Chapter 21

In my room I got halfway through my pre-calculus course, scoring 100% on all the unit quizzes.  I had been ok at math in the past but now everything just seemed easy. The knowledge stuck and it took just a token thought to bring it up.   I wondered if it worked the same as Iris’ recall spell.

I spent my allotted five days in my mind space working on my aether manipulation.  I was able to pull the aether from the ceiling and work it into shapes.  Not recognizable shapes but shapes. It was much harder than I thought it should be.  I would have to evolve my control to form the aether into the complex runic script to be able to form and cast a spell in the real world.  I had a feeling this was not how demon magic was supposed to work.  My aphrodisiac saliva used aether but I created it without runes or forming the aether…it just worked.

My grandfather clock chimed indicating I was done.  I left my space and checked my phone.  Molly had confirmed getting tickets for the sophomore dance and just wanted to know if I would be driving.  I texted her saying I was getting a car next week so I would drive us to the dance.  Mary had a dozen texts.  Keeping up with this one was a full-time job.  It was all little things too.  How her day was going.  How practice was. She was excited to get 6 seat in the varsity boat even though she wanted stroke seat.  I replied to most of the texts from Mary being as nice as possible.  Truth be known it was fun.

There was a text in here from Chloe which surprised me.  She wanted to know if I wanted to split the cost of a cabin on a singles cruise.  The cruise was from March 7th to 12th.  If it was a singles cruise then how did getting a cabin together make sense?  Also, she thought I was in my mid-20s when in fact I would be almost 17 at that time.  I sent her a text thanking her for the invite but that I couldn’t get away during that period.  Although there would be a lot of opportunities to collect life essence on a singles cruise.  I marked it down under my notes as something to think about in the future.

Iris had sent three text messages as well.  She wanted to see if we could find the other portal entrance.  Based on the time when the text messages were sent it was obvious she was not sleeping.  I probably needed to do an intervention.  I added that to my calendar for Sunday.

I got a ‘what up bro’ text from Paige.  It was late so it had either been a procrastination text for doing homework or she was out parting.  It was 2:56 am now so too late to reply.

I got a little sleep and then headed to hockey practice.  The Saturday practice was from 7 am to 10 am.  Not really early like the weekday practices would be.

A few guys were already in the locker room when I arrived.  I suited up and hit the ice.  The first part of practice was conditioning and I held back enough to just be in the top 3 skaters.  We then got some coaching on entering the offensive zone and our four standard plays to set up in the zone.  I was already skating with James and I was moved to each of the forward positions for the drill.  The offense was focused on the forwards all being able to cycle to the different positions and I thought I did well enough.

We practiced against no defense and a token defense.  I was actually learning a lot from coach Sam.  As practice progressed it became clear I was the best skater and had the best stick work on the ice.  Even James complimented me.  I was thankful for that as I was worried he may be upset getting displaced.  But hockey was one of the unselfish sports and James was happy the team was stronger with me.

It was announced that I was going to be the center on the first line.  James patted me on the back clearly excited.  The center had the most work to do so he was going to be freed up to shoot more.  After practice coach Sam talked to me.  She wanted to let me know if I planned to play hockey in college she could give me some private lessons. I was good enough to earn a full ride she claimed but she just needed to help me polish some things up. Definitely some double meaning there.  I thanked her and said I would let her know.  Thinking like an incubus I should definitely harvest what I could from her at least once but it didn’t feel like it was a good time.

James confirmed I would be at the party tonight.  He said he could hook me up with one of the cheerleaders if I was interested. That was one thing about being an incubus. Even though I had spent yesterday exercising with Amelia I was more than ready to go. “Yeah if anyone is interested in a one-nighter I would be interested,” I said.

James looked at me funny, “One-nighter? Really Caleb? We call it a ‘hit and run’.  I know Tara would be down.  She has done half the football team, and a few basketball players and is always ready.  I nodded.  I was not used to this social scene and how they looked at sexual partners.

