Chapter 7 How Stupid Can You Be?

It got awkward as Iris continued to stare.  My cock twitched as I started to get aroused by the attention.  “Can I return to my human form?” I asked with some grumble in my voice.  Something touched my leg and I jumped.  Well… tried to jump as the containment circle made it difficult.  I spun around and saw a snake so kept turning to escape it. Like a dog running away from its tail…because that is exactly what the snake was.  It was my tail.

I grappled it and the sensation of holding it was odd.  It felt like another arm except for my control over it was very limited and the tactile sensation was odd.  Holding it in both hands I rubbed the length of the tail engrossed in the new sensory input. I started moving toward the end.  The end had a single barb but when I touched it was all soft cartridge and fleshy.  It was more sensitive than the rest of the tail. I ran my fingers along the barb and the hook folded up around the tail and the point of the tail flattened.

I kind of looked like a mushroom as I tested the tactile feedback.  Nope, not a mushroom, a phallus.   My attention to my own tail had excited my other phallus between my legs.  I had been so intent on my tail that I didn’t realize my erection.  It was massive, the thickness of a soda can and at least 20 inches in length. If that was full of blood how come I didn’t pass out?

I looked up…uh, I had been absorbed in exploring the transformation that I forgot about Iris. She was seated watching me with fascination. Her right hand was under her shirt on her breast and her left was rubbing her groin through her skirt.  She was slightly glassy-eyed.  I stared at her hoping to see her go under the skirt with her left hand but her eyes started to clear.  “Fuck!” She screamed and jumped up as her face flushed bright red in embarrassment.  “Damn it, a lust aura.” She spun around with her back to me.  She was breathing heavily trying to regain control of herself.

Still, with heavy breaths, she said, “yes back to your human form please.” I obeyed and went to my mental space and moved the spinner to ‘human’ and returned to the world.  My body cooled and I shrank slightly. the tail turned into a mist that retreated into my body. My massive incubus cock shrank as well but my arousal remained.  My human cock was now at full attention. I guessed my arousal transferred between forms.

Iris turned around as she had seen my human form in the mirror reflection.  Greeted with my human penis at the attention her blush returned.  “I will be back,” she rasped as she ran up the stairs.

I was left in the basement alone.  The room was solid concrete with just two doors. Shelves along one wall were filled with nicknacks and boxes.  Nothing made sense as I studied the items from twenty feet away.  Most of them glowed with aether in my abyssal eyesight.  It had to be a good forty minutes before Iris returned.

I had softened with no stimulus to hold my arousal. I was hoping I could reach some sort of compromise with the girl.  When she returned she was carrying three large leather books in her arms. She dropped the three books heavily onto the chair she had been sitting on and then pulled out a pair of sweatpants tucked into her skirt and threw them at me.  I caught them. They were small, probably hers.

“Doesn’t your dad have any?” I asked hopefully.  She gave me a hard look.

“I can’t get into their bedroom through the wards,” she barked at me.  I wasn’t being ungrateful.  They just looked small.  I instinctively sniffed them before I put them on and her eyes widened. That was stupid and made me look a bit of a perve.  But that is what I always did with clothes that I wasn’t sure were clean, give them the smell test.

“Just making sure they were clean,” I said with some embarrassment.  They weren’t clean but best not to mention it.  I put them on and they were tight, my now flaccid cock was clearly outlined against my inner thigh. Iris had pulled an end table next to the chair and when she came back she stared at the demon doll she had dressed in the containment circle.

She shook her head and I dialed back my age to 16 so the sweats fit a little better. At least my cock was somewhat hidden now.  Her eyes were wide during the change but she didn’t say anything.

She sat in the chair and crossed her legs under her and pulled the first book to her lap.  I caught the title before she opened it. The title was *Demonology*.  I waited while she read and almost an hour passed before she looked up. Her eyes were now intent on me. “So let’s say I believe you, that you became an incubus two days ago.  Which demon king contracted you?” She was in complete control of her faculties now and had that studious librarian look on her face.

“I didn’t ask but in my mind space it said her name was Andromeda.” I offered the information freely as I needed to earn her trust to get out of this containment circle.

