Chapter 124

In my dream—no nightmare.  I was trapped in a book—story book.  Alice in Wonderland chasing Alice in order to steal her life essence, The Hungar Games running from Katniss with her bow, Harry Potter, and the Goblet of Fire seducing Fleur Delacour in the haunted forest.

My brain was just so crammed with words I couldn’t dream in a straight line.   I woke on the bed in my mind space, disoriented about where I was.  I realized it took a lot of mental energy to copy books into my mind space.  My practice over the weeks had improved my skill, but I was overdoing it.  My sense of urgency had overridden common sense.

I wanted everything all at once.  I had rested for about six hours and left my mind space.  My headache had ebbed slightly, and I shifted in the leather chair to get comfortable.  I picked up another book and turned each page slowly, taking twice as long.

They returned with Malvais and breakfast.  I didn’t need to eat, but I still enjoyed the grilled mushrooms, sausage, and hash browns.  The coffee was stronger and more of an espresso than regular coffee.  Caffeine didn’t affect me, but I still enjoyed the taste and eating with everyone.  While we are Malvais, we pulled new books for everyone and put old ones back.  I would have never figured out the shelving organization.

It was early Sunday morning, and everyone had mostly recovered from the flight and time change.  Iris announced, “We are flying to an airport in the afternoon tomorrow.  We will be going into the Outback with a guide.”  This must be what Iris decided on for our first excursion.

I asked, “Is Lucy coming?”

Iris smiled, “Don’t know.  You have to call her.”

I picked up my phone and was about to head up when Malvais stopped me, “You can connect the Wi-Fi and call from down here.  The Wi-Fi is called AVALON, and the password is EXCALIBER.  All capitals.”  I found it and connected.

I made the call, and no answer.  She was probably in school.  I texted the of Iris’ adventure, asking if she wanted to join us and that she could bring any friends.  I then hit the books again and was soon finished with all the mind space summoning and manifestation books Rincewind’s library contained.

I then started working on basic spellcraft. A lot of it had to do with aether manipulation from the core. I had a large aether core with 1,000 essences, but I was terrible at controlling it. Well, I should say terrible at finely controlling it. I had no trouble dumping large amounts of aether to open a portal into a transit, but making shapes with my aether—nope. I imagined it like my valve was more like a fire hydrant when I needed a garden hose. The problem was I could not find a reason why I could not reduce the aether’s outflow.

I guessed that people with small aether cores did not have this problem since they started with such a small amount of aether. It was frustrating as it might put normal spellcraft out of my reach. Hopefully, the books I was bringing into my mind space now would help me figure out a way. It would be nice to not have to create a new ability every time I wanted to create a new magical effect.

Most of the books in Rincewind’s library were on magical theory and spellcraft, so I was not going to get it all. I would have to trust the dark elf’s judgment. My pace was around six books an hour, the most I could do without getting sick. Even then, it was like a dam slowly building pressure in my head. I realized that Iris’ little vacation plan was going to be needed.

The women burned out first, but I could not blame them. Besides Bedelia and Abigail, who had rudimentary mind spaces, the others were actually studying. Even Artica was studying some obscure texts on adept magic. They left, and I was left alone again in library.

I took a break and wandered. I found out the fire burning in the fireplace was actually an illusion. It gave off no heat and did not burn me when I stuck my hand into it. I started looking for secret compartments in the wall using my abyssal sight. I walked the perimeter and found nothing. I then checked the floors and also found nothing. I was disappointed as I would have expected at least one hidden room.

I passed a shelf and paused as the books seemed to flicker in my abyssal sight. I took one down, and it was in Latin. The Known Transit Threads Locations of Earth on the Thwenty-Third Layer. It was dated 1204. The other books were the same title, but the dates were roughly 100 years apart. Rincewind was tracking the intersections of the transit threads through time. There was no author listed on the catalogs, and there were nineteen over the last two thousand years.

The book I opened had a lot of math in it. It was tracking the transit location down to a few centimeters of accuracy. It showed the transit thread migration from the last entry a century prior, being about one meter total. Any transit thread that migrated more than a meter in the course of a century eventually lost cohesion over time as I compared the books.

The research was impeccable, but what caused the transit threads to migrate faster? I spent three hours bringing all the books into my mind space. I did not want to get lost in the mystery now. There was too much knowledge here that I wanted to absorb. I returned to focusing on spellcraft.

Lucy called when I had just begun to work on the spellcasting books again.  Her Aussie accent was much more pronounced than her sister, “Hoi Caleb.  Yo gonna have a go at the rough country?”  She sounded pretty exotic, and the Aussie accent was one of the reasons why her sister attracted me—that and her amazing body.

