Chapter 60

I showered and used the expensive colonge I had gotten for my birthday and laid out my new tux. I polished my shoes and gelled my hair. The doorbell rang on my phone. I ran down in a tee shirt and boxers, and I found Mary and Rose waiting in workout spandex.

As they came in, Rose inhaled deeply, “Caleb, what are you wearing? That is amazing.” Mary’s eyes were on my boxers.

“I think it is Chanel Bleu. My grandmother gets me a bottle of something every Christmas. I have like five unopened bottles of various colognes in my room.”

Rose moved in close and inhaled again, “You should definitely wear that scent tomorrow. Her lips came within inches of mine before she walked past me.” Mary smiled but kept eyeing my boxers. I looked down and could see why. The front slit was bunched, and my cock was viewable at the right angle.

I went to the basement with them, and as they were going through the stretches, Rose asked, “Caleb do you want to split a limo with us? Mary said you were driving you guys, but we have room in ours. It is just me, my brother, Riley, and Pete.” Rose’s brown eyes looked at me while doing leg swings.

I looked at Mary for advice, and she was just stretching with her back to me. I offered, “Whatever Mary wants is fine.”

Mary turned and smiled in approval, so I said the correct thing, “Thanks, Caleb. I will pay for our portion.” It was decided that I should park my car at Justine’s house as the limo was bringing everyone there for the after-party. Halfway through weights, I excused myself from my ever-present corrections of their lifting mechanics and went upstairs to dress. Molly had texted me three times already, checking on my preparation.

I dressed in my tux and grabbed the green corsage from the fridge. I yelled down do Mary and Rose that I was leaving and told them to lock the house when they left as my parents were going to DC for dinner. My father was driving to the city to meet my mother for a big dinner her company was sponsoring.

They raced up the stairs to check me out before I left. Mary whistled in appreciation first, followed by Rose. “Damn, Caleb. You looked good before, but now!” I did a little circle while they checked me out.

“Keep your sweaty paws off the suit. You can feel me out tomorrow, Mary,” I remarked with my hands up. I left before they got too close because they were covered in a sheen of sweat.

At Molly’s house, I knocked on the front door, and a little red-headed child violently opened the door and screamed, “He’s here!” The boy then dashed away, leaving me at the door.

Mr. Bullock came into the foyer and waved me in. I was brought into the kitchen, “She was ready an hour ago. Not sure what is keeping her. My wife told me to make some veiled threats to you, so just act like I did.” I nodded and gave him a smile. Maybe before being an incubus, I might have been intimidated by the large man, but now I only feared creatures from mythology.

It was a few minutes before Molly emerged wearing a dark olive dress. I hugged her short frame and outlined her curves. Her hair was up, and she was wearing enough makeup to look five years older, hiding her freckles. She had high heels raising her height from 5’2” to maybe 5’5”. She walked carefully into the kitchen with an expectant smile.

“You look amazing, Molly! I can’t wait to get you on the dance floor.” I produced the corsage and pinned it on her breast under the scrutiny of her mother. Soon we were taking pictures all over the house.

As we were finishing the photo session, her mother asked, “So, where are you taking Molly so early? The dance doesn’t begin until seven.” Molly had stepped into the bathroom and this seemed like an ambush by her overprotective mother.

“I was going to stop by the falls by the old mill to get a picture there. Then we would meet up with some of my hockey friends and head to the dance as a group,” I offered and wasn’t sure if Molly told her mother something different. She just nodded, and when Molly came out, she kissed her parents, and we left.

“What did you tell your mother we were doing before the dance?” I asked as I pulled out of the driveway.

“I told her we were meeting up with my friends and getting something to eat,” sounding worried.

I nodded, “Should be fine then. I told her we were taking a picture and hanging out with my friends.” Molly rolled her eyes.

“Where did you tell her we were taking pictures? She might want to see proof.” She asked with irritation.

“The old mill waterfalls. Do you want to head over there?” I asked planning the route in my head.

“It is pretty remote,” she stated with some interest in her voice. “Yeah, let’s get a photo by the falls.”

The drive was fifteen minutes, and the mill was down an old dirt road that led to the start of a hiking trail. I used Molly’s phone to take a dozen pictures of her in various poses. She laminated the fact we didn’t have anyone to take a picture of us together.

When we got back to the car, she scooted into the boat seat. “Can we talk in the back seat Caleb?” She was already taking her high heels off. I wrestled with my morals. Molly was just so small. She had thick thighs from playing field hockey, but the rest of her hadn’t matured. I got in the back seat with her after taking off my tux jacket.

At first, she didn’t do anything but then leaned in to kiss me. “I don’t want to ruin your makeup,” I stalled.