She grumbled, “Figures some idiot like you gets access to his mind space without having to work for it.” She was not happy and I guessed she didn’t have access to her mind space yet. She picked up another book and started paging through it.  She found what she was looking for.

She read aloud, “The succubus queen Andromeda is a known demonized angelic. She rarely answers the call when contacted and should be noted as being extremely irritable.  One of the strongest of the succubi queens she is known for working in isolation to achieve her goals.  It is not known if she answers to another greater demon.” She looked up from the book.

“Ok, your name is Caleb, right?” I nodded.  “Did your master give you marching orders?” Damn, she looked cute being all serious and without her glasses on.

“Um no.  She just said I should get stronger and maybe one day she would ask me to join her soldiers on the 13th plane or something like that,”  I said after thinking.

“So no tithe to her or anything like that?” Her question sounded hopeful.  Like maybe I hadn’t royally fucked up a contract with an all-powerful being.

“Sort of…she gets 75% of the life essence I harvest during…” I paused, “on Earth.”

She narrowed her eyes at me and with some sting asked, “And have you harvested any life essence for her?”

Without thinking I said, “Yeah last night.”

Iris jumped up, “You fucking killed someone for a demon!” Her anger was apparent and she started spewing vulgarities at me not giving me a chance to speak.  When she finished I was allowed to get a word in.

“I didn’t kill anyone.  She is alive.” *Well, she was alive when I left her*, I thought.  Her face scrunched in anger again and I decided not to tell her it made her look cute.

“That is not how succubi and incubi work!” She yelled and waved her hand at the books she had brought down.  “They force beings into sexual ecstasy and then use their aether cores to create life essence and completely drain them. They die either immediately after fornication or a few days after since their aether cores collapse!” Her verbal assault left her breathing heavy and angry with me. Was I tricked by Andromeda? Did I actually kill Lydia?

“I don’t know. I don’t think I killed her. She was alive when I left. Can you release me now? My parents are going to wonder where I am.” I said sounding as irritated as possible.

She scoffed. “Release you?” She held up the third book. “I am going to see what your body parts can be made into potions and items!” She had a self-satisfied look on her face.

“Yeah, my phone has a tracker in it. It will know everywhere I have been. So I don’t think you are going to get away with cutting me up for ingredients.” I said without much conviction. Iris looked a little contemplative and went upstairs and returned with my ruined shirt and jeans. She fished through my pockets and pulled out my phone and her earbud.

“Yeah, I was going to return your earbud to you. Well, maybe not after you put me in a confinement circle and now plan to go all Dexter on me.” My voice finally sounded masculine and laced with sarcasm.

She pocketed her earbud and looked at my phone, “I don’t think it works. Does it have a code?”

“2-4-6-8-0,” I said without thinking. I realized my mistake immediately and she confirmed it by smirking.

“You are an idiot,” she said as she entered the code. She tapped away, “I am telling your parents you are at my house working on a school project.”

When she finished I was the one who smiled, “Yeah Iris I don’t really do the school stuff. And if you think about it I am in intermediate classes and you are in all advanced and AP classes. Don’t think the police are going to buy that one when I turn up missing. And you have just confirmed this is the last place I was alive.”

“You know so little about the arcane. It won't take much to create an illusion of you coming home and going to bed. Your parents will see you alive and happy tonight.” She said with confidence but her eyes didn’t seem to support it.

I was silent for a few minutes and she just sat there cross-legged and tried to gloat. My impression of her though was not of a murdering teen. Finally, I spoke, “Can we start over? My name is Caleb. I don’t know shit about anything. I don’t want to or plan to kill anyone. Can you help me with this incubus thing?”

Iris studied me for a long while then went back to the *Demonology* book. “Ok, Caleb. Let me first tell you what you have done. You have formed a pact with a tier 5 demon…maybe tier 6 as this information is over 200 years old. That makes you either a tier 3 or tier 4 demon. A pitifully weak one for your tier but nonetheless a potentially powerful foe.” I pressed my chest out taking it as a compliment.

