Chapter 154 Orc Instinct

The orc library was not large, and the books all had thick leather bindings.  I was hoping to be left alone to peruse the books, but two female dark gray-skinned servants flanked the door, ready to respond to any request.  They refused to leave, and maybe they were here to make sure I did not damage or steal anything as well.  They were both young and fit and had attractive bodies—for orcs.  The one on the left also couldn’t hide the lust in her eyes for me.  Maybe Grundella put them here for me to entertain myself with.  I would not be doing so, but I thought to tease them anyway and activated a muted lust aura while I worked.

I started walking the shelves to get an idea of the topics.  I couldn’t read the language, but I knew Lilith was working hard in the mind space to translate the language.  I might not find anything useful here, but trying would not hurt.  After walking the shelves, I took a random book and sat.  The pages were off-white and slightly thicker than books of Earth, but they did have a printing press as the lettering was perfectly ordered.  I pretended to read, retreating to my mind space.

Lilith and Nashima were ready for me.  Lilith spoke first, “The library has three sections.  One appears devoted to history, people, and battles.  The second section is mostly books on education and skills.  Everything from cooking to construction to math and languages.  The third section is a mix of everything else.  You should focus on the language books and then the history books.  There may be clues in there about cutting off Mercanious from the Source.”

“You can read the language already?”  I said, amazed.

Pandora interrupted, “She just understands the basics. Rincewind’s library had a rosetta stone for the common language of the Mercanious orcs. She is far from being able to read the other two dialects.”

Lilith gave Pandora a sideways look of annoyance, and Casper growled at her as well.  Lilith admitted, “Yes, the common orc tongue I can read slowly.  The other two dialects used on Mercanious seem to have roots in languages I am unfamiliar with.  But I will get them eventually.”  She glared at Pandora, who just smiled and turned to me.

“There are two books in the education section I would like for you to page through to add here,” Pandora said pleadingly.

Lilith groaned, “She wants the two books on orc mating practices and conceiving children.”

I laughed, “What do orcs do it differently than humans?”

Lilith shrugged, and Pandora voiced her opinion, “You never know.  Best to be prepared.  You know to keep up your disguise.”

“Okay, I will get you your two books on orc porn, Pandora.”  I spent an hour getting a crash course in the orc written language to help identify titles, and then I was back in the chair looking at a book I had taken.  It was a book on farming wheat and making flour.  I finished paging through it before returning it.  I took Pandora’s two books next.  The first one was essentially the orc version of the karma sutra.  The positions detailed were supposed to increase fertility in the woman and maximize pleasure for male.  There were definitely some interesting ones, but the orcs had not discovered anything new.  Some of the positions did require the male to be strong enough to support the weight of his partner, though.

The other sex book had more text and fewer pictures.  Lilith was able to create an English text of the book in my mind space with my help.  I took a moment to read it in the mind space.  It was just a hundred pages, and time passed slowly in here anyway.  I found one interesting thing, the glans on the male orc penis was not as sensitive as a human.  I guess it would mean orcs needed to work harder for stimulation.  The female of the species had a higher sex drive and got more pleasure from sex than males.  At least, that was according to the translation that Lilith created.

I scanned six language books quickly, moved on to the history books, and got a feel for the language as I went, confirming with Lilith in my mind space.  Twenty-three characters created their language, but there were also twenty-three symbols mixed in for important aspects of their culture, creating a shorthand.  Most of the symbols dealt with fighting, but I noticed two immediately.  One stood for angelic, and the other stood for cataclysm.  Seeing an angelic symbol as they ruled this planet and thread was not surprising.

There was no major battle for Mercanious as there had been between the demons and angels for Earth.  It looked like only a few battles had been fought, with the gray and green-skinned orcs of the moon serving the demons.  Vida’s people had been from the moon, so maybe she had an innate willingness to serve me as I was a demon. The ice orcs were pawns of the angelics from the start.  I was surprised this ancient history had been preserved intact for so long.  The battle occurred about ten thousand years ago, and it appeared the demons abandoned their followers on the one habitable moon.

