Chapter 156 Champion Maestro

Gundella was clearly impressed and thought she had gained some consideration from me.  I was left in the library to read, as I guess male orcs were only known to be good for one ejaculation at a time and needed time to recover.  Pandora had read the two books on orc sexual habits and thought I had been too gentle with Tevega.  According to the books, orcs were more animalistic.  They are more like dogs, building into a frenzy and going ballistic to bring themselves over the edge.

I had used some foreplay and been relatively gentle comparatively.  I did not hear any complainants, and a handful of the women watching had achieved orgasm just from the sight of my taking Tevega.  My lust aura apparently had an effect on the already horny orc women.  Even Gundella, well past child years, was aroused and excited by it.  It also somewhat explained Vida’s constant attempts to get into my pants.

My two female orc watchers returned to the library with me.  They had not been in the dining room but appeared to have heard the rumors.  They were following me with their eyes intently as I paged through more books.  I was a little surprised when Tevega came and stood in the room by the door with them.  She had washed and put on clean clothes.  She was also now fully dressed in a tight-fitting green outfit.  I finished my current book and asked, “Why are you here, Tevega?”

The young orc seemed unsure how to answer.  She finally said, “You embarrassed me at breakfast.  My mother said I am to make sure you fulfill your promise and not waste your seed on your consorts when they arrive.”  This made sense if they thought male orcs were one-shot wonders.

I also realized the orc cultural expectations were different when it came to sex.  I nodded slowly and returned to scanning books into my mind space.  Iris, Bedelia, Vida, and Aurora arrived a few hours later with our packs.  I thought Gundella would have met them, but the fat orc servant just escorted them into the library, leaving them with me.  They were looking around in awe of their surroundings.  The estate was pretty opulent, even by human standards, even if the library itself was fairly underwhelming in its number of books.

Tevega eyed my companions like rivals as they walked in.  Aurora found a seat and sat heavily, ready to take a nap.  Iris and Bedelia attacked the books, trying to find something interesting.  The language barrier was not a problem for either of them as they had a translation charm. We could not speak freely with three orcs watching us, and they understood that.  Vida remained standing and watched the two attendants and Tevega with suspicion.  I walked over and guided her to sit before she caused a problem.  If all went to plan, we would be moving into the transit tomorrow.

“Why did you allow us to get confined inside this place,” she bemoaned our situation.  Vida did not trust ice orcs as they had oppressed her people.

Aurora put a hand on her shoulder reassuringly and answered her, “At least it is a gilded cage, Vida.”

“It is, and tomorrow we have a tour of the pyramids,” I added loudly.  That let everyone know we were leaving via the transit tomorrow.

Vida walked up to the gray-skinned orcs and Tevega, “Are these three your servants, Apollyon?  Can you just send them away?”

Tevega put on a scowl, “I am no servant!  I was chosen to carry the Champion’s child!”  Everyone paused in what they were doing and turned to face me to resolve the matter.

I shrugged, “It was the price of admission,” I indicated to my babysitters.

Vida was the only one visibly upset, “She is barely older than I am!” Thinking Vida might say something to give us away, Iris moved over to her to talk to her privately.

Seeing the anger it caused Vida, Tevega pressed, needling her.  “We will have our second mating tonight!  And I will squeeze every drop of manhood from his Champion cock!”

Tevega was like a petulant child, trying to outdo her imagined rival.  I regretted enhancing her core now.  She was definitely not getting an elixir tonight, either.  “Can you three go and bring us a mid-day meal while we read?”

Tevega said with some averseness, “No food is allowed in the library, and there has to be someone watching you all the time.”

I raised my tone to yell, “I was not asking.  Bring me and my consorts food and drink now!”  The three of them scrambled to leave, and Bedelia moved to the door to cast some privacy magic.

Vida was still visibly upset as Iris continued to try and calm her.  Maybe it had been a mistake in bringing her along.  Bedelia asked, “Did you find anything useful?”

“My mind constructs are certain they are cutting transit threads.  Should we move into the transit or look for clues about Iris’ parents in other cities? We know Andromeda is somewhere in the higher layers.  Iris?”  I turned to her, waiting for her answer.

“We should enter the transit.  The longer we stay on Mercanious, the more likely we will be discovered,” she told the group.  “Also, I do not think my parents are here.  If they were helping with cutting the transit thread, then they would be on a higher layer.”

“So it is agreed.  When we enter the pyramid tomorrow, we will enter the transit,” I ended the discussion.

Food and drink arrived, and Bedelia’s privacy spell was broken when the doors were opened.  The food was, once again, very good.  We worked in the library under the supervision of Tevega and the servants till dinner. Then, I was called to eat with Gundella privately. It was in a much smaller dining room, and it was only us. The food had been left in advance.

Gundella sat in an oversized chair and smiled broadly as I entered. It was clear her opinion of me had drastically changed. She had thought I was just a muscle-bound orc with her ancestors’ blood. “You were right. My sniveling nephew was hoarding coin and shorting the workers in Iron Splinter.”

