Chapter 113

Carrie looked at me nervously, “We have talked about it, and I know not to talk about it in front of Lezerath or anyone else.”

“Are you interested in it? It would make your powers stronger and help with your dreams,” I responded.

I knew the little Bedelai had told me about Carrie’s ability. Right now, it was unfocused, and she received an array of visions in her dream. Usually, short clips made no sense out of context. Carrie seemed uncertain, “Lezerath asked me to go with her, and I was strongly considering it. My father,” she paused, “has been distant, and I do not think he would miss me.”

Her eyes misted a little. I hugged her, “Carrie, you are always welcome here. Know that you are wanted.” I stepped back. “The truth is I am being selfish in asking you to enhance your core. I thought it could help me by being made aware of dangers. Like when you told me about changing into the elf form to avoid pursuit in the city. You do not have to do this and will always be welcome.”

She visibly relaxed, “I want to help. It is just some of the things I see.” She inhaled, “They are terrible things. More nightmarish than any horror movie, Caleb. I just want to shut it off completely,” she admitted. She looked about to cry.

“Enhancing your core will give you more control. I do not know if it will stop the nightmares. You are strong for having dealt with this for so long. If you ever need to talk about what you see, ask. I am here for you, as are the others,” I reassured her.

She hesitated and then said, “I have seen the aboleth. I am sure of it.”

I paused and motioned for her to sit, “What do you want to tell me?”

“I have seen how they kill their victims. They wrap them in their tentacles and release them from their mind control. The victim starts screaming as the aboleth destroys their soul and then consumes the body,” Carrie was shivering.

“Did you know the person the aboleth was consuming?” I asked and then described Lillian, Paige’s friend currently under the aboleth’s influence.

“No, it was an older woman with graying hair. No one I know or have seen before,” Carrie admitted. I breathed some relief. I drove Carrie to the cabin house after school and we talked for an hour about her other visions, but they made no sense. She promised to draw them as she remembered them and create a journal of the images.

Bedelia and Artica found me after Carrie left my room. Bedelia asked, wiggling her eyebrows, “Carrie going to join us tonight?”

“It is Thursday, and besides, you had me to yourself on Valentine’s Day,” I stated plainly. Bedelia scheduled her sessions for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

“Ah, come on, Caleb,” she whined playfully. Artica rolled her eyes and elbowed her. Bedelia rolled her neck, “Fine. We have three possible building locations for your warehouse.” She had the printout of the options. Bedelia had purchased a large tract of land adjacent to the cabin house under Abigail’s fake alias, Zendaya Saldana.

The first option was going halfway up the mountain, and was a massive concrete bunker built into the mountain. It was a two-level garage, with each level being fifty feet by one hundred and fifty feet of usable space. It would be covered with dirt and only be exposed with a single steel garage door. The engineering plans had ventilation and one secret entrance. The estimated build cost was forty-four million.

The second option was a square concrete building. It was fifty by fifty and had a basement and three stories. It didn’t look pleasant and would be built near the road in order to accommodate the foundation. The build cost was estimated at thirty-two million, but this did not include adding a facade to it.

The final option was more of a sprawling concrete complex. It was closer to being another house with large storage rooms. The building was the cheapest of the three options at just an estimated fourteen million.

All the options would require massive build projects and would not be so secret during the process. Bedelia said these mockups cost $25,000. Actual engineering plans would cost over $100,000. I just needed to decide on a direction. The first option was my preferred option. I studied those plans. Each of the two levels had fifteen-foot ceilings and 7500 square feet of usable space. I looked at it for a while and then announced, “Get them to work on starting surveys for this as high up the mountain as possible. I also want a small functional house to cover the opening. Nothing fancy.”

I looked it over a few times. It felt like I was building a villain’s lair or maybe the Bat Cave. Concrete footings would be the process’s longest and most difficult part. Then covering the structure after it was built. The good news is the fifteen thousand square feet of storage would be more than enough for a lifetime—or series of lifetimes.

We had spent most of the evening going over the plans, and they had a good idea of what I wanted. Artica was already figuring out the security concerns and what I would need to do to hide the structure from public records after it was built. She was going to start by faking it as a government project for the contractors. Then I could go back and charm all the workers to make them forget about working on the project. Bedelia would handle falsifying satellite images of the building process. This meant I was going to have to purchase some powerful illusion screens. All headaches for the coming year.