“Yes.  Can you come?  You are welcome to bring any friends.  We have a private plane, and I think you will be out of school and can make it,”  I said.

“Oi.  I got rowing practice right after school.  Not sure if the coach will let us off.  I can check.  If not, we can hand out later in the week.  Maybe do a barbie.  Would love to meet ya.  Sis says you are a smokin’ bloke.” She spoke with a happy and inviting tone.

“Well, you and any friends are invited.  Let me know soon otherwise, maybe Friday after your practice, we can meet up, and you can show me around,”  I replied happily.

“All right.  Let ya know soon,”  and she hung up.

Two hours later, I got a text.  She was coming with us and two of her friends as well, Tilly and Evie. The coach was letting them off because they had a race on Saturday, and it was supposed to be high winds in the afternoons; they were not going out on the water.  I sent the text to Iris so she would be aware.  Then I returned to my work.

The hours dragged, and I spent the overnight working again. I paused to sleep in my mind space with just Nashima talking to me and reminding me she was interested in learning about monster social structure across worlds. I promised her I would find a few books on the subject if they were available. After nine hours of sleep in my mind space, I returned. I was alone for a few more hours before the others returned Tuesday morning.

“Caleb, we brought you breakfast again!” A happy Abigail came down the stairs first.

“What have you been doing at the rental house without me at night?” I asked everyone once they arrived in the room.

Reika spoke, “Mainly talking about you.” She had a silly look on her face. Bedelia was behind her and gave me the thumbs up. Had they been priming Reika for me?

“Nothing good, I hope,” I replied slyly.

“We have just been expounding on the benefits of being in your employ,” Artica added coyly.

Rekia smiled with her bright white teeth, “Yes, yes. I made the best decision of my life. How many times are you going to say it, cat girl!”

Before things spiraled out of control, I reeled them in, “We only have a few more days in this library. It is probably the best archive on the planet. Let us not waste any more time.”

Malvaius agreed, “The opportunity presented before you all is unique. I concur with Mister Silverhorn, do not squander it.”

Everyone returned to their respective stations and my own efforts. At lunch, they had pizza delivered. The pizza was different. It had BBQ sauce instead of tomato sauce and was topped with cheese, bacon, onions, and garlic. Iris, who ordered it, said it was the most popular pizza on the menu.

When it came time to leave for the airport, Iris jumped up. This was the most lively I had seen her since I had known her. I thought she might be upset that it was not the romantic getaway that I had promised. “Let’s go, everyone! Lucy and her friends will meet us at the airport! After the plane lands, we only have five hours before dark. We are going to the rainforests in Queensland. It is spectacular!”

Out white SUVs picked us up and drove us to the airport. A smiling Charlotte was talking to Lucy and her friends. Lucy looked just like her sister but lacked any curves. She was seventeen, I think. She was wearing short shorts and a cutoff top. Her blonde hair was blowing in the heavy wind. She waved energectially as we exited the car. “G’Day!” She yelled as she waved. She had one of those over-the-top, always happy personalities. We walked up, and she burst, “Never been on a private plane before, gonna be bonza!” She introduced her friends who were dressed as minimally as herself, “This is Tilly. And this my best mate, Evie.”

Tilly was a bleach blonde with an attractive full-toothed smile. Evie had light brown hair and seemed a little uncertain of herself. She was attractive but shorter than the other two, who were both just over six foot. “You look just like your sister,” I said as I tried to shake her hands.

“We are all friends here, mate.” Lucy moved in and hugged me. She ran her hands up and down my back. “Crikey. Sis wasn’t kiddin. You are jacked!”

The other two shook my hands, slightly embarrassed by Lucy’s blatant greeting. Charlotte got us on the plane, and Lucy was the life of the flight. She liked to talk, and her accent and slang made it fun to be around her. It was slightly in contrast to her sister who was more proper. Somehow, by the time we landed in North Queensland, we were going to host a massive barbie at the house we were renting for her rowing team. They were racing on Saturday and would be famished. Abigail and Iris were more than willing to willing to organize everything. The house had a pool and hot tub, which my team had been using.

Our tour was magnificent rainforests with hiking trails, blue pools, and waterfalls. It was an amazing slice of Australia and not something I expected. It had significance to Iris. She had lived there for a year with her parents. There was a transit portal on one of the trails. When we were alone, she explained, “Caleb, this portal leads to one of the few human-controlled cities in the transit. My parents worked closely with some people there. I don’t know who, but there may be a clue or people that might help there.”

“We don’t have time, Iris,” I told her.

“I know. I just wanted you to know where it was,” she admitted. “Are you going to have sex with Lucy? She is a bit of a slut.”

“Iris, are you jealous?” I asked, leaning in to kiss her.

