “One mile, three thousand meters, and high jump.”

“That is great. How do you plan to finish? I didn’t know you planned to do the high jump.” I asked while making a few bacon, egg, and cheese English muffins.

Abigail piled three pancakes on her own plate with blueberries and added homemade butter and maple syrup. The butter was a new thing Vida and her were trying. It did taste so much better than store butter and they were getting their cream directly from a local dairy farm. Abigail finished decorating her pancakes with strawberries and apple slices. “The coach asked me to do the high jump when I was joking around with some friends, I accidentally broke the school record. I think I will do six feet for the high jump and run my mile around four-thirty. It is my first track competition, and both should get me qualified for states and nationals.”

“Wow. Are you sure it is ok drawing that much attention to yourself? What about the three thousand meters?” I asked, a little concerned Abigail was going to show too much.

She smiled at me knowingly, “Ten minutes. It will be enough to win the meet but not very impressive. I need the times Caleb to get a scholarship to college. It is late in the recruiting cycle, and schools do not have many scholarships left.”

Vida interrupted the conversation, “I plan to win the meet as well, but I will not break any records.” The young orc was looking for praise. I nodded and smiled.

“Vida, that is good. If you can keep on good behavior, I will let you choose an enhancement in a month. But even one slip-up and you will have to wait six months,” I said conversationally, but the entire table froze at the announcement. Vida’s eyes kept getting wider and wider. I added, “Do not look shocked. I can make the elixir for you to drink.”

Lezerath looked up from her eggs questioningly, but I did not elaborate further, and everyone at the table remained mum. The meal continued, and I watched Lezerath closely. I figured with her mental powers, we really had no secrets if she really wanted to know them.

The conversation switched to my game today. Everyone was confident we would win. I knew there were a number of college scouts coming as well. Bedelia came down the stairs, fashionably late for breakfast. She looked exhausted from studying, she looked up at me and announced, “My mind space and my first construct are complete!”

The table erupted into questions and praise. Lezerath quieted everyone and asked the questions, “How large is your mind space, and what is your construct?”

Bedelia reveled in the attention, “It is the same size as Abigail’s. About a ten-foot sphere.” She blushed, “My construct is Caleb.” Everyone at the table went still. Lezerath broke the tension by laughing.

“Oh, young woman, you have it bad.” Bedelia flushed redder than she had ever been. Lezerath smiled, “When your energy recovers, come and see me and we can talk about what to make your second construct.”

It wasn’t long before everyone left, and I was driving Bedelia to the rink. Artica was going to take the Raptor to pick up Jade. Bedelia would wait in the car, watch the game, and then drive back with me. She was going through the papers as we drove, “You got the maxed-out Escalade. I would make a joke asking you if you were compensating for a small dick, but I know that would be a lie.”

“Yeah, it is a car for Apollyon to drive around in. I can not risk being seen Caleb’s car while guided as Apollyon,” my explanation sounded much more believable when spoken aloud. “I might get a sports car as well, so I can switch things up occasionally.”

“Did you talk to Artica? The garage is pretty full. I don’t know where you are going to park the Escalade,” Bedelia said.

One thing about Artica was she loved cars and especially the Bentleys. My silence had Bedelia chuckling, “Oh, you are getting the Escalade to make Artica jealous! That is rich. You do realize she is probably going to be driving the Escalade more than you if she is your bodyguard?”

I paused and swore softly, and Bedelia giggled. Well, at least I would have a nice car when I wanted it. I pulled into the rink and went inside, leaving Bedelia to study a textbook. She was improving her ability to scan books into her mind space, and it was accelerating her growth as a mage. The recall enhancement had helped as well.

I laced up and hit the ice quickly before anyone else. Last time the other team arrived early, but this time, I was by myself as I sped around the ice, going faster and faster. I tried to take a short cut-turn around the net, and the ice gave way, and I went into the boards hard. The hard plastic bounced me hardback on the ice and into the net, dislodging it.

The wind was knocked out of me, and I struggled to stand. I heard someone yelling if I was ok and quickly came to focus. My head and neck hurt as I got to my feet, skated to the bench, and waved my hand at two guys setting up concessions who asked me if I was ok. That hurt, and as I examined myself, my shoulder popped back into place. I had dislocated it on the impact. I checked, and I was not bleeding anywhere. My accelerated abyssal healing was hard work.

I figured I must have been going about 30 mph when I hit the boards. Besides being dazed for a few seconds and temporarily dislocating my shoulder, I was fine. I really had not taken any serious damage since becoming an incubus. The guy from the concessions was down at the bench and shining a light into my eyes. He was a firefighter and thought I had a concussion. “Damn, Silversmith. You dislodged the board. You can not be ok!”

I looked, and I had knocked the panel slightly off, and there was a gash on it from my skate. That was a massive crash and might have seriously messed up a human. I waved him off and went over the boards, “Let me skate it out and see if I feel off at all,” I said, moving to the ice before things escalated, and he somehow got me pulled from the game.

