Chapter 108 What is in the Bermuda Triangle?

Nashima and Pandora watched Emily in Paris with Casper at the foot of the bed.  Lilith was in the park reading a book.  I held up the vial of water elemental essence, and Nashima paused the episode.

“I noticed that when you added it.  Is that what you have decided on for your next construct?  Some type of water-based creature?”  She asked.

“I was told it is the essence of a greater water elemental that a wizard had slain,” I said, turning over the small vial of viscous blue, softly glowing liquid in my hand.

“Greater water elemental?  I don’t know if it will be a greater water elemental if you form it.”  She rubbed the top of Casper’s head, “Casper had evolved into an alpha winter wolf.  That is why he was created as an alpha space from the fur in your mind.  Elementals grow over time to become greater elementals, usually by killing lesser elementals and consuming their power.  So you may be disappointed with the result.”

She stood and took the vial, “I think it is still a good option.  Water elementals are good at restraining opponents.  They are sometimes a bit mindless, though.”

I took the vial back, “Ok, I will try to instill it was an aspect of my consciousness.  Lezerath said I should think defensive and protective.”  Nashima nodded in agreement.

I focused on my thoughts’ ideal protection, guardianship, and camaraderie aspect.  The liquid in the vial disappeared, and my life essence was imbued at the same time, and the woman who appeared to be made of glass appeared.  No fucking way!  Really?  Sensing my intentions, “Don’t dissipate it!”  Nashima yelled.  “It formed as a greater elemental.  The liquid must have been really dense.”

My jaw wouldn’t work, though.  The elemental was in the image of my sister, Paige.  She eerily turned toward me.  It was like an ice sculpture come to life.  She examined her hand, and it rippled for a moment like water.  I stopped my thought of dissipating it and said, “Seems kind of small for a greater water elemental.”  The clear eyes focused on me, and a smile I was too familiar with appeared on its face.  The elemental began to grow until its head reached the twenty-foot ceiling.  My face was now level with its oversized water genitalia.  I was uncomfortable as I was aroused.

“Can you make some clothes,” I said uncomfortably, eyes wandering to her.  The elemental rippled and soon had on clear jeans and a tight tee.  It then condensed back down to human size.

“That was impressive,” Nashima said.  “Caleb, I think I can work with this construct, and it will be extremely valuable to defending your mind space.”  I was resigned to keeping it, but it felt wrong having Paige in my mind space. Like big sister would always be watching—and judging me.

“Can it talk?”  I asked.

“No, elementals speak differently than us—but maybe it could learn.  I can only read your thoughts in here.  You should name this construct and take some time before adding another.  Creating two powerful constructs in such a short time is straining your mind space.  We need time to acclimate,” Nashima informed me.  Casper was sniffing the new addition and gave it a tentative lick.  Pandora looked underwhelmed.  Pandora obviously still hoped for me to add a male construct to my mind space.

Lilith entered the bedroom with a book under her arm, “Wow, another one.  Is this?  Really Caleb, your sister?  You have some underlying desires you are not addressing.”  She laughed softly, but I could tell she was joking.  At least, I assumed she was joking, “What is her name?  Calypso would be good if you have not given her one.”

“Calypso is fine as long as it is not Paige.  I am going.  I am sure you all can get Calypso acclimated.”  Did an elemental even have a sex?  I thought they were primarily amorphous forms.  I could feel the construct’s power, and it was drawing strongly on mind space.  The best way to describe it was I had a larger pitcher of creation energy, and my new constructs were large glasses I needed to fill up completely to solidify them.  My pitcher of available energy was almost empty and refilling slowly.  I examined the feeling and guessed I needed maybe a week to top off my mind space creation energy.

Just before I left, I heard Pandora give a snide remark, “Well, at least she is already wet.”

Wednesday morning, I was awake at three and drove over to the cabin for the run with Abigail.  I parked by the road and decided to test Artica’s defenses.  I transformed and flew into the air and landed on the porch of the garage apartment.  I landed without a sound and immediately moved the door.  It slid quietly, and I entered.  The large living room was clean, and there were two doors to the bedrooms.  I realized I didn’t know which room was Vida’s and which was Abigail’s.

I moved to the first door, which was cracked open, and sniffed the door.  This was definitely Vida’s room.  Her sexual musk was strong in the air.  I moved to the second door and silently turned the handle.  I opened the door and was met with Abagail’s scent.  Not her sexual scent, just her normal body scent.  I guessed Vida had been vigorous in self-pleasure while Abigail had not.

I moved into the room and shut the door softly behind me.  A single form was sprawled on the bed in just her panties.  I stripped and crawled on the bed over her.  It was definitely Abigail.  I pressed my phallus between her legs, and she tightly clapped down on my shaft with her thighs.  She giggled and held up her phone.  The screen showed a text from Artica.  It said, **Caleb is seeking into your apartments**. Well, at least Artica’s security system was working.

I whispered into her ear, “Well, you caught the intruder.  What are you going to do with it?”