“Thanks.  Introduce me if you remember,” I said.  But to me, it sounded like her dance card may be full.

I showered in the locker room again.  The one thing about hockey is you stink after practice, even if everything you are wearing is new.  Coach didn’t poke her head in again as there were three of us showering today.  I noticed the other two guys eyeing my limp cock.  Even limp it was still almost 10 inches. I wondered if this would enter the rumor mill and Sophia would find out about it.

I spent a few minutes setting up my locker area, just organizing my gear, and then headed out.  At home, I spent almost an hour talking with my parents about practice.  They reminded me not to drink too much at the party and call if I needed to be picked up.  Dad assured mom that I had learned my lesson from the college party.

To my shame, I spent way too much time in front of the mirror trying to find the right look.  I never cared about my social status at school before.  My height was up to just shy of 6’3”…I had grown almost an inch in the last two weeks and no one seemed alarmed.  I was very cut in the mirror without a shirt, almost no body fat.  I went with a vintage nirvana tee shirt.  It was dark gray with an angel in splatter paint with NIRVANA over the image.  I figured it could also be a demon and not an angel since the features were not clear.  The shirt was tight as it was pre-incubus but that just meant it showed my muscle definition.  My jeans were new from my shopping trip and hung well.  My sneakers were old dirty white NIKE runners. Some cologne and I headed out.

James’ parents had a massive house that rivaled Iris’ house.  It was gated with a circular driveway that was already packed with cars. Most kids were carpooling.  I parked my mom’s Lexus near the entrance gate on the lawn.  There were other cars on the lawn so I thought it was ok to park there.  I got stared from both guys and girls as I walked up to the house and thought maybe the muscled look might be too much.

Through the door, I entered loud music and teenagers circling with drinks.  One of my teammates spotted me and gave me a red plastic cup with beer in it and pointed out where James was.  James was in a large living room cleared of furniture and he was dancing…or at least his impression of dancing.  He spotted me, “Caleb!  Glad you made it!  So feel free to wander about. Stay out of the west wing of the house,” he pointed to a door on the far side of the room, “that is where my parents are and it has their bedroom.”  Did he just say his parents are here?   My parents definitely wouldn’t go for something this large.   There were easily over 200 teenagers here.

“So Tara is somewhat occupied at the moment but if you want to wait thirty or so minutes I could introduce you,” he said with a slightly slurred speech and devilish grin.

“That’s fine I will just wander about and enjoy the party,” I waved him off.  If Tara was having sex with other guys already I think I will pass.

 I put down my full red cup and went to the bar.  A tall girl I recognized as the cheer captain was behind the table mixing drinks.  She eyed me with a predatory look.  I flicked on my abyssal sight and she glowed.  This was James’ sister, Mandy, a cheerleader well out of my league before my transformation.  She had a stronger magic glow than James as I could not see that she was a cat woman. She had on a very stylish outfit that hugged her curves.  “What can I get you?”  She licked her lips while taking in my muscled torso.

“Just some soda.  I don’t plan to drink tonight since I need to drive home,” I said sounding all grown up and cracking a smile at her.   Probably should have asked James if his sister was fair game.

“Most of the guys are crashing here tonight. I am sure I could find you somewhere to sleep,” she purred at me.  It clicked and I remembered she was dating Anthony, the quarterback.  I smiled at her but decided to ask James before I tried anything with his twin.

“Thanks, I will keep it in mind,” I said and took my soda from her.  It was Sprite, not my preference but had been too distracted to ask for a root beer or ginger ale.  I wandered among the drunk teens and got my ass squeezed by five different girls and one guy.  Most of the people here I didn’t know.  I tried to enjoy myself by dancing and doing some grinding with a few intoxicated girls but the public environment and the fact the girls were intoxicated made me not want to try anything.  I went to use the bathroom and found two teens kissing in the shower and partially undressed.  I just took a piss and left them to it.

