Chapter 97

Traci was extremely nervous as she drove the Tauras north on route 15. I asked, “So Traci, what are the secret plans for tonight?”

She gripped the steering wheel tightly, “Karaoke,” she said nervously. “Followed by laser tag.”

“Awesome! Why did you choose those two things?” I asked, surprised by her choices.

Her face flushed, “I…I wanted for you to hear me sing. I am a vocalist. The laser tag was so that we could do something fun together. Guys like that kind of thing, right? I tried to get a ticket to an escape room as my room said you would like that better, but they were booked for the weekend already.”

“No, what you have planned sounds awesome!” I smiled at her, reached over, and squeezed her bare knee in reassurance. I didn’t linger with my hand but wanted to let her know I was ok with physical contact.

The talk on the way to the bar with karaoke, we talked mostly about Traci’s gymnastics. We talked about how she got injured on the vault. It was at a meet, and she hyper-extended because she forced the landing even though she over-rotated. She didn’t want to let her teammates down. I was thinking about bringing Traci to see Jade’s bodyguard, who had some healing skills. Then I would make her forget with my charm ability.

When we entered the bar, it was a college bar. There were two drunk college co-eds with sorority tees. They were singing *Party in the USA* to the cheers of five over co-eds at a table. They were drunk and slightly out of sync with my demonic hearing but not terrible. Two songs later and Traci was up in front of everyone. She was wearing Daisy Dukes and a cut-off beige blouse. Her muscled legs stretched the short jeans into perfect curves. Her toned abs showed a pierced belly button, and the top of a hinted at a tattoo.

The guys in the bar whistled in appreciation, and some of the women joined in. It took her a second to get the computer to play her song. The lyrics were projected on a screen behind her. It was the *Maroon 5* song *She Will Be Loved*. While she sang in her melodic voice, the entire room went quiet. Her voice was almost hypnotic, and her eyes stayed locked on mine for the entire song.

I aimed my bracer at her to get her core reading because I felt like she was trying to influence me with her music somehow. Her reading was 0.42, extremely high compared to most humans and capable of magic. But she was more willing me with raw aether to be infatuated with her. I slipped into my mind space, and Lilith was in the bedroom in a silk nightgown.

She looked at me with lustful eyes and said, “Wow. That one is using something like your voice, but her voice is much easier to listen to than yours. I think she is a keeper.”

“I thought you were going to help with my mental defenses?” I rolled my eyes at her.

“You are aware enough to understand what is going on. She probably has some siren blood. You are safe from her influence. Trust me. She isn’t even strong enough to influence you.” She gestured to her compromising position, “This is as close as she can come to influencing you.” I nodded and returned to listen to Traci sing.

She got a major ovation when she finished and dragged me up to the stage to sing the next song. She chose us to sing *The Time of My Life* from *Dirty Dancing*. Traci carried us through the song, and everyone applauded loudly again. A few of the older guys tried to approach Traci after we finished. She ignored them, and we got some crappy food before heading to the next event for the date.

We drove to an old converted airport about an hour toward DC. I told Traci how amazing her voice was and then had her sing her favorite songs to me, *Wonderwall* by Oasis, *Dust in the Wind* by Kansas, *Here Comes the Sun* by the Beatles, *No Rain* by Blind Melon, and *Free Fallin’* by Tom Petty. She confessed she usually strummed cords on her guitar when she sang and learned each of her favorite songs at difficult times. She admitted that music and singing were her coping mechanisms when things got complicated. She said her guitar playing was mediocre but passable. There was a lot more depth to Traci than I had originally thought.

There were four hangers that were set up as combat zones. It was still cold out, but two of the hangers were insulated and open. When we checked into the office, we talked to the owner for a bit while we got suited up. We were both going to be on the red team. The owner was a retired SEAL and configured the environments to help train law enforcement and also for weekend laser tag. I managed to convince the SEAL to let me page through his books.

I was getting much faster in adding books to my mind space. I could add about 200 pages in six minutes now. I was able to add five books about SWAT and Military tactics. That would get me going on some type of training set up in my mind space. It would be conventional warfare, but some concepts could also be applied to my supernatural enemies. Monster fighting tactics—I hoped Rincewind’s library, as his Paris academy, might hold something.

While I was scanning the books, Traci was strapping on a knee brace and the safety pads for the game. I took two knee pads to strap on while we made our way to the hanger. The vest was simple and had sensors on the back and front. If you were struck then the entire suit lit up. A hit caused your pistol to go dead for three minutes. Or you could reset the suit and pistol by returning to your base.

A kill was worth 10 points. A computer tracked all the data, and you got individual and team points. Each round was forty-five minutes, with a fifteen-minute break. There were a total of two rounds. Our team was six college-age guys against another eight college-age guys. They were all buddy-buddy so I assumed they were a frat.

Traci got a lot of admiring looks, and she was dubbed Laura Croft due to her outfit. I think she wasn’t used to all the attention. She had dressed up for me, not the assortment of horny guys. The hanger was dimly lit and had a small maze on two levels. There were bonus points in the maze, hidden coins that you could find and return to your base. The coins had values from 10 to 100, and we didn’t know how many there were.