Maybe I would be better served by converting my funds to gold and spending my currency in the transit or on a higher layer. I was still holding onto my roots on Earth and my family.

I worked with Lezerath and talked to Mary on the phone after. She was still being held captive by her parents. I felt bad that my reputation had gotten her in trouble. I didn’t want her to grow distant from her family. That was something I was struggling with myself. Mary wanted to ignore her parent’s wishes and rejoin us, but I told her she should respect them and not come.

Before I left, Lezerath showed me how a mental mindscape battle worked. We faced each other in the room, and everyone watched. I felt a tugging and a warning coming from my mind space. Lezerath spoke, “It has begun. You can go into your mind space and see.” I nodded and slipped in.

My perception was different. I felt my mind space connected like it was when Andromeda visited. I spun and walked toward the park, where the disturbance was focused.

The park’s outer wall extended into a dirt field plane that seemed to go on for infinity.  There was one bright spot in the plane, and we could see two massive giants walking toward us and two shorter creatures.  The array of my own mental constructs was in the park.  Lilith turned to me, some nervousness on her face.

Nashima spoke first, “You can not go past your mind space, Caleb.  Only your constructs can walk onto the bridge between minds.”

My anxiety grew as Lezerath’s four mind space constructs walked toward us.  The two giants were both feminine by their curves but looked ancient with white hair and elven features.  The two shorter constructs looked like Lezerath.  One walked forward and approached the edge of my mind space.  Nashima said, “Once the bridge between mind spaces is established, both sides need to retreat for it to be dispersed.”  One of Lezerath’s smaller constructs now stood before us, separated from the rest.

It spoke confirming Nashima’s words, “So once the connection is made, it can only be broken when no constructs are on the field.  You never want to allow a construct to reach your mind space.”

I asked, “What if I am outnumbered?”

“They can not enter your mind space until all your constructs are defeated,” the Lezerath construct said.  Casper offered a throaty growl in a challenge.

I asked, “What happens when a construct is defeated in the field?”

Nashima answered the question, “It reforms in one hundred seconds.  But if another entity enters your mind space they can no longer reform as they disrupt the process.  If they are in your mind, they can still fight the intruders, but it will be their final chance.”

I asked, “And if they can not reform when an invading construct is in my mind space…does that mean they are gone forever?”

Nashima took this question as well, “No.  The construct is locked in limbo and will reform once the enemy leaves.  There are ways to permanently damage a construct and even dissipate it once you conquer a mind space.”

Lezerath’s construct spoke, “True, but that is not for today.  Let us go out onto the plane and practice fighting.”

I watched as my five constructs fought with Lezerath’s.  Nashima was the queen of the field, and under her direction, Casper and Calypso tied up the giants while the rest picked off the smaller Lereraths one at a time, and then all took the giants down.  It was very impressive, and the reformed Lezerath came across the field to talk with me again.  “That was excellent.  Your constructs are formidable.  I am going to bring out my other three constructs, and we will practice again.”

This time my constructs won again, but it was harder fought, and Casper was dissipated and had to reform.  He was not happy when he returned to the field, barking loudly, as he raced back into the battle.  I talked with Lezerath again.  “We can continue to practice while you return to your body.  I am getting some good training and am not too worried about you succumbing to the aboleth.  Rincewind’s artifact will protect you from being mind controlled, and your constructs will protect your mind space.”

I do believe that was a vote of confidence.  She continued, “The problem will be if the aboleth corrupts others in your team and they attack you in the real world.  I will continue working with Jade and Artica, but the necklace will not be enough if they can not defend their mind space.”  She sounded somber in her tone, but I accepted it.

“How close are they?”  I asked, and she was already shaking her head no.

“Unfortunately, not close at all.  Abigail could go and serve as a distraction since she can not fight,” Lezerath said slowly.

“No.  I will not risk her on this,” I stated.  Abigail was too naive to join us.  Too innocent.  I was also surprised by how far Jade and Artica were from competency.  When we trained, Lezerath always praised them for their effort and progress.

I asked one final question, “Can I fight the enemy myself in my mind space?”

“Yes, but if they capture and subdue you, then they have complete control of your body. You are the last line of defense, but if it gets to that point, try to make sure you have some of your constructs with you. Taking on multiple enemies in your own mind space is unpleasant.” I thanked Lezerath and returned to the real world.