I continued adding the history books, and another thing that struck me as odd was the brutal honesty of how the history was written.  Humans had always rewrote their own history to fit the narrative they wanted.  If an orc clan lost a battle, they noted it and just how badly they had lost.  According to Lilith, there were many different accounts of the same battle, and each side had almost the same version of events.  Did the orcs lack political savvy to twist events?

Hours later, that theory was broken as it appeared only battles needed to be told truthfully, as their version of the afterlife could be affected if they lied about their battle prowess.  That bled into books on their pyramids and their religious doctrine.  I was less concerned about the doctrine and more interested in the pyramids themselves.  They connected to not just Earth but also another planet called Everhome.  A planet inhabited mostly by elves and beastkin.  The orcs did they same thing, sending the young orcs there that failed to earn their right to procreate, culling the weaker of their race.  They could also be exiled to the transit cities, but it looked like most who went there were enslaved in the transit cities.

It was morning when Gundella entered the library.  I had forgotten about my two attendants, and they looked terrible from the constant state of arousal.  I had my lust aura on the entire ten hours I had been reading the books.  As I approached Gundella by the door, I could smell the scent of their sex.  The closer I stepped, the more ready they looked to throw themselves at me.  I should have realized the closer I got, the more intense they would feel the aura’s effects.  Even the old woman Gundella bit her lip as I stood before her.  I ended the lust aura and smiled.

“I found your library fascinating.  The accounts of the Fifth Cataclysm by Hokku were illuminating.  I found the reasons for taking his clan to the transit to settle there quite brilliant.”  I was just ripping off some bullshit to let her know that even though I paged through dozens of books rapidly, I actually did read them.

Gundella tested me, “Hokku was a fool.  He could have treated with his brother, reformed his army, and reclaimed the land.”

I laughed, “You need to reread your histories.  His brother hated him for killing his second son…” I pretended to think, “Veetz.”

She smiled, licking her lips, “The perfect body and a mind that appears to function more than adequately.  Will you have your first meal of the day with me?”

“Of course, Gundella.  You have been an excellent host.”  I had learned that orcs always started their day with some type of meat.  It was supposed to be from their conquered enemies or an animal they had slain.  I hoped it was not from one of Gundella’s enemies this morning.  We were soon seated, and I noted all the ice orc women if her clan were standing again in the dining room.  It was a reminder of what they had to offer.

Food was served.  Different platters of meats and breads.  Disappointingly, there was no butter.  There were some different soft cheeses, but they all were packed with herbs.  Pungent cheese paired with strong herbs was not a good combination for me.  I just slid an entire plate of fried ham in front of me and ate that while we talked.

As we consumed the food, she asked, “You read all night.  I assume you are looking for something in particular?  If you tell me what it is, maybe I can help?”

Her assumption made sense.  “I am comparing what I know to your histories here.  The pyramid gates were always a fascination of mine.”

Her expression changed, “They were built by the angelics.  The Fiery Snow clan wastes their utility.  We should be trading with other planets and not sending our feeble to die fruitlessly on distant worlds.  A massive waste of aether.”  She sounded a little heated.  Maybe she was an equal rights orc and did not hold the ice orc superiority as strongly.  Yeah, probably not, I thought.

“Could I get inside the pyramid and see the gate?”  I inquired.  Gundella pursed her lips, and I realized I had misstepped.  It sounded like I was interested in seeing what the Fiery Snow clan had to offer me.  I needed to keep her happy, at least for now.  “I would not mind a distraction.  Do you think any of them would be interested in satisfying me?”  I pointed at the row of bare-chested ice-orc women. I was hoping for a volunteer, but Gundella’s calculating gaze told me she would select someone herself.

