Chapter 4 Testing

I texted my parents to let them know I was on the bus and that I would get a city bus to get home.  No need to pick me up at the station. I just didn’t want them to see me and ask questions.  Dad texted that the Redskins game was on at 4 so I should make it back in time.  Damn it.  We always watched the game together.  I would give him the excuse I didn’t feel good and wanted to go to sleep when I got back. My best friend Rob had texted me as well asking how the party went and if I got any?  I didn’t reply back.

During the bus ride, I retreated into my mind space.  Time passed differently here.  If I guessed it was maybe a ratio of one hour in my mind space to one minute in the real world. I couldn’t really be certain but it was close from my experimenting.  The four-hour bus ride would give me a lot of time to study.

My mind space had blank banners hanging on the wall.  I remembered that Andromeda’s had writing on hers.  It was in Abysall and I couldn’t read the language back then.  So could I add writing to my banners?  I tried and all my abilities with their current tier appeared on one of the banners.  Excellent!

Next, I tried to show my life essence on the next banner.

Aether Pool               29/1000

Life Essence              100/100

I was confused.  My life essence was full?  Did that mean just listening to Vivian masturbate had filled it up?  I knew that wasn’t the case.  I went to the book to read more.

Aether pool was used for utilizing magic.  My aether pool maximum of 1000 was actually small in relation to other demons.  On Earth, it said natural aether recovery was around 1 per hour.  So that meant I must have harvested some aether from the air while Vivian pleasured herself.  I had been an incubus for about 14 hours so maybe 15 aether from the ten-minute session?  I was learning.

I now had two problems.  The first was easy.  All my abilities were free, costing no aether or life essence to use except one.  My aphrodisiac saliva cost about 10 aether to generate.  At least that is what the book indicated, one ounce was listed as costing 10 aether but how far effective was it?  I would need to test it out.  It could be absorbed through contact with any body part and it noted I was immune to my own saliva’s effects.

So why did I have 100 life essence already?  The book said I should have 0 and would need to reach 100 to upgrade an ability.  Maybe it was another bonus from my bargaining with Andromeda?  Ok, I decided to use the life essence.  I was going to upgrade my Mask Aether Core ability.   It took a few seconds and I felt the essence leave me and manipulate my body.

My banner showed the ability at tier 2 now and my life essence showed 0/110.  So raising a tier 1 ability from 1 to 2 raised the cap on my life essence storage by 10 or 10%.  I would need to raise another ability to confirm which.  The book should have just told me outright.  It did mention how much life essence I could get from filtering aether through a human.  Based on the health, age, and level of arousal it would be between 20 and 100.

So if I was lucky it could take four maximum pulls from a partner to get 100 life essence.  I hadn’t forgotten that I had to pay a tax of 75% to Andromeda.  That is what the altar in the center of my mind space did.  It transferred life essence to her where she resided on the 13th plane.

I checked and upgrading from tier 1 to tier 2 on the masking ability cost 200 life essence.  That meant I needed to advance 9 abilities to get enough storage to accumulate the points to raise it again.  I had 15 abilities, 12 remaining abilities that required 100 life essence to advance.  So at least it was possible.

I slipped out of the mind space after studying the book for a little longer.  I had my hood covering my face when I reached home and disembarked and headed for the city bus.  It was 1:00 pm.  I was home by 1:30 and when I got there went straight to my room.  I heard my parents talking as I climbed the stairs.

Someone came upstairs to my room on the third floor and knocked, “Hey bud, you ok?”  It was dad.  “Paige said you got sick from drinking too much.”  That was like my sister.  She at least hadn’t told them what I told her.  I said I thought they put some drugs in the alcohol.

“Yeah, dad.  I am a bit out of it. I am going to pass on the game today and get some sleep.”  He didn’t leave for a long minute.

“Ok, I will call the school tomorrow and you can stay home.  It is a good lesson to learn…about drinking so much.  Your mother doesn’t want you going to another party down there this year.  I think Paige scared her a bit when she told us how sick you had gotten.”  He finished.

“Thanks, dad.  Having Monday off would be great.  Is mom still flying out in the morning?” I asked.

“Yeah, I am dropping her off at 5 am.  She is going to London for four days I think.  It might be five.  I will transfer $20 to your apple pay account so you can get lunch delivered tomorrow.  I should be home around 6 from the dealership.”

“Thanks,” was all I said as he headed down the stairs.  I texted Rob and told him I got trashed at the party and wasn’t going to school tomorrow.  He responded by asking if I wanted company?  I thought for a bit before replying no.

Rob was a good friend but I wanted to figure things out on my own first.  My biggest problem was I had no clothes that fucking fit!  I had been a skinny tall 16-year-old. Mostly medium shirts with a handful of larges.  My waist had gone from 30 to a 36.  I wasn’t going to wear sweats every day but I did have a number of sweatshirts in my closet.

