Chapter 61 Rose

Post-game, the coaches were hosting a party for the players at their house.  Jamie had moved in with Sam as she got the house in the divorce. I had an out with the junior prom tonight.  I left, and James reminded me I was supposed to pick up Mandy tomorrow morning and bring her to the winter festival.

I had almost forgotten that I was going to meet Mandy, and she was going to give me something from Jade.  But I was pretty sure Mandy was tasked with finding out how I raised Jade’s aether core. I went home and dressed in my tuxedo, and sat in my sitting room, waiting to drive over to Justine’s house. I looked at my messages on my Apollyon phone. I had some texts with links to documents from Amelia. She had already hired a contractor for the septic, and the contractor had already been on site and was filing the permits.

I looked through the house inspector, environmental engineer, and the contractor reports. The contractor wanted to put a retaining wall facing the stream that had overflown and eroded the original septic tank. The stream had overflown due to a minor rockslide far up the mountain, diverting more water into the stream by the house from the heavy rains this past year. I couldn’t fix that blockage as it was in the state forest; therefore, he suggested the retaining wall. The permits and wall itself were an estimated $55,000. I could see why the owners had wanted to sell. The retaining wall was 70 feet long and would have I-beams pounded into the ground, with the actual concrete wall being six feet down and 14 inches thick. Extensive drainage would also be added to the house side of the retaining wall. The only positive was Amelia noted the house insurance would drop from $1,800 a year to $1,400 with the retaining wall.

I approved the retaining wall and transferred another $100,000 into the escrow account for the work. Once I toured the place, I would probably add a few things, or I might just task Amelia to furnish the house with whatever remained in the escrow account. She had excellent taste.

The closing date for the house was set for Friday, December 18th. The only reason this was moving so fast was Amelia had all the cash in hand. The contractor was going to start work on December 28th if everything went smoothly with the closing. He forecasted the work would be done by January 19th if the weather cooperated. I wasn’t sure if this included the retaining wall, though.

My Caleb phone was inundated with text messages and emails. I texted my parents first about the game and moved on to Paige, who was asking what I wanted for Christmas. I told her I would like to visit her in the spring at college, and she could take me out to dinner. Of course, I was thinking of perhaps getting some life essence from Ashley or Maya on the visit…or both.

The rest of the messages were pretty typical, and I quickly went through and sent out the appropriate responses. I left to head over to Justine’s house as Mary had said everyone was there, and they were ready to go. I almost forgot her corsage but returned to the house to grab it. When I got to the house they were all out on the lawn taking pictures.

Mary was in the dress and looked amazing. Mary had a large chest and it held her mounds together to give a brilliant view of her cleavage. I walked up to her and said, “Im drolling already. You are going to be the focus of every guy’s attention tonight.” I pinned the corsage while she beamed at me and gave her breast a good squeeze that got her to squeak in surprise. I figured we might not be having sex tonight, but I was at least expecting to get some life essence at Justine’s house tonight.

Pictures ended up taking a while and while, and the only weird picture was Justine, Mary, and Rose with me. They said I was likely going to be some famous hockey player one day, and they wanted a memento. The other two guys had looks wondering when this was going to be over, but I smiled the entire time and kept accommodating…being in pictures of taking them.

Introductions were not made until the stretch limo arrived, and we were in and on our way to the dance. I was sitting on one side with Mary and the other two couples were across from us. Mary started, “This is Rose’s brother Randy. Justine and her boyfriend, Henry.”

I was confused and asked, “I thought Rose was dating….” I was trying to remember his name.

Justine supplied, “Aaron. Yeah, he was seen with Kerry Styles over the weekend at the mall in Baltimore. Kerry moved up there last year and posted a picture of them together, all cozy, on her social media from the weekend.” Rose looked angry but didn’t say anything. I guess that explained why she was taking her brother to the dance. I didn’t really follow school gossip. I had enough to track with my secret life as an incubus.

When we got to the dance, it was the same venue as yesterday. The decorations and theme had changed, but I was already familiar with the layout. We took our professional photos again, and I paid for Mary to get a copy as I had done with Molly. They had much better food than the sophomore dance, and the rumor was one of the juniors had a parent who ran a catering business, and they went all out. The roasted brussel sprouts with prosciutto, a thin piece of marinated red pepper, and mozzarella were amazing. They had a glaze on them that I think was a balsamic base. I had about twenty of those. I tried the sushi, and I still didn’t like anything but the one with lobster. At our table, we even had ‘party favors’ for each of us from the caterers. Our little bag had a bag of four large cookies and a bag of roasted caramelized nuts.