Gundella smiled, “Tevega, attend the table!” she barked happily. A young ice orc, thinner than most, stood before us. Her yellow eyes stared forward, and her bare breasts heaved on her chest as her breathing increased. “This is my youngest daughter. She is not mated with anyone yet, and she can show you that the Whispering Rock Clan is strong and fertile.”

I studied Tevega. She had curvy hips and was just under six feet in height. Her breasts were firm, large, and dotted with dark blue areola on her white skin. As I studied her, her nipples hardened to near-black nubs. I stood, towering over her by nearly nine inches.

If it was her daughter, then I should compliment her. “She has a strong back.” I put my hand on her shoulders and squeezed. I ran my hand down to the small of her back softly, feeling her muscles on her pale skin as I did so. She shuddered at the feeling. Was I being too gentle?

I looked over at Gundella, who appeared to be given an approving stare. Standing behind Tevega, my hand snaked around to her front and played on her flat, muscled stomach. I could now smell her arousal and knew this was consensual. I stepped into her back to hold her close as my other hand came around to cup her breast. She gasped as I flicked her nipple. “She is quite an attractive female, Gundella. She stirs my lust and passion. I will take her. A room?” I asked, still holding the orc from behind like she might bolt.

Gundella smiled in her chair, “If I am giving you my daughter and offering you a partnership in my clan, I think I will need to see you in action. Make sure you are capable of delivering on your promises of improving my clan.” She made herself comfortable in her chair, leaning back and crossing her legs to watch a show.

I think she was asking me to take her daughter at the kitchen table in front of her and the other woman she had presented to me. She was eagerly smiling, and I allowed my hands to roam over Tevega’s chest. I looked down at the row of ice orc women, and they had mixed visages. I needed to decide if I would do this.

No, I was doing this. The question was how? Her aether core was not impressive, just around point four, lower tier one. It would not take much to raise her core. The question was, should I raise her core? Would it cause me problems later on? I tended to think with the wrong head too often.

Both my hands were playing with her breasts, gently fondling them and teasing her hard nipples. Orc women enjoyed sex from the books Lilith had translated, but foreplay was not really a thing from what I read. I turned on my lust aura and bit softly into Tevaga’s neck. I was still getting used to my oversized orc incisors, but I grasped her flesh and sucked her skin. My tongue traced her flesh, leaving the lower tier one saliva to be absorbed and rush her arousal.

Her black was braided into a ponytail and smelled like mint. I grabbed it and pulled it, causing her head to come back and expose her throat. My mouth moved from her shoulder to her neck and then her throat, leaving a trail of aphrodisiac. She gasped as my hand dropped from her breast to between her legs. I played over it through the thin fabric covering it.

She was beyond aroused, and my touch caused her to come. Her orgasm was powerful, and her knees got weak for a moment, and I had to support her wait. She gasped loudly, trying to hold in her verbal ecstasy. She wanted to scream in pleasure but held it in.

“My daughter enjoys your hands, Apollyon. I think she is eager for you to breed her,” Gundella announced, her own pale face clearly flush at the entertainment.

“Do you wish that?” I whispered in her ear. She nodded eagerly. My hand worked over her lower lips as she started to squirm in pleasure. I looked at Gundella, who was having trouble resisting playing with herself as she watched her daughter get played with in front of her. I could not believe I was doing this to an audience.

My lust aura was playing out well as I could feel the aether density in the entire room growing. It was going to be an amazing harvest. When a person was aroused, they drew in aether faster, and my skill set enhanced this. It would be foolish to waste this environment for collecting life essence. Life essence was created by converting the ambient aether in the air, pulling it into an aether core, and purifying it. My vortex then siphoned it off from my partner’s core.

I could feel Tevega’s core near full and wasting aether, my thirst for it overcame me. I placed my vortex, not caring about the repercussions if her core was increased. My hand was getting aggressive over her pussy and brought her to a second release. One of the women in the line came with Tevega. She had come just from watching, which I thought was impressive. I wish she had been closer, and I could have added a vortex to her, too.

