Chapter 8

I had to wait more than an hour before Iris returned.  I was shocked to see her descend the stairs with Lydia right behind her.  Shit, I was still in my 16-year-old form.  Lydia was sure to recognize me as my sister had been her friend for many years.

"Is that him?" Iris asked sounding slightly irritated as she pointed at me.

Lydia paused and looked confused.  "No, I don't think...the hair and body.  He was much bigger." Disappointment flooded her face.  Was she still under my charm effect?  What should I do?  Should I advance my age so Lydia could identify me?

Iris sounded angry as she said, "Show her your adult form already!" What kind of interaction did these two women have after meeting tonight? I moved my age forward and Lydia's eyes widened.

"That's him!  The guy from last night!" Lydia gasped.  Why did Iris look mad?  Lydia was alive and looked healthy.  Her eyes were no longer sunken.  Checking her core it looked bright and active in my abyssal sight.  It was much healthier looking than when I met her last night.

"Let's go to the kitchen, Lydia.  You can get something to eat while I talk with our friend."  Lydia was pulled up the stairs. Lydia wanted to talk to me, I could see it in her eyes as she kept looking back at me. It was an eagerness to be intimate again with me.

A few minutes later Iris was stamping down the stairs without Lydia and stood before me.  “So how did you do it?” She demanded.

“Do what?” I asked completely clueless…unless she was asking how I fucked Lydia.  Should I detail the sex acts we performed?

“Enlarge her aether core!  It is currently fragile but healing.  She can store enough aether to be a good tier 1 mage.  She is the type of person the Magus Arcanum look for.  There is even a finder’s fee for sending prospective mages to them.” Iris sounded irritated or maybe it was frustration.

“So that’s a good thing then?  Is she going to become a mage?” I asked somewhat curious.

“Lydia has agreed to go.  It took a bit to convince her magic was real.  She was happy to be free of her pimp and the chance to be something extraordinary.” She was shaking slightly.  “So how?” She demanded again.

“I just followed my Incubus Handbook…” she cut me off.

“How?” She barked impatiently.

I think I figured out why Iris might be upset.  Lydia had a bigger or better core than she did. “I create a vortex to pull ambient aether in the environment forcibly through a person’s aether core.  It turns the aether into life essence which I can utilize.  It is extremely dangerous and requires my partner to be in the throws of passion and orgasm.” A twisted look appeared on her face.  Disbelief?

She talked mostly to herself thinking, “Maybe that purifies the aether in the core and forces a core to stretch as the incubus pulls more and more aether through it…nothing I have ever read mentioned anything like it.  It shouldn’t be possible.” I could tell she was thinking hard.  Then she shifted her gaze to me, a predatory gaze.  “Ok, Caleb I will let you go.  I won’t even use shackles on you if you work with me.”

I was thinking she was going to ask me to do the same thing I did to Lydia to her which I would be happy to do. “Definitely.  We can work together.” I had a sloppy grin and was imagining some things.

She tossed me my phone, “You can text your parents.  I will release you after Lydia is picked up.  Should be less than an hour wait.” Her eyebrow raised waiting for me to complain.  I just took my phone and sat down not responding to her.  This seemed to irritate her even more and she stomped up the stairs leaving me.

I checked the message she sent my parents.  It just said ‘**at friends house, be home late’**.  So we were friends?  I knew it was just something she typed to keep my parents unconcerned with my whereabouts. It was 6:38 pm right now. I thought about texting them an update but decided to wait until I was actually freed.

It was closer to two hours before Iris came down the stairs and tossed me my sneakers. She looked almost happy. She came and sat back in the chair with her legs tucked under her. “So Lydia is off to the Magus Scholarium. She is a bit old but they will teach her the basics of magic and help her heal her fragile aether core.” She looked cute trying to act all in control. Sitting Indian style on the chair kind of blew it for the image though. “So we need to set some rules.”

I had been waiting for this. Finally some negotiation! “First let me go. Trust needs to be built.” I said with confidence. She needed me. If my presumptions were correct she wasn’t a mage because her core was too small and she had no way to find her parents.

She did a terrible job of hiding her emotion on her face. First anger, then irritation, and then acceptance. Even then it took her ten minutes to deactivate the circle. She had the pain rod in her hand while I walked out of the circle and toward the stairs. “Where are you going!” She asked in anger. She thought I was leaving.

“I am hungry and it would be more comfortable to talk in the kitchen anyway.” I climbed the stairs leaving her to scramble to get her three books together and follow. I found half a pizza in the fridge and grabbed a two-liter of diet Coke. She was setting up herself at the head of the table so I went to the other end and sat. It didn’t take long to finish the Hawaiian pizza and two liters of coke. I liked the pineapple on the pizza, the sweetness balanced the spicy ham. I belched loudly and she motioned asking if I was done. I nodded.

