Chapter 12

Iris texted me three times that night while I was doing homework.  Yes, I was actually doing my homework.  She had sent me three links to women’s profiles and asked me to choose.  How she had found a website for ‘escorts’ so fast in the DC area was a bit of a turn-on.  The fact that she had searched…39…different profiles and sent me these three was a bit exciting to me. She even sent me the ‘secret’ translator codex.  It allowed the peruser to see the woman’s rate and how to contact them.

The first girl was 5’9”, blonde, and had an angular face.  She was attractive for sure but her picture had a very fake smile which turned me off a bit.  Her rate was also the highest among the three at $1,200.  Both the other two women were showing $900 after translating the code.

The other two were both brunettes.  One had distinctive Asian features and a brilliant smile in her photo.  She was 5’8” and the profile said she was a nursing student.  The third choice that Iris sent me listed her height at 5’11”.  She had lively wide brown eyes in the photo and was also smiling in her photo, albeit with her mouth closed.  Her age was listed at 25 and it said she was a masseuse.

I texted Iris and indicated the third one.  Also, I asked to see if she could set up a massage as well.  A massage with a happy ending I joked.  When Iris didn’t text back immediately I thought my joke might have fallen flat.  I was in bed and sleeping when my phone beeped at 11:38 pm.  Didn’t the girl sleep?  Well, I was finding I needed less sleep since I had become an incubus.  In fact, my handbook said I could effectively sleep in my mind space allowing me to only spend a few minutes in the real world getting a complete rest.  I wasn’t quite ready to try that yet.

I checked the message Iris sent. It had a hotel name, room number, and 11:00 pm Saturday night.  I checked the hotel and it wasn’t cheap, $290 was the cheapest room.  Since Iris was driving us did that mean she was going to participate or watch?  Would she wait in the lobby? Thinking about Iris’s countenance so far she probably planned to record the whole thing for science or something.  Well, I would be in my most advanced age form so if she wanted to record it I would be ok with it as no one would recognize me.

I fell asleep and dreamed about Iris watching the escort massage me and joining in.

I woke early. It was 4:40 am and I was wide awake.  With nothing better to do, I did schoolwork.  What was happening to me?  It was the first in a long time that I finished it all.  At 6:50 am I was dressed and ready for school.  I texted Iris and asked if she was driving me this morning.

She texted back a few seconds later, that she was not going to school today and not to stop by her house today either.  I met Rob at the bus stop and he grilled me about Iris.

“So Caleb how the hell did you land her?”  He asked curiously.  “I mean she is probably the smartest girl in our school and she is easily in the top five in looks in the junior year,” he added.  I thought about what Iris had told me.  She actually had a recall spell that allowed her to cheat.  Well, she still had to be smart as not everything was rope memorization.

“I told you I ran her in the hall on Tuesday.  I picked up her earbud after the collision and I went to return it to her at her house,” I gave Rob a plausible story.

“At her house?  Her parents are out of town.  Did you?” He asked a little too loudly and his sister Sofia had been inching closer as we talked.  I didn’t want the little gossip spreading rumors.

“No, we didn’t.  We just talked for a bit and listened to music.  With her parents gone I helped her around the house,” I said calmly.  “Trust me.  I was as shocked as you were when she sat at our table yesterday and said we were a couple.”

“Well besides having a flat chest she is definitely a ten,” Rob said. The bus arrived and we went to class.  Nothing exciting happened during the day other than my teachers being utterly shocked at my level of investment in the classroom.

When the final period rolled around I decided to take a long walk or maybe a run.  The lake had a nice park with walking paths and a park around it.  The fresh air would be welcome.  I also had almost no homework since I had been so studious yesterday.  By the time I walked there school had gotten out and the school’s boathouse house parking lot was filling up.  This was where my sister had spent most of her afternoons.

Our school was good at just about every sport.  About half of the students on campus played a varsity or JV sport.  The only time I actually came to the boathouse had been to watch Paige and her teammate's race on the lake.  I was walking by the boathouse when a voice called me.