Tevega unclipped her belt, and her lower body covering dropped to the floor. Her bare pale ass played on the stiffness in my pants and pressed into me, wanting. I removed my shirt and dropped my own pants, stepping out of them. My thick orc manhood was standing proudly before thirty women.

Gundella gasped when she saw it, and decorum in the line broke as they openly stared at my presentation. I stepped back into Tevaga, and my loins pressed into her lower back. My hands played on her soft black bush and into her wet folds. She had dripped down her thighs from multiple releases. Shaving was not a thing for orcs, but they apparently only had hair on their head, groin, and pits. I penetrated her with my finger, and she ground her hips excitedly as I worked in and out of her, she came for a third time, this time releasing a primal scream of pleasure, unable to hold back.

“Take her already,” Gundella snapped. “She will be a drooling mess and not be able to enjoy you inside her.” I doubted the matriarch’s words. I think it was just her who was impatient.

Tevega leaned over the table and presented herself to me. I walked into her and, in one motion, buried my orc shaft into her all the way. She had been tight, but she was not a virgin as her mother had professed. She screamed in surprise, pain, and rapture. I grabbed her waist and began to pump her, shaking the entire table as I drove into her repeatedly. I think the angle of my penis was perfect for her as she came again and needed the table to support herself.

I had never felt so masculine before. Taking this woman in front of dozens of other women. I was definitely lost in the moment as I drove the orc women over the edge again and again. It was less the sensations on my cock and more the admiration of the females watching that was driving me. Maybe in my orc form, I was thinking like a male orc. They apparently got turned on by asserting dominance.

Gundella could not keep her own hand from traveling below her waist, either. Tevega had given up trying to keep up with me and just lay on the table. I pulled out, seated her on the table, put her ankles on my shoulders with her legs up, and entered her again. Each thrust of mine still shook the table, but now I got to look into her face and see her breasts bounce each time I bottomed out inside her.

I started grunting, getting ready for my own release as her core could not take any more. Should I give her an elixir? That was my habit to thank my partners, but I had already raised her core. Maybe it would be more impressive for them if I just released it all over the orc woman. I decided that it was best to impress with my volume. I pulled out and sprayed my ejaculate in four long spurts over Tevaga. It was prolific even for me, and I grunted with each jerk of my shaft, my orc balls contracting and forcing out the false seed.

Silence hit the hall as I finished. Tevega was breathing heavily beneath me as I examined her core. Shit. It was hard to tell until it was refilled with aether, but she was definitely lower tier two now. Maybe 1.1 if I applied a reader to her. I looked at the room, ready to take in the praise for my performance. Gundella looked angry, though.

“You wasted your seed! Do you insult me? I give you my daughter, and you leave her wanting?” Gundella’s voice had risen, and her anger evident.

I had not thought that she was offering her daughter for me to impregnate. She did not know that I was sterile, so it had not crossed my mind. I tried to salvage the situation, “We have not come to an agreement. Why would I give you the milk for free?”

My sterile and thick seed was everywhere on the table. Gundella looked at it like I had spilled some priceless beverage. She tightened her visage. “You have demonstrated your sexual prowess. What can I offer you to make sure you do not waste next time.” She ran her finger through the semen on the table and tasted it. I had to remember this was a different culture.

Tevaga remained exhausted on the table while I dressed and thought of the best way to approach this. I could turn this to my advantage somehow. “I will take Tevega again this evening if you can get me a tour of the pyramid with my consorts.”

Gundella frowned, “It would take a day to make it happen. But consider it done. In the meantime, your consorts can join you here. I will send for them. You can enjoy the library, sleep, or do whatever you need to in order to recharge for Tevega.” I had made a slight mistake as I thought we could go today and slip into the transit thread. Now, I would have to deal with Tevega again.

“Very well, I will wait in the library for my consorts,” I answered. I dressed and walked myself to the room. I was definitely going to need a bath tonight.