She squeezed her thighs tighter in response.  I started kissing her neck and shoulders, leaving stronger saliva with each kiss.  In response, she started squirming her butt and loosened her hold.  “Not fair,” she said with a heavy breath.  The dampness formed on her panties, and I pressed my cock into the wetness, adding my own precum.  I added my vortex, and after a few minutes of grinding, I grasped the panties and pulled them slightly to the side to slide into her. This was her favorite position as I slowly fucked her.

After she came twice, I released into her as well.  “Do you think we were quiet enough that Vida didn’t hear us?”  Abigail sighed underneath me.

“Probably not.  The door is partially open, and I closed it when I came in,” I said.

Abigail freed herself, went to the door, and locked it, “We shouldn’t do it with her next door.  It is like you are teasing her on purpose. Orcs are very sexually active at her age.  She is having enough trouble as it is.”

“I am sorry, but after seeing you lying there, I could not help myself.  Are we still going running?” I started dressing.

“Yes. I have to hold back at track practice. I need to free the beast,” she said as she started dressing. I noticed a package on the desk in the room. Abigail noticed my curiosity, “Artica got it for me. It is supposed to be a maid’s uniform. I did not want to open it because Vida did not get one, and she helps me clean and cook.”

“Oh,” I paused, slightly disappointed. I went to the package and opened it. Inside was a fairly expensive-looking French maid uniform.

“That is cute,” Abigail said. “Maybe Vida would like to wear it.” I was not sure if Abigail was clueless or not. Did she not understand fetishes?

“Just have Artica get Vida her own uniform,” I said, pulling it out. It was extremely conservative, with the dress going past the knee and the top completely covering the neck and torso. I laid it down, imagining Abigail wearing it. “You don’t have to wear it. You can save it for Halloween,” I said after a moment.

We drove over to the state forest and made a seven-mile loop with five-minute miles. Since we had pre-dawn sex, we didn’t indulge again on the run. But back at the cabin, we showered together in my master bathroom. Artica came in and thought I was alone. She turned and left after I told her good job with the security.

At school, I was in the library during first period and unpacking my ancient books to add to my mind space. Ms. Hendersen entered with Hazel Reed in tow. Hazel was a senior and captain of the women’s basketball team. They were favored to win states this year, and she had a scholarship to a power 5 college.

Ms. Henderson introduced us, “This is Ms. Reed. She needs help with algebra. She agreed to get some personal tutoring from you during her class.” Hazel smiled. She had hazel eyes and caramel skin. I think her father played in the NBA or MLB. I couldn’t remember. Her mother was an Olympian for Canada. I remember when she came in to speak to the school last year.

She sat down, and Ms. Hendersen left. Hazel explained, “I am not doing well, and Ms. Hendersen suggested yesterday I could get some one-on-one tutoring. I just don’t get math. I just need a C+ in the class to graduate. I am close.” She looked me over, “I did not realize it would be you. I thought it would be a nerd.” She quickly added, “Not that there is nothing wrong with nerds.”

“It is all good. Let’s go through some problems in your text. We only have an hour,” I said, smiling. I thought about using my charm to get her to focus but tried to be a good tutor for now.

It was clear that numbers were an issue for Hazel. She just had trouble with math, as she had said. She also seemed to forget everything we just went over ten minutes prior. I checked her core, and it was just 0.19. It was an average core. Hazel was happy with her progress as the period ended and said she would be back tomorrow.

The day passed quickly, and I was happy to see Jade and Anya at lunch. Anya was gushing about her performance and also that she was going to audition for a part in a new teen drama filming in Canada over the summer. It was a modernized Dawson’s Creek, according to her. I was happy for her, but Jade seemed to roll her eyes at her excitement. She was only auditioning for the part and seemed to have forgotten all about her figure skating aspirations.

She had qualified for the World Championships but was not sure if she planned to go. She had a month to decide. Jade asked to talk after school in private. So I would wait for her and drive her home.

Jade looked serious When she slid into the passenger seat after the last period. “I talked with the Wolfkin Alphas. They are using a transit in Bermuda. It is out in the ocean about 90 miles southwest of the islands. They have accepted your offer to open the portal for their team of eight.” She reached into her pocket and pulled out a paper, “They will have a Gulfstream private jet for you at the small airport just south on Route 15. The flight will be about 90 minutes. Then they will have a helicopter take you to a ship anchored at the site. They agree to pay $150,000; the standard fee for opening this portal.”

She looked up from the paper, “I want to come. Are you going into the portal?”

I nodded, “I think so. I want to explore the transit city a little to get used to them.”

“It is a beastkin city, Caleb. I do not think they like humans,” she hesitated. “I think this city actually allows human slavery.” She looked at me for a response. I just nodded. I was not a human. Not sure how they would treat a demon. Maybe I would use 100 life essence to make a beastkin form. I still wanted to make an elf form…

“I will be going in, and you can come. I think Artica will come with me. If they are not human-friendly, then Bedelia can stay behind,” I finished. “Are you coming to the training at the cabin?” She nodded, and we drove there.