“Hey, Caleb what are you doing down here?”  It was feminine and took me a second to identify it.  Mary Taft was getting out of her car.  Four of her teammates were also piling out of the Blue Toyota Highlander. Just like most schools starting around seventh-grade people started to divide up into their own social groups.  Mary was part of the jock crowd and I hadn’t socialized with her in a while.

A lot of the girls raised eyebrows as Mary approached me.  A few guys coming from their own vehicles narrowed their own eyes at me.  Mary was one of the darlings of the junior class.  All the teachers loved her, she was a great athlete and nice to everyone.  She got within arms reach and her tall 5’10” frame had slight womanly curves on her.  She had the square shoulders of an athlete and her slightly reddish blonde hair was in distress from an obvious quick school-to-sport change.  Unlike most women her age with height and athletism, she sported a pair of sizable breasts.

“Hey Caleb do you have a minute?” she asked as I was taking in her form.  She was returning my stare and said, “You look taller than I remember.”  She was appraising me like I appraised a woman. Then remembered why she came over, “Oh yeah.  I have official college visits coming up.  The Blue Devils offered me a partial for rowing and I was hoping to do an unofficial overnight.  Do you think your sister would let me stay with her?”

I had been through the college recruiting process with my sister three years ago so I knew the basics.  You could only do official visits once with each school.  Those visits were paid for by the college.  Any other visit was on your own.  Mary added, “She may not remember me as I was a freshman when she was a senior on the team.  So can you ask her for me? I would owe you one.”

A pretty girl standing in front of me asking for a simple favor? “Yeah, no problem.  I will text her now.  Check back with me tomorrow at school.”

“Thanks!”  She bounced not quite sure what to do.  I thought she was going to come in for a thank you hug but instead turned and went to the boathouse.  I continued my walk and Paige called me twenty minutes later.

“Hey, Caleb got your text.  I remember Mary.  Coach asked me about her before they sent her a scholarship offer.  We don’t do official visits till the fall of their senior year though.  That is probably why she asked you to set it up since she is still a junior.  If it will help you score some points with her I would be happy to have her on campus.” Paige said as I listened.

“I don’t know her that well.  Just ran into her at the lake,” I said and Paige interrupted.

“You are at the lake?  You joining the boy's team?” she asked way too excited.

“No, no.  Just out for a walk but I am trying out for the hockey team on Saturday,” I rebuffed her excitement.

I little more disappointed she said, “Oh, good luck!  Either way, you can give Mary my number and we can set something up.”  We disconnected and I decided I could head back to the boathouse to give Mary Paige’s number.

When I got back to the shell house the teams had dragged out all the rowing machines to the walking path adjacent to the boathouse.  I think this meant the two teams were doing some type of testing on the machines.  I saw Mary with her teammates stretching.  I walked over there and the boys noticed me and their eyes followed me as I walked up to Mary in her circle of stretching friends.

“Hey Mary,” I said and she turned around from her seated position on the ground.  Her blue eyes locked on me with some confusion. “My sister called and said to give you her number.  She was willing to host you at her apartment for a visit.”

“Yes!  Thank you.  I will grab my phone.”  She got up and ran to the locker room and returned shortly.  While she was gone the women’s team turned their eyes to appraise me.  A few of them tried to convince me to row since I was so tall.  Mary stood before me shortly and I pulled out my phone and read off my sister's number.

I turned to leave and was walking by the boys stretching and an older guy said clearly, “Stay away from our girl's team shithead.” Now normally I wouldn’t care about such a comment but he had said it loud enough that everyone heard, even the girls.  And why did he have to use such crass language?  I should just walk away I told myself.

Now I hadn’t earned a spot on the hockey team yet but decided to needle him, “No, problem.  I play hockey.  A real man's sport.”  Did my comeback make sense? Nope.  Was I hoping the guy would escalate?  Yep.  It stirred the group of guys.