Unfortunately, I only had two pairs of sweatpants, and the pair I was currently wearing belonged to Paige.  So tomorrow I needed to go shopping.  I checked my account balance.  $1,208.69.  I could walk to Kohl's and hit the bargain racks.

I showered and lay in bed naked as I played with my new body.  I had a pornstar dick now.  Maybe I could get into porn?  It would allow me to harvest life essence from fellow actors.  Oh shit, I was just 16.  Damn it.  I leaped out of bed and went to the mirror in the bathroom.  My chronomancy ability!

I bounced back and forth to my mind space as I figured out how to use it.  At tier 1 I could alter my apparent age by about 10 years.  There was conservation of mass in effect but it just made me denser when I rolled back the clock.  Three years younger and I was again about 6’2” and leaner.  Still muscled but leaner.  My clothes fit but were tight when I tried on the jeans.  Ok, this could work.  My face though…I looked closer to 12.  Maybe it wouldn’t work.

Just to experiment I rolled my age the other way, increasing my apparent age to 26.  A man stood in the mirror.  A very charming man with a five o'clock shadow.  His body had filled out slightly more and his penis thankfully hadn’t gotten any larger.  I checked my height after marking it on a door frame.  6’5”, the same as my father.

Maybe I could use this form when I went to find a prostitute.  I definitely looked to be over 18...easily in my mid to late 20s.  Oh, this was going to be fun!  I would shop for clothes in this form tomorrow.

I finally got to sleep.  I slept late and heard the doorbell ring on my phone.  I opened the app to see who was there.  It was mom’s friend, Aunt Amelia.  Mom had probably sent her over to check in on me.  I used my phone to tell her I would be right down.  I put on Paige’s sweatpants and a Cal sweatshirt.  I almost forgot that I looked 26.  It was a few minutes before I backed off my age to around 14.  I deemed it close enough to my pre-incubus look.

I opened the door after flying down the stairs, “Hey Aunt Amelia!”  I had my hood up and was trying to sound happy to see her while still sounding exhausted.

“Your mom sent me by…are you taller?” I moved over and let her in.  She was wearing a work skirt with a white silk blouse.  Amelia sold houses.  She was a realtor and did quite well for herself.  She was examining my appearance from head to toe.  Her blouse held her firm breasts in and I stared for a second before replying.

“Uh no, I did gain some weight though.  I am up to 165 pounds.” I should weigh myself and see how much I weighed.

“Well you look ok…your eyes look a little pale though.  You are definitely a little beat up from drinking.  I don’t have a showing for an hour if you need me to hang out.  I can remember my college days…” She smiled a brilliant smile and her perfume was hitting me.  It wasn’t her perfume but her body scent.  My eyes switched to abyssal eyes and I could see her aether core.  It was strong.  I felt an urge and my cock responded.  I was just wearing the sweats so my new larger and stronger cock raised itself.

Amelia’s eyes flicked down, “Oh my.  Were you watching porn upstairs?” She was trying to brush off my erection.  “I am so sorry.  I will let your mother know you are fine.”  Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes kept going to my groin as she backed out and I made an effort to hide my excitement.  I almost used my melodic voice on her but halfway down the walkway, she turned.  Did she just adjust her underwear in the front?  She looked back at me from the car and waved as she drove away.

She was turned on by just my cock?  I hadn’t used any abilities and I didn’t think I would need to in order to seduce Amelia.  I had fantasized about her since I watched my first porn video and understood about sex.

I closed the door.  It was 8 am.  I went to the fridge and consumed some calories.  Then I went to the basement and maxed my age out to 26.  We had a full gym down here.  Paige was the only one who really used it though.  In high school, her teammates would come over and work out in sports bras and spandex.  I joined them even though it was embarrassing as they all could lift more weight than me.

Ok, first test.  The bench press.  I kept adding weight until I ran out of 45 pound plates.  315 lbs.  I benched it 9 times before I got tired and at 14 reps I was done and racked the weight.  Wow.  That had to be good right?  I remembered to weigh myself and hoped on the scale down here, 235 lbs.  I had gained 75 lbs! I drank some water even though I wasn’t thirsty.  My next test was going to be on the treadmill.

I psyched myself up and started running, getting it up to speed before resetting the timer and distance tracker.  I ran a mile on the treadmill in 4:10.  That was fast for a big guy.  I thought if I was outside and had a straight away I could do even better.  Maybe I should join a sports team at school?  I could get some girls that way and maybe get a scholarship to college. My sister had gotten an 80% scholarship to row in college.  She had full offers from other schools but chose the Blue Devils for their pre-med track.