“It’s fine. I have wipes and brought extra,” she dismissed my reluctance. I told myself just kissing and maybe some fondling.

We started kissing softly with just our lips. Molly’s hands wrapped around my head to pull herself closer. She started experimenting with her tongue between my lips, and then I turned the session into an educational lesson for her. My skill was recent, but I figured I knew what women wanted at this point. And if I didn’t, I could just add a tiny bit of incubus saliva. My enhanced incubus senses picked up the flavors of her makeup, and it was not pleasant for me.

She got tired of pulling herself to me and slid into my lap. Her hips moved freely in my lap as her dress was satin and slippery. It was enjoyable having her hard ass press and slide in my lap while our kissing had gone full tongue. I circled her tongue with mine and then sucked her tip as she teased me.

I could tell her ass was seeking my erect shaft, but I had the control to keep it at bay. After ten minutes, I could smell her arousal clearly, and I was worried she might ruin her dress if she had a strong orgasm. I was going to suggest we stop, but she forced her hand inside my pants, looking for my large cock. I didn’t want her to think I wasn’t turned on, so I hardened it for her hand to stroke. Instead of stroking, she just squeezed it over and over. Her hand felt small on the heat of my phallus, but her method was pleasant.

She broke contact with my lips, “I want to go all the way. Be my first. Let’s have sex.” I was torn by her words. I couldn’t do it in the end, even as Molly tried to remove her underwear under her dress.

“No, Molly. Not like this. Not here. You should wait. There is no rush. Can we just make out and fondle each other?” Molly looked devastated.

I tried to salvage what I could without resorting to my persuasion abilities. “I like you, Molly. You are beautiful.” I rubbed my hands up and down her back to emphasize it. “I just don’t think this is the right time for us. You can tell I want to.” The bulge on my pants my proof.

I was a terrible incubus! A willing woman was literally in my lap, and I was saying no. Her disappointment raged across her face, and I used my voice to calm her. She got out of the car and into the front and started working her high heels back on. She was not happy.

She pulled out her purse and used the visor mirror to start redoing her makeup. I put my jacket back on and got in the driver’s seat. I waited till her makeup was redone before driving.

Molly was calmer as we pulled onto the road and asked, “I don’t understand. Abigail, Iris, Mandy, Mary, Rose, and now the new girl Yasmin. Why not me?”

I puzzled out, “Those are the girls at school I am rumored to have had sex with?”

Molly acknowledged, “Yes, and I am on that list too.”

“Damn, I am the school slut,” I laughed, and Molly, who had been upset, finally laughed too. “Well, you should know that if you are on the list, then it is probably not true.” I went truthful, “On that list, there is one girl I had sex with once and another I have sex with regularly.”

“Just two! I don’t believe it. The rumors going around about your magic dick can’t all be made up,” she said with disbelief.

My heart pounded for a second when she used the word magic. “Who is spreading these rumors?” I asked, but I really didn’t care what people thought of my sexual exploits.

“Mandy cornered me and asked me twenty questions on Tuesday. She insinuated that she had ridden your cock and wanted to know about my own experiences doing so.” She paused, “My friend is on the rowing team, and she said Mary and Rose go over to your house after school almost every day and complain about how sore you make them all day in school.” I started laughing and couldn’t stop. This was a game of telephone. The true story got twisted the more it was relaid.

When I caught myself, I said, “Mary and Molly are using the weight room in my basement. I am not pounding them with my dick!” Molly found this funny. “Yeah, they just wanted help lifting weights to doing better on their testing to get into a better college.” I paused before saying, “I have not touched Mandy.” But some anger flared in me. She was sullying my good name…ok, not good name, but my name nonetheless.

We were halfway to the event room when Molly asked, “So, who are the two then?”

“Iris and Abigail. They are living at Iris’ house.” I told her, and she nodded. She looked much better as we got out and went inside. We got our pictures taken by the photographer, and I paid to have the photos printed and mailed to Molly’s house.

The sophomore dance was mostly sophomores. Molly didn’t know how to dance, so I taught her the slow waltz even though the music wasn’t appropriate for it. Even with her heels, the height difference made it difficult. I worked hard to make sure she had a good time, and I think I succeeded. I drove her home at 9:30, and we had a nice kiss drawn-out kiss as she went inside. It felt like a goodbye kiss more than a thank you kiss.

I had numerous reasons why I hadn’t taken advantage of Molly. She was a year younger than me, just 15. She was tiny, 5’2”, and maybe 95 pounds (43 kg). And finally, my penis was about the size of her forearm from wrist to elbow. I drove home. My parents were not back from the city. Most likely, they would stay in a hotel there.