I thought I had put in enough social face to go home.  It had been about two hours and I wanted to check on Iris.  I was looking for James to thank him before I left and a tall girl approached the drink table.  What drew me to her was her square shoulders and thick body,  and when I say thick I mean muscled.  She moved with a cat’s grace and I flipped to my abyssal sight.  Standing next to James’ sister her glow was brighter.  Not incredibly so but still brighter.  The girl had a red cup in her hand and left.  I followed her to a door and she shut it behind her. When I  tried the handle it was locked.

“Yeah, Caleb best not to go down there.  The game room is down there but my cousin is using the attached bedroom down there.  You probably don’t want to disturb her,” James who had walked up behind me voiced while placing a hand on my shoulder.  “Tara is free now if you are interested in blowing off some steam.”

I thought for a second before saying, “Maybe your cousin wants someone to talk to?”

“Oh, man Caleb that is a tiger that can’t be caged!” James said drunkenly.  “If you need to blow some steam and are not interested in Tara my sister can get you some time with a cheerleader.  A lot of them have been admiring you from afar.”

“No, I think I will head home.  Thanks the party had been great and I had fun,” I said planning to leave.  James’ drunk demeanor seemed to interpret my words differently though.

His drunk face battled internally with something before saying, “If you really want I can let you down to the basement to talk with Jade. But I have to warn you.  She is…temperamental.  If you piss her off then she might rip your throat out.  So just come back upstairs after she tells you to fuck off.”  Even though James offered to unlock the door he still seemed to be warring inside about it.  I was curious about the girl so was about to say yes when James added, “You can also wait till January.  She is enrolling at our school.  But my sister and I don’t think she will last too long.”

I paused and asked, “Why do you think that?”

“Jade got kicked out of her last school for fighting outside of class,” he blathered.

“I guess you would get kicked out for fighting in class too,” I joked.  James eyes widened as his alcohol-impaired brain processed what I said.

“Oh, I…she…her old school had fighting classes. It was for fighting…I mean martial… self-defense stuff.” James was trying to explain something without revealing something and by doing so was more obvious.  It got my curiosity peeked.

“I will head down and say hi and see if she wants to dance with me James,” I said with a grin.

James grinned as well, “Your funeral!  Just make sure you can still skate after she gets done with you.”

As I walked down the stairs after James unlocked the door my hearing picked up an irritated, “Thought I fucking locked the door.”  I reached the bottom and as James mentioned this was a game room.  A short bar to the right, two pool tables and TVs on the wall.  It was basically a mini sports bar in their house as I looked around.  Some leather couches were placed in front of a much larger TV.  An irate young woman sat on one of the couches and turned to look at me.

“Door was locked for a reason,” she said.  Jade was jacked and she was now just wearing a tank top and her muscled arms showed.

“Your cousin said I should come down and ask to see if you wanted to dance.” Her eyes rolled at my statement.  But she did study me for a good 20 seconds before speaking.

”Not my type.  Now bugger off.” She turned around ignoring me.  Now I had to decide what to do here.  This girl intrigued me with her bright core.  Did she have more aether?  Was she a cat woman like James and his sister? I had gotten bolder since becoming an incubus.

“And just what is your type?” I asked taking a step forward.  Her golden eyes were angry, irritated, and then turned predatory.

“Tell you what angel boy,” she said referring to my shirt. “If you can hit me once then I will dance with you. Deal?” This had to be a trap but I decided to step into it.  Her grin widened as I stepped forward and she agilely moved to the other side of the room and went through a door.  I followed but remained alert.

There was an impressive gym on the other side.  A very big gym, weights, cardio machines, a gorilla jet pool and in the center was a boxing ring.  Jade was already grabbing gloves.  They were smaller gloves than boxing gloves.  She tossed me gloves and a padded helmet.  “Mouthpieces are over there.” She pointed.  I went and found a container with mouthpieces in it. It was soft plastic and I wouldn’t be able to mold it.  I started to gear up while she watched me.  She looked pretty scary, I guessed 5’10” and 175, maybe 180 lbs.   She had very light brown eyes, almost golden.  Her hair looked a little stringy like a mane.  “You ready yet pretty boy,” she asked mockingly.