As Lezerath was working with everyone, I pulled Kiri and Carrie aside. “Carrie, I need a favor. I need you to stretch a male elf body for me so I can create an illusion. Kiri is going to help you by telling you what is attractive for elves and what color eyes, hair, and everything else.” Carrie’s eyes widened.

“I…I…I already know. I saw you transform into an elf in my dreams. I have the sketches at home,” she blushed and wouldn’t make eye contact.

“You saw me as an elf? Where?” I asked extremely interested.

“I don’t know. It was a city full of elves. You were running away from the guards and transformed, and they ran past you,” she was red and looked afraid.

“Was anyone else with me? Iris? Kiri? Danila?” I pressed her, anxious.

“No, I only saw you. It was only a few seconds. I do not know why you were running,” she said worriedly.

“No, this is good. Thank you. Maybe I can change this fate by entering the city of elves as an elf. Kiri, can you go and work with her on some sketches?” I asked. Kiri nodded and took Eilina with her.

There were a lot of unknowns. Was this city in her dream Kealon or a different elven city? Carrie’s power was foresight but extremely weak. Bedelia had pressed me a few times to raise Carrie’s core. How strongly did it have to get to help her visions? She could also consume tier-two aether stones to force a vision as Bedelia did, but that was costly.

I worked with everyone until Mary, Abigail, Vida arrived from their respective practices. Abigail pulled me aside and said Vida threw the shotput fifty-six feet in practice. That was almost a national record for high school. The coach was excited and recorded her next throw on camera at fifty-four feet 9 niches. Shit. Vida was sitting smugly. She was lashing out because of Eilina and not getting her way—a typical teenager. Abigail wanted me to do something about it. The last thing we needed was a spotlight on Vida.

I sat on the couch next to Vida. “Heard you had a nice throw in practice. Congratulations.” She beamed at the attention. “If you do it again, I will send you to a high school for demis in South America.” I left her there stunned. Vida knew better, and I think she needed a firm hand. Was there even a high school for demis in South America? I was guessing there had to be.

I went to my room with Jade, and we called the Wolfkin Alphas to set up the delve date. Wednesday, February 10th, I would leave the airport at 3:00 am. If everything went smoothly, I would be opening the portal around 8:00 am. The team would spend twelve hours in transit, as the city was only a mile from the gate, and return at 8:00 pm. I should be back in Virginia by 11:00 pm that night. It all sounded good over the call, but things could go wrong. Jade, Frost, and Artica will be joining me. The four of us were all going to transition into the portal.

After the call ended, I asked, “Jade, do they just traffic human slaves? Would an elf be subjected to the same fate?”

Jade took out her phone and started to review the city, Dennadjen. It translated into **City of a Hundred Trades**. It was the only city the various sub-species of beastkin actually ruled. She began to run the demographics. It had a population of just over a million beastkin. She showed me her phone with an unofficial census on the screen.

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| **Beastkin City of Dennadjen “City of a Hundred Trades”** | |
| Wolfkin - including shifter | 33% |
| Catkin - including shifter (not Rakshasa) | 19% |
| Foxkin - including kitsune | 9% |
| Ratkin | 9% |
| Bullkin - including minotaurs | 4% |
| Centaurs | 4% |
| Other Beastkin | 11% |
| Humans, Elves, Dwarves, Gnomes | 11% |

“It says a pair of Rakshasa rules the city. Although they appear like catkin they are not,” she said gravely. “A weak rakshasa has a tier three core, and many on the higher layers are much stronger. They look down on catkin species,” Jade explained.

“I can see they have slave markets galore in the city. It does not say—wait,” she read a few passages. “They do traffic from humans seized from Earth. Apparently, there are numerous gateways in the open ocean in that area. We are just using one in particular known for free trade.”

“So the Bermuda Triangle is real then. Guess in a world of magic, that makes sense, and since the portal extends into the skies, planes would not be safe either.” I was wondering if this trip would be safe when Kiri, Eilina, and Carrie returned.

The sketches Carrie had of the elf made him look majestic, with golden brown hair. Icy blue eyes and an angular face that somehow looked noble. Kiri offered, “He is quite stunning, Caleb. I probably wouldn’t change a thing.”

Carrie had three drawings. In all of them, the male elf was clothed. “Carrie. I need you to work with Kiri still. I need the images to show what this male elf looks like in his birthday suit.” Carrie blushed, and Kiri looked confused. “Carrie will explain, Kiri. Eilina can help. Get me the pictures but Sunday. Color if possible, as it will help me prepare the illusion.” It was not an illusion, but they did not need to know that.

Thursday and Friday were a blur. I stayed true in my tutoring of Hazel, and she was learning. Hockey practice was becoming fun again, and Vida was on her best behavior. Abigail surprisingly developed her mind space. It was a small cube about ten feet to the side, but Lezerath was impressed. The others were jealous, but in a good way.

At 6:04 PM on Friday, Paige called my phone, “Hey, Caleb, I am at Iris’ house. Mon and dad said you would be here, but no one is home. Where you at, bro?”

“I am sending you an address Paige. Come on over. We just ordered dinner, and I can introduce you,” I said happily. It was time for round two with Paige’s introduction to the greater world.