Chapter 15 The Bazaar

I walked out of the side street behind my house expecting to see the big white truck.  Instead, Iris was driving a black Nissan SUV with tinted windows.  I got into the vehicle and paused.  Iris was dressed in a formal business attire and had makeup on.  She looked much older.  She rolled her eyes at me as I stared at her.  “I am using my mother’s ID to access the bazaar.  I had to look older.  It is a minor illusion paired with makeup, you can stop staring.” I think she liked my stare though.

She did look very different.  Maybe 30 years old.  “You look amazing!” I finally said.

“You should advance you own age as well, as you look ridiculous in those oversized clothes.” I did and my body expanded to fit nicely in the clothes. She was now gawking at me as I had her.

“You look good yourself,” she said as she pulled away. “So tell me what did you do to Mary Taft?” as she drove toward the highway.

After having been an incubus for a week I found I was becoming less and less shy about talking about sex. So I started to describe in detail what happened between me and Mary in the car on Highpoint Park’s hill. I could see and smell her arousal and that just spurred me on to offer a more detailed description of the events…and maybe embellish them a little.

When I finished the story an aroused Iris asked, “So you came in her mouth and she swallowed it? All of it?” I could hear her heart pounding in excitement.

“Most anyway. She did have a little bit of dribble on the seat with her saliva. Her dad found the wet spots when she got home and grounded her,” I said.

“We definitely need to check out her core. How much life essence did you get from pulling aether through her core?” She asked and I could tell the studious girl was already putting her mind to work and coming down from the arousal she got from my story. I was surprised she hadn’t touched herself while she drove.

“I think it was 19. Let me check.” I went and confirmed I did indeed have 27 life essence on the banner in my mind space. “Yeah 19 which is really good since my handbook says humans usually offer between 25 and 100. Since Andromeda takes 75% of my efforts then it means I should get between 6 and 25 from a human partner.” Iris was thinking about it and didn’t say anything so I went to my phone to check text messages.

Ugh, Mary had sent five new texts. I wrote short replies…it kind of felt like I was keeping a fish on the hook to pull out of the water when needed. That slightly disturbed me. Rob had said everything was fine at the house and was going to send me hourly updates. If my parents investigated the 3rd floor the plan was to say I snuck out to see a girl. I would then drive back and introduce Iris to my parents to complete the cover story. Hopefully it wouldn’t come to that.

“If this works tonight I think we should try your ability on me,” she said slowly and I stopped typing a text to Mary. I looked at her surprised. I thought she was reluctant to have sex with me so I hadn’t been pressuring her. The games we had been playing were fun in raising the sexual tension between us too.

“Don’t you want to check out Mary’s core first?” I asked. She took an exit while she came up with her response.

“Yeah, you are right. Do you want to go look for the portal to the transit tomorrow,” she asked softly. She had actually asked and not ordered so this was a marked improvement in my mind.

“I don’t need much sleep but I am sure you do. Why don’t you come over and do your homework at my house tomorrow? That way my parents can meet you.” Ok, my goal wasn’t altruistic in nature. I wanted them to meet Iris so they knew who I was hanging out with so if anything happened to me they could find her. Also, I wanted to show her that my bedroom was fairly private. Not that we needed my room since her parents were missing.

“Ok,” she said softly again. We drove in silence for a bit before she said, “If they figure out you are a demon you will need to pretend you are contracted to me.” My eyes widened. I suddenly realized I was an idiot as I had no idea what I was being led into.

“So what exactly is this bazaar?” I asked both curious and now slightly worried.

“It is run by the Magus Arcanum. Demis are welcome to come, trade, sell and purchase. It is a kind of neutral site. Humans generally try to moderate the demis. The few times in history when humans tried to dominate the demis things didn’t go well…the crusades, WWI, and WWII for instance. Most likely they will know you are a demon. Demons are pretty rare on Earth so that will draw some attention but it shouldn’t be an issue.” Iris relayed but as she talked and used words like ‘shouldn’t’ and ‘most likely’ I started to get a little worried as it communicated her own uncertainty.

“Have you been to this bazaar before?” I asked a little hesitant now.

“Yes. Once, with my mother. It is a large office building. In the lobby, you go and register what you are looking to buy, sell or trade. Then you sit in a waiting room. When someone is interested in what you have to offer you head up to the room number they indicate. The broker inside handles the transaction from there,” she said with confidence.

“Is there going to be someone interested in our products in DC?” I asked skeptically.

“Oh, the broker is just that, a broker. What we post in the lobby is transmitted to all the bazaars on the planet, some 127 I think is the total. People monitor what is posted and then bid or purchase or trade. You should make your saliva. As much as you can. The sample cups are in the bag in the back seat,” she said with a slight smirk. She was getting too much satisfaction out of my giving up fluid samples.