“So. Rules.” She said. “First you don’t tell anyone I am a mage…” I waived my hands.

“Yeah, yeah, the first rule of fight club is you don’t talk about fight club,” I said with nonchalance. She smirked! Score one for the new incubus humor.

“Second,” she continued, “you will help me search for my parents.” I nodded and waited for the third. She seemed to be hesitating so I offered.

“And third you want me to help enlarge your aether core,” I said trying to move this along. Her eyes widened then her cheeks reddened. I was sure that was what she was going to ask so why the surprise?

She mumbled low, “Not as dumb as you act.” I knew she hadn’t expected me to hear that. Her eyes locked on mine, “We can talk about that at another time.” Although her eyes were hard, her cheeks were flushed and her nipples were hard under her blouse.

“Ok,” I said, “Let's build some trust. How many demi-humans are at our school? And why do some of them have translucent illusions and some just look bright in my aether sight?” I thought about getting more food but remained seated.

Iris smiled, happy to know things I didn’t. “There are seventeen. Sixteen students and Ms Anderson. The illusion you can see through is probably a tier 1 spell cast by their parents or themselves. The ones you can not see past are tier 2 spells.” She followed with her own question, “Do you have any magic? Trust, remember.” She seemed to be getting a little relaxed.

Did I want to lay out my cards to her? She was the best option I had for deciphering my new world. I decided, “Magic would be an ability that uses aether?” She nodded. “Then I just have one. I can create an aphrodisiac with my saliva. It is decently strong.” Her eyes looked a little puzzled.

“That is called the *succubus kiss*, it forces men to…copulate…till they die.” Her eyes were hard on me. Did she think I was going to turn into a succubus? Or yeah I could actually do that.

“Yeah it almost killed Lydia when I tested it out.” Her eyes widened at my admission. She pulled one of the books toward her and opened it to a bookmarked page. “I may be able to sell it but we should test it out to see how long it is viable after creation.”

I was in disbelief, “So you want me to spit into a cup? Want me to piss into one too?” I asked trying to be funny.

Her face turned red, “No not piss…” My eyes widened at her pause. She explained, “When my parents disappeared I couldn’t access their bank accounts. It's been months and the bills are piling up. I did get $25,000 for delivering Lydia but that will catch me up and leave me with maybe $10,000. If Lydia becomes a true mage I will get another $225,000 but I can't wait that long.” She stopped and was waiting for me.

“Is Lydia going to be alright?” My question caught her off guard.

“Yes. I didn’t sell her into slavery or anything. She went willingly. Once she reaches full magehood she can do whatever she wants,” Iris said and I breathed a sigh of relief. “We can wait on the bodily fluid deposits. I should probably drive you home as it is almost 9 pm.”

I could tell she was fighting arousal at my presence. “No worries, is there a coat I can take? I will take the bus home.” She looked a little hurt that I didn’t want her to drive me but that was ok. She came back with a man’s coat that was a little snug but at least it covered my bare chest.

“Wait!” she said. “Give me your cell number.” I tossed her my phone.

“Call your phone on mine then you can save the number,” I said. When she was done she handed it back to me and I saved her number as IRIS. “Later,” I said as I left.

Well, at least I wasn’t dead. I made it to the bus stop and got a lot of funny looks. A middle-aged woman kept staring at the outline of my penis in the sweats. It was 9:38 pm when I got home and I yelled to dad, that I was home and rushed upstairs not wanting him to see me in this getup.

In my room, I stripped and showered. I put on some boxers and lay down. My thoughts drifted to Iris. She was cute in a librarian sort of way. I started to work my shaft thinking about her and then stopped. My ejaculate would be too messy. Also, it appeared that maybe it could be sold? Should I try to bottle it? I went and grabbed a condom in the bathroom. I had one in my wallet but it was old. I thought of Iris and soon had reached hardness. I tried rolling the condom down the length and swore. It was way too tight for my new shaft. I knew they sold larger condoms so I decided to wait on testing harvesting the fluid.

I fell asleep and had nightmares. I dreamed of being captured and experimented on. The worst part of the dream was one mage needed an erect incubus phallus to make a magic dildo for his wife so they got me excited and then cut it off. I woke to a text message alert on my phone.

It was 6:00am. It was from Iris and said, “pick you up at 7:00am for school. BE READY.” Ah shit. I could already tell that she was going to be very bossy and try to exert control in our relationship.