I was sure she was a demi.  I was hoping my demon enhancements would help me match her.  “Are you going to get some head protection?” I asked.

She smirked and I would finally say she looked a little cute in an Amazonian kind of way.  “No need,” she said as she climbed into the boxing ring. Ok, definitely a trap.

Ok, I had been in approximately three fights in my entire life.  Twice on the playground when I was seven with kids visiting from another town. Rob and I called those events brawls because that sounded better.  The other time was when I was 12 and Paige said her boyfriend got too hands on a date.  Ok, that wasn’t much of a fight either.  I punched the guy when I found him bowling alley with a different girl a week later.  I left that fight before reprisals.

I climbed into the ring and was thinking of using my voice to calm her down when she moved toward me in a boxer pose.  She was fast as she swung at me and I instinctively ducked, she missed with haymaker but her uppercut met my face.  I backed away.  She had obviously pulled the strike a little, testing the durability of her new toy.

She looked a little surprised but still extremely smug.  I was trying to figure out how to save some dignity when she moved in again.  I did my best to block punches and keep moving.  I think I was doing good because Jade was getting excited, increasing the number of hits.  The thing was that even though her strikes were solid and getting stronger as she tested my ability to take a hit I felt nothing.  The thuds against my body didn’t faze me at all.

Jade did a large combo against my torso and face, connecting six times from about twenty strikes.  A sheen of sweat covered her skin and it got me aroused.  I had to mentally check my lust. My incubus instincts wanted me to dominate this foe physically and then sexually.  It had been about six minutes and I hadn’t attempted one punch yet.  A plan formed in my mind.  I moved in and just defended for a few minutes.  Nothing she was doing was having an impact but I started to feign that it was.  This got her excited and she was trying to get me to concede and leave so picked up her tempo.  She really did have nice footwork as that is what I was studying.  When she came in for a long sequence I noticed she did the same footwork.  The seventh time when she did I sent out my fastest jab at her chest letting her connect with my head.

It was much faster than I planned and she had no chance to react. Not only had I lured her into overconfidence my demon speed was behind the punch.  I connected with her sternum. My strike lifted her off the mat and tossed her back a few feet.  She immediately went down to one knee and with her head down had both hands on the mat and was sucking in air. “Are you alright,” I asked slightly panicked.  That had been an incredibly hard strike.  “Should I go get help?”

She raised one hand and shook her head no as she regained herself.  When she looked me in the face I think she was deliberating what to do.  She rolled her neck and I heard it crack. “Holding out on me,” she finally said. “You won the bet so it is your choice on whether to continue.”  So she wasn’t going to try and retaliate.

Remembering the wager I said, “I think you owe me a dance but I will take a rain check.  Let’s say I pick you up this Friday for a date.”  Surprise and consideration played on her face.

“My aunt and uncle have me contained in the house.  I’m not allowed to leave without one of my cousins coming with me,” she said. I was taking off my pads and tossing them at the edge

“Double date it is then.  I will pick you up Friday at 7,” I said with surprising confidence.  I left the shell-shocked Jade in the ring and made my way back upstairs.

James was hovering around the door and when I exited the basement he said, “Still in one piece Caleb?  Told you she is a tough cookie to crack.” He downed another drink. “My sister found you a senior cheerleader. Abigail.  She really liked your…tee shirt.  If you are interested.  Not the prettiest but she has a killer body.  I don’t think has had a boyfriend since junior year so she should be fresh.”  James was completely wasted and I was surprised he could make complete sentences.  The words were slurred but understandable.  I was getting the impression that he was trying to do everything he could to keep me happy.

I was tempted as my incubus hormones were raging a bit after the match with Jade.  Reluctantly I said, “Maybe at the next party.  I need to get going and check on a friend.  Great party!”

When I got outside I was happy where I had parked as most of the cars were now blocked in.  I headed over to see Iris but my mind was on Jade.  I wondered if she would be up for a rematch…maybe a wrestling rematch?