“That’s funny I don’t remember seeing you with a jacket.  You are what? a sophomore?  Not good enough to earn one?” He said trying to mock me.  The back and forth continued for a few minutes before he challenged me to race against him on the rowing machine.  The coaches had arrived and I pretended to want to get out of it.  The guys goaded me further saying I was a chicken.  I also had jeans on, tight jeans so using the machine would be difficult.

The coaches came over finally, “What’s up Jake?” He asked the older rower.

“This guy from our school was dissing our sport and we challenged him to a race.  We are doing our 2k test today so I said he could join in.  But he chickened out.” He said it smugly and loud enough for the girl's team to hear. The girls were watching the interaction with interest.

I protested, “I just have jeans so I don’t think I can participate,” I told the coach, baiting him.

Thinking he was helping his guys show up a disrupter in their midst he offered, “I can get you a new unisuit out of storage.  If you beat Jake you can keep it.”

I pretended to give it some thought and agreed.  It took the guys a good thirty minutes of warming up before the test was set to begin.  I just changed into the spandex one-piece suit.  It was similar to a wrestler one-piece suit.  It actually fit ok except the issue was my flaccid penis was clearly outlined.  I wore it proudly and drew the envious gazes of the boys and a few finger points from the girl's squad.  I did see Mary talking to her own coach while the guys prepared.

Eventually, I was seated between Jake, a senior who was 6’4”, and another senior, Adam, who was the same height.  I think it was meant to intimidate me as I was only 6’2”.  At least I would be able to see their screens to gauge how hard I should push.

I was surprised to see all the men not testing in this round behind us and the women’s team had also formed an arc of bodies behind us.  Mary came up and whispered to me to pace myself and not go all out to start.  This only made Jake angrier.

When we started the race I paced myself to stay a few seconds faster than Adam.  He had the best time of the two I had learned before we started.  The weird thing about the machines was the display on the screen showed the pace by 500m.  So when it showed 1:30 when we started that was our pace to complete 500m.  Your distance also showed, counting down from 2000m and your accumulated time. I held a 1:30 pace as Adam was around 1:32 over the first 500m.  Jake to my left was 1:34 through the first 500m.  The screams behind us from the boys and girls rang out.  A few girls were cheering me but all the boys were trying to get Adam and Jake to catch me with encouragement.

I think the guys were expecting me to fall off around now and when I didn’t they were shocked.  At 1000m left, the halfway point, my total time was 2:58, a 1:29 pace. Adam was huffing loudly to my right and got there in 3:06 Jake was off the pace at 3:11.  Both my opponents were struggling.  I felt great and hadn’t really pushed myself.  I didn’t want to push myself too hard and draw attention to myself so I decided to finish the race in exactly 6:00 minutes.  I tuned out the cheers and just focused on my own screen.  I knew the two guys couldn’t catch me no matter how loud they grunted or pushed.  I finished with a time of 5:59.8.  I pretended to be drained and taking deep breaths.

Adam finished in 6:09.8 and looked at my screen in disbelief then at me with respect.  Jake finished in 6:18.9 and was not happy, no respect there. Their coach came up and congratulated both boys as they had made personal bests for their test.  He then tried to recruit me to row for the next fifteen minutes.  I turned him down.  I just thanked him for the uni suit.  I put my jeans and shirt on over the suit and was going to leave when Mary came up to me.

“Caleb that was amazing.  I think that was the fastest time ever for our school!”  She said with enthusiasm and I caught her eyes dart briefly to my crotch but my jeans now covered the outline.  “Can you stay and cheer me through my test?  I will give you a ride home after practice if you do.” I really didn’t want to stay but her words carried something suggestive in them.

“Yeah, I helped my sister a few times when she tested on her erg at home.  What do you need me to do?” I asked her.

“Just stand right behind me and say positive things.  My goal is to get a new PR, my best was 7:22.4 last spring.  That means I need to hold an average split of 1:50.6.” She said as she smiled at me.  I think that was a very good time from what I remembered of my sister and her teammates. Well if she was getting scholarship offers it had to be good, right?