I ran into the maze with Traci following. Two low-intensity spotlights spun in the rafters adding moving shadows to the maze. I moved into a small room and stopped suddenly. Traci crashed into me hard. I think she was attempting to knock me over. Instead, I let her press me into the wall. “Sorry,” she rasped innocently while her blue eyes stared into mine.

The warehouse was almost the size of a football field, but the maze in the center was just 50 yards by 50 yards. Still easy to get lost in. Normally a game would be closer to twenty on twenty, but tonight it was just eight on eight. I wrapped Traci in one arm, hugged her close, and pulled her out of the archway. One of our red team zipped by, missing us. Traci giggled.

We were in a small room. “Are you ready to kick some ass?” I asked Traci.

“You know, Caleb. While you were reading books, the owner told me this.” She reached up and pulled a release. A pocket door slid to block the doorway. Traci clicked to lock the door in place, locking us in the small room.

I raised my eyebrows, “And how are we supposed to score any points locked in here?”

Traci shyly said, “I was hoping to just score tonight.” Seeing me not respond, she continued, “Caleb, you are the talk of the school.  You have women throwing themselves at you, and you keep them all happy.  Can you handle one more?” She asked tentatively.  “Even if it is just tonight, I am fine with that.  I like you.  I like you a lot.  Please say yes.”

I remember there were security cameras pointed straight down, “Well, the players might not find us, but the security cameras in the ceiling can see us, Traci.  Do you really want to be video tapped?”

Traci pulled back her wavy brown hair, “They only use those cameras to find lost players and only record when SWAT teams run practice scenarios.  You would have heard him say that if you were not so engrossed in those books.”  Traci backed away from me.  She took off the game harness, elbow, and knee pads.  She was incredibly sexy as she moved back into me, “Caleb, we just can’t be too loud.”

She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me into a kiss.  She whispered, “I am a virgin, but my hymen broke doing gymnastics.”  She blushed.  “I am sorry.  That was the least romantic thing I could have said.”  She suddenly seemed less confident.  I slowly stripped off my laser tag gear but did peak up at the ceiling highs above.  I didn’t have that feeling that someone was watching me.  After stripping, I moved to Traci, put my arms around her back, and pulled her into me.

Traci was a pretty good kisser with soft lips and a gentle tongue.  The sensual kiss ran for a few minutes, and I thought about adding some saliva when she broke the kiss to catch her breath.  I said, “Wow, you are an amazing kisser.  You must have a lot of practice.”  I regretted saying that immediately as Traci turned beet red.

She stammered, “We practice a little….I mean, we are not lesbians….we just spend so much time together….it is normal to experiment with friends….”  I quieted her by bringing our lips back together.

I thought this might only be a make-out session, and maybe we would continue it in the car.  She had other thoughts as her hands dropped my khaki pants to the ground while we kissed and grasped my flaccid penis through my boxers.  I immediately had it come to attention, and she stroked it through my boxers.  She broke the kiss and dropped to her knees, bringing my boxers with her. I bounced out at full mast to her wide eyes.

My glorious length was in front of her face, and she seemed to pause, reconsidering.  In a hushed tone, she said, “It is much bigger than I thought it would be.”  I was going to tell her it was ok to change her mind, but she took the tip in her mouth.  My glans filled her small mouth, and she inexpertly tried to get me deeper.

“Is this your first time?”  I asked patiently.  She nodded, looking up at me in the shadowy room.  “Just focus on my head, then.  Use your tongue to circular it,” I tutored her.  “When you get comfortable, you can go deeper.”

She did as I advised, and her technique increased exponentially when she got at ease manipulating the foreign object in her mouth.  I whispered that she was doing an amazing job and gave her small directions to increase the pleasure.  I preferred the focus to be on my glans and not the shaft, which was how I trained Traci.

I rewarded Traci with an endurance elixir.  Unfortunately, Traci spit it to the floor instead of swallowing.  The glob shimmered in my eyes as it spread out of the floor, wasted.  I focused on the semen with my abyssal sight as Traci returned to my shaft, trying for number two.  The semen glowed with infused aether and didn’t seem to fade immediately.  I caressed her silky hair as she worked me, gaining experience. I was still watching the semen elixir, trying to figure out how long it remained viable, when Traci stood, unbuttoned, and dropped her Daisy Dukes.

I hadn’t expected this and hastily added a vortex to Traci.  My plan was not to use any saliva for fear of raising her core.  I could only imagine what would happen if her singing started actually casting spells.  Traci kept her top on but had stepped out of her shorts and panties and was bearing herself in front of me.  She looked at me for both approval and to take command.

I put my hands on either side of her waist, “Wow, just wow, Traci.  You look amazing.  Are you sure you want this?”  She nodded numbly, staring into my eyes, and briefly stared at manhood.  She liked looking into my eyes.  I pulled her close to kiss her again, my cock pressing into her belly.  We continued kissing with the heat of my shaft being pressed into the heat of her belly.  At 5’5”, she was tall for a gymnast but not tall to my 6’3”.  I noticed one of her hands moved between her legs as she worked herself to prepare for my phallus.