I took off my tux and hung it as I needed it tomorrow. I washed the button-up shirt while I organized my transit gear in my car. It was all in secure bags but I needed a better place to stash everything. Hopefully, the sale of the house will go smoothly. My Silverhorn phone rang.

It was Dexter, so I answered it, “Mr. Silverhorn, Thank you for picking up. I just wanted to confirm one Iris Cartwright is part of your black team. She submitted a lower tier 2 crystal to the DC Bazaar, thirty-six minutes ago.”

I got worried, “Yes. Is there something wrong?”

“No, no. She was not listed on your team list, and since she was the daughter of William and Eloise Cartwright, the transaction was flagged for review. I can enroll her on your roster at my terminal with your permission, Mr. Silverhorn. The crystal has been transferred to the requesting party already.” His proper tone and neutral cadence made me think of a butler.

“Yes, you can do that. I would appreciate saving me time,” I said.

“Very good. It is done. The next time you and Ms. Cartwright are in New York, please stop in and see me. I would love to chat. The Cartwrights were good friends of mine.” His tone changed when he said, *I would love to chat*. It wasn’t too obvious, but having listened to Dexter on the phone a few times now, I was sure he was inviting us to New York.

“We are flying in on the 19th of this month I said as I opened my phone schedule. Give us the name of a restaurant, and I would be happy to treat you to a meal,” My instincts told me this was the right course of action. Maybe it was a lead for Iris to find her parents, or I was just making an important contact for the future.

Dexter’s pause finally ended, “Yes, Mr. Silverhorn. I can meet you at *Portale* at 7:30 pm on December 19th. The reservation will be under Apollyon Silverhorn.” I heard some keystrokes. “I have contacted them, and we will have a private room. If your schedule changes, Mr. Silverhorn please let me know. Have a good day.” He hung up.

I called Iris immediately, and she was shopping at the Bazaar with Bedelia but was excited to learn we might have some information on her parents. She was all in to go. I got two first-class tickets for Apollyon Silverhorn and Iris Cartwright. We would leave DC at 4:00 pm for a direct flight to New York on Saturday and leave New York on Sunday at 10:00 am for a return flight to DC. It was nice to have no worries about cost. I got us a room at the Walker Hotel in Greenwich Village close to the restaurant.

Things were getting interesting. I thought about bringing backup in the form of Bedelia, but I hadn’t spent any time alone with Iris, and this was not only an opportunity to advance our search for her parents but to be intimate again. Since I had improved her core, that should mean, I should get a better life essence harvest.

I spent my evening in my mind space learning Latin from Pandora. I gave her a few outfits, and she wore a librarian outfit while she taught me. It was much more productive than doing it on my own.

The hockey game was at 1:00, and I had to be at the rink at 11:00 am. Iris called at 2:00 am, saying she was back from DC. She had Rob’s family’s paperwork, and they were officially American citizens. She also had been given my wolfskin rug while she was shopping in the Bazaar. I guessed that was why Dexter had called, to make sure Iris was part of my black team so he could give her the rug and set up the meeting. I thought it was strange that he didn’t mention the rug on the phone—he seemed too exact to forget to mention it. The 2.1 million dollars had been deposited in the Silverhorn Consulting account before he had reached out.

Questions to be answered on December 19th.

My parents texted and were staying in DC for the day, missing my game. I was ok with that. I swung by Iris’ house for the rug and paperwork early. The whole house was still sleeping and I woke just Iris who wasn’t thrilled. I went flying in my secretive gorge and found my increased reactions and quickness allowed me much greater control over my flying. I wanted to find ways to fly faster. Would that be increasing my strength or increasing my incubus wings? Maybe I would be able to do both eventually.

After blowing off some steam, I went to the rink and got ready to play. When I got accustomed to the speed and quickness on the ice, I figured I had just pushed beyond human norms. It was like everything had slowed down for me on the ice, and I had more time to react.

This made sense because, as I understood it most humans fell in the lower tier 1 range. Upper tier 1 was the exceptional humans, the abnormals. Anything I pushed into the lower 2 range made me essentially inhuman—beyond what a human was capable of. What was going to happen when I started raising abilities to upper tier 2?

Kiri, Vida, Iris, Abigail, Eilina, and Bedelia were my own cheering section. The opposing team had no demis on it. I quickly scored two goals and fed James for another, making the score 3-0 after 8 minutes. I figured we could just coast from here. The other team fought back, and midway through the second period, and it was 4-3. We were still winning, but I decided to put it away. With the other team on the powerplay, I scored two shorthanded goals unassisted. The final score was 6-4. The other team was good and had a lot of depth. They had also been undefeated before meeting us.

As I improved my demon abilities, I was moving further and further from being human. My incubus side was craving new challenges. I was craving the adventure of the transit.