She was referring to the mayor or Iron Splinter, whose house we had requisitioned. “So he has been dealt with Gundella?”

“He has. He will be running caravans from the Salt Sea to the Hollow Mines the rest of his life,” she said, raising a glass and drinking.

“I am glad I could be of service to the Whispering Rock Clan,” I followed suit and drank the potent wine. Even with my demon constitution, I could feel the alcohol.

“I wanted to meet you alone to drop pretenses. We need you.” Her tone was serious, “I do not have a competent heir, and everything I built in my hundred and three years will be eroded in years after my death. My nephew is just the most recent example. What can I offer you that will bring you my clan?”

“What can you offer that I have not already seen?” I asked, taking a neutral stance. I did not want to get the Matriarch’s hopes up.

“I said drop the pretenses, Apollyon. I know you are not from Mercanious and that you came from one of the transits. Even though you are young, someone so competent and unaffiliated would not have made it this far north from the islands.” She sat back, confident she was correct in her assessment.

I had to admire the Matriarch; she saw something she needed and went for it. I could see her resorting to less subtle means if she didn’t have to convince me to stay. I smiled, “Women are not a way to entice me, Gundella. I seek power and fame. I want to earn a thousand beads with an army of my brethren fighting alongside me. I do not think you can offer this to me.”

“I see,” her old, white, wrinkled face scrunched up. “We only supply metal for making the weapons of the warriors and stream powered transports. We do not have the warriors in our clan that you seek. Are you planning a campaign in the transit, then?”

I considered my response because I was not sure how many lies to tell her to keep her from pressing me. “Not at this time. In the future, yes. I am visiting pyramids to see what the transit cities on the other side have to offer.”

Gundella slowly nodded as if what I was saying made sense. I was glad of that, as it barely made sense to me. I knew there was an independent orc city on the other side of the portal, but I was not sure how the orcs on Mercanious perceived them other than as trade partners. “That is why you travel with the two lesser. You are planning to make a home inside the transit.”

I nodded, letting her leaps in logic take her where she wanted to go. The food came, and we ate in silence. Gundella was not happy as we finished the amazing dishes one after another. She rarely ate more than a few bites of each dish. When the dinner was complete, she stood and left without saying another word. The fat orc male servant was waiting outside the room, and he escorted me to my room for the night. I knew what to expect as I had promised to have sex with Tevega again.

Tevega was in a room with large pillows scattered everywhere. Even though the room had been cleaned, my incubus smell could pick up lingering mixed scents. This was some type of orc orgy room. Tevega was already naked, and she had been oiled, her body glistening. The two familiar attendants stood by the door as I scanned the room. “Are my consorts settled in for the night?” I asked. The right wall was beyond suspicious with its hundreds of circular tiles. I was almost certain that just beyond was Grundella spying through one of them.

“They are in the adjacent room and will be fine for the evening. They stuffed their bellies like pigs,” she said snidely. Tevega was not winning me over with her attitude. Also, I had already raised her core and harvested life essence from her. There was not much I could get from another session with her so soon unless I wanted to kill her by bursting her core.

I stepped in her direction, and she flinched like she had expected me to attack. No, she had been prepared to attack. Did she plan to try and wrestle me into submission and force herself on me? She gave herself a tiny advantage by oiling herself. Maybe because I told Gundella I was looking for battles and glory, she thought her daughter had to show some fight?

I quickly checked my guess with my mind constructs, and they agreed that made the most sense. Fine, I owed the Matriarch this. I assumed she was spying on me anyway—as was Bedelia. I turned on my lust aura, stripped, found the oil, and coated myself slowly. Tevega watched in fascination, not attacking me.

I had been too gentle with her in the dining room, so now I needed to be more aggressive. I was too fast for her to react, and I pined her face down to a pillow, “You need to do better if you wish for my seed,” I whispered harshly in her ear.

I let her up and backed away. The fire of anger burned in her eyes. She was lean for an orc but still muscled. However, she lacked any fighting prowess. She rushed me blindly over and over again. Each time, I pinned her face down with a trip or a toss and then released her, skipping out of her range.

Then something remarkable happened. Her speed drastically improved, and she managed to strike my face. It took me a moment to figure out that she was an adept like Artica and Frost. She used her aether core to enhance her physical aspects, and she had just managed one on her own without any formal training. It had been all instinct.

I licked my lips, but did not bleed from the strike. Tevega looked afraid at what she had done. I calmed her fears, “Very good Tevega. I will give you what you want if you can strike me twice more.”

Even with her increased speed, the next hour was an exercise in futility for her. The oil had been replaced by sweat, and her chest was heaving as her energy waned. I teased her to spur her on, “I guess you do not want it bad enough, Tevega. My consorts are in the next room, you said? I will spend my energy on them.”