“What about the other sample? You had 20 containers, right?” I asked.

“I think what we have is enough. Let's see what the market is first before collecting more. Just max out the saliva. I think it is going to sell well.” She said.

I got the cloth bag in the back and found four urine sample cups. I did a check in my mind space. I had 219 aether. So that meant I could make about 21 fluid ounces of ecstasy spit. Each sample cup was just 5 fluid ounces so I decided to fill each container four times, creating 16 total ounces.

We were on the outskirts of the city as Iris drove. I was surprised she wasn’t using a navigation app but then I remembered she had a recall spell so she was probably using that. “Are you going to teach me magic? I mean you said I could learn it since I have an aether pool.”

Iris pulled down another street before responding, “Maybe. I had to study quite a bit to learn my spells. There are shortcuts for those who have aether mind spaces but I wouldn’t be able to help with that as I don’t have a mind space.” Iris turned into an underground garage that had a security guard at the booth. She pulled up and handed him an ID. He inspected the ID briefly before waving us through.

“Is this the place? It looks like a normal garage and building…I guess I was thinking it was going to be more like MIB or something,” I voiced my disappointment as she parked. She ignored me and took the bag with my saliva deposits.

“Grab the bucket in the back,” she ordered slightly distracted. I hurried to grab it as she was already walking toward the elevator. She beeped the car locked as I caught up to her. The elevator had nice wood paneling in it as we went to the lobby.

The lobby was large with three different reception desks. Iris walked straight toward one of them with confidence. The high heels she was wearing made her hips swing provocatively. At the counter, the man behind it looked up expectantly. Iris slid her ID card and a printed form across to him. The man in the suit just took both and scanned both of them before returning the ID. Iris walked through the doors at the end of the lobby. I scurried after her as I was at a loss.

The room on the other side was a large lounge with a large bar on one side. Three massive ornate elevator doors lined one wall. I used my abyssal sight for a second to view the room. There were runes on the walls and the bartender glowed with aetheric power. The people in the room, three at the bar and two seated on couches also glowed strongly. I guessed about the same as Lydia’s tier 1 aether core. Iris hesitated before moving to and taking a seat on a leather couch away from everyone.

I sat next to her, “So how long do we have to wait? It looked like five other people were before us. I checked my phone and it was 5:39 pm. It wasn’t long, just 15 minutes before someone came out of a side door and handed Iris a piece of paper. I looked at it and it said, ‘Room 777, Floor 7’. She took a deep breath and stood and headed to the elevator in this fancy lobby.

I followed her over and in. A man in a suit was in the elevator, a very big man who matched my height but was much thicker. I felt underdressed in my Kohl’s discount apparel but it was too late to change anything now.

We reached the seventh floor and the man in the elevator motioned left and we went down the hallway in that direction. Door 777. Did that have any special meaning? Were we going to a room with slot machines? Iris opened the door and entered the room and I followed. The room had wood paneling and shelves and a massive gloss black desk. I man in a suit with a square jaw sat behind the desk and indicated two chairs opposite for him to sit.

In a deep voice, the man intoned, “Please sit Iris Cartwright.” Iris stopped and I could tell she was panicking. She had used her mother’s ID and the man had just used her name. The man smiled, “Don’t worry Iris nothing is amiss and you are in no danger.”

We both moved forward and sat. I did note that the man had indicated Iris was in no danger and hadn’t mentioned me. I put the white canister on the floor and scanned the room. The only entrance and exit was the door we entered.

“Don’t be surprised Iris we are the Magus Arcanum after all. Your illusion wasn’t too difficult to penetrate and we already had your aether core signature on file so we just matched it up.” So aether cores were like fingerprints? “You are free to use the services of the bazaar. As you know the Magus Arcanum considers 16 the age of maturity. I am having an ID prepared for you so you won't need to impersonate your mother in the future. Sorry to hear about their disappearance. The Scholarium sent investigators and still didn’t find anything?” Well, this guy seemed nice.

“No,” Iris said with ice. “They investigated for two days before leaving.” He nodded and had the proper look of pity on his face.

“I am sorry to hear that. The Scholarium has its own priorities it seems.” He paused before continuing. “So it seems you have something interesting for us to look at?” He was onto business and I was surprised I was being ignored.

Iris gathered herself and discarded her anger, “Yes I have some aphrodisiac potion. Extremely potent. One to three drops force arousal that takes thirty to forty minutes to come down from. Four to ten gets the subject into a lusty haze but not enough to lose their faculties completely and it take about three hours to come down from the high. Doses of 11 or more and the subject will lose inhibition until achieving orgasm.” Iris paused before continuing. Did she test all this on herself? “The potion is a contact potion. The doses can be placed on litmus paper and activated by placing it under the tongue or even just on the skin.” Iris paused and waited for the man who had started rocking in his chair in a reclined position.