I had to drag Mary to the dance floor because she just wanted to talk with her friends, “Come on, Mary, we need to put your gorgeous body through a workout tonight!” She reluctantly followed me. A few couples were doing slow dances, and I taught Mary the slow waltz. She was a quick study, and I could see why she didn’t want to dance. She was sore from weights on Friday. I guess after I left, they loaded up the bars and did some heavy deadlifts. I was going slowly through the program in my reference book, so I hadn’t reached the compound lifts yet. It would be just the last two weeks before they returned to practice before I planned on introducing them to the lifts.

“Caleb, I can’t believe you know how to dance! Do you know how to cook as well!” Mary complimented me.

“Just burnt toast,” I jested. I thought about Rose bringing her brother back to Justine’s house, “Is Randy coming with us back to Justine’s later?”

Mary flushed bright red, and I thought that maybe I had stumbled onto incest or something. She rambled, “No, his car is parked in the lot outside. He is going home after the dance…is it ok…can Rose hang out with us? I mean, there will be beer and stuff…everyone is sleeping over…I was going to ask for Rose…she thought….” The pieces were clicking together for me. Rose being more forward with me during the workouts. Her being upset with her boyfriend. Rose asking if I was coming to the after-party instead of Mary. My reputation as the school male slut. Was I going to get an opportunity with Rose tonight? Some revenge sex for her boyfriend cheating, maybe? Was Mary going to watch or participate?

I looked for Rose, and she was eyeing me every once in a while. She was talking with a circle of her rowing friends, who I guessed were the ones coming to Justine’s after the dance. I thought you couldn’t write this scene in a bad romance novel. Rose was of middle-eastern heritage and had caramel skin and silky black hair. Her eyes were a light brown, and she was very attractive in her dress. She had a small chest but curvy hips. She matched Mary’s height at around 5’10”. I smiled when she looked over again, and she smiled back.

Yep, there was definitely something happening tonight. I was just glad I was getting some life essence, whatever it turned out to be. I ended up dancing with one of the chaperones, Ms. Lozano. She was the history teacher, and I guess she was an amateur ballroom dancer. She couldn’t resist asking me when she saw me teaching Mary.

I didn’t know Ms. Lozano from school. She was in her late 30s, fit and lean. While we danced, she told me about her studio where they practiced. If I ever wanted to stop in and join them, I was welcome. Apparently, they were a competitive troupe. I didn’t even know ballroom dancing had a competitive circuit. Ms. Lozano tried to entice me by saying a number of college women in her club didn’t have male partners. I had more than enough going on but thanked her for the dance.

When we got in the limo a little after ten, it was Justine and Henry on one side making out and myself between Rose and Mary. Mary leaned into me, and we started kissing ourselves. One of Mary’s hands snaked into my pants and found my shaft. Her hand was much more skilled than Molly’s as she played with the length, trying to wake it up. I noticed Henry had unzipped Justine’s dress and reached through the back to the front to play with her breasts.

I tried to do the same to Rose’s gown, as it also had a zip in the back. She didn’t object, but it was difficult to unzip with one hand. I was certain the limo driver could see what was happening in some form as the vehicle swerved twice on the trip to Justine’s house. When I finally got my hand into the back of Rose’s dress, I pulled her close so I could reach around and fondle her small chest. Her nipples were hard nubs, and I just guided them lightly between my fingers.

Her arousal was evident from my enhanced senses, and she hadn’t resisted my advances at all. Mary stopped kissing me and unbuckled my pants, and uncorked my shaft. I had it in a semi-hard state, and I was a little shocked by her boldness with Justine and Henry sitting across from us. Being a showman did get her turned on, and maybe that was why she wasn’t afraid to go down on me in the limo. Henry had his hand up Justine’s dress as they kissed, but he was side-eying my own position.

With Mary’s mouth now on my cock I brought it to full attention and pulled Rose’s head to my mouth. She started kissing awkwardly and maybe reluctantly at first but suddenly melted into me, giving in to the pleasure. Rose was not a good kisser, so I attempted to give her lessons. She moaned as our tongues danced, and my fingers teased her nipples. Mary had built up some saliva on the shaft and was making a slurping sound as her head bobbed. I took my free hand and rubbed her back reassuringly. I added vortexes to both Mary and Rose. I wasn’t sure if they were going to orgasm before we got to Justine’s house, but it was better to attempt than regret not trying.

Henry was working for his hand furiously under Justine’s dress, and I think she was close enough to take a vortex. I reached out and tried to apply one to her core. It clicked into place, but my concentration was focused on maintaining all three vortexes at once, and it was hard to also control my body’s actions. It was like balancing spinning plates. If I lost focus, I might drop one. Thankfully Justine came from Henry’s efforts, and I dropped the vortex over her core, happy to get a little life essence and learn something new.