“Ok let me know when you need me.  I will be over there on my phone.” I said and moved off.  A lot of eyes followed me.  A short while later Mary jogged up to me and let me know it was time.  I wondered if I could use my charm on her to help her get her goal?

I made eye contact with her and using my eyes and melodic voice in concert said, “Hey Mary I want you to pull a 1:49 average split for your erg test.”  Her eyes glassed over and she got a goofy smile for a second before nodding.  We went over and I stood behind her machine and cheered her on during her test.  She finished with an average split of 1:48.9 and a final time of 7:15.7.  Her teammates mobbed her as it was the fastest time this year on the team.  I was actually slightly concerned. During the rowing, using my senses, she really pushed her body hard and she might have injured herself trying to meet my expectations from the charm spell.  I regretted testing my ability on her in this way.

I had to wait over half an hour for the practice to finish up. The boy’s coach tried twice more to recruit me which only made Jake’s visage even angrier. Finally, Mary come up to me, “Glad you waited.  My car is over here, the blue Highlander.” I followed her and slid in.  “Thanks for the help,” she said once the doors were closed.  “I don’t think I could have done that without you here.  Do you still live along Ridgemount Drive?  I think I went to your 7th or 8th birthday party there.”

”Yeah, 360 Ridgemount,” I said in reply.  I could smell the sweat on her and it was earthy and mixed with her perfume and deodorant.

“If you wanted to we could stop and park at Highfield Park and talk a bit,” she asked shyly.

“I don’t have much homework so I am not in a hurry to get home, so sure,” I said starting to get ideas.  Highfield Park was known to be a place where kids went to make out.  Usually at night and we still had lots of daylight.

On the drive over Mary told me about her life plans.  She wanted to use rowing to get a scholarship.  Then she planned to get her degree in psychology and pursue a career in law enforcement after, preferably the FBI.  I didn’t realize it but now realized we were on a shotgun date as we parked.

“I had two boyfriends in the past year,” she said. “But both were assholes.  Jake has been asking me out and I keep turning him down. He has dated a few of my friends on the team and has a reputation for bragging about his conquests.  That’s not the type of guy I want.” She looked at me and I felt something.  There was still a thread of the charm I used on her.  The charm made her want to please me in whatever I asked.  So that is why we were here.  I fiddled with the link trying to break the charm.  There had to be a way.  I didn’t notice Mary lean into me as I was in my mind space trying to figure out what to do.  Her lips touched mine softly and she started kissing me.

Her touch caused me to instantly find the charm link to her and I snapped it immediately. Mary paused in kissing me.  Her eyes cleared.  Then she leaned into me and continued.  What the heck?  I started to respond to her.  She was an experienced kisser and I was not so best to learn what I could. I was certain she wasn’t under my charm so I felt no guilt.

My lips parted slightly and I felt her tongue seek entrance to mine.  It was like knocking for permission and I granted it.  This was much more sensual than the forceful exchange between me and Lydia.  We continued to explore each other’s mouths with our tongues.  It was actually fun.  When we came up for air I could see that she was enjoying the tongue explorations as well.

We were parked on a hill looking down on the fields. The spot had good sight lines around us.  No other cars were parked around us.  “If you want I will give you a hand job,” she said taking me completely off guard.  Kissing was one thing but she still must have some residual charm, right?

“That would be great,” I said.  My response was a knee-jerk reaction to the question before I fully thought it through.

“You will need to pull down your jeans and the uni so I can…” Mary indicated the barriers to her hand's administration.  Was this really happening?

I did as she asked, pulling my jeans and uni to my ankles and soon I was just in my underwear with my erect dick pressing against it.  She pulled the underwear aside. The 12 inches caught her off guard, “I thought it looked impressive.  But wow.”  Her hand touched it tentatively and it twitched in response.  She got bolder and grasped it gently and began to stroke it.  “This is only the second time I have done this,” she said shyly.