The guy was part of the firefighter’s team that used the rink on Sundays. His shirt said, Backdraft Hockey Club. He watched me as I skated tight loops, grabbed the stick, and skated with a puck. I came back to the bench, “See. I am good, sir. Thanks for checking on me.” He seemed uncertain as he slowly returned to concessions to prepare the food.

As I slowly skated, the other team arrived and began their early skate again. My mind focused on the fact that I needed practice getting beaten up. If that had happened in a real fight, I would have been stunned for a breath or two from that impact, allowing my opponent free reign at me. I needed to operate effectively when injured, which would require experience.

I was so distracted I didn’t even realize the other team had four demis on it instead of the three I remembered. The two foxkin and wolfkin were skating and doing their best to stare me down. Their team’s fourth and unknown member seemed to be a bullkin—or maybe that was a minotaur. I found James and asked him about the new player.

“Fuck, Caleb. That is Peter Anders. I thought he was suspended for fighting and sending a player to the hospital last year. He is a real beast,” James said, sounding concerned. When our coach joined us, he confirmed the player had been suspended for the entire regular season. The language the league used in the suspension is allowing him to play in the playoffs since it falls outside the normal season. It made no sense to me.

When the puck dropped, it was obvious the other team’s game plan. The wolfkin and minotaur were trying to be extremely physical with me. The minotaur was a slow skater, making it a joke to avoid him. But I got a silly idea. I decided to taunt him during the game, getting him to cross the line and get penalty minutes.

I skated next to him and softly said, “Got milk?” Ok, so my first insult lacked the effect I wanted. So I followed it up with, “It looks like you are lactating like a cow.” He slashed at the back of my knee, but the refs missed it. The crowd saw it and booed. The puck dropped, and I waited in the corner for a heavy check from the bull-man. I was crunched hard, and a boarding call was made. As I got up, I laughed and said, “Ole.”

I proceeded with more taunts when he came out of the box. I liked sticking with the lactating and udder taunts as they seemed to rile him up the most. His teammates tried to calm him, and his coach yelled at him. The score was tied at 3-3 after two periods, but the minotaur was out for a double minor to start the third, and the refs told him he would be ejected if he had another call.

We scored twice to open the third, putting us up 5-3, and the other team was getting desperate. One of their foxkin captains tried tripping me to prevent a breakaway. I scored anyway, going five-hole on the wide-eyed goalie. All my shots to this point in the game had been top corner, and he was not ready. It felt good, with 6 minutes left, the game should have been put away. The coach benched the minotaur as he could not risk another penalty. We won the game 6-3 but I could see a rage in the minotaur’s eyes.

I spent some time celebrating with my team before heading out and meeting my parents in the parking lot. They congratulated me, and I was off with Bedelia, Iris, Kiri, and Eilina. Carrie as meeting me at the cabin tonight and had not attended the game. We went to Vincent’s to celebrate. Mary showed up, and it was good to see her after only running into her at school every once in a while.

Mary was unhappy, “I can not stand being told I can not meet up with you all. My parents have gotten so controlling.” She finished a slice of sausage pizza in three bites, dropping the crust on her plate and reaching for another. That was one thing about my enhancements; they required a much higher caloric intake to maintain fitness.

I tried to calm Mary, “They are looking out for your best interests, Mary. If I were your parents, I wouldn’t want you hanging around me either.”

“Caleb, my best friend, is gone. I can not see my new friends,” she indicated to the people around the table. “I can not show my true ability at practice. I can not learn magic with everyone here.” I looked around to ensure she was not attracting too much attention and motioned for Mary to speak quietly.

“Don’t worry, Mary. I will go to your house, and we can hang out. I am sure your parents will like me,” Bedelia added her input.

Mary visibly relaxed. “Thank you but it is not necessary. I was just venting. My parents are sending me to a summer camp. It is run by the church and is seven weeks long in Maine. I guess I am upset about it. But it was what I wanted. I will be rowing and riding the entire summer, but Rose is not going with me.”

“Maybe I could send Vida and Eilina with you? I think they would like that.” I said.

Elina and Kiri looked up. Kiri nodded and said, “Yes, Eilina can go. I can stay in a hotel nearby. Maybe Abigail would want to come as well?”

I didn’t like losing Abigail for the summer, but I nodded anyway and checked my phone. She had not texted so I called her. “Hey, Abs, how is the meet going?”

“Great Caleb. Vida won the shot put by four feet. I won the high jump at 6’1” and the one mile in a time of 4:36.22. I still have to run the 3000 meters, but I don’t plan to win it,” she said proudly. “Also coach said a few coaches have texted him after my results were posted online!”

“That is great, Abs! I wanted to see if you and Vida wanted to go to a summer camp in Maine with Mary and Eilina this summer to learn how to ride….” Mary interrupted me.