Mary’s own had two hands on my rod and was working hard to get me to come. Her arousal was extremely evident to me in the enclosed space. It overpowered both Justine’s and Rose’s. I also noticed the limo was going awfully slow down the side streets as we approached our destination. I again questioned what the driver could see. If he had the rearview mirror angled correctly, it would be squarely on me.

Rose’s top had slid down, exposing her chest, but she didn’t notice as her mouth was locked to mine. I moved my hand lower to her belly button and then down to her mound. She had trimmed it short but had a nice field. Instead of tensing up at my exploration, she opened her legs to give me complete access.

I was just starting to tease her already engorged folds when someone tapped hard on the window. We all jumped, but it was not a cop. We had arrived at Justine’s house, and one of the other friends was getting our attention. We had tinted windows so they couldn’t see in. The young guy kept tapping on the glass, and suddenly, Mary came hard. Her mouth came off my cock to enjoy the waves of bliss rolling through her. Rose had tightened up at the intrusion and was unentangling herself from me and zipping up her dress.

Justine and Henry were getting themselves composed as well. Just Mary was unabashedly enjoying herself, having reached the finish line. I willed myself flaccid and tucked it away and got my pants zipped and buckled. Justine watched my penis intently as I put it away. Even Henry kept stealing glances, clearly jealous. I had to drop my vortex on Rose as the movement to the house would make it difficult to maintain.

We piled out of the limo, and a group was milling out in the chilly night air. Justine rushed to the door and unlocked the house. Mary stayed close on my hip while Rose walked right behind us. In the kitchen were three coolers with beers and wine coolers on ice. I took two bottles of an IPA. I was no beer connoisseur, but the few times, I had preferred the lighter ales. I popped the top and was given funny looks as Justine had been in the process of handing me a bottle opener. I shrugged.

When everyone had a beverage or two, Justine began talking. She was assigning sleeping locations for when everyone finally crashed. Two guys were rolling joints on the table, and I found Mary and I had been assigned the master bedroom. Rose hadn’t been assigned any location, but I assumed she was going to be with us. I was just thinking how upset Justine’s parents were going to be when they came home.

Music was playing, and someone lit one of the joints. Mary pulled me to the couch, and Rose followed us. I sat between the two and sipped on my beer while others talked and mingled. Some couples fondled each other openly, but nothing like the limo ride over here. I whispered to Rose, “What was the limo ride about?”

She whispered back, “Mary wanted to prove that your dick was bigger than Henry’s. You won.”

My image of the two perfect junior class sweethearts was shattered a bit. Then I remembered how my own sister had levered her friends for bets with sexual exploits. Was this how all the popular kids acted? They had nothing better to do in private, I guessed. The joint came to me, and I passed on it. Rose passed as well, but Mary took a long draw before continuing the circle. I didn’t pay attention to the conversations playing out about school gossip, rowing, and TV shows. This was not my clique.

It was an hour before couples started leaving the room, and Mary got up and pulled my hand to follow her. We went down the hallway to the master bedroom, and it looked like the regular bedding had been stripped, and clean sheets and two blankets were left. Rose was in the room and closed the door behind us.

“Caleb, you already figured it out. Rose wants to have sex with you. I was going to try anal with you tonight, but after what Rose has gone through this week, I hope you can make her night,” Mary explained while sitting on a chair.

We were all still wearing our clothes from the dance. I unbuttoned my shirt and turned to face Rose, who was biting her lower lip. “Rose, are you a virgin?” I asked, and she slowly shook her head slowly. “Well, if Mary wants to pass me off like a used pair of shoes…make sure you get some good miles out of me Rose.” They had planned this behind my back, but as an incubus, I didn’t mind. My plan was to make Rose experience the most intense and orgasmic sex of her life in front of Mary, who seemed like she was going to watch.

I walked to Rose barechested, reached around her, and got control of her dresses zipper. She leaned into me and kissed me while the zipper went down, and the entire dress was on the floor moments later. She was only wearing stockings and neon blue lingerie. I kissed her standing there and while working for my hands across her back and over her ass. She was humming and moaning at my attentions and pressing into me with her own hands playing across my back.

When I sensed her excitement peaking, I added my vortex over her aether core. I dropped to my knees and attacked her nipples. She had small breasts but large areola and strong dark nipples to play my tongue and teeth on. Her hands threaded into my hair and guided me back and forth while groaning in her arousal.

After a few minutes, I dropped to her belly button and licked around it, and then teased the nub, adding a tiny amount of my demonic sex saliva. She had an outie belly button, and for some reason, it was an erogenous zone for her as she came and her muscles spasmed. I held her up with a firm grasp on her ass but smelled her feminine juices soaking her thin lingerie. When she got control, I moved down and licked her folds through her underwear. I started adding some saliva as my tongue strained to get through her panties to her labia. Rose couldn’t take it and came again, and I held her again so she wouldn’t collapse to the floor. This time Rose gave a restrained scream of pleasure.