“You are beholden to the whims of your master, she calls and you will obey. You will do whatever she asks of you. If Andromeda is in fact an angelic turned demon then she is fairly powerful. The three strongest races are the demons, angelics, and dragons, and she would have her feet in two pools.” She stopped talking while I digested what she said.

From my ***Incubus Handbook*** I knew there were 107 sapient beings ranked. Incubi and succubi were ranked 17th and there were demons, angelics, and dragons occupying most of the top 30 slots. “I know there are 107 species out there, I have seen a few. Doesn’t my high ranking mean I could be a powerful ally?”

She seemed to think for a bit before saying, “Maybe.” She was obviously considering something. “I am not strong enough to bind you myself. Even if I did bind you Andromeda could probably snap my control with a thought.” She paused and took a deep breath. “I do need help. I need help finding my parents.” She finished and waited, some hope on her face.

“Um, where are your parents?” I asked probably not going to like the answer.

“I don’t know. They were exploring some local transits and didn’t come home one night.” She said. I detected some sadness in her tone. Maybe she was searching for sympathy.

“Ok remember I am an idiot. You need to explain everything to me. Even what your books say about incubi. The web search I did last night was not too helpful,” I said and she laughed. It was genuine and damn did it make her look pretty.

“Anything not stamped by the Magus Arcanum would be littered with falsehoods.” My face went blank. She rolled her eyes at my lack of knowledge, “The Magus Arcanum is a faction of the true humans. We watch, sometimes interact, and protect human interests on this layer. It appears you know there are 23 levels or layers?” I nodded. “Good. At least you know something. Well, powerful beings, tier 4 or higher, can transition between the layers with some powerful magics. Lesser beings,” she said lesser with gritted teeth, “need to use the transits. They are threads between the layers. They usually contain whole realms thousands of miles across. They are filled with mythical creatures and they are how aether filters from the ***source*** down the different layers. Some less sophisticated people call the threads dungeons. Like the fucking real world was some stupid video game!” She calmed down after a moment. “So there are two transits…or dungeons if you prefer…nearby. I need to explore them and search for my parents. I am not strong enough to open the doorway though.” She paused, “But you may be.” Some hope carried on her pronouncement.

“So your parents are lost in a mystical thread connecting different realities…you are trying to bargain with a boy who just became a demon two days ago…are you sure we are not in a video game?” She looked at me, not amused. I held up my hands in submission. I felt I was close to getting out of here so best not to fuck it up with my terrible attempts at humor. “So why didn’t my melodic voice work on you?”

She thought for a second before pulling a pendant from around her neck, “This medallion prevents most tier 1 magics from working on me. Apparently it doesn’t work against auras though,” she said as she blushed. She had said in my incubus form I emitted something called a ***lust aura***. “My glasses have a truesight crystal in them so I can see through illusions of tier 1 or lower magics as well. I actually don’t really need the glasses to see, my vision is fine, but they showed your eyes aglow when you knocked me down at school.”

“Yeah you are cute with or without them,” I said in response and kicked myself. But she took the compliment and blushed. “So are you going to let me out?” I asked somewhat hopeful now.

“No,” she responded. “I don’t trust you…yet. Who is this girl you took life essence from but didn’t kill?” I was stunned. I thought I had made progress with Iris but apparently not. She continued, “If she is alive as you say she is then I will release you…after you put on some bindings. Bindings will prevent you from using any aether magic.” I wasn’t too sure but I think my only ability that required aether to use was my aphrodisiac salivary glands. So the bindings wouldn’t do much of anything. But I had made enough mistakes this evening.

“Agreed. Her name is Lydia and she is a hooker. She works in the bar next to the strip club on route 15, just outside the town line.” So yeah I just admitted to hiring a hooker. Iris nodded, unconcerned that I had paid a hookoer for sex. She put the info into her phone and placed my phone on a shelf, far out of my reach.

“I will be back in an hour or so. Don’t go anywhere,” she said with a smirk of ill humor.

It wasn’t long before she had left the house. The basement was obviously soundproofed as when she climbed the stairs I didn’t hear anything. The only thing I could do now was wait for her return.