“You don’t have to,” I said unconvincingly.

“No, I want to.  I also sort of won a bet with one of my teammates.  Whoever got the fastest time today would be the first to see this…” she indicated the cock she was now playing with.  I was curious as to which teammate and how they casually bet on administering to my dick.  “I didn’t think it would happen today and most times our bets are just fanciful words but things just….worked out this time.”

A car drove by and we both froze until it passed.  “How am I doing?” She asked.  Not that great but best not to tell her.

“Losen  your grip and just try to stroke the skin, don’t strangle it.” She nodded and relaxed her grip a little. “Now use your index finger to gently carcass the tip.” She complied and her eyes were focused on my shaft.  My nose could smell her own arousel.  Could I generate a vortex here?  We were close enough.  It took about 20 seconds to lock it over her aether core, much quicker and cleaner than my first time.

I had some precum on the tip and Mary used the fluid to lubricate the tip.  She was fascinated by the fluid as she rubbed it across the mushroom head. My vortex was working but not as strong as when I fucked Lydia.  Mary was aroused but not enough.  “Can I reciprocate?” I asked Mary who was confused by the question at first.  I moved my left hand to her thigh and her eyes lit up in awareness. She thought for a second before nodding.

She only had shorts on so I gently rubbed her labia through them.  Her eyes showed pleasure so we continued this way for a few minutes.  “My hand is getting tired,” she said looking guilty.

“No problem we can stop if you want,” I told her but I could tell she didn’t want to stop.

“I don’t think anyone can see us up here on the hill.  If you keep a look out I can…I can try my mouth.” She whispered out like it was a dirty thing to do.  Then I remembered that Mary did in fact attend church every Sunday.  The few times I collected Rob after church I remember Mary and her family there.  Damn it! I was corrupting a good girl.

“Ok. I will keep a lookout,”  I said surrendering to my own pleasure. She leaned over and moved her mouth to the tip and slowly applied her tongue to the lubricated tip.

“Tastes sweet.  Like whip cream and strawberries.” She said and I was perplexed but her mouth engulfed the tip and she started sucking before I could ask her to clarify.  She was focused on my head and trying to use it like a straw.

“Use your tongue more,” I advised as my own left hand went inside her waistband on her shorts and under her underwear.  She was extremely slick and her spongy labia had parted with ease.  She tensed as my index finger pressed passed her folds.

She stopped sucking and whispered, “I’m a virgin can you just stay on the surface and not insert your fingers?”  I paused at her request and consented with a smile and a nod.  I was fairly inexperienced myself as I played with her folds.  She continued to suck, saliva now coating my dick liberally.  I found her clit and used my index finger to circle it over and over again.  I could tell this was exciting her as she squirmed in her seat struggling to keep her mouth on my phallus.  Her sex shivered under my administration and she orgasmed.  Not a lot of fluid but each woman was different according to the porn I watched.

Since her clit seemed to be her trigger that is what I focused on. Being a novice I tried different things.  Lightly rubbing it, gently squeezing it, tapping it, circling it, and teasing it with soft caresses.  Mary came twice more and moaned in pleasure as she moved her mouth down my shaft trying to give me the same pleasure.   She had been focused on the tip and top two inches but now was taking in more and more.

Every time she orgasmed she seemed to get deeper and deeper.  Saliva had dripped down and my shaft was soaked now.  I checked her core and I guessed she had more to give but down the hill, I saw a police car pull in from the street.  If it circled around the park it would be up on the hill in a few minutes.

Mary’s stamina and head bobbing were starting to wan so I decided to end this.  I remembered that I would have copious amounts of ejaculate so I was worried about getting her car messy.  Her own underwear and shorts were damp with her multiple orgasms…at least the seats were leather and not cloth. Easier to clean. I thought about holding her head while I came and keeping the white jizz in her mouth but decided to give her the choice.