Maybe she had an extreme sensitivity to my saliva. I checked her core, and it was fine. Smaller than a normal woman her age, but only slightly. By the end of tonight, she would have a larger core. After this second orgasm, I licked her panties a few times before pulling them down. She trimmed but didn’t shave, and it looked lovely to my eyes. I quickly teased her engorged folds open with my tongue and located her clit. Her orgasm juices were not copious, but I liked their taste. Every woman had a different smell and taste to them, and so far, I hadn’t found any I didn’t like.

Her clit was slightly larger than others I had explored. I was too rough with my first lick using my coarse tongue, and Rose jumped slightly back, but my hand still controlled her ass, and she couldn’t escape. I was softer and probing with just the tip of my tongue next time I engaged her clit. And she slowly relaxed into me. I pushed her back to the bed and got her sitting, and she back and spread wide for me as her torso went prone. Her heavy breathing, moaning, and rasps of ‘yes’ and ‘more’ and ‘oh my’ spurred me on.

I was shocked when Mary was suddenly behind me in just her underwear. She was wearing a white bra and panties. She knelt behind me, hugged my torso gently, put her chin on my shoulder, and watched. My mission to make this so pleasured for Rose that Mary wanted in was working.

I prepared some saliva and penetrated Rose’s folds with my index finger. I curved and angled the index finger up toward her clit and searched for her G spot. My incubus instinct found it. Rose was squirming and letting out long screams of pleasure as she reached another release that I added to by releasing my saliva in concert with her rolling orgasm.

Rose screamed long and long this time. I was worried that someone might come to check on us. The noise had turned Mary on behind me as she was rubbing her pussy hard into my heel. I added a vortex to her, hoping to catch some life essence from her tonight as well.

As Rose came down and was just panting from her body’s expeditures, I removed my finger, and pushed her hips back on the bed. Mary came on my heel, and I felt the wetness of her juice soak into my sock. She was panting softly in my ear. I stood and took off my pants. Rose was laying on the bed coated in a sheen of sweat with her eyes slightly unfocused. Her head lolled from side to side, and I checked her core. Maybe one more orgasm, and I would have to end the vortex.

I climbed on top of Rose and straddled her hips. Mary moved above Rose and I think I knew what she was doing. She got some pillows and laid down with Rose’s head between her legs. She got Rose’s attention, “Rose slid up into my lap.” I moved off her and Rose did as she was asked.

Soon the two women were partially sitting and laying together. Mary began to play her hands across Rose’s nipples while making eye contact with me. Rose was regaining herself and her inviting thighs moved to a V shape. My cock was strong and ready as I crawled forward and positioned my tip at the opening. Mary’s chin was on Rose’s shoulder, and I kissed her as I pressed into Rose.

Rose clawed my back, scrambling in panic at my size. “Caleb! I don’t think…” she started. But my head cleared her entrance, and she screamed in a mix of pain and pleasure.

“Do you want me to stop?” I asked, breaking my kiss with Mary. Mary was shaking her head no, and Rose eventually mimicked the same. I resumed kissing Mary as I moved in and out of Rose with my first four inches. Rose was a screamer, and it always seemed a mix of pain, pleasure, and happiness. As her pussy got accustomed, I started going deeper and found seven inches was her most comfortable depth.

Rose’s screams of ecstasy got Mary aroused. One hand was on Rose, but the other had disappeared between their bodies. I gave her some incubus saliva to help her along and then broke our kiss. I started increasing my tempo in Rose’s wet pussy. I pretended I was trying to piece Mary’s pussy hiding behind Rose’s hips and got deeper and deeper, exceeding Rose’s comfort zone. Rose’s cry spurred on Mary, who was saying, things that a good Catholic girl should not say to spur me on. Mary came first as she bucked into the unrelenting bodies pressing into her. Rose came shortly after, and I matched her by sending my endurance seed into her womb on a powerful thrust and pause while I released.

Rose continued to be loud in her post-orgasm, and Mary ground herself in her friend while I watched the two beneath me with my cock plugging Rose. With both my vortexes ended and Rose a mess of oblivious bliss, I knew the night was over.

I relaxed down onto them and kissed Mary while Rose finally went silent and passed out. After a few minutes, I got off them, and went to take a shower. I opened the door to find Justine and Henry at the door. I just walked past them like I didn’t see them. After my shower, I found Rose and Mary both asleep in the same position. I dressed and decided to go home. Maybe dances were not so bad after all.

Sunday Mandy

Sunday toy drive---gymnastics team

Tier 2 aether crystal 2.1 mill

Bedelias academy owner/instructor