“What is the half-life?” He asked while digesting what she said. “And does its effects work on demis?”

“I don’t know the half-life. I don’t have a chronograph for potions. As for demis, yes, it worked on the one subject I tried it on.” She had a hard look on her face and I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. She didn’t tell me she used the stuff on someone.

“Ok, how much do you have?” He asked. In response, Iris took out each of the four sample containers and put them on the counter. He whistled in response. “Can I take one to test? We have a lab on the 9th floor. Should only take an hour or so.” Iris nodded.

The man reached forward and took one of the samples and left. “Iris! What the fuck?” I asked.

“Clam down. I was trying to use a drop on a cat girl in my class. That is when I spilled it on myself. She only got a drop but she left for twenty minutes to use the bathroom facilities.” She was fine when she returned, happy even.

I shook my head thinking we were in the lion’s den. “What about?” I kicked the white container with my deposits in it. “And do they know what I am?”

“That should be a quick sale since it is not imbued with life essence. I think you are fine. Just don’t do using any abilities in the building,” she said calmly.

I slouched in my chair pouting. I was an idiot for coming in here with her. Time started to pass and I thought about what she had said. Forcing arousal, a lust state, putting it on a tab to use on a person’s skin. Basically, my saliva was a drug! “I am not doing this again I said.”

Iris looked over at me surprised, “Think about it Iris!” I whispered sharply. “My saliva is essentially a rape drug. Give enough and the person needs to fuck and won’t resist! And how many 10-drop doses is that!” I waved my hand at the three remaining containers.

Her eyes widened in realization, “All 16 ounces…maybe 800 doses at the 10-drop threshold she squeaked.” A pause before she added, “the Magus Arcanum wouldn’t use it like that.” Her voice was only half sure though. I just shook my head and the man finally returned and handed Iris her new ID card.

“So Iris things look good. The half-life is about 7 days if stored properly. I put up your product on the site and it is already receiving bids. You have an alchemy ingredient in the container,” He indicated in the white container. Iris nodded but I could tell she was still progressing through the logic I had dropped on her about the saliva.

“Let's see then,” the man returned behind his desk. “Current rate is $1240 per fluid ounce of incubus semen. Not going to ask how you collected it.” His grin turned creepy. “If you want I can take it to the lab and have them verify the contents and transfer the funds to you?”

“Ok Caleb,” she said with some defeatism in her voice, “We won't do this again. I am sorry. I just thought it could be used like Viagra or something for old men. Or enhance intimacy among couples.” We sat and Iris phone beeped and she looked at it. “$18,390,” she said as she read it and put her phone away.

“For the contents of the container?” I said shocked. She nodded and I was in disbelief.

Our broker returned at 8:44pm. I know because I kept checking my phone. “Ok, Iris it looks like your new potion is going to fetch a little over $75,000. Its aether signature is strong and it looks quite pure. I can deposit the funds now or do you want to wait until the bidding has concluded? I don’t know if you and your bodyguard need to be somewhere.”

I tapped Iris’ arm. “Now,” she said. We plan to use the local bazaar shop to buy some equipment. His eyebrows went up but he tapped a few keys and Iris’ phone beeped again. She got up and I followed her out. In the elevator, she asked the attendant for the bazaar shop. The elevator went to the second floor and when it opened I thought I was in a mini mall.

There was a large central area with about twenty archways around the perimeter. Each store had names in a script that I couldn’t read. Iris was already moving. I guessed this was the version of a mage’s shopping center. I followed Iris as she moved from store to store and put items in the canvas shopping bag that had carried my samples.

“What are we shopping for?” I asked.

“I am putting together a kit to explore the transit when we find it.” She used her phone to pay for everything and I guessed the Magus Arcanum had Apple pay or something like that.

It was almost 10pm when Iris slowed down with her bag bulging, “Im done. Do you need anything?”

Yes! If I knew what any of this shit did! “Something to hide my eyes,” was all I could think of. She went into a shop and handed me a pair of aviator glasses after paying for them.

I looked at the sunglasses and at Iris. She just got a bunch of magical shit and I get a pair of glasses…my look was not happy. “Here she said putting them in my hand. They are magical. Put them on and people won't see them. They will shield people from seeing your abyssal eyes working. They also block out harsh light and give you decent vision in the dark. You're welcome. She was headed back toward the elevator.” I stared at her in disbelief, I’m welcome? I just earned her the money for this shipping spree! I shook my head and followed her as I put the glasses on. The glasses literally melded into my face. I couldn’t feel them and taking them off involved going behind my ear to locate the ear holder. Well, that was cool I guess putting them back on.

Maybe I could salvage the night by collecting a good amount of life essence.