“I am about the cum.  You can grab something to catch it or try to keep it in your mouth,” I said with some heavy breaths laced with enjoyment from the session.  She had definitely improved her technique in the last 30 minutes.  Her mouth continued on my cock with a slurping sucking sound increasing..guess she was trying to catch it all?  I tried to control my spurts so as not to overwhelm her. The first one was sucked down and the second came a little too quick for her and she choked slightly before the swallow.  My fingers kneading her clit felt her body shudder in orgasm as she kept pace with my spurts of jizz into her mouth.  After the fifth, I was done and Mary continued to suck, expecting more, but I was done.

I removed my hand from inside her shorts and she slowly sat up, her mouth making a popping sound as she released my cock.  she wiped her mouth on her shirt and had a contented look on her face. The police car was about 100 yards away and I pulled up my jeans quickly over my slowly relaxing member.  Mary noticed it as she sat up and looked slightly panicked.

“My uncle is the police chief,” she said with a slightly terrified voice.  The police car pulled up and the officer inside made a hand motion saying we should get going.  Mary rasped, “That’s not him but I am sure he will know I was parked here with a boy.”

“Don’t worry.  We were at the top of the hill no one saw what we were doing.  The park is pretty dead this time of year.” I said reassuringly.  She nodded not so sure.  She started the car and pulled away.  The police car pulled into our spot.  It did have the best view of the park so maybe he was just here on his normal route.

On the drive home, Mary seemed worried and I said the only thing I could think of, “Thank you, that was amazing.”

She flushed slightly and remained quiet until we were halfway to my house, “It was my first time.  I mean I gave a hand job before but it was my first time using my mouth.” I was thinking about what to say when she continued, “It was different than I imagined.  Before you came your dick tasted sweet…like whip cream and strawberries.  It was nice.  I was expecting the same thing when you spurted into my mouth but that tasted more like caramel, still sweet and nice but different.” The car was quiet for a moment. “I…do you…do you want to go out again sometime?” She asked hesitantly.

She had assumed this was a date apparently.  I felt like I was corrupting a sweet little church-going, good girl.  I also had to think of Iris.  Would she be jealous?  I hadn’t made her any promises.  “Yeah we can hang out but I don’t want a girlfriend right now. My life is a bit complicated.” That was an understatement.

She was nodding and smiling at my statement, “Great!  I need to focus on school and rowing anyway. Maybe we can meet up every once in a while and I can…practice.”  My senses were saying she was getting excited again as she pulled into my driveway.

“Yeah, that sounds cool. What’s your number?  I will call you and you and you can save my number,” I said.

“786-236-9690” Mary waited while I entered her number and called her phone. She eagerly saved the number.  “Oh and watch out for Jake.  He is a bit of an ass like I said.” She smiled brightly and waved while she backed out of my driveway.

Wow. I can’t believe that happened.  I knew it was probably due to me being an incubus that made Mary fall to me but I hoped it was maybe my innate charm…yeah definitely my incubus appeal.

I checked my mind space to see my gains from Mary.  18 life essence!  Damn, and I estimated she had more capacity if we had had more time.  As I walked up to the house I figured I would need to figure out how long I would have to wait between harvests with a woman.  Iris had said my actions had made Lydia’s aether core fragile so I didn’t want to hurt anyone…or worse kill them.

I went upstairs to my bathroom and washed Mary’s scent off my hand and dried saliva off my penis in the shower.  I throw my clothes into the washing machine. When dad had renovated the third floor for my mother’s parents he had a laundry room installed so they would need to climb to the basement for laundry. It made things convenient for me.

I sat down at my computer and quickly completed what little homework I had.  I thought about playing Call of Duty but a text message interrupted me.  Iris had texted and said she wanted to go look for one of the portals tonight.

I hesitated in my reply.  I didn’t need much sleep but Iris was the one in charge of our relationship.  I didn’t like that.  I told her we could go next week sometime as I was busy.  She didn’t text back and I went to sleep.