She launched into another round of attacks, except this time, she did not tire but recovered her energy as she attacked. She had developed an endurance ability now. I throw her hard onto the floor, knocking the wind out of her. I was actually having fun, and in a weird way, this felt rewarding. Increasing her power through her own effort—like I was some martial arts master. The two attendees were enjoying the show as well, as I was sure watching two naked orcs wrestle for hours was entertaining for them—especially with my lust aura on. That and the massive snake swinging between my legs kept drawing their eyes.

I switched to trying to get her to make a strength adept ability. I would get her in holds and tease her about being able to break free. I would restrain her, bite her neck, nipple, or butt and then release her before she could retaliate. She struggled mightily but could not find the strength. I even taunted her a little, pretending she was close to breaking my holds occasionally, only to clamp down.

She finally broke a grip from behind due to realizing her strength enhancement finally, all her sweat breaking the friction. She rapidly elbowed me in the face. I backed away, smiling and working my jaw, “That is two Tevega. One more and you have your prize. I made my shaft come to my attention with a thought. Being so close to success, the young orc launched into a flurry of wild attacks. My speed was too great for her, and I let her exhaust herself again. She was using three adept powers and ran out of aether rapidly. I could tell she was close to passing out.

She was done. I stood over her and smiled my orchish grin at her. “You worked hard but failed to reach three hits on me. Tomorrow night, we will pick up where we left off, you will just need to strike me once to get your reward.” I let my erection fade to swing between my legs.

I was sure Gundella was watching through a hole in the wall the entire time. I had essentially just trained her daughter into a somewhat capable fighter by helping her develop physical enhancements utilizing the aether in her improved core. The same type of adept training Artica and Frost had trained years in. With actual training, she would be a deadly warrior on this planet.

I was guessing whatever blood she had of her ancestors had helped her realize the strength, endurance, and quickness enhancements naturally. It was a warrior’s bloodline; maybe her tier-two core had awoken them. She had been trained as a merchant, not a warrior, and she had a long way to go to be an effective fighter.

I had managed to avoid having sex with Tevega.  Since I was sterile, I was worried they might figure out my shortcomings.  I know Gundella had been watching the entire five hours as well.  I thought I played fair, and if her eye was discerning enough, she would have been able to see her daughter’s improvements.

It seemed this clan with fat butlers, sniveling nephews, and non-warrior daughters lacked the normal orcs’ drive to gain fame in combat, but maybe I had awoken some of that drive in Tevega.

As I collected my clothes, Tevega looked defeated and could barely move. She had exhausted her muscles and aether core. I had only enhanced this morning, and I would have been concerned if not for Aurora using her core shortly after I enhanced it as well.

“Bastard mongral!” Tevega moaned and cursed me.

I paused and turned, “Excuse me?” I stood over her with my clothes in hand.

“You never planned to give me your seed. You teased me all night, now my mother will send me to the northernmost fishing village to count the daily catch!” She looked more angry than ready to break into tears.

I turned to the wall I was sure she was hiding behind, “Is that true, Gundella?”

A hidden door soon opened up, and Gundella walked out. There were others in the spy room, but she closed the door behind her and entered the orgy room, not letting others follow. “It is. I told her she needed to prove to you she was worth carrying your children.” She looked down on Tevega, who still could not move. “She gained more today than she realizes.”

I nodded, “She probably didn’t notice as I increased my own physicality every time she did. You are right, the old blood runs in your family.” I was laying on the bullshit pretty thick, but Gundella smiled and nodded.

“No need to worry, Tevega. You will not be sent to manage a fishing village. Instead, your soft hands will be trained to wield the weapons of war. Our clan has fallen too far off the Path, and you will be the first to bring us back,” Gundella said proudly.

Gundella faced me and bowed, “You have done service to my clan by awakening the old blood in Tevega. My house is your house, Champion Maestro.” I had to check with Lilith, but the title meant I was some sort of orc teacher. It was translated as the Teacher who Brings out the Champion. It’s not something I want to spread. We were definitely leaving tomorrow when we were on the tour of the pyramid.

I left the room and found my companion’s next door as advertised. There were no spy holes in this room, but it was clear Bedelia had been watching. “Is the room secure?” I asked, and Bedelia nodded.

Iris spoke, “How high did you raise her core? I hope they do not have a reader nearby because this will get messy trying to leave.”

Bedelia came to my defense, “It is fine. They did not suspect anything when I spied on them earlier. We will be gone before they are wise to her enhanced core.”

A knock came at the door, and one of the females who had been watching the contest between Tevega and myself entered, “We have prepared a bath for you, Champion.”

Aurora looked up, “You should go. You stink.”

The tub was closer to a large hot tub and the two gray-skinned orc attendants who had been watching me in the library and when I schooled Tevega. They were naked and cleaned me thoroughly as I stood in the middle of the pool. To their disappointment, I did not become aroused even with their best efforts. Although I could use the life essence, I needed to restrain myself after raising Tevega’s core, or people would notice.

I returned to the room to find an annoyed Vida, a sleeping Aurora, and Iris and Bedelia in conversation. I took a spot on the bed next to Aurora and closed my eyes for some rest.