Everything seemed so much more real now after that demonstration. If it was not for Nashima, I was pretty sure Lezerath would have overpowered the remaining constructs. Everyone was staring when I was back in the real world. Iris asked, “Is it over? You were only gone a few minutes.”

Lezerath smirked, “Mind space battles occur in the connection between minds but only a few minutes in the real world. Let’s talk about signs you can observe in a person who is fighting a mind space battle….” Leazerath spoke for two hours about seizures, REM sleepwalking, and people acting drunk without consuming alcohol. It was very educational, and I learned my own charm ability caused people to go glassy-eyed. I also found that Abigail was now strong enough to resist my seductive gaze. I could no longer charm her.

I would have to increase the tier strength if I wanted to affect her. I felt a mental pressure recede and knew the mindscape battle practice had ended. I was supposed to spend a few hours with Artica but found myself tired for the first time in a while. Lezerath explained, “Even though you did not participate directly, Caleb, you just overcharged your mind and exhausted your mental reserves. I could outlast you with my training, but we called an end to the practice. You will be happy to know that even without Nashima, your constructs were still able to hold me off.”

That was amazing news. I went and sat in my car for a moment, checking my messages. My sister had invited me to a college party on March 6th. It was a Saturday and the start of our school vacation, but I was heading to Australia to learn from Rincewind’s library.

I sent her a message explaining, very generally, what I was doing. She texted me that Ashley would be distraught with me going to her home country without her. That was shortly followed by a text from Ashley with a sad face. They must be hanging out together tonight. Ashley was her blonde teammate from Australia, whom I had sex with during Thanksgiving break. I was extremely attracted to Ashley and definitely would not mind another life essence session with her.

I texted Ashley back and asked where the good places to eat in Sydney were. I was shoced when she texted me back.

**Sydney! I live on the outskirts. My younger sister can show you around!! When are you going!?**

I paused as I read the message a few times. Should I ask how much younger? Should I ask for a picture? Both questions seemed kind of sleazy. Finally, I texted her that I planned to be vacationing with friends from March 7th to March 13th.

The next text said it was midnight in Australia, but she would ask her sister and friends to show me around and let me know. They all rowed for the Sydney Rowing Club. Ashley mentioned in the text that her sister, Lucy, had committed to rowing at USC next year. From this, I guessed she was a year older than me then.

I made it home late to find my dad watching the end of a Capitals game, and I joined him. It was on late because the team was playing LA on the west coast. We talked through the second and third period. The Capitals lost 3-1, and it did not look like they were going to make the playoffs. Too many injuries and spotty goaltending.

We talked about how the accelerated coursework was going and my plans if I managed to graduate. He still supported my taking a gap year and thought my mother was almost convinced. That was good because I hoped to explore the transits more in the gap year under the guise of traveling the world.

Friday’s hockey practice had everyone tight. The team we were playing was good even though we had beat them twice. We were their only two losses for the entire season. They also beat us in the playoffs last year. I remembered they had two demis on their team as well. Our coach tried to get us to loosen up, but it did not work, and everyone was grumpy going to school after practice.

At school, I tutored Hazel and then took my chemistry test. I had to go back and forth to my mind space for Lilith’s help. I at least felt confident turning it in to the proctor. She did not grade it but told me she would let me know on Monday how I did.

I left school before lunch and was driving around enjoying the first warm day. I aged my body to adult Caleb and went shopping. I was more window shopping than actual shopping. I did not think I needed anything, so I went to the auto mile to look at cars. My father’s luxury dealership was on the other side of the county. I realized why I was here. It was because I was jealous of Artica’s Ford Raptor.

I wandered the dealerships and looked at numerous sports cars, both new and used. I then went and test-drove a Lincoln Navigator. It looked a little boxy on the outside, but the interior was fabulous. The price tag was just north of one hundred thousand dollars. It could seat eight comfortably and was a huge step up from my Nissan Pathfinder. Having a car that Apollyon could drive around would also be nice. The Bentleys were too over the top for everyday driving.

I decided to test drive a Cadillac Escalade as well. I had driven one before and really enjoyed the ride. I liked the interior of the Navigator over the Sport Escalade. But the exterior of the Escalade was more pleasing to the eye, less boxy than the Navigator. I checked my Apollyon accounts and had plenty of funds to cover the cost. Did I really need a new car just to show up Artica? Yes, even though it was slightly petty.