Ok, maybe I should try the rowing machine?  My sister and her friends showed me how to use it.  You rowed as hard as you could for 2000m.  My past best time was still on the dry-erase board, 7:32 seconds.  My form was ok and I cranked on the machine and finished in 5:36.  I was breathing heavily, more so than running the mile.  But it only took me about four minutes to recover and walk around.  I changed the 7:32 to 5:36.  My sister had been around 7:10 and her friends had all been slightly faster than me.  Now I could beat any of them!

I left the basement and showered even though I had barely sweated.  I thought about getting my dad’s clothes to wear but decided not to.  I left out the back door in sweats to avoid the front door camera.  I jogged to Khol’s and went on a shopping spree as a man.   There was a bunch of middle-aged women shopping and I got a bunch of looks.  One woman even seemed to be following me as I looked through the discount racks.  Fortunately, I found I could focus and not get aroused, it just took some willpower.  I got three pairs of jeans, some button-up shirts, underwear, and a handful of tees.  My final purchase was a dark brown suede jacket that was 80% off.  I had found cold and heat extremes really didn’t bother me anymore but needed a jacket that would fit for when I snuck out tonight.  At least my feet were the same size, size 13.

I got home through the back way and went to my room and unpacked.  I spent an hour organizing my closet by the size of the clothes.  At 3 pm the doorbell rang.  It was Rob and he came up to my room.

“What happened to your eyes man?” He asked once he settled in.  I was still in sweats and had reverted my age to 14 so I looked close.  I couldn’t change my new eye color though.

“New contacts.  They look cool right?” I said straight-faced.

“Yeah, they draw attention away from the rest of…this.”  He indicated my attire.  “You didn’t miss much at school.  Anthony punched Will in the cafeteria.  Guess Mandy and Will went on a date.  Only excitement.” Both Anthony and Will were on the football team.  Mandy was the head cheerleader.  All of them were seniors. “Yeah, everyone saying it is going to fuck up this Saturday’s game.”  Will was the tight end and Anthony was the quarterback.

“I don’t give a shit. Want to play some Call of Duty?”  I asked.  I had two Xbox setups in my room so we wouldn’t need headsets.  I was actually thrilled that my best friend could tell how much I had changed.  Just the eyes?  So I felt comfortable going to school tomorrow and appearing in front of my parents.

We hung out until 6 when my dad came home with a pizza.  We went downstairs to eat and yep my dad didn’t even notice my eyes.  I could probably get contacts to change my eye color back to light brown.  Dad talked about the Redskins game that I had missed.  We lost again by 10 points this time.  Sometimes it was hard being a Redskins fan.  At least the Capitals usually did well.

I liked ice hockey a lot.  Maybe I should try out for the team this year. “I am thinking of trying out for the hockey team,” I announced at the table.  My dad looked at me for a moment.  I was super uncoordinated, basically a non-athlete in a family of athletes.

“That’s great!” He managed but it was clear he thought I was going to be disappointed with the results.  “They still have that JV team?” He asked.

“Yeah but I think I can make varsity.  I have been lifting weights for the last few months.” Both Dad and Rob looked at me with skepticism. Well, at least I planted the seed.

Rob left and I headed to my room.  My teachers had sent homework to me via the online system.  I opened it and started in.  I had my ears peeled waiting for dad to go to sleep.  With my door open, I finally heard the muffled TV turn off and he went to take a shower.  An hour later I couldn’t hear anything.  I went out of my back balcony and snuck down the fire escape steps.  They were installed when we renovated the third floor to bring it up to the fire code.

This wasn’t my first time sneaking out in the middle of the night.  When I got to the yard I jogged to the back street and walked to the bus stop.  I was dressed in my new clothes and aged to 26.  I took the bus to the seedy part of town.  A young woman sat next to me.  She was a short brunette.  Her hand snaked to my thigh and she rested it there.

I was fighting my arousal and she nonchalantly rubbed my thigh.  Maybe I didn’t have to go and get a hooker tonight.  I looked at the woman and used my abyssal eyes to see her core and was shocked.  She wasn’t human.  It was a fucking goblin – or that was what I would call her.  A ring on her finger glowed with aether and her core was much brighter than the dozen other humans on the bus.  The ring must be supplying an illusion to hide her form.

Well, that killed my erection.  And note to self, ‘keep abyssal eyes active!’

I hurried off the bus at my stop and thankfully she didn’t pursue me.  She just moved to another seat with a middle-aged man.  She must be hunting or something.

I checked my wallet, $180 in 20s.  Hopefully, it would be enough.  Should I go right to the bar and try to get a hooker or should I try the strip club first.  Thinking I didn’t have enough cash for the strip club I went to the bar.  Time to try out my new abilities!