“They have tons of sports and help work on athletic skills. Tennis, cycling, lacrosse, you name it,” Mary said helpfully.

I added, “There is a bunch of things to do.”

“I heard,” Abigail said, “I think it would be good for Vida, but I want to study magic over the summer.”

“Ok. Good luck in your race,” I hung up. I looked at Mary, “So Vida and Eilina will go with you.” Mary seemed a little happier as she ate her third slice, and I ordered two more pizzas for the table.

I was driving to pick up Carrie by myself after the meal and taking her to the cabin. Even Lezerath was in Washington today to meet another member of Rincewind’s team. It was to be just me and Carrie while I enhanced her core. This was a tricky situation as Lezerath knew Carrie was lower tier 1, and I would hopefully help her reach upper tier one tonight.

I arrived at her house, and her father’s car was in the driveway. She ran out the steps, and her father came to the door. He looked old and had a pot belly, probably from drinking too much beer. Carrie got in and was wearing a black skirt and red top with a light blue jacket. She had makeup on as well. “You look lovely, Carrie.”

As we drove, she fidgeted in her seat. She was nervous about either having sex for the first time or getting her powers enhanced. I was going to try to make this experience as pleasant as possible. She finally spoke, “It is ok if you do not want to do this. I want this, but you do not have to do it.”

“Having sex with a beautiful woman? Who doesn’t want that?” I said seriously. I figured that was the route of her problem. She did not think she was pretty or good enough. I spent the rest of the drive talking and giving her confidence. When we arrived at the house, she was giddy and already aroused. I brought her into the master bedroom, and I noticed Artica had put new sheets on the bed.

Carrie was nervous again, so I stepped in close, tilted her chin up, and kissed her with a tiny dose of saliva. She melted into my lips, and our tongues started to play with other. I pulled off her jacket and started to rub her back, finding the clasp for her bra and releasing it through the fabric. The bra fell away, and I pushed Carrie to the bed.

She laid down, and I pulled up her shirt to kiss her belly button. I used my trick of adding a small pool of saliva to be absorbed slowly over time before moving up to her breasts. She had large soft breasts. I squeezed and directed the mounds while flicking her hardened nipples with my tongue.

Her arousal permeated my senses as she squirmed in delight beneath me. I added my vortex over her core to begin the real work of the evening. I kept my sight on her core as I slid the shirt over her head and removed my own shirt. I came back down, bringing our lips together. Our naked chests were now pressed between us, the body heat making her sweat.

Her soft and fleshy body was different, more wholesome than my normal athletic partners. Her lips were so inviting I lingered for a long time kissing her before going to her ear lobe, neck, chest, and belly button. As I went lower, I pulled her skirt down with my hands, exposing her soaked panties. I licked her camel toe through the fabric, and she came, her entire body shuddering with joy as she gasped for air. She was quiet while she came hard. I could see her clit nub and teased it with my tongue as she continued to shudder. She grabbed the sheets with a balled fist but remained quiet.

I played with her labia and clit through the fabric for long minutes while she reached another extended eruption and body-clenching orgasm. I was slightly confused as unlike most women Carrie did not have a distinct taste to her. I pulled the soaked panties into her folds. Her puffy lower lips swelled with blood as I licked them. The lips were smooth, so I think she had gotten a bikini wax down for the occasion.

I started to add tiny doses of tier 2 saliva. I was watching her core closely, and it was swelling quickly. I thought I would not even need to have intercourse with Carrie before she reached her limit. My penis was straining in my jeans, and my own desire was pushing me to continue. I unzipped my jeans and removed both my jeans and underwear.

I pulled her panties to the side and started working my tongue between her folds. Carrie let out her first sound, a long low moan. I pressed deeper and deeper inside her, and her moaning volume grew. She climaxed again, and I tickled her clit with the tip of my tongue to draw it out.

She was sweating as she came down, and her core was near the max I was comfortable with. I moved up her body to look her in the eyes. My hardness resting on her slick folds. I asked, “Carrie do you want me to continue?” Maybe it was not fair to ask her in such a state. She focused on me and nodded. I aimed and pressed my firm glans into her folds. They slowly parted as I entered her. She gasped but took me without issue. I was surprised but slowly got a rhythm with half my length.

Carrie eagerly accepted me with each slow thrust. I focused on her core as I brought her to another climax…planning for this one to be the last. I had the recall elixir prepped for the proper time. I decided she could not take more saliva, so I waited for her to peak. Her eyes glassed over as I felt her start to squeeze my shaft inside her. Her legs reflexively wrapped around me to keep me inside her as she came. I came with her, giving her the gift. Her core looked at its peak, but then the unthinkable happened.

Carrie’s core, which was already swelled to its safe maximum, suddenly continued to expand and destabilize. I was shocked and did not know what to do to stop it. My heart pounded as I looked at Carrie who was unaware her life was hanging on a thread and about to end. Her core was headed to rupture in just seconds. I was going to kill her.