I sat down at the Cadillac dealership and ordered a Silver Metallic Premium Luxury Platinum Escalade for $137,904.34. At least that included taxes. I filled out some of the paperwork and paid for everything but the plates. I would let Bedelia work her magic on that. Delivery was due in ten days as the model was available and being shipped up from Texas. I think I paid the local dealership a $5,000 transfer fee, but if it got the vehicle here sooner rather than waiting for it to be built, all the better.

I took my stack of paperwork to the cabin house and found everyone working with Lezerath. With a smile, I handed the paperwork to Bedelia, who went wide-eyed. Artica tried to peek, but I told Bedelia to keep it a secret. I went to my bedroom to relax and was expecting Bedelia to arrive for a session instead, I found it was Carrie who had knocked.

“Yes, Carrie? How can I help?” I asked the shy girl.

“I have decided to let you do it. Enhance my core, that is. I want control of my power if I can not get rid of it,” she inhaled as the words tumbled out. “I am going to go with Lezerath as well.”

I winced slightly but quickly smiled assuringly, “That is great. We can do it tomorrow after the game if you want?” I was going to put in some effort to make a seer, and then she was going to ditch me for an alien. I calmed down quickly because I knew it was what was best for Carrie.

Carrie was nervous but gave a smile, “Yes. Tomorrow is good.” She was bright red as she rushed away. I checked my life essence after she left. I was at 119. The aboleth encounter was coming shortly. I needed to get stronger.

It was almost midnight when Artica came into the room, “Were you going to keep me waiting all night?” I said, putting down a book I was scanning into my mind space.

Artica grinned and straddled my hips in the oversized plush chair. She leaned into me, and our mouths met in a passionate kiss. When she broke the kiss, she said, “Well, if you want this pussy you are going to have to catch her!” She leaped backward and transformed while stripping and heading for the shower.

She had been on a bit of a sex in her natural form kick. I found her in the walk-in shower under the cold water letting her get her catkin fur wet. I stripped as she lathered up her fur with some special conditioner she had bought. I turned on my lust aura and moved into the shower with my sudsy feline.

The vortex was in place, and the cold water did not conceal her eager heat on my shaft. After we kissed briefly, she dropped to her knees and ran her rough tongue over my head, knowing how sensitive it was. I responded by stroking her head as she licked and cleaned my equipment. The wet fur was not a turn-on for me, but it was for her. I let her work her magic tongue and then her fanged mouth slipped onto my shaft.

Even with the shower running, I could hear her purring below me. When she sensed me coming, she gripped my ass cheeks, her claws digging in, and attempted to deep-throat me. She was not good at it, and the tightness of her esophagus pushed me over as my length twitched inside her throat with access to her stomach. She pulled it out with a pop when I was done and pulled me to the floor of the shower under the cold water stream.

I let her position me, and she impaled herself on my still-hard erection. I added a new vortex in place of the one that ended prematurely. I guess tonight she was not playing hard-to-get. She descended with a mild grunt and began to ride me. She took my hands and placed them on her breasts, and I started to fondle them as she administered to her lust.

The shower floor was not the most comfortable environment, but I let her build and finish her first orgasm. She swayed slightly, enjoying it, and I stood with her still impaled and pressed her to the wall. She grinned as she transformed back to her human form. It was a huge turn-on as the transformation squeezed my phallus and caused her to ripple with a second orgasm. Her legs wrapped loosely around me, and I pinned her to the wall. I attacked her neck, sucking on it to give her an embarrassing hickey for school tomorrow. I added the saliva to put her in a blissful state so she would not realize what I was doing as my hips drove into her repeatedly.

She groaned, reaching a third, and I increased my pace to make any dog envious of my rapid thrusts. I managed to draw out her orgasm for nearly a minute before emptying my own aching scrotum for a second time tonight.

She slowly slid her legs down to stand. We cleaned each other in the shower before heading to bed. Since it was Friday night, I did not have to go home. My parents thought I was staying at Iris’ house. As we lay in the bed, I checked my cell phone. Ashley had texted me. Apparently, her sister Lucy didn’t sleep as she confirmed giving me a tour when I visited Sydney, and she was looking forward to it.