I had smelled her arousal since the first kiss, but it now reached a crescendo.  She suddenly backed away, faced the wall, and stuck out her hips.  It looked like she was in a police pat-down position.  She slowly shook her ass at me, “I’m ready, Caleb, just go slow.”

I approached the senior gymnast captain and grasped my rod.  I used my phallic head to rub up and down her slit, which was slick from arousal. Traci couldn’t contain it and moaned at the attention.  One of her hands dropped to stimulate her clit as I teased her from behind.  She started pushing into me, urging me to take her.  I pressed on her opening, and it was tight and had some minor resistance before it suddenly popped in past her defenses.  Traci yelped in surprise.

She was a virgin, and I couldn’t get much depth without firm resistance.  Traci groaned in pain, and I spit some magic saliva on my length.  I knew it would help her loosen up from the experience.  It worked, and I could feel myself sliding halfway into her, but the saliva also made her orgasm.  Her body shuddered, and she needed the wall to hold herself up as it rippled through her body.  Her muscled tunnel clamped down on my dick, preventing me from moving at all.  I felt her juices dripping lightly down my shaft to my scrotum.

The speakers went off, causing Traci to jump and popping me out of her, “Fifteen minutes remaining in the first round.  Fifteen minutes.”

Traci looked at me and laughed silently before resuming her position.  I entered her again, using more saliva as I wanted her to enjoy her first experience.  Once again, I established a slow rhythm, using just half my length.  Traci was enjoying the pumping with rapid breathing and grunts of pleasure.  Her second orgasm was more controlled as she now knew what to expect.  She squeezed me again and moaned too loudly as voices on the other side of a wall heard her.

“Are you ok?” A male voice came.

Traci panicked and rushed to dress.  “I’m fine,” she yelled back.  I dressed as well and ended my vortex.  Damn, I planned to try and give her the elixir on the next round.  Now it looked like I couldn’t give it to her.  I was quickly dressed and checked her core.  I had used saliva but not a lot, just partial doses.  Her core had gone up to 0.45 from 0.42.  Ok, that was close.  If I had pushed her to upper tier 1, things could have gotten interesting.  Even before I had raised her core slightly, she had enough magic potential to cast spells.

With Traci dressed and geared up, she unlocked the pocket door, moved outside, and got shot, her vest lighting up.  I got quick revenge as the blue player was checking out Traci’s skimpy outfit.  Traci started laughing, and two more blue team guys came around the corner, and I got them both.  “Traci, go reset your vest at the HQ.  I will get our team some points.

We ended up losing the first game and winning the second game.  I came in second in overall points.  Traci was last, but she had scored in her own way.  As Traci drove me home, it was really late, “Thanks, Caleb.  You are not what I expected.  I wanted to lose my virginity before I went to college.  It was a much better experience than I thought it would be. All the stories I heard…it was nothing like that.”

“No, I had a great time.  You planned an awesome date,” I said happily.  “If you ever want to have fun again.  I would like to hang out, even if we don’t play at being rabbits.” Damn it. Caleb, I told myself, you need to shut the hell up and try not to be funny when it comes to sex.

She bit her lower lip while driving in thought.  It was a few minutes later when she said, “Maybe after the season.  I live in the campus dorms and told the coach I was going home for the weekend.  I live in Kentucky. They keep track of us, but since I am a senior, I will be free of their oversight soon.” We talked about her singing and favorite songs for the rest of the drive.

It was almost midnight when Traci dropped me off at home.  I got out on the street, so I didn’t wake my parents and called Jade, “Jade, I just finished my date.  Do you still want me to come over and work with Frost?”

“Must have been a good date if you are just calling now.  Frost is…” she took a long pregnant pause, “Frost will accommodate you.  Just don’t expect her to be much more than a dead fish.”

“I am not going to do anything if she doesn’t want to,” I stated firmly.

“Frost doesn’t like men.  She prefers women,” Jade explained.  “She is willing to and of sound mind,” Jade explained poorly.

“Ok, but if she says no at any point, it is off.  I will be over in about an hour.”  I walked up the driveway and took my car over to the cabin house.

Artica was up in the living room, “Caleb!  How did the date go?  Are you off to see my sister?”

“Yeah, Jade said she was ready.  I just need to clean up from my date, and then I am heading over there,” I said, walking into the master bedroom.  I paused as Artica’s things were everywhere.  She came in behind me looking at my shock.

“I was just unpacking.  I wasn’t sure if I was staying in here or another room,” she said coyly.

I considered for a moment, “You can sleep in here, but all your things need to be in one of the bedrooms upstairs.  This is my room,” I stated firmly before stripping and getting into the shower.  Artica joined me moments later to help me clean and advise me. I didn’t have time to completely enjoy her attentions.

“Frost needs to be shown you are stronger.  Don’t be rough with her though, just show her you can dominate her.  If things don’t go well, she is extremely ticklish under her armpits.  That used to be one of the few ways I could win our matches.”  Artica kept giving me a lot of advice in dealing with her sister before I left.  I drove to meet her at 1:12 AM in the morning.