She broke the kiss, “No. She is. She even called herself such. Her friends agree. It is actually pretty funny to hear them talk about her and her boyfriends.”

“Guess I was not paying attention,” I mumbled. It was true my headache was receding from all the knowledge I was adding to my mind, but it gave me a haze to the things happening around me. I smiled, “Tell you what, Iris. We have about an hour in the air on the flight back to Sydney. We don’t me, and you use the bed and show them what a slut I am.”

Iris punched me, “No! That is something Aritca would do!”

“Well, you could make Aritca jealous? I did say this was going to be a trip for us to spend some time together,” I rubbed her shoulder.

“Maybe, ok. It is not like I am embarrassed or anything like that,” she blushed.

Later, as the sun was setting, we reached the airport. We boarded the plane, and everyone was excited and happy. “If anyone needs to use the restroom on the plane, do so now,” I advised. “I am going to lay down for the flight back.”

“My back is hurting. Don’t mind if I lay with you, do you?” Lucy offered.

Evie slapped her friend on the ass, “Put a sock in it, slut.” It was true. Ashley’s sister was a bit of a slut—maybe nympho. Definitely going to see what might happen at the party. I needed life essence, and if she was willing, I would partake.

“No one? Then. Het Iris, can you rub my back?” Artica stood, and I said clearly, “Just Iris. She gives the best rub downs.” Iris walked a little hottily to the room with me.

She shut the door and locked it. I pulled her into me, and her hair smelled like rainforest from all our walking this evening. We kissed as the plane taxied, and Charlotte knocked on the door, “You need to buckle in.”

Iris giggled, “Ok, we are.” There was nowhere to buckle in the bedroom, but Charlotte never spoke again. I sat on the bed, and we both removed our tops. Iris sat in my lap, and I attacked her smallish breasts and nips, giving her a generous dose of the saliva. She sucked on my neck and shoulder while my hand went into her shorts. She repositioned to give me ease of access.

The saliva worked fast; soon, she was rocking in my lap while my thumb worked inside her folds. I added a vortex in place and switched to my middle finger to reach deeper. She gasped in pleasure. I added my index finger and used my slick thumb to tickle her tiny folds, hiding her clitoris. She spasmed in my lap and groaned loudly from the orgasm. She liked to watch but, for some reason, was reluctant to be watched—or heard. She had tried to restain the moan, but it just made it louder.

I placed her on the bed and stripped her of her shorts and panties. She did not have an athletic build but did have a smooth and beautiful stomach. I dropped my own shorts and climbed up to her belly. Kissing her and licking her naval. Her left leg draped on my shoulder, and she wanted me to go lower, but I spent time in her navel with my tongue as my hands caressed her obliques. I searched around the belly with my tongue and kept returning to the pit. There was a salty taste from dried sweat, and I was cleaning it all off of her, one lick at a time.

I started to add some saliva on the passes by the belly button. It was a trick I had developed to give a slow, steady release as the puddle was slowly absorbed. Iris finally broke and started moaning continuously, no longer caring if she was being listened to. I smirked as I went to folds and started liking labia. She tried to drive her hips up, but after one hip thrust, my powerful hand held her down. She was at my mercy as I added saliva everywhere and used my tongue as a weapon to incite her lust.

After two screaming orgasms, I released her hips and moved up her body. My long phallus is positioned. She grabbed it and guided it home. I pressed into her, and she started to go to she shouted as she grunted from me filling her. I added my own grunts of animalistic pleasure as I thrust into her. I wanted everyone in the cabin to hear our combined pleasure. I forced my body to sweat to create a sheen of slipperiness as we copulated in the air.

Iris came again and again. I ended my vortex with a release into her but did not stop our coupling. Her core was finished giving me aether, but now I continued for our combined pleasure. A knock came, and Charlotte said, “Um, Mr. Silverhoen. We are landing in twenty minutes. You should, um, get your seat belts fastened.”

With one last thrust, I released again into Iris and filed her. I rolled off her, and we lay next to each other as we felt the plane land and start to taxi. We laughed to each other as we dressed and joined everyone in the cabin. I could smell a mixture of feminine lust in the cabin. Too many scents to differentiate. Charlotte had a look of knowing lust in her eyes. Lucy, Evie, and Tilly all had a glassy-eyed stare as they studied me.

I felt like an incubus looking at a buffet. My body was ready to satiate itself, but my mind finally caught up, and I gained control. Artica asked, “Did you get a good nap in?”

“Yeah, we did, but I guess we hit some turbulence for a while there,” I joked. “Iris used the joystick to smooth it out, though.” Ok, saying stupid shit after sex was definitely an incubus power. I regained my composure and asked, “Whose hungry, my treat?”